

# LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

*Editor:* J. W. BROWN.

*Sub-Editors:* F. C. FRANCIS, H. E. HOLMES, J. R. BIGLANDS.

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Mr. BICKERSTAFF.

### Obituary.

It is with great sorrow that we record the passing away, on the 4th of October, of Mr. Henry Bickerstaff who, after 37 years of faithful and exemplary work as an Assistant Master in this School, had been, from reasons due to ill-health, in retirement for a period of nearly six years.

From the time of his appointment in April, 1877, Mr. Bickerstaff identified himself with the life of the School, to which he became so attached that it seemed as if he had no greater pleasure in life than to spend and be spent in its service. He accounted neither time nor labour given to its interests as sacrifice.

He was pre-eminently successful as a teacher of Commercial subjects, of which he had a sound, extensive, and exceedingly accurate knowledge; and it is not too much to say that the great reputation, which the old Commercial School acquired, in business circles in Liverpool, and throughout a wide area beyond, was due in a great measure to the high degree of efficiency attained by his boys, indicated to some extent by their probably unequalled examination results. They responded with rare spontaneity to his enthusiastic and capable teaching and guidance.

He devoted, voluntarily, without stint, with scrupulous regularity, and with singular and unflagging earnestness and zeal, his leisure and his energy, to the development and care of the Swimming Club; and the good he accomplished in this direction can never be computed or over-estimated.

His interest in his beloved School never waned up to the time of his death; and by the aid of the terminal class lists, he followed, from stage to stage, with almost parental solicitude, the careers of the boys whom, to his great grief, he had been suddenly called upon to leave, while his wide acquaintance with, and knowledge of, many generations of Old Boys gave him a welcome opportunity of important and invaluable service, as one of the compilers of the School Roll of Honour.

Mr. Bickerstaff was a man whom to know was to love. His kindly, genial, affectionate nature, which endeared him to all, from the Head Master downwards, was the secret of his extraordinary influence over his boys whom it impelled unconsciously to their highest effort. He had a great capacity for friendship, and while he was unhesitating and uncompromising in his championship of right, and his rebuke of wrong, his charm of personality was such that he gave offence to none. Those who have known him intimately will feel, with his sorrowing Widow and Family, to whom our deepest sympathy goes out, that though they are the poorer for his departure from their midst, they are still rich in the possession of the legacy that he has bequeathed to them in his example—the memory of which speaks eloquently of that simple faith and integrity of character, which regulated his fine sense of duty.

### Obituary.

In the middle of the Summer Holidays, while many of the School were enjoying themselves in the country, or at the seaside, came the shocking news that Harry Graham had been drowned at Peel while bathing.

"Graham Laitch," as he was affectionately called, entered the School in September, 1913, and left in July, 1917. During this time he established himself as a worthy member of it. He was in every sense of the words "a thorough sport." Not only did he win his 1st XI. football colours, and, I think, 2nd XI. cricket, but he showed himself capable of being beaten without becoming "nasty" and of appreciating a joke, even though at his own expense. He passed, with 2nd Class Honours, the Oxford Local Senior in 1916 and the matriculation examination in July, 1917.

After being demobilised from the Air Force, he returned to his old employers, and it was while enjoying his well-earned holidays that he was cut off, in the flower of his youth.

To those older, it seems a tragedy that such a promising career should so soon have come to a close. To those not yet of nineteen summers they may well seem to comprise a lifetime—and, in his case, a glorious lifetime.

On behalf of the School we tender our most respectful and most deeply sincere sympathy to his mother—particularly as she had barely recovered from another bereavement, and another son was terribly wounded in the war.

*"Whom the gods love die young."*

### Editorial.

THE business of writing the Editorial of a school magazine is one bristling with difficulties, none the less formidable because often, in great part, self-imposed. One is naturally diffident at stepping into the shoes of the great men of the past; it is so difficult, moreover, to gauge within what precise limits an Editorial should be contained; and the writer, by being supremely self-conscious tends to become absurdly hyper-critical. Would you have an Editorial a mere brief résumé of a few random happenings of salient interest? Surely it should be something more. Or a masterly review of the present political difficulties, illuminating and penetrating? Or a concise account of some such phase of world-politics as the League of Nations, or the Labour movement—at once historical and critical, philosophical and explanatory? These might be simple matters; they would, none the less, be most evidently out of place—to some, indeed, even partaking of school-boy bumpiousness.

Nor will it satisfy to set forth the aims by which the conduct of the Magazine is, at present, guided; they must speak for themselves in succeeding pages. And to utilise this opportunity for preaching one's own pet gospel for the reclamation of one's fellows, requiring, as it does, an intolerable assumption of superiority, is unthinkable. No: if an "Editorial" is required, the difficulties, frankly insuperable, of writing it, must pass for one; willy-nilly, "gentle reader," you must be sufficed—who knows? perhaps, even, satiated—by them, and by them alone.

After all, an "Editorial" is simply "something written by an Editor." This fulfils that necessary qualification; and we have not, so far, been able to discover that it contains any errors in spelling.

During the greater part of this term, our Head has been absent from us—and not only absent, but, at one time, indeed, in great danger. We can only speak of that on this page; anywhere else would appear impossibly impersonal.

Mr. Groom, as far as he could, has carried on the Head's work; but no one, as Mr. Groom, we feel sure, would be the first to admit, could ever hope to be a satisfactory substitute for the Head himself, and his absence has only served, as nothing else could have done, to bring home to the School—not altogether an unnecessary task, so much had we grown accustomed to it—the manner in which the Head is constantly and ceaselessly working for the School, in a thousand and one ways, none the less potent because often unsuspected.

In another way, too, good has come out of evil. That the Head loves the School, the School very well knows; but perhaps no one, not even the Head himself, fully realised the depth of the

hold he has on the School, until the news of his illness produced a startling revelation. The daily bulletins, posted by Mr. Groom, were invariably read eagerly by a crowd of boys; and during the most critical times there was noticed a perceptible cloud over the whole School, even by the most superficial observer.

We look forward to giving the Head—once more fit and well—a welcome back which will show our relief and our joy at his return.

J.W.B.

### "Brightly Beams the Moon O'erhead."

Brightly beams the moon o'erhead,  
Clear and bright;  
Stars their shimmering radiance shed,  
Through the night.  
Woods and meadows silence keep,  
Moors and glens in slumber sleep,  
Shadows o'er the pathway creep,  
Dew bedight.

In the glades, where through the leaves,  
Autumn tipped,  
Shadows flit on cottage eaves,  
Ivy clipped.  
Lightly falls the freshing dew,  
Cradled in the moonlight, through  
Night's dank shades on pansies blue,  
Ruby lipped.

O'er the pallid dome of heaven,  
Silvery bright,  
Fleecy clouds by moonbeams riven,  
Garb the night.  
Softly sighs the rustling breeze  
Soughing through the leafy trees  
Breathing over banks and leas,  
Fresh and light.

J.R.B.

### Chat on the Corridor.

WE were very sorry to bid good-bye to Miss Smith at the end of last term. We extend to her our best wishes for her success in her new work.

We offer a hearty welcome to Miss Corney and Miss Buchan, as well as to Mr. Cantrell, whom, we are sorry to hear, is again

suffering from his old ankle wounds, and is at present undergoing a series of minor operations. We sincerely hope that his recovery will be a speedy one.



It is our pleasant duty to welcome Mr. Tomas again, after his illness. An operation, in the holidays, which proved more serious than was at first anticipated, necessitated his absence during the first half of the term. Mr. Shaw took his place and, brief as was his stay, he was here long enough to make us very sorry to part with him.



We have had a visit this term from Mr. Dudley, who had just arrived home from Russia. We do *not* believe that M.C.'s are served up with rations, even at Archangel! We are glad to note that the weather has been seasonable for him.



Liverpool has had the pleasure of a visit from a very distinguished old boy. Mr. Albert Coates has had a great career as a conductor, and shows promise of a still more brilliant future. "I am afraid," said Mr. Coates to a representative of the local press, "that I didn't do the Institute a great deal of credit; as often as I could manage it, I played truant and went to a church not far away where I spent the time playing the organ." We can set Mr. Coates' fears at rest.



Holmes has been appointed Football Captain, and Taylor, C. H., appointed Sports Captain. Coomer is Football Secretary.



Yet another honour has been paid to the School in the appointment of Mr. Burton W. Eills, O.I., to the important position of Lord Mayor of this City. We tender to him our hearty congratulations on his appointment.



A long list of Senior City Scholarships is this year our portion. We must congratulate J. R. Oddy, E. S. Roberts, G. W. Pym and E. Scott, on their achievement, in addition to C. C. Civil and S. Howard, who have been awarded University Scholarships.



In addition to this, we have a long, a very long, list of Higher School Certificate, Matriculation, and School Certificate successes.

Another Old Boy, by achieving a distinguished honour himself, has conferred on the school a reflected glory. J. W. Morris has been elected President of the Cambridge Union, and this in the year following the war when Cambridge is full to overflowing. Only when one peruses the lists of bye-gone presidents does one realise the full magnitude of the honour. We congratulate J. W. Morris, and we thank him.



We tender our hearty congratulations to F. C. Musgrave-Brown on passing 2nd into the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, thereby gaining a King's Cadetship.



We are glad to note that the Chess Club has suffered a revival. We hope it will become more of a School institution.



The School prizes were awarded at the end of last term as follows:—

Mathematics: R. G. Baxter.

Physics: R. G. Baxter.

Chemistry: H. M. Turner.

†Latin: T. M. Knox (resigned to G. W. Pym).

†Essay: T. M. Knox (resigned to H. F. Hutchison).

History: H. F. Hutchison.

French: E. S. Roberts.

German: J. R. Oddy.



The School welcomes the creation of a large number of new prefects who have been appointed to fill up the many vacancies.



Mr. Inglis, a distinguished O.I., has been, this term, back at his old school, this time as a Diploma student. Mr. Inglis won an Open History Scholarship to Jesus College, Oxford, in 1911, and is now continuing his studies at Liverpool, after four years' service with the Colours.



We note the following attainments by Old Boys, from the examination and degree lists of the University of Liverpool:—

ORDINARY DEGREE OF B.A.:

Final Examination, Class 2: H. Boswell.

†Resigned, having been already held by the person named.

## DEGREE OF B.Sc. WITH HONOURS:

Intermediate Examination: A. H. Kennedy, H. J. Stern.

## DEGREE OF M.D.:

R. Coope, E. H. T. Cummings.

## DEGREES OF M.B. C.H.B.:

Final Examination: W. T. Davies.

First Examination: A. R. D. Adams, W. J. Laird, J. Roberts, J. A. Scott, A. Tumarkin, J. Williams, B.A.

## DEGREE OF B.ENG.:

Intermediate Examination: D. Lloyd, G. W. Power, F. J. Stringer.

## BARING PRIZE FOR CLASSICS:

R. B. Onians.



The following distinctions have been conferred upon Old Boys of the Institute since the publication of the April Magazine:

D.S.O. and GREEK M.C.—McNaught, G. S.

M.C.—Barber, E. C.; Dudley, S. G.; Fulton, K. A.; Leckie, W. H.; Waide, E. T.; Killender, S. C.

M.C. and D.F.C.—Pearson, H. A.

D.S.C. and CROIX DE GUERRE.—Storey, W. W.

O.B.E. and ITALIAN CROCE DI GUERRA.—Norbury, J. H.

RUSSIAN ORDER OF ST. STANISLAS AND ORDER OF ST. ANNE, and MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.—Kininmouth, A. M.

M.M.—Latimer, T. L.

M.S.M.—Rogers, H. E.

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.—Johnson, C. H.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

### School Officials.

Head of the School.—H. E. Holmes.

School Football.—Captain: H. E. Holmes; Secretary: G. M. Coomer.

School Cricket.—Secretary: E. Cosnett.

School Magazine.—Editor: J. W. Brown; Sub-Editors: F. C. Francis, H. E. Holmes, J. R. Biglands.

Literary and Debating Society.—Secretaries: J. W. Brown, G. S. Clouston.

School Chess Club.—Captain: E. Cosnett; Secretary: A. R. Ellis.

Camera and Field Club.—Secretary and Treasurer: G. S. Clouston.

O.T.C.—Senior Sergeant: F. C. Francis.

School Gymnasium.—Captain: H. E. Holmes; Secretary: G. M. Coomer.

Library Committee.—J. W. Brown (Secretary), H. E. Holmes, F. C. Francis, S. Milburn, K. St.C. Thomas.

Organising Secretary of House Games.—S. Milburn.

Tate House.—Captain: H. E. Holmes. Football Captain: E. V. Mansfield.

Danson House.—Captain: F. C. Francis. Football Captain: D. G. Calow.

Hughes House.—Captain: C. H. Taylor. Football Captain: G. M. Coomer.

Alfred Holt House.—Captain: J. W. Brown. Football Captain: J. Tarshish.

Cochran House.—Captain: S. Milburn. Football Captain: A. Wallace.

Philip Holt House.—Captain: J. R. Biglands. Football Captain: H. L. Best.

Secretary to Prefects.—G. S. Clouston.

Deputy Secretary.—A. Eustance.

School Locker Prefect.—K. St.C. Thomas.



### A Few Personalities.

“ WITH OR WITHOUT OFFENCE TO FRIENDS OR FOES.”

THE PREFECTS.

“ We spend our midday sweat, our midnight oil,  
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil.”

*Quarles.*

SAME.

“ We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.”

*Shakespeare.*

H. E. H——s.

“ Of these the false Achitophel was first.”

*Dryden.*

SAME.

“ Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it.”

*Tennyson.*

F. C. F——s.

“ Every day brings its work.”

*Proverb.*

C. H. T——r.

“ And lightly was his slender nose  
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.”

*Tennyson.*

J. W. B——N.

"Others abide our question, thou art free  
We ask and ask, thou smilest and art still."  
*Arnold.*

SAME.

"Though equal to all things, for all things unfit."  
*Goldsmith.*

S. M——N.

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."  
*Shakespeare.*

J. B——S.

"He knew himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme."  
*Milton*

A. E——E.

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew."  
*Goldsmith.*

K. ST.C. T——S.

"Such notes as warbled to the string  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek."  
*Milton.*

G. S. C——N.

"Thou hast small Latin and less Greek."  
*Jonson.*

A. M. F——R.

"The dog, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man."  
*Goldsmith.*

SAME.

"The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes."  
*Shakespeare.*

D. G. C——W.

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,  
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit."  
*Shakespeare.*

SAME.

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."  
*Dryden.*

E. C——T.

"His honest sonsie bawn'st face  
Aye gat him friends in ilka place."  
*Burns.*

G. M. C——R.

"With the flannelled fools at the wicket  
Or the muddied oaf at the goal."  
*Kipling.*

W. J. I——S.

"He argued high, he argued low,  
He also argued round about him."  
*W. S. Gilbert.*

R. S——E.

"Why so pale and wan fond lover?  
Prythee why so pale?"  
*Suckling.*

E. W——H.

"Though "Bother it" I may  
Occasionally say,  
I never use a big, big D."  
*W. S. Gilbert.*

B. S. J——S.

"Much study hath made him very lean  
And pale and leaden-eyed."  
*Hood.*

A. R. E——S.

"A noisy man is always in the right."  
*Cowper.*

H. L. B——T.

"I care for nobody, no not I,  
If nobody cares for me."  
*Old Song.*

L. M. F——R.

"Raised on the mountain of his own conceit."  
*Shakespeare.*

D. A. H——N.

"Frank, haughty, rash, the Rupert of debate."  
*Lytton.*

SAME.

"Be good, sweet child, and let who can be clever!"  
*Kingsley.*

THE CORPS.

"Oh it's you that have the luck  
Out there in blood and muck."  
*Rose Macaulay.*

THE DINING ROOM.

"The cattle are grazing  
Their heads never raising  
There are forty feeding like one."  
*Wordsworth.*

THE BAND.

"Oh, listen to the band!"  
*Popular Song.*

THE P.R.

"Heap on more wood! the wind is chill,  
But let it whistle as it will!"  
*Scott.*

## The Concert.

**A** CONCERT was held on October 16th, and we were again visited by old friends, who still possess, in undiminished measure, the power of charming their hearers. Miss Fanny Davies grows more and more marvellous! On this last occasion, she indulged in a miracle of technical accomplishment, and yet found time to give the School one of those smiles, which it so appreciates. Miss Isobel and Miss Mary McCullagh were also present, and their playing was the more appreciated, because it is so long since we last heard it; and Miss Taormina Meo again delighted us, particularly with her French songs, which we regret we cannot print; while the accompaniment of Mr. Wallace left nothing to be desired.

We look forward eagerly to the next of those musical treats, which the Head provides for us, and share his regrets that he cannot be present at it.

The programme of the last Concert is appended:—

CHAMBER CONCERT, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16TH, 1919.

SONATA, for Piano and Violoncello, in F ... ..	Beethoven
Op. 5, No. 1.	
<i>Adagio Sostenuto; allegro.</i>	
<i>Allegro vivace.</i>	
SONGS (a) La Partenza ... ..	Beethoven
(b) May Song ... ..	Beethoven
(c) The Knitting Maid ... ..	Haydn
(d) Non mi dir ... ..	Mozart
PIANOFORTE SOLO: Fantasia ... ..	Schumann
Op. 17.	
SONGS (a) Three Aspects ... ..	Parry
(b) The Maiden ... ..	Parry
(c) Maman, dites moi ... ..	Old French
(d) Je crains de lui parler la nuit ... ..	Grétry
(Richard Cœur de Lion)	
TRIO, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, in B flat ...	Schubert
Op. 99.	
<i>Allegro moderato.</i>	
<i>Andante un poco mosso.</i>	
<i>Scherzo, Allegro.</i>	
<i>Rondo, allegro vivace.</i>	
Pianoforte ... ..	MISS FANNY DAVIES.
Violin ... ..	MISS ISABEL McCULLAGH.
Violoncello ... ..	MISS MARY McCULLAGH.
Singer ... ..	MISS TAORMINA MEO.
Accompanist ... ..	MR. E. J. WALLACE.

## The School and the Strike.

**F**ROM School to stables, from Mathematics to manger, from Classics to cart-horse—truly a remarkable transition! This is how it came about:

At the outbreak of the recent railway strike, the senior boys were invited by the Head to help at the various railway stables, in feeding and cleaning the horses. The strikers were willing to do this, but were not permitted to do so. To all of us who shared in this work, it was a novel experience and one that we will long remember. Stables at Waterloo Road, at Blackstone Street, and at the Morpeth Dock were all visited by representatives of the Institute, two squads working to a yard. The writer was one of those visiting Morpeth Dock, and can only speak of his own experiences.

We arrived at our station after many wanderings and enquiries. A certain individual, wearing a blue badge, asked us where we were going. We informed him that we were to feed the railway horses. To this he said, "Yer naw ther fellers air on strike, dawn't yer?" The strike had then been on for three days; we looked at him and passed on. Then we were stopped by a picket which was stationed at the entrance to the dock. They were quite friendly and allowed us to pass. We arrived at feeding time!

The horses if not fed at the regular hours become restive. In this they are not peculiar. We were met with a great rattling of chains and kicking. Our first task was to clear out and cart away the old straw, feed the animals and put down clean straw. Next came the exercising; there was a touch of excitement about this, as the horses had not been out for four days. A large white horse bolted, pranced about and nearly trampled on its guardian. Another person, who like the rest of us had yet to learn how to lead a horse, was holding one by the halter and got trapped between it and the door-post. Naturally, the horse went on and he remained almost flattened.

The next morning at 5-30 a.m., six pairs of sleepy eyes opened and closed. After some half-dozen more openings and closings, the owners of the six pairs of eyes decided that, in order to catch the 6-30 Birkenhead boat, they had better get up. With many groanings they breakfasted and caught the 6-0 car. Arriving at Birkenhead, we were told by a new picket that if we made any more appearances, we should be thrown in the dock! We continued our advance, but not without misgivings.

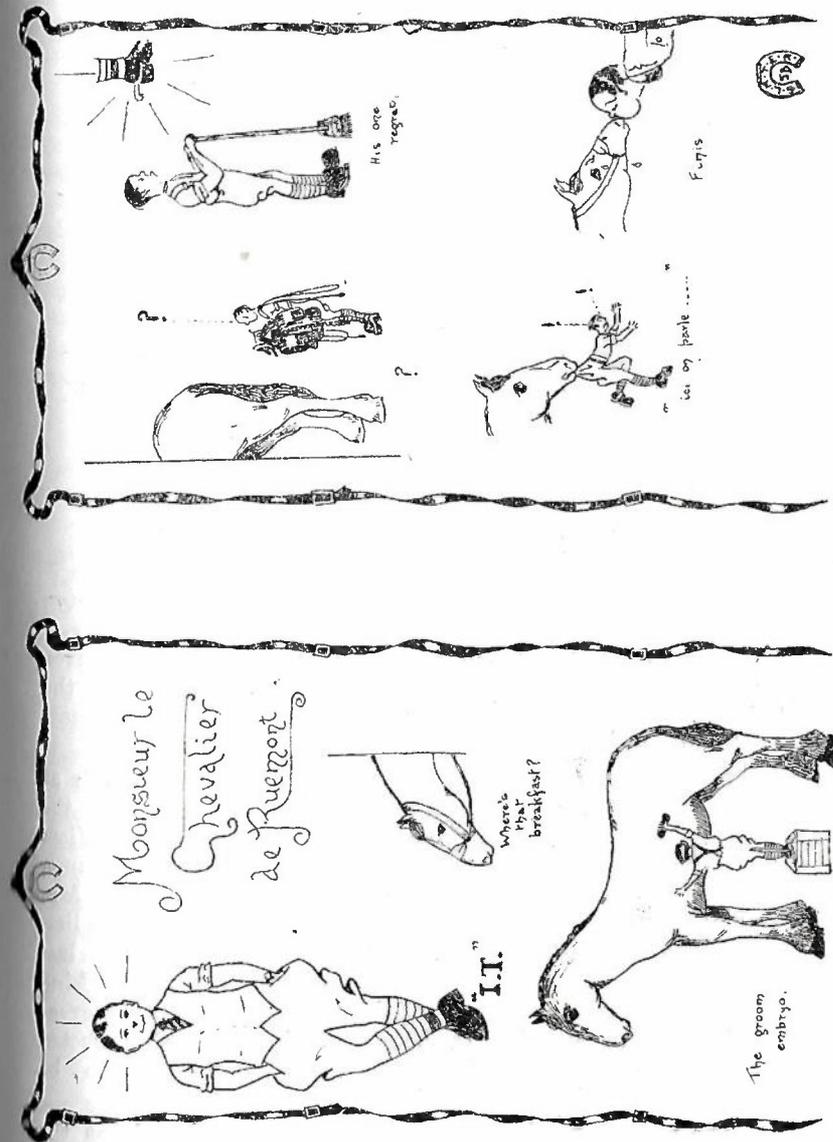
G.W. horses are usually fed at 6-0 a.m., and it was now a quarter past seven, so they showed their appreciation of our advent by kicking out lustily. When we opened the door, a horse ran out—apparently the Houdini of the horse tribe, for the horses were securely fastened the night before. A chase lasting

a quarter of an hour then ensued. The horse, when he found himself nearly caught, lashed out, evoking the derisive laughter of the members of the squad not in the vicinity. Eventually, the animal was enticed back by a basket of fodder. The rest of the morning passed without incident, except when one of our party, lowering a sack of fodder by the winch, let go the handle by mistake, and it fell on the hindmost quarters of a dappled mare. A little fun ensued, especially amusing to the two persons in the loft.

The next two shifts fell to another squad; one of them (whose knowledge of Greek did not, apparently, help him to pacify a horse), approached an unfed specimen silently from the rear and smacked him on the back. The horse relished the joke and "let out," and the rash one found himself propelled through the door and into the yard with amazing rapidity. Fortunately, no serious results followed (? Eds.) After this, there was much competition for the barrow, as this only necessitated clearing out an empty stall. Our turn came again on the following afternoon. After a lengthy exercise and watering, the youth in our squad, who knew most about horses, rode one round the yard. It was very exciting, more especially when the smallest member of the squad warmed up the steed in the rear. Next morning, being Sunday, we were at Birkenhead at eight o'clock. We went very, very reluctantly, as the church bells were ringing for the eight o'clock service. At Birkenhead we passed the picket post without encountering the picket and entered our yard. After the usual routine, the equestrian of the party started riding round again—but this time induced the smallest boy to follow his example. The two succeeded in getting a quite good canter round, and then the "horseman" gave an exhibition in the art of riding. The others adjourned to the loft window for safety, and the rider, proud as a knight at a tournament, made his horse move. Suddenly feeling some stings "a tergo," Dobbin stopped short, and as the stings continued stinging, gave *his* exhibition. Up went the hind legs, down went the head, and off came the rider (Cheers from the loft). A further rain of pebbles from above tickled the horse up immensely. Its late rider sought refuge in flight, and safety in the loft. When things quietened down, the horse was captured and stabled. That was our last visit, as the strike was over on the Monday; the horses received another visit from the second squad that afternoon; the next morning some of them arrived at Birkenhead at 7 a.m., and found that though the strike was over, the men were not yet back at work. So the now customary routine was gone through once more, before we finally severed our connection with the railway horses.

It is to be feared that our regrets at the separation were not shared by them!

D. A. H.



### Life.

The foaming billows' curling crests rise high,  
 The shrieking blasts rage fiercely o'er the deep,  
 The lightnings flash across the orient steep,  
 And labouring clouds lie thick across the sky.  
 But soon the swirling waters peaceful lie,  
 The winds amid the billows fall asleep,  
 The heavens now bathed in sunshine, cease to weep,  
 And peace and concord once again are nigh.

Thus through life's troubled seas our bark speeds on,  
 Tossed by the wanton winds of sin and grief,  
 Sorrows around us lie, but e'er anon  
 Some ray of pleasure cleaves the mists; relief  
 At last is near, for soon heaven's blissful shore  
 We touch, to dwell in peace for evermore.

J.R.B.

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### Literary and Debating Society.

**T**HERE is something comforting about the Debating Society; one does not have to pay a subscription to join it. If you are in the Removes or Sixths you are a member, whatever you may do, say, or think. Thus, as long as the School lasts the Society will endure, even if only in name; there is, we repeat, something comforting about it.

The Annual General Meeting was held on October 7th at 4-30, in the Hall. The minutes were read and passed, and the following officers were then elected:—President, the Head; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Bain, Hickinbotham, Doughty, Williams, S. V. Brown, H. M. Brown, Reece, and Bligh. On Mr. Hickinbotham's suggestion, J. W. Brown was added to the list. Mr. Hickinbotham proposed a vote of thanks to the last Secretaries, E. Scott and J. W. Brown; and Brown, as if working on a pre-arranged plan, seconded this. It was passed with great acclaim. Brown was then re-elected, and G. S. Clouston elected Secretaries for the ensuing session—the meeting is to be complimented on its good taste!

The programme for this session was then read and, on the proposal of Mr. Hickinbotham, despite the energetic opposition of J. Gross, the rule limiting the amount of notes was abolished.

A Committee was then elected; it would be shorter to mention the members who are not on it. The meeting then came to an end.

Another meeting of the Society took place on Tuesday, October 14th, at 7 p.m., in the Prefects' Room. Mr. H. M. Brown took the chair, and began by apologising for the unavoidable absence of Mr. Hickinbotham and other members of the staff. The meeting were delighted with the minutes, and considered their only fault was that they were not sufficiently eulogistic of the past Secretaries. As every complimentary adjective had, however, been used, they were reduced to the proposal that lines should be subscribed to various qualities which the modesty of the Secretary had made him content merely to mention; and, with this slight alteration, they were passed with enthusiasm. The old, old vote of censure was then brought forward; not because of the colour of the minute-book—that is too stale!—but because the rules had not been copied into it.

To satisfy this, the time of private business was extended for ten minutes; but Brown's volubility defeated his antagonists until it was too late to take the vote. The Chairman then called on F. C. Francis to propose "That our past and present rule in Ireland is a national disgrace." Francis attempted to prove his point by a recountal of loathsome (?) atrocities, to which the Irish had been subject whilst under British rule. He succeeded in being very amusing. J. Gross, by disproving all that Francis had said, proved to his own satisfaction, at least, that the meeting was bound to support him. G. S. Clouston was interrupted by D. A. Hutchison, and J. W. Brown, in dread of a similar fate, confessed that he had nothing to say. D. A. Hutchison himself, however, more than made up for this deficiency. Inglis made a joke, and K. St.C. Thomas bewildered the meeting by an incoherent babble, apparently mistaking the debate for a reading lesson.

Kneale, a "hot-headed Irishman," and, we suspect, a secret but ardent Sinn Feiner, enthusiastically, dramatically, and vocally, supported the motion; but despite this it was lost by thirteen votes to twenty-three.

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### "Sic Transit Gloria."

**H**OW strange and never failing is that instinct which can make even lifelong enemies talk together of the "Good old days"!

One day, just as I was finishing my frugal mid-day meal of Madeiras, Round Gingers, and Buns, washed down with a glass

of the "Orient" Liquor"—aqua (im)pura—sold as lime-juice at a penny per glass-full (?), my companion said to me, in a voice rendered husky and indistinct, with a motion and a mouthful of food, "I dreamt of Mrs. Bill last night."

For some minutes the recollections conjured up by the magic name, "Mrs. Bill," prevented me from speaking. Visions of the Tuckshop in all its glory "flashed across that inner eye." Visions of trays laden with custards and tarts; of cream slices, and of walnut tops; of chocolate cakes and all those many other dainty morsels; of the seething, howling mob at the counter; of the placid smiles of content of those who, having fought their way there, had at last been served, and, handicapped by their purchases, had anxiously convoyed their prize to some quieter corner of the room, where they might eat at leisure if not in peace; of custards whizzing to and fro across the room, of luckless youths flicking bits of tarts out of eyes and ears, of the thousand and one other ever-recurring incidents that once helped to give an air of liveliness to the Marble Halls of the Tuckshop.

We both recovered our powers of speech at the same moment, and poured forth a stream of questions at one another.

"Do you remember Mrs. Barber?"

"The Chesters at break?"

"Apple and currant?" "½d. apiece?"

"And the Berlins; you could have a good dinner for 4d."

"And the Buns with sugar and cinnamon on?"

"The Bricks and the Russian Toffee?"

"And the Lemon Squash Gums?" "And the wine gums?"

"And the chocolates?"

"Ah-h-h-h!" We sighed together.

"Do you remember the ice-cream? A penny a cup!" "And about three cups a dinner hour!"

Our recollections overcame us, and sinking into a deep reverie, we remained mute, thinking thoughts too deep for words, when—

"What's that piece of paper doing on the floor?" inquired a voice. We both jumped round and, diving simultaneously at a piece of paper about the size of a postage stamp, carried it in triumph between us to the waste-box; while a vigilant Prefect cast his eagle eye around the room in search of whom he might devour with "If any boy is seen, by Master or Prefect, throwing paper or food about the Tuckshop he is to be given an automatic Wednesday."

O shades of the Tuckshop and the boys who scrapped there!

"Eheu—Postume, Postume!"

Alas for the years that are lost to me, lost to me!

E.C.

## O.T.C. Notes.

AT the end of last term, the numbers of the Corps were rapidly depleted by the resignation of those who, in many cases, since the war had ended, felt themselves not called upon to support school institutions in general, and the Corps in particular. This may be attributed to that after-the-war spirit which has, perhaps, only now displayed itself in its full magnitude; but this spirit is only one of slackness, which, we are sorry to say, has taken a firm hold upon the greater part of the School.

This diminishing of the Corps' numbers was accentuated by the fact that we had to say good-bye to all the senior N.C.O.'s; indeed, all the N.C.O.'s, with the exception of two. It was with a complement of less than two platoons and with only two N.C.O.'s, that we had to start the term. We have, consequently, not been able to hold any marches or field-days, and our work has been confined to the Tuesday parades at School.

A large number of recruits have, fortunately, swelled the numbers, and under Captain Ellis, on Tuesday afternoons and Friday evenings, have reached a fair standard of proficiency, though it is to be feared that that keenness which marked the recruits of, say, six terms ago, has gone, for good it would seem. This is but a part of the general falling off shown in many spheres of Corps' activity; in the practical demolition of the range, which is now in a state of ruin, in the falling away of the signallers and scouts (though a revival under a couple of enthusiasts is audible in the dinner hour); and, finally, in the mysterious and complete disappearance of the Corps' Library. The failure of the camp was the completion of the ruin; the camp was to be the great feature of the Corps' year, and on its failure, keenness was reduced to a minimum.

However, to look on the brighter side of affairs; the Corps has been purged of all undesirable and seditious elements. In addition to this, we have just received a large consignment of equipment, including packs, haversacks, waterbottles and belts; and in the near future we have promise of new S.M.L.E.S. We heartily welcome Mr. Tomas after his illness, and hope that he is quite recovered. His true value has only been realised in his absence, and we can rest assured that his side of Corps' activity will go on with greater facility than before, this term.

There have been a number of promotion candidates, who, under Captain Ellis, have enjoyed instructional parades interspersed with fragments from France. One that they had took the form of a "walk," along the Queen's Drive to Childwall, in the course of which Captain Ellis asked questions on defence, and

gave practical illustrations. Practical parades of this nature are of a decided value.

The following promotions have been made:—Cpl. Francis to be Sergeant; Cdts. Fuller, S.H., Charlton, J., Taylor, C. H., Milburn, S., and Biglands, J. R. to be L.-Cpls.

We conclude with the hope that the present members will display by their keenness, to the world in general, and to the School in particular, that the Corps is entering upon a period of its life the happiest and most successful since its inception.

F.C.F.

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### “Late Autumn.”

The sky lowers dun;  
The whirling wind sweeps restlessly along;  
The trees wave frantic arms,  
In a wild death song.

Leaves are everywhere,  
Floating, scurrying, blindly being tossed;  
The stark boughs, naked, stretch,  
Their decent garb lost.

From all the dying world,  
Is heard a wailing, noisy with bitter complaining;  
Groans, shrieking, sobbing, sighs,  
No peace remaining.

Buffeted, battered, a crow  
Horribly croaks, to the fierce blasts, ragged, reeling;  
No other living thing,  
An intruder, comes stealing.

So passes the year;  
Writhing frenziedly, in last death throes,  
With anguish intolerable  
Yielding up the ghost.

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### Camera and Field Club Notes.

THESE are two excursions of last term still to be recorded. On July 15th, Mr. Elliot accompanied a party of boys to the Home Farm, on Lord Derby's Estate at West Derby. The privilege of doing so was obtained through the kindness of an

old boy, Mr. Henshaw, and the Farm Bailiff. They were initiated into some of the mysteries of dairy work, and saw many other interesting features of farm life. Dorothy considerably helped the party with his first-hand knowledge of agriculture, and also gained much admiration by the manner in which he approached and handled “wild beasts.”

The whole day annual excursion of the Club took place on Monday, July 21st. The objective of the party of about twenty-five—the majority of whom made the journey on bicycles—was Chester. The Headmaster kindly excused School for the afternoon and part of the morning, for those who went. Despite delay, the train party ultimately joined the others, and a very pleasant two hours were spent on the Dec. After tea, the company followed their caprices for an hour, some finding the Cathedral and Roman Walls interesting; others being content with the river. The journey home proved very enjoyable.

The first activity of the Club during the Christmas term was a visit to Messrs. Joseph Ranks' Ocean Flour Mills, Birkenhead. The party went in the charge of Mr. Thorpe. The grain was seen being taken into the works by an elevator and carried to all parts of the mill, and also the different stages by which it was transformed into flour. This was a very interesting afternoon, for which the Club is indebted to the Works Manager.

On Wednesday, 29th October, a party of about twenty, under the supervision of several Prefects, were enabled, by the kindness of Mr. Halliday, to pay a visit to Messrs. Francis Morton's Hamilton Iron Works, Garston. They were shown the many processes through which iron and steel pass, before being utilised for all manner of constructive work. There was one particularly interesting, by which plans were accurately photographed instead of being laboriously copied by hand. The Club is also grateful to Mr. Halliday for the refreshments which he generously provided at the end of a most instructive excursion.

The last excursion to be described was that to the Wirral Colliery at Neston. Owing to the exorbitant railway fare, only cyclists could go. The party ought to have contained about twenty, but some were lost *en route*. Mr. Elliot was, unfortunately, unable to attend. However, the party ultimately descended the shaft of the mine. Once underground, their experiences were many and various. The majority were dripping with perspiration after covering the first quarter-mile. It was most exhilarating to attempt to jump over pools and stretches of deeper mud, with back bent double, receiving every few yards a reminder that there was a roof above, and a hard one, too. The bulkier members of the party found considerable difficulty in

squeezing their bodies between trucks and the sides of the "roads," and through partitions apparently six by eight inches. The ponies were also visited, and on the homeward path the party found their passage considerably steeper than it had seemed on the outward journey. A rush up the shaft in the cage brought them to a murky sunlight through which they found their ways home. The Club wish, very sincerely, to thank Mr. Ward for arranging the excursion.

Owing to the Headmaster's illness and other causes, no lectures have been given so far, but a regular programme is hoped for in the near future. It is also intended, if possible, to have a Soirée for members of the Club. Many excursions are still to take place, including visits to a fruit ship, sweet factory, glass manufacturers, and a shipyard.

Before closing, we wish most heartily to congratulate our late Photographic Secretary, F. C. Musgrave-Brown, in passing second into the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and winning a King's Cadetship; and hope that he may continue his career as successfully as he has begun it. Lastly, we offer our hearty thanks to the members of the staff who have participated in excursions, and to the numerous friends of the School who have made them possible. We are also glad to notice a greater interest taken in the Club by the Upper School. G.S.C.

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### Interrogation.

I WOULD fain ask, with Paul d'Aspremont, "What is peculiar in my appearance?" It certainly does not remind one of a book, and yet nine-tenths of the School take me for a walking dictionary, encyclopædia and handy compendium of "Desk Information," rolled into one. A sort of "Pears' Shilling," in fact. And most of the people thus affected, propound multitudes of questions to me in a few moments immediately preceding School, knowing, of course, that I am in a hurry.

Take, for example, the last few fleeting moments of the mid-day break, on —day last. I happened to be on duty, and, missing my companions in misfortune, I went for a final solitary stroll. I had hardly begun, when some idiot asked me, *en passant*, "Had I heard John James O'hara playing on his old trombone?" Fortunately, he did not stay for an answer, but passed on, blithely repeating his question to the empty air. Just then a pretty little cherub, *à cheveux rouges*, wanted to know if I intended "Going on Saturday," and before I had time to reply, somebody nearly knocked me over, at the same time asking if "I'd forgotten about Friday Night."

With that caution and diplomacy for which I am famous, I escaped and hurried along a corridor, only to be greeted by a small youth, who wished to know, "Was this Alfred Holt? Were you allowed there after two o'clock? Was it two o'clock yet, and had I seen Mr. So-and-so?" I told him that, in my opinion, the answer was a half, and wandered on, again to be victimised.

First bell then sounded, followed by a lull of a few minutes' duration, and I decided temporarily to descend to the nether regions, or, to be more precise, to visit the Tuck Shop.

Immediately, everybody wished to know if first bell had gone, and "Was it late?" I succeeded in reaching the Tuck Shop door without answering more than sixty and six of my interrogators. There I met a being who evidently thought that he was leading an "Economy Campaign," or was the self-appointed secretary of some union of super-savangers, for he addressed me in this wise, "Are you on duty? If so, what's the meaning of that? Why don't you get your job done properly?" He nodded his head towards "that," which I found to be a small piece of crumpled paper, attended by two satellites in the shape of crumbs, which might have fallen from the hands of one who had picked up those which dropped from the hands of a modern Lazarus; who, in turn, might have found them beneath a Labour candidate's table.

It was about this time that some one, evidently wishing to distract my thoughts, informed me that the roses all envied the bloom on my cheeks, and passed out. I thought that they might have done so, and probably did, but what perturbed me was—"How did he get to know."

Still thinking of this, I scaled the heights of Mount Olympus, where dwell the High Immortals. On the way I passed an individual who appeared to be testing his knowledge of the alphabet, but without much success, for he never achieved more than the first two letters.

Then it was that an extraordinary thing occurred. I suddenly became aware of a large fist, which swung about my face in a most alarming manner, but, fortunately, never quite reached it, and I heard a voice which passionately exclaimed "Furzov Periods, Furs to Periods, Furs too," and so it seemed to me, for I was by this time past even a dazed comprehension of what was taking place around me. There are such things I vaguely thought, but why make such a fuss about them? After all, the dodo is extinct! Just then last bell went, and relieved me of this most dangerous of tormentors.

After an interval more or less short, I strolled towards my class room, cheering up at the thought that the bell had sounded

the knell of the inquisitor. But I had barely opened the door when someone, whom I had at first overlooked, asked, "Why are you so late Mister?" and having answered him, I became aware that he was intimating that he desired to know if I had anything for him, I gave a reply which satisfied us both, and sat down, sinking into a sort of coma, from which I was awakened by the same person stating that, although he would not like to trouble me overmuch, it would give him much pleasure if I informed him as to whether I had my Lamartine or not.

I relieved his anxiety on that score, and at last settled down for a two period slumber, lulled by the rise and fall of a musical voice reading French poetry, occasionally interrupted by a still, small voice.

J.G.

◆◆◆  
**Chess Club.**

**T**HIS season promises to be by far the most successful since the commencement of the Club in September, 1914. From that date to this we have had one long uphill struggle, but at last we appear to have overcome the chief difficulties that confronted us. 'Still, although at present we have more playing members than at any time since 1914, it is not yet large enough. The Chess Club must be made as much a part of the School as the Cricket and Football Clubs. To do this, it is necessary that every member of the Club should interest all his friends in it, and should induce as many as possible, who are really keen, to join. This season and next are the critical seasons in the present life of the Club, and unless it is to sink back into oblivion these must be made successful.

The inter-House competition has just commenced, and although this looks like being a gift to one House, yet the other Houses ought to practise as hard as they can and put up a good fight for it.

On Saturday, 27th of September, by the courtesy of the Liverpool Chess Club, we obtained an invitation for four of our members to watch the exhibition given by Signor Capa Blanca. As our Masters kindly declined to avail themselves of the opportunity, four boys were enabled to go. Those chosen to represent the Chess Club were R. G. Baxter (our former Captain), Cosnett (Captain), Best (Sub-Captain), and Ellis (Hon. Sec.)

On Saturday, November 1st, the Liverpool Chess Club again favoured us by offering us a board in the simultaneous games with Mr. Blackburne. Cosnett was chosen to play for us. By great good fortune one of Liverpool's players failed to turn up,

and Ellis was enabled to take his place. Though they were both defeated, this reflects no dishonour on the School, and is of lasting benefit to the two players concerned. Ellis was forced to commit suicide by a very pretty smothered mate.

On the 28th of October, we played Wallasey Grammar School at Mount Street. Our team is to be congratulated on their success in their first match. Let us hope that this is only an earnest of successes yet to come.

Our team and final results are as follows:—

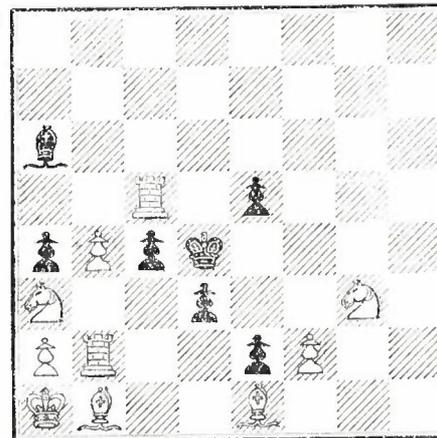
	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
Best .....	1	1	Fraser, L. M. ....	2	0
De Jongh .....	2	0	Baxter .....	0	2
Tarshish .....	2	0	Fraser, R. ....	2	0
Rowell .....	2	0			
Inglis.....	2	0		14	6
Ellis .....	1	1	Mr. Thorpe .....	1	1
Ashton .....	0	2	Mr. Hicks.....	1	0

Total—Won, 16 ; Lost, 7.

The solution to the problem offered in the last issue of the Magazine is Q to Q2. So far, we have received the correct solution from only one boy, Rowell.

Unfortunately, we are to lose the services of our Secretary, Ellis, as he leaves the School at the end of this term. He has been a most able Secretary, and we wish him the best of luck in his future career.

BLACK (7)



WHITE (10)

White mates in two moves.

On Wednesday, 12th November, we played Merchant Taylor's School at the Liverpool Chess Club. We spent a very pleasant and, let us hope, profitable afternoon, although we were not the victors. The team and final results are as follows:—

Cosnett v. Thomas, A. R. B. Lost.

Best v. Powell-Yates. Lost.

De Jongh v. Dean. Lost.

Rowell v. Follett. Won.

Ellis v. Hay. Lost.

Inglis v. Armour. Won.

Fraser, L., v. Williams. Won.

Won 3. Lost 4.

Mr. Bligh v. Mr. Thomas. Lost.

Mr. Reece v. Mr. Milton. Lost.

Total: Won 3. Lost 6.

We have to thank the Liverpool Chess Club for a very pleasant afternoon.

All members of the Club should endeavour to become more proficient in the end game. It is quite our weakest point.

The following are the fixtures for this term:—

Oct. 28th.—Wallasey Grammar School. H. Won.

Nov. 12th.—Merchant Taylor's School. L.C.C. Lost.

Nov. 18th.—The Masters. H.

Dec. 2nd.—Collegiate School. H.

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### "To a Goddess."

I dream of thee by day, by night,  
When shadows fall and daylight flees.  
For thoughts of thee are always bright,  
They soothe my mind and give me ease.

I never loved like this before;  
My love endures for aye and aye,  
It groweth daily more and more,  
It will increase until I die.

And though not all of thee is mine,  
And thou to me art dear,  
I pay the toll;  
I gladly worship at thy shrine—  
The shrine of Coal.

S.H.F.

### House Notes.

**T**ATE HOUSE.—Our first duty is to extend a hearty welcome to the new House Prefects, Scott, F., Wilson, G. G. C., Miller, R. H., and Robertson, C. R. O., and hope that they will do all in their power to bring the House back to its former position, as one of the leading Houses.

The House may justly be proud of its achievements in football this term, the Senior team, under the able captaincy of Mansfield, having won four matches out of five, and the Junior, under Mendelson, having won three matches. This is mainly due to the great amount of keenness shown by almost everyone in the House.

Members of the House must remember that the Hobby Show and Gymnasium Competitions will take place next term, and must do their best to win these competitions for the House. They must also remember that there is a House Chess Team, and try to get into it.

It is our pleasant duty to congratulate S. Milburn, who was a prefect in Tate House during the past year, on obtaining a Higher School Certificate. It is hoped that the activities of members of Tate House will not be entirely restricted to Sports, but will also embrace scholastic pursuits.

H.E.H.

**D**ANSON HOUSE.—Once more it is our regret that keenness does not always get its well-merited reward. Lack of talent has again been the rock on which we have suffered. Though, of course, as always, this applies only to our athletic activities. Danson can never lose that penchant for scholastic achievement which has always been to the fore, and which our elegant honours board (still, we are proud to record, the best, and, indeed, the only House board which has been brought to date) eloquently shows. Scholarships to the Universities, successes in the Higher School Certificates, Matriculation and, especially, in the School Certificate, marked the end of our School year.

On the football field, Danson has largely been the plaything of the Gods. Ill-luck, time and time again, has been our share. And in at least four of our matches we have been within an ace of winning. Our true form was displayed in our latest match, when we easily disposed of Philip Holt. I would exhort all Dansons not to be discouraged by our lowly position in the League, that can be explained, and to maintain their keenness right to the end of the season.

Our Chess Team, it is pleasing to hear, under the able leadership of Inglis, has opened its season well, easily defeating Tate in the first round of the House competitions.

It is our intention to hold a House Soirée this term. These House Soirées are but a recent innovation, and have proved a

success from the start. Danson held one last term, and if its success can be taken as an augury of future success, Danson House Soirées will most certainly "go."

We are glad to welcome, as new members, Inglis and Dodd, who, as well as Sharpe and Caldow, have been made House Prefects.

F. C. F.

**HUGHES HOUSE.**—This term the House has been quite as successful as usual. In the Senior League we have played five matches, and have lost only one match. The Juniors have not been quite so successful this term, but it is hoped that they will improve with practice. At the examinations held at the end of last term, Oddy is to be congratulated on gaining a Senior City Scholarship, and Civil on obtaining a William Rathbone Scholarship. We were again the victors in the competition held for the Headmaster's Cup at the end of the Cricket term. This is the third successive year in which we have won it. This performance constitutes a record in the School annals. The Chess Team of the House has not shone as it might have done, but there is yet time to pull itself together and do something.

E. C.

**ALFRED HOLT HOUSE.**—Despite the loss of many members who were prominent not only in House, but also in School activities, the House is still one to be reckoned with. We have had hard luck in the Senior Football Competition, losing to Tate by the odd goal in nine, and to Hughes by 1—0, on both occasions with a team not our best; but we beat Danson well, and if we play for goals, and not merely to win, ought to stand a good chance of winning the Shield and of retaining the Horsefall Cup next term. The Juniors have done splendidly, and if they keep up to form should have no difficulty in again securing the Junior Cup.

The House gained a long list of examination successes last July—too long for insertion, indeed. We particularly congratulate Tarshish and R. E. Jones.

The House Fund is another institution of which we have the right to be proud. It sets us apart from the common herd. In this respect there has been a distinct falling-off. The money subscribed is quite inadequate for buying magazines, and as there is some whisper of House Colours in the air, the money is still reposing in Ainley's pocket, save for two calls on it to buy Mo-Je for the Senior Team.

Altogether, the House may congratulate itself on keeping up its position. We could not expect to keep every Cup in the School save one. What we ought to be proud of is that the House continues as keen as in those halycon days.

J. W. B.

**COCHRAN HOUSE.**—Our first duty this term is to congratulate our late House Captain on his distinguished success in gaining a scholarship to Cambridge. The House has also reason to be proud of another of its members, E. Scott, who obtained a Senior City Scholarship last term, gaining distinction in three subjects, English, Latin and French.

In the Senior football we have made an improvement on last year. We now stand third, as compared with fifth last year. We are perhaps not as successful, on the Junior side, as we might have been. It is a great pity that, through the apathy (for there is no lack of ability) of the Junior Division, the House should be at the bottom of the House football list.

I would like to remind the House that the Hobby Show, which, this year, will not take the form of a concert, is to take place next term. There is no need to mention the fact that time will be amply provided, by the Christmas holidays, in which to think over and to prepare the exhibits.

Finally, no better message can be given to the House than that left by the House Captain last term, though it is on the second half of the sentence that the emphasis must be put:—

You have done well: Do better.

S. M.

**PHILIP HOLT.**—Ours is the pleasant task of congratulating Howard and Pym upon their brilliant achievement in gaining scholarships to the Liverpool University. The House most certainly has distinguished itself in the scholastic line, and our congratulations are due to Watkins, Worthington, K., Gross, and Binger, who were successful in the Matric., and to all those who passed the School Certificate Examination.

So far this term, the Senior House has been moderately successful on the football field, having succeeded in defeating Danson in a match in which the opposing forwards failed to penetrate our defence. We hope that, under the captaincy of H. L. Best, it will achieve greater successes later on in the season. The Junior House has displayed great keenness and enthusiasm, and is keeping up the athletic traditions of the House.

In the forthcoming House Chess Competition, we have every reason to hope for the success of our team. We wish to impress upon the House the importance of this competition, and we hope that the Juniors, more especially, will display more keenness in regard to this matter, so that, in the future, we may be able to put out a team of talented players.

We welcome Worthington, K., Gross, Ellis and Binger, as new prefects of the House.

J. R. B.

## "Her Hidden Last."

[We promised to publish the best article sent in from the Fourths and below. As this was the only one, we have no hesitation in adjudging it the best. To our great regret we are unable to reproduce the full beauties of the manuscript in facsimile; but we hope that that will not prevent our receiving more contributions next term from the *Elite* of the School in the Fourths and below.—Eds.]

## HER HIDDEN LAST.\*

With apologies to authors  
of modern love yarns.

*Cast of Characters*

Hero

Heroine

Villian (with a heart as  
black as the inside of  
a crooked railway  
tunnel)

## Chapter I.

Villian proposes to girl  
whom he knew once kissed  
another chap.

He has not seen  
girl for several years.  
Ha! Ha! he says "my  
little lamb at last  
we 'meat.'"

She gives him the frozen  
shoulder.

## Chapter II.

Hero sends note  
to heroine to elope  
with him. She gets  
ready.

## Chapter IV.

Dark night hero and  
heroine in motor. Villian  
overtakes them. Points  
revolver at hero's head  
"Stop your car and I'll  
lay 'bare' your fine  
lover's past" he bawls  
"No matter what it is  
my love will 'bear' it"  
hero exclaims

## Chapter V.

Villian then tells  
hero of heroine's past.  
She sinks to ground, in  
a faint, the icy hand  
of fear clutching at her  
heart. She wished she  
had not had such a  
frozen heart before.

when villian proposed  
Hero regards him with  
scorn (Heros always do)  
"Go" he says in a  
voice trembling with  
passion. "Caramba,  
diabolo, ejects villian  
(have we ever  
mentione villian is  
a Spaniard?)

## Chapter VI.

Lovely sunset etc.  
Hero and heroine are  
in garden. "I love you  
dearest," he whispers in  
her ear. "I know you  
do, love" she replies,  
"but do not lick my  
ear."

(End)

\* ? past.

## House Football.

**D**URING this half of the football season matches have been played on every half-holiday. The senior divisions of the Houses are to be complimented on their keenness. No senior matches have had to be scratched, owing to an insufficient number of players turning up. Unhappily, the same cannot be said of the juniors, to whom it seems immaterial whether a match is played or not. As the chief event of the next half-season is the Horsefall Cup Competition, it is to be hoped that the same excellent spirit of keenness will continue.

The results of this term's matches are given below:—

## SENIOR.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
Tate .....	5	4	1	0	24	13	8
Hughes.....	5	4	1	0	26	17	8
Cochran .....	4	2	2	0	9	13	4
A. Holt .....	3	1	2	0	7	6	2
Danson.....	6	1	5	0	10	17	2
P. Holt .....	3	1	2	0	2	11	2

## JUNIOR.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
A. Holt .....	5	5	0	0	47	7	10
Tate .....	5	3	2	0	34	20	6
P. Holt .....	4	2	1	1	22	16	5
Danson.....	3	0	2	1	6	7	1
Hughes.....	4	0	4	0	7	24	0
Cochran .....	3	0	3	0	3	25	0

## SPORTS AND ARTS CLUB ACCOUNTS

## Sports and Arts Club Accounts.

## RECEIPTS.

April 1st, 1918—March 31st, 1919.

	£	s.	d.	£
SPORTS :				
Entrance Fees .....	10	16	0	
Sale of Tickets .....	7	2	6	17 10
CRICKET :				
Sale of Fixtures .....				0
FOOTBALL :				
Received from Boteler .....	1	3	4	
Sale of Jerseys, Badges, etc. ....	10	3	9	11
SWIMMING :				
Sale of Tickets .....	0	13	4	
Sale of Programmes .....	1	4	10	
Sale of Cards .....	0	5	1	2
SPORTS AND ARTS CLUB :				
Subscriptions—Summer Term .....	21	19	0	
Winter Term .....	25	6	9	
Spring Term .....	22	11	0	69 10
MISCELLANEOUS :				
Sale of Hymn Sheets, etc. ....				0
Profit on Tuck Shop .....				0
Interest on Deposit Account .....				1

£103 4

## EXPENDITURE.

April 1st, 1918—March 31st, 1919.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Medals .....	9	6	6			
Engraving .....	4	11	6			
Lettering Shields .....	0	12	6			
Entertainment Tax .....	2	7	6			
Labour and Teas .....	0	19	6			
Gratuities .....	0	4	0			
						18 1 6
Fares, Boteler, St. Helens, Calday .....	2	12	11½			
Purchase of Football Shirts .....	16	4	0			
Medals .....	1	2	0			
Engraving .....	0	9	6			
Shield Entrance Fee and Gratuities ...	0	10	6			
Fares to Warrington .....	1	14	4½			
						20 0 4½
Entertainment Tax .....	0	3	4			
Gratuities at Gala .....	0	15	0			
Gratuities during Season .....	0	3	3			
Minute Book .....	0	3	0			
						1 4 7
Loss on Magazine (Spring Term) 4 12 9						
Loss on Magazine (Summer Term) 1 15 0						
						6 7 9
Profit on Magazine (Winter Term)						0 8 4
Net Loss .....						5 19 5
Purchase of Hatbands .....	4	8	4			
Purchase of Caps, etc. ....	0	4	0			
Camera and Field Club Grant .....	0	10	0			
Record Book .....	0	3	6			
Minute Book (L.D.S.) .....	0	3	0			
Porter's attendance at Debates .....	0	18	0			
Various Gratuities .....	0	15	0			
						7 1 10
Wages .....						0 15 0
Credit Balance .....	47	9	0			

£103 4 8

This credit balance has already been more than counterbalanced by the loss on the Magazines this year, already £36 (two issues) and various work that had to be done at the ground.

E. W. H.

### "Evening."

The radiant sun dips slowly to the west ;

Thick falls the gloom upon the quivering trees.  
Desiring sleep they hie them to their rest,

Both bird and beast, lulled by the evening breeze.

Upon a branch 'neath yonder spreading oak,

The tuneful nightingale piped clear and shrill,

Whose wondrous strains the startled fawn awoke

Couched in his lair, beside the trickling rill.

Grim, spectre-like, the gnarlèd oak-trees seem,

Like some great heroes of a bye-gone age,  
Their forms o'erhang the waters of the stream—

The very waters feel their presence sage.

Throughout the hamlet all the ways are still ;

The village church o'ergrown with ivy green,

Whose austere spire peeps forth from yonder hill,

Now through the gathering gloom can scarce be seen.

When lo! the moon sheds forth her radiance pale,

While on she rides, serenely, through the sky ;

As some huge ship unheeding storm and gale,

O'er waves submissive sails with majesty.

The streamlets sparkle 'neath the silver light

The trees stand out bathed in the pale moon-ray,

As if by magic all is changed to sight,

Until behind dark clouds she glides away.

T.

### Our Sporting Reporter.

[Our readers will regret to hear that our Sporting Reporter is suffering from a nervous breakdown, brought on by over-work. The habit of years, however, is so strongly ingrained that he still persists in sending us, every week, an account of a match he imagines he has witnessed. Poor fellow! As a sample, we print the following.]

**P**ROMPT to the week, the Incredibles took the croquet lawn against the Unthinkables, their crimson flannels presenting a pleasing contrast with the yellow starred and mauve striped tights of their opponents. After a few hours preliminaries, the gaily-coloured ones kicked off against a strong anti-cyclone. Pressing strongly, they succeeded in reducing their handicap to +36, but on coming round the bend obtained only a half-inch group. The opposing three-quarter found difficulty in holing out, and the outside left was clean bowled with his "bully-off." On the resumption, there followed some mid-field play,

but after a break away of the goalies a hopeless outsider had no difficulty in mating in two moves. As the result of an "in-off" shot, the "scarlet runners" found themselves badly bunkered; the free cake awarded, producing a mêlée in the goal-mouth, resulted in their putting two successive services into the net. This made them two up on the turn, but the others had still to play, and by a series of clever centres, pocketed the red repeatedly, forced themselves through the last hoop, and arrived well in the straight approach to the home tee-way. A left to the ribs, however, gave them a nasty jolt, and when his king had at last been crowned, the centre full back had no difficulty in breasting the tape, a good inch behind the starting-post. Thus they were now only two runs short of their opponents' total.

Attempting a "double and quits" game, however, the visitors held a straight flush in royals; but the others, now thoroughly roused, countered with some phenomenally long putts, and succeeded in cross-trumping to some purpose—getting safely home with a little slam in hearts, and scoring with a clever drop-goal. After this, the issue was hardly ever in doubt, and tea-time arrived with the score 176,250—175,431.

**GENERAL COMMENTS.**—On the whole, the score was a fair representation of the day's play. The ground was badly cut up, the top-cushions, indeed, being almost absolutely dead, and all the greens sadly too long. Both men rowed themselves to a standstill, and the stars-and-stripes had hard luck in winning the tess. The Reds' pack was the better, but all the cards were in bad condition; and though the backs possessed a splendid screw service, the forwards' fielding gave their wicket-keeper no chance of a solo run-through.

### School Football, 1919.

**S**O far, the First Eleven has had a very successful season, having played eight matches and won seven. The forwards have the record of having scored five goals, or more, in all the matches won. The goals scored are 50 for and 19 against us. It is a long time since the team has combined so well, and most of the players have learnt to use their heads more.

The Second and Third Elevens have not been so successful, the Second having only won two, and the Third having lost both their games. This has mainly been due to the way in which the teams have been changed owing to the absence of members.

We hope that the success of the First Eleven will continue, and inspire the Second and Third Elevens to follow their example.

There are, we are pleased to say, six members of the First Eleven who will be under age for the Senior Shield Team. There is also a very large number of players eligible for the Junior Shield Team.

## SCHOOL v. COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.

Played at Greenbank, October 4th.

Team: Mansfield; Caldow, Fuller; Dunn, Jones, D. L., Wickes; Case, Kennan, Hopkins, Coomer, Baxter.

Unfortunately, we had rather a weak team out, and we kicked off with four of our usual members absent. Our opponents were soon on the offensive, and attacked our goal for the first half-hour. They had scored three before our team woke up. Both goals were then visited in turn, Hopkins scoring. About two minutes before the interval, Coomer scored from a pass from the right.

After the interval, the pace became furious, both sides striving for a goal. Our efforts were rewarded when Hopkins scored. The Collegiate attacked with renewed vigour, and managed to score following a mêlée in our goal-mouth. Baxter followed this up by scoring another for the School. The pace now became more furious still, and it was due to the fine goal-keeping of Mansfield, that we were victors by five goals to four.

## SCHOOL v. HOLT SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Played at Calderstones, October 15th.

Team: Mansfield; Caldow, Best; Cosnett, Tarshish, Wickes; Case, Hopkins, Coomer, Keedwell, Baxter.

Losing the toss, we kicked off against a strong breeze. For about the first quarter of an hour, the game was very even. Marsden, the Holt centre forward, evading our backs, opened the score with a swift ground shot. Shortly afterwards, Baxter equalised from a centre from Case. We managed to score three more goals before the interval, the scorers being Coomer (from a penalty), Keedwell and Hopkins.

On resuming, play was rather scrappy—Cosnett, who had forgotten his glasses, mistook the referee for the goal. Baxter seemed to have occupied a permanent position of offside, but this was not noticed, so all was well. The sins of Baxter were visited on Hopkins, who scored but was ruled offside. Full time arrived with the score 5—1 in our favour.

## SCHOOL v. WALLASEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Played at Wallasey, October 18th.

Team: Mansfield; Caldow, Best; Cosnett, Tarshish, Wickes; Holmes, Case, Hopkins, Coomer, Keedwell.

The day was fine, and, if anything, it was a little too hot for football, as we soon found out, after playing for a few minutes. The play in the first half was very even, both sides playing their best. In the opening stages, our goal had several narrow escapes, but the opposing forwards were generally well held. After about twenty minutes' play Hopkins scored, and about ten minutes later, added another. At half time the score was 2—0 for the School.

On resumption the School settled down very quickly, Coomer scoring from the wing. Goals now came regularly. Hopkins beating the defence and adding the fourth goal. Later, two more goals were added by Coomer and Keedwell, thus leaving the School victors by six goals to nil—a well deserved win, for the team worked well together and played hard.

## SCHOOL v. LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY 2nd XI.

Played at Calderstones, October 25th.

Team: Mansfield; Caldow, Best; Brown, Tarshish, Wickes; Holmes, Hopkins, Coomer, Cosnett, Baxter.

Holmes lost the toss, and we were set to face a slight wind. The University soon got going, scoring right away from the centre. Inside seven minutes the score was four—nil against us. These goals were mainly due to the fact that the defence was scared by the size of the University men. The School now began to pull themselves together, and Coomer scored a very good goal, beating both backs. Half-time arrived with the score 7—1 against us.

The second-half was far more even, and although the defence was pierced four times, they played well. The forwards also became more dangerous, after half an hour Cosnett scored. Just before the end of the game Caldow had the misfortune to twist his ankle. Full time arrived with the score 11—2 for the Varsity. Of the School, the following deserve mention: Brown, Coomer, Baxter, Best.

## SCHOOL v. OULTON SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Played at Greenbank, October 22nd.

Team: Mansfield; Caldow, Best; Cosnett, Tarshish, Wickes; Holmes, Hopkins, Coomer, Keedwell, Baxter.

The School team turned out against a team which was decidedly lighter than it. Despite the difference in weight, Oulton managed to keep us at bay for some time, and played very well. The first half ended with the score 2—0 in our favour, Hopkins and Coomer being the scorers.

The difference in the size of the teams told very much in the second half. Goals now came quickly, Coomer, Baxter and Hopkins each adding goals. Towards the end of the game Oulton made several determined attacks on our goal, but they were of no avail. The final score was 12—0 for the School. The scorers being: Baxter 2, Hopkins 4, Coomer 2, Keedwell 3, and Holmes 1.

## SCHOOL v. ST. FRANCIS XAVIERS.

Played at Greenbank, November 5th.

Team: Mansfield; Caldow, Best; Brown, Tarshish, Wickes; Holmes, Hopkins, Coomer, Keedwell, Cosnett.

Holmes won the toss, and elected to kick against the wind. From the beginning S.F.X. made determined rushes at our goal, but these were frustrated by Caldow and Best. The play became very stiff, and neither side seemed able to make any headway. After about twenty minutes, Holmes scored a goal from the wing. This was followed by renewed efforts by the S.F.X. forwards, resulting in a goal being scored against us. The score at half-time was 1—1.

In the second half the forwards quickly got to work, soon scoring two more goals. The play was now mostly in our opponents' half. The half-backs were tackling, and feeding their forwards well, whereas the S.F.X. men were inclined to kick wildly. Later, Best amused us by an acrobatic "stunt." Mansfield made two fine saves, diving full length across the goal for one. The game ended with the score 8—1 in our favour. The whole team played well, the forwards, particularly, combining brilliantly. The goal scorers were: Keedwell 2, Cosnett 2, Coomer 2, Hopkins 1, Holmes 1.

#### SECOND ELEVEN RESULTS.

The Second Eleven have played the following matches this term:—

- Oct. 1.—Second Eleven v. Liverpool Collegiate School.  
Lost 1—10.
- Oct. 18.—Second Eleven v. Wallasey Grammar School.  
Won 8—3.
- Oct. 22.—Second Eleven v. Oulton Secondary School. Won 3—0.
- Oct. 25.—Second Eleven v. Liverpool University. Lost 1—5.
- Nov. 5.—Second Eleven v. St. Francis' Xavier's. Lost 2—3.
- Nov. 8.—Second Eleven v. Boteler Grammar School. Lost 2—5.

The Third Eleven lost to the Collegiate School Third Eleven by 7—1; and to St. Francis' Xavier's Third Eleven by 5—1.

#### Valete.

- PYM, G. W.—Entered 1913 (3a) (Hughes). O.T.C. 1915. Oxford Local Senior (Second Class Honours: Exemption from Matric.), 1916. Prefect, 1917 (Hughes); 1918 (Philip Holt). Deputy Secretary to Prefects, 1918-19. Literary and Debating Society Committee, 1918-19. Library Committee, 1919. Latin Prize, 1919. Higher School Certificate, 1919. Senior City Scholarship (Liverpool University: Distinction in History and Latin), 1919.
- CIVIL, C. C.—Entered 1916 (Rc.) (Hughes). O.T.C., 1916. L.-Cpl., 1918. Oxford Local Senior (First Class Honours: Exemption from Matric.), 1917. Football Colours (1st XI.), 1916-7-8-9. Prefect (Sept. 1917) (Hughes). House

Cricket Captain, 1917. House Football Captain, 1917-18. House Sports Captain, 1917. House Gymnasium Captain, 1918. Captain Senior Shield Team, 1918. School Football Captain, 1918-19. School Gymnasium Captain, 1919. Higher School Certificate, 1919. University Scholarship (Liverpool), 1919.

SCOTT, E.—Entered 1914 (3x) (Danson). O.T.C., 1916. L.-Cpl., 1918. Oxford Local Senior (First Class Honours: Exemption from Matric.), 1917. Literary and Debating Society Committee, 1917-18-19. Secretary, 1918-19. Prefect, 1918 (March) (Cochran). House Sports Captain, 1919. Higher School Certificate, 1919. Senior City Scholarship (Liverpool University: Distinction in French, Latin, English).

HUTCHINSON, F. J.—Entered 1912 (2a) (Alfred Holt). O.T.C., 1914. L.-Cpl., 1918. Cpl., 1919. Oxford Local Senior, 1917. Football Colours (1st XI.), 1918-19. Prefect, 1918 (March) (Alfred Holt). House Gymnasium Captain, 1919. Matriculation, 1918. Cricket Colours (2nd XI.), 1919.

SPENSER, H.—Entered 1914 (3a) (Hughes). O.T.C., 1918. Oxford Local Senior, 1917. Matriculation, 1918. Prefect (Hughes), 1918.

THOMAS, E. C.—Entered 1913 (3a) (Cochran). O.T.C., 1917. Oxford Local Senior (1916). Matriculation, 1918. Prefect (Cochran), 1918. Literary and Debating Society Committee, 1918-19. Higher School Certificate, 1919.

SMITH, R. E.—Entered 1914 (3a) (Tate). O.T.C., 1916. Oxford Local Senior, 1917. Prefect (Alfred Holt), 1918. Higher School Certificate, 1919.

SCOTT, J. H.—Entered 1910 (1b) (Alfred Holt). Camera and Field Club Committee, 1918. O.T.C., 1914. L.-Cpl., 1918. Cpl., 1919. House Sports Captain, 1918. House Gymnasium Captain, 1918. Junior Sports Championship, 1915. Middle Sports Championship, 1917. Prefect (Alfred Holt), 1918. Treasurer, Camera and Field Club, 1919. Matriculation, 1919.

WOOLLEY, A. T.—Entered 1913 (3a) (Philip Holt). Oxford Local Senior, 1916. Matriculation, 1917. Football Colours, (1st XI.), 1917-18. Cricket Colours (2nd XI.), 1917; (1st XI.), 1919.

CHARLTON, J.—Entered 1916 (4a) (Hughes). Sub-Captain School Swimming Club, 1919. Matriculation, 1919. Prefect 1919 (Hughes).

ELLIS, A. R.—Entered 1915 (3d) (Philip Holt). Prefect, 1919 (Philip Holt). School Certificate, 1918. Literary and Debating Society Committee, 1918-19. Camera and Field Club Committee, 1916-7-8-9. Assistant Secretary, 1919. Chess Club Committee, 1919; Secretary, 1919.

### Old Boys' Association.

THE Old Boys' Association has come to life again, though its revival has been beset by difficulties. The railway strike interfered with our general meeting, and the authorities fixed the Dinner of the 55th Division on the night chosen to consider the scheme of our war memorial. However, things are moving, and we hope that the Concert and Dinner in December will take place under brighter auspices. The gymnasium classes are being attended by 26 of our members, and a number of others have taken up work at the Florence Institute. At first, Capt. Lewis found it difficult to organise the work there, but various activities are being started, and he can now find useful employment for all who will offer assistance. For those who can only come once now and then, a sing-song and entertainment has been arranged for December 4th, and we hope to be able to repeat the experiment next term. An account of the steps taken to establish the War Memorial will be found elsewhere, but we would here express the hope that every Old Boy will do his best to make the scheme a success. It is exactly the work which our Association ought to undertake, and it is our business to make the memorial worthy of the School. Our chief difficulty is to bring it to the notice of a large number of Old Boys who are not yet members of the Association, and it would be a real help if our members would either themselves call the attention of such people to it; or let us have their names and addresses at the School.

In conclusion, we wish to offer our congratulations to two Old Boys whose recent distinctions have brought credit to the School. It may reasonably be expected that we should educate a considerable proportion of the Lord Mayors of Liverpool, but it is rarely that one undertakes office who has done so much for the School as Mr. Burton Eills has done. The other distinction referred to is won earlier in life, and perhaps with less effort, but it is a very rare honour for us to number among our Old Boys the President of the Cambridge Union.

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### Correspondence.

The Union Society, Oxford.

Nov. 14th, 1919.

DEAR SIRS,

This epistle is the first to be penned from this University to the School magazine for many years, and it is a melancholy reflection that the School would before this have been regaled with many more such letters, had not the war carried away those who would have been worthy representatives of the Liverpool

Institute in this seat of learning, and who would have deemed it as great a pleasure as the present writer considers it to give to the old School some news of its sons' doings here. The fact that this is the first Oxford letter for such a long period certainly does not lighten my responsibility.

The little O.I. colony is thriving merrily, naturally, such is the power of gregarious instinct in man, the first duty was to form an O.I. Society here, and this was quickly done, with the result that we meet at least once per week to talk and, of course, to eat. However, not in common with myriads of other Societies existing here, we have not deemed it incumbent upon us to have a special tie which will proclaim our approach from afar; yet we agree that Societies must have a motto, even if it is just "Mind your eye,"\* but our motto is distinctly cunning and ingenious, yet exceedingly simple, "Nobis solum"! Again, we must of necessity have "Aims and Ideals," so our ready skill formulated the following—"To foster social intercourse and community of spirit."

You may be interested to know how, as individuals, we are progressing.

Mr. Laver is, naturally, revelling in the tradition and the poetry which is to be felt everywhere in Oxford, even in the silver tankards from which we drink in Hall, and when he is not rowing or entertaining he does History. If we others ever wish to find him, we enter a strange hostel known as "The Sign of the Cardinal's Hat" (it is really an annexe to New College), and after wandering through innumerable and tortuous passages we may end in discovering his den, but he himself will not be there—of that we are always quite sure, yet "Hope springs eternal"—

Mr. McKie is in a somewhat notorious College in the heart of Oxford. He inhabits a very lofty domain perched on the roof of the out(rageous) buildings of Brasenose, and there his active brain divides its attention between the Classics and the subject which Jowett called neither an art nor a science, but "a dodge"—Logic.

Mr. Knox is an inhabitant of what is often termed "that den of Pemmie." If you ever wish, Sirs, to find this curious College—I mean supposing by chance that you might possibly like to view it, and only the magnetic influence of Mr. Knox could induce you—you must first make enquiries at "the House" [Here you will observe that Oxford colloquialisms, or rather classicisms, are already having their effect]. Of course he is as dour and staid a Scot as ever, and his opinions on Oxford finance are unprintable. His energies are largely consumed, or perhaps (scientifically) transformed, if not into heat at least into work, which is quite an extraordinary and curious pursuit for most Oxford men in term time.

It will be news to you to hear that there is a College in Oxford named Corpus Christi. Like All Souls, it is conservative in character: it dislikes freshmen. It is unfortunate that it is compelled to elect certain scholars and one exhibitioner per annum, and these it flings into the clutches of the Oxford Vultures—it sends them into lodgings!! Mr. Hutchison, I regret to inform you, is one of these unfortunates. "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," he drags out a wretched existence in St. John's Street. However, he has compensations. His athletic prowess has enabled him to reach the giddy height of the C.C.C. Soccer XI., and as a result, I understand, they did not lose by more than five goals yesterday. When he is not in the Union, or playing Soccer, he is reading Classics, and following other strange pursuits.

You will gather from the above that we are all thoroughly enjoying ourselves, and we hope that by the time this letter is in print to have related our experiences to you at greater length, "vis-à-vis."

I am,  
Yours sincerely,  
J. I. NOXUCLAVE.  
(In Oxford, pronounced NOOLOVE.)  
\**Meus vester ego.*

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### University Letter.

The Union,  
University of Liverpool,  
November 12th, 1919.

DEAR SIRS,

Once again the weary scribe turns his pen from the pursuit of the differential to the more literary task of a University letter. The falling leaves, the colder winds, the half-term, combine to remind your correspondent that at the other end of Hope Street lives an indignant Editor, and a magazine which goes to press about now. So he craves your indulgence while he collects his scattered wits and tries to think of news from the colony of Old Boys in Brownlow Hill.

What a colony it is! Fifty will not cover it; so you will see that to tell you something of them all would take more space than the cost of paper will allow; and if the salient facts only are to reach you, what more fitting to begin with than the advents of Christian and Maddrell? Commerce, of course—heaven-sent camouflage to hide a six-months holiday! Anyway, here they are, trying to frequent the Arts Building with the air of a B.A., or rather *two* B.A.'s; incidentally, almost succeeding!

These "freshers" you have sent us this year, Mr. Editor, make up in sang-froid what they lack numerically; the Medicals

frequent the Physics building as if they owned it, as to the manner born; and Pym's air of complete indifference to any and everybody has won many salutes from the porters—who rather mistake him, I think, at times, for the Vice-Chancellor; a not un-natural error.

John Wilde, in his third year, has climbed to the dizzy heights of office, being Treasurer to the "Sphinx," of which J. Williams, B.A., another Old Boy, is Editor; and as far as an ordinary mortal can see, he (Wilde), Russell, and Omians, seem to constitute the committees of most of the branches of the A.S.A. But I am not here to blow Fame's penny trumpet.

Stanley Roberts, after a severe struggle with the Dean and Faculty of Arts, has failed to convince them that to insist on more than a knowledge of the declension of *regina* is, in his case at least, a superfluous formality; and he is now learning afresh the wiles of the Ablative Absolute. John Scott now looks on the world through rose-tinted glasses [and blue tobacco-smoke], of him, who has passed his first M.B. Superiority beams from every line of his face! We trust his brother will not betray the family name by working in his first year.

J. S. Macdonald has, apparently, been hopelessly fed-up with a year of Arts' life, and he has amazed the world by changing over to engineering, where he accompanies Jack Hutchinson in the first year course; perhaps he is sampling the first year of every Faculty, with a view to choice of the easiest career! His brother, we note amongst that awful influx of Medicals.

At last we are completely represented here in every branch; E. S. Watkins has drifted—accompanied perpetually by several large tomes—into the Faculty of Law—at least I think so; and, last but not least, Civil is a Dental! What a choice!!

We are strong in numbers, Sir, but oh! so unevenly distributed; *do* send along a Physicist next year to comfort the lonely heart of

Your faithful correspondent,  
ROBERT E. WILLIAMS.

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### Editorial Notices.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following contemporaries:—Glasgow High School, Wallaseyan, Birkenian, Liverpool College, Esmeduna, Kelly College Chronicle, Ulula (Manchester), and apologise for any omission.

The Editors possess a certain number of old copies of the Magazine, which may be purchased at a uniform rate of 4d. There are no better records of a boy's stay at School, and none which he will read, later, with more enjoyment, than these. We confidently await enquiries from Old Boys.

### The War Memorial.

“THE war has now been finished for almost a year. What are we to do about a memorial to the fallen?” Such a question was put by the Headmaster to a meeting of the Old Boys’ Association early in October. The need for action was at once recognised, and a committee was appointed to formulate a scheme to be submitted to a general meeting of all who might be interested. This meeting took place on November 3rd, and approved of the proposal that a fund should be raised to place a permanent memorial in the School, and to provide annually one or more “War Memorial Scholarships.” The permanent memorial will probably take the form of a large tablet bearing a suitable inscription and the names of all those connected with the School who lost their lives. In order that its call to duty may be repeated to each generation and year by year, it is hoped that the fund will be sufficient to provide also scholarships, of which the award shall be announced annually on Speech-day. Steps have been taken to approach all Old Boys whose address is known, and we hope in our next issue to announce that the scheme can be carried through. Our readers can help by sending to the Editor the addresses of any Old Boys who may not have been approached, and by remembering that contributions should be sent to Mr. Harold Whalley at the Institute.

## COOPERS WEEKLY SHOPPING GUIDE

will be forwarded regularly post free to any address. It gives current quotations for FISH, MEAT, PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, etc., and will keep you in touch with latest arrivals and new goods. May we send you a copy?

Coopers The Food Specialists **Liverpool**

When on a shopping tour Cooper’s Cafe is the convenient place to call. It is right in the shopping centre and is just the ideal place for Afternoon Tea. You get Delicious Cakes, fresh from the bakery, and Tea made as it should be made, fresh and hot for each customer.

Cooper’s Cafe,  
Church Street, Liverpool.