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MR. E. W. HICKS.

**Editorial.**

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown." The constant repetition of the familiar phrase does not detract from its truth, for even the editorial crown—a light burden in comparison with some—bears a great responsibility. It is indeed difficult to maintain tradition, satisfy the demands of progress, and please all tastes at the same time. Onslaughts are hurled against the alleged indulgence of the Editorial Ego, a very terrible sprite who, it seems, makes havoc in bringing matters from bad to worse. We feel that the past editorial year has given the Ego the best opportunity for many a year. Unfortunately, change was necessary in the size and contents of the Magazine; certain sections have not had their quondam bulk; an attempt has been made to encourage new features. Nor too have we the facile exit afforded by the arrival of a successor; for another year we must wear the crown, stand in this Olympian height, and continue to wield this authority. We feel that this latest indulgence—which none dur'st ever yet—may incur the fiercest wrath of all.

Still, kind sirs, nothing daunted, we crave your kind indulgence for our efforts during the coming year, which will again see changes of importance. Next January we enter our fiftieth volume. We sincerely hope our next appearance will have the support—literary and otherwise—of every member of the School, to make it a great success. More will be heard of the matter during the term. In the meantime the curtain bell has rung; this tiresome overture is very nearly at an end; once more we make our bow.

## G. D. Roberts.

On Wednesday, the 28th of September, we learned with deep regret that Mr. G. D. ROBERTS had died the previous evening.

There was a singular charm of personality about Mr. Roberts, a rare grace, that made all who knew him, love him. A son of the Welsh manse, his outlook on life was essentially serious. He had a high conception of duty, and lived up to it. This was particularly noticeable in his work as a schoolmaster. He was not content to take his values and standards from another—he must live, work, and teach by his own. In the teaching of Latin, for instance, he was most anxious that boys, particularly those in the Science forms, should not be fobbed off with the letter and denied the spirit. He believed that there was a rich legacy from Greece and Rome which every boy could enjoy if it was properly presented to him. In his delightful Anthology of parallel passages from Latin and English poetry, he tried to initiate his readers into a vision of the beauty of poetry. For him, linguistic study was not an end in itself; it was to lead to a deeper appreciation of what was true, just and beautiful.

This same high seriousness he carried into all he did—his hockey, his books, and his work with the B.B.C. He was serious in the sense that no trouble was too great to ensure that all he did was well done. His was not a slovenly mind.

Combined with this high seriousness was a certain wit, grace, humour and whimsicality, and it was this conjunction that gave him such charm. This light-hearted grace we were privileged to enjoy first hand at the School. Boys will remember him for his kindness and good humour; his colleagues not only for these, but for the zest with which he could tell a story—for he was an excellent *raconteur*—and the delight with which he sipped a favourite author such as Trollope. But a wider circle was able to enjoy his light-hearted grace through the medium of his two children's books, "Heron Island" and "The House that was Forgotten," as also in his adaptations for broadcasting of Hans Anderson's tales. These won him many friends in distant parts of the world.

Altogether, his was a character which the Greeks would call *kalos*; it was a character both good and beautiful. Of him we can say "all that he touched, he adorned."

To his wife and family the School offers its warmest sympathy. We are all the richer for having known him.



WE must open our School account this year with the cheering news of record Scholarship successes. The School won five State Scholarships. Our congratulations to A. Robertson, G. R. Holmes, R. G. Britten, W. R. Lund, and R. J. Hammer, who has, in addition, won the Colquitt Scholarship. Our congratulations also to A. Carr, E. M. Felgate, W. E. Heslop and D. Noden, who won Senior City Scholarships, to E. W. Mills and U. B. H. Baruch, who won Margaret Bryce Smith Scholarships, and to L. E. Thompson on his Art Scholarship, to Liverpool University.

Well done, School!

Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Pincher and Mr. Bradshaw, on their respective marriages.

The School last term parted from Mr. Hicks and Mr. Weltman with very deep regret. Mr. Weltman has left us for another post after two years here. Mr. Hicks has retired after many years' service for the School. Our appreciation of him will be found in later pages.

This term we welcome Mr. Dawson (University College, Oxford), who has come to us from Nuneaton, and Mr. Sutcliffe (King's College, Cambridge), who was formerly at Stockport Grammar School.

We were sorry to hear on the first day of term that Mr. Ellis had had a recurrence of his illness. We offer him our sincere sympathy and hopes of an early recovery.

We welcome Mr. W. R. Jones and Mr. Abrahams who are acting as deputies for Mr. Ellis and Mr. Roberts.

It was indeed a surprise—but a highly pleasant one—for whole Houses to be transferred from School to Greenbank one

day last term to watch the Cricket match for the Whitehouse Cup. It was a reward—as welcome as it was unexpected—for House spirit.

It is of interest to Jewish members of the School to record that A. Grabman was awarded a scholarship to the Federation of Zionist Youth Summer School in Hawkhurst, Kent. Four such scholarships are awarded annually, one each in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE (Distinctions indicated in italics) :—

Form 6a.—Britten, R. G. (*Greek, Latin*), Burns, H. K., Carr, A. (*Greek*), Colville, E. C., Corlett, T., Felgate, E. M., Hammer, R. J. (*Greek*), Heslop, W. E., Holmes, G. R. (*Greek, Latin*), Samuels, S., Saunders, J. W. (*English Literature*).

Form 6 a.c.—Anderson, B. V., Baruch, U. B. H. (*German*), Ellwand, D., Gregory, G. E., Jones, C. V., Thomas, A. W. C.

Form 6a.m.—Billington, G. C., Jackson, J. P., McBurney, J. W., Muskett, H. T., Noden, D. (*Spanish*), Stewart, I. R., Vickers, J. G.

Form 6a.Sc.—Bridge, A., Crewe, W., Culshaw, G. W., Downs, B., Edwards, R. J., Gould, J., Kelly, E. S., Lund, W. R. (*Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics*), Mills, E. W., Mitchell, W. A., Reed, C. D., Robertson, A. (*Pure Mathematics, Chemistry*), Stone, A., Townend, G. H.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Form Rc.—Adams, W. H., Craig, A. J. M., Garland, L., Harrison, N. C., Helsby, R. E., Jackson, C. L., Jewers, W. G., Jones, H. A., Longmire, R. A., Marsh, G. A., Ravenscroft, N. C., Ringrose, E. A., Silver, H., Simpson, J. W., Strong, N. R., Sutton, R. W., Walsh, H., Weedon, R. W., Woosey, P.

Form Rm.—Cohen, G., Eggert, W. H., Herd, E., Holmes, R. W., Jackson, D. W., Jones, D. R., Jones, H. G., Lappin, R. S., Learman, S., Mellors, F. A., Noble, H., Pain, R. H., Preston, R. S., Price, H. J., Sanderson, T. R., Varey, J. F., Winskill, S.

Form R.Sc.—Annis, N., Bender, A. I., Briggs, J. C., Campbell, K. J., Carrigan, E. P., Doughty, P. H., Draper, S. J., Eedle, J. A., Farnworth, T. R., Gray, P. J., Hanlon, J. W., Harries, R. G., Holmes, H., Hughes, T. A., Mnew, H., Owen, R. H., Parry,

W. R., Rimmer, H. E., Salmon, A. J., Sharp, A. W., Stuart, A., Taylor, R. I., Vaight, D. H., Wilkinson, K. H., Williamson, A. A.

Form Rx.—Evans, S., Ferguson, W. J. H., Killham, E. J. J., Taylor, R. M., Tuson, J. V. W.

### The Glasgow Excursion.

We believe it is *possible* for the sun to shine in Glasgow, but, apparently, it had arranged for June 2nd to be a day off, and the rain took the opportunity to make itself felt. It even came to Liverpool in the early morning to meet us at Exchange and then escorted us all the way to Scotland. Once we had arrived, it did its best to make us feel uncomfortable, but, as the Exhibition is largely under shelter, it was not particularly successful.

Our party raised the number of entrants to the Exhibition by about 120, or so, and a similarly large detachment from the Collegiate accompanied us. Shortly after entering Bellahouston Park, we split up into groups of four, whereupon there was a great rush in the direction of the now familiar Tower of Empire. Next to buying one of the Official Handbooks with map, to take three-pennyworth (if you can look like a scholar!) of lift to the top of the Tower is probably the best way of obtaining an idea of the layout of the Exhibition and planning a route of inspection. Most of the party pursued one or the other course of action, after which the various pavilions were invaded by small groups of Liverpool schoolboys, who were soon swallowed up by the crowds of visitors.

This (thank goodness!) is no place for an attempt to describe at length an Exhibition much of which must by now be familiar to almost everyone, at any rate of those who are likely to read this Magazine. Nor is it possible to give an account of the experiences of each individual group. Suffice it to say that, though the external appearance of the Exhibition was no doubt considerably depreciated by the poor weather, the interiors of the pavilions, of which that of Engineering seems to have been most popular with the party, were inspected and enjoyed as well as could be in the lamentably short time we were able to have.

Tea was had in a restaurant temptingly near to the Amusement Park, which, much to the chagrin of some, was declared out of bounds for our party. Shortly after tea we piled into the train again and set off home, leaving the rain behind to complete its soaking of Glasgow.

## Mr. Hicks.

IT is often difficult to estimate precisely how much the loss of a prominent personality will affect those who have long since left the immediate circle of its influence.

The news of the impending departure of Mr. Hicks doubtless had a considerable effect upon those fortunate souls still under his colours, as it were—but what of those who have long since relinquished that Halcyon state for the Outer Darkness, wherein the Present is ever at hand, and where the Past is slowly and inevitably effaced from the mind? We speak, needless to say, of the world of Commerce and Business, where most of us seem to end up, whether we will or no.

Speaking from a purely personal point of view, it seems that the regrets which must be so great for those still at School, are just as real to those who have left, as though they were still passing through baize-covered swing doors at five-minutes-to-nine every morning and, perhaps, inwardly praying that the doubtful distinction of hearing their names read out from the platform might pass them by during the succeeding twenty minutes.

Recollections of those with whom one has lost touch for so long, must of necessity be somewhat disjointed, but surveying as it were a mental Mind-film, in which the presence of E. W. Hicks dominates so many situations, one feels that, in him, the School as a whole is losing not one of its personalities, but many. Some will recall that one of his most admirable traits was that he never sought to make himself popular by direct or conscious action, and still he was always in the first flight of best-liked. Others will retain an indelible impression of that laconic humour of his, which would bring to light, in the most unexpected places, those quaint conceits which he had such genius for transferring to others. Still more will miss the sound of the voice which carried them, term by term, through, perhaps, the dark scenes of Macbeth, the limpid passages of Conrad, or the musical symphonies of Keats. In this connection we personally, will not forget, either, the end of term mornings when we were regaled with certain choice extracts from *Punch*, which were obviously savoured by the Reader just as much as by ourselves.

Mr. Hicks was a schoolmaster, one supposes, because his inner self made him so, but one cannot help feeling that he would have made an equally great success in that Profession for which he had such a wholehearted admiration, and as an

Amateur of which he is unequalled, perhaps, in our knowledge—the Stage. No one can ever claim a perfect understanding of him unless they had had the privilege of working with and for him in one of his annual Productions. . . . Again one conjures up a vision of that shirt-sleeved, active figure rushing from the wings during a rehearsal, script in one hand, compelling instruction in the other, running through, with one player after another, the gamut of exasperation, jubilation, affection, and a hundred other emotions, after which he would disappear, and be seen shortly after in some dark corner of the Auditorium, vigorously discussing Costumes with Miss Wilson, who in those days was his Schiaparelli. . . . and who will forget that invariable custom after the First Night Performance was ended, of the forcing of an outwardly reluctant figure on to the Stage, and hearing with delight those few, dry, pithy remarks in which the statement that the Speaker was possessed of One Foot in the Grave, regularly formed a part?

There are so many facets to the character of the man, that it is as difficult to know where to end, as where to commence. One would like to set down detailed reminiscences of meetings of the Literary and Debating Society, under his Chairmanship—one would glory in recalling certain histrionic activities at Staff Concerts, and elsewhere, but time, and unfortunately space, will not permit. One cannot, however, pass lightly over perhaps the most important work that he accomplished during the whole of his long sojourn in Liverpool—that of helping so many members of the School not only to choose a Career, but also to place them in one. It was in this work that his self-forgetful sympathy, sound judgment, and knowledge of the world came to the fore, and the greatest compliment that one can pay him in this direction is to mention the very real gratitude of hundreds of boys who, through his offices, have found positions suitable to their capabilities.

These few and inadequate words can never hope to reflect the glint of those facets to which we have referred, and one must leave you with the memory of that small, sun-tanned gentleman with the most admirable collars and ties in the world, doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God—one knows that it is not for him "to rust unburnished, not to shine in use," and one looks forward to meeting again a man who realises, if ever any one did, that All the World's a Stage, who has imparted so much of his philosophy to those under his care, and who will, we trust, continue to do so.

P. A. GLIACCI.

## Old Boys' Section.

MR RICHARD BURN, C.S.I. ('89), when visiting the Headmaster just recently, promised to write for the Jubilee Number of the Magazine in January. All members of the School, past and present, will be interested to hear from the very first editor of the Magazine. We feel sure that Old Boys particularly will find much of interest in our next issue, which will contain many reminiscences of the history of the Magazine through half-a-century. We make our appeal therefore, confident that Old Boys will give this number their especial support, and that this edition will reach a wider circle of past and present scholars than any hitherto.

G. P. A. Lederer has been appointed Assistant Chief General Manager to the Midland Bank.

M. Peaston, B.A. (Brasenose College and Wycliffe Hall, Oxon.) was ordained at Liverpool Cathedral on Trinity Sunday, June 12th. He is curate at St. Helens Parish Church.

News of the appointment of J. McCloy at Glasgow Academy reached us this term, as also that of R. D. White, who is Professor of Latin at Grahamstown University, South Africa.

The Old Centurions' Dinner in November is long past. But it was not till recently that we heard—we hasten to record it now—of the accident to Mr. Christophers which prevented him from being the guest of honour.

We should like more news of Old Boys. It is very difficult to keep in touch except from letters sent us. We hope to hear more news for publication in the Jubilee Number.

We have great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the book "Salvidge of Liverpool," presented to the School Library, by the son of Alderman Salvidge, who was an Old Boy of the School.

### University Examination Results.

Summer, 1938.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

SCHOOL OF LITTERAE HUMANIORES.

Class 2: Ankers, W. A.; Page, A. G.

## UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Mathematical Tripos. Part 2.

Class 1. W. J. Corlett (Wrangler).

Class 2. F. J. Patterson, D. A. T. Wallace.

Natural Sciences Tripos. Part 2.

Class 2. J. A. Campbell (Zoology).

Mediaeval and Modern Languages Tripos. Part 2.

Class 2. W. J. McCloy.

## UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

Degree of M.A.—

School of Modern History: S. D. Temkin.

School of English Language: I. Barrett.

Degree of B.A. in Special Studies. Part 1.

School of Hispanic Studies: A. E. Campbell, R. I. Foreman, S. D. Waugh.

Diploma in Commerce: K. L. Martinez.

Diploma in Education: A. J. Corkhill, S. Denerley, A.

Holden, M. T. Owen, J. McCloy (Distinction).

Certificate in Education: H. Mulholland.

Degree of B.Arch. with Honours. Class I.

D. P. Thomas.

Ordinary Degree of B.Arch.

Fifth Examination: J. D. Tetlow.

Third Examination: G. Bloor, H. Penn.

Diploma of Public Administration:

First Examination: G. G. H. E. Brown.

FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

Degree of B.Sc. with Honours—

School of Botany: Class 1. Division 2. J. A. Whellan.

School of Zoology: Class 1. I. C. Jones.

Ordinary Degree of B.Sc. Final Examination, 2nd Year.

Class 1. A. E. Bender, J. S. Bone.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Ordinary Degrees of M.B. and Ch.B.

Final Examination, Part 2. B. Carruthers, K. B. Gib-

son, A. Nachmanovitz, B. I. Philips, E. G. Wright,

C. D. Alergant, K. M. Willis, D. Prysor-Jones.

First Examination, Parts A and C.

S. E. Keidan (distinction in Chemistry).

R. C. Nairn (distinction in Chemistry and Physics).

## FACULTY OF ENGINEERING.

Degree of M.Eng. : A. B. Baldwin.

Degree of B.Eng. with Honours—

School of Electrical Engineering : Class 1. G. G. Nicholson.

School of Civil Engineering : Class 1. E. S. Williamson.  
Ordinary Degree of B.Eng.

School of Civil Engineering : Class 2. A. Cohen.

School of Marine Engineering : Class 2. J. D. Burke.

Final Examination, Part 1. : J. A. Roberts.

Certificate in Engineering : A. Maclese.

## FACULTY OF LAW.

Degree of LL.B. with Honours. Class 3 : J. A. Hawkins.

Ordinary Degree of LL.B. Class 2 : M. Cohen, R. Cohen.

## SCHOOL OF DENTAL SURGERY.

Degree of B.D.S.

First Examination, Parts A, C and D : J. N. Bywell.

Licence in Dental Surgery.

First Examination, Part B : R. N. Prysor Jones.

Degree of B.D.S.

Second Examination, Part B : G. Bate.

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### House Notes.

**ALFRED HOLT.**—The House may well look back with satisfaction on the past year. During the Summer Term the Juniors won the Junior Cricket Championship and several members of the House were successful in the Sports. We congratulate W. H. Adams and A. L. Haugh on winning the Middle Championship and D. J. Adams on winning the Junior Championship. We can confidently expect success next year in every branch of School activity.

D. NODEN.

**Owen.**—As was expected, the Summer term was quite successful for Owen House ; or at least, for the Seniors. There has seemed to be a lack of talent in the Junior House, for which no amount of enthusiasm and energy can compensate. The year, however, finished on a happy note at Greenbank on the last Thursday of term.

It has been the custom amongst classical captains to conclude with a Latin tag. I have a feeling that a chemical formula would hardly suffice. Best of luck to Owen in the coming year.

A. ROBERTSON.

**Philip Holt.**—As I look back I feel more and more that the past year has been for Philip a year of outstanding achievement. No, I do not mean that we have won all the competitions and carried off quantities of trophies. I mean this, that for a whole year, with a very few lapses, the House has pulled *together*.

I remember a time when the House consisted of a small number of active members and a great many lazy members. The Sports and the Hobby Show, among other things, proved that at last Philip has achieved unity once again. If you continue to work together the House will go from strength to strength : unity is strength. Effort will be needed, but I feel sure that you can repeat and even better last years' performance.

Lastly I thank you all for the fine support you gave to my captains and myself. May my successor fare no worse !

J. W. MCBURNEY.

**Tate.**—The new House System has come through a difficult year of probation with flying colours. With so firm a foundation the School must go from strength to strength—provided that those who will carry on her great tradition, do not fail in their responsibilities.

Those whose schooldays are now over will watch their successors with affection and confidence. We who were members of Tate House, will hope that as the School assumes an even more exalted position in the world's esteem, she herself, will become ever prouder of Tate.

I. R. STEWART.

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### Valete.

**I. R. STEWART.**—Entered 1930, 2<sup>r</sup> (Hughes) ; Prefect (Alfred Holt) 1935 ; House Captain (Tate) 1936-8 ; Head of the School, 1937-8 ; Literary and Debating Society Committee, 1937-8 ; League of Nations Union Treasurer, 1937-8 ; Football : 2<sup>nd</sup> XI 1934-5, 1<sup>st</sup> XI 1936-7-8, Vice-Captain and Secretary, 1938, Full Colours, 1937, reawarded 1938. Cricket : 1<sup>st</sup> XI 1936-7-8, Half-Colours 1936, Full Colours 1937, reawarded 1938, Secretary 1937, Vice-Captain 1938. Athletics : School Captain and Full Colours 1936-7-8, Open Champion 1937-8, Inter-School Sports 1934-5-6. School Certificate 1934, Higher School Certificate 1937-8 ; Sir Frederick Radcliffe Prize for Elocution, 1933 ; School Play, 1936-7 ; School Representative at Duke of York's Chatsworth Camp, 1938 ; Lord Derby Prizes for French, and German (shared), 1938.

- A. ROBERTSON.—Entered 1930, 3x (Owen); Prefect 1935-6 (Owen); House Captain 1937 (Owen); Association Football: 1st XI, 1936-7-8, Secretary 1936, Captain 1937, Half-Colours 1936, Full Colours 1937-8. Cricket: 2nd XI 1935, 1st XI 1936-7-8, Half-Colours 1936, Full Colours 1937-8. Chess, 1st team, 1937-8. Arthur Damsell Prize for Arithmetic (Removes), 1933; Lord Derby Prize for Chemistry, 1936, 1938; Lord Derby Prize for Mathematics, 1937; William Durning Holt Prize for Physics, 1937-8; William Durning Holt Prize for English Essay, 1938; School Certificate (exempt. Matric.), 1933; Higher School Certificate, 1935, 1936 (Distinction in Pure Maths.), 1937 (Distinction in Pure Maths.), 1938 (Distinction in Pure Maths. and Chemistry); Tate Science Scholarship and Special Scholarship, 1936; Open Scholarship in Natural Sciences at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, 1937; County Major Scholarship 1938; State Scholarship, 1938.
- J. W. MCBURNEY.—Entered 1931, 3e (Philip); Prefect (Philip), 1936; House-Captain, 1937-8; School Orchestra, 1932-8; Cross-country Running, Steeplechase Senior Champion, 1937; Gymnasium: Half-Colours 1936, reawarded 1937-8. Association Football: 2nd XI 1935-6-7, Captain 1936-7. Rugby Football: 1st XV 1937-8. Cricket: 2nd XI 1937-8, Captain 1937-8, Half-Colours 1937-8. Swimming: Senior Champion 1936-7, Full Colours 1936-7-8, Captain 1935-7-8. School Certificate (exempt. Matric.) 1935; Higher School Certificate 1937-8.
- R. J. HAMMER.—Entered 1931, 3e (Danson); Prefect, 1937 (Tate); Rugby Football: 1st XV 1936-7-8, Secretary 1936, Vice-Captain 1937. Chess: 2nd Team 1934-7; 1st Team 1937-8. Literary and Debating Society, Committee 1936-7-8; League of Nations Union Committee 1937-8. Arthur Damsell Prize for Arithmetic 1934; Samuel Booth Prize for Greek 1938; School Certificate (exempt. Matric.) 1934; Higher School Certificate 1936 (Distinction in Ancient History, 1937 (Distinction in Ancient History), 1938 (Distinction in Greek); Senior City Scholarship 1937; Exhibition in Classics, St. Peter's Hall, Oxford, 1938; Colquitt Scholarship, 1938; State Scholarship, 1938.
- E. S. KELLY.—Entered 1930, 3x (Cochran); Prefect (Cochran) 1936, (Owen) 1937; Literary and Debating Society Committee, 1936-8; School Orchestra, 1934-7; Choral Society, 1935; Chess, School 2nd team 1937; Cross-country Running Junior Team 1933, School Team 1935-6-7-8, Secretary 1936-7, Captain 1937-8, Half-Colours 1935-6, reawarded

- 1936-7, Full Colours 1937-8. Cricket: 2nd XI, 1936-7-8; School Certificate (exempt. Matric.), 1934; Higher School Certificate, 1937-8.
- J. GOULD.—Entered 1931, 3e (Philip); Prefect, 1937 (Philip); Rugby Football: 1st XV, 1937-8. School Play, 1937. O.T.C.: joined 1935, Corporal 1936, L/Sgt. 1937, Sgt. 1937, C.Q.M.S. 1937, C.S.M. 1938, Certificate A 1936, 1st Cadet Battalion King's Cup, 1937, Captain Murray Hutchinson Cup, 1937, 2nd Class Shot 1935-6, 1st Class Shot 1936-8. School Certificate (exempt. Matric.) 1935; Higher School Certificate, 1938.
- H. K. BURNS.—Entered 1931, 2r (Alfred); Prefect (Alfred) 1937-8; Hockey: 1st XI, 1936-8, Half-Colours, 1938. Philatelic Society: Treasurer 1936-7, Secretary 1937-8. Literary and Debating Society: Committee 1937-8. School Certificate (exempt. Matric.), 1934; Higher School Certificate, 1936-7-8; Bursary Scholarship at Keble College, Oxford, 1938; Special Scholarship, 1938.

### Odyssey 1938.

Being an account of the School expedition to Greece.

"AS far as I am concerned," the Leader had said, "this trip only begins at London." In those words he showed deep wisdom. Travelling in England is too civilised and comfortable to be real adventure, but across the gloomy gulf we hoped to find sterner tests for our manhood.

The fall from civilisation was gradual. The French had turned out, in our honour, one of their newest and best carriages, a noble affair in chromium and green leather, in which it was even possible to sleep; but worse was ahead. After a touching ceremony in the *Mont Cenis* tunnel, when we jettisoned our seditious literature, we found ourselves in Italy. Who can ever forget that journey—a mere three hours—from *Turin* to *Milan*, when we shared a narrow corridor with an ever-increasing Bank Holiday crowd? Strong men still turn pale at the memory of a journey whose one redeeming feature was that it made us almost grateful for the converted tramcar—an early milestone in the history of railways—which was to take us to *Brindisi*, and in which we were expected to sleep.

But the end was in sight, and, basking on the "*Filippo Grimani*" as she chugged across the Adriatic, we took a well-earned rest. And so, purified by suffering and fortified by the

excellent food on board ship, we reached Greece. Like true pilgrims, we rose at an unearthly hour to watch our slow passage through the Corinthian Gulf and to absorb every impression. There is *Patras*—there *Naupactus* is or was—here Phormion won his victories. Then the famous Corinthian Canal for which our photographers turned out en masse, *Aegina*, *Salamis*, and at last a smoke-cloud which was *Piraeus*. Long and animated, but not very successful argument about money matters and passports finally left us free, on Greek soil, and then—*Athens*.

We had one day—one day!—in which to “do” Athens; but that same night an intrepid few set out to find the Acropolis. We were baulked of our hope, but we came close to Greece—an unbelievably dirty Greece, dwelling in a great warren beneath the Acropolis itself, a Greece which alternated insulting remarks and loud laughter with humble appeals for charity. In old Athens most of the houses are built either like warrens or like hen-coops, with laths and wire-netting—in sharp contrast to the New Athens all around, which is so proud of itself.

On the next day, which was wet, we saw Athens, led by a guide worthy of the nickname “Herodotus,” and driven by three of the maddest, merriest taxi-drivers ever seen. In Greece one prefers the wrong side of the road, one toots one’s horn incessantly while disregarding all others, and one swerves sickeningly without warning and at speed, around the frequent pot-holes. But we survived and “saw” Athens. Temples, theatres, ancient monuments were dangled before our eyes, and then—whisk!—off to another sight. But we should come again, to view them at our leisure. Just now we were preparing for *Delphi*. When we had scarcely landed in Athens, we were to leave it.

And so we made an early start, on the next day, under the care of Boeotian Bill. After visiting a Byzantine monastery, and seeing the ruins at *Eleusis*, which are inseparably mingled in our memories with the unspeakable smell of a neighbouring factory, we struck into the hills. Through Boeotia we went, pausing at *Thebes*, and into Phocis, where, having endured the agonising thrill of a tortuous mountain road, we came upon the beautiful vale of *Delphi*. There we spent an idyllic two days, browsing among the ruins, reading inscriptions, inspecting the ancient drainage systems, and climbing the lower slopes of *Parnassus*. What a moment it was, when a long climb in the blazing sun was rewarded by the sudden appearance of the distant snow-covered peaks, delicately pink in the afternoon sun! So to hide our emotion we danced and bathed in a patch of snow, before returning to the hotel.

But time was up, and back again we went to Athens, our base. It was Good Friday (a week later than in England), and we were due to attend a more or less official reception at the house of the British Naval Attaché. After some delay, we reached the house, and made polite conversation with noble self-sacrifice. Then with a party of public-school boys, who had also been invited, we saw the Procession—the burial of Christ, with military honours. The crowds, waiting in the darkness, were very subdued, and seemed to emphasise the awfulness of the ceremony. Nearer and nearer came the sound of the funeral march, and as the procession advanced, with its lofty torches, candles were lit among the crowd; the long line of soldiers and *Neolaia* (Fascists) wound on, and at last, surrounded by priests, the empty bier. And so it ended.

The Greeks were fasting now until midnight on Saturday, but we were free, and spent our time visiting the *Areopagus* and the *Pnyx*, which our guide had not shown us. In the afternoon—cool for Athens, but tropical to us—we bathed, choosing, of course, a spot which is the haunt of all the wealthy in Athens. And to end the day we went to the monastery on *Lycabettus* and saw the ceremony of the Resurrection. The crowd was dense, but after the great moment, when the bell was clanging its glad message to the city below, and the people were pouring down the steep zig-zag path, they presented a beautiful sight. Nothing could be seen but the lines of lighted candles weaving in and out, in and out, as one looked down.

On the Sunday morning we attended the English church at Athens, and then watched the King drive into the barracks of the Royal Guards or *Evzones*. There was to be dancing there, with feasting and drinking for the soldiers. We all went in the afternoon, but in small groups; and with envy we heard how a gay party of soldiers, attracted by the school caps, had invited some of our number to join in the general dissipation, and had regaled them with choice wines. But we had our revenge. On the same day we had been introduced to the British Club, and were fast becoming men of the world.

Back to business on Monday. But our trip to *Sunium* was postponed for the general rejoicing on King George’s name-day. Afterwards we went to *Salamis*, and fought the great battle over again by various conflicting theories. There we spent a pleasant afternoon, but returned to pack again—this time for *Mycenae*.

After delays and disappointments which visibly aged our Leader, we at last set off, via Corinth, where our new driver found a brother, to *Mycenae*. Here we wandered through the

ruins, discussed the military value of the spot, and explored a most exciting cave. Then to *Tiryns*, and finally, laden with priceless pieces of pottery, on to *Nauplia*, not for the sights but for the hotel. Here two of our masters spent an unhappy night, warring vainly against various creeping things, and found little difficulty in rising early for *Epidaurus*.

One goes to *Epidaurus* for the theatre—almost perfect—and one drops pins at the bottom so that others can hear it, sitting at the top. We did so, and can vouch for it that the acoustics really are wonderful. There is also a temple of *Asclepius*, the god of healing, about which there are many strange stories of snakes and miraculous cures.

Once more in Athens, we relaxed, and spent a pleasantly unenergetic day, chiefly on the Acropolis. Our time was growing short, but one last fling—so off we went to *Sunium*. There we admired the temple, identified all the islands around us, and basked on the rocks under the cliff. There, too, we saw *Metaxas*, the Premier, arrive for lunch with a Turkish Personage, in whose honour Athens was arrayed in red and blue. Our bus had carried a Greek flag flanked by American ones, but our driver, on learning that we were *Bretanni*, looked very apologetic and removed the offenders. And, as we drove away from *Sunium* our one remaining symbol received well-tutored salutes from all whom we passed. How we cheered the one small boy whose fist remained clenched! Then to *Marathon*, where little remains, except the burial mound, from which we can reconstruct the battle.

Athens again, and our last day. Final purchases, provisions for the journey, a last look at the Acropolis, and there we were at the *Piraeus* having our passports examined, going on board, watching the harbour-lights fade away, holding a sing-song on the top-deck.

In comparison with the frenzy and flurry, the uncertainty and haste, which had characterised our outward journey, our return seemed uneventful. We even had time to eat. *Turin*, *Paris*,—where we had time for a little sight-seeing—*Dieppe*, *London*—it was like reversing a film; and here we were at last, bundling into cabs and arriving home, no longer boys but men, men who had seen things, men who had done things, men who were very tired and slept steadily for a phenomenal length of time.

What an *Odyssey* it had been! And for it our heartfelt thanks are due to one man, *Mr. Pollard*, who envisaged it, planned it, and—hardest of all—carried it through successfully. We who were with him had some idea of the care and responsibility which he undertook; his work never ended until the holiday,

too, was over. He could not relax from his duties of managing us, managing our slender budget, managing the travel agencies and the Government officials who would not understand what we were saying. He had two able supporters in *Mr. Chapman* and *Mr. Willott*, but his was the supreme responsibility and he deserves all praise for the able manner in which he filled that unenviable position.

### Sunset.

Sleepily, sleepily, far beyond the river  
 Into a sea overflowing with light,  
 Kissed by the moonbeams, the sunlight in splendour,  
 The lady of daylight droops down her fine locks.

Swirling in mist, circling the night sky  
 Her breath comes curling from waters of fire,  
 Caressing her brow as it drifts to the starlight  
 O'erweiling the crimson oceans of space.

Silently, slowly, the shades of the mountains  
 Lengthen and lull the still valley in dreams,  
 Till cattle, and woodland, and shepherd on the hillside  
 Are singly asleep in the peace that has come.

CYRIAC.

### The Owl's Tale.

LIGHTNING flashed, thunder rolled across the sky, and the wind fled moaning through the trees. Standing in his sheltered home among a circle of wide-eyed owlets the old wise owl flapped his wings, nodded his great head sagely, and embarked upon this curious tale.

"Once upon a time, in the village of *Somewhere-Sometime*, there lived a cruel and grasping miser. Grown-ups shunned him, and children called names after him. Some of them would even throw things at him, and then, greatly pleased with their own daring, ran helter-skelter away. The miser hated them.

"How the miser obtained his money was a mystery, but he was certainly a rich man. He changed his money into three-penny bits—so that it should seem more—and counted it lovingly every night. When he had done so, he would sit motionless and

silent, with his sharp face cupped in his hands, eyes wide open. They seemed the eyes of a dead man.

"One night, five moons ago, the miser sat thus, staring through the fire, while the wood crackled, the flames danced, and grotesque shadows flickered in the walls and ceiling. Slowly, imperceptively, a vague scene appeared in the flames; tall, craggy, sandstone cliffs, with bunches of coarse grass and dandelions growing sparsely in nooks and crannies. At the base of its cliffs was the black mouth of a tunnel. The miser's attention was suddenly attracted by a man, creeping furtively out of the tunnel. He was small, and old, and shabby. He stood with a small leather bag clutched under his arm, gazing stealthily around. All was still and silent. He seemed to be afraid of something.

"And now he took something out of the bag, and planted it in the sand. It was a threepenny bit. Again he did it—and again, until the bag was empty. Then he sat down on a rock with the cliffs behind him and sand in front of him. Soon little silver buds appeared, and when they began to open, the petals were minute golden sovereigns. As the old man waited for the flowers to grow to their full size, he heard a laugh behind him, a queer laugh, and then a voice began to repeat between fits of laughter the following rhyme:—

If you take your eyes from the front, old man,  
If you cast one glance behind,  
The flowers will die, as you know, old man,  
And a horrible fate will be thine.'

He trembled violently. He could feel hot breath on his neck. He could hear grasping claws. He sprang round and saw . . . the cold, silent cliffs and the yellow sand. The flowers withered and died and crumbled into sand. With a loud, sharp crack, and a brilliant flash the ground gaped apart; hungry flames enveloped him, and the ground snapped shut above his head.

"The fire fell noisily in the middle, and with a start the miser raised his head. The hole in the cliffs, the old man, the golden-sovereign petals were vivid in his mind. He saw them not as fancy but as fact. The difficulty was to find out exactly where the magic plot of ground was. Now the miser had a friend, an owl, who had besides a nocturnal melancholy disposition, a vast store of knowledge which he had won in his swift visitations about the earth. The miser therefore resolved to ask him if he knew the whereabouts of the magic beach.

"In a trice he put on his gaiters and greatcoat, and set out. Soon he reached the owl's house and breathlessly called up to him. From the meagre description of the place which the miser gave, the owl was able to tell him where it was, but as to its having

magic properties, he knew nothing. Nothing daunted, the miser set out on his journey, carrying his money in a large leather belt round his waist.

"On the morning of the fifth day, on rounding a bend in the path, he saw the tunnel through the cliffs right in front of him. He slithered through the tunnel, which was full of pools of seawater, and came out into the sunlight on the beach.

"The scene was just as he had seen it nearly a week before—tall cliffs, shimmering shell-covered sand, and the sea glaring with the reflected light of the sun.

"He began to plant his threepenny bits, and in an hour he had finished. He sat down, facing the sea on a rock in the ground. Was it his imagination or did he hear a laugh behind him? He listened intently. Except for the waves swelling up the beach, the air was silent. It must have been imagination. No! there it was again. He listened. The breakers seemed louder and nearer, but otherwise all was still and silent.

"He perceived that the tide was coming in fast. Soon the waves reached the furthest edge of his cultivated plot, and swirled back, leaving it dark and wet. There was still no sign of silver shoots. The menace of the waters filled him with terror, but greed kept him from flight. The water swept on and on, until the whole of the plot he had planted was covered. A wave broke round his ankles. The thin veneer of control was broken. With an agonised sob he turned to flee. He whirled round, ran blindly forward, and abruptly stopped.

"The rising ground on which he stood was the only part of the shore not under water. The tunnel was nearly submerged. He stumbled splashing toward it. The waves came up to his chest. He screamed and tried to run back. A wave gently pushed him forwards. Another bore down on him, and broke over his head. A piece of seaweed became entangled in his hair, and the lulling sea gambolled over him . . ."

R. S. SHARROCK.

### Literary and Debating Society.

#### The Mock Trial.

On Friday, April 8th, 1938, in the courtroom of the capital of the state of Euthanasia (to wit, the Dining Room), the Society witnessed the great Mock Treason Trial. Mr. Justice Pollard, G. F., occupied the Bench, while Sir Steuart Samuels led for the prosecution, assisted by R. W. R. Kerruish, and Sir John Saunders led for the defence, supported by R. G. Britten. The prisoners, Alexander Nicolaievitch Grabamanov (A. Grabman) and Patrick Llewellyn Kellinski (E. S. Kelly) were accused

of high treason and a plot against the life of the dictator of the State, Millsilini (E. W. Mills).

Sir Steuart opened by reviling the dastardly crime, signal for a great insurrection. P. C. Beery O'Reely (R. Brearley) told how he had seen a suspicious character hurl a bomb at the coach of the President which at that time was approaching in procession the corner of the Street of the Russian Assassinations and the Square of the Great Axle. Witness described how he had quenched said bomb with the contents of a bottle of beer, but defending his own sobriety explained how he came by the beer. The Reverend Dugald Macstewart (I. R. Stewart) whimsically expressed his shock at hearing the oaths and low conversation carried on by the accused in the crowd at that corner. He saw them throw the bomb with both his eyes. In cross-examination he asserted a minister from Invernesshire was no alien. Major Featherstonehaugh (E. M. Felgate), from the depths of his great experience, explained the technicalities of bombs' insides and was perfectly sure the bomb in question could kill 299½ people, if his statistics were correct. No, he hadn't actually had it in bits, but of course he knew very well how to handle such dangerous things.

Then a sensation shook the court. Mr. Metropolitan-Vickers-Armstrong (J. G. Vickers) who as a prominent armaments manufacturer took part in the procession, was called by the prosecution. Unexpectedly he testified the bomb wasn't a bomb at all, but a firework. When the furore had died down, Adolf Carrsky, dictator of Haria, entered the box. He affirmed the friendship which the Great Axle of Euthanasia and Haria bore each other. On the day in question he took part in a procession held to commemorate a great plebiscite when Euthanasia should declare itself forever Euthanasian. He saw the bomb thrown, but seemed doubtful about the identity of the assassin. Dr. Gurgles (D. Ellwand), Minister for Propaganda, loquaciously identified the murderers, one of whom he said had been deported from Haria for communistic activities. But no! he had not invented the whole story as propaganda, he indignantly asserted. It was true. General Growling (E. C. Colville) added weight to the opinion of his colleague, and said that through a pair of field glasses he had even seen the double joints in the hands of one of the conspirators. And both men hurled the bomb, he said, so both were equally guilty.

Hereupon Millsilini himself (*Heil!*) entered the box. Proudly, yet modestly, he declared the result of the Plebiscite, which was an overwhelming victory for himself. Defending himself against all charges of inaccuracy, the Father of his People stood down. Sir Steuart thereupon asserted that his case was proved; the bomb was thrown by communist agitators, who deserved the utmost rigour of the law.

Sir John then opened for the defence, by declaring that he would prove there never had been an outrage or a bomb at all. Grabamanov was called. A married man with eight children, a market gardener, a patriot, he bought on November 5th (the day in question) a firework for one of his children. He put this Fuzzy-Wuzzy Bomb into his pocket before the procession, when it was stolen. Weeping piteously, prisoner at the bar could hardly keep his moustache on. Indeed it fell off. (*Unrestrained laughter in court.*) Joe Hamburger Brücher (U. B. H. Baruch), an itinerant fiddler, testified that a firework was thrown into the street, which the bully of a constable mistook for a bomb. He had never been in prison, but knew the constable very well for his greed and injustice. Conrad Leakovitch (C. Leak), leader of the Communist Party, told the court that the Plebiscite result had been divulged to him by his agents. He himself had won handsomely, and Millsilini was no longer President of

Euthanasia (*Heil Leakovitch!*) No, none of his party would have harmed Millsilini, whom he pitied. He took steps to see they did not.

Three witnesses now entered the box simultaneously. They were the head of the detective agency whom Leakovitch had consulted, but whose name could not be divulged, and two of his assistants. Mr. X (R. J. Hammer) testified to Leakovitch's visit, and said that he entrusted the task of defending Millsilini to his two best men. 'Orace 'Erbert 'Ar-greaves (H. Hargreaves) and Herman Kushneroff (H. Kushner), after swearing by their own highly peculiar methods, related how they had dressed up as a horse. In the jaws of the armour-plated beast they kept a machine gun, in the rear a bucket of water; they saw through a periscope. They defended Millsilini very ably, and saw that he came to no harm. It was a firework, not a bomb, that was thrown. They looked like a horse. Even the legs, weak parts, were hidden by fancy trappings, so nobody noticed the difference. Hiram K. Burns-Best (H. K. Burns) asserted that he was a firework manufacturer, who kept a shop. On the day in question he sold Grabamanov a Fuzzy-Wuzzy Bomb, which was very harmless. Prosecuting counsel queried both the shape of the firework, and the loyalty of selling it on such a day.

Kellinski was the last witness. He proved his own integrity since the day when he was cross-country running captain at Narkover, and then demonstrated, with the permission of his lordship, the firework in court. There were plenty of fumes, but the Court still stood intact—so the bomb was harmless. Sir John thus closed his case, declaring the innocence of the accused. His lordship summed up the case and directed the jury, who led by B. V. Anderson left the court. Their conclusion was that a bomb had been thrown, Kellinski was not guilty, Grabamanov guilty, but insane. His lordship donned his "Swan vesture" and condemned the prisoner to dire punishments, before adjourning the Court.

#### The Banquet in Honour of Mr. Hicks.

On Tuesday, April 12th, in the Dining Hall, past and present members of the Society assembled for a Banquet in honour of Mr. Hicks who, after a long period of years as Chairman of the Society, had announced his retirement.

The Headmaster was in the chair. Immediately after the dinner he read a letter from Mr. Moore, who was away in France, wishing the meeting every success. He then called upon P. Curtis to propose the toast of honour of the evening to Mr. Hicks. Unlike most after-dinner speakers he refused to be sentimental or autobiographical. He compared Mr. Hicks with Plato's conception of Socrates, and described him as "the most perfect midwife in the history of the school," for he would pretend to know nothing but desire to draw out the views of the young, while in reality he was a pillar of wisdom. Under the gentle chairmanship of Mr. Hicks care departed from a trembling and youthful speaker, and he soon arrived at the riper age when he rose constantly on points of order and personal explanation. Mr. Hicks was like a kindly surgeon producing some natant philosophy. The practice of sound talking was not to be jeered at; on the contrary words guided one's whole life. As the "Apollo of this celestial choir" Mr. Hicks brought far greater joy to young hearts than the Austrian Anschluss. He was wished many happy years of Helicon.

In seconding the toast J. W. Saunders spoke of Mr. Hicks' unusual position in the School. As English master he inculcated an enthusiasm for literature; as producer of the School Play he promoted elocution. But he might best be remembered for his great work for the Society in upholding the traditions of the past, maintaining the content of the

present, and stimulating the interests of the future. Mr. Hicks in the chair was as immutable as the Sphinx and as noble; we owed him our undying gratitude.

The toast was drunk amidst applause and Mr. Hicks rose to reply. He had found it impossible to choose beforehand phrases in which he could say good-bye on this wonderful occasion. He had met in the School and the Society with one of the most priceless of all qualities—the friendship of loving hearts. The Literary and Debating Society gave the means of self-expression to all, and improved natural orators by providing them with the necessary practice. The Society kept itself together by following tradition and preserving orderly management. Members did not attend for selfish reasons—to miss work—but for the entertainment of the debate itself. He advised young speakers to think rather than write out their words and recommended a more sparing use of notes. Finally he expressed his sincere gratefulness to all, and declared that it was unspeakable beyond the simple words "Thank you."

N. E. Martin next proposed the toast of the School. He felt rather embarrassed at having to speak on the subject of the Liverpool Institute for the topic was inexhaustible. He therefore spoke of the School in relation to its Societies, which, he held, were indications of the flourishing state of life in the School. As one reached the upper school the barriers were broken down between the little circles of intimate friends, and such organizations as the Literary and Debating Society joined the members of Classical, Modern, and Science forms. The Society in fact called for a sacrifice of time in the interests of intellectual pleasure.

I. R. Stewart responded for the School. He told the story of an early Christian in the time of Nero who, when thrown into the lion's den, saved his life by warning the lion that it would have to give an afterdinner speech if it ate him. He thanked the proposer of the toast for his kind words on the flourishing condition of the School and attributed this to the good work of the Headmaster. He related a few more humorous stories with appropriate facility and then sat down.

G. H. Tharme was now called on to propose the toast of the Society. He apologized for his use of notes, but said that any speech would be inadequate for this great occasion. The Literary and Debating Society compared favourably with the Oxford Union, and the standard of debate was higher than that of many other similar societies. There was less dogmatism and it was more possible for junior speakers to come forward and give their opinions. They did not suffer barracking and there was only friendly criticism amongst the seniors. He drew attention to the realistic value of the Debating Society to all; truth, wit, and quick repartee received a definite stimulant, and cultural as well as social intercourse was promoted. The Society satisfied the human craving for reasonable conversation. He concluded by comparing Mr. Hicks' position with that of the Rock of Gibraltar in the British Empire.

S. Samuels, replying on behalf of the Society, said he was proud to be present at this memorable dinner in honour of Mr. Hicks who had been the Chairman for 13 years. Since its inception 53 years ago the Society had flourished; at its meetings tolerance, a spirit of fair play, and complete freedom of speech—the intrinsic qualities of the Englishman—prevailed. Membership of the Society conferred innumerable benefits, but especially that of meeting for open discussion in a serious but friendly atmosphere. Mr. Hicks had once said that he attributed the success and sanity of the Society to its constitution. He had not said that he had been responsible for that constitution and for keeping it workable. After some personal anecdotes the speaker thanked Mr. S. V. Brown for his diligent interest in the Society and expressed the hope that Mr.

Hicks would have as many happy days of rest in his retirement as the members had had happy moments during his period as chairman.

C. Leak proposed the final toast of the evening to the Old Boys. He rose with difficulty (*sic*) and felt puny amidst so many giants of the past. The Old Boys were to be praised for their past and present interest in the Society. They had established splendid traditions, and even when they left frequently bestowed their welcome appearances on the Society, as on this noteworthy occasion.

In the last speech of the evening, W. A. Ankers replied to the toast in lighter vein. On behalf of the Old Boys he thanked the proposer for his kind words, and Mr. S. V. Brown for his kind invitations. There was little he could say about the Old Boys: as a body they were uninteresting, and as individuals their activities were better kept dark. He therefore turned to the praise of Mr. Hicks, who, after all, was the centre of interest. Since the first day he saw him wearing spats he had regarded him as a perfect gentleman, and, far from altering, acquaintance had confirmed that view. Every Old Boy present was glad to have attended this banquet in his honour.

Thus ended the chairmanship of a man who has raised this Society to the status of the "Premier Society of the School." Words are insufficient to express the deep gratitude we owe to Mr. Hicks. May we, as secretaries merely wish him health, happiness and prosperity in the years of retirement ahead, and a tranquillity well earned and deserved by a lifetime's work.

#### New Officers.

At the Annual General Business Meeting of the Society, held on Friday, July 22nd, 1938, the following officers were elected:—

President:  
THE HEADMASTER.

Vice-Presidents:  
S. V. BROWN, Esq. G. F. POLLARD, Esq. S. SAMUELS.

Chairman:  
C. H. MOORE, Esq.

Secretaries:  
J. W. SAUNDERS (re-elected). A. CARR.

Committee:  
A. GRABMAN }  
E. M. FELGATE } (re-elected)  
J. G. VICKERS }  
E. C. COLVILLE }  
D. ELLWAND. }  
R. G. BRITTEN.  
U. B. H. BARUCH.  
R. W. R. KERRUISH.  
H. KUSENER.  
H. HARGREAVES.

A cordial invitation is extended to all new members to take part in our meetings, which provide for all tastes. Come and make the new session an even greater success!

S. SAMUELS } Hon.  
J. W. SAUNDERS } Secs.

## A Man of Method.

GRANT was a man of method. In his records they paid unusual tribute to his love of organisation. They used to say he had everything planned to the split second. Possibly that was an exaggeration. Certainly he left little to chance. He could tell just how likely were the possibilities of failure. When he was beaten, he knew of the risks taken. But they seldom caught Grant; he was methodically efficient, and efficiently methodical.

Hence as his car hastened on through the shades of an autumn's night, he had reason to feel satisfied with himself. The deserted countryside was bleak and chill as it passed by dim under the stars. There was a melancholy void in the sigh of the wind. But Grant was blind to all but the road ahead. And naturally so. His affections were bound up in the machines that traversed continents in a few hours, that spoke and saw from afar, that provided the world's light, sustenance, livelihood, and pleasures, that created the power of war.

Machines never felt fatigue or fear. Hence they never failed his purpose when he entrusted schemes to their hands as he had done that night. The extent of his coup might well startle the morning newspapers when they heard of it. But by then it would all be over. The awakening world would read news well and truly dead. Journalists might well describe with awe the audacity and even the impudence, of the man who had removed from safe keeping the Van Quest diamond; biggest yet discovered, they called it; only that day arrived from South Africa.

But Grant thrived on audacity. Faint heart never won fair lady. They imagined there was no market for so large a stone. He knew better. There was one man ready to take it over, and he was in Glasgow. Once it reached him it would simply vanish from existence. Of course the police knew of the merchant; clever men naturally receive public attention. But no watch would be imposed on him until the morrow. And then it would be too late.

Grant knew something else. There was one weak link in the defence of the diamond. Imagining the road safer, the owners had arranged for a car to be sent to meet the boat at Southampton. It was very simple indeed to waylay the car and provide a substitute driven by his own man. It was very simple to arrange that the car should suit unusual requirements so that automatically the two detectives should temporarily be overcome by an

anaesthetic inside the car, silently and peacefully, at an arranged place, at an arranged time. Simple too for the attache-case to be removed by himself, for the car to be deprived of a carburettor, for the chauffeur somewhat conveniently to vanish. Simple for a decoy car to be waiting in front. Very important that. When the two came to life they would just have time to take the number and note the type of the car in front which would at the right moment vanish into the night. Simplest of all to arrange that the tryst should be near a signpost indicating that an A.A. telephone was only one mile away, so that the two should immediately depart in that direction, in pursuit of the decoy, while he emerged from the trees, walked back half a mile in the opposite direction, where his own car was hidden.

He had timed everything beautifully. He had allowed just enough time for the walk back, just enough for the motor trip to Rugby, where he knew the 10-34, last express north, would be waiting. Then on to Glasgow overnight. And by morning he would be over the hills and far away, and Fleet Street would be revelling in the mysterious details.

He smiled to himself. At that very moment the police would probably be in hot pursuit of the decoy. It would be found abandoned next day near Norfolk, if they did not catch it. If they did, it would not matter, Ted dare not betray him, and even if he did, by that time he would be in Glasgow, without a stitch of evidence to convict him. It was a perfect plan.

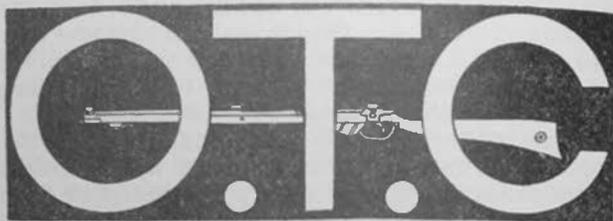
So he came to be journeying through the dark into Rugby. He was very nearly there now. He knew where to park his car; in the Square, as if to meet some friends coming from the theatre. Then he would walk to the station—it was no distance at all—taking the case inside one of his own, to be prepared for the most unlikely emergency. On through the gates to the freedom of an efficient railway. He had a peculiar affection for the railway; a timetable was his supreme joy.

He bought his ticket leisurely. He could afford to. It was 10-31 by the station clock. He had worked perfectly to schedule. He sauntered on to the platform, and talked casually to a porter. The platform was dark—he would never be recognised again.

"I suppose I can get to Glasgow by the 10-34?"

"Well, sir," the porter was slow and ponderous, "you could have done last week. But you see, sir, it doesn't stop here to-night. They're speeding up the timetable, you see, sir, and they've cut out this halt, Going out for records, they say . . ."

Through the night whistled calmly, clearly, the voice of progress, and the ground beat with the rhythm of the wheels.



ALTHOUGH "out-of-school" parades have been curtailed somewhat because of examination work, there has been a quite interesting "official" term. Almost the entire contingent paraded at Goodison Park on the occasion of the King's visit to Liverpool on May 19th. On this, as on other public occasions, the corps was again conspicuous because of its smart, soldierly appearance. On Friday, May 27th, a field-day was held at Altcar, when Brigadier Latham, who was to carry out an informal inspection of our field-work was, unfortunately, unable to attend. The corps, in its training squads, practised battle formations, and the "camp-platoon" was detailed in its new organisation. The new drill was practiced, and then Captain Ledger gave a description of the weapon available to the new infantry platoon. While the contingent absorbed new knowledge, the band, under L/Sgt. Rumjahn, was often heard—but never seen! Eventually, however, they appeared, ready for work, to the strains of "All for a shilling a day."

The inspection by Brigadier Latham was held at the School playing fields at Greenbank Park, on May 31st. Unfortunately, for the first time in history, rain fell during the inspection. Not only was our extra-smart turn-out ruined, but the sponginess of the ground spoiled foot drill, the wet, hard-to-handle rifles slowed up and spoiled the precision of our arms-drill. As usual, Cadets Hamling and Hanlon fainted, strictly to attention, and were borne off parade. The report was as good as could be expected in view of the conditions prevailing during the inspection. On Monday, July 18th, the contingent marched from West Kirby to Thurstaston, where, so the C.Q.M.S. reports, an attack-defence scheme was carried out. Although that stout-hearted N.C.O. strenuously denies it, the battle seems to have been marred by the unusual methods of the defence. The latter commissioned a number of supposedly neutral civilians to crawl around in the grass on his front and flanks to deceive the attack as to the actual site and strength of the position. It is alleged

that Cpl. Preston so situated his section post that it abutted upon a private garden, thus preventing a flank attack.

A number of Junior N.C.O.'s have taken the task of training recruits and seem to have accomplished quite a creditable result. Mr. Moy, assisted by the C.Q.M.S., has outfitted an amazing number of recruits and "veterans," so that the corp's uniforms are at last uniform. After a surprisingly full term, including five afternoon rehearsals of Inspection, the year was rounded off by the Annual Camp.

#### Strensall Camp.

This year a contingent of 49 had a very pleasant time at Strensall Camp, under the command of Lieutenant Hart. Capt. Ledger, now a senior officer, holding an important position on the official staff of the camp, reluctantly forsook us for the greater comfort of Staff-lines. Mr. Hart was often an umpire; at other times he commanded "A" Company of number three battalion, of which we were number one platoon. A large number of N.C.O.'s were sent on various courses, such as signalling, and senior cadets' courses, and some were lucky enough to attend a course on intelligence work.

On Wednesday morning, after a demonstration of, and then exercise in, the use of the Kapok bridge, we, as a fighting patrol stormed and captured a position. The attack was too slow, owing to the lack of initiative and intelligent appreciation of the job, on the part of section-commanders.

The next day, after a very exciting demonstration of the platoon in the attack, disguised as a punitive expedition of colonial settlers, our platoon was decimated in a very dismal attack, in which section commanders did not act too wisely, and by not sending back information to H.Q., prevented the latter from directing the attack except by rough guesswork. Blank cartridges and fireworks not being available, the attack did not know when they were being fired upon until informed by umpires, and thus time was lost. In the afternoon the brigade of about 3,000 cadets was shown by Royal Engineers how to wire a defence, demolish conspicuous land-marks of use to an enemy, and to level broken ground.

On Friday, the contingent awoke to life at last, and was generally efficient in another local war, while in lines we were complimented on the state of the latter by the orderly-officer. In the afternoon, after frequent hitches we visited York and derived a certain amount of enjoyment from the return to civilization.

Considerable interest was shown in the crossing of an assault bridge by the gallant commander of "A" Coy., at the head of his troops. The contingent was somewhat disappointed that he did not leave the bridge before reaching the opposite bank of the "Limpopo River." After crossing, the company annihilated a party of Wonga Wongas who had stolen British cattle. The natives were represented by the Collegiate School.

In the boxing competition we were well represented by Cdts. Kirkham, Rose and Haugh, and Cpl. Preston, the latter two being the finalists at their weights. A number of our more vigorous members played Rugby in a way so peculiarly their own that the number of casualties sustained moved the C.O. to ban Rugby for the rest of our time in camp. On the last night the sergeants, whose tent had been pulled down that afternoon by the hilarious crowd, held a midnight meal with plenty of after-dinner speeches, cheering and laughter, only suppressed by an officer about 1 a.m.

Mr. Moy, who was with us, through most of camp, proved himself a real campaigner, and, we hope, had a good time. On the Wednesday we were honoured by a visit from the Headmaster who stayed with us a few days and accompanied us on a number of demonstrations. Since this was the first visit of a Headmaster to a corps camp, we appreciated it as being characteristic of the keen and vigorous interest taken by Mr. Edwards in the O.T.C.

The Camp was a very happy termination to a year full of interest and achievement, and although we are losing many of our Senior N.C.O.'s we look forward to next year with confidence in its success.

J. GOULD, C.S.M.

# Ripple

THE BETTER WAY TO EAT  
MILK CHOCOLATE

IT'S MADE BY FRY'S 2<sup>o</sup>

## The Legend of the Wind.

THERE is a cottage up the mountain-side, and just for the sake of a tale, let us make believe we climb this grassy slope, you and I, and peep in through the door.

The floor of this plainly furnished room is bare of covering that might silence footsteps, so we cannot creep inside; but if we glance at the opposite wall, we can see our features distorted in a speckled mirror hanging by a length of knotted string above the sideboard, and we mark with a sigh of relief that we may hide quite safely behind the door.

Two men sit in the room, the elder with his back to us so that we cannot see his quick, blue, dancing eyes; the smoke rising out of his pipe seems to smoulder from his hair as from the dim, grey ashes of a dying fire. We see the profile of the younger man outlined against a tall, dark-stained cupboard set in the wall beside the fire-place.

They speak. Do you hear those two words? "No rain?" The old man asks, to which the younger shepherd nods as he stirs the embers in the grate, sending shadow and flame in a dance across the ancient sideboard, and round the oaken table set with half a loaf of bread, some butter, and a large brown jug of milk.

"Ay," we hear the youth complain, "the stream's all soaked through its bed, the falls give no more water than the trickle from High Ford pump, and pastures as dry as the face of Flat Peak up yonder."

He turns his thumb towards the window behind the old man's chair. But who knows Flat Peak better than Old Tom? Who, as he, for nigh on seventy years has watched it every night and day lying silent atop Windman's Ghyll, above the very mountain slope on which his cottage is perched?

"Listen!" he exclaims, "listen—d'ye hear the wind swirling round the Peak and whistling down the Ghyll? Listen, 'tis coming again. There be a legend in that wind."

He fixes the faded green cushion more cosily at his head and resting his stockinged feet on the heavy iron fender, leans back to tell his tale.

"Many hundred years ago, afore the monks had built the Abbey ye see in its ruins on the hill above High Ford, afore there was sheep or man in the valley, let alone half up the mountain like me and old Michael over yonder; even, they say, afore man knew the sun were but a fire like under the stove, and

worshipped it as god, afore all this there came a mighty thirst to the Richlands, and cattle was offered to the sun, for folk thought he were wrathful at a new faith rising from the south. Men and women died for want of drink, and so hard grewed the times that one they called the Windman took together his cattle and sheep, and drove them up the valley here, to where High Ford now lies.

"Many months the thirst kept on, and beasts died off in the fields, and every night the Windman leaned upon his staff, and watched the sun slip down behind the Peak, till a burning fire scorched all the heavens, and the tips o' mountain rocks glowed forth like cinders in the barren land.

"One night, as darkening shadows piled o'er the flaming west, the Windman left his valley fold, and climbed to the mountain tops. For many hours he stood upon Flat Peak, his flowing hair blown out in the waterless breeze, as he bended his head and gazed into the depths of Windman's Ghyll. Oft he lifted up his eyes and prayed to the clouds with outflung arms and his figure rose like a spectre, silent from the height. Three times he pleaded to the sky and stood upon the brink of Windman's Ghyll harking to the whisperings beneath.

"And then he fell. And Windman's Ghyll clasped him round in a shroud, and the mocking air howled loud amongst the rocks. Three times he cried out in his fall and while the Ghyll flinged back his voice from cliff to cliff, scorning his littleness.

"But the breeze swung right about, lifting clouds from the sea that rose like shades of death across the earth, till they hung above the valley mourning for the Windman, drenching the stream. And still the sad wind whistles through the Ghyll, softly, as past a grave.

"And now, when ye hear the sobbing in Windman's Ghyll, ye'll see the clouds swing high above the Peak, to weep wi' the moon for the Windman."

He finishes his tale, and sits quietly in his chair. They listen. Soon a sigh comes down from the mountain tops, and, moving to the window the shepherds look out, while slowly the sound seems to thin and fade into a streak of light; huge black clouds come billowing from the West, till raindrops splash the window pane. Blue smoke curls up from Old Tom's pipe, up and along the hillside framed in the glass, and caressing his ashen hair drifts far beyond the Peak, like mist to a bursting sky.

S. GARDNER.



### L.N.U. Notes.

It has been a hard year for the L.N.U., but though our success has entailed hard work we have succeeded. Despite the disasters in Spain, China and Austria, we have recorded a larger membership and increasing interest in the Union. This last term has seen our greatest success. We are very glad to record that the issue of *Pax* once more broke records. We sold 238 copies, which is very much more than any other school, and thirty or so better than any sale we have had in the past. We are very grateful to the School for such triumphant support of our efforts. It is indeed heartening to see the School taking such interest in a Magazine which has every year endeavoured to increase its attraction for the general reader.

And so for the new year. We are sorry to lose Stewart, who has done his task most thoroughly during the year. But a new year always means new officers and new members. Seniors, what about it? The L.N.U. is *non-party*; we welcome all shades of opinion. The more the better. You will be sure to find something of interest in the debates and meetings. Please come along in full force!

J. W. SAUNDERS, *Hon. Sec.*

### The Birth of a Notion.

I BLEW some dust off the desk-top, drew up a chair, set out my pen and pencil, set the little pile of paper straight, rearranged my pen and pencil, set my chair straight, looked for a more comfortable one, scattered the papers again, and sat back with the air of one who has at least begun well. Then, as

I looked at the desk, and as the mathematical inaccuracy of the proverb became ever more apparent, my face fell.

William handed it back with a bow.

"A poor thing, but your own," he murmured. "What care is gnawing at your vitals?"

"My soul is sick unto death," I sobbed, prostrate on his manly bosom. "The Magazine—"

"Ah, the Magazine, An article, eh?"

"Original contribution."

He accepted the amendment. "Well, if your soul is so sick, why not write about that?"

"Our readers," I protested, "will stand for a lot; they have to. But there are limits, William, there are limits to the forbearance even of our—ha ha!—our public."

"Then why not try—"

"I have. The W.P.B. is crammed with it."

"Discouraging, very discouraging. But is it necessary?"

"The Editor," I moaned, "the Editor expects—"

"That every sub-editor . . . Quite. I feel for you, my boy, I really do."

"If you could write for me instead."

"Ahem, yes of course, my good fellow, only too willing, an honour, quite, but I'm no good at that sort of thing, never was. Good Lord, is that the time? Must be off. Sorry can't help you."

"It's fast," I told him.

He murmured sulphurously, and then changed his mind. "You ought to come too," he said. "You need some relaxation."

"Duty," I declared, striking an attitude, "duty—quick! What does one do when one has knocked the inkwell over?"

"If you are a good model, one flaps one's hands and looks like a bedridden sheep. But this only shows that you need to come out. Your nerves are cracking."

I clutched the desk, in a frenzy of self-renunciation. Racked by giant sobs, I seemed to see myself after ten, twenty, fifty years, wasting my life at that desk, perishing there in agony, one more victim of the relentless editor. "The article," I mouthed, struggling to keep my head in the foaming sea of oblivion which threatened to engulf me, "The article . . ."

"You mean the original contribution," said William unfeelingly. Then, moved by sudden compassion, he bent over me. "Courage," he whispered, "tell it not in Gath, but you've already done one!"

And it was so.

## Music Club.

OWING to the examinations this term, the membership of the Club has not been very high, despite the reduced subscription. Gramophone recitals were given about once a fortnight in the dinner-hour. On the one occasion when a meeting was arranged for four o'clock, not a single member turned up, so that the Master-in charge was the only listener to his own recital.

Next term, when there are neither examinations nor extra out-of-door activities to distract attention, it is up to the "performing" members of the Club to practise hard for the Concert (already twice postponed), to be given towards Christmas, while the non-performing section should make a special effort to support the gramophone and personal recitals. U. B. H. BARUCH.

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## Tranquillitas inter Barbaros.

YESTERDAY is on the files, to-morrow will soon be going to Press." The busy world hurls itself through time at an ever-increasing speed, while the shattering roar of engines and motors, the insistent staccato beating of pistons, and the blinding glare of neon signs blend imperceptibly together to form a mighty symphony of sound and colour tuned to the titanic tempo of twentieth century life.

Living, as we do, amid the constant bustle of the city, against a continuous background of deafening sound, however great the confidence we impose in progress and our own particular religious or political creeds, we must all, at some time or another, feel regret for the decay of that tranquillity and calm that was the keynote of bygone ages. We cannot help desiring a return of the polite chivalry of the mediaeval knight errants, and the free spirit of camaraderie of the old English taverns.

It is therefore paradoxical that we should consistently shun the one place that offers us the enjoyment of these virtues. Among the repellent posters in offensive colours, the overpowering electric signs and the brilliant chromium of the ultra-modern emporiums stands the barber's shop, quiet and unassuming, the last sanctum, as it were, of a decaying creed. Above the door hangs the familiar barber's pole, an effective contrast to the elaborate methods of advertisement that surround it, a faded cenotaph to the dead guilds of England. The shop inside is small but cosy, and—like some eastern caravanserai—its very atmosphere induces carefree gossip, even among strangers.

The barber himself is a master of tact. As a shrewd exponent of practical psychology he realises that no one is willing to be treated by an inferior, and is therefore at pains to establish his own intellectual priority. First he talks glibly of the political tendencies of the moment, stressing the points he has culled from placards or newspaper headings, but as soon as he has condemned the dictators and asserted his own patriotism sufficiently to achieve his purpose, he hastens to return to a subject of more general comprehension and interest. In sweeping terms he draws a subtly worded comparison between the game of politics and the cleaner sport of football, and in this way, restores his customers, as it were, to their own ground. Now, while the conversation lingers on the controversial points of football-pools, or Everton's chances of winning the Cup, he is able to proceed with his work, knowing that he can rely on the full confidence of his clientele.

The barber is indeed a king among men. His profession is a noble one, not without its own romantic traditions. His very sign is a souvenir of the once powerful guild of barbers and blood-letters. True there have been scapegoats, and there is still a Persian proverb—"The barber learns on the orphan's face," but these are things of the past and the modern barber is more of a Figaro than a Sweeney Todd. More than that, his position commands a certain dignity in that all who have not the misfortune to be bald, must periodically submit to his mercy, and then with the condescension of a noble spirit, and the creative urge of a true artist he lavishes upon each customer the maximum of skill and patience. Yes, the barber is a king among men, but, alas, not even he can cut his own hair.

\*Life.

I.

"MORNING, sir," I said with a start, shifting the dogs off the mantelpiece and sitting up all of a twitter. "I—ah—Rang The Bell," said the Editor, "But As You Did Not Arrive, I Took The Liberty of Coming Here. The Purpose of My Journey Has Been To Instruct You To Proceed To The Film Studios To Interview Miss Prunella—ah—Dwywick, Who As You Know Arrived In London A Few Days Ago . . ."

\* This little trifle needs no apology. It wasn't our fault.—EDS.

II.

A lightning strike of taxi-drivers forced me to take a tram, and as was to be expected, I was feeling rather used up by the time I arrived at the Studios.

"Nice Morning" I said cheerily to the Commissionaire at the door, who looked like something expressive out of Tolstoi.

He waggled his eyebrows at me; I've never known a man with such a knack of making a fellow feel like a waste product.

"Glub," said I, supporting my observation with concrete evidence.

"Second door on the right," he moaned, as if he were giving instructions to the family undertaker.

III.

After signing books and things and being shifted from one room to another, I eventually found myself in what looked like a street in the East End, which was just what it was intended to be.

A Director emerged from behind a stray dustbin, and seeing that I had my note-book in my hand began to recite carefully from the cuff of his shirt-sleeve.

"Take this down" he bellowed, "*Lizza the Chimp*" is surely one of the most ambitious productions ever attempted in England. It portrays the soul-stirring struggle of two strong men for a woman's love in the depths of darkest Africa."

"D'you . . ."

"This production, which I had the honour of seeing this morning, through the kindness of the Director, Mr. Izan-Cohen" (he bowed slightly in my direction) . . .

I took advantage of the hiatus to get a word in. "I haven't much time, and I came here to interview Miss Prunella Dwywick."

"Very well," he said resignedly, "I suppose I'll have to part with this cuff. I've had it seventeen years. . . ."

IV.

I was ushered into Studio 1033C, where the Queen of Passion was being filmed. The female was standing in the middle of the room cuddling a Peke. I advanced slowly and deliberately taking out a note-book as I went.

"Excus . . ."

I was seized by minions and deposited in a corner, having only spoilt the hundred and sixteenth take. I picked up the debris painfully (for we reporters are nothing if not pains-taking) and sidled round the darkish side of the studio. In the course of the circumnavigation of a derelict spot-light, I stubbed my

toe against something soft. A sharp yowl rent the air, followed by an indignant scream, and I turned to see Prunella, on all fours, trying to put things right with the Peke which had gone to earth under the Director's chair.

"I like Pekes" I said feebly; but it didn't go; the whole company descended on me en masse.

I nipped down the nearest passage and found myself face to face with the Commissionaire who was standing like the figure of Destiny in the middle of the fairway. I decanted him into his office *con brio, gusto* and vim, leaving him lying under a morass of medallions, and shot out into the street, taking cover in a passing taxi. A ten-shilling note flourished under the nose of the taxi-driver (who was presumably rallying to the rank once more) persuaded him to hit the trail at high speed, and we left the pack baying like blood-hounds in the distance.

V.

"I Knew You Would Bungle It" said the Editor.

H. K. BURNS.

\* \* \*



AS is usual during the Summer term, activities have been quiet. This, of course, is due chiefly to the increased pressure of School work prior to examinations.

Mr. Elliott intended to give us an exceptional treat by an excursion to Chester, but owing to unforeseen circumstances the arrangements fell through and the trip had to be cancelled. This was a great disappointment after conserving our resources until the end of the term. However, we will look forward to this excursion at some future date. In the meantime we are arranging for some visits to factories and to this end your humble secretary has been hard at work writing to those firms which are engaged in work considered to be the most interesting and

educational to the Club (not forgetting those who realise that a little refreshment does not come amiss on a cold day).

The first term is usually the one which gladdens the secretary's heart, for we welcome the new arrivals at School and our membership reaches a respectable total. Let us hope that the numbers next term will exceed all previous records.

Now for the secretary's usual complaint. I have noticed that the practice of joining the Club after a notice of an excursion has been posted on the board, appears to be growing. Now this is hardly in keeping with the spirit of the Club, and as the membership fee is exceedingly small, surely all interested should join at the commencement of each term, and have confidence that they will be pleased with the arrangements. There are excursions to suit all tastes as they are chosen to give an insight into all types of industry.

So I again appeal to the old members to join early and set a good example to the new boys.

A. C. BRIDGE, *Hon. Sec.*

#### Photographic Section.

This term saw a new arrival in the Dark Room in the shape of a printing-box. Whether or not this new acquisition has something to do with it, we don't know, but we have been exceedingly active all term, probably more active than ever, though in a rather obscure way. In accordance with summer arrangements we have held no meetings (apart from one for the committee), and we have had no demonstrations given. But demand for the Dark Room had been almost incessant and we even had difficulties at times in preventing congestion.

Though next term we will have no Sports days or excursions to Glasgow to provide material for photographers, we hope to find other topics of real interest for the meetings we intend to hold. Magazines and books may be borrowed and suggestions for new books, competitions, etc., will always be welcome.

We are grateful to Mr. Barnard and Mr. Stell for their help and the interest they take, and hope for continued support in the future. But don't forget: *they can't be expected to support us if we don't support them*; so let's see we keep it up! A. CARR.

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#### Scout Notes.

MOST of the regular meetings this term were held out of doors at Childwall Woods, where much useful work for the Second and First class badges was performed. Numerous other parades were held at the Baths, at the expense

of the Troop, where the Scouts practised for the various swimming tests and the Rescuer's Badge. Towards the end of the term, two week-end camps were held at Childwall Woods.

On the occasion of the visit of their Majesties the King and Queen to Liverpool, a large part of the troop volunteered to form part of the guard of honour lining the route near Wavertree Playground. They were rewarded by a good view of the King and Queen.

During the term, a representative from the Troop went to a meeting in the Town Hall, where the Lord Mayor of Liverpool officially opened the Boy Scouts' Appeal on Merseyside. A speaker sent down specially from the Imperial Headquarters emphasised the need for funds, stating that the Scout Movement, through its many and varied activities, spent money far beyond its moderate income. He added, moreover, that some years ago the Government had offered a large grant to the movement, provided that elementary military training was undertaken by each troop as part of its scout work, and that this offer had been turned down, because military as well as political activities were quite foreign to scouting. The Lord Mayor and other speakers emphasised the importance of the scouting spirit—the spirit of fellowship and universal brotherhood—in international affairs to-day. In answer to the appeal, the sum of £3 1s. 9d. was collected by the members of the L.I. Troop. Towards the end of the term, P.L. U. B. H. Baruch was appointed Troop Leader.

Seventy-four Proficiency Badges, four sets of green and yellow cords, four sets of red and white cords, and one set of gold cords (the first to be awarded to any member of our Troop) were won during the last year. This is a record of which we may be justly proud, but we must remember that, once we have set ourselves so high a standard, it is essential that we do not fall short of it in future years. Unfortunately only one King's Scout badge and one First Class badge were won, and both of these by A. G. Mackinnon, who also gained the green and yellow cords.

The Patrol Competition, judged by efficiency in 2nd Class work and by the number of badges gained by the members of each patrol, was won by the Peewits with the Swifts only two points behind. The third place was won by the Seagulls, while the Owls and Kingfishers were fourth and fifth respectively.

### The Field Days.

Despite threatening clouds, we set out hopefully to Thurston on the first field-day of the term. It was soon after

we had lunched that it started raining heavily, so that there was nothing for it but to return home.

The second field-day was held on the day that the candidates for the H.S.C. and S.C. returned to School. During the walk from Ormskirk to Lathom Park, maps of the route were drawn by many scouts. On arrival at the ground, a game was played requiring a good knowledge of semaphore as well as keen observation. After lunch, when another observation game had been played, many scouts had a bathe, and so, after a very successful field-day, we returned home.

### Summer Camp.

The camp was held this summer, as three years ago, near Stainforth, in Yorkshire. Although the weather, on arrival, was fine, it soon changed, and the next few days were wet, being characterised by strong wind, heavy showers, and thunderstorms. Fortunately for us, the last three days were again fine. Our activities were necessarily adapted to the weather. The walks on which we went (including some to some very interesting limestone caves, from which everybody emerged very muddy but happy) were long or short according to the outlook of the weather, while in wet weather model bridges were built inside the tents and some very useful knots, needed for the pioneers' and campers' badge, were mastered. A real bridge was successfully constructed across Cowside Beck, the river by the camp (about twelve feet in width). Scout staves and ropes alone were used in the process. To make up for the bathes missed during the bad weather, we were given the opportunity of bathing three times on the last afternoon of camp.

The success of the camp was largely due to the fact that no inexperienced tenderfeet were allowed to come to it, and that all who attended it had gained a little experience by attending a week-end camp at Childwall Woods. Owing to the conditions imposed, twelve scouts only came to the camp under the supervision of Messrs. Folland and Rawlinson. During the first week of camp, Mr. Jones was a very welcome and popular guest. On the Friday before returning home, when the weather was at its worst, the Headmaster honoured us by a short visit. After inspecting the camp and greeting the scouts, he left us again to motor on to Troutal.

A factor which greatly added to the general happiness was that there was no sickness in camp. The standard of general efficiency of the three patrols was high, the Peewits finally winning the camp competition, while the Swifts gained second place.

The great measure of success which the Troop has enjoyed, both in the year's work and in the summer camp, is due to the

keen interest and energy shown by our S.M., Mr. Folland. To him, as well as to Mr. Rawlinson, we give our hearty thanks.

Finally, we must say good-bye to W. Farmer, P.L. of the Swifts. We wish him every success in his new career.

U. B. H. BARUCH.

### Soliloquy.

NO longer young, it was true. There was an oppressive desolation in the very air, but a challenge too.

"I am the Inexplicable," it cried, "I am what has Gone Before. I am Achievement. What are you? You promise much. What do you accomplish?"

"When we are aged, we are mocked. But gaze about you. What do you see there that is not of the most exquisite grace? You are the loser. You have lost the grace from life."

Another voice broke in. "To be sure, to be sure. Mark the gowns that sweep to the ground, the delicacy of their motion. Mark the carriages that traverse the thoroughfares. The horse there has life . . ."

"You call us Dead," cried another, "But it is you that are dead. Your machines are death itself."

"To be sure, to be sure. And mark the chandelier, Where is the beauty in your manufactures? Where is the beauty of electricity?"

"You are not real. You live in a fantasy. You never know how to control your great machines, or your future. You are lost in the power of the few who have knowledge."

"To be sure, to be sure. And when we lived, we rejoiced. Here in this atmosphere you could rejoice. When can you? Even your rejoicings and your happiness are synthetic."

Again and again echoed the challenge. "We know who we are. Do you?"

I looked up at the picture of Southport. I gazed at the gas chandelier, and then into the empty grate.

They had hung the picture there forty years ago. It was still the same. Probably the ashes in the grate, even the dust on the wall was still the same.

I felt humbled, hushed in the presence of manifest superiority.

Furtively I slipped away into the sunlight, out of the railway General Waiting Room.

### Dissertation on Bed.

SLEEP is a necessity which we may often resent; but sleep we must. Nature has arranged that a large portion of our lives has to be spent in this way; and yet how often the idea of retiring has been obnoxious. Either nature or civilisation has further arranged that we sleep when it is dark and are active when it is light, although journalists and policemen reverse this process.

Nature has made us so that we sleep in a horizontal position; and also to entail sleep, there must be an absence of irritants. What could be a better sleep-producer than the modern bed with its smooth sheets, soft pillows, and well-sprung mattress?

There is no bed as good as the French, or so well made. The English feather bed is far too soft. In it one feels as if one is at the bottom of a pit surrounded by high soft walls; and the more one tries to get to the top, the further down one sinks: one dreams of being sucked down by a bog. The French bed is the happy medium between the English feather, and the English boarding-house varieties. In it one wallows in a sea of soft white sheets which act as balm on the tired limbs of the tourist.

When we arise every morning we are a trifle older and possibly a trifle wiser than when we went to bed. Even though we feel as though a "little death" were ours, during the night our brain is not out of action. Unconscious cerebration, as it was called by D. W. Holmes, goes on. On taking a problem to bed, the next morning our course is clearer. That is why important letters written the last thing at night should not be posted.

Or if I choose I can forget the troubles of the day: riding majestically on the broad back of my great animal, like a rajah on his elephant, I may become superior to the times and their problems; the disasters of the world disintegrate at the foot of my mattress; when one is horizontal one can resist any mundane troubles.

I may turn to one of my "bed books" as E. V. Lucas called them, bed-books being those which one never reads through. Lying here in luxury, I live the life of a great didactic writer, or I learn of the wonders of the science of life.

The one reason why I would like to be an author is that I would have the beautiful privilege of being able to do my work anywhere, even in bed—as Mr. Max Beerbohm once remarked, with envy, of Mr. Bernard Shaw, "He can do his work anywhere: all he needs is a tomato and a typewriter."

Although Mark Twain did most of his work in bed, his warning as to the danger of lying there is not to be forgotten. When he wrote on the immense majority of people who die in

bed, motor-cars had not been invented and the resultant toll of the road had not set in: yet, even including the deaths due to man's inventions, as the penultimate resting place, the bed comes first.

Much as I like my bed, I think there is still room for improvement in its form. Pepys had his servant sleeping under his bed, but now the under part of the bed lies empty, a hiding place for dust, collar studs, and burglars.

What can one do when the hot water bottle bursts? And how should one deal with sleepless nights or a night when, at half-past two, one wakes, and stubbornly remains awake, while acute memories of all the follies of the past, and dark conjectures as to the predicaments of the present time and the perils of the future crowd in? Lastly, very few hostesses are sufficiently merciful or imaginative to provide fastenings for the four corners of the eiderdown which spends the night slipping off the bed.

Our Ideal Home designers have been giving us some alarming specimens of modern furniture, but have left the bed alone, except for minor details such as the substitution of wood instead of the Victorian iron. Nevertheless, I look to the future, hoping that some human designer will perfect my bed for me.

And now, having finished this article, I suppose I must get up.  
F. W. MYERSCOUGH.

### Swimming Notes.

SWIMMING during the Summer term was confined to the Bagnall Cup Competition. As last year, the House which turned out a full team each week won the Competition. This time we congratulate Owen.

The lethargy of which I complained some time ago has shown no sign of diminishing. If the School does not pull itself together in this matter of swimming I fear that in a few years we will be unable to muster a team for the Secondary Schools' Gala.

There is still a small body of good swimmers left in the School; the expert advice of Mr. Stell is at everyone's disposal. It only remains for the half-hearted to summon their courage and get to work.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Killingley, Mr. Stell, and Mr. Folland for their perseverance and patience and our apologies for the little support they received.

The results of the Competition were as follows:—

Senior.			Junior.		
Owen	...	6 pts.	Owen	...	3 pts.
Philip	...	2 "	Alfred	...	1 "
Alfred	...	2 "	Tate	...	1 "
J. W. McBurney.					

### School Sports, 1938.

IN spite of very inclement weather, the School Sports Finals, which this year were run off on Saturday, June 18th, lived up to their reputation and presented us with one of the most enjoyable and successful days in the School year. For this we express our deep gratitude to Mr. Reece and his assistants on the Staff, and to Mrs. Edwards who very graciously consented to present the awards at the end of the afternoon's programme.

One new record was established—a magnificent effort by Rumjahn, P. U., in the Long Jump. Although the competition for the various championships was as keen as ever, the general standard of events hardly seemed as high as last year. This was due in some measure to the condition of the track, but chiefly it is the fault of the competitors themselves. No doubt boys are tired of being told—I am certainly tired of telling them—that they must train and prepare for the Sports if they hope to be successful. But the fact remains that if they do not do so they will, figuratively and literally, never get anywhere.

The individual results are as follows:—

100 yards, under	11	Hulme, L. D.; Healey, N.
"	12	Roche, D. J.; Ames, G. G. S.
"	13	Crisp, S. J.; Comaish, A. P.
"	13½	Dawson, D. P.; Adams, D. J.
"	14	Max, N.; Wright, T. D.
"	15	Haugh, A. L.; Jackson, C. L.
"	16	Sanderson, T. R.; Ferguson, W. J. H.
"	Open	Rumjahn, E. J.; Hartley, G. W. H.; Stewart, I. R.
220 yards, under	11	Hulme, L. D.; Rumjahn, R. M.
"	12	Roche, D. J.; Ames, G. G. S.
"	13	Comaish, A. P.; Buckley, S. R.
"	13½	Adams, D. J.; Dawson, D. P.
"	14	Max, N.; Leak, W. N.
"	15	Stansfield, W. J.; Cohen, L. M.
"	16	Ferguson, W. J. H.; Colebrook, G. G.
"	Open	Stewart, I. R., and Rumjahn, E. J. (Tie); Hartley, G. W. H.
440 yards, under	13½	Dawson, D. P.; Comaish, A. P.
"	15	Cohen, L. M.; Adams, W. H.
"	Open	Stewart, I. R.; Rumjahn, E. J.; Kelly, E. S.

880 yards, under 15	Hartley, E. A. ; Adams, W. H. ; Haugh, A. L.
" Open ...	Thomas, A. W. C. ; Brown, A. R. ; Myerscough, F. W.
Mile, under 16	Thomas, R. H. ; Appleton, H. A. ; Williams, G.K.
" Open ...	Thomas, A. W. C. ; Brown, A. R. ; Myerscough, F. W.
Sack Race ...	Watson, C. J. ; Wright, A.
Obstacle Race, under 13½	Pink, G. J. ; Malone, G.
" " 15	Watson, C. J. ; Draper, C.
" Open ...	Lewis, J. F. ; Johnson, R. W.
Egg Race, under 13½	Denby, J. F. ; Peden, A. H.
" " 15	Watson, C. J. ; Barnard, K. A.
" Open ...	Doughty, P. H. ; Freeman, S.
Hurdle Race, under 15	Haugh, A. L. ; Simpson, J. W.
" Open ...	Stewart, I. R. ; Billington, G. C. ; Muskett, H. T.
250 yds. H'cap, under 11	Rumjahn, R. M. ; Kneale, T. O. ; Walsh, D. F.
" " 13½	Dawson, D. P. ; Barrington, H. A. ; McDowall, S.
" " 15	Haugh, A. L. ; Max, N. ; McCutcheon, J. R.
" Open ...	Rumjahn, P. U. ; Sanderson, T. R. ; Lewis, J. D.
High Jump, und. 13½	Dodgson, E. A. ; Arnold, R. S.
" " 15	Eagle, P. C. ; Milton, C. M.
" Open ...	Beastall, K. ; Muskett, H. T. ; Billington, G. C.
Long Jump, und. 13½	Simon, W. J. ; Crisp, S. J.
" " 15	Adams, W. H. ; Rowe, J. S.
" Open ...	Rumjahn, P. U. ; Rumjahn, E. J. ; Kelly, E. S.
Cricket Ball, und. 13½	Adams, D. J. ; Jarvis, D. P.
" " 15	Morgan, A. J. ; Rawlinson, K.
Putting-the-Shot, Open ...	Stewart, I. R. ; McBurney, J. W. ; Thompson, L. E.
Consolation Mile ...	Park, D. F. ; Parkinson, R. J.
SENIOR CHAMPION ...	STEWART, I. R.
MIDDLE CHAMPION ...	ADAMS, W. H. and HAUGH, A. L. (Tie).
JUNIOR CHAMPION ...	ADAMS, D. J. and DAWSON, D. P. (Tie).
HOUSE RESULTS ...	SENIOR ... PHILIP HOLT. MIDDLE ... ALFRED HOLT. JUNIOR ... COCHRAN. AGGREGATE ... ALFRED HOLT.
NEW SCHOOL RECORD...	RUMJAHN, P. U. Long Jump (Open), 19 ft. 11½ ins. I. R. STEWART.

### Cross-Country Running Notes.

BY the time these notes have been published, white-flecked roads will herald the beginning of yet another cross-country season. The School team, under the leadership of their new captain, F. W. Myerscough, with B. Downs as vice-captain, and A. R. Brown as secretary, can face the future with confidence. Six of last year's eight will be available for the coming

season, and these runners who showed such fine spirit and marked improvement last season, will, I am sure, do much to enhance still further, the reputation of the School.

The following School team fixtures have been arranged :—

1938. Oct. 8	Chester College ...	Home
Dec. 7	St. Aidan's College ...	Away
" 14	University 2nd ...	Home
1939. Jan. 28	Chester College ...	Away
Feb. 8	St. Aidan's College ...	Home
" 11	Quarry Bank H.S. ...	Home
Mar. 1	University 2nd ...	Away
" 15	Wallasey Grammar School ...	Away

Fixtures will also be arranged with Oulton H.S., Manchester Grammar School, S.F.X. H.S., and Ormskirk Grammar School, and the date of the inter-School run has yet to be fixed.

E. S. KELLY.

### Fives Notes.

LAST time I recorded that the interest of the School was apparently re-awakened, that the Fives competition was well on its way to completion, and that the term was on the whole successful. I fully expected this term would be every bit as successful ; but one look at the list of the Fives competition completely dashed these hopes. By the end of term only one game had been played in the second round of the Doubles competition, and only by the vigour of the Secretary were the Singles played off. All this, in spite of the facilities offered to competitors ! They were given first choice in courts and more than a term and a half was allowed for the competition, ample time in spite of examinations.

K. H. Barnard and J. F. Varey won the Junior and Senior singles competitions respectively. Both are still young and from both we expect good results in the future. K. H. Barnard has been the leading light in the victorious Junior team, and J. F. Varey has shown the way to the older members of the 1st team by being the only consistent player.

A word of praise is also due to the Junior team. They played three matches and won two. They will all be available next year for the Junior team, and with careful nursing should turn out into a good combination.

Lastly I must again thank Mr. Doughty for his guidance to the team and Mr. Pollard too for the interest he has shown.

## School Match Results :

May 21	1st team v. W.G.S. ... ..	Lost 180—287
	2nd Team v. W.G.S. ... ..	Lost 188—197
June 1	Junior Team v. W.G.S. ... ..	Won 168—103
" 11	1st Team v. Liobians ... ..	Won 151—118
" 27	Junior Team v. W.G.S. ... ..	Lost 156—218
July 20	Junior Team v. W.G.S. ... ..	Won 212—154

H. KUSHNER.

## Cricket Season, 1938.

THE School eleven has had a very successful season, having lost only once to a school, and losing to the Liobians three times and to Sefton once. We have been very unfortunate in having to scratch four fixtures and abandoning one, out of a fixture list of seventeen games. Our most notable wins this season were against Merchant Taylor's School and Birkenhead School. For many years they have staved off defeat against us, and it is very encouraging to see victories like these against the Public Schools.

Those responsible had a very difficult task in choosing the first eleven at the beginning of the season. After deciding who was to play wicket-keeper, it was difficult to fill the last few places. Once the season began it was easier to fill these positions.

The batting has been quite sound down to number five, but below this, results have shown that we have quite a large "tail." Rumjahn, E. J., Stewart, I. R., and Robertson, A., have each proved their worth as batsmen with some good scores to their credit, while Morgan, A. J., has proved a resolute defender who will be valuable in the future.

Our bowling has been very effective, particularly that of Mellors, Hughes, Rumjahn, E. J., Vickers and Adams, W. H. Mellors bowled very well at the beginning of the season, but near the end, he seemed to sacrifice his length for speed. Hughes has been a dangerous bowler to good batsmen and has captured many valuable wickets, while the eleven has relied on Rumjahn, E. J., for spin bowling.

The fielding this season has been of a higher standard than usual, probably as the result of Mr. Reece's announcing that there would be a fielding prize.

The nets at Greenbank have been quite well attended, and the systematic way they are run enable Wass and Edwin to pick out potential batsmen and bowlers for coaching.

At the close of the season the School eleven was photographed, and the Headmaster, who has shown great interest

in cricket, told us that he intends to start a sports' picture gallery. This will inaugurate a valuable record of School outdoor activity.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Pincher who has had a very difficult and busy season looking after every phase of School cricket, and we must also thank every member of the Staff who has given up his time to umpire matches at Greenbank and elsewhere.

Finally we thank Wass and Edwin who give us expert coaching at the nets and who are responsible for giving the School its cricket name. Many do not appreciate how lucky we are in having Wass to prepare the wonderful wickets we have at Greenbank. I am sure all cricketers will join with me in congratulating Edwin on his marriage, and we wish him and his wife the very best of luck and happiness in the future.

Cricket Colours for the season have been awarded as follows :

**Full Colours :** Reawarded—P. U. Rumjahn, E. J. Rumjahn, I. R. Stewart, A. Robertson, F. A. Mellors. New awards—K. Hughes, H. T. Muskett.

**Half-Colours :** Reawarded—J. G. Vickers, J. W. McBurney. New awards—W. H. Adams, A. J. Morgan.

P. U. RUMJAHN.

## CRITIQUE.

- P. U. RUMJAHN.—Has had another successful season as Captain. He has batted well and bowled usefully on occasions. His fielding throughout the season has been brilliant.
- I. R. STEWART.—Has had a fair season as a batsman and proved himself a useful slip-fielder.
- E. J. RUMJAHN.—The most consistently successful cricketer in the side, both with bat and ball. His fielding, too, is a pattern which the younger members of the team might well copy.
- A. ROBERTSON.—A big hitter who can make a quick score when required.
- F. A. MELLORS.—The mainstay of the bowling. With his build and experience he should be a better batsman than his form indicates.
- J. G. VICKERS.—A very fast right arm bowler. He has been kept out of the side by illness, but bowled really well on occasions.
- H. T. MUSKETT.—He should develop into a really good wicket-keeper, and has shown considerable improvement as a batsman.
- A. J. MORGAN.—Possesses some good strokes, but appears careless. Bad fielding kept him out of the team for some games.

K. HUGHES.—Bowled well throughout the season. Should profit more by his mistakes instead of blaming circumstances.  
 K. BEASTALL.—Had a fairly successful season with the bat.  
 W. H. ADAMS.—A good right hand medium bowler who should do well next season.  
 C. P. B. MOLYNEUX.—Possesses some really good strokes and should develop into a good forcing batsman.

Whitehouse Cup Matches.

JUNIOR.

Hughes ... ..	} Hughes ... ..	} Cochran.
Dawson ... ..		
Bye	Cochran ... ..	

SENIOR.

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

MIDDLE.

Alfred beat Tate.

1st XI Averages.

Batting.

	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Avg.
E. J. Rumjahn ...	12	0	350	106	29.2
P. U. Rumjahn ...	12	0	314	53	26.2
I. R. Stewart ...	11	0	190	54	17.3
A. Robertson ...	11	0	164	37	14.9
H. T. Muskett ...	12	1	87	36	7.9
K. Hughes ...	11	2	67	29	7.4
F. A. Mellors ...	8	4	27	14*	6.75
K. Beastall ...	11	0	57	15	5.7
A. J. Morgan ...	11	0	57	17	5.2
Also batted :—					
J. G. Vickers ...	3	2	10	7	10
C. P. B. Molyneux	3	1	15	10*	7.5
N. H. Bell ...	5	1	18	10*	4.5
E. Wootton ...	4	0	15	12	3.75
W. H. Adams ...	6	2	13	7*	3.25
L. E. Bell ...	3	1	3	2	1.5
E. S. Kelly ...	1	0	1	1	1.0

\* Not out.

Bowling.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Avg.
W. H. Adams ...	29.5	7	86	8	10.75
F. A. Mellors ...	131.3	40.3	347	32	10.84
K. Hughes ...	93.2	28.2	225	19	11.8
E. J. Rumjahn ...	77.3	14.3	247	20	12.35
J. G. Vickers ...	52	18	141	10	14.1
P. U. Rumjahn	30.2	1.2	126	7	18.0
Also bowled :					
C. P. B. Molyneux	1	0	8	1	8.0

2nd XI Averages.

Batting.

	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Avg.
K. Beastall ...	2	0	81	81	40.5
C. P. B. Molyneux	5	1	88	36	22.0
E. Wootton ...	5	1	68	35*	17.0
N. H. Bell ...	5	1	38	26*	9.5
R. S. Lappin ...	1	0	9	9	9.0
M. P. Varey ...	7	0	58	29	8.28
W. H. Adams ...	3	0	21	21	7.0
R. W. Weedon ...	4	0	25	10	6.25
A. Stone ...	3	0	17	7	5.6
S. Gardner ...	4	0	21	7	5.25
S. G. Burden ...	4	1	11	7	3.6
L. E. Bell ...	4	0	14	7	3.5
K. Rawlinson ...	4	1	10	6*	3.3
J. W. McBurney	8	1	22	14	3.14
B. E. Price ...	5	1	9	9	2.25
S. G. Bourns ...	2	0	4	4	2.0
E. S. Kelly ...	3	0	5	4	1.6
D. W. Jackson ...	6	2	5	3*	1.25
D. J. Adams ...	1	0	0	0	0
K. W. Gillett ...	1	0	0	0	0

\* Not out.

Bowling.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Avg.
W. H. Adams ...	28.8	7	35	11	3.18
N. H. Bell ...	35	8	93	14	6.6
E. Wootton ...	22	8	47	7	6.7
K. Beastall ...	14	5	35	5	7.0
S. Gardner ...	28	7	91	9	10.1
J. W. McBurney	17.8	4	45	4	11.25
D. W. Jackson ...	72.4	18	195	17	11.4
L. E. Bell ...	5	1	16	1	16.0
S. G. Bourns ...	8	3	12	0	-
E. S. Kelly ...	3	2	8	0	-
C. P. B. Molyneux	4	1	11	0	-

1st XI Catches.

E. J. Rumjahn	...	...	...	9
H. T. Muskett	...	...	...	5 (stumped 7)
A. Robertson	...	...	...	4
I. R. Stewart	...	...	...	4
P. U. Rumjahn	...	...	...	3
C. P. B. Molyneux	...	...	...	3
Total	...	...	...	37

Fielding Prize.

Won by P. U. Rumjahn.

Statistics.

	Byes.	Leg Byes.	Wides.	No Balls.	Total of Runs.	Wickets.	Avg. Runs per wkt.
School	88	17	2	5	1,508	111	13.58
Opponents	78	17	5	1	1,282	111	11.54

Results.

	1st XI.	2nd XI.
Played	...	...
Won	...	...
Lost	...	...
Drawn	...	...

THE SCOREBOARD.

SCHOOL v. COWLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Won by 9 runs.

At Greenbank Park, May 11th, 1938.

SCHOOL.		COWLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.	
E. J. Rumjahn, b Lonie	25	Hunter, c E. J. Rumjahn, b Vickers	4
I. R. Stewart, c and b Tabern	46	Middlehurst, lbw b Mellors	0
P. U. Rumjahn, c Mills, b Douglas	12	Hayes, c Muskett, b Mellors	56
E. Wootton, b Lonie	12	Douglas, run out	0
A. Robertson, run out	5	Naylor, b Mellors	0
A. I. Morgan, b Hayes	2	Mills, b Mellors	0
K. Hughes, b Hayes	3	Tabern, b Mellors	0
H. T. Muskett, b Hayes	1	Wilson, b Mellors	0
W. H. Adams, b Lonie	1	Shaw st Muskett, b P. U. Rumjahn	14
J. G. Vickers, b Lonie	7	Lonie, not out	9
F. A. Mellors, not out	3	Watts, b Mellors	2
Extras (b 5, lb 2)	7	Extras (b 24, lb 5)	29
Total	123	Total	114

BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Vickers	11	5	18	1
Mellors	17	9	27	7
P. U. Rumjahn	2	1	5	1

Rumjahn won the toss and elected to bat on a perfect wicket. E. J. Rumjahn and Stewart opened and batted confidently, putting on 37 before E. J. was bowled with 25 to his credit. P. U. Rumjahn followed and the second wicket put on 45 runs. Then Stewart was well caught and bowled after compiling a valuable 45. With the total unchanged Rumjahn was caught at square leg. The remaining batsmen, except for Wootton, put up little resistance, and wickets fell with constant regularity. The innings closed at 123, after Mellors and Vickers had

added 11 runs for the last wicket, 11 runs the value of which was not realised until the game's closing minutes.

Cowley were none too confident against the bowling of Mellors and Vickers, and the first wicket fell with only 8 runs showing. In the next over, with 2 runs added, E. J. Rumjahn held a hard catch in the slips, off Vickers. A good piece of fielding and some inspired bowling procured the fall of the next 5 wickets without a run being added. P. U. Rumjahn ran out a batsman by hitting the stumps with a hard return, and then Mellors performed a brilliant hat-trick, clean bowling all three victims. In his next over he again hit the stumps, with no addition to the score. The score was now 10 runs for 7 wickets, and Mellors had the amazing analysis of 5 wickets for 0 runs.

But now the School's triumphant progress was checked by two of the Cowley men who put up a stubborn defence. Repeated bowling changes brought no success, until, with the score at 98, P. U. Rumjahn had Shaw stumped. He had made an invaluable 14 for his team. In the next over, Hayes was caught. He had made 56, a grand fighting innings. His partnership with Shaw had carried the score from 10 to 98, and had changed the jubilation of the School's supporters into a deep anxiety. Even the dismissal of these two batsmen did not mean the end of the School's worries. The last-wicket pair had evidently resolved to sell their lives dearly. Every run was madly cheered, and the fieldsmen were literally on their toes. Slowly the score mounted, and then, with Cowley within 9 runs of the School's total, Mellors bowled the last man off his pads, with two minutes left for play.

SCHOOL v. MERCHANT TAYLORS', CROSBY.

Won by four wickets.

At Greenbank Park, May 21st, 1938.

MERCHANT TAYLORS'		SCHOOL.	
R. A. K. Runcie, b Mellors	15	E. J. Rumjahn, lbw b Winter	106
A. J. Wooldrige, b Mellors	6	I. R. Stewart, b Gardner	7
D. Winter, run out	48	P. U. Rumjahn, b Packwood	34
J. P. Gardner, lbw b Mellors	17	E. Wootton, c Blumer, b Packwood	0
R. A. Rhodes, c E. J. Rumjahn, b Hughes	17	A. Robertson, c Wooldrige, b Packwood	19
J. V. Robinson, run out	13	A. J. Morgan, c Bloomfield, b Winter	4
C. R. Helsby, run out	18	K. Hughes, not out	2
M. J. Blumer, not out	23	H. T. Muskett, not out	9
F. J. Packwood, b E. J. Rumjahn	9	J. G. Vickers, did not bat	—
A. Bloomfield, lbw b E. J. Rumjahn	9	W. H. Adams, " " " "	—
T. K. Alcock, st Muskett, b E. J. Rumjahn	0	F. A. Mellors, " " " "	—
Extras	13	Extras	10
Total	188	Total (for 6 wks.)	191

BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Mellors	14	3	59	3
Hughes	8	2	19	1
Rumjahn, E. J.	72	1	15	3

Rumjahn lost the toss and Merchants batted first on a easy, hard wicket. The score mounted quietly until Winter came in to play a short but sparkling innings, hitting all the bowlers with tremendous power. He was unfortunate enough to be cleverly run out by E. J. Rumjahn when two short of his fifty. The School fielding was not all that it could be, several catches were dropped in the deep and the ground fielding was not too good. The innings closed at 188, after a fighting innings by Blumer who was undefeated at the close with 23.

The School innings was dominated by a magnificent century from E. J. Rumjahn who attacked the bowling from the start. He scored 34 out of the first 43, and 96 from the first 140, and hit 20 fours. He was assisted in a century stand by his brother who scored 34, and later by

Robertson who scored 19. Our opponents' total was finally passed with the loss of 6 wickets.

SCHOOL v. OLD BOYS.

At Greenbank Park, May 28th, 1938.

Lost by 44 runs.

OLD BOYS.		SCHOOL.	
N. Pike, c Robertson, b E. J. Rumjahn	16	E. J. Rumjahn, c Pike, b Barlow	0
Dr. J. Rumjahn, c Robertson, b P. U. Rumjahn	58	I. R. Stewart, b Barlow	15
Rumjahn	15	P. U. Rumjahn, b Worgan	21
L. Coldrick, b Mellors	21	A. Robertson, c Pike, b Barlow	37
L. Page, b Hughes	6	A. J. Morgan, lbw b Barlow	8
J. Worgan, c E. J. Rumjahn, b Hughes	7	E. Wootton, c and b Black	3
J. Barlow, b Hughes	0	E. S. Kelly, b Black	1
B. Black, b Hughes	0	K. Beastall, c Faulkner, b Black	8
K. Dodd, lbw b Hughes	6	H. T. Muskett, b Black	6
T. S. Faulkner, b Mellors	0	K. Hughes, c Black, b Miller	0
P. Miller, c Robertson, b Hughes	14	F. A. Mellors, not out	0
H. A. Robinson, not out	3		
Extras	3	Extras	6
<b>Total</b>	<b>149</b>	<b>Total</b>	<b>105</b>

BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Mellors	12	1	55	2
E. J. Rumjahn	11	0	35	1
Hughes	14	5	30	6
P. U. Rumjahn	4	0	26	1

Rumjahn lost the toss and the Old Boys batted first on an easy wicket. The School fast bowlers could make no impression. Dr. Rumjahn confidently scored all round the wicket with easy strokes. Pike, too, was seldom in trouble, but found the bowling more difficult to get away. He left eventually with the score at 53. Dr. Rumjahn completed a splendid half-century, but once he had been dismissed a rot set in and some good bowling by Hughes brightened our hopes considerably. Coldrick, after persevering for what seemed like days, and punctuating his innings by some remarkable one-handed flicks to leg, eventually sacrificed himself in an attempt to score fast. The innings closed for 149, and as the wicket was still far from difficult we thought we had no mean chance.

But Barlow had other ideas! E. J. Rumjahn was caught at the wicket in his first over, Stewart went at 31 and P. U. Rumjahn at 53. Somehow it was all over. Then Black went on to Robertson's evident delight but came off to put Barlow on again to Robertson's equally evident regret. Afterwards it was just a procession, for although Black continued to bowl nobody seemed able to "cart" him or even to obtain singles. So the Old Boys won by 44 runs and the School felt very humiliated.

SCHOOL v. BIRKENHEAD SCHOOL.

At Birkenhead, June 8th, 1938.

Won by 3 wickets.

BIRKENHEAD SCHOOL.		SCHOOL.	
K. J. S. Brow, b Mellors	0	E. J. Rumjahn, b Shillcock	0
R. M. Simpson, run out	34	I. R. Stewart, b Shillcock	53
A. P. H. Hartley, lbw b Mellors	0	P. U. Rumjahn, c Bland, b Adey	28
J. S. Woodhouse, run out	34	A. Robertson, c Keeling, b Shillcock	17
S. Everall, c Beastall, b Mellors	13	A. J. Morgan, lbw b Shillcock	4
F. A. Bland, c Beastall, b Vickers	13	K. Beastall, b Shillcock	4
B. G. Hartley, c Stewart, b Mellors	0	K. Hughes, not out	6
D. S. Keeling, not out	12	H. T. Muskett, b Shillcock	10
W. A. Shillcock, b Mellors	1	N. H. Bell, not out	—
D. H. Eastwood, b Vickers	4	F. A. Mellors, did not bat	—
H. S. Adey, b Mellors	8	J. G. Vickers	13
Extras (b 11, lb. 4, w 1)	18	Extras (b 10, lb 1, n.b. 2)	161
<b>Total</b>	<b>141</b>	<b>Total (for 7 wickets)</b>	<b>161</b>

BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
K. Hughes	12	4	18	—
F. A. Mellors	17	5	37	6
J. G. Vickers	15	3	42	2
E. J. Rumjahn	3	—	17	—
P. U. Rumjahn	4	—	11	—

School were left with just an hour and a half to obtain the runs after Birkenhead, batting on a hard but good wicket, had scored 141 in 2½ hours. After an early shock, when E. J. Rumjahn was bowled without a run on the board, P. U. Rumjahn and Robertson came together to master the bowling. The former, in an aggressive mood, got 53 out of 96 for the third wicket before being caught on the boundary, after hitting a six and seven fours. After Robertson's valuable wicket had fallen, the School scoring became slow and it was touch and go whether we would beat the clock. But we did with three wickets to spare, just on time.

This is the School's first win against Birkenhead School for many years.

SCHOOL v. OLD BOYS.

Lost by 49 runs.

At Greenbank, June 11th, 1938.

SCHOOL.		OLD BOYS.	
E. J. Rumjahn, b Worgan	12	H. Dunt, b Vickers	2
I. R. Stewart, c Robinson, b Worgan	20	N. Pike, b Hughes	30
P. U. Rumjahn, c Page, b Miller	9	J. Worgan, lbw b Mellors	12
A. Robertson, lbw, b Barlow	6	L. Page, b Mellors	0
A. J. Morgan, b Worgan	3	R. Bedford, c E. J. Rumjahn, b Hughes	13
K. Beastall, b Barlow	1	L. J. Coldrick, c Muskett, b Vickers	3
K. Hughes, c Pike, b Robinson	5	J. Barlow, b Hughes	8
H. T. Muskett, lbw, b Black	10	B. Black, lbw, b Hughes	28
N. H. Bell, b Robinson	2	T. S. Faulkner, c Stewart, b Hughes	20
F. A. Mellors, b Robinson	1	P. Miller, not out	11
J. G. Vickers, not out	3	H. A. Robinson, b Hughes	3
Extras (b 13, lb 3)	16	Extras (b 7)	7
<b>Total</b>	<b>88</b>	<b>Total</b>	<b>137</b>

SCHOOL BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Vickers	7	2	28	2
Mellors	11	4	29	2
Hughes	10.1	1	38	6
P. U. Rumjahn	3	—	12	—
E. J. Rumjahn	3	—	21	—

SCHOOL v. HOLT SCHOOL.

School won by 151 runs.

At Greenbank Park, June 15th, 1938.

SCHOOL.		HOLT.	
E. J. Rumjahn, c Williams, b MacMullau	41	C. L. Jones, c Muskett, b Mellors	2
I. R. Stewart, c Williams, b Jones	9	R. Roddy, b Vickers	1
P. U. Rumjahn, c Durrans, b Jones	2	F. Williams, b Vickers	0
A. Robertson, c Williams, b Manuel	21	J. A. MacMullau, b Mellors	5
A. J. Morgan, b MacMullau	4	W. N. Manuel, b Vickers	1
K. Beastall, b Manuel	4	G. E. Jones, b Vickers	1
K. Hughes, b Williams	29	G. R. Gill, c P. U. Rumjahn, b Mellors	1
H. T. Muskett, c Roddy, b Jones	36	L. F. Durrans, b Mellors	0
N. H. Bell, b Williams	2	N. Weaver, b Vickers	0
F. A. Mellors, b Williams	1	P. Rose, not out	0
J. G. Vickers, not out	0	A. N. Other, Absent	—
Extras (b 11, lb 2)	13	Extras	0
<b>Total</b>	<b>162</b>	<b>Total</b>	<b>11</b>

BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Vickers	8	6	2	5
Mellors	7.16	4	9	4

P. U. Rumjahn lost the toss, but the Holt captain sent School in to bat on a perfect batsman's wicket. The scoring was rather slow at first, but soon picked up. E. J. Rumjahn, who made 41, kept his wicket until after the fifth wicket had fallen, and seemed little troubled by the bowling. There followed a seventh wicket stand by Hughes and Muskett which realised fifty-six valuable runs, and considerably helped the total.

There is little to say about the Holt innings, their wickets fell very rapidly and the whole team were out in under the half-hour. No one in the team was able to play either Vickers or Mellors with any confidence, and owing to their brief innings, the game was finished by 5.15.

SCHOOL v. SEFTON "A."

At Greenbank Park, June 25th, 1938.

Lost by 23 runs.

SCHOOL.		SEFTON "A."	
E. J. Rumjahn, b Lee...	6	H. Bilby, lbw, b P. U. Rumjahn	48
I. R. Stewart, b Lee	0	W. Thompson, b K. Hughes	5
P. U. Rumjahn, c Reid, b Lee	12	P. Westlake, lbw, b K. Hughes	3
A. Robertson, lbw, b Lee	6	F. de Longa, c E. J. Rumjahn, b F. A. Mellors	15
A. J. Morgan, run out...	8	T. Wilson, run out	0
K. Beastall, c Wilson, b Lee	15	H. Cowley, c P. U. Rumjahn, b E. J. Rumjahn	1
K. Hughes, b Lee	4	R. D. Salmon, b E. J. Rumjahn	1
H. T. Muskett, c Salmon, b Lee	4	W. R. Lee, b P. U. Rumjahn	1
W. H. Adams, b Cowley	0	G. B. Reid, c Robertson, b E. J. Rumjahn	0
N. H. Bell, b Cowley	0	J. Coop, b E. J. Rumjahn	2
F. A. Mellors, not out	4	A. C. Smith, not out	2
		Extras	1
Extras	0		
<b>Total</b>	<b>59</b>	<b>Total</b>	<b>82</b>

BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
K. Hughes	9	2	26	2
F. A. Mellors	11	3	26	1
E. J. Rumjahn	5	1	22	4
P. U. Rumjahn	2.16	1	8	2

SCHOOL v. COWLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Abandoned on account of rain.

At St. Helens, June 29th, 1938.

SCHOOL.		COWLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.	
E. J. Rumjahn, c and b Bridge	37	Hunter, not out...	10
I. R. Stewart, b Louie	54	Wilson, lbw, b Hughes	3
P. U. Rumjahn, c and b Hayes	11	Hayes, not out	0
A. Robertson, c Naylor, b Mills	7	Bridge, did not bat	0
A. J. Morgan, lbw, b Mills	0	Naylor, "	0
H. T. Muskett, c Shaw, b Mills	2	Shaw, "	0
K. Beastall, c Hayes, b Tabern	10	Mills, "	0
K. Hughes, c Middlehurst, b Tabern	9	Middlehurst, "	0
L. E. Bell, not out	1	Tabern, "	0
W. H. Adams, b Louie	0	Watts, "	0
F. A. Mellors, not out	0	Louie, "	0
Extras (b 13, lb 1, w 1)	15	Extras (b1, lb 1)	15
<b>Total (for 0 wkts. dec.)</b>	<b>146</b>	<b>Total (for 1 wkt.)</b>	<b>15</b>

BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Hughes	5	2	5	1
Mellors	5	2	8	—

Rumjahn won the toss and decided to bat in the sun of a typical summer's afternoon. E. J. Rumjahn and Stewart gave us a good start by putting on 58 runs before Rumjahn was caught and bowled by Bridge. The School batting would have soon withered out, were it not for a good and well deserved half-century by Stewart, who treated

the Cowley bowling without any difficulty. Time was now getting on, and the last few batsmen were very slow in spite of the necessity to obtain runs quickly before tea. P. U. Rumjahn decided to close the School innings at 146 runs for 9 wickets. After tea, the bright sunshine which we had experienced during the afternoon disappeared and the sky became very black. Cowley began their innings and 9 runs were on the board when Hughes got our first wicket. At once the rain came and fell very heavily, thus leaving us no alternative but to abandon the game.

SCHOOL v. QUARRY BANK.

Won by 58 runs.

At Greenbank Park, July 2nd, 1938.

SCHOOL.		QUARRY BANK.	
E. J. Rumjahn, c Joy, b Price	31	Briers, st Muskett, b E. J. Rumjahn	23
I. R. Stewart, b Hyde	6	Lloyd, b Mellors	4
P. U. Rumjahn, b Richardson	53	Allan, lbw, b Mellors	0
A. Robertson, b Price	1	Hyde, lbw, b Mellors	2
A. J. Morgan, hit wkt., b Forster	10	Richardson, lbw, b E. J. Rumjahn	8
K. Beastall, b Richardson	0	Price, b E. J. Rumjahn	0
H. T. Muskett, c Lloyd, b Richardson	5	Williamson, b Hughes	6
C. P. B. Molyneux, not out	10	Forster, c Molyneux, b Mellors	9
K. Hughes, c Waite, b Forster	7	Joy, c Stewart, b P. U. Rumjahn	10
L. E. Bell, b Forster	0	Boud, run out	10
F. A. Mellors, c Waite, b Forster	4	Waite, not out	4
Extras (b 13, lb 1)	14	Extras (b 6, n.b. 1)	7
<b>Total</b>	<b>141</b>	<b>Total</b>	<b>83</b>

BOWLING.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Hughes	11	3	27	1
Mellors	12.16	5	21	4
E. J. Rumjahn	5	2	13	3
P. U. Rumjahn	5	—	15	1

SCHOOL v. WALLASEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Lost by 56 runs.

At Wallasey, July 6th, 1938.

WALLASEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.		SCHOOL.	
C. S. Coleman, c Muskett, b E. J. Rumjahn	17	E. J. Rumjahn, b Davies	61
R. J. W. Johnstone, c and b E. J. Rumjahn	19	A. J. Morgan, c and b Newstead	1
F. H. Lindesay, c E. J. Rumjahn, b Adams	12	P. U. Rumjahn, c C. G. Smith, b Davies	34
C. G. Smith, lbw, b Adams	23	L. E. Bell, hit wkt., b Davies	2
R. I. P. Davies, c P. U. Rumjahn, b Molyneux	51	C. P. B. Molyneux, run out	5
M. Ellick, c and b E. J. Rumjahn	10	H. T. Muskett, b Davies	5
R. Newstead, lbw, b E. J. Rumjahn	0	K. Beastall, b Davies	11
L. Stansfield, lbw, b Mellors	0	N. H. Bell, c Ellick, b Lindesay	4
W. M. Edwards, s Muskett, b E. J. Rumjahn	25	E. Wootton, st Edwards, b Davies	0
R. E. Smith, run out	0	F. A. Mellors, b Davies	0
E. C. Foster, not out	13	W. H. Adams, not out	0
Extras (b 12, lb 2)	14	Extras (b 2, lb 3)	5
<b>Total</b>	<b>184</b>	<b>Total</b>	<b>128</b>

BOWLING.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Mellors	12	—	43	1
E. J. Rumjahn	23	5	72	5
Adams	10	1	33	2
P. U. Rumjahn	2	—	14	—
Molyneux	1	—	8	1

The Wallasey captain, after winning the toss, chose to bat on a sun-baked wicket against a School team sadly depleted by exams. Fine bowling by E. J. Rumjahn kept the score down, but a stubborn stand late in the innings and another for the last wicket caused trouble,

and the School did well to have the Wallasey team back in the pavilion for 184. Good fielding backed up the weakened attack.

After Morgan's early departure, the brothers Rumjahn put on a stand of over ninety runs. P.U. was caught after a very creditable 34. E. J. was bowled in an attempt to get runs faster, after scoring a very useful and well played 61. But the remaining batsmen failed, giving Wallasey an easy victory. The School thus suffered their only defeat of the season at the hands of another school.

### SCHOOL v. COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.

Won by 37 runs.

At Greenbank Park, July 13th, 1938.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.		SCHOOL.	
Jones, c Stewart, b Hughes	3	E. J. Rumjahn, b Collister	8
Thomas, run out	2	I. R. Stewart, c Shaw, b Collister	18
Collister, b Mellors	2	P. U. Rumjahn, c Patterson, b Thomas	21
Todd, run out	1	A. Robertson, b Collister	9
Dickinson, s Muskett, b E. J. Rumjahn	17	A. J. Morgan, b Collister	0
Ranscombe, c Molyneux, b Adams	6	K. Beastall, b Thomas	0
Sommerville, c and b E. J. Rumjahn	7	C. P. B. Molyneux, b Thomas	0
Shaw, not out	15	H. T. Muskett, c Barnes, b Collister	4
Warbrick, st Musket, b P. U. Rumjahn	1	K. Hughes, c Todd, b Collister	4
Barnes, b P. U. Rumjahn	0	F. A. Mellors, not out	14
Patterson, c Molyneux, b E. J. Rumjahn	0	W. H. Adams, not out	7
Extras (b 1, w 4)	5	Extras (b 8, lb 3)	11
Total	59	Total (for 9 wkts.)	96

#### BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Hughes	8	3	16	1
Mellors	6	3	8	1
Adams	6	5	2	1
E. J. Rumjahn	8	2	19	3
P. U. Rumjahn	3	—	9	2

### SCHOOL v. OLD BOYS.

Lost by 1 run.

At Greenbank Park, July 16th, 1938.

OLD BOYS.		SCHOOL.	
N. Pike, lbw, b Adams	24	E. J. Rumjahn, c Cohen, b Black	23
H. Dunt, b Hughes	6	I. R. Stewart, c Cohen, b Goldblatt	0
L. J. Coldrick, c Muskett, b Mellors	0	P. U. Rumjahn, c Pike, b Roberts	59
R. Cohen, lbw, b Adams	36	A. Robertson, c Dodd, b Roberts	35
K. S. Dodd, b Adams	6	K. Beastall, c Dodd, b Roberts	4
E. Cosnett, run out	1	H. T. Muskett, c Dodd, b Roberts	3
P. Miller, b Adams	16	T. J. Hopwood, c Dunt, b Roberts	8
S. Faulkner, run out	15	K. Hughes, b Goldblatt	0
B. Black, not out	7	K. W. Gillett, b Goldblatt	1
D. Goldblatt, st Muskett, b E. J. Rumjahn	0	W. H. Adams, c Pike, b Goldblatt	0
H. H. Roberts, c E. J. Rumjahn, b Adams	5	F. A. Mellors, not out	0
Extras (b 3, lb 1)	4	Extras (b 1, n.b. 1)	2
Total	119	Total	118

#### BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Hughes	8	3	23	1
Mellors	7	1	25	1
E. J. Rumjahn	9	1	32	1
Adams	9.5	1	36	5

School were two short when the match started, after a morning of rain. Gillett of the 3rd XI and Hopwood, the Old Boys' twelfth man came into the School XI.

Rumjahn lost the toss and School went into the field first. Hughes opened the School bowling from the Park end and met with success in

his first over, bowling Dunt for 6. Mellors was on at the other end but did not meet with success till his second over, when he got a wicket maiden, having Coldrick smartly taken behind the wicket by Muskett. Things looked good for the School, two wickets down for 7 runs. But when Cohen joined Pike the score reached 57 before Pike put his legs in the way of a straight one from Adams. Shortly afterwards Adams had Cohen also lbw for an attractive 36. The score went up slowly till 95 when School had claimed 7 wickets. Miller who had previously hit two fours sent Adams into the lake from two consecutive balls, but he was bowled by the next ball from Adams. Faulkner made a stubborn resistance against the School bowling. Adams had Roberts caught in the slips to bring the Old Boys' innings to a close with 119 runs on the board.

School looked to be in a good position as the Old Boys' had a very strong batting side, which weakened their bowling. But School had an early set back, Stewart was caught without opening his account. P. Rumjahn joined his brother and both fought back and put the School on the victory trail. Unfortunately E. Rumjahn was brilliantly caught on the long leg boundary by Cohen after the partnership had added 71 runs. At 86, when Rumjahn and Robertson were on top of the bowling, the former was given out caught at the wicket off his pads. Robertson put the 100 up with a good cover drive, but was out shortly afterwards. Five wickets were down for 109, but there were 9 wickets down for 118 when Mellors joined Hopwood. But after Mellors had stopped two balls from Goldblatt, Hopwood was caught in the slips off the first ball from Roberts. So the School just failed to get that one run to avoid defeat in the last match of the season.

## Prefects' Letter.

P.R.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.

To the Editor, *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.

DEAR SIR,

This is the third successive disclosure of the life in the high places. I shall speak boldly, for it is only right that the outer world should know something of what goes on in those halls of mystery which hide their true identity so modestly beneath the unassuming title of the "P.R."

One might think that the prospect of exams. would induce the inhabitants of the P.R. to take the weeds and likeness of students. Not a bit of it, sir! Dark clouds on our horizon do not trouble us, life is as gay as ever, and the P.R. itself even gayer—thanks to Mr. McBurney. After presenting us with a photograph of the Australian Cricketers, he sought to brighten our little home still further by the importation of numerous illustrated jokes. No publication was free from his closest scouting and the snipping of his inexorable scissors and the results of his labours littered the P.R. for some time.

His efforts were not without success for some of the jokes made Mr. Gould laugh. That may seem to be but scant recompense, but then, sir, perhaps you have never heard Mr. Gould's laugh. Comparable only to the cry of the winged rabbit, it has, at various times, chilled the spine of all those who frequent the Library and its precincts. Mr. Gould is also a biologist, but his dissertations on the causes of varicose veins in the common house-fly are rarely appreciated.

Mr. Robertson, whilst retaining his relish for anagrams, now specialises in blindfold chess, but the games usually end when his opponent suddenly realises that Mr. Robertson has been in check for some time. Our real chess-player is, of course, Mr. Vickers. Owing to the increasing demands of his private affairs, however, he has, this term, only been able to give us occasional half-days of his valuable time.

Mr. Noden's chief asset is an ability to irritate Mr. Samuels. No sooner do these two set eyes on each other than Mr. Samuels rushes to clasp his attaché-case to his bosom, while Mr. Noden, entrenched behind a table, punctuates a torrent of abuse with volleys of books and gym. shoes. Mr. Samuels still spends much of his time in cursing everything red (including Mr. Kelly's hair).

For good or evil, Messrs. Carr, Burns, and Hammer are seldom apart. The two former spend long periods combing their hair (though nobody knows why) and between them floats the substantial figure of Mr. Hammer. If he is not playing table-tennis with the one, he is doing proses with the other. We would warn him that both occupations are equally noxious. Talking of table-tennis brings us inevitably to the one and only Mr. Kelly. Though he has ruined our eyesight by the vividness of his ties, and our digestions by the utter ghoulishness of his pullovers, the P.R. would not be the same without him.

Over all these varying personalities, over this seeming chaos of discordant temperaments, Mr. Stewart presides. One can pay him no greater tribute than by recording that when, in the break, he shouts to his fellow-prefects, "Get on duty, you lazy brutes," he is obeyed.

I have finished. Do not think that I have forgotten Mr. Saunders, but I have said nothing about him because, firstly, he defies description, and, secondly, he has the enviable opportunity of saying just what he likes about himself.

Yours, etc.,

ANGUS MACFEE.

## Editorial Notices.

THE Editors gladly welcome all contributions for the Magazine. May we remind members of the Lower and Junior School that we always have space for their efforts. Work should be written on one side **only** of examination paper, obtainable on request from the Editor, and should be sent in if possible by the end of term and certainly by the end of the first week of the Holidays.

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

The Magazines of the *Holt School*, *City of London School* and *St. Francis Xavier's College*, and the *Anchor*, *Ruym*, *Bootleian*, *Merchant Taylors' Review*, *Birkonian*, *Red Rose*, *Inkwell*, *Quarry*, *Oultonia*, *Hulmeian*, *Hinckleyan*, *Olavian*, *Caldeian*, *Widnesian*, *Wrexhamian*, *Pincerna*, *Wallaseyan*.

\* \* \*



THE AVIARY,

OXFORD.

To the Editor,  
DEAR SIR,

With the end of the Summer season two birds have flown, never to return: the two, we regret to say who were the wisest and oldest of us. Mr. Ankers and Mr. Page possessed a benign fatherliness which we shall sorely miss: they had attained to a wistful philosophic way of life that only four years of Oxford crowned by *Litterae Humaniores* could induce. Nothing could be more heartening to one in his first year than to be waved to along the High by Mr. Page, or to be hailed across the Turl by

Mr. Ankers. Both have now sailed from our harbour for the last time and are, we trust, bowling along across the sea of trouble that moans outside the Oxford bar.

From now on it is to Mr. Little and Mr. Curtis that we look up (we hope we shall be fed). Mr. Little is still as demure as ever, though secrecy is always a little suspect here: not but what Mr. Little is a temperate individual: Keble, however, is so far out, one never knows what may be going on: perhaps the half-mile to the High explains why one never sees him: another suggestion is that he has been playing stand-in for Robert Taylor in "A Yank at Oxford."

Of Mr. Curtis something more definite is known. He is going miles out to bury himself—that is, to work in solitude at philosophy and theology and other black arts. We have it on unimpeachable authority that he means to be an archbishop: at any rate he is going to bulk very large in the church.

Mr. Leather returned to us this term radiant with the glory that was Greece: he seemed a little pale to us—but then one is always pale in Oxford: one is either working or not working—c'est la même chose." Memories of a sumptuous tea in Mr. Leather's sumptuous rooms still linger: Mr. Leather's couch is growing softer too: the deaf scout story comes from Jesus, we believe. Mr. Hopwood is till our Socialist No. 1: Queen's of course is a hotbed of left-wing ideology and Mr. Hopwood is one of the reddest. Apart from beating up the bloodthirsty Fascist dogs, he indulges in tennis and shove-halfpenny (Queen's having a very fine board). It is a great pity that he has been lost to cricket: but he will fritter away his time on feminine amusements.

Mr. Hughes has been engaging in death-or-glory combats with the Jesus tennis captain—more death than glory, we fear. He was to be seen on the front row at the Jesus concert, looking very gentlemanly and very musical. Mr. Martin was there, too: apart from winding up his gramophone, he distinguishes himself on the cricket field and goes down with his punt-pole: that was why he was to be seen in somebody else's trousers having coffee in the Mitre just before midnight. Mr. Hawthorn continues to be frightfully energetic—fairly shoots about Oxford. He is living even higher up in B.N.C. next year so as to command a view. Graver news even than flights of stairs to climb is his intention to row next term: doubtless in emulation of Mr. Cheery.

Mr. Ion seems to be rising rapidly, he has already been head of his table several times, though displaying a commendable moderation in inflicting sconces. We have met him on the

squash-court where he demonstrated his devastating table-tennis backhand flick. He has, by the way, the distinction of friendship with the only man in the University who wears no socks.

Mr. Tharme we met over coffee one morning: he was his usual despairing self, deploring every aspect of Oxford life, tutors, cost of living, and women. He boasts a very varied stock of narrative ranging from the story of the woman lecturer and her Pekingese to the latest limerick. We accept "cum grano" the story that in a fit of rage he threw his scout into the Christ Church fountain.

Of the immortals little can be said, for less is known; of them we can but say "cogitant, ergo sunt."

Lastly, looking into the future, we await the happy arrival of five more chips off the old Mount Street block—Messrs. Hargreaves, Burns, Hammer, Holmes and Leak—to whom we wish as pleasant a time here as our own.

Yours,

J. I. NOXUCLAVE.

CAMBRIDGE.

The Editor, *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.

DEAR SIR,

In our last letter we declared that human nature does not change in a day. We apologise, and with due cause as you will see.

Firstly, we had the great fortune to see, and what is more, to converse with, Mr. Scarisbrick, who disappeared last term. He seems to have abandoned hypnotism, and assumed material existence once more. We find that he spends all his time in labs.; but from what we have heard of lab-teas and lab-dances we gather he is not weary of life.

Secondly, Mr. Patterson! Last term he read horoscopes. This term he was seen walking along the Petty Cury with something on his arm which was not an umbrella. We trust that he will bear, as some others do, the tragic torch of constancy.

Thirdly, Mr. Collett distinguished himself in this, his term of leisure, by a display of efficiency, which completely put to shame his predecessors as Dinner Secretary. He is, however, a pop-corn addict, and we fear that he has missed his true vocation.

It being Tripos Term, Mr. McCloy took to drugs, which he proceeded to work off on the river. Anyone who can row for three years should be able to take any medicine. He certainly got his, when he was bumped in the races.

In Mr. Corlett we salute and respect a Wrangler, and offer our heartiest congratulations on this achievement.

Mr. Campbell, however, still remains our Senior "Wrangler." Any sign of change in Mr. Campbell is as rare as an old maid in Turkey.

Mr. Wallace still maintains his patriarchal interest in our goings and comings, yet contrives at times to be the gayest of our group, whose number next year will be sadly depleted. If, Mr. Editor, you are concerned as to any possible future appearance of this letter in your journal, you (*i.e.*, the School) must send us more material.

For us, our labours are over (or just beginning), and it is with a sigh of pleasure and not of regret that we pass on the onus of this epistle to younger and more capable hands.

∫ dx.

STUDENTS' UNION,  
2 BEDFORD STREET,  
LIVERPOOL, 7.

To the Editor, *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.

DEAR SIR,

We thought that when we had left the School there would not be anyone left to win the scholarships, etc., but judging from the recent list of results it seems that you are better than we were, so we won't say anything about it, except congrats.

At the start of this term we will find our ranks sadly depleted, and at the time of writing we know not who comes to man the breaches. We have lost Messrs. Cohen, Cohen and Cohen: A., M., and R., respectively, who are now B.Eng., Ll.B., and Ll.B. respectively. That just about leaves the Law Faculty destitute of Liobians with the exception of Mr. Bean, who has just terminated his year of office as Guild President. He apparently found that time hung heavily on his hands so he became Vice-President of the National Union of Students and went to fight the bulls in Spain. Surely you saw his picture in the *Echo*.

Our Engineers are going strong, for did you not see that Messrs. Nicholson and Williams got Firsts and Scholarships and things, and Mr. Johnny Roberts also had a prize for being good. Incidentally he spent the vac. simply slaving away "working" for the Corporation.

You will note that the tone of *Pantosfinx* is raised this year by having two Liobians on the Editorial Board: A. E. Bender as Editor, and J. A. Roberts as Sub-Editor.

We hear that Mr. Keidan was dissecting a body when the relations suddenly decided to have it back. That must be why

he spent his time last term looking for a needle and thread. Mr. Corlett continues to Flor and Faun, and he and Mr. Cooper (who is too busy to say anything as he is taking "2nd M.B. in March,") are actually dancing. Mr. Bywell is Macleaning his teeth.

Keep it dark, but Mr. Waugh has been seen several times on a tandem, and it was not Mr. Campbell on the back seat.

Talking of good work, Mr. Ches. Jones (not Chas. as in your last issue) and Mr. Whellan did not do so badly. They are going to spend the next few years looking for something; we hope they find it.

Mr. Mulholland has left us to teach a lot of people like you, Mr. Editor and your Staff, so you might be a little sympathetic. We tripped over Mr. A. B. Baldwin last term. He is now an M.Eng. and gone for good. Mr. Alergant has stopped editing *Sphinx* (not to be confused with *Pantosfinx*) and has decided to do some work. Messrs. Bone and Bender have at last split partnership and are going to "work" separately.

Mr. Nairn has been doing things in the Chess World, and as he played for the first team in his first year, he ought to be good in five years time, when he hopes to qualify.

Just about now we'll be deep in the morass of Panto, but we'll let you know all about that next term.

Yours expectantly,

LIOSPHINX.

N.B.—Seen our new tie? None of the butcher boy cads can wear it now.

## Rugby Fixtures, 1938-39.

### 1st XV.

1938.					
Sept.	24	v.	St. Mary's College "A" XV	...	H
"	28	v.	Birkenhead Institute "A" XV	...	A
Oct.	15	v.	King George V School 2nd XV	...	H
Nov.	2	v.	Oldershaw School "A" XV	...	A
"	5	v.	Ormskirk Grammar School 1st XV	...	H
Dec.	3	v.	Oulton High School "A" XV	...	A
1939.					
Jan.	25	v.	St. Mary's College "A" XV	...	A
Feb.	8	v.	Oldershaw School "A" XV	...	H
"	11	v.	King George V School 2nd XV	...	A
"	22	v.	Oulton High School "A" XV	...	H
Mar.	4	v.	Ormskirk Grammar School 1st XV	...	A
"	18	v.	Birkenhead Institute "A" XV	...	H

## 2nd XV.

1938.

Nov. 19 v. Bootle Secondary School 1st XV ... .. A

1939.

Mar. 15 v. Bootle Secondary School 1st XV ... .. H

Fixtures have yet to be arranged with the Collegiate School and West Park School, St. Helens.



## Calendar.

## Xmas Term, 1938.

Wed.,	Sept. 14	TERM BEGINS.
"	" 28	Meeting for Parents of New Boys. 7-30 p.m.
Fri.,	Oct. 7	L.I.O.B.A. Annual Meeting.
Tues.,	" 11	Swimming Gala—Heats.
Fri.,	" 14	Swimming Gala—Finals.
Tues.,	" 18	Field Day for O.T.C. and Scouts.
Sat.,	Nov. 5	HALF-TERM.
Tues.,	Nov. 8	O.T.C. Certificate "A" Examination.
Sat.,	" 19	Old Centurions' Dinner.
Mon.,	" 21	Field Day for O.T.C. and Scouts.
"	Dec. 19	} SCHOOL PLAY.
Tues.,	" 20	
Wed.,	" 21	TERM ENDS.

Next Term begins on Wednesday, January 11th, 1939.

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