

## OLD BOYS' NOTES.

The Annual Dinner of the Old Boys' Association, to mark the 125th Anniversary of the Foundation of the School, was attended by nearly a hundred and fifty Old Boys. The Lord Mayor and the Chief Constable were our guests, and many travelled from the South of England to be present.

One of those present, R. E. Williams (1918), had spent the previous week in his capacity as H.M.I. inspecting part of the work of the School.

N. H. Howlett (1945) landed from abroad just in time to come with his father, S. H. (1907).

"Taffy" Ellis, looking as young as ever; and H. A. Baxter were both there.

A. D. Baxter (1927) at present Superintendent of the R.A.F. rocket propulsion station at Westcott, is shortly to take charge of teaching aircraft propulsion at the College of Aeronautics, Cranfield.

A. J. Peters (1934) visited the School recently. He is now an educational officer with the Colonial Service, and has just completed a spell of duty in the Seychelles.

P. H. Doughty (1938) was last year awarded first prize in the final examination of the Timber Development Association Ltd., in Timber Technology. Over two hundred candidates entered from various parts of the country.

T. B. Walker has been awarded the M.B.E. for his work while in charge of the explosives site at the R.A.F. base at Seletar, Malaya.

We have heard news of F. R. Hodson (1949) who is now serving with the Photographic Section, Joint Intelligence Bureau. Since December last he has been stationed at G.H.Q., Melf, Fayed, in the Canal Zone of Egypt.

Those who remember J. D. Evans (1943) will be interested to hear of his recent achievements at Cambridge. He obtained a starred first in Part II of the Archaeology Tripos last year, and was awarded a College Foundation Scholarship and Research Studentship. At the same time he was elected to the Anthony Wilkin Studentship for Archaeology and Ethnology. This is a University Studentship. He is at present engaged on research into the archaeology of Spain, particularly the Bronze Age.

P. Jacob (1948) did not go to Singapore, to his great sorrow. He is now out of the Forces and looking forward to going to Selwyn next October. B. Davis (1948) has also recently been demobbed; for part of his eighteen months he was stationed at Hong Kong.

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N. J. PAGE

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## EDITORIAL.

Nowadays pride in a great tradition is frequently regarded as one of the deadly sins, while respect for certain well-established conventions is associated with effete-ness and stagnation. Loyalty to accepted practice is something to be ashamed of; courtesy betokens a lack of virility and disinterestedness is an unsound proposition. For some the colourful and often unsophisticated pageantry of a by-gone age is incompatible with scientific progress; others confuse the outward and visible manifestations of esteem with the devices employed by vested interests for the sustainment of ancient privilege.

We at School are deeply concerned with tradition. Often a record of past endeavour and achievement has helped to determine our choice of education; sometimes we have the opportunity of becoming members of a school which has no history behind it. Our aim, then, must be either to carry on and extend an established tradition, or to create one which will inspire and stimulate our successors. If we are to succeed, all individual effort and behaviour must be related to the high endeavour of the whole School—an endeavour which is reflected in its tone and recognised by its badge, uniform and motto.

Tradition, in short, is something organic—something which must grow, or die; its survival value lies in our hands. We are not entitled to live as parasites upon the work of others. Mr. T. S. Eliot's words should be remembered:

"Tradition cannot be inherited, and if you want it, you must obtain it by great labour."

## SCHOLARSHIPS.

We congratulate the following on winning scholarships to Oxford University:

- G. B. Morris, an Open Scholarship in Classics at Lincoln College.
- G. L. Roberts, an Open Scholarship in Classics at Jesus College.
- J. R. Case, an Open Scholarship in Natural Sciences at New College.
- R. F. Graham, an Open Scholarship in Modern Languages at The Queen's College.
- J. A. Wilson has been offered a Commonership at Brasenose College.

## CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR.

We congratulate Mr. Reece on his appointment as Vice-Principal of the School, and to Mr. F. Brierley, M.A., of Brasenose College, Oxford, who has taken his place as Senior Mathematical Master, we offer a warm welcome.

Mr. Stell, we regret to say, left us at Christmas. He came to the School in 1915, and has been our Physical Training Instructor for thirty-five years. In the Olympic Games of 1908 he was a member of Great Britain's Physical Training Team, and at the last Olympic Games, in 1948, he acted as scorer. In 1930 he represented Great Britain at the Centenary of Algiers, and in 1932 was Judge at the Tailteann Games in Ireland. Mr.

Stell's record has been long and distinguished, and we wish him well in his retirement.

We welcome to the School Dr. K. L. Hess of Vienna. Dr. Hess, who holds the degree of Ph.D., is a graduate of Vienna University. He has joined the German staff and will be teaching in the School for twelve months. We hope that his stay will be a pleasant one.

Reluctantly we said good-bye to Mr. Lewin of Cheltenham and Oxford. He took a keen interest in our activities and established himself as a loyal colleague. He has our best wishes for success in the future.

On June 4th, 5th and 6th (a period not covered by the last Magazine) members of the School attended a World Citizenship Meeting at Sefton Park Training College.

During the same month a group of Spanish boys, led by their Headmaster, Señor Don Angel López Ruiz, visited Liverpool and stayed with members of the School. This visit, and the visit of our boys to Spain which followed, has been dealt with elsewhere in the Magazine.

On June 19th the School Choir, conducted by Mr. Morgan, sang selections from Haydn's Oratorio, "The Creation". Both choir and soloists acquitted themselves well.

Towards the end of the Summer term, the Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Hillman and D. F. Ellis, gave a most enjoyable recital in the Hall.

During the Autumn term a concert was given in the Hall by a section of the Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Louis Cohen. The Lower School and guests from several girls' schools attended.

We congratulate M. H. Lader, 6BSc, on winning a handsome prize for an essay on the film, "Jour de Fête".

During the last football game between the Masters and the School, the Masters at half time were leading the School by three goals to one. Only *anno domini* saved the School, we are afraid!

We regret the serious accident in the Lower Playground suffered by C. J. Hopkins of 3D, and extend to him and his parents our deepest sympathy.

On December 13th the Sixth Forms and Removes attended in Hall a lecture illustrated with slides given by Mr. E. Prins on the "Development of European Painting from Giotto to the Renaissance."

The following day, December 14th, the Sixth Forms were again granted a respite from their end-of-term labours, when they were present at a Film Appreciation Lecture in the Philharmonic Hall.

### SPEECH DAY.

Speech Day was held on Friday, December 15th, 1950, in the Philharmonic Hall, when the prizes were distributed by the Rt. Rev. H. Gresford Jones, formerly Bishop of Warrington.

After the customary address of welcome, delivered in Latin by R. B. Morris, the Head Boy of the School, the Headmaster arose to make his annual report.

The Headmaster recognised the benefits that had accrued from the Education Act of 1944, but expressed his disapproval of the clause whereby no boy was eligible to sit for any part of the General Certificate of Education until he had reached the age of sixteen. This restriction presented difficulties in the framing of the curriculum and penalised boys in the Sixth forms, who were compelled to study certain subjects at the Ordinary level while they were preparing for the Advanced subjects of their own choice. The Headmaster had no quarrel with boys' clubs, which were doing very useful work, but he complained that, as far as the School was concerned, they precluded full participation in extraneous activities and were often responsible for the neglecting of homework. He referred with regret to the

retirement of two senior members of his Staff, the Vice-Principal, Mr. W. H. Doughty, who had served the School devotedly for forty-two years, and Mr. H. Stell, who had been Physical Training Instructor for thirty-five years, and who held the unique record of having taught every boy in the School during that time. There was some compensation for these losses in the appointment as Vice-Principal of Mr. F. W. Reece, a colleague in whom he placed full confidence.

The Chairman, Mr. Lawrence Holt, said that there was need for courage in a world where science was outstripping wisdom. If we desired to maintain the British way of life, we must foster learning, self-respect, character and the spirit of service. Of these the most important was service in the general good.

After the rendering of "King Neptune" from "Merrie England," and "The Soldiers' Chorus" from Gounod's "Faust" by the School, the prizes were distributed by Bishop Gresford Jones. In his address, the Bishop stressed three necessities for achievement—a goal, a smile and a prayer. We should give of our best for city, country and church; we should endeavour to lead and control our fellow men, not by force, but through persuasion, and we should never underestimate the value of prayer.

The Vote of Thanks was proposed by Mr. Brian Heathcote, who referred to the occasion as a memorable Speech Day. He paid tribute to the work and character of Bishop Gresford Jones, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday. Mr. Heathcote also paid tribute to the devoted service of the Chairman and to Dr. J. E. Wallace for the excellence of the musical programme.

Mr. H. H. Magnay, in seconding the Vote of Thanks, drew attention to the Golden Wedding Anniversary of Bishop Gresford Jones and congratulated the Senior Choir on its inaugural appearance.

The Junior Choir gave a charming rendering of "Evening Prayer" from "Hansel and Gretel," "Past Three o'Clock" and the folk song, "Sleep, Baby, Sleep." A very impressive occasion ended with the singing of the School's own hymn, "Lo! the Sound of Youthful Voices," to the tune of "Cwm Rhonda."

### HOUSE NOTES.

#### TATE.

Since the last issue of the School Magazine appeared, Tate House has enjoyed only one success—a victory in the Junior Cricket Competition for the Whitehouse Cup. We gained second place in the Junior Section of the Swimming Sports and, with more support, might have won the Championship.

The House has the right to expect greater co-operation on the part of the Seniors. Their team was eliminated in the first round of the Senior Cricket Competition; there were few entries for the Senior events in the Swimming Gala, and poor support was given to the School Athletic Sports.

Prospects for the future, however, appear to be brighter; we have reached the final round in the Chess Tournament and expect to do well in the Fives Competitions.

Active participation in the Hobby Show will help to restore the credit of the House.

R.B.M.

#### DANSON.

Danson is relatively a small House, but last term we showed our quality by winning the Hockey Competition with a team below strength. The efforts of the football, gym., athletics and chess teams were also creditable, but the House as a whole might have given greater support to these activities.

Diffidence may have been responsible for the disappointing number of entries for the Swimming Sports, but we shall have ample opportunity to make up for this deficiency when the Hobby Show is held this term. If every member of the House submits at least one entry, we have a reasonable chance of attaining first place.

B.W.McG.

**OWEN.**

Recently the House has met with considerable success. In the summer term the Seniors easily won the Whitehouse Cup, and the Juniors headed their section of the Sports. This session we have won the Swimming Sports, while the Chess team has reached the final of the Paul Limerick Trophy by virtue of victories over Hughes and Danson.

It is evident from the ready support given to various events in the past that a strong House spirit exists—a spirit which will ensure the maintenance of our creditable record. N.J.P.

**HUGHES.**

The House distinguished itself by winning the School Sports. Chief credit for this victory must go to W. J. Fraser, the "Victor Ludorum" and to P. L. Pearson, a runner up.

Both the Senior and Junior Soccer teams reached the final of the Whitehouse Cup, only to be beaten by Owen and Tate respectively. Nevertheless, this was a very creditable performance.

We were not very successful in the Swimming Sports or in the Chess Competition, but we hope to make amends in Fives, in the Cross-Country Run and in the Hobby Show. Our best thanks are due to Mr. Bowker for his unflinching help in the supervision of House activities. K.G.W.

**PHILIP HOLT.**

The hope that the House would remedy some of its shortcomings has proved to be unfounded. If anything the position has deteriorated since last term and there is cause for anxiety.

The House is entitled to the enthusiastic support of both Seniors and Juniors, an immediate opportunity of demonstrating whose loyalty will be available next term. Two years ago, among other successes, we won the House Play Competition with a magnificent production of "The Thread of Scarlet." Can we repeat this achievement in 1951? E.D.

**ALFRED HOLT.**

Credit is due to those members of the House who participated in the Swimming Sports and to the few who supported this competition. Although the team was considerably weakened by the absence of Paulucci, who was competing in London, we were able to gain second place.

Paulucci is to be congratulated on his success at the Inter-School Swimming Sports, in which he scored 10 out of the 10½ points recorded by the School.

The House was unable to raise a Chess team, but we hope to hold our own in Fives, and to improve upon our creditable performance in Hockey of last year. The full co-operation of both Seniors and Juniors will ensure success in the forthcoming Hobby Show.

We wish to thank Mr. Willan for his interest and encouragement in all our activities. G.C.F.

**ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.**

Last year's venture in playing six School teams has remained a success, and many more younger boys have had a chance of representing the School.

The performances of the First XI to date have been disappointing; this can be partly attributed to the lack of experienced first-team players. The defence, which has become more solid of late, has been unable to establish

an understanding with the less balanced forward line. Numerous experiments have been tried with varying success in an attempt to establish a regular team.

The Second XI has continued its run of fine performances from the end of last season. An excellent team spirit is evident, despite frequent calls upon it from the First XI. The side is developing into a forceful combination, so there is good reason to anticipate a bright season.

There has been difficulty in obtaining fixtures for the Third XI, but it has won all three matches to date. The keen competition for places in the team has justified its existence, and it is hoped to obtain more regular fixtures in the near future.

The Under 15 XI has made a very successful start to the season. The advantage of being able to keep a regular side has resulted in a high standard of play, with a natural feeling of confidence in all sections of the team.

The Under 14 XI has also made a promising start. There is a natural ability which combines with the keen spirit to form the basis of a strong team.

The Under 13 XI is playing with its usual enthusiasm, and its lack of inches is offset by the players' determination and ability. Like the Under 14 XI, the team has not yet suffered defeat.

Our sincerest thanks are due to the members of the staff for the work done in organising the teams. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Bowker have remained with the First XI and Second XI respectively, and have been assisted by Mr. Booth, while Mr. Edge, Mr. Cain and Mr. Rowell have supervised the other teams.

Thanks are also due to N. Pine for his tireless work as Secretary

The following boys have played regularly for the First XI:—R. Leeming, C. Hedges, P. Turner, N. Pine, A. B. Goodall, V. Lane, B. Graham, J. Bozman, G. Hamilton, T. W. Shaw, E. G. Jones and J. Harrison.

Team results up to and including 4th November, 1950:

|                   | P. | W. | D. | L. |
|-------------------|----|----|----|----|
| First XI .....    | 6  | 0  | 2  | 4  |
| Second XI .....   | 6  | 4  | 0  | 2  |
| Third XI .....    | 3  | 3  | 0  | 0  |
| Under 15 XI ..... | 6  | 5  | 0  | 1  |
| Under 14 XI ..... | 4  | 4  | 0  | 0  |
| Under 13 XI ..... | 5  | 5  | 0  | 0  |

A. B. GOODALL.

**HOCKEY.**

The beginning of the season found the First XI with much the same team as had played last year, and we are again looking forward to a successful season, under the captaincy of G. C. Finch.

Many promising young players have attended the practices this term, and it is to them that we look to maintain the high standard of Hockey which has been set by teams of the past few seasons.

Finally I should like to thank Messrs. Parker, Rogers and Willott for their help with the School teams.

The team this season has usually been:—F. T. Swallow, E. Davies, K. G. Warbrick, B. Evans, G. C. Finch, G. R. Bailey, D. F. Osbourn, K. R. Jones, J. C. Mitchell, G. F. Craine and R. G. Leadbeater. Also played: Richards.

**RESULTS**

(up to 4th November, 1950).

|                | P. | W. | L. |
|----------------|----|----|----|
| First XI ..... | 4  | 3  | 1  |

Goals for 21—against 11

K. G. WARBRICK, Hon. Sec.

## FIVES NOTES.

At the beginning of the term it seemed impossible to produce a Fives team worthy of succeeding the teams of recent years, the lack of suitable players being only too apparent. The situation was desperate, but the Seniors responded nobly, displaying an enthusiasm and a determination hitherto unknown.

A test of ability and an outlet for this new-found zeal can be found in the Senior House Competition. This will be followed by the Junior Competition. Suggestions for two further competitions have also been made: a Singles competition on a handicap basis, and a Doubles competition. There is no reason why they should not take place, provided that adequate support is forthcoming.

E. DAVIES.

## BOXING CLUB.

The boxing season has started and the School team is now in the middle of its training programme. Before the end of term we hope to have a number of engagements with other schools, to which all the boys of the School and their parents are invited.

Training now takes place on Thursdays at 4 p.m. instead of Wednesdays, so newcomers to the Club, who are always welcome, should make a careful note of the revised dates. Mr. Schofield and Sgt. Highton are still in charge of the management and training of the Club, and under their capable hands the once raw beginners now look much more proficient.

New members can rest assured that in joining the Club there is no risk of hurting themselves, as they are coached carefully until ready to enter the ring.

Club membership is steadily increasing, for there are now about thirty-five enthusiasts turning up each week. A large number of these, we are very pleased to note, are Third and Fourth formers, which bodes well for the future of the Club.

All signs point to a successful season and we hope to emulate last year's exceptionally good performance in losing only one of our engagements.

P. L. PEARSON, Captain.

## SWIMMING NOTES.

This year the School Swimming Sports were held at Picton Road Baths on October 12th. There was a larger number of entries from the Seniors this year than previously, although once again the Juniors provided the bulk of the entrants.

Owen House won the House Championship, with Alfred Holt House a close second. J. J. Easton set up a new record for the Senior 100 yards Free style of 71 seconds, and won the Individual Championship.

The Final House positions were:—

SENIOR: 1st, Alfred Holt; 2nd, Owen; 3rd, Philip Holt.

JUNIOR: 1st, Owen; 2nd, Tate; 3rd, Danson.

Form 3E won the Cochrane Championship.

In the Inter-School Swimming Sports, also held at Picton Road, the School was placed fifth, and congratulations must go to J. W. Paulucci for his magnificent performance. He won the Junior 50 yards Back stroke, and came second in both the 50 yards Breast stroke and the 50 yards Free style.

Towards the end of the Summer term, we had two Swimming matches, one with Calday Grange Grammar School and the other with Wallasey Grammar School. We were defeated at Calday, but won our match with Wallasey.

In conclusion, I should like to thank members of the staff, especially Mr. Forbes, for the hard work they have put in to make our Gala a success.

B. GILLBANKS.

## CHESS CLUB.

Both Senior and Junior sections of the Club have met regularly on Tuesdays and Fridays respectively. The attendances at meetings have been good, but we should welcome any newcomers, whether they can already play or would like to learn. Recently we have been fortunate enough to acquire several new Chess sets.

Thanks are due to Mr. Willott for his supervision of the Third and Fourth Forms, and to Mr. Booth for helping the Senior boys and the School team.

The School team has lost three of last year's members, but has started the season well by winning its first two matches, and drawing the third. We are hoping to regain the Wright Challenge Shield, after having been placed third for the last three seasons.

The House Knock-out Competition for the Silver Knight is being played this term, and some interesting games are expected.

The following boys have represented the School in Shield matches:—  
C. K. Mackinnon, W. M. Norrie, Barnes, Wolfson, Jones (R.), Morley and Curran.  
C. K. MACKINNON.

## LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Members of long standing shook their heads sorrowfully at the beginning of the term, for there seemed to be even fewer experienced debaters than is usual at the beginning of a new season. However, the debates held so far have been successful.

On September the 19th the motion was that:—

"Modern methods of advertising are to be deplored."

Pro.: R. W. Rochester. Con.: G. F. Bilson.

This meeting was fairly light-hearted in tone. This may have been due to the nature of the motion: on the other hand it may have been due to the presence of the usual large contingent of old boys. No doubt they wished to have their last fling before settling down to the more serious matters of National Service or the beginning of the University term. Mr. Wormald had availed himself of his right to use our traditional meeting place, the Board Room, and we had to meet in the Music Room. We offer our thanks to Mr. Wormald for tolerating so nobly the inconvenience to which we put him on Tuesday evenings. The debate was enjoyed by all, including the Proposers who lost their case by 19 votes to 17: there were 6 abstentions.

The second meeting, on October 3rd, saw a rather alarming decline in attendance, but those present were treated to some lively debating, in which speakers drew extensively upon their imaginations. The motion was that "This House advocates a return to a prehistoric mode of life." Pro.: N. Peterson. Con.: M. V. Kennedy.

The deciding factor in the debate was a clarion call from various speakers not to be escapists but to face the future, no matter how grim it seemed. The motion was lost by 4 votes to 19. There were 5 abstentions.

At the third meeting, on October 17th, the motion was that "The end justified the means." Pro.: G. H. Jones. Con.: E. R. Oxburgh.

Although the apparent difficulty of the subject seemed to frighten members away, the attendance at this meeting was somewhat larger than that at the previous one. In spite of some awkward pauses in which there were no speakers (an unusual occurrence this) the general level of the debate was satisfactory. The voting was 9 for the motion, 21 against, and 5 abstentions.

As far as any conclusion can be drawn from only three meetings, the standard of debating is improving gradually. Criticism of the minutes has decreased noticeably—the modesty of the secretaries forbids further comment. The Society owes a debt of gratitude to its Vice-President, Mr. Bentliff, and its Chairman, Mr. Moore. Mr. W. H. Doughty is still a Vice-President and we hope that he will visit us this season. The Lord-High-Poker-in-Chief is N. Peterson; R. W. Rochester has deputised for him on one occasion.

G. H. JONES, G. L. ROBERTS.

**MACALISTER SOCIETY.**

At a business meeting at the end of the Summer term the following officers were elected:—President, The Headmaster; Chairmen, Mr. D. G. Bentliff and Mr. R. T. Jones; Secretary, G. L. Roberts; Assistant Secretary, R. L. Delacruz.

So far this term, two papers have been read—"The Film as an Art Form," by G. H. Jones, and "The Ballet," by G. B. Morris. Both these papers produced spirited discussions.

The success of these meetings, the first in our second post-war season, has been encouraging.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Bentliff and Mr. Jones for their able chairmanship, and to Mr. McDonald for his unfailing interest.

G. L. ROBERTS.

**MUSIC CLUB.**

Last term the fortnightly gramophone recitals have consisted of recordings of various concertos by Rachmaninoff, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schumann, whilst, on the 14th of November, P. L. Pearson presented records of a lighter nature.

The Music Club library is open every Friday from 12.45 p.m. to 1.5 p.m. It is hoped that more members will avail themselves of the opportunity to borrow the many scores, books and musical pieces which it contains.

More support is needed for "live" recitals. Surely there are, in the society, many members capable of performing one or two elementary pieces; these need not involve technical difficulty and the Club would appreciate the effort put into the performance.

I should add, that a school society lives by the support which it receives and it is hoped that more boys will make use of the facilities offered by the Club.

W. J. SUTHERLAND.

**THE ORCHESTRA.**

Last term was very successful. Our membership increased to twenty-four and, after much hard practice, the term ended with a concert of fifteen items. We say goodbye to David Ellis, our very able conductor, but welcome two members of the staff. Every term the orchestra undertakes the study of an advanced work. We have studied Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony and performed the "Andante" and "Minuet and Trio." At present we are working on Beethoven's "Prometheus" Overture, and two pieces from Schubert's "Rosamunde."

The string classes, held throughout the term, have now become a regular feature of School life; practising music is far more enjoyable and beneficial than merely listening and the future efficiency of the orchestra will be impaired unless these classes are fully supported. Anyone interested in either the orchestra or these classes should contact Mr. Hillman.

The committee would like to thank Mr. Hillman for his excellent leadership and also the members themselves for their enthusiasm, hard practice and co-operation.

D.A.V.D., J.R.P.

**STUDENT CHRISTIAN GROUP.**

As we felt that our programme last year pursued no logical plan, it was decided this year to devote our meetings to a specific subject. Accordingly, members from Blackburne House and from this School have read short papers on certain parables. Each paper is followed by a period

of discussion. These meetings, while being very instructive in themselves, have also encouraged what is far more important, deeper thought.

We must thank Mr. Watson, our Chairman, for his valuable help and guidance.

W. G. JONES, G. L. ROBERTS, T. W. SHAW.

**PHILATELIC SOCIETY.**

So far this term only three meetings have been held, at the last of which a talk on "Forgeries in Postage Stamps," was given by Mr. J. W. McDonald to a gratifyingly large audience. It was extremely pleasing to see so many newcomers, including some seniors, at this meeting.

The programme for the next half of the term will include a debate on "Colonial v. Foreign Stamps," a talk on "Stamp Colours," and a Film Show on "Foreign Stamps." There will also be the usual competitions with stamp prizes for the winners. It is to be hoped that the large attendance at the last meeting will continue at those in the future.

Finally, the Executive must thank Mr. R. T. Jones, the Chairman, for his invaluable suggestions, which, together with his help and guidance, undoubtedly keep the Society in existence.

G. E. SILVERMAN.

**SIXTH FORM SCIENCE SOCIETY.**

Mr. Doughty, who has been chairman of the Society for many years, left us at the end of the Summer term. The Society owes much to him, for it is with his help and encouragement that it has progressed. At the Annual General Meeting the retiring Secretary, R. Porter, presented Mr. Doughty with a table lamp as a memento of his connections with the Society. We wish both Mr. and Mrs. Doughty all happiness in the years to come.

Owing mainly to the Higher School Certificate Examination, the activities of the Society were very restricted last term. There was one visit to the British Enka Factory at Aintree, where members saw the many interesting processes connected with the manufacture of artificial silk.

At the Annual General Meeting, which took place on the last day of the Summer term, the Headmaster was re-elected as President. The other officers were elected as follows: Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Naylor and Day; Chairman, Mr. W. H. Jones; Secretary, K. J. Warbrick; Treasurer, B. W. McGuinness; Committee members, J. D. Wray, G. A. O. Davies, K. D. Pattinson and J. Jeffery.

This term lectures have been given by J. D. Wray on "Butterflies and Moths," Mr. Cain on "Some Plant products of Medicinal Importance," K. J. Warbrick on "Sugar," B. W. McGuinness on "Carbonisation of Coal," and Mr. Pickering, B.Sc., from Chance Laboratories, on "Production of Optical Glass."

A comprehensive programme has been arranged for this year, including visits to Messrs. Tate and Lyle Ltd.; Garston Gas Works and Beck Koller Ltd.

All members will have the opportunity of attending at least one visit, but preference will be given to those boys who have attended the lectures.

Membership of the Society is open to all boys in the Sixth Form, but we should particularly welcome the non-science Sixth, for in the modern world, relying as it does on science for its existence, even an elementary understanding of scientific methods is essential for a well-balanced outlook on Society.

K. J. WARBRICK, Hon. Sec.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.**

The Society began the new session with the Annual General Meeting. Mr. R. G. Walker was elected Chairman; G. A. O. Davies (M6), became the new Secretary; while G. C. Finch (6aSc.), was chosen as Assistant Secretary.

On July 21st, when the annual excursion took place, the sun really shone. During the trip by motor-coach via Bala, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Harlech, and Festiniog, the party of thirty-five was in excellent spirits and a considerable amount of film was exposed. Everyone agreed that the outing was most successful as a social event but, if one is to judge its success as a photographic occasion by the number of entries submitted for the print competition, then, photographically, it was a dismal failure.

The aims of the Society are to make its members appreciate good Art and first-rate technical ability; to help them to produce pictures of artistic merit. There is no easy route to success and much thought and time must be given to the production of an exhibition print.

Classes for beginners are a special feature of this year's programme. The more experienced workers are given instruction in enlarging, print finishing, retouching, mounting, and the presentation of the print. Both sections combine for lectures and demonstrations given by outside lecturers.

Our Vice-President, Mr. S. Reed, gave us a most interesting talk on "Composition." The main points referred to in the talk were illustrated by excellent charcoal sketches made specially for the occasion.

On November 10th the Society was visited by Mr. G. H. Hesketh, A.R.P.S., who, after a brief talk on "Amateur Film Producing," showed a series of 8 mm. films, in monochrome and in colour, which were his own production.

Many members left School in July and the number of members who have fully paid their subscriptions has fallen slightly below the average for the past two years. There are a few vacancies and new members would be welcomed.

In conclusion let me remind members that the Hobby Show will soon be here, and that the Society is expected to stage an exhibition of some hundred prints on this occasion. Do not delay; start the preparation of your exhibits at once

G. A. O. DAVIES.

### MODEL SOCIETY.

The Society, started in September, 1950, has grown in membership with each successive meeting. The main aim of the Society is to improve, generally, the Model Makers' knowledge in the art; to advise and to help them with their Hobby Show entries.

The term's series of lectures was opened by Mr. Thorpe, who spoke on "Tools in Model Making."

Meetings which are held on alternate Fridays, have been, on the whole, of very high standard; special mention must be made of a lecture by one of the Society's youngest members.

Mr. Folland gave an extremely interesting lecture on "Model Railway Points," accompanying his suggestions with a practical demonstration of the more complicated points.

On October 13th, two films were presented by Mr. Hughes. The first, "General Repair," showed a locomotive in the various stages of its repair at Crewe Works; the other, "Scientific Research," took the members on a tour of the Derby Laboratories. On October 18th, a fascinating exhibition of a Hornby H.R.C. Model Railway was given by a member of the Society.

This half-term several meetings have been arranged, including demonstrations of model aircraft and other interesting subjects.

A subscription of one shilling per term entitles members to borrow from the library—open Monday and Thursday—which contains a general selection of books and tools.

Two visits have been arranged—one this term, to the Meccano Factory and a visit, with the E.T.S., to Edge Lane Transport Works, is planned early next term.

We should like to express our thanks to Mr. Thorpe, the Vice-President, and Mr. Hughes who have given so much of their time to the Society.

C. K. LABELLE, H. W. MOORE, Hon. Secs.

### ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORT SOCIETY.

Meetings have been held regularly after School on Mondays throughout the year, and the enthusiasm of the members can be judged by the fact that attendances dropped only slightly during summer months. All the talks are given by members and the standard has been high, those given by J. B. Taylor on "Famous British Railway Bridges" and P. Smith on "The Liverpool and Manchester Railway," being quite exceptional.

Outdoor excursions of varying magnitude were organised during the summer and were, without exception, extremely successful. All trips attempt to combine visits to places of engineering or transport interest with walks through the more pleasant parts of the local countryside. Undoubtedly the most picturesque excursion was that to Llangollen and the Horseshoe Pass, the most ambitious of the summer rambles.

The Library continues to expand and has been an undoubted success among the younger members of the Society. A subscription of sixpence a term, to be paid by all members who use the Library regularly, buys the more expensive transport publications as well as the cheaper, popular weekly or monthly magazines. The post of Librarian, left vacant when A. S. McIndoe succeeded P. M. Howlett as Joint Secretary in October, has now been filled by P. Ritchie.

In conclusion, we should like to thank the Vice-Presidents, Mr. Forbes and Mr. Hosker, for the great interest they have always shown in the activities of the Society.

G. H. JONES, A. S. McINDOE, Secretaries.

### HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The inaugural meeting of the Society was held on September 14th, when officers and committee were elected for the coming year. The Society aims to explore the by-ways of History in an interesting and pleasurable manner.

To date, three meetings have been held. The first took the form of a debate on the motion, "This House agrees with Mr. Ford that History is bunk." The second was an extremely interesting talk, given by Mr. Rogers, on "Henry Addington," and the third consisted of two films entitled, "The Mediaeval Village," and "The Social Background of the 18th Century." Many more meetings are planned, including visits by prominent outside speakers.

All members of the Sixths, Removes and Upper Five A, B, and Sc. are invited to join the Society, which meets fortnightly, after school on Thursdays.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Peters, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Edge for their unfailing interest and assistance in making this new society a success.

N. J. PAGE.

### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Meetings this term have been held regularly on Tuesdays and, as usual, have taken the form of either talks or film shows. The latter have been particularly well attended, partly owing to their box-office-like attraction and partly owing to the fact that the Lower School are invited to attend these meetings. This large influx from the Third and Fourth forms well illustrates their keenness and bodes well for the Society in future years.

There have been two talks this term; one by H. H. Magnay on the recent English schools' visit to South Africa, and the other by T. L. Taylor on the

geology of the British Isles. This talk was particularly designed for the Sixth form members and it was disappointing to see so few present. These talks were most interesting and entertaining, though each in a different manner.

In the summer term, despite an elaborate programme, the pull of outdoor activities cut down the number of meetings to one. The senior members had the opportunity to visit Lake Vyrnwy by coach to see Liverpool Corporation waterworks in action. The excursion also included a tour of the filter-beds at Oswestry, and of the straining-tower, complete with ghostly bell and creaking chains, at the lake.

The well-stocked Geographical Library is open on Tuesdays and Fridays this term. All members are invited to enter and peruse the many magazines, Y.H. publications, maps and pamphlets on view in Room 37.

In conclusion the thanks of the Society are due to our Chairman-cum-film-projectionist, Mr. Willan, who, with infectious good humour and zest, presides over all the Society's activities. G. H. JONES, A. HEYKS, Secretaries.

### C.C.F.—ARMY AND BASIC SECTIONS.

This school year is of especial interest to members of the Corps, for April, 1951, marks the Golden Jubilee of the contingent. The Corps was established as a Cadet Force in April, 1901, under the command of Captain Parkes.

Since that date it has undergone a number of changes in title. In 1910 it was changed to Officers' Training Corps. It retained this title until 1939, when it became the Junior Training Corps. In 1948 the title was again changed, this time to Combined Cadet Force, and took under its wing the Air Training Corps, which had been functioning very efficiently since 1941. It is hoped to arrange the Annual Inspection on the anniversary of the foundation and to include in it other functions, which will celebrate this important event.

This year, the numbers in the Army and Basic Sections have increased to a strength of over 200, with the result that they are now divided into two companies. "A" Company, under Captain J. W. MacDonald (R.A.) and C.S.M. Swallow, consists of cadets who are training for Certificate "A", Parts I and II, and will take these examinations in the immediate future. "B" Company, under Lt. M. Schofield and C.S.M. Warbrick, contains this year's recruits.

A Corps 200 strong from an available 600 boys is still far from satisfactory and the O.C., Major J. H. J. Bowen, would welcome further recruits, particularly from the Sixth Forms and Removes, as these will gain the greatest immediate advantages when they are called upon to do their National Service. It is hoped that the increased interest in the Corps will be maintained. Every effort is being made by the O.C. to fit out all cadets as soon as possible with complete equipment and this will be distributed on every Wednesday at 1600 hours in the new Headquarters.

The contingent is now in possession of its own Headquarters which has been erected in the Lower Yard. It consists of two offices, armoury, stores, and a lecture-room. This should add to the efficiency of the Corps.

It is hoped that, in the near future, the Corps will be fitted out with new Blue Berets which are now worn by all army personnel.

It should be noted that cadets in possession of a uniform must wear it on all parades, and that web equipment must be cleaned with the correct shade of blanco, which can be obtained from the Q.M. stores.

All N.C.O.'s and cadets should study the Contingent Notice Board, as important notices and instructions are posted there regularly.

Last summer two camps were held, one in Germany and the other at Oswestry. An account of the Germany camp is given in full elsewhere in this magazine. At Oswestry, a party, under the command of Captain J. W.

MacDonald (R.A.), had a very successful nine day's camp. It is hoped that the annual camp next year, which will again be at Oswestry, will be better attended.

In conclusion, we extend our best wishes to all cadets who left School last term, especially to those who are now doing their National Service. In addition, the present members are reminded that the Corps exists for their benefit and is worthy of their whole support.  
R.S.M.

### C.C.F. IN GERMANY.

An interesting and exciting departure from the usual round of C.C.F. Camps was made in July and August last year, when a party of 24 Cadets under the command of Major Bowen and Lt. Schofield made a 20-day trip to Germany, where we were the guests of the 1st Battalion King's Regiment at Iserlohn in Sauerland and at the Sennelager Training Area.

The journey which involved 30 hours travelling each way, was made via Harwich, the Hook of Holland, Utrecht, Arnhem, Wesel, Essen and Dortmund, and was most enjoyable.

On our first day, a Sunday, we attended the Garrison Church in the morning, and in the afternoon visited the famous Möhne See. The lake is in beautiful surroundings and the trip out and back made a wonderful start to our holiday.

On the Monday we were officially welcomed by Major Hannaford, the Second-in-Command of the Battalion and then our work began. A comprehensive programme designed to show us Germany as well as to instruct, had been arranged. In addition to lectures on platoon weapons, mines, booby traps, etc., visits were made to R.A. and Anti-tank units. We were also visited by the Earl of Limerick and his staff.

After nine days at Iserlohn we moved to Sennelager, near Paderborn. Here our training was of a lighter nature and consisted of visits to the War Dogs' School, the A.F.V. Museum and to Platoon and Section Posts where the Regular Army were on manoeuvres. We also had instruction in camouflage, individual movement and entrenching.

On the recreational side we had three other excellent trips; on our second Sunday we went by bus to Dortmund, then by train to Cologne where we visited the Cathedral. After dinner at the Toc H we went by Rhine steamer to Bonn, returning to Cologne and Dortmund by train.

From Sennelager we had two trips, the first to Detmold, a pleasant, clean little town, famous for a German victory over the Romans in the first century. It was here we heard the Glockenspiel at the Town Hall. The other trip was to Hamelin of Pied Piper fame. Unfortunately we arrived too late to witness the Pied Piper commemoration ceremony, but enjoyed the beauty of the old buildings and the journey through the lovely country on a gloriously hot day.

Our last day was spent on the range which consisted of an ingenious system of dummy figures on rails and wires which carry out the movements of a platoon in the attack and collapse and stay down on being hit. Unfortunately we could not fire live ammunition, as an exercise was in progress just behind the range. We were somewhat compensated for this by a surprise visit of a Pakistan General who expressed his admiration of the way Sgt. Nickson gave his fire orders.

For a fortnight we were trailed by an Army Publicity Officer and his assistants who took photographs of us in all possible places and positions; in addition he devoted three periods of a quarter hour each on the B.F.N. network to our "Confessions and Impressions." His photographs gave an accurate picture of our pleasures.

The tour was an unqualified success and the only blemishes were a case of chicken pox and a bruised ankle.

Our sincerest thanks are offered to "The King's" for a most enjoyable holiday and we add, "May there be another next year!"

**C.C.F./R.A.F. SECTION.**

During the past few months, the squadron has continued to flourish, and at the Annual Inspection on July 14th received high commendation from the inspecting officers, Brigadier Goldie and W/Comdr. Haslett. Nevertheless, we should like to see a few more Basic Section recruits passing their Certificate "A", Part I, in order that they may enter into full membership of the R.A.F. section.

Seven more cadets recently passed the proficiency examination, L/Cdt. Riddoch obtaining a Pass with Credit. These cadets are now receiving advanced training in aircrew subjects.

A number of cadets attended gliding courses at R.A.F. Sealand and Woodvale, and we should like to congratulate Sgt. McGuinness and Cpls. Wray and Oxburgh on obtaining their "A" gliding licences.

Our losses in personnel this summer have included several cadets who have served the Squadron well, and we wish them every success in their future careers. Several of them are now in the R.A.F. undergoing National Service, while others have signed on for a number of years.

During the summer months, Sgt. Pallister visited the U.S.A. as the guest of the American Civil Air Patrol. He has since related his adventures to the Squadron, which was particularly interested in his many souvenirs, including a Ten Gallon hat presented to him by an American millionaire.

Field Day last term passed with characteristic smoothness. Cadets visited Hawarden, where they received instructional lectures, firing practice and flights in Ansons.

Summer Camp this year was held at R.A.F. Hullavington, Wilts., where an enjoyable week was spent by nearly forty cadets, despite the many specimens of insect life in the tents.

Later in August, some cadets took courses in P.T.I., General Service Training, Navigation and Airmanship at R.A.F. Halton, Bucks. The valuable training which is received on these courses cannot be overstressed, and their popularity is indicated by the fact that several of our cadets stayed for two or three weeks. There is also a two weeks' P.T.I. course open, which, when taken by Flt/Sgt. Peterson, included fencing and basketball instruction in the well-equipped gymnasium, as well as advanced theory. During the autumn half-term holiday, sixteen more cadets underwent training there and several gained R.A.F. Swimming Certificates.

Sgts. Harrison and McGuinness, and Cpl. Craine are to be congratulated on obtaining their R.A.F. "Marksman" badges.

We should like to thank our O.C., Flt/Lt. Watson and the other officers, who have put in such painstaking work, in and out of school, on our behalf.

N. PETERSON, Flt/Sgt.

**SUMMER CAMP, 1950.**

"Wakee, wakee!" Roused from their slumbers by this raucous cry, thirty-five cadets from the Liverpool Institute C.C.F. (Air Section), crept out of their beds and eventually left their tents to join several hundred fellow-sufferers in a short period of physical training. This was the customary start to each day's activities at the C.C.F. Summer Camp held this year at Hullavington R.A.F. Station, Wiltshire.

The Liverpool Institute contingent had arrived at about 4 p.m. on Wednesday, July 26th, after an uneventful, though rather warm journey. The cadets were allocated to five tents, outside which the School flag was proudly raised. The rest of that evening was spent in settling down in the new environment.

Every morning there was a parade and march-past by all the cadets, except on the Sunday when a Church parade was held. The service was conducted by Group Captain, the Rev. Trevor, whom several of the cadets

had met earlier in the year at Chivenor. The daily programme was varied and included special displays, films, lectures and shooting.

The displays were of the greatest interest. The first one was by Group Captain Donaldson, who followed his talk on high-speed flying with a hair-raising demonstration in a Spitfire. The next day there was a display by jet aircraft, as well as an exhibition by an Auster and a helicopter, and a demonstration of how to, and how not to handle an aircraft in flight. The biggest display of all however, was on Salisbury Plain, near Old Sarum, when units of the R.A.F., Fleet Air Arm, and U.S.A.F. gave demonstrations of both solo and formation flying, followed by bombing and rocket-firing attacks. Besides showing the destructive power of the missiles, the display was intended to demonstrate the technique of low-altitude attacks and the use of hills and trees for cover. This was quite an experience for most of the cadets, since few, if any of them, had actually seen bombing and rocket firing. The cadets were also interested in the aircraft, which included Meteors, Vampires, Mosquitoes, Thunderbolts, Shooting Stars and Sea Furies.

Whilst at camp, all the cadets were fortunate in having at least three flights and there was a welcome variety of aircraft, including Wellingtons, Oxfords and Tiger Moths, besides the traditional Ansons. It was noticed that after flights in Tiger Moths several cadets had strangely coloured faces, but they were able to boast that their flights had included flying upside down, looping and diving, stalling and spinning.

During their free time, which was mainly in the evenings and over the weekend, the cadets were able to relax in any way they liked. This varied from sunbathing or sleeping to eating and drinking in the N.A.A.F.I. while the more energetic cadets played cricket or soft-ball, a very fast but extremely popular game. Fun and games did not cease after "lights out" and nocturnal raids were not uncommon. One evening was devoted to a "camp-fire," when after a recital by Sgt. Seuckts (mouth organ) and Cpl. Bailey (piano) the cadets sang popular songs and were refreshed at the end with mugs of hot soup.

Most cadets visited the nearby town of Chippenham at some time or other during the week and several cadets made an interesting tour of the town of Bath and inspected the Abbey, the famous Pump-room and the Roman remains.

The Royal Air Force went to a great deal of trouble to ensure that the camp ran smoothly, but our thanks must go especially to our own officers, F/Lt. Watson and F/O. Willan, who accompanied us and took a great interest in our welfare.

After what seemed to be quite a short and yet very exciting week at camp, the Liverpool Institute contingent reluctantly packed its bags and departed as it had arrived, namely in R.A.F. trucks. However, it cheered itself on the way to the station with the School war cry and other untuneful songs.

C. C. HARRISON (Sgt.).

**SCOUT NOTES.**

During last Whitsun holiday, the four patrols which had not that term been to camp, passed a few nights at Tawd Vale. Mr. Haig was present, but only in an unofficial capacity, to advise the new Patrol Leaders.

On the recommencement of School, regular Saturday morning meetings were once more started, culminating in a large-scale inter-patrol competition towards the end of term. Each patrol stayed about twenty minutes at each of five points in Childwall Woods, moving in turn from point to point. At the different places, which were all about half-a-mile apart, the patrols were required to overcome different obstacles and deal with different situations.

The patrol scoring highest in this somewhat exhaustive inquiry into scout knowledge was the Swift patrol with eighty-six points out of a possible hundred.

One evening towards the end of term a night hike was held for the Senior Scouts. Meeting at 11 p.m. at the Pier Head, they crossed the river

and boarded the last bus to Bromborough Cross. Shotwick Castle was their objective. From Shotwick the party made its way home in ones and twos to stagger the invasion on the early morning transport; all, however, were safely back in Liverpool by 8 a.m.

During the summer holidays a camp was held at Llys-wen, Breconshire.

At the beginning of the Autumn term, a large number of recruits was received into the troop, with consequently a correspondingly large investiture held four weeks later. Another patrol, the Snipes, has had to be set up, under G. Hurst, to accommodate them. A Senior Scout troop has been recently started for boys over fifteen.

In the first weekend of the term a representative patrol successfully competed in the Behn Colours Camping Competition, open to both City and Fairfield Associations. This is the first time the troop has won this trophy since the war. The victory was especially gratifying, since there was the large margin of ten points over the troop's nearest rival. The patrol consisted of E. R. Oxburgh (P.L.), Gee (P.S.), Collier, Hurst, Morell and Hill.

Second Gee is to be congratulated on gaining the Scout Cord, and Patrol Leader Osbourn and Second Clarke on gaining their first-class badges.

The Patrol Leader of the Swifts, who has recently returned from an International Scouts Alpine Club climbing course in the Swiss Alps, was received by Sir Percy Everett at Hatfield Palace, London, on the 23rd of September for the presentation of his King's Scout Certificate, for which he has recently qualified.

We take this opportunity of thanking the School Chef, Mr. Smith, our Treasurer and our Scoutmaster, Mr. Haig, for their constant concern for our well-being; also F. J. Swallow, who has recently started a series of first-aid lectures to those working for the Ambulance badge.

E. R. OXBURGH.

### INSTITUTE BOYS IN SPAIN, 1950.

In July, seven Spanish boys from the "Instituto Fray Luis de León, Salamanca," accompanied by their Headmaster, Señor Don Angel López Ruiz, arrived in Liverpool to spend a month in the homes of seven Institute boys. The Spanish party took their leave on 4th August, being followed by their ex-hosts four days later.

The leader of the School party was Mr. C. H. Moore, and the boys included R. F. Graham, J. H. Ashby, E. Richards, J. N. Devlin, D. J. Rigg, A. R. Tunstall, and P. A. Rainford.

After a pleasant journey through France, the group arrived at Irún (the Franco-Spanish border town) on the 9th of August. Here, one of the party left to spend half of his holiday on the north coast near Santander. The rest made their way to Salamanca, where they were met by their Spanish friends, and masters of the Spanish school. They were soon taken on a short, but very interesting sight-seeing tour of the ancient city by their hosts, culminating in a reception at the school.

A few days after their arrival, the English boys dispersed to spend the greater part of their holiday at the summer resorts of their respective families.

Two weeks later the members of the party began to reunite in Salamanca, to prepare for their journey home, which was due to begin on September 3rd.

A farewell gathering was held on the Sunday afternoon at the Town Hall, where the English pupils met the Lord Mayor and several local officials, and enjoyed an informal meal. Some hours later, with mutual expressions of good will and promises to return, the English party took reluctant leave of their most hospitable friends.

The journey home was broken by a day spent in Paris, visiting the Arc de Triomphe, the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, and other notable sights of the great city.

The day before the School term began, the English "ambassadors" arrived home from their most enjoyable holiday, to be greeted by typical Liverpool weather—rain.  
E. RICHARDS, J. N. DEVLIN. AM2

### OUTWARD BOUND!

Nothing could be more to the taste of those readers who enjoy adventure, and are prepared to meet the challenges of Nature, both on land and sea, than a course at one of the Outward Bound schools at Aberdovey and Eskdale. In this short article, I shall be concerned almost entirely with a description of the Sea School, for I had the good fortune to attend a course there myself this summer and have seen it at work. The Mountaineering School in the Lake District founded earlier this year, however, has the same objects in its training, and they are most clearly expressed in the words of the Trust's memorandum—namely: "to provide boys with opportunities to test their capacity in character, physique, citizenship and determination, in new surroundings and in company with others of their own age, drawn from all occupations and classes of society," and "to give them a challenging outlet for their individual prowess, and a taste of adventure and enterprise, by bringing them into contact with searching occasions, demanding their maximum effort." These are truly admirable aims.

The Sea School was founded in October, 1941: situated about a mile outside Aberdovey, in Merioneth, on the road to Pennal, it overlooks the Dovey estuary. The school's purpose is both to prepare boys for a career at sea, and to train others, through the medium of disciplined adventure on land and sea, to find a true understanding of the qualities that go to make the "whole" man—physically, spiritually and mentally—in everyday life.

Each year there are eleven courses, each lasting twenty-six days, and up to one hundred and thirty boys can be accepted on a single course. Trainees live and work together in "watches" of twelve, each with an elected leader. A watch is purposely composed of a cross-section of the whole course, so that boys from school intermingle with prospective midshipmen and apprentices destined for a career at sea, and with others from office, farm and factory.

During a course at Aberdovey, one becomes acutely aware of how mixed and numerous are the elements of society, and how great is the importance in life of the community spirit and team work, both of which are so constantly emphasised at Outward Bound.

The actual training given is varied and interesting. On the land side, athletics (including running, jumping, walking and throwing events) are held in the School's extensive grounds, and boys are helped by coaching. "Standards" are set, but whether they are reached or not, does not particularly matter: what really counts is continual, individual improvement on previous performances. Expeditions into the surrounding Welsh hills are a popular feature of the course, and boys, with the aid of map and compass, make successive walks, increasing the distance covered, until the "big expedition" of some 35 miles (usually including an ascent of Cader Idris) is successfully accomplished.

Most of the sea training is carried out at the Wharf where instruction in boatwork of all kinds is given under oars, sail and power. The school's fleet of cutters, lifeboats, yachts and dinghies provide opportunities for practical training and a real taste of the sea. The part of the course to which boys most look forward is the cruise across Cardigan Bay in the school's 50-ton auxiliary ketch "Warspite"—the culmination of the training at the Wharf. Each watch goes out in turn acting as crew. The work on board may at times be exacting, but who, with any spirit of adventure in his blood, could wish for a more enjoyable experience than being at sea under full sail?

A course at Outward Bound demands strenuous effort, and apart from the school badge, there are no tangible rewards to be gained: but nothing is more rewarding for anyone than to see his watch's pennant flying at the

mast-head, and for him to know that his personal efforts in the day's activities helped to bring his watch out on top.

One leaves Aberdovey with a sense of achievement, and with a better understanding of what is required from "whole" men. Boys of ages from sixteen upwards are accepted at both schools, and those who wish to have further details should communicate with the Chief Executive Officer, Outward Bound Sea School, Bryneithyn, Aberdovey, Merioneth, or Outward Bound Mountain School, Eskdale, Cumberland.

K. HOLDING.

### YR WYDDFA.

On a Sunday early in the Christmas term—and very early on that early Sunday—thirty people of varied age and sex rose wearily from their sleepy pillows and gazed blankly out of their windows at a typical Liverpool dawn—murk and drizzling rain. This was the day, thought they, on which they had purposed to scale the heights of Snowdon. One of them, a member of the Staff, Mr. B., priding himself on his common sense, reverted at once to his bed and slept till lunch-time. The rest travelled gloomily through a gale and North Wakes towards their objective. Outside the coach, rain lashed and pelted, trees were blown down and roads flooded. Inside, morale was at its lowest, and muttered execrations reached the ears of the unfortunate wretch who had hired the coach with the hard-earned cash of his victims. These were now intimating that their plight was neither "whacko" nor yet "the gear." A threatening refrain became slowly more insistent. It seemed to say: "My money . . . I want my money back . . . my money back!"

And then behold a miracle! Blue skies appeared, the sun shone and the rain stopped. Mountains suddenly stood out all around. The wind, still blowing a gale, had at last routed the clouds. The threatening refrain became a happy chorus. Everyone was so glad he had come. Meanwhile the "sensible" member of the party roused at last from his slumbers, cursed the scurvy trick the weather gods had played and spent his day (such as was left of it) in envy.

At Pen-y-Pass the party alighted from the coach and divided. Seventeen elected to walk to Llanberis, where for a while they buried themselves in a hotel to partake of tea. Thirteen set out up the Pyg Track and found it exceedingly boggy. At Bwlch Moch, seven departed for Crib Goch, the rest continuing up the Pyg Track. Of the adventures of these, I cannot speak, save that they were found idly drinking coffee in the Summit Hotel. But the seven were soon hard pressed clinging to the ridge with hands, feet and eyebrows, while the gale, cunningly timing its squalls, was equally hard at work trying to blow them off. However, it achieved only a minor success in the shape (or shapelessness) of Mr. Oxburgh's hat, which sailed gaily into space, never to be seen again. Arriving at the Pinnacles, the seven threw prudence to the winds and climbed over them. Completing the "Horseshoe," they made their way over Carnedd Ugain, Yr Wyddfa and Lliwedd, and finally enjoyed a delightful tea, generously provided for all thirteen climbers by Mr. Oxburgh in the Gorfswysfa Hotel. Then home, through the darkness, with the rain falling again. But this time we were singing and many a Welshman was startled by angelic strains echoing through the night.

This term we may go again, possibly to Cader, or the Lake District; and if you want a seat in the coach, you had better book early.

### STATISTICS.

A few weeks ago, I was browsing in a dark, gloomy corner of a library, when suddenly I came across a dusty, mildewed book entitled "Elementary Statistics" mark you! I then thought how on earth could any statistics be "elementary"? When I opened the book, I was confronted by the face of a conceited, wrinkled old man wearing pince-nez—he was the

author. I forget his name now, but it was one of those hyphenated names—like "Gower-Robinson."

My mind then switched back to the time when the recording of statistics was first thought of. They were invented many years before the time which people vaguely refer to as "Oh, thousands of years ago." Perhaps it was a company-commander in the Roman army which invaded Britain. He kept records (chiselled on stone of course) of the numbers of *The Times* or of chin-straps for helmets which were distributed amongst his men. I imagine that he resembled the gentleman who wrote "Elementary Statistics"—except, perhaps, that he did not wear pince-nez, but stone-rimmed spectacles.

As I progressed further into the book, I discovered that there were not many tables, but graphs, crawling blindly across the pages. But, at the end, there were myriads of tiny figures in neatly-ruled columns—they ranged from the mean January rainfall of Mandalay to the hundred metres winner in the Olympic Games of 1896.

Since then I have been discovering "statistics" in almost every book I have read: dictionaries, encyclopaedias, and H. G. Wells's novels. I am sure that there are shelves and shelves of books which contain statistics. But, surprisingly enough, very few authors have been brave enough to use the word "Statistics" in their titles; such titles as "Everyday Facts and Figures" and "Things you should know about Economic Geography" are to be found.

People delve into these books and instead of learning relevant facts such as "the population of Liverpool in 1931 was eight hundred and fifty-five thousand, six hundred and eighty-eight," they learn such facts as "the average consumption of sugar per head in the U.K. in 1869 was forty pounds" (a mere nothing compared with that of 1932). A very renowned Prime Minister of our country once said: "There are only three kinds of liars: liars, damned liars and statisticians." This statement, I feel, sums up the indictment against "statistics"—take my advice and leave them alone, and do not read "Elementary Statistics."  
G.S.M. 6BC.

### THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Humble container of those useless things,  
Man's first attempts, his aspirations foiled,  
Letters of yesterday and efforts spoiled,  
Discarded odds and ends the day's work brings!  
Neglected and despised, around thee clings  
Recorded sadness, reputation soiled.  
The disillusioned, having vainly toiled,  
To thee turns inconsolable and flings  
Work once intended for posterity.  
Few think of thee, and fewer sing thy praise;  
By most thou art—and meant to be—forgot,  
But all mankind owns thy utility,  
Confides in thee, extols thy tidy ways,  
And shares each day thy none-too-happy lot.

J.

### ASCENT OF THE FRUNDENHORN.

We set off from the chalet about 8 a.m., and ascended to Oeschinensee by chair-lift. This is a beautiful lake, and a magnificent panorama of snow-capped peaks stretched away into the distance. The guide, Fritz Ogi, who had met us in the village, pointed out the peaks and told us their names.

For a while we followed a narrow track around the side of a lake. Immediately ahead of us the precipitous rock face of the Blumisalp, deeply scored by many swift mountain streams, fell sheer down to the lake.

Behind us the Doldenhorn loomed majestically; to our right was our goal—the Frundenhorn!

After a while we left the side of the lake and began to climb a very steep, tortuous, zig-zag, snake path. In doing so we crossed several rushing mountain torrents, luckily without mishap. After several hours of steep climbing, the path became much narrower and more precipitous, until at last, in places, there were cables stretched round the face of the rock as handgrips.

Eventually, about four o'clock, at the foot of the Frunden glacier, we reached the Swiss Alpine hut, where we were to pass the night. The Swiss huts are, on the whole, very alike—about thirty yards long and half that distance wide. They usually contain two rooms, an upper and a lower, the former being the principal bedroom, and the latter the common room and kitchen. In every hut there is, in summer, a permanent warden living with his family; he sees to the preparation of food for the parties, and organises search parties in the event of accidents.

That night we went to bed early in one of the communal beds, which hold anything up to about twenty sleepers, although under these conditions turning-over is found to be difficult. This has its compensations, however, for at 9,000 ft. it becomes rather cold at night, and the combined effect of innumerable blankets and the animal heat from one's neighbours keeps one wonderfully warm. Incidentally, one neither undresses nor washes at heights of over 6,000 ft.

The following morning we set off early across the Frunden glacier, which is split at frequent intervals by sudden crevasses, many over fifty feet deep and all with that eerie blue-green appearance. We crossed the glacier without mishap, with four ropes of three men and one of two. Towards the Bergshund—the deep gap between the rock of the mountain and the edge of the glacier—many steps had to be cut and the slope was steeper.

The Bergshund itself was the next obstacle and the method of crossing was for the leader, belayed by the second man, to make a leap for several holds on the other side; if he fell, the second could hold him and eventually haul him back. When the leader was safely across he belayed himself, and the second man crossed, belayed by the third, as well as by the leader on the other side. The second man then belayed the third man in his crossing.

After traversing a curvex rock face, the route became more straightforward and the next three hours or so were spent half scrambling, half climbing up the steep scree and rock on the side of the mountain. The danger was from rocks dislodged by the party above. One of our number was unfortunate enough to have his arm broken by one of these. At last we made the top of the ridge, leading to the summit, and here we rested for some time.

The view was astounding. In the clear Swiss mountain air we could see for distances of more than fifty miles. In the foreground were those 10,000 ft. giants the Bündstock, Dundenhorn and Zatterhorn. A few feet to our left, but at the foot of the 1,000 ft. precipice on which we stood, was the Oeschinen glacier, and beyond that the snow-clad Blumisalp; to our right the Doldenhorn towered disdainfully above us, and ahead—ahead was the summit for which we had been toiling and sweating so many hours to reach.

Leading up to it was a mile of steep snow and ice ridge. The right side of the ridge sloped away gently at an angle of ten degrees, and was composed of solid ice. To the left, however, there was not nearly so attractive a prospect; on this side of the ridge there was no ice, and it sloped away at an angle of sixty degrees for four or five yards and then dropped 1,000 ft. sheer. On the last few yards of rock, which were fairly steep, snow had banked up to a depth of several feet; it was at this point that we made our way up the angle of the ridge, the snow-covered ice giving a tolerably firm footing. Over two thousand steps had to be cut up that ridge to the summit—every one by Fritz the guide, whose endurance never

failed to amaze us, since he was a man of nearly fifty years of age. Not once did he stop for a rest during the whole two hours he spent cutting the steps with powerful, tireless strokes of his ice-axe.

We reached the summit by eleven o'clock and from it had an indescribably fine and extensive view. After a few minutes rest, we started down once more, and, strange to relate, this was the only time any of us had any feeling of insecurity. On the ascent, looking straight ahead, we had only been able to see the feet and the end of the ice-axe of the man in front, but now we could not help but see the thousand foot drop on our immediate right, and the steeply-sloping tract of ice ahead.

The only incident of interest on the snow ridge occurred when the third man on one rope (during the descent the leader goes last) slipped, when several feet of ice, containing the steps in which he was standing, broke away and slid down the steep snow bank, and was pulled to a standstill a foot from the edge of the cliff by his two colleagues. He then tried to belay himself. Number two tried to descend a little further, but having to make a detour round the place where number three had slipped, he himself slipped while cutting new steps in an insecure position, and joined number three a foot from the edge, where number one managed to hold him. Eventually, numbers two and three succeeded in traversing the snow horizontally and joining number one once more on the angle of the ridge.

The rest of the descent was without incident, and we reached the hut at about four o'clock in time for a well-deserved cup of tea (English variety). Some of the party rested here for an hour or so before continuing the descent; but five of us, anxious for our evening meal, carried straight on and descended the 4,000 ft. of Oeschinensee in forty-eight minutes. This feat caused rather a stir among the local people, since the previous best time had apparently been over an hour, and on the strength of this we were provided with liquid refreshment of a particularly stimulating nature.

The whole trip occupied about thirty-six hours, and made up an experience that none of us who took part in it will ever forget, since it was our first ice peak.

E. R. OXBURGH.

### THE DISCOVERY OF THE POTATO.

Once upon a time, in the forest of Incablot, there lived a tribe of Incas. There was, at this time, a great famine and they had very little food. All the Incas could find to eat were a few roots and berries; they also had a vegetable, which they had recently discovered, called the potato. This they ate raw.

It was late autumn and the winter was fast approaching. The small town the Incas lived in, Incasmudge, was placed on top of a hill and was thus exposed to the elements.

Winter came at last, and so did the snow. The Inca mothers looked at their fires and then at their measly children (who had German Measles because they had not been inoculated).

The wind howled around the door, so did the children, who were singing carols, but the snow never stopped.

One day, when the men were hunting for food, they found that all their favourite berries were gone. They wondered why and then found out: the birds had taken them because of rumours that berries would soon be devalued. All that were left were some potatoes; these the Inca men dug up and took home. Their wives thankfully received them and served them for dinner. It was as one of the women brought the dinner in to be eaten by the family that a potato rolled off the plate and went near the fire. This certain vegetable was not immediately burned, because an electricity cut stopped the fire from burning as brightly as it should have done, but it grew warmer and warmer.

At the end of the meal, a little boy noticed the potato and dived for it. In his haste he had forgotten that it would be warm: he soon found out.

When he at length recovered from this shock, he blew upon the potato and, much against the will of his cautious mother, ate a small piece, finding it good, he said to his curious mater: "Cor! Ma, it aint 'arf smashin', 'ere, 'ave a bash." Mater "had a bash," and liked it.

Then, when all the family had tasted it, Mrs. Beaton, the Inca mother, took it to the leader of Incasmudge, Sir Inca Cripps, who was also the Food Minister. This gentleman tasted the potato and found that it was good. He asked the men to get more, which they did. The women of the town roasted them and that winter nobody was hungry.

Well, that's how potatoes were discovered by Mrs. Beaton, who wrote down the recipe, and that is also how "Mrs. Beaton's Cookery Book" was started.

D. G. STARNES. L.5E.

### TO A SAILING SHIP.

Lying at anchor  
Loading your cargo—  
Coffee or timber  
What is it to you?  
High on the wave-top,  
Low in the waves-trough,  
Waiting with no wind,  
What is it to you?  
Painted in London,  
Rerigged in China,  
New sails from Boston,  
What is it to you?

P. L. TAYLOR, Up.5A.

### MY FIRST BULLFIGHT.

It was a typical sultry Spanish evening, but Paco's father had booked seats for us and we were comfortably situated in the twenty-peseta seats. This meant we were half in the shade and half in the sun. Around us milled a large crowd, as people made their way to their places. The atmosphere was tense and expectant; it was as if we were waiting for the kick-off at an important first division football match, except that the crowd was not nearly so large.

The entertainment began with a pageant, and as the train of toreadors made their way through the side gate into the ring, the brass band in the stands struck up with some unrecognisable Spanish music. There were six toreadors, followed by various important people, followed again by two female toreadors on horseback. To the accompaniment of great cheering, the procession advanced to the centre of the ring, and after acknowledging the applause retired, leaving the crowd to expect the first luckless bull.

And so it appeared, a great, black beast with steaming nostrils and lowered head. It rushed into the ring and charged at the first red cloak it saw. Then followed the routine of the bullfight. The six toreadors stood dispersed about the ring, and as the bull charged madly round, they proceeded skilfully to bait it. They did this by holding out their red cloaks to the oncoming bull and using their skill as toreadors to avoid being charged down. This they did so often so dexterously and so gracefully, that they well earned the plaudits of the crowd, as well as achieving their object of infuriating and maddening the bull. This lasted for about ten minutes.

Then came the first picador; he held two coloured darts, one in each hand. These were long, wooden sticks gaily decorated with ribbons. The picador's task was to thrust these darts into the bull's neck with the object of infuriating it further. As he was only allowed one chance, he had to watch his opportunity carefully. He dodged about quickly and it was only a matter of minutes before he had stuck the darts into the great neck, agilely avoiding the murderous horns. The second picador followed almost immediately, and he too managed to thrust his darts in the bull's neck.

By this time the bull was mad with agony. It twisted and turned as it tried to get at the aggravating darts. Blood streamed from its neck and splashed on to the sanded ring. The time was now ideal for the coming of the matador. He came into the ring, and after further baiting the bull with his cloak, and executing several delicate and dangerous moves, he seized an opportunity when the animal was still and exhausted, to plunge his sword into its spine. He failed to kill it, and so conforming to the rules and also to the boos of the crowd, he had to retrieve his sword for a second attempt. He managed to perform this dangerous task and at the second attempt the bull fell dead at his feet, while he acknowledged the cheers of the excited crowd—of which I was part!

A team of three horses came out of the tunnel and hauled away the great carcase. I learned later that the meat is, in most cases, distributed to the poor.

There followed five more killings as each toreador took his turn as matador and accounted for a bull.

It was an entralling evening for me, but not one which I should like to repeat. I said as much to Paco, who laughed at my squeamishness.

A. R. TUNSTALL. U5B.

### THE MODERN ICARUS.

Many will have noticed the white gull-wings which are displayed on the uniforms of several of our Air Section cadets, but few perhaps know what they signify. This rather modest silver badge means that the wearer holds an International "A" Gliding licence of the British Aero Club.

The training of a glider pilot normally takes about eight week-ends to complete, the actual length of time depending upon the efficiency of the station to which one is posted, and, of course, on the weather. During the first day of one's training one is introduced to the controls and instruments of the aircraft in which one is to fly.

The principal types employed are the single-seater "Kirby Cadet," Mark I and the "Slingsby-Sedbergh" dual-control, Mark IIB, but Woodvale Station possesses in addition a "Tutor" and a German "Grunau."

Part of the time is spent in "ground sliding." During a ground slide the aircraft is dragged across the airfield at a moderate speed by means of a balloon winch, while the trainee attempts to maintain stability. The aircraft is prevented from leaving the ground by the presence of large boards, or "spoilers," secured to the top surface of the wings, and controlled by the usual control column and rudder pedals.

After the pilot has become familiar with the controls and has successfully slid a number of times, the spoilers are removed and "airborne slides" attempted.

An airborne slide is similar to a ground slide, but the towing speed is increased and the aircraft permitted to rise and fly at a height of a few feet for short periods.

During, approximately, the fourth week of training one is strapped into the cockpit and the signal given for a "low hop" to be flown. It is with a considerable sense of elation that one feels, for the first time, the glider surge forward and climb silently to about fifty feet, sensitive to the slightest movement of the controls.

The most common mistake made by cadet pilots is a tendency to leave the ground too steeply, the aircraft developing a rate of climb aptly described in the Air Force as akin to that of a "homesick angel."

Before the final test is taken, the flying height is steadily increased, until high hops are being flown at about two hundred feet.

Throughout training, cadet pilots are taken up in the dual-control glider to heights of about two thousand feet, in order to gain experience in reading such instruments as the altimeter, speedometer, slip and turn indicator and variometer, or "rate of climb and dive indicator."

By the end of training, cadets confidently speak of "take-offs," "D.I.'s," and thermals, while the putting up of wings on passing out is really more of a ceremony than a duty.

B.W. McC.

### LAS ESTACIONES.

En la primavera  
Las flores aparecen;  
El cielo se pone azul,  
Y los pajaritos crecen.  
Las vacaciones empiezan  
Cuando es el verano.  
Las noches se hacen más cortas,  
Y sale el sol temprano.  
Las hojas se caen de los árboles  
Cuando es el otoño.  
El labrador trae las ovejas  
En un gran rebaño.  
En el invierno  
Cuando hace mucho frío,  
Hay nieve en la tierra,  
Y me pongo el abrigo mío.

R.H.L. (Upper 5B).

### SNOWDON FROM GWYNANT VALLEY.

A perfect summer morn, a cloudless blue  
From which the sun poured down its mellow rays;  
Impressive stillness and a magic view,  
With time of no account—a day of days!  
Grandeur with beauty vied from Pen-y-Pass  
To Gelert's Grave. The northern Glyders bleak  
Stood guard, and to the south, as clear as glass,  
The lake of Gwynant mirrored Snowdon's peak,  
Which rose in central majesty on high,  
With Aran and the Crib on either hand  
In symmetry complete. Enraptured, I  
Was moved to halt, and gaze, and take my stand,  
While thought with colour blent and light with sound,  
In Nature's peerless pageantry around.

J.

### THE CITIZEN'S LAMENT.

Oh, what can compare with our flatlet?  
When I've taken my strap on the tram,  
I wipe my tired feet on the matlet,  
Hey presto! and there I am.  
I sit down upon the setteelet  
(At night it converts to my bed),  
And there on the table is tealet—  
My vitamin tablet and bread.

We save all the space we are able,  
The bath is built under the floor.  
The firescreen converts to the table,  
The bookcase is hung on the door.  
But at least there's one thing in our flatlet  
Which need not occasion surprise:  
We do pay a rent, not a rentlet—  
That makes up for all things in size.

J. d'A. J.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

*The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.*

Sir,—I write this letter to warn you, and all who may read your magazine, of a force striking right at the heart of our modern civilisation. This force is neither Communism, Television, nor even Tobacco, sir, but a threat far more subtle than anything we have yet encountered. This devastatingly terrible force, sir, is none other than the International Date Line.

But let me explain. Greenwich Observatory, in England, is situated on 0° of longitude, an imaginary line joining the north and south poles and making a complete circumference of the Earth's surface in so doing. However, sir, while on the English side of the Earth, the line is known as 0° longitude, on the other side of the Earth it is known as 180° longitude, and as such was selected, sir, by conscientious but misguided men as an International Date Line. The result is this—all ships sailing east, i.e., towards the rising sun, are supposed to be gaining time, and on crossing the Date Line have twenty-four hours subtracted from their week, while all ships crossing the Date Line and sailing west are presumed to be losing time and have a day added to their week.

The shortcomings of this system, sir, are many and varied. Two ships in the middle of the Pacific Ocean and crossing the Date Line simultaneously but in opposite directions, will each be in different days of the week: one ship will be celebrating either Monday or Wednesday, while the other will be enjoying the benefits of the two Tuesdays there happen to be in that week. Such confusion can cause dire complications. One ship had the misfortune to commence sinking precisely half-way over the Date Line, and the captain gave orders for the two available wireless sets to be used for S.O.S. signals. The operator in the stern of the ship conjectured that the date was Monday, and sent out messages accordingly: but the radio-operator in the bows deduced the date as Wednesday, and relayed different calls. A captain of another ship just over the horizon received the two calls, but as he happened to be in one of his two Tuesdays, and he failed to see how a ship could be quickly sinking on both yesterday and tomorrow, he radioed back that obviously the captain of the sinking ship was either drunk or mad, probably both, and no self-respecting ship should come within a port-hole's length of him.

The ship, sir, was eventually saved with all hands, but so providential was her relief that how near she really was to terrible disaster cannot be correctly ascertained by even the most expert escapologists.

The International Date Line, sir, also cuts directly through many of the Pacific Islands, giving some of them the benefit of an occasional eight-day week, and others the onus of a week with only six days. One tribe from such an island invited itself to a feast with a neighbouring tribe on another island. Accordingly, one Thursday, the first tribe rowed off to the feast, only to be told by the chief of the neighbouring tribe on their arrival, that he was sorry, but his tribe was doing without a Thursday on that particular week, and the feast would have to be postponed. The first tribe returned to their own little island feeling most annoyed, and forthwith decided to attack the other tribe's island on the Friday night. To ensure success, the first tribe called upon a third tribe of the same ancestral stock to help them. The attack came on the Friday, sir, and a pitched battle ensued, fought with all possible vigour and resource on both sides. The result was a draw, both sides being almost completely annihilated, but undoubtedly victory would have gone to the first tribe, if only their relatives had been there to help them. Unfortunately it chanced that their brother-tribe had two Fridays that week, and put in an appearance on the second day. They remained at the scene of battle long enough only to collect a few heads, and then returned to their coral atolls.

And now, sir, I wish to put to the readers of this magazine a most important question. An aeroplane flying round the world in an easterly direction completes the circumference of the Earth in a shorter time than an aeroplane making the circuit flying in a westerly direction. To fly east around the world from England is to fly in an anti-clockwise direction. Does this mean, sir, that if we made the hands of our clocks go backwards that we

would be able to accomplish more in a shorter space of time than if our clocks rotated normally? Would, in fact, Time last longer and go further?

However, sir, to return to my original subject. All who read and inwardly digest the substance of the two examples I have put before them, one of national disaster narrowly averted, the other of international disruption nearly intensified, will undoubtedly realise the immense potential evils of the Date Line system. I ask you, sir, to publish this appeal for correction of a monstrous modern social and economic canker, and help to open the eyes of the British Public to one of the great dangers to Society of our time. I thank you, sir.

Yours, in ire,

Professor J. CRUMPETS O'KELLY.

### PREFECTS' LETTER.

*The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.*

Sir,—At all hours of the day, an army of sable-garbed figures descends upon the School. Who are these awesome creatures before whom even the most brazen fifth-former quails? I will tell you. They are, sir, no less fallible than any normal being. Throwing caution to the winds, I gleefully seize upon this opportunity to expose their idiosyncrasies and failings.

Their chief, Mr. R. B. Morris, easily distinguished by his fearsome cloak, lives overseas. He cannot accustom himself to our style of music and seldom sings the same tune as anyone else, but in his own country he is considered a great musician. He has, it is rumoured, bought a razor and doubtless intends to take lessons in shaving from his second-in-command Mr. McGuinness. This gentleman changes into his numerous gowns with bewildering rapidity, and is often seen disappearing into a dark corner of the school in a white smock to perform yet another ghastly surgical operation. His study of the life of the octopus has undoubtedly influenced his dancing, but he skilfully adapts his waltz-step (?) to any melody he hears.

Curly-haired Mr. Davies is the comedian of the Prefects' Room. Everyone has heard of his repertoire of two jokes—generally before he tells them. These jokes must be heard to be appreciated, and appreciated out of sheer politeness. When Mr. Davies is not distributing tattered fives gloves to his many admirers, he attempts to curb the exuberance of the fire-demon Mr. Peterson. This gentleman may often be seen dashing up and down the upper corridors, kettle in hand, looking for the gas-ring, which, in all probability has been attached to the water-mains by that "enfant-terrible" Mr. Swallow. Mr. Peterson, when not lighting his beloved fire, is closing the windows Mr. Swallow has just opened, and Mr. Swallow, when not opening his windows, is putting out the fire that Mr. Peterson has just lit. This, of course, dismays Mr. Peterson who prefers hot air to cold. In his spare time, Mr. Swallow fires the prefectorial shell-cases from his ornamental cannon at particularly strategic positions along Gambier Terrace.

Mr. Finch is a philanthropist. The light of love for his fellow men beams from his eye, and he even regards the denizens of the Upper Yard as human. Even after hurling a bowl, a jug, several chairs and most of the prefectorial shell-cases at Mr. Swallow, he will compassionately pick this gentleman up before re-starting the barrage. This sort of thing does not interest the aristocratic Mr. Harrison, who, as befits his birth, likes coffee and dislikes cocoa. He also imbibes huge amounts of milk in his spare time, and it is no coincidence that he is the prefects' milk-monitor, and has all the straws in his charge. He is generally too absorbed in *The Times* even to listen to the jokes of Mr. G. H. Jones, in which no-one has ever been able to discover any point. In many of his jokes, he expresses his understandable affection for steam-rollers. His amiable chuckle can be heard at all times of the day as he amuses his friends with his deservedly famed impersonation of Groucho Marx. No-one is more amused than Mr. G. H. Jones.

The angular form of Mr. Roberts has, I fear, been greatly abused by the prefectorial body. For the first fortnight of term he was utilised as a hatstand by everyone, and only recently was seriously singed by a well-meaning but short-sighted lamplighter. His contempt for such trifles is expressed by his

superbly insolent coiffure, which can often be seen bobbing around as he enchantingly warbles on top note. The other hair-style of the Prefects' Room is that of Mr. Norris, modelled, as he modestly assures his fellow-prefects, "on a jungle I used to know." He comes in useful for mopping up any milk that may be spilt in the Prefects' Room. Too many cowboy films have undoubtedly influenced this gentleman's mind; indeed, every night, he may be seen saddling his horse, "Kippers," in the Covered Yard Corral, ready for his return to Norrie's Bar-nothing Ranch way out west in Hunt's Cross.

The other prefectorial chess-player is Mr. Mackinnon, who to look at, no-one would think was quiet and modest; which indeed he is not. His forbidding frown, as he contemplates the prefects' empty coal-scuttle, would strike fear into the heart of the boldest, and his trick of gargling with milk and table-tennis balls is admired by all. In contrast, the saturnine Mr. Page is as much at home reading the personal column of *The Times* as hanging perilously by his fingernails halfway up the wall of the School building, practising the latest mountaineering ascent. He talks learnedly of chimneys, but when he tried to conquer that of the Prefects' Room, he only succeeded in being smoked out by Mr. Oxburgh, who was concocting his usual mysterious brews on the prefects' fire. The results of his efforts vary alarmingly but the principal ingredients of coffee, milk and coal-dust remain unchanged. Despite this gentleman's rather surprising vocal inflections on the Drill Parade, he is really quite a pleasant person, and has recently won a prize for "England's best-groomed goliwog of 1950."

Mr. G. B. Morris will tolerate no such trifles, and his fearsome aspect and stentorian tones make him respected by all. He has traced his ancestors as far back as Jenghiz Khan and one of Hannibal's elephant drivers, but regrets that he can recede no further. The vibrations of Mr. Morris' sardonic mirth do not trouble the strong, silent man of the Prefects' Room, Mr. K. R. Jones, who looks askance at such ebullience. His observation on life in the Prefects' abode is a non-committal "Ugh," after saying which he retires from worldly cares and curls up cosily in the corner, to awake only when the milk arrives.

And here, Mr. Editor, I lay down my pen, and look back with trepidation on my careless revelations. Yet what has been done cannot be revoked, and I must prepare to answer the consequences of my rash action. And so, sir, with the knowledge of a task too well done, I warily sign myself,

ABIECTUS E. FENESTRIS.

### OXFORD LETTER.

*The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.*

Oxford, November, 1950.

Sir,—Another academic year has slipped elusively by since we last corresponded. The lost illusions of Michaelmas and the attempts at gaiety of Hilary were replaced by the Trinity Term which passed amid the triple attractions of the Cherwell, the Parks, and the Examination Schools. Were it not for examinations Oxford life would attain the most sublime perfection. And yet these last are the reason for our presence here, as we are from time to time reminded.

We are indeed glad to report that Mr. Dodd and Mr. Parry were so little deterred by the Examiners that they are both bravely facing another year in the study of good learning. Mr. Brown was last seen heading in the direction of the Sudan; whether he arrived we do not know—nor indeed whether Mr. Parker carried out his plans to sell beads and trinkets to the unsuspecting natives of West Africa. Of the other old, old fogies, Mr. Carr remains with us, but rarely seems to emerge from his hermitage on Headington Hill.

Within the charmed circle of undergraduate life is Mr. Hugill who has now abandoned the Worcester Barge in favour of the Stratford Bard. Or so we hear. Mr. Noonan has been replenishing his mind with Mind and goes about murmuring semantically—"But words don't behave like that!" Our last interview with him revealed that much of his time was spent wrangling with theatre proprietors, zealous in the cause of the New College Follies.

In Univ. Mr. Shaw-Smith is notorious for his sleeping partnership in the Stowaway Chophouse, and recently covered himself—and us vicariously—

with glory by carrying off the Chancellor's Latin Verse Prize (by brain, not brawn, we mean). Mr. Wilcox must do something apart from writing incomprehensible letters—but what? Perhaps it is due to him that Merton Floats! Nearby, in Corpus, Mr. MacDowall, umbrella and all, muses on the freedom of the will and kindred topics, and still remains unspoiled by this wicked, wicked world.

As ever, we are strongest in Brasenose, which College now supplies all the officers of our Society. That rogue, Mr. Gallimore, our Secretary, wears a gay green hat, and can occasionally be seen in full Gemütlichkeit speeding from essay to essay. He is reported to be acting his Shakespeare in German, which we regard as painting the lily, "gilding refined gold." Mr. Chalmers, our President, is as affable and as smiling as ever; his zeal and industry should be an awful warning to us all. He "burns with a hard gem-like flame," as is only fitting in the Patriarch of his College's Pater Society. Mr. Cass now digs up bones for a living. He spreads third-year charm around him, and in goal on the hockey field, looking like Tweedledum (or Tweedledee), parries attacks with all the precision of an Aristotle syllogism. Our friend Mr. Bardsley has taken to Rugger and Dry Martinis. The weighing machines of Oxford bear protesting witness to the amplitude of his form.

In Teddy Hall, the sporting Mr. Pierce, whose checked tweeds stamp him as "County," divides his time—we hope equally!—between League Tables and linguistic labyrinths. His comrade-in-arms, Mr. Strapps, bespectacled and prim, is a conscientious undergraduate, and does the done things.

At the last meeting of the Society a cheerfully warbling quartet of freshmen appeared. They were Messrs. Topp, Jones, Kennett, and Cashdan Minor. The tongue of malice has as yet left them unscathed.

Of our dons we can only say that they remain as august and as venerable as ever.

This, sir, is all. Rest assured that the Old School does not go unforgotten among the dreaming spires of this sweet city.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GOO MACOO.

### CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

Cambridge.

*The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.*

Sir,—We cannot express our delight at this opportunity of revealing the less intellectual pursuits of our distinguished gathering, whose thoughts, it should be mentioned, do not always dwell in the lofty realms of metaphysical speculation. Even though the slow rising mists of Cam tend to obscure the activities of our learned colony, yet are we able to reveal and serve on a platter, foibles and fantasies alike.

It is but fair that this letter should begin with our *primus inter pares*, Mr. J. D. Evans, who is at present gallivanting around Spain on a motorcycle. The alleged purpose of this trip is to delve into the lesser-known aspects of Spanish archaeology, but now, as news is creeping into the Madrid papers concerning yet another talented matador from England, we are able to draw our own conclusions.

Mr. Craig, that veritable Don Juan, is rapidly dancing his way to stardom. Whilst reserving the more sober fox-trot for Senate House Passage, he suffers no such inhibitions on King's Parade where he sambas along with characteristic insouciance. Another Hall man, Mr. Sweeney, is trying to form a philosophical cénacle for the furtherance of the teachings of Kierkegaard and Unamuno. So far, the meetings have been in the form of monologues; Mr. Sweeney takes the minutes of his utterances and then reads them back for the approval of his own four walls. It is a wonder how Mr. Barter manages to be so fearfully hearty over toils but, we suppose, an ex-L.H.P.I.C. can never be downcast.

At last Mr. J. Jacob has been prevailed upon to leave the austere halls of Selwyn, despite the fact that his bedroom overlooked Wennham; we trust he

will be equally lucky in his choice of rooms at Westcott. Mr. Peter Jacob, a lesser edition of his brother, will soon be hitting the headlines of "Varsity," such is his gargantuan capacity for consuming meringues. The histrionic talent of Mr. Hechle was quickly spotted and his ability to conduct a conversation solely in quotation is quite uncanny.

Mr. Eedle's lodgings have all the sumptuousness of a bridal chamber. He spends his afternoons seeking death or glory on the hockey field; recently, he nearly found the former. The luxury-loving Mr. Durband declares he can turn his hand to anything from writing learned treatises on pearly palimpsest to dishing up spaghetti on toast. Mr. Bootle has taken Cambridge by storm and candidly declares that his powers of concentration are never better than when he is dangling a child on each knee. Another freshman at Downing, Mr. Williams, has so far managed to avoid the limelight.

Mr. Nott who performed his military service in Africa, is considering writing a sequel to Dr. Sitwell's "Gold Coast Customs;" we feel sure that his knowledge of the customs in particular, will be of special interest. Mr. Blackstock's calloused hands seem incongruous in company with B.A. tabs, whilst the presence in Cambridge of his companion Mr. Sharp, is an enormous incentive to publicans in their plea for a later closing hour.

Behind the proud walls of Magdalen, there shelters the mysterious Mr. Boss who rarely emerges from his garret except for a fleeting visit to the boat-house. The elusive Mr. Teale, also, is enveloped in shrouds of Byronic mystery; only now and again does the stray comment trickle out to serve as proof that he is still above water but not above a lot of wine.

The cultured Mr. Bell is not, campanologically speaking, attuned by nature to things military, but everybody gathers round, spellbound, when he relates how he relieved the siege of Benghazi with the help of two natives (for Mr. Bell is a modest man). Mr. Pugh is settling up new superpersonal records and when asked wherein his secret lies, he gives a knowing, scientific smile indicative of jet propulsion or atomic war.

Mr. Waddington enjoys all the advantages of a Mayfair flat at Caius. The delicious aroma of his coffee he puts down to its being heated by a bunsen-burner, but he assures his guests that its true ambrosial flavour can only be relished when a test-tube is used instead of the normal drinking vessel.

The last to be summoned, Mr. Hodson, is seriously considering becoming a part-time photographer and so latent is his talent, that Mr. Hechle and Mr. P. Jacob, have both expressed their willingness to pose at any time, any place, regardless of lecture, supervision or tutorial.

Now, Sir, you have before you the true colours of these seemingly, eternally introspective scholars who use the Fens as a screen for their dark deeds. All idiosyncrasies have, we hope, been exposed, and if you are now convinced that all these stooped frames are not due to excessive application, then we shall have achieved our aim.

We remain, kind sir,

Yours dutifully,

MUTISHOTE.

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