

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXXIII. No. 2.

APRIL, 1922.

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Editorial.

WE happened a short while ago to be glancing over a three or four years' old copy of the Liverpool Institute Magazine; and partly from idle curiosity, partly, no doubt in the hope of finding some help for the arduous task in which we are now engaged, we turned to the Editorial of that issue. We were immediately struck by the following passage: "The large Liverpool schools have everything to gain from a much closer co-operation We should welcome any suggestions for inter-activity." Here we thought, was a fitting subject on which to write now; for since these sentences were written, several important experiments in this direction have been made; and apart from any question as to the success of these, we can unhesitatingly affirm that they have proved beyond all question the truth of what we quoted.

It is a profound truth that the ill will and contempt of one body towards another is almost invariably the result of ignorance. A school for example, only looks down upon another, because it knows little or nothing about it. The moment the two schools are brought into contact with one another—not merely in games where they meet only as rivals, but in other interests where they may work together—each begins to discover that the other "has its points" and at least one of them may even realise the devastating fact that the other is in some ways superior to it, or has used its opportunities better. Thus contempt cannot help giving way to a somewhat restricted perhaps, but still real, respect and even admiration, and in nine cases out of ten, any active feelings of enmity which may formerly have existed, will at the same time be entirely destroyed.

This of itself is highly desirable; but it is not all that can be gained by inter-school co-operation. As the Latin proverb has it, "Fas est et ab hoste doceri"; and the Latin proverb is quite right. It is undoubtedly an excellent thing to watch what your enemy does, and what happens to him, and to take warning or encouragement for yourself from what you see. But it is still better to make friends with him first, and then get him to tell you what you want to learn. Two schools are far better able to profit by each other's experience when they have begun to know each other, and have ceased to regard themselves merely as deadly rivals:—although of course we do not wish to decry competition by any means; for competition, in spite of the Socialists, remains the best guarantee of efficiency.

For these reasons we feel that every effort should be made to further inter-school activities. We hope that the two organisations which are at present doing something in this direction, the League of Nations Union, and the Inter-School Debating Society, are still merely in their infancy, and will

grow greatly in strength, and in their hold over their members: and that other societies of all descriptions may grow up beside them.

Chat on the Corridor.

SPEECH Day, Wednesday, January 11th, was a great success from all points of view. The address by the Dean of Windsor, who so kindly consented to distribute the prizes and certificates, was exceptionally enjoyable.

On the following day, an eloquent appeal was made by the Dean for funds in support of the effort which is being made to repair the fabric of St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

During the recent influenza epidemic, no less than seven members of the Staff were, it is rumoured, victims of "La Grippe," while the casualties among the rank and file were exceedingly heavy.

The scourge, however, served one useful purpose. It was responsible for two or three very interesting lectures given in the School Hall by the Headmaster and Mr. Williams.

The lecture on "Poetry and the Drama," given at the Liverpool Playhouse, by John Drinkwater, was a rare literary treat, which was greatly enjoyed by a small party of the Sixths, who were given the opportunity to attend.

The Pierrot Show given to the School at the end of last term was quite up to the standard of past entertainments. It is not necessary here to eulogise "The Duchess's Dilemma," but the peculiar excellence of the "musical" trio deserves especial mention.

Congratulations to those martial spirits among us who were successful in passing "Certificate A" examination recently held in the School Corps.

We were very pleased to hear, once more, one of Dr. Wallace's always popular organ recitals, and hope that this will be but the first of a new and frequent series.

Once more the School is painfully aware of the existence of House Chours. There are now seven Houses.

The School received a visit from Captain Boyde, who appealed to us on behalf of St. Dunstan's fund for blinded ex-soldiers and sailors. He told us some very wonderful facts about the work which blinded ex-service men have done and are capable of doing.



Certain members of the Classical Sixths, so we are told, recently paid a visit to Liscard Picture Palace to see a film-version of the Aeschylean trilogy "The Atreidae." Its most notable feature was its brevity.



We owe to the League of Nations Union the very exceptional pleasure of hearing an address in the School Hall by Dr. Nansen, the famous explorer-politician. His address took the form of a spirited appeal for sympathy and help for the starving millions in Russia.



It is gratifying to note that this magazine is not wholly without influence with the Powers-that-Be. On two occasions has the second verse of the National Anthem been omitted during School functions. We refer the reader to the correspondence in last term's issue.

War Memorial.

A LARGE number of parents and friends, together with past and present scholars, assembled in the School hall on Friday afternoon, December 16th, when the School War Memorial was unveiled.

After the singing of the hymn "O God, our help in ages past," the parents and friends of those who died in the War proceeded to the Vestibule, where the Memorial was unveiled by the Headmaster, in the absence, through illness, of Sir Francis Danson, the Chairman of the Governors. The guard of honour, selected from the School Corps, presented arms and the "Last Post" was sounded by a bugler from Seaforth Barracks. The ceremony closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

The War Memorial consists of two brass tablets—one on each side of the Hall door—and contains the names of all old scholars, in alphabetical order, who fell in the war. The tablets are surmounted by the School motto:—

"Non nobis solum sed toti mundo nati."

May scholars of all times, as they pass this memorial, think of those valiant souls who laid down their lives for others, and may they take with them as they pass through the School portals somewhat of the nobility of character which marked the lives of the old boys whose memory is perpetuated.

E.S.H.

League of Nations Union.

THIS term, fortunately, began with an increase of about twenty in the membership of our branch, which now brings the numbers to between seventy and eighty. The reason for this welcome occurrence was the visit of Dr. Nansen, at which the secretaries, with their customary brilliance, said only members of the Union might attend. The meeting was very successful indeed, the effect of Dr. Nansen's speech being obvious. It is hoped that very soon there will be a combined effort of the various branches to do something for the Famine Relief Fund.

On the Saturday following the Thursday of this meeting, there was held a first joint Soirée of the Liverpool Junior District. About two hundred and sixty were present on this momentous occasion, including fifty from the Institute. In the words of Monday's *Daily Post*, "Professor Webster made a short speech and the rest of the evening was devoted to entertainment." Evidently the person from whom this interesting knowledge was gained, had not been down below at supper time. Under the heading of Entertainment we suppose must be included a certain remarkable production called "Intolerable," or "Ermytrude's dilemma."

On the 16th of February, Dr. Chuduba lectured on Czechoslovakia. There was a good attendance and the lecture was extremely interesting.

By the time this is in print, it is hoped, two more meetings will have been held. On Tuesday, March 21st, there will be a reading and discussion meeting in the School Library. The members of the other branches have been invited, and it has been decided, if this is a success, to hold a regular series of such gatherings next year. Arrangements are also being made for a debate to take place before the end of the term.

Members will no doubt have observed the existence of a private notice board belonging to the Union. Of one thing, however, they do not seem to be aware, namely, that there are a fair number of books in the L.N.U. Library waiting to be read. These can be taken out on application to the secretary. Public meetings may be of greater attraction and more use, but it certainly seems a pity that so few people should take the trouble to read in a little more detail than can be obtained at these. During the Summer term, however, when there will probably be no meetings, arrangements will be made, if possible, for a reading room to be used in the dinner hour.

On the whole, the second year of the Society has been very successful: there has rarely been an attendance of less than fifty at meetings and members have shown distinct enthusiasm. The Society has gained a footing which we hope will be permanent.

W.C.K.

Literary and Debating Society.

ON Tuesday, 29th of November, Fraser gave an account—he would not allow it to be called a paper—of Wagner. The private business was lively, and Kneale instituted the barbarous custom, which has since been a passion with the Society, of proposing insulting and degrading footnotes for insertion in the minutes.

Fraser, in his paper-not-to-be-called-a-paper, first pointed out how pronounced was the dramatic instinct in Wagner, and this was responsible for the changes he introduced into opera; while another feature of his works was the extensive use of the leitmotif. The story of some of the works was then told, and illustrated by selections played on the gramophone. These selections, indeed, formed the greater part of the paper, and this makes it impossible to give much account of the evening, save that it passed away very quickly, thanks to the enjoyable entertainment thus provided, at only two days notice, by Fraser.

Keunan, Worthington, and Silverman showed their appreciation, and displayed their knowledge of music, while Kneale boasted that he knew nothing about it. Mr. Hickinbotham gave a few reminiscences of Grand Opera, and a hearty vote of thanks was then accorded to Fraser.

The Impromptu Debate was held on December 17th in the Prefects' room. Wardle and others vaunted their ignorance of the Classics before the minutes were passed. Besides this, there were the usual other inanities, though Ball and Kneale were more restrained than usual.

Renault and Ball opened the Impromptu with a debate upon the motion "That the School football team should sign on for Everton." Ball regarded this as a trial run for the "Professionalism" debate and gave samples of the arguments which he intended then to use; and with them win his case. Fraser and Abraham made many unintelligible remarks upon an unintelligible motion, while Mr. Thomas spoke at large upon rivers and Newdigate prize winners. Worthington gave a short paper upon humour, with illustrations from Punch and Judy, and Evans, in reply, asked "Where is Demerara?"

Jacobs spoke learnedly upon the respective merits of Snakes and Ladders and Ludo, proving that the great fault of the former lay in the fact that the snakes were longer than the ladders; but he lost his motion. Wardle and Mr. G. G. C. Wilson were in opposition on the motion "That the spider which sat by Miss Moffat be expelled from the Society." The former made an impassioned appeal for justice; the latter skilfully handled difficult questions of ethics, and won the support of the meeting.

Mr. S. V. Brown puzzled the Society, and Mr. Hickinbotham in reply made a violent attack upon his opponent. He then fled from the meeting hotly pursued by Mr. S. V. Brown, and Fraser took the vacated chair. Fogs, buttercups, toadstools, puns, and wangling were successively discussed, during the course of which Kneale made an atrocious pun; perhaps the crowning-point of his successful punning career. It will not bear reproduction. Of the many other speakers mention cannot be made; but the meeting may, on the whole, be considered a success.

On January 17th the Society returned to its true home, the Master's Room. Alleged wangling by the Secretaries was the subject of complaint; and on Kneale's proposal a motion was passed exhorting the Secretaries to refrain in future from interference in the decisions of the Goddess Chance. Such exhortations are, of course, needless, but the Society pinned their faith to the circumstantial evidence of an attache-case, and condemned their usual victims. In addition, another footnote such as has already been mentioned, was added to disfigure the minute book.

Wardle then delivered his paper upon the History of the English Language. The Society was first introduced by the reader to that remarkable personage, the Genius of the Language, to whose influence could be ascribed all otherwise inexplicable changes in the language. After showing the influence of the Greek and Roman civilisations upon the Teutonic stock, he traced the effects of Danish and Norman invasions, and gave numerous examples of words borrowed, first from Norman and later from Parisian French. At the same time, there were adoptions from the Latin and, at the Renaissance, from Greek. The Rise of Standard English was described, and the later influence of French followed by a revival in favour of pure native language. The reader concluded by an exhortation to the Society to use Anglo-Saxon words wherever possible.

Barker rose to propose a vote of thanks, and Silverman seconded it, declaring his intention of showing appreciation by healthy criticism. It proved to be very healthy indeed. Binger thought that the Teutonic element had not been sufficiently emphasised. Kneale thought, at some length, the same of Celtic, and Kennan also talked. Fraser spoke bitterly of the scoundrels who used "commence" instead of "begin," and Mr. H. M. Brown remarked upon the interest of the subject and the addition it makes to the joy of reading. Abraham wasted the Society's time for a few minutes, and Wardle replied. The vote of thanks was unanimously passed by the forty members present.

A meeting was held on January 31st, and Ball, F. S., Kneale and Fraser raised their voices in foolish objections to the minutes. Mr. R. E. Williams informed the Society that there would be a holiday on February 25th, and was accorded a vote of thanks on condition that his statement should prove correct; if not, he was to have a vote of censure. The fear of this, how-

ever, did not seem to cause him very great anxiety. Ball, R. G., was then called upon to propose "That Professionalism is Ruining Sport." He proved to everyone's satisfaction (1) that professional footballers were the most wretched of slaves bought and sold in open market, (2) that professional footballers were the most fortunate of aristocrats, living on the fat of the land. Having spent fifteen minutes on this, he pointed out how unimportant it was; the real argument was the fact that where professionalism existed, playing for the love of the game, which constituted sport, disappears. Evans opposed the motion, and denied most of Ball's statements. He thought that professionalism prevented sport from becoming the monopoly of wealthy amateurs; that professionals played primarily from the love of the game, and that sport was now attaining for higher levels. Hutchison stated that amateurism attained nearest to the true ideal of sport, and Roberts, G. N., was shocked that anyone should think that Hobbs and Rhodes were attracted by money. Ball, G. B., gave an account of his experience of the language of amateur golfers, and Wignall upheld the reputation of the science members by giving statistics. Wardle thought that there were two distinct kinds of sport—those of recreation and of exhibition, and there was no connection between them. Kennan showed that professionals were really teachers, while Abraham, Pearson, Walker and the Chairman made remarks of varying interest, and Ball made a brief reply. The motion was then put to the vote and lost by 25 votes to 28.

On February 14th the Master's Room was filled at 7 p.m. Kneale persuaded the Society to see a pun in the coupling of the words Justin Evans and justification, but no one else was in the mood for tormenting the secretaries. At 7-10, therefore, the Chairman asked the President to read his paper on "Truth."

After emphasising the difference between "belief" and "truth," the President showed the sources of belief—heredity, environment, education, and independent thought. Of these the last was confined to a few, but the other three had an incredible influence; consequently most beliefs were founded on radical error. Definition of truth was impossible, for it depended ultimately upon mental attitude. Men did not speak the truth, but spoke truthfully. Internal relative truth was all that mattered, but that truth had always a common fundamental basis.

Kennan rose first, and distinguished himself by his narrow escape from forgetting to move the vote of thanks he had risen to propose. This was seconded by Kneale, who spoke darkly of when a chair in the middle of the room was not a chair; in his opinion, there was no basis for argument. Wardle followed, and drew a difference between mental and physical "truth." Fraser said that discussion was impossible and then spoke very fluently upon words, emotions, and numbers. Pearson asked a question,

and Silverman vaunted his knowledge of Spinoza, while Jones, E. B., made a few remarks. Hutchison was disappointed that no definite result had been attained, and the Chairman deprecated the tone of pessimism which had prevailed in the discussion. Abraham gave it as his opinion that it was all a matter of definition. In his reply the President said that experience of mankind was a basis for argument, and answered the various questions and objections of the speakers. The vote of thanks was then passed by the crowded Society.

On February 21st was held a Mock Trial—specially arranged at enormous expense by the two secretaries. Conceiving an enmity to H. J. Evans, they converted him into a criminal, by the simple expedient of changing his name to Austen Jevans. This scoundrel was tried for murder. His defence was ably undertaken by Hutchison, with occasional help from Abraham; the prosecution was in the hands of Fraser, Kennan, and the Judge (Capt. Ellis); the latter's summing up was the most vigorous of the attacks made upon the characters of the prisoner and the witnesses for the defence. Of these, Mr. S. V. Brown, as a "medium," was the most prominent, and his cross-examination was the most interesting part of the evening. Needless to say, the defence was sound; there was no real evidence against the prisoner; and the jury, seeing this, brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty"; to this they added "but of unsound mind," a somewhat obvious and superfluous statement. Loud cheers greeted the verdict, and the discharge of the prisoner ended the meeting.

So much for the meetings held this term. The attendances have been in every way satisfactory, for forty or over has been the average, and we have had as many as a hundred. Only two defects may be pointed out: the prominence of the Classical side, who supply three-quarters of the numbers; and the monopoly of the speaking by a few leading members—roughly comprised by the committee. This is not their fault, for though eager to speak they would willingly give place to younger members; but the younger members seem to be afraid to speak. It is to be hoped that this will be remedied next year.

An account of the soirée, held in conjunction with the Old Boys, will be found elsewhere.

One of the most interesting features of the year's activities has been the meetings of the Inter-School Debating Society. At Wallasey Grammar School, Worthington was principal speaker for the Science side, in a "best education" debate. Others from the School also spoke. At an Impromptu Debate, in February, representatives from many schools were entertained (perhaps synonymous with "bored" or "disgusted") by the loquaciousness of six Institute talkers. But they at least enjoyed themselves. At the Holt Secondary School, Fraser tried to prove that "Reason was a better guide than the imagination," and met

with his deserts in losing his case. Of the meeting to be held on April 2nd at the Institute, a report will be given next term.

This account of the proceedings of the Literary and Debating Society has occupied a great deal of space; but only in proportion to the importance of the Society; in the same proportion may it flourish for evermore.

H.F.A.

House Notes.

DANSON HOUSE.—Owing to an unfortunate accident, a large part of our notes was omitted from last term's issue.

We ought, therefore, to have an extra large share in this term's Magazine, only we have very little to relate.

In the ordinary House matches we have been very successful. We beat Hughes and Cochran, but in the Horsfall Cup, fate was against us in the form of illness, just as happened last year. We were, therefore, beaten by an excellent team out of Owen House.

The House Choir is progressing favourably. We have held several very good practices, and as we have some very good and hard-working singers, we have every hope of obtaining the Singing Cup. The Gym. team is also in training and we hope that it will not have such bad luck as last year. Speaking of Gym., it is our pleasant duty to congratulate Kennan on his being made School Gym. Captain.

We will not dwell upon our chances in the Cricket Cup and in the Sports next term, except to say that it was due to the slackness in the senior part of the House that we were so low down in the list last year. Remember that everyone can gain marks by obtaining standard, so start and train now.

F.R.B.

HUGHES HOUSE.—House football has been restarted this term, but we have not done brilliantly in the ordinary games. We have lost very badly to Danson and drawn with Philip Holt in the only two games which we have played so far. In the Horsfall Cup we were drawn against Tate and these we beat easily, thus qualifying to meet Owen in the semi-final. By the time these notes are read, our fate will be decided, but I think that with a fairly large slice of luck we may win; anyhow, let us hope for the best.

The Gymnasium Cup Competition is also upon us, and we again will have a stiff proposition to win the Cup.

Don't forget that there are the Sports next term and, as they are rather early (May 27th), get into training now and do not put it off. Remember the House has a good record and this must be kept.

It is quite probable that the House, this term, will come out of its state of coma with regard to having a House Choir.

Cricket will be upon us next term, and here also we have a great record to keep up.

P.J.B.

COCHRAN HOUSE.—We were beaten in the first round of the Horsfall Cup by Alfred Holt; score—one goal to two, after extra time. There are obvious remarks on "heavier opponents" and "a defeat nobler than victory"; we will not repeat them here.

A House Choir is in existence. There are obvious jokes and obvious hopes to be expressed; we will not waste paper on them here.

The School Sports will be held next term. There is obvious advice and exhortation to be given; we will not indulge in it here.

In short, all that need be said can be summed up in the message of two previous Cochran House captains: You have done well; do better.

H.J.A.

OWEN HOUSE.—It is very annoying that these notes should have to be written before there is anything worth reporting, for we cannot boast of our great successes which are by now doubtless common knowledge. We are not the only House having its hopes, but it must be confessed that there is a reasonable amount of expectancy in our hopes. They are formed on the facts that our House Choir will be at least an improvement on last year's; that the Gym. team will live up to its fame, and that the Horsfall team will be unlucky if they do not get the Cup. Our victories must not stop with the end of this term, however. The Sports will be held very shortly, and it would be ridiculously foolish to expect to repeat our glorious success of last year without doing our fair share of training, for is it not true that success only comes when talent and hard work go hand in hand?

News has just come through that we will win the Horsfall Cup, after a glorious and hard-fought victory over Hughes in the semi-final, and defeating Alfred Holt in the final. Congratulations to the team. The Magazine is not printed so annoyingly early after all.

R.W.B.

PHILIP HOLT HOUSE.—House activities have not been abnormally in evidence this term up to the time of writing. We have played two matches, the one with Tate, the other with Hughes, and, as we won the first 2-0, and drew the second 2-2, we have ample room for self-congratulation.

Our opponents in the semi-final of the Horsfall Cup will be Alfred Holt House, and among ourselves there is very little doubt as to the results' being to our liking.

Unfortunately, we have been deprived of the valuable services of Bridge, S. K., our popular late Football Captain, who

has recently left us, and to whom we offer our sincere good wishes for his future welfare. Worgan, A. C., has been appointed Football Captain in his place.

As I write, the Hobby Show or its equivalent is almost upon us; and provided only that we can raise a House Choir, our natural optimism ought to enable us to "lift" that singing cup!

The Gym. Cup is also to be competed for very soon. We look to our team to add to the House laurels.

Finally, the Sports are looming up in the middle distance and growing daily more and more important. It is ridiculous to imagine that the House is incapable of emulating, far from transcending, the athletic prowess of its vanished sons. I am perfectly certain that we have the talent if only it can be brought to "the line"; and it is the positive duty of everybody in the House to see that that elusive talent is forthcoming in sufficient quantity next term. Quantity and quality together prove an irresistible partnership.

As a postscript, it would not be superfluous to advise everyone to commence oiling their bats and airing their flannels for the coming season.

H. W.

ALFRED HOLT HOUSE.—This term sees three great events: the Horsfall Cup, the Gymnasium Competition, and the Hobby Show. We have to congratulate the House team, under Youngson, on their success in the first, and hope it may continue to the final. As the House games have been restored this term, the House has played several games with moderate success.

The Gym. team and the House Choir are both in training and we wish them success. The Sports will be on us in about two months, and as this is one of the occasions on which everybody can do something, let everybody see he does it.

W. C. K.

TATE HOUSE.—Some Houses are exceedingly unfortunate, in that they are strongly tempted to rest on laurels obtained in past struggles. We are not in this position.

Of course, we had them once upon a time but they are now dust. During the next term, however, we shall have an excellent opportunity of replacing them, there being Sports Shields and a Cricket Cup to win. Remember that averages are within the reach of almost everybody and that there is no excuse for any person not obtaining "standard" marks for the House.

We have not won the Horsfall Cup, but we must win both the Gymnasium and the Singing Cups.

J. McH.

"Mémor—of No One in Particular."

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

Shall I tell ye of the powers,
Of the wondrous mystic virtues
That oft bide in elevation
To a dignity and office?
'Twas a friend you knew from old time,
Bosom comrade, unassuming,
Who whilom the portals entered
Of the great majestic P.R.
And emerged with his headgear
Ornamented with insignia,
Brilliant and very striking
Like a god's his bearing now was
Held his Jove-like head full higher
And his step so firm and proud was
Sure you'd never tell 'twas old '—.
Some time passed and other honours
Showered on him thick and fast were,
Swelled his breast with conscious pride as
Awed you stepped by this great man's side;
His replies were curt and lordly
And his motions grave *comme il faut*.
All the infants looked upon him
Caught his eye, slunk by contritely
For like leaves in Vallombrosa
Were his "Take Two Hundred Lines, Boy!"
Listen now unto the sequel:
Once a "Wester" roared up Mount Street;
O'er the roofs flew his regalia,
And then settled permanently
In a spot my metre can't name;
Where it hangs now for a warning
Of the frailty of all mankind;
And who knows? p'raps that's the reason
Why this—no one in particular—,
'Gainst whose "airs" the winds have mightier*,
Head unbared, now braves undaunted,
All the elements, helmless hero.

* Construction of this sentence: supply 'airs' after 'mightier.'

N.B.—Pun with "airs" in the earlier part of the line.—Ed.

School Concerts.

THE remaining two of the four concerts arranged by the Headmaster for this season have now been held, and who will deny that they have been in the highest degree successful? The third of the series, held on February 9th, con-

stituted what is technically known as an "event" in the musical history not only of the School, but of Liverpool; and the School does not seem fully to realise its colossal good fortune in being able so easily to hear musicians like the Bohemian String Quartet—the greatest string quartet in the world—and Miss Fanny Davies, who is in the foremost rank of the world's pianists.

It is really of little use to attempt to make any comments on the way Miss Fanny Davies played the two Schumann pieces which formed her part of the programme, on this memorable evening. All the adjectives which occur to one have become debilitated through overwork; they have been used so often in the past, on occasions far less worthy than this, that they have by now lost all positive meaning. We can only say, therefore, that she played her solos as only the greatest living exponent of Schumann could play them. We may mention, however, as of special interest, though admittedly not so valuable as these intrinsically, the piece she played as an encore, which was composed by M. Josef Suk, one of the members of the String Quartet. This fact will, perhaps, make people realise more clearly the position occupied by these players in the musical world.

The Haydn Quartet (op. 33) was Haydn as one expects him, with his usual vivacity and cheerfulness, his usual lack of depth and solidity. The one which followed it, by Beethoven (op. 59 No. 1), was hardly so successful. It seems a terrible thing to say of anything by Beethoven, but the music of this quartet seemed thoroughly commonplace and uninteresting: it possessed little spontaneity, and at times became dismally heavy and meaningless. Perhaps, also, as a result of this, perhaps owing to their nationality, the players seemed out of sympathy with what they were playing, and their interpretation of it lacked some of the feeling and delicacy that was so marked a characteristic of the rest of their playing.

The *pièce de résistance* of the evening was undoubtedly the quintet for pianoforte and strings by Dvorák (we hope we have accented this word properly; we fear not). The members of the Quartet were at their best, when playing their national music, and it must be admitted that Miss Fanny Davies "played" the part of a Bohemian superbly. It was extraordinarily interesting to hear really great Czech music played by really great Czech players, and it must have been a revelation to a considerable number of people to find out that the indefatigable 'Eugseromuh' (again we hope we are right in our orthography: these Czech words are so difficult) was not the only thing written by Dvorák. The music itself, though it did not possess the racial distinctiveness one might perhaps have expected—except, indeed, the second movement, an elegy, which was full of a peculiarly Slavonic

pathos—yet fitted well with the character of the "whistling butcher boy of Prague."

The last concert of the series was held a month later. The talent in this concert was more local than in the last one, but was not for that reason less appreciated. The performers—Mrs. Stewart and the McCullagh String Quartet—were good enough to rehearse their respective parts of the programme, to give the boys who were coming to the concert a chance of hearing the music twice. These fortunate people ought to feel very grateful for this kindness; and as a matter of fact there can be no question of their delight on learning that they were to hear the whole programme in school hours—doubtless simply because they realised that no great music of any kind can be fully appreciated if heard only once.

The first piece was a Quartet for Strings by Brahms (op. 51). In this case the preliminary recital proved of particular value, for without it the music would have been quite unintelligible. Even as it was, we must confess to having been rather oppressed by the particularly long first movement of this somewhat heavy quartet. A striking contrast was provided by the Schumann quartet (op. 41) which closed the concert. The music was possessed right through of a quite Mozartian lightness, and, except in the second movement, when a delicious tenderness intervened, was cheerful to the verge of hilarity. We feel, however, that better than either of these two, because exceeding neither in severity nor frivolity, was the movement in C minor by Schubert. The fact that this glorious piece was left solitary, and that no companion movements were ever composed for it, brings home very poignantly the tragedy of Schubert's early death.

Mrs. Stewart was welcomed enthusiastically by the audience, especially the boys who had heard her in the morning, and knew what was coming. Much as all her songs were applauded—one of them, indeed, she was induced to sing over again—we suspect that what she sang as a second encore—"My Heart's in the Highlands"—gained most appreciation. A certain person was overheard telling a Scottish member of the School that Burns was not a poet: but as this remark was made *after* hearing the song, it is evident that it was meant merely to annoy; for Schumann's music brought out the poetry of the words in a way that must have impressed the most unpoetical and unmusical of minds.

The heartiest thanks of the School are due to the Headmaster for having provided these concerts, which are so enjoyable, and at the same time so instructive; and it is to be hoped that he will be able to arrange more next year. We should like, however, to take this opportunity of appealing to the School to tell people about any we may have in the future. The silly and selfish secretiveness, which makes a boy say nothing to his parents and friends of school functions in which they are sure to be interested, must have robbed a large number of people of a chance which

they would have been glad to take, of attending these and other concerts we have had in the past. Surely it is up to the School to see that the School Concerts receive the support they deserve.

◆◆◆ Reminiscences by an "Old Boy."

WHenever I receive a copy of our Magazine my thoughts at once hark back to my own school days, at "The Institute," which ended in 1881, and I am full of envy of the boys who are now being educated there.

What a contrast there is between the School then and now!

My memory of those days is not so exact as it was some years ago, but one thing is foremost in it, namely, the decided inferiority of the School at that time, more particularly that portion of it which was known as "The Commercial."

The "High School" I knew little about, but it was supposed by the "Commercial" that boys there had few lessons and much play, and unless they showed exceptional ability or what was called "brilliancy" and thus came under the particular notice of "Johnny" (Sefton), who was a most excellent Teacher, they spent their time, until they were about sixteen or seventeen, very happily and then went out to business with the advantage of a moderately rich father behind them to see that they got a good start in life.

But we poor fellows in the "Commercial," unless we could by exceptional hard work and, almost, self-teaching win a Scholarship into the High School, were destined to be the mow-hewers of wood and drawers of water in the commercial life of Liverpool. Most of us left before we were fifteen, uneducated and with little desire to have anything more to do with books and not even with a taste for games, and got jobs as office boys, "juniors" or such like at 5/- a week "*and prospects.*"

The Football Clubs and Cricket Teams were all of the "High School," and I do not remember that the "Commercial" were ever encouraged to join in games.

In the Summer and Autumn Terms we had "Drill," which consisted of half an hour's ragged and listless Squad Drill in the Yard every week (if fine).

One never had the chance of getting to know or to associate with any boys other than those in one's own class, and each class comprised from 35 to 50 boys.

The largeness of the classes made personal interest in the boys by the Masters almost impossible, and so far as my recollection serves me now, there was only one Master, whom I shall mention presently, who took any personal interest even in the "clever" or "bright" ones.

There were two punishments, short of flogging (which was very rare), which were administered liberally for the slightest mischance in conduct, and often to the whole class if the Master

were in a bad humour. The first (and lightest) was the "Wednesday," which meant that the delinquent had to return to School on Wednesday afternoon and occupy his time in writing out some hundreds of times a silly, futile sentence, or to do "Regulars." These I will explain hereafter. The Master who was in charge on "Wednesdays" was always in a vile temper because, had there been no delinquents, he might have had the afternoon to himself. The Junior Masters took it in turn, four of them I believe, to officiate upon these occasions, and often the result was that the poor schoolboy got further punishment for fractiousness caused chiefly by the unhealthy atmosphere of the "Wednesday." It was no uncommon thing for a boy to receive from several Masters during one week, a series of "Wednesdays" and these did not, as the Magistrates' sentences often do, run concurrently, but had to be worked off from week to week. The only method by which a boy could "get his book straight" was by going to the Master who had given the punishment and begging to be let off. This was supposed to bring him into that humble frame of mind so desirable in a pupil, and a high spirited boy with no natural outlet for his activities in other directions, such as games or interesting work, was either broken in spirit or made into a mischievous, irritable good-for-nothing. I have in my mind now a splendid fellow, good natured, kind, with not an ounce of vice in him, whose brother was one of the most distinguished boys who ever left the School and has attained the topmost height in his profession (but he was in the High School), whose whole nature was altered and his life ruined by his treatment at the School.

The other punishment was to be given three or six "Regulars" to work out, in addition to far too many home lessons. I don't suppose that these are ever given at the School now and therefore I should explain them. They could be light tasks or very heavy ones as the Tyrant knew. If he were in a reasonable mood, he would give them somewhat on this fashion:—£32,345 multiplied successively by 3, 5, 7, 9, and 11; divide the result successively by the same numbers, and the proof of the correctness or otherwise of the working will be apparent. If he were in a revengeful mood, he would set one as follows:—5,237 tons, 18 cwt., 3 qrs., 21 lbs., 14 ozs., 12 drs., multiplied and divided successively by the same figures, as in the other example. My first introduction to these was in the happy time when one was permitted to divide in the inverse order of the multiplication, so that one could see as every line of division was done whether it was correct or not and thus save some time in tracing an error. But, unfortunately, some clever boy, who ought to have received praise rather than punishment, discovered that, when he had once done his multiplication he had only need to copy the figures, line by line, in the division part without working it out and thus save half the labour. But did he get

a good mark or any commendation for his mathematical ability to perceive an arithmetical truth? No! he was ignominiously awarded a "Wednesday" because there was found an error in the multiplication, which was repeated in the division, and it was thenceforth decreed that the division should be performed in the same order as the multiplication had been done.

Those who were "good pals" used to divide this imposition between them. If there were six to be done, six out of ten or twelve boys did one each and the others copied, until one day the "Beast," which was the name for one of the masters whom we all hated from the bottom of our hearts for his sneaking manner and his sarcastic tongue, took the trouble, which no other master seemed to take, to examine some of the "Regulars" sent in and found that there was an error in the multiplication, and another compensating error in the division, and that this was, strangely, repeated by at least ten of his culprits. Explanations followed, and dire pains and penalties—more Wednesdays and more impositions. This "Beast" could not keep order, by any means, in his class (he "taught" Science) and his remedy was to impose upon the whole forty of us, on one occasion, four weeks before the end of the quarter, a series of "Regulars" to be brought to him every Wednesday morning when we went in to "stinks." I protested openly against such an unjust punishment alike of the innocent and the guilty (I was thirteen years old and growing up), and my task, consequently, was doubled. On the first Wednesday following, before lecture, he came round to collect the impositions and, arriving at my seat, asked me for mine. I said that I had not done it and had no intention of doing it. He then got furious and tried to cuff me over the head. I kept calm and dodged him, and he hurt his arm on the desk. Then "Come to Mr. Sefton," said he. And I, "That is just what I want to do, because I have been intending to do so all the time so soon as I leave this room." Then began his sarcastic tongue with reference to a Church in the town known as Holy Innocents, and how the school attached to it was the proper one for me, and so forth. The lesson was suspended, for the boys would not permit the "Beast" to carry on, and at length the end of the "Hour" came, and we walked out. As I was leaving he called me and I went to the rostrum when he said "Will you please not see Mr. Sefton about this business? If you will abstain I will excuse you from bringing your impositions." I replied that I would refrain on condition that he would announce at the next meeting of the class that he would require no more from any of the boys. He demurred at that, and said that it would undermine his authority. I told him that he seemed to have little authority as it was, and that I would go no further if he would tell the boys at the next class meeting that upon thinking the matter over he had decided that the imposition of the punishment had been somewhat drastic, and that he would trust to their

honour, in the event of his remitting it, to behave decently for the remainder of the quarter whilst in his room. He agreed to do so, and the result was that for three weeks he was the most popular master in the School. After the holiday, I regret to say, he forgot this lesson, and although he was never so flagrantly unjust again, in many petty ways he showed his resentment towards me and towards many of the other boys. When I went up to a higher class three months afterwards, he ceased to have anything to do with me.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Speech Day.

THE School Hall was well filled on Wednesday, January 18th, when the prizes were distributed by the Rev. the Dean of Windsor. Sir Francis Danson made a very brief opening speech, remarking on successes won by members of the School and by Old Boys during the previous year.

The Headmaster then gave his annual report. He made little comment on the details of scholastic successes, but drew the attention of parents to other features of school life. Chief amongst these were the Chamber Concerts which had been organised by the School, but which, it was to be regretted, received little support from the parents; surely they would help him in his endeavours to provide the best music for the boys—music which would prove a bond between them in later years.

The prizes and certificates—but chiefly certificates—were then presented, and at the same time, the medals for swimming.

The Dean of Windsor gave an address, which possessed the two rare merits of brevity and interest. In these days, he said, he had to be careful in what he said, for papers took the trouble sometimes to send reporters to take down his remarks; and usually they printed only one remark, and that was not always altogether the most important that he made. For example, all the papers recently mentioned that the Dean of Windsor had learned nothing at school; this was very true, but it was not the only thing he had said. To-night he would like to say a few words to each part of his audience.

The younger boys he urged to work honestly and not for the sake of the rewards it might bring. Older boys should remember that their education was by no means ended when they left school; indeed, it had scarcely begun; and this remark, he said, was certainly very true of his own career. To parents he wished to suggest that they should not feel too great a contempt for the Classical education merely because it seemed to have no immediate practical value. Education, true education, was not to be valued by the salary it produced. The truest education,

which aimed at development, was provided by Classics, and success in commercial life was but one of the many benefits which it conferred.

Alderman Burgess, speaking at some length, proposed a vote of thanks to the Dean, and said that school life was like football; it was the passing, the co-operation, not the goals, that mattered.

Mr. Sidney Jones seconded the vote in a happy little speech such as we have come to expect from him—and we are never disappointed. The vote of thanks was passed amid loud applause, which did not diminish when the usual holiday was announced.

Three cheers for Sir Francis Danson, the Headmaster, and the King, were then called for by Fraser, who also took it upon himself to illustrate the beneficial influence of classics on the mind, by making one plus one equal three. So ended Speech Day.

On Stance.

IT has been said by one who ought to know better, that Stance is everything. It can scarcely be believed that the originator of this remark realised its truth. Otherwise he would not have said it.

We will take a common everyday event as an example—a schoolboy working hard. One immediately conjures up a picture of a youth holding his head in his hands, leaning his elbows on a desk, hair ruffled, pen in mouth, with a volume of Anthropology in front of him. But this is wrong. The schoolboy is never like this. The position is too obvious; in fact it would only tend to make his masters suspicious. So the budding genius takes a more natural pose, one in which he can assimilate innumerable facts and yet not make his master feel that he is not required. He lolls against the wall with his feet on the seat. His hair is brushed smooth and glossy, so that the minimum amount of energy is transformed in passing the hand over the cranium. There is also another reason for the hair's being oiled. During a period's hard work there is a certain amount of heat evolved in the protoplasms of the brain. If this heat is lost it is very hard to restart work next period. And so the youth of to-day oils his hair, for he knows that a glossy surface radiates less heat than a non-glossy surface. This is really the reason why so many intellectual men are bald. After twenty-five or thirty years of hard brain work, the worker feels the need of a permanently polished surface to his brain container, and so he moults and the surface of the skull is presented to the atmosphere. The skull has the double advantage of being generally both glossy and white.

Yes. Stance is everything. Even the manner in which your master chides you is full of a painfully cultivated Stance. If

you enlighten your neighbour in class upon an abstruse point, and your master says "Go on talking—," you are shrivelled up, you feel for once, what you really are, a worm. But why should these simple words make you feel so small? They are not bitterly reproachful, they are not even sarcastic. Why is it? Gentle reader, it is the poise, the Stance of those learned lips.

Through all your diverse ways never forget to maintain the correct Stance. Even when you are awarded the highest honours this life can confer—even when you visit the Study, remember it is Stance that counts. Although by incorrect position you may save a little pain, on meditation you will be sorry, and in later life when your head shows signs of intellect, what would you not give that this one instance of bad Stance should be obliterated.

Study Stance as instanced in the great men of your time, watch the various poses of your various masters. Though at first sight they may appear quite ugly (the poses, *not* the masters), they are really full of graceful symmetry. Lolling on two legs of a chair, hanging on the window cord, balancing on the precipitous edge of a platform—all have their hidden beauty. If one searches long enough, one can, sooner or later, find beauty in anything.

And when you are punished, Stance stands you in good stead. It turns punishment into pleasure. As you sit on a polished wood seat and gaze blissfully before you, you see in a vertical column 19-11 $\frac{3}{4}$; 19-5 $\frac{1}{4}$; 18-9 $\frac{1}{4}$. . . etc., and you think how nice it is to be restfully sitting down in a warm room, while others are chasing a muddy ball, and wasting energy, boot leather, time and turf in an effort to spend a pleasant Wednesday afternoon. It is not until you think of this that you realise how good you really are.

T.

O.T.C Notes.

AT the present time there is little to be said about the Corps, but the bumper term is always the summer term in which the many competitions are held. Last year the Major Parkes Cup was not competed for, but we hope that, as the Irish question is settled, our bolts will be forthcoming, and the shooting held at Altcar again as in the "good old days."

At the close of last term we held a very successful soirée, the best "turn" at which was a display of distinctly humorous conjuring. The disgraceful conduct of one of the officers when Dennis made port wine out of water was very noticeable, and he was only prevented from carrying out a frontal attack on the stage by two stalwart corporals who held him firmly.

During the term we have had more parades than ever, and the displays of company drills are distinctly promising for the inspections, which will be held next term. In the middle of the term the practical examination for Certificate "A" was held, but the performance of the platoon on this occasion was lamentable.

A field day is promised for the near future, and preparations for Camp route marches will also soon take place.

The miniature range will be open next term, and every cadet must fire his course without fail. The dates for camp, which, we hope, will be held at Tidworth Pennings, are July 24th to August 2nd. It is here that a specially hearty exhortation is given to every eligible member of the corps to attend camp. The War Office grant depends solely on our turn out at camp, so it is up to all to go.

The signalling apparatus has at last arrived, and the signalling squad is progressing in splendid style. When we examine our stores, lately sent from the War Office, it is quite easy to guess without the aid of Carmelite House why our income tax is six shillings in the pound.

At this point the Corps must be congratulated on its efforts, yet spurred on to further successes. The turn out every week must be improved, and as soon as our bolts are returned, rifle-cleaning will be started. After all, surely even such a barbarous(!) institution as an O.T.C. should not be above having ideals, so let our motto be the eternal—

"Per ardua ad astra."

The following promotions were dated 3/2/22: Sergt. Hutchison, D. A., to be C.S.M.; Corporals Renault, J. C. E., Binger, F. R., Pople, N. W., to be Sergeants.

The following are to be congratulated on passing Part I. Certificate "A": Corporals Ball, F. A., Rabett, S. R. W., Baxter, P. J., and Bell, J. A.

(D.A.H.)

MRS. GAMP'S FEW REMARKS ON—

"The Duchess's Dilemma."

(With Profound Apologies to the Illustrious Spirit of
Charles Dickens)

I AM an old woman now, and will soon be wantin' someone to lay me out, as I has laid out so many of 'em in my time, sich is the love I bears my fellow creeturs. But before I leaves this mortal wale, I want to say, as if they was my last words on earth, that I never enjoyed myself so much as on that night I went to see your play. I never felt so disposed to laugh as then. Everythink I says is usually to the pint and purpose, as Mrs. Harris says to me, "Sairey," she says, "you are the

only woman of my knowledge as says what you has to say in as few words as possible without goin' round an' round the subject like some people I know." "Thanking you for them kind words," I says, "Which I knows I don't deserve 'em, and your'e very kind to say so, my dear." Well, this play, at first I was very astonished to see 'em all dressed up like they was, and I didn't hear that first song very well, but the other turns was very good, considerin' that it was only the masters and boys that was actin'.

I ha'nt no patience with that man as calls his-self a detegtive, sich stuff and nonsense he was always a-sayin' and a-doin' of.

Hidein' under tables, and comin' in after the burglar had stolen ev'rythink. Leavin' all the place in a nice state of confusion, I'm sure.

My opinion is, as half-a-dugeon fresh young leeches on his temples, wouldn't be too much to clear his mind.

What a wale of grief he caused, to be sure, in the house of that poor dear Dughess. What a noise she made, too, with her squealin' when she had occagion for it. Excuge me when I makes the remark that she overdone it a trifle, in my 'umble opinion.

But what was in them papers that made everybody ill-tempered and upset?

Which it doesn't seem nat'el for sich a little bungle of papers to stir up so much fuss.

They had to let that man, in the big hat act for them after all, when they found that the willian was goin' to do 'em after all. It was that tetching him comin' in so lonesome and proud and then havin' the good nature to turn out to be the missin' father of the poor tempted 'ero, after all the insults he got, even from his own son. Then it ended up so sudden and so beautiful that I went 'ome without feelin' in the least thirsty, as I usually does after seein' a play, me bein'—

[THANK YOU! EDITOR.]

Chess Notes.

SING, O Muses of Helicon! Dance, ye satyrs and fauns! Nymphs and shepherds, come away! The event of events has happened: *The Chess Club has suffered a revival.* Last term we appealed for players: we pointed out that there were some sets in Mr. Eaves' room, crying to be used. We did not appeal in vain. This term a throng of boys has assembled every Monday and Friday, crying to use them. In the dinner hour, too, they are in constant use. Many people assemble regularly in a certain House room for a brief period of rest between the toils of their school duties, and so absorbed

are they in the Game of games, that several of them *are willing to forego their dinners* for its sake!—an indubitable sign of enthusiasm.

Certainly this has been a wonderful term. The events dilated upon in the last paragraph would have been sufficient by itself to make it so. But two *other* stupendous occurrences have come to pass:—

(1) Wallasey Grammar School were played, and were beaten!—beaten by 33 points to 16!!—beaten, with teams of twelve aside!!!

(2) The long dreamt of tournament and knock-out tournament, which has for many years been the glorious, but utterly impossible, ideal of the Chess Club, HAS BEEN ORGANISED, and, at the time of writing, *IS IN PROGRESS*.

After that, any remarks of any description must necessarily partake of the nature of an anti-climax. We will therefore say no more.

Camera and Field Club.

AFTER we had gone to press last term, two lectures took place under the auspices of the Club. In December last, Mr.

Kusni delivered to a large and enthusiastic audience a most interesting lecture on his native country, Egypt. In the short space of an hour, he gave us a complete and clear view of Egypt, ancient and modern, archæological and geographical. The club are deeply indebted to him for carrying out so well the task of addressing us on so comprehensive a subject, and that too in a tongue foreign to him.

A fortnight later, Mr. Dudley, an old boy of the School, who was an officer of the British Army which went to Russia in 1918, lectured to us on Northern Russia. The audience was somewhat small, owing to rather short notice. Those who did hear Mr. Dudley speak waxed very enthusiastic. After he had spoken of Northern Russia, geographically and in general, he went on to speak of his own experiences there. After an hour and a half, when he suggested drawing his remarks to a close, the audience clamoured for more. His lecture, which was interspersed with many witty remarks, was stopped after an hour and three quarters, only by the lateness of the hour. There was no one in the audience who did not wish for more, when the "chat," as Mr. Dudley persisted in calling it, came to an end. He has kindly offered to give his lecture again next year when, we hope, he will have a larger audience. We heartily offer our thanks to him for the trouble he went to, to give us so interesting a lecture.

This term we have been extremely unfortunate. At the time of writing only one excursion has been held. The reasons for

this are various. One firm to whom I wrote has just been burnt out! Others are disorganised through the re-building of portions of their works. Many are on half-time through trade depression. A few minutes before I write, I have received a letter from Messrs. Francis Morton informing me that a serious engineer's lock-out has closed one side of their works, so that a visit is hardly worth while. Let us hope that next term we shall have better luck.

On March 15th, by the kind permission of Mr. Sendall, some thirty boys paid a very interesting visit to Messrs. Evans, Sons, Lescher, and Webb's Laboratory Department. Everything was fully explained to us by our guides, whose kindness in showing us round we heartily appreciate.

Next term the Club will have opportunity for the pursuits implied in its name, as well, let us hope, as our other pursuits. The summer term is the term when the membership should be largest, as no doubt it will be. In addition to a few visits to factories, there will be Nature Rambles and Cycle Rides organised. The annual excursion to Chester will be resumed this year, the date being fixed provisionally for July 15th. Only regular members are allowed to come.

E.V.E.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

The membership has unfortunately dropped this term, but the entries for the Competition to be held at the end of this term, are quite good. The result will be published next term, and it is hoped, if the winning effort is suitable, to have it published in the magazine. Meanwhile, it is to be expected the fine weather of the summer will produce a splendid show of photographs for the competition to be held in the summer. We have to thank the Kosmos Photographic Company for their generous supply of samples of their papers, and the Committee can strongly recommend these to all photographers, especially the Novex gaslight papers. The finances of the Society are in an excellent state, and we can easily do with far more members using the Dark Room than at present.

D.A.H.

Things Very Unusual.

BBETTER late than never. Everything cometh to him who waits. Who is he that cometh like an honoured guest, with banner and with music, with soldier and with priest, with a nation weeping and breaking on my rest; and so ad lib; ad infinitum, etc.

The "honoured guest" in this case is a gentleman dressed in white dungarees with ladder and with paint-pot, with brush and paint as well, with the whole school amazed and looking

on in awe. By white dungarees, of course, is meant a suit of the afore-mentioned dungarees, which are generally multi-coloured in no particular pattern.

Enough! Let us on. After half-term on returning to School on the Tuesday morning, as I swung in my usual hasty manner round the door by the side of the Gym, my nostrils were assailed by a peculiar aroma which I felt certain I had smelt before somewhere. On further investigation I discovered a gentleman wearing the afore-mentioned dungarees, looking very disconsolately at the windows bordering on the covered yard. I say disconsolately because to me he seemed to think it was an awful thing to remove the paint which was already on those windows, or perhaps he was wondering whether it was worth while removing the old paint which still lingered on. After a few seconds of well controlled emotion, he pulled himself together (metaphorically) and proceeded to look for his ladders. At this point I left him and advanced to the Prefects' Room without meeting with any more unfamiliar sights or persons. On my arrival there I was surprised to see one of my colleagues in a dead faint (?) When he recovered he announced to me that he had seen some wild, strange animals, who looked like painters, wandering around. I assured him that they were real British painters, as I had seen one of them debating with himself whether he should work or not. More arrivals told us the same news in very startled and affrighted tones, but we gradually composed ourselves and saw nothing more of them until the next day. At break on the afore-mentioned next day a head appeared outside one of the P.R. windows, and then gradually a body appeared clothed in dungarees of divers colours. After much struggling, he opened the window and remarked that some silly fool had removed his ladder. We sympathised with him and acknowledged that it was rather too far to jump. That was the last we saw of them that day, but the School was gradually assuming an aluminium colour as to the windows. The next evening as I left school by the main door I heard a furious bellowing (as of bellows) and roaring as of a fiery furnace, and discovered that the above-mentioned painters had attacked the stately portico and were removing the brown (?) paint, and with it the inscription which clearly states that the "keys are at, etc." No one ever troubles to go to the said place for the keys. I am sure. Just as I was rejoicing that all the windows had been painted aluminium colour, yea! even those of the Gym.. I noticed that one had discarded the sober colour for a brilliant green. I suppose they will be painted alternately red and green in the patriotic style as approved by School colours.

Let us now leave the outside of the School and come inside. Nothing has so far been done to enhance the beauty of our classrooms and corridors, and I shudder to think what the place

will look like when all the ink and autographs have been erased from the walls, especially those from rooms numbers 42 and 43. These places seem to have been chosen to be the two main registry offices for the School. The other day I took it into my head to have another look at the places where I used to spend my time many long years ago and came upon a time-table bearing the date 1877 on one of the cupboard doors. Steps should be taken to preserve this interesting relic for the study of future generations, so that they may have some idea of life in ancient (to them) days.

Not only has paint been seen about the School, but there are also (whisper it) some new lockers. The workmen, however, have not failed to maintain their usual high standard of work, as one row of, I think 12 lockers is out of the reach of most of us, for to get at it one would need to borrow the ladder of a painter.

But I have nearly exhausted the paint in my pen, so I had better stop this learned discourse. So sorry!

P.J.B.

University Letters.

Union Society,
Oxford.
11th March, 1922.

To the Editor of the *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Once more are we called to confessional; to give some account—more or less true—of our doings in this busy place. We are only induced to write this, in the hope that its contents (or those of its predecessors) may kindle an ambition, in the minds of hopeful members of 3x, to come to Oxford in future years, that the name of the Liverpool Institute may not wholly die out.

The essential functions of an Oxford—if not of a Cambridge—letter is to catalogue the bits of scandal heard about such people as can fairly claim to be noticed.

Let us begin alphabetically.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Harvey has been ill during the present term, which, taken with the fact that he has Finals in June, seems to explain sufficiently his complete disappearance from the streets of Oxford.

Mr. Hutchison was once seen out on the tow path, watching "suffering humanity" during Torpids. Otherwise, he has History Finals in June, which have confined him to his room. It is hoped that he will make a speedy recovery in the autumn.

Mr. Knox merely uses his room as a base from which he may from day to day scour the countryside. It is our firm

belief that neither hail nor rain, distance nor gradient, ever causes him to abate one inch of his scheduled course.

Mr. Laver—to take the next on the list—has by now published his first book of verse, and is now making up lost ground by studying Theology, that in time he may obtain a degree of B.Litt.

Mr. McKie is very proud of himself and, in the same degree, also of his college: Brasenose College made “7 bumps” in Torpids.

Mr. Milburn, so we are continually informed, is still investigating the precise point (or attitude) outside which it is impossible to remain on a horse’s back. He astonished everybody by going into training for Toggors, but no University second boat ever appeared.

Mr. Thomas has found his second home at the Musical Society, where, with Mr. Knox, he imbibes Bach and Beethoven by the hour. It was rumoured that he was under the necessity “of going off to sea again,” but lately the “Wanderlust” has become less insistent, and he now “listens” to ancient philosophy in lectures on Lucretius.

Such, Mr. Editor, is a plain account of plain men. It only remains for us to offer our best wishes to any brave scholarship candidates who come up to Oxford at the end of this term.

Yours sincerely,

J. I. THOMBURN—NONUCHLAVE

The Union Society,

Cambridge.

11 March, 1922

To the Editor of the *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

It is a most extraordinary thing.

“Ah, yes,” you will say, “we know all about this. We have had it all before. They are going to tell us what a peculiarly unpleasant town this of theirs is; they will complain of the weather, of the imminence of examinations, of their work, of their play, of each other, of everything they do.” And you will be quite wrong. Nevertheless, it is a most extraordinary thing.

What is? Why, here we have been, cooped up in this place for eight weeks now, and to-morrow, or the next day, we are to be allowed to go home. And it is about time, too. It is astonishing how dull a place Cambridge can be on the last Saturday of full term. Everybody has either gone, or bought his railway ticket. There is no loud noise of cheering from the

Paddock. People are packing. It is too cold to pretend it is summer and play tennis; the river is deserted. Dons float mournfully across the court to the Hall; everything suggests a dusty antiquity. The streets are full of hats, coats, walking-sticks, and suitcases. Oh for the return of top hats and side-whiskers! But we are allowing ourselves to digress.

As we were saying—our worthy contemporaries at Oxford number, we are told, seven. They do not know how many of us there are, they say loftily, but they trust that we are well and flourishing. We are, thank you. And perhaps it is time to disclose our collective identities.

First, there is our youngest discovery, Norman McCallum, of Queens’ College. He is an engineer. Him we have to congratulate on passing the qualifying examination last December. Then there is R. H. Miller, of Downing: somewhat of a celebrity, in that he will shortly be the possessor of an oar, which he earned in the Downing second hand boat, and on which we must heartily congratulate him. He is also (in his spare time) an engineer. Then there is H. P. Griffiths, of Selwyn, a chemist, and R. G. Baxter, also of Downing, and also an engineer. And A. V. Russell, also of Downing (dear me, what a lot of Downing men), a learned farmer. He it is who analyses for the Board of Agriculture, and is an instructor to those who would learn. And M. T. Sampson, of St. John’s, and also a chemist: but a superior one; for he demonstrates, and researches. We expect a foundation-shattering theory from him some day. And Mr. J. H. Grace, a Fellow of Peterhouse, and a mathematician.

So you see, dear Mr. Editor, that a little calculation will assure you that we also are seven.

And we have just greeted a distinguished visitor, and an Oxonian, who has come all the way here to see a play. A most surprisingly long way it is, too. “Can any good thing come out of . . . ?” And odd visitors from school have kept us expectant or entertained throughout the term. We rejoice to think that we are not entirely forgotten.

And now other things call us. We must out into the cold world (it froze last night) and the dusty streets. Our duties call us. It is peculiar, too, because nobody does any work on the last day: why, he can’t. But we must go out. Soon we shall come back again. But if we leave this letter to finish then, we shall miss the post.

Goodbye, Mr. Editor.

Yours,

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The Union,
Bedford Street,
Liverpool.

To the Editor of the *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Life has been particularly empty this year. The daily round, the common task, has signally failed to furnish all, or indeed one tithe of the matter we do ask for. Chronic melancholy appears to have overtaken most of the O.I.'s now gracing the various departments of our noble, illustrious, and so forth University. There are, of course, one or two shining exceptions. Mr. R. B. Onians is to be congratulated on winning the Baring Classics Prize. Mr. E. I. Roberts will now go down to history as the man who fought the safety curtain. Mr. R. E. Williams, brilliant and versatile as ever, has been busy evolving a new theory of sight, and in his spare moments has risen to the most sublime heights of frenzied rhetoric on the question over which the University has been very much agitated of late, whether or not the sale of beer, wines, and spirits shall be permitted on the Union premises. Beyond this there is really very little to record. O.I.'s are to be found everywhere here, Rugger, soccer, chess, billiards, bridge, all have their followers. One wonders how much longer it will be before the School takes up Rugger. Some thirty or forty O.I.'s have taken it up since leaving School, and are to be found playing in most of the local clubs. It is undoubtedly a much better game from every point of view than soccer, and in addition is rapidly growing in popularity throughout the district. The best wishes of all O.I.'s here are extended to the School in their efforts to win the Shield this year; it is about time they won it. If this letter appears to be even more disjointed and crude than efforts in this line generally are, the author implores the mercy of all who may read it, as he is suffering from the after effects of a particularly diabolical and fiendish "terminal;" a point on which the School should be able to sympathise.

Yours sincerely,

O. I. LOWE-HIND.

Books Received.

- "Unwritten Law," by Captain Ennis, author of "Unthinkable Equity."
'The chapter devoted to the conduct of Mock Trials is an immense boon.'—*Daily Muse*.
'Captain Ennis' views of the ethics of justice rivet attention.'—*Witness Box*.
"A Complete History of Booby Traps," by Mr. F. W. H. Gr-m.
'The appendix, specially inserted for scholarship seekers, is unique.'—*Lookout*.

- "A Guide to Wangling," by H. J. Abr-h-m and J. M. K-n-n, authors of "Secretarial Secrets."
'Astonishingly fertile, amazingly imaginative, original to a degree.'—*Inspiration*.
'Conveys a great deal more than is expressed.'—*Uncommon Sense*.
"All About the Sports," by "Citizen."
'Every aspect of the question is studied in detail.'—*Evening Curfew*.
'The author is quite at home with his large subject.'—*Daily Muse*.
"Poking Fun," by E. S. B-ll, author of "Smouldering Fires," etc.
'A book which will be 'grate'ly in demand.'—*Birkenhead Bulletin*.
"Punning and Punsters," by W. C. Kn-l-, author of "'Aristofunes, the Bard of Wales.'"
'Proves conclusively that the worst puns are the best.'—*Review of Reviews*.
'Nowhere does the author leave himself o'pun' to criticism.'—*Society Smalltalk*.
"A Linesman's Reminiscences," by H. A. J-v-ans, author of "Sport in an Eggshell."
'Delightfully absorbing, as was to be expected.'—*Sporting Stoppress*.
'Breathes forth the very odour of ploughed fields and flowery meads.'—*Lookout*.
"The Ideal Sergeant-Major," by D. A. H-tch-s-n, author of "By their Stripes ye shall know them," etc.
'One is surrounded with a realistic atmosphere of inspections, puttees, and P.T.'s.'—*Jarrow Javelin*.
"Hairs and Graces," by S. S. Ch-sw-ll, author of "The Unshorn Lamb," etc.
'Betrays an intimate knowledge of his subject.'—*Daily Muse*.
"The Elucidation of the Obvious," by I. S-lv-rm-n, author of "Multum in Parvo."
'Paradox is, on the whole, the most dominant feature.'—*Review of Reviews*.
'Here we have, at long last, a really humorous humorist.'—*Inspirations*.
"Sleuth at Bay," by H. W-rth-ngton, author of "Lo! He Comes."
'One of Catchmall Bending Jones's most spectacular successes.'—*Snapshots*.
'Watson is vacuously admirable.'—*Uncommon Sense*.
"The Esperanto Fetish," by E. V. B-rk-r, S.C.F.C.
'Comment were superfluous.'—*Weekly Washout*.
'It speaks for itself.'—*Lookout*.

"NOTME."

School Football.

AS is usual in the introduction to the Football Notes, the first thing to do is to make a weather report. The first half of the season was very fine, only one match having to be cancelled owing to bad weather, but the 2nd XI had to abandon one at half-time for the same reason. This term we have been by no means so fortunate, as we have only played two games, not including Shield games; of these one was won and the other lost. The record for both teams up to the present is as follows: 1st XI—played 14, won 10, lost 4, goals for 61, against 33; 2nd XI—played 11, won 4, drawn 3, lost 3, goals for 41, against 24. The Junior Shield Team were beaten, unfortunately, by Birkenhead Institute in the First Round, but the Senior Shield Team, after a bye in the First Round, defeated Alsop High School by 5 goals to 1 in the second, and thus have qualified to meet our old rivals—the Collegiate—in the Semi-Final. We wish the team every success and hope they will carry the Shield “home” again.

A rather unfortunate incident occurred at the beginning of this term when F. P. Lord suddenly left us to go to Manchester. We wish him every success there.

It is with great regret that I have to announce that the two matches against the Old Boys had to be cancelled, owing to our having no ground, and I am very sorry that this barrier was unsurmountable; however, we hope next season to have Greenbank at liberty. By the way railings are actually being erected at that noble place and the pavilion is being re-painted!

House Football has been substituted this term for Form Football, but more of this in another place.

In conclusion we must again convey our thanks to Messrs S. V. Brown, Reece and H. E. Williams, also to “Peter,” and all those who have helped to run the football of the School in the way in which it has been run.

CRITIQUE.

BAXTER, P. J., 1920-21-22 (Captain).—An enterprising forward, who is an individualist. Has brought a fair measure of success to a moderate team. Has been a firm and energetic captain.

BUCKLEY, R. W., 1921-22.—A thoroughly reliable inside forward, but one who does not work too hard. Should cultivate a first-time shot.

BALL, E. S., 1921-22 (Secretary).—Is very enthusiastic in his duties. Is gradually losing his passion for running out of his goal. He is very nervous but capable.

LOUGHLIN, E. J., 1920-21-22.—Has not maintained his very high standard of last season. He is a very reliable and cool back.

LORD, F. P.—Was a good back. Could kick and tackle well.

HOGG, F. M.—Has played quite well on the whole. Can kick with both feet. Is cool and steady. Would do better to watch his wing man more. As he grows older he should make a good defender.

KENNAN, J. M., 1921-22.—Is a hard working centre-half, although rather on the small side. Gives and takes hard knocks very well. Is improving, but should shoot more often.

YOUNGSON, N. S.—Is very consistent. Uses his head very well, but is inclined to give up pursuit if beaten.

ROBERTS, G. N., 1920-21-22 (Sub-Captain).—Has filled the gap at outside right fairly well, but has not enough speed to be really successful. Should centre before being tackled.

SHANKLAND, J.—A tall, heavy inside forward. Is improving, but should play a much more forceful game than he does at present. Has a fairly good shot with both feet, but is not a first-timer. Is rather afraid of using his head, but is improving. Combines well with Danks.

DANKS, A. G.—For an outside right has played splendidly in his new position on the other wing. Has plenty of speed, but would do better to centre rather more in advance of his forwards.

KING, W. A.—A big, heavy back. Rather wild in his kicking. Has a strong left foot kick, but must learn to kick with his right. Is not afraid of using his head, but has no sense of direction when he does.

DEACON, J. A.—A player who can get through anywhere, but wastes all his good work by being far too greedy. If he wants to be successful he must remedy this. Is extremely weak in front of goal and cannot use his head.

LEWIS, J. L. D.—A new member of the team. Is very unselfish and has the makings of a good player. He is tall and heavy with plenty of speed, which he ought to make use of more. Should learn to shoot at all opportunities and to shoot hard. He can.

SCHOOL v. BOTELER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Played at Wavertree on Wednesday, February 1st. Won 8-2.

Team: E. S. Ball; Loughlin, King; Hogg, Kennan, Youngson; Roberts, Lewis, Baxter, Shankland, Danks.

Owing to the considerable amount of rain lately, the ground was soft and heavy, but otherwise conditions were perfect.

Losing the toss, Baxter kicked off against a slight wind, and the School immediately made way on the left, but this was fruitless. We were soon at it again and at the end of about 10 minutes' play Baxter scored in rather a lucky manner from a shot by Lewis, which ran along parallel to the goal. This had the

effect of spurring Boteler on, and in a few minutes their outside-right scored with a beautiful shot which Ball touched, but could not stop. This was only a flash in the pan, for after a little midfield play Shankland scored for us from a mêlée in the goal-mouth. Play was then of an even nature until half-time. Upon turning round the School, with the wind at their backs, gave an exhibition of short passing tactics and goal getting. The first two goals were scored by Baxter from centres by Roberts and Danks. Shankland then headed a rather lucky but very picturesque goal from a good corner by Danks, and a few minutes later Lewis scored with a fast ground shot that gave the goalkeeper very little chance. Again Baxter scored from a centre by Danks, while a few minutes later he ran through by himself and incited by a few remarks from behind him scored with a very fast shot which left the goalkeeper helpless.

As this was our first game for over a month, the team must be complimented on their display. King, in the place of Lord, played a dashing if somewhat unsteady game, while our other irregular, Lewis, played sound but slow football. Of the others, Hogg was slightly below par and would do better if he watched his wing more. The other halves were good. Roberts played quite energetically in the first half, but showed an appreciable lack of stamina towards the end. Shankland and Danks combined very well; the latter playing his best game this season so far.

SCHOOL v. BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.

Played at Wavertree, February 8th. Lost 2-0.

Owing to an injury, Lewis was unable to turn out, and his place was taken by Deacon, and as Loughlin was absent, Buckley deputised. Otherwise the team was the same as last week.

Losing the toss, Baxter kicked off, and the School made an attack on the Birkenhead goal, which came to a bad end, owing to the nature of the pitch. Birkenhead soon retaliated, and Ball was called upon to save. We, in turn, attacked, but fruitlessly, and Birkenhead again pressed. Youngson then had the misfortune to handle in the penalty area, but Ball made a very good save. This put our opponents on their mettle, and after a good deal of pressure, during which Buckley bore himself bravely in his unaccustomed position, Ball foolishly chased the ball to nearly the corner flag, leaving his goal unprotected, and Birkenhead scored. The School then attacked, but without any better success. From a foul well outside the penalty area Baxter drove wide, and a few minutes later had hard luck in not equalising. Half-time then arrived.

On the resumption, we attacked strongly, several good movements being spoiled by the insatiable greed of Deacon. Birkenhead pressed again, and their outside-right scored with a high shot that had Ball guessing. Deacon again spoilt some very good

chances by hanging on to the ball until he was overpowered and lost it. On another foul being given against them our opponents packed the goal and again Baxter was unlucky in not scoring as the ball hit the foot of one of their temporary goalkeepers. Play now went to our end, and this time Buckley, in intercepting a shot, unluckily handled in the area. This penalty was also saved by Ball. After a continuous pressure on our goal lasting for some 10 minutes, as a last forlorn hope the ball was taken to the other end, where Baxter went very close indeed with a header, the goalkeeper saving at the expense of a corner. But we spurted too late, for the whistle soon blew. Apart from his error in the first half, Ball played a good game. Neither of the backs was reliable, but Buckley helped us through several difficulties, and although playing in this unaccustomed position, really did well. The halves were all feeble, Youngson being a mediocre best. The forward line in consequence suffered, and had to do its own foraging, but the individual players were all below their usual form and could not get going on the bad turf.

FIRST ROUND OF THE JUNIOR SHIELD.

SCHOOL v. BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.

Played at Birkenhead, on Wednesday, February 15th. Lost 2-1.

For this match the School lined up as follows: Riddell; S. Jones, Abel; Priestley, Munro, W. F. Wade; Drinkwater, C. E. Jones, Gornall, Glover, Tanner.

Munro lost the toss and Gornall kicked off up the slope. Our opponents soon settled down and attacked very strongly. A mis-kick by Abel very nearly gave them a goal. Our team then woke up, but could not get going on the very heavy ground, and play soon came back into our half. So far our team had been very shaky, but they gradually regained confidence, especially Abel, who began to assert himself and prove himself a very useful partner to S. Jones. After a few minutes of midfield play, the Birkenhead inside-right broke away and beat Riddell with a very good shot which he was rather unfortunate in failing to stop. This reverse had one good effect—it showed that we had not lost courage. Drinkwater ran up several times, but was very unfortunate with his centres, which were generally cleverly intercepted. One glorious opportunity was missed by the rest of the forward line—the ball going quite slowly across the goal. Glover did make an attempt to use it, but he was late. Another series of hostile attacks were frustrated by Priestley on the right and S. Jones, who till half-time was playing on the left. When they did reach our goal Riddell acquitted himself gloriously. In the second half, aided by the slope, we pressed strongly, and were unfortunate in finding the Birkenhead goal very ably defended. At last we equalised, Glover standing well out snapped up a

stray pass and scored with a well-directed ground shot, quite out of their goalkeeper's reach. We kept up the pressure for another few minutes, and then weight began to tell. After numerous attacks on their left, the Birkenhead inside-right again succeeded in beating Riddell, the shot going well out of his reach. Our forwards tried very hard to equalise, and were helped in their efforts to a large extent by Priestley, who seemed to be playing everywhere at once, and S. Jones, who was where Priestley was not. We could not beat the defence of our opponents, and at full time we were still being beaten 2-1.

The team played very well considering the state of the ground and the superior weight of our opponents, and can in no wise be blamed for their defeat.

SENIOR SHIELD (2nd ROUND).

SCHOOL v. ALSOP HIGH SCHOOL.

Played on Wednesday, March 8th, at Wavertree. Won 5-1.

The weather for this match was not exactly glorious, as it had been raining for two or three days previously, and kept on all the morning of March 8th. This had the advantage, for us, of making the ground soft and heavy, which suited our team, which was as follows: E. S. Ball; Loughlin, King; Hogg, Kennan, Youngson; Roberts, J. L. D. Lewis, Baxter, Shankland, Danks.

Baxter won the toss and elected to kick with the wind. The opening exchanges went in favour of Alsop, but we soon asserted ourselves and pressed but without success. A series of raids on our goal which were stopped by Loughlin had the effect of waking us up. We still could not do anything, and it was not until play had been in progress about 15 minutes that Shankland scored with a low, fast shot. Our opponents tried very hard to equalise, but were held off by Loughlin. A mistake by King and Youngson nearly let them through, but Kennan dashed up and saved the situation. We again attacked and pursued the right policy of shooting whenever possible, but we were most unfortunate, for two beautiful shots of Baxter's just missed scoring, one going just outside, and the other hitting the cross-bar with the goalkeeper well beaten. Our efforts were at last rewarded when, following some good work by Lewis and Shankland, Baxter snapped up an opportunity and scored easily. We kept up the pressure, and should have scored more, but it was not till just before the interval that Baxter added a third. During the first half our defence, although playing very shakily, held the Alsop attack, who could not make headway against the wind, fairly easily. Upon the resumption, the Alsop centre-half took a very long shot, which was passing out, but Ball took it into his head to try and stop it. This he did not succeed in doing, but he diverted the ball into his own goal, to everybody's amazement. Alsop did

not long enjoy this success, for Lewis made an easy opening for Baxter, who added to our total. A very pretty movement on our left was frustrated when Dank's centre, as indeed many had been, was intercepted cleverly. Perhaps this was due to the fact that Shankland, by express orders, was helping the defence, who now seemed to have come to the conclusion that this was an important match and began to play more steadily—the wing halves being very good. Ball was nearly at fault again when he went for another shot which was going well outside, but this he managed to stop. All this while the Alsop goal was being peppered with shots, and Lewis had the misfortune of seeing a good shot of his very well saved. The goalkeeper dived and stopped the ball, but did not succeed in clearing it, for as it lay on the line Baxter dashed up and added No. 5. The Alsop team seemed now to go to pieces, and Danks had the misfortune of seeing a goal of his nullified by the fact that the spectators had invaded the pitch by the goal. The same thing occurred a few minutes later when Baxter scored after the ball had gone outside. Spasmodic attacks by our opponents were easily countered, and we took it very easily till the whistle blew.

Ball in goal was very nervous and consequently not safe. Of the backs, Loughlin was the better, as King was rather wild. Kennan, at centre half was not up to his usual standard, but he was ably supported by the wing halves. All the forwards showed signs of football, but Lewis, whom we were glad to welcome back after his misfortune, and Danks, were perhaps the best. Roberts would do infinitely better and would be of much more service if he would centre before he was tackled. Several promising movements were brought to nought owing to this fact; but as a whole the team conducted themselves worthily.

HOUSE FOOTBALL.

In spite of the bad weather, House Football has progressed very favourably. Each House has had at least two games, while the 1st Round of the Horsfall Cup has also been played. Below is the Horsfall Cup Draw up to time of going to press.

1ST ROUND.		SEMI-FINAL.		FINAL.
Hughes ... 5	}	Hughes ... 0	}	Owen
Tate v. ... 0				
Owen ... 8				
Danson v. ... 0	}	Owen ... 2	}	v.
Alfred Holt 2				
Cochran v. ... 1				
Philip Holt (a bye)		Philip Holt 1		Alfred Holt

"Excuse Me."

To the Editor of the *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.

SIR,

The need of the moment—Brighter Journalism.

You were kind enough to publish in your last issue a small contribution from my fountain pen, and this kindness has led me to approach you on another point which cries aloud for attention. On all hands is to be heard and sensed a movement towards a general brightening up of social life. The movement finds various outlets: on the one hand there is the agitation for a Brighter London; and on the other hand, no one can have failed to observe the but-half-stifled yearnings of the rising generation towards a more picturesque sartorial ensemble.

Realising fully the possibilities of such a movement, if suitably and paternally encouraged, I am writing to urge you to help along the coming renaissance. The only way in which you, in your editorial capacity, can do so is by brightening up your own publication. The great reading public, Sir, demand brighter journalism, and you are able to give it. Let them, then, have it. I hope you will not consider this affrontery on my part, but my earnestness will, I trust, excuse the trespass; for I speak with a certain amount of authority.

I, also, am no complete stranger to the Editor's desk. Years ago, somewhere about the later 'seventies, my services were required to help run a bright little journal known as the "Remove Rocket," and, naturally, in the discharge of my official duties, I was constantly in contact with the inner workings of editorial wizardry. My memory has somewhat failed me of late, but I can assure you that that journal was in the way of being a 'live wire.' Yes, Sir, it was 'some rag,' if you will pardon the Americanism, and I think 'our modern papers might considerably benefit by a study of its methods. With your permission I will endeavour to suggest a few alterations in your Magazine which will in some way reflect the vanished glories of that early pioneer.

Let us glance at one of your recent issues.

Priority of place is, of course, granted to the Editorial, and here it is that the most sweeping reforms are imperative, for the Editorial should sound the key-note for the whole Magazine. The essence of bright originality must emanate from its print. The "matter" must be startling and unexpected; if possible, paradoxical and ambiguous. Headlines are a "sine qua non." Something like this:—

CHEAPER FARES!

REPORTED STARVING OF JUVENILES!

That buns and ices should still be 1½d., when the pre-war price was 1d., is a matter that cries aloud for public execration. No longer is it possible for a Briton to proclaim to the whole world, that, etc.

I offer that as a suggestion for what it is worth.

Now, turn to the "Chat on the Corridor"—here is ample room for improvement. As they stand, the pars. are too formal; they must be made more personal, more truly chatty. Why not call them "Personal Pars." The following will, perhaps, illustrate my point:—

A little bird whispers us that Mr. X— was seen, on the night of the —th ult., inside the Super-Scala-de-Luxe. He was, so 'tis said, wearing an unassuming suit of pepper and salt, and an expensive smile—and so on.

The chat becomes intriguing, and no longer icily conventional.

Then, in the football reports, a livelier description must be written. The language must be such as to re-create vividly before us some exciting mêlée in the goalmouth, or similar occurrence. What is more suitable, then, than "vers libre?" Prose is inadequate. Listen!—

Mud!

It is everywhere!

This beastly mud!!

Yet must I on, on to the very uttermost reaches of my vanishing resources.

Because,

(Whisper it sadly, softly, lingeringly,

Like a damp finger rubbed against a pane of glass)

We are one down, and the hands of time are very fast to move:

On! On, my fleetly-footed comrades, to the death!

Or pass, and let me shoot.

Look! Oh, look!

Out of the seething maelstrom or vortex of legs and arms and boots,

And white shirts, and coloured shirts,

Hurtles a sodden sphere.

Eagerly I propel myself bodily to intercept its muddy parabolic curve.

My head makes contact.

GOAL!!

O joy! O never-to-be-transcended rapture!

O ineffable ecstasy clutching at the very heartstrings of existence!—

and so on, ad lib. The page palpitates, as it were, with interest. We can almost imagine ourselves, so to speak, combing the mud from our hair. Besides, you fill up so many more pages.

It would also, Sir, I think, be a feather in your cap, were you to introduce two or three, possibly four, novel and interesting features to your pages. For instance, there are competi-

tions. You might have (say) two competitions running at once, one a football affair, the other a trial of skill. For the first, I would suggest choosing six away winners in the Horsfall Cup; for the second there is always the vernal limerick. In Christmas numbers, you could offer competitors two alternative openings, and all they will have to do is to finish the poem. The openings might be,

(i) There was a young . . .

(ii) There was an old . . .

For prizes (for prizes there must be), you might offer five copies of last term's Magazine at cost price. That, of course, is only a suggestion.

Then you *must* introduce the article serials. Such serials as "Interviews with famous O.I.'s; No. 1—J. I. Thornburn-Noxuchlave;" and "Life-stories of famous local criminals, No. 20—Austen Jevans," would, I am sure, speedily treble your circulation.

Trusting that the promptings of common-sense and a sense of duty to your fellows will persuade you to the adoption of these, or similar improvements,

Believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

X.X.X.

L.I.O.B.A. Notes.

THE Annual Dinner of the Association was held, this year, at the School, on 17th December, and (although it was officially dubbed a supper) it was surely one of the pleasantest functions in the history of the Association. The School catering staff, under the guidance of Miss Robertson, and with the invaluable assistance of several of the other mistresses, and of Messrs. Ellis and S. V. Brown, rose to great heights, and provided us with a collation that put those of the restaurants and hotels, at which we have dined of late years, completely in the shade. Some seventy members were present, under the chairmanship of the Headmaster, and Messrs. Brennell, Hicks, Latimer, Dudley, Tranmer and Alan Williams delighted us with ditties after the tables had been cleared. We can only repeat our thanks to all those members of the staff whose efforts made the evening so very enjoyable and successful. It is indeed most pleasant to see them willing to devote so much time to the Association and to co-operate so cordially with Old Boys.

A smoker was held at the School on March 4th, but the attendance of O.I.'s was disappointing. Mr. Brown again

arranged the programme, and we were delighted to see that he has at last unearthed entertaining talent in the School. Mr. Baxter accompanied and amongst others, Messrs. Gilchrist, Tytler and West, Hicks, Eustace, and Sergeants and ex-Sergeants of the O.T.C. provided us with greatly appreciated items.

At a Committee Meeting, held on 26th January, it was decided not to hold another dinner this term. It was also decided to present the School with a silver medal for the winner of the Old Boys' Cup at the Sports.

The competition for the Old Boys' Football Shield, which has been in abeyance since 1913, has been revived, and we have been drawn against Waterloo, away, in the first round. The winners are to meet Wallasey, at Wallasey. We hope to put a strong XI in the field. The whole competition has been hurriedly arranged, and a sub-committee of Messrs. Fletcher, Latimer, McDavid (who will captain the side), and Bryson, are in charge of the Association's interests. Many members have expressed the opinion that this is an excellent opportunity to commence an Old Boys' Football Club, and, while we cannot expect O.I.'s to leave clubs they have already joined, something of the sort might well be done. The matter will, at any rate, come up for discussion at the next meeting.

The Cricket Match against the School will be played on July 15th. Mr. Coomer is in charge of the side, and old boys who wish to play should apply to him at 44, Nicander Road.

J. L. D. B.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.

SIR,

Several members of the Old Boys' Association have expressed a desire for an Old Boys' Cricket XI. It is, of course, too late to do anything as regards the formation of a permanent club with a ground, this season, but I have no doubt that we could arrange occasional "away" fixtures with local clubs, for both evening and Saturday matches, during the season, and the School Sports' and Arts' Club would, doubtless, allow us a net for practice purposes at Greenbank.

I shall be very pleased to hear from members of the O.B.A. desirous of forming such an XI, and, if there is sufficient support, to endeavour to arrange fixtures, etc.

Yours sincerely,

J. L. D. BRYSON.

[NOTE.—The School would be very grateful to any Old Boy who would be willing to give up a little time, to coach boys at nets during the coming cricket season. Will any O.I. who can spare a night a week for this purpose send his name to Mr. S. V. Brown?—Ed.]

To the Editor of the *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.

DEAR SIR,

Will anything ever be done about the Tuck Shop?

R. W. BUCKLEY.

J. McHUGH.

Editorial Notices.

The Editors acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the following contemporaries, and apologise for any omissions:—*Alsop High School Magazine*, *Birkonian*, *Bootleian*, *Cryptian*, *Kelly College Chronicle*, *Ruym*, *Sotoniensis*, *Sphinx*, *Ulula*, *Alleyrian*, *Hinckley Grammar School Magazine*, *Wyggestonian*.

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