

But then you heard that Jim was after you; Jim who had always terrified even the big boys back home in Sydney; Jim who had gone into the army, only to come back with three medals. Everyone respected Jim, and feared him. So the only thing to do was to vanish into the desert and lie low, as a rattle-snake must do.

But, when you were free of Jim and the police, came someone new, a more deadly and terrible pursuer, one who never left you—George: as you walked, you could hear George whispering in your ear: sometimes he would be raising the stakes as he played poker: sometimes he would be telling you all about Jim and how brave and strong and fierce he was. Again it might be just "Jim and I are buddies."

Occasionally you could hear George behind you, walking in your footsteps. You could hear him breathing and humming "Waltzing Matilda" in his own peculiar flat way. Then when you whipped round, George was gone, but you knew he was there all the time

Worst of all was the night, when you lay in your blankets and you could feel his eyes on you, never leaving you, as you tried to snatch some sleep.

Now that was all over. This morning you had turned round and shouted, "It's no good, George. You won't drive me back to Jim or the police!"

He had admitted defeat and left you. All through the long footsore day you had not heard or seen anything of him—had not even thought of him, till you were safe by your fire. Then he was something trivial in your past, like an hour spent stealing apples from a Sydney market fruit stall. He does not matter to you now; you can even sleep in peace for the first time since you killed him. You are brave and you are alone.

Stand up! Prove it! Look around you! How far can you see? Three miles? If anyone was coming, you could see him for an hour before he arrived, even in the dusk. The desert is so white that it is never really dark. But there is no-one. You are safe, alone.

The coffee is boiling. You sit down and take a long drink. "Ah, is that good!" you sigh, "It's gonna be a cold night to be alone on."

Then an icy hand comes over your shoulder and a voice—a toneless, flat voice, but George's voice—says

"Yes it's a cold night. Let's have a drink too."

Then you scream and all is blood and darkness.

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**LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE
MAGAZINE**

VOLUME IX

Number 2

JULY, 1952

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LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE

VOL. LX

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EDITORIAL

When the next School Year begins in September, almost every boy in the School will have entered since 1945. Boys then remaining in the School will be those who, although children during the war years, have spent the formative years of their lives within the more-or-less cloistered precincts of the Liverpool Institute. To them the war is a blurred, nightmarish memory of their childhood, an episode in history, whose urgency they can never truly recover. Yet many of them can still recollect a world without the Atomic Bomb, an international situation without the bogey of Communism and an England without the threat of severe economic crises. They live in one of the most critical periods in the history of man, not only in this nation, but in the whole world.

A School such as ours, with the ennobling and uplifting influence of tradition to direct and steady its present course, can do much to prepare these boys for their life in this new world. In an age of insanity they will learn to recognise the worth of sensible thought and action, and in an age of indeterminateness to attain the strength needed to make a decision. This Atomic Age, with its dreadful implications for society, may well recast the standards of collective moral behaviour in a new and less wholesome frame. Here in this School the loyalties we stand by are the old loyalties, for in these troubled times they are the only precepts of which we can be certain. Surely, a sense of comradeship, a Christian appraisal of the true values of life, and a warm, happy approach to the daily chores of human existence will not be unsought in any future society. If they are, that society will be much the poorer in its lack of those virtues without which human life would flourish little above animal level. The most precious aspects of life cannot be measured with a yardstick, and tend to be ignored at a time when the worth of an ideology is considered in terms of its material success.

We stand on the threshold of an age where apathy—the lack of the will to project a definite thought or action—will be of the utmost danger to our livelihood. The new generation must be taught to care for and savour the heritage of the past, because only by drawing on the past can we gain the strength to face the future.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR

On February 6th, the School learnt of the sudden and tragic death of the nation's greatly beloved and esteemed monarch, His Majesty, King George VI. On the day of the funeral of His Late Majesty a short ceremony was held in the School Hall; the two minutes' silence was signalled by the ringing of the School Ceremonial Bell, and preceded by the playing of Chopin's Funeral March on the organ. The School Vice-Captain, N. J. Page, took part in the civic ceremony.

On January 31st, the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. Lawrence Holt, came to the School to present us with the ship's bell of s.s. "Demodocus"; with him was Captain Lacey, for many years master of the vessel. After both gentlemen had addressed the School, Captain Lacey rang four bells in the Morning Watch on the newly-installed bell.

Judging by the squeals of delight that occasionally assail the ears of boys in the Woodwork Room, the new showers fitted in the gymnasium are an undoubted success. The thanks of the School are due to the Headmaster and Governors for their work in providing us with a very popular amenity.

Shakespeare's "Henry V" was performed by the Dramatic Society in the School Hall on the nights of February 7th, 8th, 9th and 11th.

Senior boys of the School went to the Philharmonic Hall on February 14th, to hear an orchestral concert given by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Louis Cohen. The soloist in the first movement of Grieg's Piano Concerto was Miss Ethel Zalud. They went again on April 3rd, to see the British comedy film, "Passport to Pimlico," and were addressed by its writer, Mr. T. E. B. Clarke, on the problems of writing for the film.

We wish to congratulate the Head Boy, R. B. Morris, who gained an Exhibition in Mathematics at Clare College, Cambridge, and B. L. Jones, who won a similar award in Classics at University College, Oxford. The School's acquaintance with England's Senior University centres has been improved by constant perusal of the colourful posters outside the Art Room.

We congratulate Mr. Bowker on the birth of a son.

In January we welcomed Mr. E. J. Turner, of Liverpool and Oxford Universities, to replace Mr. Ledger. At the end of term, however, we bid good-bye to Mr. Engler, who, although with us for less than a year, has achieved some excellent results with the Orchestra, and to M. Terrier, who will return to his native France, bearing with him the thanks of the Sixth Form, not only for his fine tuition, but also for his work in promoting basketball in the School. We wish them both success in their future posts.

We observe with interest the founding of a School Natural History Society under the chairmanship of Mr. Walker. The secretary is M. J. Lazarus (L5d).

Let us end on a musical note. The insidious beat of the bass-drum and the withering blast of the bugle emanating from within the thin walls of the C.C.F. Hut in the Lower Yard have announced that the C.C.F. Band has been re-formed. We congratulate them on their fine showing at the inspection and on Sports Day.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

We acknowledge, with apologies for any omissions, the receipt of the following magazines:—

The Crosbeian, The Alsopian, The Wallaseyan, Calder High School Magazine, Holt High School Magazine, The Visor, The Quarry, The Warrior, Los Angeles, California, St. Francis Xaviers College Magazine.

HOUSE NOTES

TATE

The last two terms have seen us successful in only two House Competitions. The Seniors beat Philip Holt House in the basketball final, and the Juniors were victorious by one point in the cross-country run. The lack of success in other spheres is due in no small measure, either to little support, or to over-confidence.

The Junior Fives team lost its match against Philip Holt House by seven games to six after a very hard struggle. In the School Sports the Seniors were placed third and the Juniors second, but on the aggregate we were fourth. Hopes of gaining the Horsfall Cup for football were dashed by our losing to Philip Holt House in the semi-final. Our teams were beaten in the finals of the Junior Football and Basketball Competitions, and the Hockey team suffered a narrow defeat in their final.

That we lack neither talent nor ability is shown by the large number of House members who took part in the production of "Henry V": over fifty per cent. of the cast was drawn from Tate House.

While it is a creditable achievement to reach the finals of so many competitions, a little more effort is needed to win them.

R. B. MORRIS.

ALFRED HOLT

With regard to the winning of the various competitions, this has not been a successful year for Alfred Holt House: but even if skill and the steadying influence of experience have been missing from our displays, there has been no lack of enthusiasm. Although the teams never stopped trying, we were soundly beaten in the football and hockey competitions. Of our hockey team, only two had played before, and only one regularly. We were satisfactorily placed in the cross-country running competition because we were able to run larger teams than the other potentially stronger Houses. On the other hand, the entry for the Sports was disappointing, even though we were able to field our best Senior Relay team for several years. At the end of this term there will be two competitions in which Alfred Holt can do well—cricket and swimming.

With a concentrated effort the House can succeed.

G. H. JONES.

HUGHES

During the last year the House has won the Senior Football competition and the Boswell Cup for hockey. As only three of the team had played hockey before, this latter victory was particularly meritorious. Both were made possible by the keenness of a few senior members.

It was also due to the efforts of a small group of seniors that Hughes House won the Senior Sports for the third year in succession; Pearson, P. L., especially, should be congratulated on again being the Victor Ludorum. Unfortunately the Juniors' achievements did not mirror those of their elders, and until they realise the need for a united effort, victory in junior competitions will evade them. They have a chance to redeem themselves in the forthcoming cricket competition. In conclusion, I should like to thank Mr. Bowker for his help in all House activities.

K. J. WARBRICK.

PHILIP HOLT

The House has experienced yet another year of success. In the competition for the Whitehouse and Horsfall Cups, the Juniors won with a succession of easy victories, while the Seniors were narrowly defeated in the final by Hughes. We were also unfortunate in the hockey and senior basketball competitions; in the former we lost by one goal to Hughes, the ultimate winners of the cup, and in the final of the latter we were beaten by Tate, after leading at half-time.

We retrieved our reputation by winning the Senior and Aggregate Cross-Country, Junior Basketball and Junior Fives. In the School Sports the Seniors were placed second and the Juniors third, giving us second position in the aggregate. We have already defeated Owen in the Senior Fives Competition and are confident of eventual victory. We are also hopeful of greater success in the forthcoming Swimming and Cricket Competitions than has been our lot of recent years.

It is a noteworthy fact that the House has acquitted itself well in every sphere of activity, whether ultimately successful or not. Tribute must be paid to the loyalty and enthusiasm of all House members.

E. DAVIES.

OWEN

We were narrowly defeated in the first rounds of both the Football and the Hockey Competitions. The hockey team, of which only two had played the game before, lost, in extra time, by the odd goal in three, to a Tate team composed entirely of players with experience in the School elevens.

In the Fives Competitions both Seniors and Juniors were, unfortunately, drawn against Philip Holt, whose superiority in this sport has been unquestioned in recent years. We met with no better success in the Cross-Country Championships, although we had the first man home in both sections.

Our best achievement this term has been to win the School Sports. This victory was accomplished mainly by the efforts of the Juniors. We must congratulate Cowan and Burkey, who were Middle and Junior champions respectively. Thanks are also due to Mr. Morgan for his unflinching advice and enthusiasm.

N. J. PAGE.

DANSON

Since the last issue of the magazine, the House has not met with any marked success. Support from the few Seniors that we have has, I regret not been very keen.

The Junior Fives and Basketball teams both played well and reached the semi-finals of their respective competitions. Our Senior Football and Hockey teams were unsuccessful, as was the Junior Football team. The latter tried hard and scored the first goal, but was unable to retain this advantage against a stronger and heavier side.

Although it is depressing to have to report these defeats, especially in the Senior Competitions, we hope that the numbers of the Seniors in the House will be increased, for lack of them seems to be the chief cause of failure. There is good spirit among the Juniors and this bodes well for the future.

All members of the House will wish me to thank Mr. Bentliff for his enthusiastic support during our passage through the doldrums.

We are looking forward to the Cricket and Swimming Competitions, as we appear to have a better chance in these than in the winter sports.

R. S. PRICE.

THE SCHOOL PLAY, 1952

Curtain Up? Not on the Liverpool Institute production of Shakespeare's "Henry V," anyway! Perhaps the most notable feature of the production of this play was the use of a stage without a proscenium arch. Instead, the stage was open to the view of the audience both before and after the performance, and an intimacy of atmosphere created that must have matched well that of the performance of a play in Shakespeare's day. The School Hall was not designed for theatrical venues such as are possible in the halls of more modern schools in Liverpool, and any production requiring elaborate changes of scenery also needs ingenious stage adaption. Yet the stage has rare and peculiar virtues of its own, most important being its remarkable similarity to those of Jacobean theatres such as the Globe. Undoubtedly this stage, from which Charles Dickens has read, was admirably suited to a performance of a play by Shakespeare.

Casting began in October. The producer, Mr. Webster, was fortunate in being able to call upon J. H. Ashby, an experienced and talented actor, for the long and arduous part of King Henry. Other parts were gradually allocated, aspiring Gielguds were fairly auditioned, and eventually rehearsals began. The play had been pruned slightly to bring it to a manageable length—the lesser French and English nobles, for example, were eliminated. A long scene between the King and three traitors was completely cut, as was an after-battle incident between the King, Fluellen and Williams.

There were two rehearsals during the Christmas holidays, with memories of sore throats, half-eaten pork pies, and an impromptu game of football in the Upper Yard. Rehearsals progressed as rehearsals will—tiring for everybody, distressing for several, and often exasperating for the producer. When the dates for performances became known, an atmosphere of expectancy and immediacy overawed the dramatic camp. Yet when the night of the first

performance came, there was little sign of nerves among even the youngest and most unfledged members of the cast. Memories of back-stage happenings become confused, but I recall Mistress Quickly, Nym, the Boy and the Archbishop of Canterbury settling down for a hand of whist during the second act, and especially the interval of some forty seconds that elapsed between an exit on the right and an entry on the left for the King and army. These seconds were occupied in a mad charge by a group of English soldiers, led by the producer, through the rooms behind the stage, the rest of the cast holding doors open—at the ready to receive and distribute extra props. My own memory is of a final scene on the last night when, in extracting a piece of leek from my false moustache, I inadvertently extracted my false moustache.

Finally, a recognition of the services of those not yet publicly thanked—Mr. Folland, who supervised the erection of the stage, Mr. Edwards, in charge of the seating arrangements, who saw that few would-be-playgoers went away disappointed, B. Parry, in charge of the costumes, always the first to arrive and last to leave on the nights of the play, and R. C. Wilson, who as prompter attended nearly every rehearsal. I am pleased to think that everybody who had anything to do with the School production of "Henry V" thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

G. H. J.

In criticising any theatrical representation, whatever its nature, it is always easier to discover faults and censure them than to recognise average competence or even true talent. Yet in the Liverpool Institute production of Shakespeare's "Henry V," all the acting was adequate, and much of it excellent. Many of the rôles are no more than character sketches and rely on the expression of the intrinsic worth and meaning of the lines rather than on the creation of a definite stage personality. Let it suffice to say that all those players whose rôles gave them any opportunity for creation of character made the most of their chances and gave thoroughly capable performances.

J. H. Ashby, as Henry V, gave a notable interpretation of a long and arduous part. The acting of the King demands great versatility of talent to represent each variation of mood and subtlety of feeling, qualities which Ashby gave his part in full. In every scene in which he appeared he dominated the stage, using his height to the greatest advantage, and never losing his sense of kingly detachment, essential to the success of any interpretation of this rôle. He rose magnificently to the demands of the play's climax on the eve of Agincourt and throughout, his speaking of his lines was a model to many an older and more experienced actor.

The part of the Chorus was played with great success by J. C. Mitchell. Although a far less pretentious rôle than that of the King, it entails the unnatural duty of explaining situations and apologising for the limitations of the Shakespearian stage, and there is always the danger that a monologue may become a monotony. Mitchell, by consistently associating himself more with the audience than with the cast, never failed to make his performance utterly convincing. Even more praiseworthy was G. H. Jones' interpretation of Pistol, which by a rugged but masterly treatment of his lines, he made the most sparkling and sprightly part in the play. The scene in which he ate the leek came nearer to perfection than any other in the production, even the orchestra deriving considerable, if uncomfortable, amusement from it. Jones gave the impression in every scene in which he appeared of genuinely enjoying acting his part.

P. R. F. Smith, limbs suitably bowed with age and voice rusted with senility, played the French King with a remarkably detailed assimilation of the habits of old age. He played the King as a feeble, frightened old man, who, although his perceptions were blunted by his numerous infirmities, still retained the delusions of his youth in the dissipation of the France of his senility. This was an exceptionally good performance. M. I. Lowe interpreted the Dauphin more as a robust, quarrelsome but incompetent nobleman, than as the usual petulant, idle boaster. He had an excellent stage presence, spoke his lines with great clarity and fine understanding, and had obviously given much thought to his conception of the part. An equally sound performance artistically was that by J. B. Taylor as the Princess Katherine. Taking great care to suit the action to the word, the word to the action, he bore himself

with a deportment as delicate as it was apt, and adopted a delightful French accent. More than one member of the audience thought him, to use an Irishism, "more like a young girl than a young girl."

Of the other parts, H. B. Jones' Fluellen was forceful without being intrusive, and subtle without being disingenuous. He both looked and sounded like a small and fiery Welsh soldier. The three captains of the other nationalities within the British Isles all played their parts well: their scene with Fluellen was particularly effective. A. Hawkins' rendering of the Boy was refreshingly natural—the more motherly of the audience immediately took him to their hearts. N. J. Page took the part of Exeter with exquisite wistfulness, while among the lesser English soldiers the performance of L. E. W. Lewis was notable.

The production, by Mr. J. Webster, was skilful and fluent, using the austere but workmanlike settings to great advantage. Particular emphasis was laid on the balanced and dramatic grouping of the players, a facet of the production shown at its best in the siege before Harfleur. For Mr. Webster this performance represented an even finer achievement than his production of "Twelfth Night," two years before. The lighting was ingenious, and considering the various restrictions imposed by the lack of full equipment, remarkably varied and effective. The background music was played by the School Orchestra, and was part-written, part-arranged by their flautist, D. A. V. Dendy.

The words of Addison can well be applied to this excellent performance:—

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it."

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The performances of the 1st XI unfortunately failed to justify the optimism entertained before the opening of the season. Nevertheless, the results do not truly show the efforts of the team, for on six occasions it was defeated by the odd goal in evenly contested games. The early games revealed a lack of striking power in the forward line, and an unsteadiness in the defence. The constant advice and enthusiasm of Messrs. Morgan and Buckley, who, assisted by Mr. Rowell, introduced an excellent training routine, effected a marked improvement, and the team entered the Shield Competition with considerable confidence. In the first round the team defeated Alsop 2-0 in a replay after a thrilling draw at Eaton Road. In the semi-final, however, the team was beaten 4-1 by the eventual winners—Boote.

A reason for especial pride was the choice of goalkeeper R. E. Leeming to play in the English Grammar Schools Trials at Oxford, and his ultimate selection for one of their teams.

The 2nd XI was particularly unlucky in that it was never able to field a settled team: this is reflected in its results, because, after winning its first four games, the team lost the next four. Considering the many changes necessary, the team performed creditably.

Rain-affected grounds prevented the 3rd XI from playing many of its fixtures. This was unfortunate, because in the games played it proved a balanced, successful team.

The Under 15 XI again had a fairly good season. In the opening games the team showed promise; the attack was speedy and the defence appeared quite sound. It lost its first round Junior Shield match to Quarry Bank: there was little to choose between the teams until the last minutes, when the home defence conceded two goals.

The skill and enthusiasm of the Under 13 and Under 14 XI's showed that there need be no worry about the provision of senior team players for some years to come. Their games were characterised by unmistakable football artistry and praiseworthy sportsmanship. The Under 14 XI played particularly well.

This year the Payne Trophy, although marred as a spectacle by heavy rain, was keenly contested. Once more the Liobians 1st XI gained the Trophy, with the School 1st XI runners-up. This competition has won deserved popularity from players and spectators alike in regarding the ultimate result as subordinate to the spirit of the game.

Our thanks are due to the many members of the Staff who have assisted and have enabled us to field as many as six teams.

	P.	W.	D.	L.
First XI	25	6	5	14
Second XI	14	7	1	6
Third XI	7	5	—	2
Under 15	17	7	1	9
Under 14	12	10	1	1
Under 13	10	5	2	3

Full Colours (re-awarded).—J. Bozman, R. E. Leeming, Pine, N.

Full Colours (awarded).—Corcoran, R.

Half Colours (re-awarded).—J. H. Ashby, E. G. Jones, Leech, R. H.

Half Colours (awarded).—N. J. Page, P. Best, Cave, Malabar, Ruffell, Sefton, Broadbent, Roberts.

J. BOZMAN.

HOCKEY

This year we were fortunate in being able to field seven of the previous season's 1st XI, who formed the very reliable core of the team. In the very first match the new players quickly settled down, and we defeated Prescott Grammar School by eight goals to nil. From then onwards the 1st XI played excellent hockey, stern and resolute in defence, fast and dangerous in attack, playing thirteen matches in succession without defeat and drawing only twice. Over-confidence led to two defeats later in the season by Calday Grange (2-0) and Port Sunlight (4-3)—both teams had previously been beaten 4-0 and 9-2 respectively.

The most satisfying aspect of the 1st XI's play was the ability to fight back after a half-time deficit. To take only one example: we were losing 2-0 at half-time to a very powerful Northern XI, comprising some 1st and 2nd XI players, but a second-half hat-trick by Mitchell won the game for the Institute—the winning goal being scored from the last hit of the match. Such confidence, however, rarely led to careless or even nonchalant hockey; never did the team relax their purposeful methods. It was always realised that we had a great deal to learn, and experience with such clubs as Sefton, West Derby and Northern was eagerly sought. I should like to thank these clubs for the opportunities they kindly extended to players from this School. We have enjoyed the experience of playing for them.

The success of this season must lead to no complacency about the general condition of hockey in the School. The standard of reserves is not as high as it should be in a School of this size. New recruits to the game next term will be welcomed: senior members of the School team will teach them.

Mr. Willott has earned our gratitude for his umpiring and generally helpful attitude to School hockey. He and others, such as Messrs. Parker, Rogers, Boote and Engler, have readily given up their Saturday afternoons in our cause, and we appreciate that, however short the notice, we always have masters to umpire matches.

D. F. OSBOURN.

RESULTS.

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
First XI	20	14	3	3	89	27
Second XI	12	4	1	7	16	39

CAMEOS

MORRIS.—A "discovery" as our goalkeeper, and possessor of a prodigious kick, which often relieved severe pressure on the defence.

K. J. WARBRICK (*Vice-Captain*).—Right Back. He has brilliant stick-work, but is prone to wander out of position. His fine hard clearances greatly helped both attack and defence.

E. RICHARDS.—Left Back. A sensible and reliable player who combined well with his colleague, Warbrick. He should be a great asset to the School 1st XI next year.

E. DAVIES.—Right Half. Unorthodox and forceful, and extremely persistent in his tackling; a difficult man to defeat.

J. B. EVANS.—Centre Half. Fast and zestful; his attacking play, although inclined to impetuosity, laid the foundations of many of the goals scored by his forwards. He scored twice.

P. L. PEARSON.—Outside Right. A sprinter who invariably out-ran his opposition, but who sometimes spoiled his play by faulty stick-work. Five goals.

R. G. LEADBEATER.—Inside Right. A very hard worker whose strong angled shots were particularly difficult to deal with. Nine goals.

J. C. MITCHELL (*Captain*).—Centre-forward. A player of outstanding merit who often brought victory to the team by his ability to make use of the smallest scoring opportunity. He broke by one goal W. B. Lello's record of scoring 60 goals in a season.

D. F. OSBOURN.—A real trier, whose long reach stood him in good stead. He played effectively in a number of positions and was a great asset to the team. Five goals.

O'CONNELL.—A player who improved steadily through the season. Originally an inside-forward, he was most successful when moved to outside-left. Seven goals.

Also played.—Makin, Orme, J. H. Ashby, B. L. Jones, Arno, Ritchie, R. T. Owen, Gunn, Sissons.

FIVES

Little progress has been made since the publication of the last Fives notes. The Junior House Competition was won by Philip Holt, the interest gradually petering out after a hard-fought first round with Tate. In the Senior Competition, Alfred Holt and Danson were unable to produce teams and Hughes withdrew without playing. The paucity of the members of the Senior School who play Fives regularly is most disturbing; the only consolation is the likelihood of a keen final between Philip Holt and Tate. The response to the proposed Cochran House Competition was insufficient to warrant its inception.

The School Fives team has played two matches against Wigan Grammar School and one against Merchant Taylors' School. The Wigan team was defeated with little difficulty, but the Eton Fives match with Merchant Taylors' was lost. It should be noted that an Eton Fives court differs considerably from the Rugby type of court used in this School, with which the team is naturally more familiar.

At Easter the School team travelled to Croydon to take part in the England Schools' Competitions. The very fast surface of the covered courts on which the team played was largely responsible for its early exit from both singles and doubles competitions. It was soon obvious that hard, low hitting availed little in these courts, where moderate speed and careful placing produced better results. However, the experience has inspired the team to make a second attempt next year. As three of the team which played at Croydon will still be at School, I hope for a greater measure of success.

The team this year has been E. Davies, P. Best, Arno and Seston.

Finally, I wish to thank Mr. Bentliff for the helpful advice with which he has come forward so readily during the past School year.

E. DAVIES.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

During the latter half of the season the Junior team maintained its unbeaten record, of which it is justly proud. Once more we found it necessary to call upon members of the Junior section to complete the Senior team. Although they ran well, they cannot be expected to compete successfully in Senior competitions.

Of the six matches held this term, the team has won four and gained second place in two. The most outstanding performance of the season was the Senior team's being placed second from the forty-five teams which competed in the Northern Schools Cross-Country Championship at Manchester, on March 1st.

We have just concluded a most enjoyable and successful season. It is to be hoped that next year there will be many new members in the club determined to maintain our high standards of performance. With a team containing only three Senior runners, we proved this year that we have the second-best school cross-country team in the North of England. More support from the Sixth and Remove Forms next year will ensure this level of running being maintained, if not bettered.

The School Cross-Country Championships were held at Mersey Road on February 12th. The positions were:

SENIOR.—Individual: D. J. Rigg (Owen). House: Philip Holt.

JUNIOR.—Individual: V. N. Cowan (Owen). House: Tate.

Full Colours were re-awarded to M. A. Pearson and D. J. Rigg.

Full Colours were awarded to D. Burton and K. Thomson.

Half-colours were awarded to D. King.

Mr. Green's managing of the team has been of great help to the club and we thank him for his work. Burnett (Aml) has proved an able and efficient secretary.

M. A. PEARSON.

SPORTS DAY, MAY 17th, 1952

Once again the weather for Sports Day did not disappoint us. Brilliant sunshine showed the gay floral dresses of the lady visitors to the best advantage, and at the same time induced many of the younger gentlemen present to remove superfluous articles of clothing. The attendance was larger than in previous years, and everybody enjoyed a fine afternoon's sport and entertainment.

The Sports commenced with the Long Jump, which took place at the new pit on the railway side of the field. The open event was won by P. L. Pearson with a good jump of 19ft. 5in.

R. W. Burkey showed signs of promise, which augur well for future School athletic teams; in addition to winning the Long Jump (Under 13) with 15ft. 8½in., he also won the Junior 100 yards, 220 yards, and High Jump. This last event was a new School record of 4ft. 5in., and Burkey well deserved the Junior Championship.

The Middle Champion was V. N. Cowan, who broke the record in the Half Mile (Under 15) with a time of 2min. 19sec. He also won the 440 yards, the Cricket Ball, and gained third place in the Junior Mile.

P. L. Pearson retained the title of Open Victor Ludorum, with all-round performance in Field and Track events, despite the fact that L. E. W. Lewis won the three open sprint titles. The Mile produced an exciting race with D. J. Rigg defeating D. Burton by inches in a time of 4min. 57sec.

The recently formed C.C.F. Band provided an interval that was much appreciated by the perspiring competitors. It also gave Mr. Smith a chance to use his high pressure sales technique to sell the visitors ice cream and minerals. Unfortunately the thirst of the visitors was so great and Mr. Smith's technique so successful that the refreshments were soon completely sold out.

The smart turnout of the C.C.F. Band, in weather which was hardly conducive to the wearing of heavy serge, reflected great credit on the individual members of the band, and especially on their leader and trainer, Drum Major M. V. Kennedy, who appeared on the field resplendent in a uniform which would do justice even to a cinema commissioner. Their smart marching and skilled playing earned the praise of all present.

After the band had performed, an impressive display of gymnastics was given by the School Gym. Team, much to the enjoyment of the visitors.

The meeting ended with the Open Mile, after which the spectators dispersed, well satisfied with the programme of events and the glorious sunshine. Mr. Booth is to be congratulated, not only on the very efficient organising of the sports, but also on the excellent relationship which exists between him and the Clerk of the Weather.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

OPEN CHAMPION: Pearson, P. L.; Runner-up: Lewis, L. E. W.
MIDDLE CHAMPION: Cowan, V. N.; Runner-up: Bywater, D. L.
JUNIOR CHAMPION: Burkey, R. W.; Runner-up: Scholes, I. D.

FORM CHAMPIONSHIPS.

CHAMPIONS: U5Sc.; L5Sc.; 4Sc.; 3E.
RUNNERS-UP: U5A; L5B; 4A; 3C.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

	Senior.	Junior	Aggregate
CHAMPIONS:	Hughes	Owen	Owen
RUNNERS-UP:	Philip Holt	Tate	Philip Holt

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

These Championships were held at the Port Sunlight Recreation Grounds, Port Sunlight. The course was a 1½ mile lap comprising grassland, light plough and ditches.

It was encouraging to see most of the Liverpool Institute School team running in the colours of local clubs. Although they met with varying success, they finished 16, 45, 52, in the Boys' Race and 53 and 60 in the Youths'. It must be remembered that in each race there were well over two hundred competitors.

The very strong running of John Wilde, of East Cheshire Harriers, in the Junior event impressed all the spectators, and, as expected, he won the National Championship a fortnight later.

The great moment arrived; Walter Hesketh, Geoffrey Saunders, Harold Eastman, William Berry and Frank Aaron were battling for the leading positions in the Senior Race. On the fast course, Hesketh pulled away from Saunders in the last lap to win by more than a hundred yards. Frank Aaron, the reigning champion for the last four years, was beaten into fifth position.

The afternoon's enjoyment was enhanced by the knowledge that in Walter Hesketh, we had seen one of Great Britain's most promising contenders for Olympic honours.

K. THOMSON (U5Sc.).

ATHLETICS

The first of the School's athletic fixtures was run on Saturday, May 24th, a week after the School Sports. The occasion was the Northern Public Schools Championships at Manchester.

The proximity of examinations meant that our athletes had not had as much practice as they needed and consequently ran below their best.

E. R. Oxburgh and K. J. Warbrick were unable to find their form of Sports Day and could not reach the final round of the discus. Lewis, L. E. W., was unlucky to be drawn against the ultimate winner in his 100 yards heat; in another heat Leech was narrowly beaten in an extremely close finish. Pearson, P. L., and Lewis, L. E. W., won their 440 yards heat comfortably, but later did not attempt to qualify for the final, as the Relay came immediately afterwards. The School won its heat in the Relay. Rigg, D. J., and Burton, unfortunately having a stitch in the later stages of the race, was placed 6th, Rigg ran well to win his heat in the half-mile, but in the final was bumped and could only manage sixth place. Neither Pearson, P. L., nor Leech could reproduce their best form in the Long Jump, where jumps of an equivalent distance to those on Sports Day would have ensured places for both. The competitors in the Shot Event were also below form. In the Relay, the last race of the meeting, the School was placed fourth in an extremely close finish.

The standard of the meeting was very high, and the experience gained by the team should stand it in good stead in the Inter-Schools Championships in July, and in the fixtures with other schools during the latter half of the term. The team, which is as strong and well-balanced as any in the past, should have an extremely good season.

P. L. PEARSON (Captain).

GYM. NOTES

This year the School gym. team gave another display on Sports Day. Few present would realise the difficulties that had to be surmounted in forming the team. Last September, thirty boys wished to participate, but a process of selection aided by certain unforeseen circumstances limited the final number to ten, two fewer than that of the previous year.

The programme was more varied and spectacular than that of the last display, an outstanding feature being the double-touch overswing, a vault performed at speed in the handstand position over a buck and two boxes. One criticism which can be levelled at the team, however, is that its performance was lacking in *finesse*, several of its members neglecting the finer points of style. Despite this fault, the display appeared to be enjoyed by all present.

With the improvement in the standard of gymnastics throughout the School, it would not be out of place to suggest a re-introduction of the House Competition and of the award of School colours.

The part played by Mr. White in the success of the displays during the last two years cannot be over-emphasised. His keenness was an example and an inspiration to the entire team.

E. DAVIES.

BOXING CLUB

The standard of boxing has been as high as that in previous years. Credit for this goes to Mr. Schofield for his coaching and to Sgt. Highton, for his training programme, to which all members have adhered. Members are to be congratulated, too, on their great keenness, which never flagged, even when they could not always be certain of a fight in our matches.

Last year the team consisted mainly of boys from the Junior School, but it was encouraging to see heavier boys from the Removes and Sixths present themselves for training on Wednesday evenings.

The club had three fixtures last term—against Wallasey Grammar School, Calday Grammar School and Merchant Taylors'. After some entertaining boxing, we were successful against Wallasey and Calday, but against Merchant Taylors' we could only force a draw.

New members are always welcomed and we look forward to another very successful season next year.

P. L. PEARSON.

CHESS CLUB

Meetings of the Chess Club are held in Room 43 on Tuesday evenings under the supervision of Mr. Turner. It is encouraging to see so many boys playing Chess this summer term, when in previous years the support has not warranted the holding of meetings.

The School team was not at full strength for any of the matches during the Spring term, but the opportunity was taken to give young players the experience of match play. The team won only one match, making the final result for the season in the Wright Challenge Shield: Won 4; Lost 5.

During the Easter holidays the School was represented by eight players in the first Liverpool Junior Chess Congress. R. Jones tied for second place in the Senior, Under 19, Section; P. J. Armstrong and K. Hilton each won two first prizes in the Under 15 Sections. The Congress was very successful and was enjoyed by all participants; we are looking forward to another being held in the near future.

C. K. Mackinnon and P. D. Barnes both won their matches for the Lancashire County Junior Correspondence Chess Team.

In conclusion, we thank Mr. Booth, Mr. Willott and Mr. Turner, whom we welcome to the club, for giving up so much of their time to the society during the past twelve months.

C. K. MACKINNON.

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

During the past six months the corps has had a full programme. The most important event was the annual inspection, carried out this year by Air Commodore Merton, O.B.E., Air Officer Commanding 63 Group, assisted by Captain Johns, G Training Officer, North-West District. He gave us a satisfactory and most encouraging report, and his helpful criticisms should enable us to attain a higher standard of efficiency.

The band has been re-formed under the "baton" of Drum Major Kennedy. Its swiftly achieved excellence was well displayed at the inspection, and in its performance on Sports Day of marching and counter-marching. A continuous supply of buglers and drummers will be necessary if the band is to prosper, and cadets who would like to play either of those instruments are asked to contact the Drum Major. Prospective bandmen should be preferably cadets who intend to remain at School for at least the next two years.

Camps were held at Altcar during the Christmas and Easter holidays, and comprehensive training programmes were followed at both. These camps provide such fine opportunities for training that cadets are urged to attend as many of them as possible. The summer camp this year will be held under canvas at Castlemartin, Pembrokeshire, when some sixty cadets will spend eight days on infantry, artillery and signal work. It is hoped that in future the whole of the Army and Basic sections will attend the annual camp.

The Certificate "A" examinations in December yielded the usual good results—five from seven being successful in Part 2, and twenty-one from twenty-six in Part 1. The next examination will be held on July 14th, when it is hoped that an equally high percentage of candidates will obtain their certificates. Cadets must realise that good results can be obtained only by regular attendance at the lunch-hour lectures. Unless cadets have attended three-fifths of these lectures, they are not eligible to compete in the certificate examinations. Other cadets have been lax in the payment of their C.C.F. subscriptions, a very important source of the contingent's revenue. Subscriptions must be paid to Lt. Schofield, and it is hoped that cadets will also make an effort to clear off any arrears.

If members of the School realised how many advantages the corps can give them for their period of National Service in the armed forces, any doubts concerning enlistment in the corps would be quickly dispelled.

Finally, we wish to extend to the four commissioned officers, and especially to our Commanding Officer, Major Bowen, our sincere thanks for the work that they do on behalf of the corps.

K. J. WARRICK, R.S.M.
P. R. LUNT, R.Q.M.S.

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

During the past year the squadron has continued to uphold its reputation, not only within the School, but further afield. In March last seven more Cadets obtained their certificates of proficiency, three gaining a pass with credit; the number of proficient cadets has now increased to twenty-four—more than half the total strength of the squadron. At the next examination of proficiency in July, it is hoped that this number will be increased still further.

The C.C.F. Easter Camp was held at R.A.F. Cranwell, where a party of twenty-seven cadets spent a most instructive and enjoyable week. Field day was held last term at R.A.F. Hawarden, where all cadets flew in Ansons and Austers and had shooting practice on the .22 range.

On Thursday, May 15th, the contingent was inspected by Air Commodore Merton, O.B.E., A.O.C., 63 Group of R.A.F. Hawarden; with his two assistant officers he saw the squadron during training. In his address, he said it was to the C.C.F. of the present that the R.A.F. looked for its leaders of the future. On the first Wednesday in every month a group of cadets has visited Speke Airport. This is a new and greatly appreciated item in the training programme and is designed to give cadets practice in navigational plotting; the aircraft used are provided by the R.A.F.

The squadron will again hold its summer training camp at R.A.F. Cottesmore. It is hoped that in addition to the regular courses at R.A.F. Halton, a gliding course will be arranged.

Finally, we should like to extend our grateful thanks to the squadron's officers—our O.C., Flt.-Lt. Watson, for his unfailing interest in the well-being and general administration of the squadron; Flg. Officer Buckley for his expert tuition in the art of navigation; and Plt. Officer Preece for his able and efficient handling of the equipment section. We also extend our thanks to Mr. Hughes for his capable work as Morse instructor.

W. J. SUTHERLAND, F./Sgt.

C.C.F. EASTER CAMP, CRANWELL

On Thursday, April 10th, nineteen cadets of the R.A.F. section with eight from the Army section boarded the Harwich boat train on the first stage of their journey to the C.C.F. Easter Camp at Cranwell. After travelling to Sleaford by rail, we finished the journey in R.A.F. transport.

The accommodation was in large permanent barrack blocks equipped with every modern convenience; we shared our room with Bridlington Grammar School. Throughout the week the weather remained ideal for the excellent training programme. Every day began with a parade for hoisting the colour: this was followed by drill, in which our contingent gained a high place in the competition held on the last day. All cadets had at least two hours' flying in Ansons and Prentices, as well as experience on the link trainer. They were interested spectators of a display of aerobatics and formation flying given by a fighter squadron of Meteor VIII's. During this display Air Commodore Merton, O.B.E., A.O.C. 63 Group, visited us and spoke with several cadets.

A series of instructional lectures was provided on navigation, meteorology, airmanship and engines, and Wing Commander Tait, D.S.O., D.F.C., who was C.O. of 617 Squadron during the last war, gave a most interesting talk on the "Tirpitz Raid." On another day an escape and evasion exercise was organised. A party of cadets was taken out to the open country, displaced from the R.A.F. lorries that acted as transport and divided into groups of two, which were left to find their own way back to the camp. Every cadet also spent some time shooting on the .22 and .303 ranges: both Cpl. Sykes and L./Cdt. Foster qualified to compete for their marksmanship badges.

The highlight of our week's stay was a series of visits to the R.A.F. College, a large, impressive building, with a warning beacon that flashed from its tower during hours of darkness. Along the corridors of the college hang portraits of such famous old Cranwellians as Sir Frank Whittle, inventor of the jet engine. Of the many sections of the building that interested us, the library and museum deserve special mention.

We must offer our thanks to Sqd. Ldr. Glover who, as our Camp Commandant, made our stay at Cranwell very enjoyable and to our C.O., Flt.-Lt. Watson, and his colleagues Flg. Off. Buckley and Plt. Off. Preece, for the interest they took in making this Easter Camp so successful.

SCOUT NOTES

With the advent of the longer evenings and better weather, the troop has recommenced its outdoor meetings in Childwall woods, which are particularly valuable for instruction in camp cooking and other outdoor activities.

The Field Day took the form of a troop hike from Ormskirk around Ashurst and Billinge Beacons—a walk of fifteen miles. In the Tilney Colours Competition a Junior patrol was placed first, but could not be awarded the colours, as these are only given to a joint effort by scouts and cubs from the same group.

Over the Easter holidays nine scouts under Mr. Haig made a youth hostel excursion in Derbyshire, and some of the younger members gained valuable experience in map-reading and hiking. During the same period two pairs of scouts, Walker and Hill, and Darling and Grant, made their First Class journeys in the Mold—Halkyn Castle area. The reports submitted were of a very high standard. Two members of the troop attended the St. George's Day Service for Queen's Scouts at Windsor, and took part in the march past. It is of interest to note that the Liverpool County contingent was under the leadership of an old boy, Mr. R. W. Rochester. At half-term, eleven scouts went on a cycle ride, the younger members *via* Mouldsworth and Flaxmere, and the others by Beeston Castle, all finally meeting near Widnes.

Over the Whitsun week-end the Snipe patrol held a camp at Tawd; the weather was variable, but neither the rain nor leaking tents could damp their enthusiasm. Scouts Hill, Grant and Walker, are to be congratulated on qualifying for their first-class badges. We look forward to the summer camp to be held this year near Bangor—let us hope the clerk of the weather will be kind to us.

We wish to tender our grateful thanks to Mr. Haig, our Scoutmaster, for his untiring efforts on our behalf.

E. R. OXBURGH.

MACALISTER SOCIETY

There have been only three meetings this term. These were "An Introduction to Stravinsky," by I. S. Grant, "The British Art of Bell Ringing," by R. B. Morris, and "Jonathan Swift," by N. J. Page.

In the first paper the speaker outlined the life of the composer, before analysing some of his major works with the aid of long-playing gramophone records. At the conclusion of the second, in which R. B. Morris gave a short, but complete account of the history of ringing, the speaker, assisted by P. R. F. Smith, gave a demonstration of hand-bell ringing. N. J. Page's paper dealing with both the literary and biographical aspects of Swift's career, was enlivened by the reading of amusing extracts from his works.

We should like to express the thanks of the society to Mr. Bentliff and Mr. Tudor Jones, who have always been willing to take the chair at our meetings.

N. J. P., R. S. P.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The results of debates held during the Easter term are as follows:—

Jan. 15th.—"That crime does not pay." Pro.: C. K. Mackinnon. Con.: A. S. McIndoe. Defeated 6—15 (6 abstentions).

Jan. 29th.—Debate unavoidably postponed.

Feb. 12th.—"That this House demands a reform in the present British electoral system." Pro.: E. Richards. Con.: P. M. Howlett. Defeated 7—8.

March 4th.—"That this House prefers 'Swan Lake' to the Samba." Pro.: W. J. Sutherland. Con.: B. L. Jones. Defeated 4—15 (3 abstentions).

March 18th.—"That this House laments the decline of the Old Wild West." Pro.: G. E. Silverman. Con.: G. F. Bilson. Defeated 6—8 (1 abstention).

April 1st.—At this, the last meeting of the programme, the following supposition was made. A balloon, with five distinguished world figures as passengers, has broken its moorings and run adrift. It is bound either to smash on imminently positioned mountains, or to drift upwards and for ever away. There is, however, one parachute. Which one of the five is to have it? A corresponding number of members of the Society advocated the cases for the five occupants of the balloon. They were P. Ritchie—Christopher Columbus; G. F. Bilson—H. G. Wells; J. E. W. Morris—"Jelly-Roll" Morton; C. E. Sissons—Charlie Chaplin; and G. H. Jones—Gilbert Harding. The last-named eventually was voted the parachute.

A brief review of the session reveals an interesting statistical feature—as the standard of debating has improved, the attendances have become smaller. Such an inexplicable phenomenon is to be deplored, and it is hoped that next year the Society will regain the popularity it seems temporarily to have lost. The attendance at the last meeting, the largest of the session in this respect, was a hopeful pointer.

Although the standard of debating, as compared with that of last season, has undoubtedly improved, it was still rather uneven. At two meetings, however, debating was particularly lively and entertaining—that on political reform, despite a poor attendance, produced keen, clear debating, every speaker showing a sound knowledge and firm grasp of his subject, while the balloon debate was notable for its excellent taste and good humour, not only from the main speakers, but also from their impromptu seconders.

The thanks of the Society are due to the committee, which has always provided speakers capable of stimulating an interesting discussion, and especially to the Lord High Poker-in-Chief, P. M. Howlett, always an entertaining debater, and to P. Ritchie, who twice this season has been called upon to deputise as secretary, owing to the absence of G. H. Jones at England's Senior Universities. Finally, on behalf of the Society, we wish to express our gratitude to the chairman, Mr. Moore, and the vice-president, Mr. Bentliff, who have guided the fortunes of the Society through its sixty-first season.

G. H. J., G. F. B.

MUSIC CLUB

During the past year the Music Club has enjoyed the continued support of a large section of the School. It is encouraging to see so many members of all ages taking a keen interest in all its activities.

In addition to the usual fortnightly gramophone recitals, at which a varied selection of records has been played, a welcome innovation has been the end-of-term concerts given before the whole School. Previously, these concerts were given before an audience consisting entirely of the Music Club. It is, however, far more satisfactory that the Music Club should display its talent to the whole School, and, in doing so, create an interest in music among those who are not members of the Society.

On Monday, May 26th, the Music Club was treated to another of Mr. Hosker's delightful song recitals. We are fortunate in having a singer so experienced in the inimitable style of Gilbert and Sullivan. The Society has also had joint meetings with the Blackburne House Music Club. These meetings have taken the form of competitions, in which representative teams from the two Societies have displayed their knowledge of music.

No School Society can hope to prosper without the support and guidance of the Staff. In Mr. Naylor and Mr. Rowell, the Music Club has two capable and active members, and I should like to thank them for their unfailing interest and participation in the affairs of the Society.

W. J. SUTHERLAND.

THE ORCHESTRA

At the beginning of the year we welcomed Mr. Engler, who had come to take charge of our sadly depleted ranks. Although our numbers have since increased, we are losing three of our senior musicians this term. We therefore ask the School to support the dinner-time string classes, and shall be pleased to welcome more beginners to the orchestra.

Our standard of performance has improved and we have learned much about playing together. In July a concert will be given to the School; in it we hope to present a wide repertoire, including Elgar's "From the Bavarian Highlands," which demands also a four-part choir.

Mr. Engler leaves us this term; we thank him for his instruction and friendly leadership.

D. A. V. DENDY.

CHRISTIAN UNION

Since the beginning of last term, a full programme of meetings has been completed, and as these have not been devoted to any particular course of study, speakers have been at liberty to choose their own subjects. This method has certainly produced a variety of ideas and presentation.

Visiting speakers who have addressed us include Bishop H. Gresford Jones, the Rev. C. Smith of St. Clement's, the Rev. E. M. T. McClellan of Emmanuel, the Rev. E. W. Pugh of West Derby Parish Church and Mr. B. A. Burbridge of the Inter-School Christian Union. All these meetings have been well attended by members of both the School and Blackburne House.

The popularity of the "Fact and Faith" film shown at the Christmas Social led us to devote a lunch-hour meeting to another of these excellent productions, "The Voice of the Deep," which was enjoyed by all those who managed to fit in the confined space of the Lower Lecture Room.

This term we have relied largely on our own members, who have stimulated our thought on a variety of topics relevant to the Christian faith. All have been concerned with how to work out in practice the faith we hold, and how in doing so others may be won and an essential contribution made to the life of the community. Unfortunately, the approach of examinations and other events has caused a curtailment of this term's programme, but the early morning meetings on Wednesdays are being continued for the present. If all those who have attended our gatherings have, by doing so, been led to face the challenge of the living Christ in all frankness and honesty, and without denominational prejudice, the work of the Christian Union has not been in vain.

Finally, our chairman, Mr. Watson, has earned our sincere appreciation and thanks for his keen support and discretion in handling the meetings.

R. T. O.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

A notable meeting of the Society was held in the Spring term, when we were pleased to welcome the Deputy County Archivist, who brought with her a remarkable set of documents from the County Record Office at Preston. After explaining the work of Record Offices, she pointed out the particular importance of the documents she was displaying. Time was then allowed for these to be studied closely, and fascinating they proved to be. Most notable amongst them were a Twelfth Century Charter concerning land near Liverpool, granted by King John, an illuminated letter, signed by Queen Elizabeth, addressed to the Emperor of China, and an original plan of the Liverpool-Manchester railway, signed by George Stephenson.

Most intriguing of all, however, was a book containing the unusual record of the Ugly Face Club, a strange Liverpool society of former days. Having been stimulated by the talk and the display, we look forward to visiting the Record Office itself.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY NOTES

Owing to the pre-occupation with the School Play of many of the Senior members, it was decided to work to a much reduced programme of meetings last term. The most notable meeting was that when Mr. Bartlett gave an entertaining talk on the joys and tribulations of mountain walking. There have also been several film shows.

The Library has been open regularly during the lunch-hour in Room 37. More members should make use of this extremely valuable source of geographical knowledge. In July, the annual excursion will be held this year to Ingleton: it is primarily for the benefit of the Senior members of the Society.

In conclusion, the thanks of the Society are due to all who have devoted their leisure time to its interests, especially the Librarians and the chairman, Mr. Edwards.

G. H. J., E. R.

SIXTH FORM SCIENCE SOCIETY

Since the last publication of the School Magazine, the activities of the Society have been restricted, a limitation due partly to the large number of the Society's members who on Friday evenings were involved in rehearsals of the School Play.

The last visit of the autumn term was to Lever Brothers, at Port Sunlight, where the Society saw the stages in the manufacture of soap from the saponification process to the final pressing and packing of the bars. A brief visit was paid to the research laboratories. During the Spring term the Society visited Brotherton's Chemical Works, at Port Rainbow, where zinc and sodium hydrosulphites—chemicals of importance in the refining of sugar—are produced. Owing to the limited time available, it was not possible to observe the production of azo-dyes.

Two meetings were held in the Spring term. On January 18th, G. A. O. Davies gave an illustrated lecture on "The Universe," and on February 29th, Mr. Reece lectured on "Statistics." At the only meeting held so far this term, R. S. Price read his paper on "Soil."

It should be possible to have several meetings and visits later this term, when the immediacy of the examinations does not occupy the attention of our members.

G. G. PARRY.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This term has concluded one of the most successful seasons in the Society's history. The lectures, all of a very high standard, included "Mountain Photography," by Mr. J. D. Goldsworthy, "Towards Better Pictures," by Mr. N. Crawshaw, "Child Portraiture," by Mr. D. G. Cooper, and an informal lecture by Mr. D. Moran. Perhaps the most interesting was that on "Dufaycolour," by Mr. R. M. Fanstone, who probably knows more about this form of colour photography than any other person.

The Society's main asset is the well-equipped dark room, in use every night after School. Yet, while the prints produced must number hundreds, the response to our competitions has been but moderate—the only certain method of making progress in photography is to enter for as many of these as possible.

The summer excursion will be to the Manifold Valley and Dovedale, when a six hours' walk from Waterside to Glam will curtail the time that has had to be spent in the coach on previous occasions.

At the end of the School year many Senior members will be leaving and the Society looks to the Fiftths and Removes for new recruits.

G. A. O. D., J. d'A. J.

ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORT SOCIETY

Meetings have been held after School on Mondays throughout the School year; the talks, most of which were given by members, have reached the usual high standard.

There has been an encouraging increase in the amount of support which the Society's outdoor activities have received this year. Excursions have included visits to Loggerheads, the Berwyn Mountains and the Anderton Boat Lift, near Northwich. During the Christmas holidays a large number of members made a farewell journey along the old C.L.C. branch line to Southport (Lord Street), which closed down at the beginning of this year. In May another party of members, accompanied by Mr. Forbes, spent a day in Birmingham, where they inspected the municipal transport system.

The provision of more spacious accommodation for the E.T.S. Library has enabled it to continue its programme of expansion. The library, which is now under the efficient management of J. M. Learmont, G. P. Quayle and P. L. Taylor, has been well supported this term, chiefly by the younger members.

The number of boys from the lower part of the School who are members of the Society is extremely small; it is hoped, however, that there will be an influx of new members from next year's fourth forms. Meanwhile, all boys in the fourth forms and above are reminded that they are always welcome to attend our meetings.

We wish to offer our sincerest thanks to our Chairman, Mr. Forbes, for his great help in arranging the year's activities.

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

MODELS SOCIETY

During the past two terms lectures have been given on subjects varying from carbon dioxide engines to miniature railways, we owe special thanks to Mr. Forbes and Mr. Kiddle in this respect. The film show on Model Aircraft was absorbingly interesting and all the meetings have been exceptionally well attended.

Another project, the library, is progressing most successfully and now contains over three hundred books and magazines.

For the future we have planned a return visit to the Meccano factory and an excursion to Llanfairfechan, which should prove interesting and instructive.

We welcome most heartily Mr. Tait to the office of vice-president, with Mr. Thorpe.

We are glad to acknowledge the invaluable services given to the Society by its officers, and wish to express our special thanks to Mr. Hughes for making all the arrangements for the proposed excursion.

The Society has had a highly successful term and we hope to continue this progress in the future.

H. W. MOORE (USA).

PHILATELIC SOCIETY

The four meetings held last term well represent the Society's activities. An auction and a competition for Junior members were held in February, an album display in March, and, at the last meeting, V. Munro and J. E. Sharp, gave short talks on "British Commemoratives" and "Philatelic Terms" respectively. Attendances at these meetings were good. A debate: "French Stamps are Superior to those of Austria," held over from last term owing to the illness of the secretary and the treasurer, is scheduled for a date in July. The absence of the knowledgeable and experienced P. M. Howlett, our treasurer, and the lack of catalogues has incapacitated us to some extent. S. Christie has, however, added the responsibilities of acting-treasurer to his normal duties as librarian. M. V. Kennedy, the disinterested organiser of our "pool," has graced our sessions with brief visits after his military band practices.

We sincerely regret the departure of Mr. R. T. Jones, who, since the re-organisation of the Society three years ago, has held the office of chairman; Mr. N. Lloyd is welcomed in his stead. We shall remember Mr. Jones' help and enthusiasm with gratitude, and hope for occasional visits from him in the future.

G. E. S.

LIObIANS A.F.C.

The outstanding item of interest during the latter part of the season was undoubtedly the James Deane Payne Trophy Competition, for which the four Old Boys' teams and the School 1st and 2nd XI's competed on Easter Monday. An innovation was that the teams were composed of seven players each, and substitutes were brought on at intervals. At the start, conditions promised to be ideal for players and spectators alike, but unfortunately the rain started after the competition had been in progress for an hour or more, and thereafter it was an endurance test for the players against the rain and mud. Liobians 1st XI, off scratch, won the Trophy, with the School 1st XI worthy runners-up. By the time the last series was reached, it was obvious that one of these two teams would emerge as winners, whereat it was decided to withdraw the remainder of the teams and let the 1st XI's play the deciding game. All players who took part in the competition are to be congratulated upon their showing on that day, and in particular the members of Liobians 1st XI and the School 1st XI for their performances throughout the afternoon. The labours of the afternoon were followed by refreshments in the pavilion, and the trophy was presented to B. H. Ireland by Mrs. Payne.

The final league placings of the teams were quite satisfactory. The 1st XI finished 3rd in the I Zingari League and, but for injuries at the end of the season, might well have finished even higher. The 2nd XI were 7th, and the 3rd and 4th XI's 6th. The performance of the 4th XI is particularly noteworthy in view of the number of times they played with short teams because of players not being available for play. During the coming season, however, we hope to have a large influx of new members from the School and if the number comes up to expectations, a 5th XI will be fielded with a full card of friendly fixtures.

To those who are leaving School shortly I would emphasise the benefits which derive from playing soccer with the Old Boys. First, you are not amongst strangers, and you will find that the prefect who moved in an Olympian atmosphere during your first year at School is really quite a reasonable type, and is even known to make human errors of judgment! Secondly, you are always certain of a game, whether your standard of play is good, or if you play only for exercise. I Zingari football is probably the finest strictly amateur soccer in the district, and in this Club the standard of play is progressively reduced through the three divisions of the Old Boys' League. Finally, it would be hard to find a better spirit in a club, or a more congenial and friendly atmosphere. Old stagers and young players leaving School meet on an equal footing, have a laugh and a joke together, and enjoy their game. This is the essence of Liobians A.F.C.

If you wish to play with us next season, you will be warmly welcomed, and remember, you will be keeping your ties with the School, which is a great source of satisfaction in later life. Even if you expect to go on National Service shortly, let us know and we will arrange a game for you when you come home on leave. Any person interested should get in touch with me as soon as possible now at 6, Wilton Road, Huyton and Roby, Lancs., and you will find my telephone number in the Directory.

Once again we must express our thanks to the Headmaster, who makes available to us the facilities at Mersey Road. It is hard to find another club with such fine amenities as we enjoy, and we are fortunate in having a president who takes such an interest in the Club. Mr. Reece also works hard

to keep the Club in the forefront of amateur soccer, and Mr. Morgan with his well-known enthusiasm is quite determined that we shall oust even his old school from the eminent position which they occupy in the soccer world. In this noble ambition, of course, he has the support of the entire Club.

W. FAIRCLOUGH, *Hon. Secretary.*

THE FUND

I should like to sing the praises of the collectors of the Fund. They deserve well of the School and are entitled to our thanks and congratulations. Their job is not an enviable one; yet they do it efficiently, perseveringly and cheerfully.

Their behaviour on arrival in Room 23 is disciplined and gentlemanly. But exemplary manners do not preclude amusing mannerisms. One boy planks down his contribution with a breezy salutation and a comment on the weather. Another makes a good-humoured apology for the alleged skinflintedness of his classmates. A third insists on being "helpful" by ponderously piling his pence in dozens. A fourth deposits his collection with the lordly flourish of a benevolent squire distributing largess to his impoverished tenantry. Never a dull moment. They are good fellows, one and all.

To conclude these remarks a short tribute in Latin seems fitting. A classics colleague suggests the following:

Vos salutamus qui tantam collegistis pecuniam.

A. H.

OXFORD LETTER

The Aviary, Cloudeuckootown.

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Sir,—Your request is ill-timed: my Muse's visitations have ceased long since. I am to set forth for you the life of those who have interred themselves in this grave of Man's aspiration. Admire or censure as you will, your appraisal does not touch us.

Our Senior members, Mr. Kneale and Mr. McKie, must be beyond reproach. Mr. McKie's is the wisdom of the owl. There is no evidence that he "nightly hoots," but he must surely wonder at the quaint spirits of Messrs. Gallimore, Cass, Bardsley and G. Jones who, like him, have done honour to Brasenose by their residence. The quaintest of these is Mr. Gallimore, although there is little of the spiritual about him. He and Mr. Bardsley are preparing themselves for the task of impressing their merits more immediately upon the examiners, but ultimately upon the unfeeling coldness of the world outside. Mr. Cass shares their studiousness. He devotes his afternoons to Hock and Herodotus with a drop of allaying Cherwell. Mr. Jones conceals his Thespian ambitions beneath a fierce moustache and says nothing.

Mr. Strapps and Mr. Pierce, who live at St. Edmund's Hall, are also beset by the cares of schools. "Isis" says that Mr. Strapps plays the piano: we are quite prepared to believe "Isis."

Mr. R. L. Jones apparently reads Law at Wadham in his second year: he is less apparently a member of our Society.

Mr. Dodd and Mr. Noonan wear graduate gowns at New College. Their attitude to schools is one of detachment, perhaps nostalgia.

Mr. Wilcox's academic honours sit lightly upon him. He does not read forestry, as the bucolic air he assumes might lead one to believe. Its most probable causes are an assiduous study of Virgil and the choice of Boar's Hill as a residence.

Mr. Cashdan, of Corpus, having convinced the moderators that he has native wit in abundance, now wastes his time in "idle sloth miscalled philosophy." Once a week he lectures with all the ferocity of his profession on the subject: "why our boat went down five places."

When Mr. Wray ventures from behind the brick ramparts of Keble, it is, as befits a zoologist, to satisfy his curiosity about aquatic animal life. The fact that he conducts his meticulous investigations fully clothed has caused many to misconstrue his motives.

Cloistered at Magdalen is Mr. Wray's companion of the laboratory, Mr. H. S. Dodd. The secret of this gentleman's unbelievable self-possession is closely connected with his pipe—or rather pipes—for this life is short and Mr. Dodd will argue with anyone that he has a very powerful jaw. He is cultivating a bedside manner and refuses invitations to tea.

Queen's is a forbidding building: life there is hard and real, so we see little of Mr. Thomas. Our interest mounts as we await the result of his intense activity. A controversial novel is the least that will satisfy us.

Our president, Mr. Kennett of Oriel, is another of those who pay homage to the charms of Cherwell. He draws inspiration for his essays from a small skull, not his own, which hangs from his lampshade. The only possible conclusion is that he belongs to one of the University's more obscure and reprehensible societies. In spite of this, he appears cheerful and indeed his healthy extrovert bearing is the envy of his fellows.

Two gentlemen remain to describe before I close the volume. At Jesus, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Topp flourish. The latter avows that he has been working, but does not specify the purpose of his labours. His "touching" technique has obviously been the object of considerable attention, while his chess strategy is equally adroit. But his *finesse* in these matters gives the lie to his appearance, for Mr. Topp has sloughed off none of his native ruggedness in the rarified atmosphere of Oxford.

The most treasured possessions of his companion at Jesus, Mr. Roberts, are a bicycle—when he can borrow one—and a window from which he keeps all passengers under strict surveillance. He derives great enjoyment from having this finger on the pulse of Oxford. The rest of the time he spends making earnest attempts to qualify for his huntsman's certificate.

But enough! The life of even the most glittering mayfly comes to an end. The long vacation looms hugely—three months of books in the reference library and pauper's luncheon! Remember us, sir, in your time of ease and spaciousness.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

KNOXCLAVE.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER

Cambridge.

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Sir,—Our overtures must consist of an apology for this tardy reply, a delay rendered inevitable by the insoluble dilemma of having to select a happy mean at once sufficiently close to obloquy to stimulate interest, yet sufficiently removed from it to obviate grounds for libel. The chosen path must, at the same time, traverse the spheres of the laudatory paean, since the propinquity to such realms of our more illustrious members demands such an excursus. Fair Pembroke will serve as a point of departure.

Our pen must be cursed, such is its fiery eagerness to extol Mr. Bell; let the written word immortalise his fame for running off with the College Prize for English Literature. Mr. Pugh would fain have us believe he rides his bicycle with élan and brío, yet we all appreciate that he only accelerates on spying an acquaintance. Sad, indeed, is the spectacle of Mr. R. Evans, steadily languishing since his gyp remained unmoved by his attempts to rehabilitate Nell Gwynn as the true authoress of Shakespeare's plays. In the culinary arts he is similarly unsuccessful; his unflinching flair for concocting the inedible comestible is a source of anguish to all his friends. The archaeological pursuits of Mr. J. Evans have transported him to exotic climes, but on what grounds could the demands of his thesis have necessitated that ill-fated entry into the hermetically-sealed harem? His prompt, undignified egression testified to the suspicious reception awaiting his profession of purely academic motives.

At Downing, Mr. Williams lives the detached existence of the true solipist; he is neither seen, heard, nor needed. The versatile Mr. Bootle lulls his numerous prodigious progeny to sleep by strumming Russian songs on his guitar; his deep resonant tones provide the only effective opposition to the cacophonous Downing peacocks. Mr. Eedle is acquiring meteoric fame as the Adonis of the Cam, and who could deny him this unique distinction when the head of the self-same Mr. Eedle is discerned bobbing in cork-like fashion amongst a sea of heads in the two-foot-six? He is generally accompanied by the triton torso of Mr. Durband, who possesses the knack of retaining that Saville Row air, even in bathing trunks.

The gift of synthesising an essentially empirical scientific approach with a Pyrrhic prowess in discoursing on the theory of tennis is a trait peculiar to Mr. Waddington's peculiar genius; he categorically refuses to provide illustrations. Mr. Sweeney's most original feature is the expertise with which he seeks to simulate restraint and composure whilst reaching for yet another chocolate éclair, that rare gift of synchronising this digital projection forwards with a demure, Mona Lisa smile, by means of which he hopes to stifle the exquisite tremors of gastronomic anticipation.

Mr. Peter Jacob and Mr. Hechle have become glittering stars in the social galaxy since they learnt that the secret of success lay in practising how to hold a sherry glass in the left hand (with the little finger arched and poised at that precise angle demanded by etiquette) a salted peanut in the right (it must not be consumed in one bite, but rather should it be made to withstand four delicate, elegant nibbles by the incisors, after which etiquette permits its dispatch to the inner depths). Mr. John Jacob has also raised party manners to the level of true artistry. In a split second he can survey his empty glass, his host advancing with replenishments, and yet force his face to register surprise at the crucial moment when he is finally accosted, and just that little extra surprise on being informed that, oh yes! his glass *was* empty and needed a refill.

By dint of diet, Mr. Sharp's limbs are curiously assuming the contours of sprouting hops. He, too, possesses the gift of acquiescing in just one more half glass of wine, while his eyes supplicate a cup o'erflowing; his eyes, being windows of his soul, invariably prevail. Mr. Nott has been strangely subdued since the arrival of a little stranger in the Nott ménage; we congratulate him on his paternity.

An occasional meteoric swish of gown and gleaming chromium assures us that Mr. Boss is still in Cambridge. Little is known of Mr. Hodson except that his rooms are of the most sumptuous, putting to shame the average model home exhibition. Mr. Marsden is another who exudes house-proudness. Before our next letter, Mr. N. Leak will have succumbed to the wily whims of woman; by then, there will be a Mrs. N. Leak. Mr. D. Henry is another elusive character who acts in plays that are never billed. If, perchance, an umbrella is discerned punting on the Cam, be almost certain that Mr. King is enveloped in its multiple pleats; and if there emanates a vague mumbo-jumbo of chemical formulae, be absolutely certain that it is he.

Human personality has ever been characterised by an unmistakable dichotomy comprising the sublime and the grotesque, popularities between which rotate the myriad forms of human conduct. This dualism transcends race, colour, profession, station and — Old Boys. If we have concentrated on the grotesque, it is because this aspect triumphs amongst us. But was it not Cervantes, or perchance Goethe, who asserted that the grotesque was a means of attaining the sublime? Neither, we fear, but such an allusion, even if without foundation, must serve us as our finale.

We remain, dear Sir, yours dutifully.

MURSTJOTE.

THE JUDGE'S GIFT

Once, when a celebrated lawyer in India was advising a certain native client about a case, the latter happened to remark that he thought it would be a good idea to send a fine present to the judge who had been appointed to try his case. This shocked the lawyer very much, and he tried to impress very strongly upon his client that this would more certainly ruin any chances he had of winning his case than anything else he could possibly do. The client took in all this advice with gratitude, and then he went away seeming very pensive, for as this was an important trial, he did not want to leave anything to chance.

Eventually the day for the trial came. The lawyer went to see if he could assist his client further, but he found, to his amazement, that this particular client did not need much help. The judge showed such a very strong bias in his favour that the result was not in the slightest doubt after the first few minutes of the trial. All through the client seemed very pleased with himself, so the lawyer wondered what he could possibly have done. Inevitably, the client won his case, and he invited the lawyer to a grand celebration party to show his gratitude for the lawyer's advice.

The lawyer, very puzzled, went to the party, which was a great success, but, try as he might, he could not get his host alone long enough to ask him the secret of his great victory in the trial. He waited patiently, however, and finally seized the opportunity of inquiring into the mystery of the native's victory. "Ah!" said the native, "I did send a rich present to the judge after all."

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer, absolutely dumbfounded. "You sent him a present, and then won your case?" "Oh, yes, sir," was the reply, "But then I remembered your advice, and I sent it in the name of my opponent."

C. MORLEY (USA).

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,—Why is it that every building of any self-respect and status has come to regard a lift as a "sine qua non" of its accessories? To me a lift is diabolical in conception, redundant in function and nausea-productive in motion. It is my firm opinion that the end of each variety of the same, and the motives of each manipulator of the varieties of the same, culminate in a vicious war of aggression against the cerebral, nervous and digestive systems of humankind. In order to furnish your mind with due caution and disgust I shall proceed to present a careful, close analysis of the conventional methods of warfare at present employed by this dinner-curdling contraption.

The first example of its use in strategic warfare may be discovered (and without great difficulty or delay) in the buildings of aristocratic pedigree, whose concern has robbed a sufficient number of customers to enable it to afford an assistant for the said machine. You arrive determined to rest your hard-worked legs by using the lift, little realising what other members of the body must play the scapegoat. Turning your best withering look upon the empty shaft, you audaciously announce your presence by poking at a cunningly-camouflaged bell. The lift hovers above your head, descending slowly enough to prevent you from imagining that you have caused its fall, and yet quickly enough to keep you from beating a retreat up the staircase, attractively decorated with ice-cream papers. It finally arrives. There is a pause long enough for you to realise that the assistant's job is to manipulate the lift, and not to oblige intending passengers, yet still short enough to prevent any retreat on your part. The doors which keep the assistant from falling into the shaft are slowly slid open. The doors which keep you from falling therein are slowly slid open. The attendant treats you to a stare which would solidify jelly in half the time quoted on the packet, and proceeds to ask you your destination in a voice enriched with several degrees of frost, being the complete negation of any interest in or regard for such a destination. Totally demoralised, and feeling the thorough worm you are when caught without lights after dark or with a library book after expiration of loan, you timidly suggest that he might be so kind as to drop you at the fifth floor. As

if encouraged by the prospect of dropping you from the fifth floor, he steps back to offer you a choice of three corners, each with an uncomfortably precise right-angle. You choose the one furthest from him, and begin to congratulate yourself upon having evaded positive physical suffering, when the assistant summons his front-line forces, who move into position uncomfortably near you in the shape of a woman of out-size proportions, breathing like a steam-hammer, a smaller feminine variety exuding what appears to be a milder, scented form of carbon monoxide gas, two middle-aged ladies engaged in discussing the varied reactions of their respective offspring to Ovaltine, and one of the said offspring who proceeds to decorate your flannels with half a blackcurrant lolly ice. By the time the doors close on this miniature Belsen, you can only console yourself with the cheering thought that your respiratory system is, as yet, unobstructed and that your ribs are unbroken—although you have a slight suspicion that there are more of the floating variety than Adam possessed.

It is, then, in this state of anatomy that your journey commences. The attendant smugly presses a vicious-looking button, and the lift and everything in it, including the horror with the lolly ice, shoots upwards, leaving behind on the ground floor—hardware, cutlery, baby linen and your stomach. You begin to resign yourself to this loss when, on reaching the first floor, it overtakes you and pursues its way up the shaft, only to be left behind again on the operation of the vicious-looking button.

The attendant has been observing your stoic demeanour, promptly ejects you at the wrong floor, and disappears with a triumphant lurch down the shaft. Your only means of retaliation is to press the button summoning its return, and, on its emergence to stroll sedately and deliberately down the staircase. In this case, your sedate stroll will be probably interrupted by a massive moxon at the top of the stairway, who, upon deciding that your action is the equivalent of "getting funny" forthwith proceeds to "sort you out." If you are lucky, the "sorting" may be evaded or curtailed by means of a well-placed emergency exit, and a reasonably clean pair of heels.

You will, by now, have had such an experience, that the sight of victims emerging from their volatile prison in various stages of stomachlessness will cause you involuntarily to call his name blessed, who first invented stairs.

Yours, etc.,

PER ARDUA AD ASTRA.

MR. MINERVA

Emiglio Untale is the crookedest "art-dealer" west of Istanbul and it was he who introduced me to Mr. Minerva in Florence back in 1932. They were arranging to sell the Mona Lisa to a wealthy American collector, if and when they could steal it from the Louvre; Minerva was to arrange the robbery and Untale the sale. When I ran across Minerva next, while I was visiting London in 1946, fourteen years and one war later, he was arranging to fly six pedigree Herefords, condemned for foot-and-mouth, across the Channel. The French have no regulations enforcing destruction of defective stock, and believe they can cure the disease. Minerva charged a farmer five million francs to try. It is by such strokes of genius that Minerva has earned five or six fortunes in five or six different currencies—always he is "arranging" something. In all his career he has never kept a law knowingly, or paid one red cent in taxes.

Mr. Minerva is a fat little ball of a man from the East End of London who has worked his way up to a six figure fortune, and who is the only man in Europe who can wear a Saville Row suit so that it looks like a pair of overalls. Myself, I am an art critic for a New York magazine (subscription fifty dollars per annum) which has four telephone-directory-like issues a year. Together with a photographer and his two tons of equipment, I was in Paris inspecting "L'Exposition du Peinture Moderne, '49." It was one afternoon in what should have been a quiet café, that I was spotted by Minerva. He never forgets a face. At the time I prayed I might be the exception to the

rule. But no! Like a duck who has found a long-lost duckling, he waddled over to me.

"Hiya!" he came straight to the point, "I know you. Art critic to the *American Connoisseur*. We met in Florence sometime."

"Mr. Minerva."

"You're just the guy I want. Come on."

He paid my bill in dollars—he always pays in foreign currency if he can, for show. We walked out into the street, where he hailed a taxi, gave the driver an address in the artists' quarter, and pushed me in.

On the way he explained his plan enthusiastically. Somewhere, somehow, he had learnt that Minerva was the patron-goddess of the arts and had been so struck by the fact that he had at once decided he was going to be another. But no struggling artists for him!

Only the stuff that looks good on the wall with a signature everybody knows—Da Vinci, Picasso, Cellini—

"Cellini's a sculptor," I explained. I was aghast at his ignorance. He could steal a painting better than any other man in Europe, but in the world of art he was a child. If he did not run through all his fortunes, he would lay himself open to every swindler, fence and forger in Europe. He needed protection and, to give him credit, he realised this, for he resumed.

"That's the trouble. I don't know the genuine thing. I need an assistant, someone to examine what I'm offered. I want you to look at a Gainsborough—at least I am told it's a Gainsborough, and I want your opinion."

"That's where we're going now?"

"Yes, a little dealer about three blocks down this avenue."

The cab stopped soon afterwards and we got out. It was an old shop and somewhat dirty. Gilt paint announced in blistering lettering "Garreau—Fine Art" and a dusty card in the window said, "English Spoken Here." Beside it was a number of canvases ranging from pasty Botticelli's to nightmarish surrealists.

"Reproductions," I said.

"Yes, Max," agreed Minerva (he had only just remembered my name), "art students' exercises. Garreau buys them for a song and sells them to tourists at moderate rates—five hundred francs for a good Mona Lisa."

"I already have seven," I explained, "two I painted myself."

The racket was a new one on me, but I knew the Louvre used to sell innumerable such essays, which it inevitably used to collect as time went by.

We went into the shop where Garreau was serving a customer, so I looked around and found a couple of original drawings—water colours with the delicate lines of a Japanese print and the most skilful use of wash and shade I have ever seen. I studied these with interest—real interest.

Garreau was being introduced to me.

"M. Garreau, meet Mr. Max Stein."

"How d'you do!"

"How d'you do!"

"Mr. Stein is art critic to the *American Connoisseur*."

"The name is well-known in Paris."

"Stein or the A.C.?" I wondered, but let it pass. I returned to my study of the water-colours.

Now we had played the conventional gambit, Garreau was watching me quizzically. He had a small, neat, black beard and was wearing a black corduroy coat, green slacks, yellow socks of a rich canary shade, and sports sandals. The overall impression was 'neat and unpresuming on the surface; hidden depths.'

The water-colour I was holding showed a grey horse frightened by a storm—a curious subject for such a technique—and seemed oddly to confirm my impression of Garreau, whose signature was on the work. This was no respectable dealer in eighth-class souvenirs. This was an artist.

I put down the painting.

"The Gainsborough," I suggested.

We moved off, up a flight of stairs, along a passage and into a studio. There on an easel with its back to the light—suspicious sign!—stood the Gainsborough. I took one look; perhaps? I took another; no perhaps. Fake—eighteen months old at most. But clever!

Garreau was searching my face, but only one thing enables me to play poker six nights a week, as I do, on my salary. Imperturbability. I showed him nothing.

"Tell Max how you found it?" suggested Minerva.

"There is a friend of mine," began Garreau, "A Mme. Mélise, concierge at an *appartement* frequented by artists. One morning six months ago more or less, a certain tenant of hers rose early before anyone was astir and went back home to Brussels—without telling anyone, paying his rent or even leaving an address. In his *appartement*—nothing not belonging to the buildings but three canvases. Naturally Mme. Mélise comes to me. Two of the canvases are merely his own work of less than little value—a poor artist, monsieur!—but the third!"

"What about it?"

"It is old canvas. On a—'hunch' I have it X-rayed. There are older paintings underneath. It is cleaned. Under the student's 'Still-life,' a street scene *fin du siècle*; then—sacrilege!—a Bouchet Landscape—fairly valuable.

"I hesitate over this, sacrifice all and clean it off. Finally I arrive at this. Monsieur can see the style is Gainsborough. It is, as it were, in the same language." He laboured the point almost eagerly.

"I do," I said. After all, Mrs. Henry Wood wrote in the same language as Shakespeare.

"You think it's genuine then," concluded Minerva.

"No, I don't. I must examine it. Since it is a new discovery. It looks all right, but there are paint-tests."

"Paint-tests?"

"Yes. I cut off some of the pigment and test it."

"Don't that damage the painting?"

"Only slightly."

"Look, nobody ain't gonner wildcat on my paintings," expostulated Minerva, his grammar vanishing. "But I tell you what I'll do. I got to go talk business with a gold-smuggler. Meet me at eight, and tell me if it looks genuine."

He left the studio, putting his head round the door to emphasise:

"Remember. No wild-cating on my painting."

My painting! So he had made his mind up. All the same I could still stop him—if I wanted to.

Garreau watched me while I returned again to studying some of his efforts—there framed on the wall.

"These are good," I put it mildly.

"Monsieur is kind."

"Why don't you sell these?"

"It is because of the trade. The Americans, they are limited in taste.

Sometimes they buy a modern painting but usually they want reproductions, or traditional stylised paintings, pseudo-Da Vinci, pseudo-Rubens—"

"Or pseudo-Gainsboroughs," I breathed softly.

He gave a slow sigh. "Monsieur is perceptive."

"What would Minerva pay?"

"Seven, eight million francs."

"Only seven thousand pounds? Act 'reluctant to sell' and he'll pay ten million like a shot."

"M. Minerva has a Gainsborough expert to advise him." It was a statement, but also half-a-question.

The evening was setting in and the roof tops were gleaming with rain. As I looked out of the window, I said to Garreau.

"I know artists as well as I know paintings. I guess that you would like to throw up this shabby, dishonest business, retire to the country

somewhere and devote yourself to your painting. Your name would become known. Your work would improve from excellence to genius. Am I right?"

"Monsieur reads my ambitions as easily as he analyses Gainsborough."

"But Mme. Garreau and the children . . . There are children?"

"Two."

"They prevent it. But if I perjure myself, you could have your heart's desire, for eight million francs would support you for some years."

"In luxury, monsieur." There was a pause.

"For years, Garreau, I have been coming to Paris, trying to find the great French artist of the twentieth century. I haven't satisfied myself yet—until today. You are the one I have been looking for."

"I am glad."

"If you were not, I should hand you over to the police like that. But I have been going to art-exhibitions for fifty years now, and I won't go to many more."

Garreau was watching me intently as I poured out my heart to him.

"I love art. But I haven't done anything for her. I wish that I could have been a great artist myself—but that was denied me. Instead I can launch you, by cheating a man for whom I have a sneaking affection, of twenty grand. You do see why I am doing it, Garreau?"

Minerva paid next day—I was there at the time. Eighty bundles of one hundred crisp thousand-franc notes changed hands. Two days later I had a letter postmarked Calais. Minerva had learned that the Dutch were applying for his extradition. Consequently he had to get back to Britain for immunity and here, to dodge the British police, he would have to remain very inactive, I was to take the Gainsborough under my wing.

Garreau retired to his native Bordeaux. He lives the life of a semi-recluse. All I have heard of him is the news of the birth of his third son—named Max, God bless him—and a stream of letters denouncing Cézanne as "that third-rate geometry master," addressed to the *American Connoisseur*. There arrived also, about three weeks ago, a water-colour. It depicts a horse—a young race-horse waiting for his moment. The symbolism does not escape me.

Over my fireplace hangs the Gainsborough. To me it is an enigma. Who painted it? Who stained it and baked it to crack the paint? Both were experts. Only Van Riebeck, now a permanent invalid in Holland, could tell it was not genuine from sight alone. The details of curls, ear, background are exquisite; I can complain only of the colours—the blues are too gross, the browns too red. Gainsborough did not paint it, but he would not be ashamed of it.

And I. I am the worst kind of cheap crook—the expert who has used his knowledge to cheat a layman. As I gaze once more at my sole consolation, my picture, I lift my glass to toast

Minerva, patron of the arts.

THE PREFECTS' LETTER

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Dear Sir,—When I was visiting your School recently, I believe I was able to penetrate to a part of it that has never been adequately explored. It is a room generally referred to as "the madmen's attic"; its strange occupants wear cloaks and appear to be motivated by the ringing of electric bells at judicious intervals. I placed this room under observation for a period of several weeks and made the following notes concerning its inhabitants.

The presiding genius is the Head-Boy and chief *chef*, Mr. R. B. Morris, a culinary expert, who serves his home-brewed coffee to subordinate prefects in four shades, three minutes but only two cups. When duty calls, he will leave the unlucky drinkers lapping up the beverage that has overflowed from the cups, and shuffle silently along the corridors of the School, slowly chanting to himself, "I wander lonely in a shroud." His right-hand man, Mr. Page, has a heart that belongs in the great outdoors, and at times of holiday the rest of his body may be seen rushing away to join it. He is so tough, he

informs me, that he uses the prefectorial pan-scrub as a face-cloth, although he is even more eager to inform me that there is little resemblance between his face and the prefectorial pan. Old-timer Mr. E. Davies, refused a pension by the Army, decided to avenge himself by offering his services as a blood donor. The authorities at first thought they had struck oil, but finally offered this gentleman a prolonged course of transfusions. He politely declined, and now spends his dotage serenely erecting tottering towers of sub-standard milk bottles. "This," he says gravely, "is symbolic." Whatever it may be, it is invariably shattered by the entrance of Mr. Oxburgh, who, when not wearing his spectacles, has been known to perform some very strange actions—as trying to re-shoe one of the horses in the gymnasium, and forgetting to open the door before he enters a room. At present he is being approached by the B.B.C., who wish to employ him as a discus-jockey.

Mr. Ashby is of a more reflective disposition—he enjoys looking at his reflection. It was thought he was on duty once last term, but he had only caught his gown on the iron gates. He will be more active this summer, probably appearing in the minstrel show at Mudham-on-the-Mere; indeed he has been offered a substantial fee if he performs there—by Blackpool. Mr. G. H. Jones is a Welshman, a fact questioned by no-one who has seen him affectionately poking the eyes of his fellow-prefects with the bottom end of a daffodil or demurely stirring his coffee with a leak. He even offers his own rendering of "I'll take you home again Myfanwy"—an offer politely suffered by those within earshot who accordingly commiserate with him on his hay-fever.

Mr. B. L. Jones has now cancelled his season ticket to Oxford, and is leading as quiet a life as can be reasonably expected in the Prefects' Room. To keep himself fit he has turned to travelling to and from School with his bicycle but finds it a great nuisance getting it on and off the city buses. He is also one of the few prefects to have emerged in much the same physical condition as he entered from Mr. Warbrick's "vehicle." Mr. Warbrick himself is prepared "to come down heavily" upon anybody found interfering with this prized possession, which accordingly is given a wide berth, as perforce is Mr. Warbrick. Another valued object is his portable radio—he gets New York on medium, not far off-shore on the short, and seasick on the long.

Mr. Owen's name does not echo the state of his finances, nor I hope, that of the prefects, to which he is guardian. In his efforts to make sure that the prefectorial debtors comply with his extortionate fiscal demands, he has in turn disguised himself as a slot-machine, electric magnet, travelling crane, and Al Read. During the guffaws resulting from the last, Mr. Owen makes his rounds with the collecting can, which will probably be held by his ex-secretarial minion, Mr. Mackinnon. Since his fall from grace, he is no longer as affluent as before; it is feared that, in following his Scout motto of "Be Prepared," he prepared himself with the aid of the prefectorial cash. He was renowned for being as honest as the day was long, but, after all, what he did at night was nobody's business. And what can one say of Mr. Bozman that has not been said before or cannot be said anyway? Yet the only football pools he has ever entered are those that invariably adorn his pitches, and the only bar with which he is acquainted is a cross-bar that is always beneath his best shots. His dissatisfaction with both is proof against his trying the more potent varieties. A footballing companion is Mr. Leeming, who was given a trial by the Football Association at Oxford. He was acquitted, the only stain being found on his goal-keeper's jersey, and is thus the only prefect to go to England's oldest seat of learning, play games all the time during his attendance, and be cheered by his fellow-prefects when he came back without a scholarship.

If one should get to the centre of the crowd watching the occasional bouts of fisticuffs that chance in the School, one would almost certainly find Mr. Mylchreest there, for he acts surreptitiously as a large scale fight-promoter in the lower yard. Yet in all the fights he engineers he appears to be, not only a combatant himself, but the losing combatant to boot. He may be rescued by the pugnacious Mr. Price, otherwise renowned for the range and intensity of barrage of his aquatic artillery, as well as for his concoction of ingenious crosswords, in which the clues are not numbered, are written in code and

have little or nothing to do with the actual answers anyway. He is lending one of his shoes to Mr. Richards, who would like to take up canoeing this year. When batting in cricket this gentleman uses his head; and he moderately confesses that he can bowl a little too—a little wide, a little batsman or a little too much. I wonder? Once, when preparing to go to the wicket, he was heard to thump himself loudly and declare, "the proof of the padding is in the beating."

Mr. Sutherland is musical, i.e. if you strike him with sufficient vigour, he will emit a high-pitched, albeit screeching note; the best instrument to use for this operation, is, of course, a musical club. His musicality is supposed to have been caused in early infancy by an accidental jab with a tuning-fork, and during its most recent eruption, he has performed well outside several of the main Liverpool cinemas. The passionate rendings by Mr. E. G. Jones, the original whiffenpoof, of such popular songs of the moment as "Cry" reduce the prefects to tears, tatters and threats of violence, and they find that the only satisfactory remedy is to put a sock in it. Having taken the sock out Mr. Jones protests that one day his crooning might well keep the wolf away from the door. If it should, the wolf might conceivably be wearing sheep's clothing and discourse in semi-human utterance, but it will only be Mr. Best trying to pull his wool over your eyes. He delights in shaggy dog stories and is also seen croaking amiably over the distress of small boys at the loss of their fives balls.

The penultimate portrait is of Mr. Gee-Gee Parry, the downlands of whose features have occasioned the appropriate nickname of "Pussy-willow." His scrubland often acts as a fortunate disguise, but it has its awkward aspects—as when he was used as a prefects' towel for a week. Luckily this misuse was rectified before he was laundered, as he took upon himself the bold and unprecedented action of shaving. Mr. G. A. O. Davies attempted to obtain a photograph of this operation, but unfortunately caught his jowls in the time mechanism, and merely obtained a double over-exposure of his own left ear, a black, blotchy mass that badly needed trimming. He proclaims that he often takes excellent photographs—the camera indeed never lies, but Mr. Davies. . . . ?

Here then are the prefects. What is to become of them? The end of term approaches, and coincidentally the time for many to leave their dreaming and their marble halls and prod uncertainly into that great void known as life. Their talents are many, but not, I regret, those of which Society approves. Let us hope that, after reading my notes, Society will be well on the way to a true understanding of our prefects—and deal with them accordingly.

Yours slightly,

QUELSTEAD J. POGSBY.

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