

SENIOR SHIELD WINNERS, 1941.

# LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE MAGAZINE

---

AUGUST, 1941

---

VOLUME LII

Editor - - D. HALEWOOD.

Sub-Editors - - J. F. VAREY, H. BARKLEY.

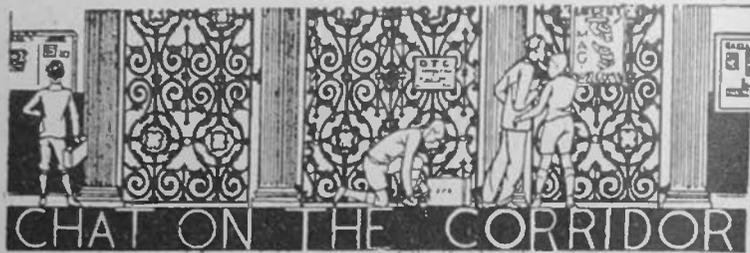
## CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
EDITORIAL ... ..	3
CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR ... ..	4
OLD BOYS' SECTION ... ..	6
UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS ... ..	8
OLD BOYS SERVING IN THE FORCES ... ..	9
THE EDGE ... ..	11
HOUSE NOTES ... ..	13
"—UMBRAEQUE SILENTES" ... ..	15
BANGOR ... ..	16
"RAID" ... ..	17
LIVERPOOL SCHOOLS IN THE PAST ... ..	18
THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY ... ..	20
SUNSHINE IN THE CITY ... ..	22
J.T.C. ... ..	23
SCOUT NOTES ... ..	24
CAMERA AND FIELD CLUB ... ..	26
VI. FORM SCIENCE SOCIETY NOTES ... ..	26
MUSIC NOTES ... ..	27
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL ... ..	27
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL IN BANGOR ... ..	31
GYM. NOTES ... ..	32
CHESS ... ..	32
UNIVERSITY LETTERS ... ..	33
PREFECTS' LETTER ... ..	35

## Editorial

WE must begin this Editorial with an apology—quite an orthodox procedure, but, nevertheless, we feel that we really do need to apologise. For this is the first issue of the magazine this year, whereas it should be the third. The year has been a difficult one for us, for although the division between Bangor and Liverpool has not affected the high standards of our academic work and our sport, it has greatly obstructed certain other activities, among which the production of the magazine must regrettably be included. But regrettable although this is, it is clearly inevitable, and we must beg our readers to accept this remission as an unavoidable accompaniment of war. We sincerely hope, at the same time, that the quality has in no way been impaired, and that the issue will please despite its unpunctuality in appearing.

Having made this necessary apology, it is difficult to know what else to write, for we must avoid the topics hereafter to be mentioned at greater length. But perhaps it is right to spend a few words on the general problem of the school in war-time. As we have said above, the school is in two parts. It is not easy at first to conceive of all the obstacles and inconvenience caused by this schism. But they are certainly many, and have put to a great test every part of the school and its organisations. Yet the school has triumphed nobly. The Liverpool group have continued their work, their sport, and all their other activities, despite the inconvenience they have suffered. The Bangor group have done equally as well, and have met their difficulties with no less courageous spirit. This must be the severest test ever put to the school, and yet the spirit of the school waxes stronger than ever. Praise must go equally to the unconquerable enthusiasm of the boys, and the untiring efforts of the Headmaster and staff, and all who have to do with the school. The school has done well.



WE are pleased to announce the birth of a son to Mr. Folland in the Spring. Our best wishes also go to Mr. Young, who was married in December, and Mr. Pollard, whose marriage took place in February.

Probably for the first time in the history of the school, there have been boys spending the night in the building—not for purposes of additional study or an over-zealous quest for erudition, but fire-watching.

There was a social ceremony of a most original nature held at the end of the Christmas term. Members of Blackburne House came and joined the school in singing some carols. After this very enjoyable interlude, the Blackburne House prefects were entertained and given tea in the prefects' room.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to D. Halewood, of the Classical Sixth in Bangor, on his election to an Exhibition for Classics at Magdalen College, Oxford.

With regard to our last issue, we owe an apology to Mr. W. R. Owen, the Librarian at Bangor Public Library. In our article entitled "Salute to Bangor," there was unfortunately no mention of him or his library among the many people and institutions to whom our gratitude was expressed in that article. He provided us with all possible facilities for reading and study, and must be ranked foremost among the many good people of Bangor who helped; he also provided us with the panorama included in the last issue. We therefore offer him our deepest thanks and sincerest apologies.

We have said farewell (although only temporarily) to Mr. Reece, who has gone to the R.A., Mr. Rawlinson, now in the R.A.F., and to

Messrs Sutcliffe, Pincher and Cretney, who are also in the Forces. In their place we offer our greetings to Miss Harkness, Miss Reddy, Miss Palmer and Miss Everard and to Messrs. R. F. Jones and A. R. Owen. On going to print we record that Messrs. Folland, Bradshaw, Willott and Owen have left us for the Forces.

A flight of the Air Training Cadet Corps has been formed at the school, the official number of the flight being 995. The O.C. is Mr. Thorpe, and Mr. W. H. Jones has also obtained a commission. There were 38 boys who joined at the formation of the flight.

Mr. Elliott retired at Easter, after a very long career at the school. Since he has been the only geography specialist during that period, there can be few who have not known and been taught by him; and all will testify that he always put the maximum of interest and enthusiasm into his lessons, and will remember them with the greatest pleasure. His wide interest in and deep knowledge of world affairs made him able to converse on almost any subject, whilst his two great diversions—both utterly English—cricket and gardening, contributed even more to the charm of his geography lesson. Among the most prominent memories of all of us, there is one of Mr. Elliott drawing a map of the Rhine—so effortlessly and perfectly—and another of him earnestly discussing the Test Match. On his last day at school he entertained us with a delightfully unselfish speech. He seemed to have enjoyed teaching us as we have enjoyed being taught by him. We wish him, therefore, the best of retirements, and many happy years of gardening and cricket in the time—soon, we hope, to come—when gardening and cricket will return to prominence in a peaceful age.

In July we said farewell to Mr. H. M. Brown, who came to the school many years ago. He has held the position of senior English master since the retirement of Mr. Hicks, and for some years has been Housemaster of Alfred Holt House. For many years he has been in charge of the library, and it is in this office that he will best be remembered. For it has been through his influence, both as librarian and English master, that many boys have acquired a taste for English literature which lasts throughout their lives. He has also been a great help to all the senior boys, by his advice on careers and University affairs, and one always felt that he took the greatest interest in anyone whom he advised. He also took a great interest in many spheres of school activity, notably cricket and dramatics. We wish him, then, a most enjoyable and fruitful retirement.

## Old Boys' Section

IT will be clear to all our readers that it is increasingly difficult, in wartime, to keep up any sort of correspondence with Old Boys. Nevertheless, it is necessary, and even vital to the interests of all, to do so, and we cannot over-emphasise the value of any news received. Below we have appended the list of Old Boys in the Forces which we have received to date—but we know that it can only be a fraction of the total possible list. We therefore repeat our urgent plea to anyone who can send the name, rank and unit of any Old Boy in the Forces to do so in preparation for our next issue; without their co-operation we cannot publish this feature which we feel must be of the greatest interest to many of our readers.

We regret to announce the death of a most distinguished Old Boy, Sir David Owen. After leaving the school, he entered the service of The Mersey Dock and Harbour Board, and later became manager of the docks at Goole. After service as manager and secretary of the Belfast Harbour Trust, he attained in 1921 the position of general manager of The Port of London Authority. Last year he was invited by the Government of Hong Kong to visit that colony in order to advise upon the public administration of the port. Sir David also wrote several books, including, as was recently disclosed, a Wild West thriller.

It is with the deepest regret that we announce that Sgts. R. W. R. Kerruish and F. N. Cave, both of the R.A.F., have been killed on active service. They were both at the school recently, Sgt. Kerruish leaving in 1938, and Sgt. Cave in 1940. We are also deeply grieved to report that E. Wootton, who left in 1940, was killed on duty as a fire-watcher.

Dr. Lindley Fraser, who frequently broadcasts for the B.B.C. to Germany, is an Old Boy of the School. He went on to Balliol and was president of the Oxford Union Society. Then he became Proctor and Visiting Fellow of Princeton University, U.S.A., and received his doctorate at Brookings Institution, Washington, after which he became Professor of Political Economy at Aberdeen University.

Dr. Herbert Richard Hurter, a leading Liverpool family physician, son of Dr. Ferdinand Hurter, a famous technological chemist, has died. Dr. Hurter was a pupil at the Liverpool Institute, later attending the Liverpool University. An unusual distinction for a medical man, an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, was conferred on him in 1934. He served with the Royal Army Medical Corps as an honorary captain in the last war. He was elected president of the Liverpool Medical Association in 1933.

We regret to announce that Second-Lieutenant Weightman, an Old Boy of the school, has been reported missing.

We report with the greatest pleasure that Flight-Lieutenant Malcolm Robert MacArthur, an Old Boy of the school, was among the airmen recently decorated for gallantry and devotion to duty in air operations. He has been awarded the D.F.C. He was commissioned in the Reserve of Air Force Officers in 1934, and in the R.A.F.V.R. in 1936; in September, 1940, he was promoted to the rank of Flight-Lieutenant.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. J. Roberts-Evans, at the age of 83. He was possibly one of our oldest Old Boys, and has always been interested in this magazine.

\* \* \*

## University Examination Results

1940.

### UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

School of Theology. Class 2.—P. Curtis.  
School of Lit. Hum. Class 2.—L. Leather.  
Honours Moderations. Class 2.—W. E. Heslop, R. G. Britten, A. Carr, E. M. Felgate.

### UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Economics Tripos. Part 2, Class 1.—W. J. Corlett.  
Natural Sciences Tripos. Part 2, Class 2, Div. 1.—A. Robertson.  
" " " " Class 2, Div. 2.—W. Collett.  
Modern Languages Tripos. Part 1, Class 1 in Spanish; Class 2, Div. 1 in French.—D. Noden.

### UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

Diploma in Education.—W. A. Ankers, J. A. Whelan.

### FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

Degree of B.Sc. with Honours, School of Zoology. Class 2, Div. 2.—T. Corlett.  
Degree of B.Sc. with Honours, School of Zoology. 2nd Year.  
Class 2.—W. Crewe.  
Part 2.—G. W. Culshaw, E. S. Kelly, E. W. Mills.  
Part 1.—A. C. Bridge.

### FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Final Examination. Part 1.—V. L. Cooper, K. C. Fulton.  
Final Examination. Part 3.—W. H. Partridge.  
First Examination.—H. A. Jones, D. B. Mossman.  
School of Dental Surgery. 2nd Exam. for L.D.S.—C. A. Martinez.  
1st Exam.—B. Caplan, R. I. Taylor.

## FACULTY OF LAW.

Ordinary Degree of LL.B.

Final Examination. Class 2.—S. Samuels.

Intermediate Examinations. Class 1.—D. Ellwand.

## FACULTY OF ENGINEERING.

School of Naval Architecture.

Part 1.—A. Maclese.

## FACULTY OF ARTS.

Degree of B.A. First Examination.—G. C. Billington, H. T. Muskett.

Additional Subject: Ancient History.—A. W. C. Thomas.

December, 1940.

## UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

## FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

Ph.D.—H. Worthington.

M.Sc.—J. S. Bone.

## FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Degree of M.B.Ch.B. 2nd Examination.—J. Gould, A. Stone.

Degree of B.D.S. Third Examination.—J. N. Bywell.

L.D.S. Third Examination.—C. A. Martinez, R. N. Prysor-Jones.

(The following have been published since September, 1939, but were omitted from the 1940 lists).

## UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

## FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

Degree of M.Sc.—A. J. Corkhill.

## FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Degree of M.B.Ch.B. Final Exam., Part 3.—C. D. Alergeant, D. Prysor-Jones, K. M. Willis.

Degree of M.Ch.Orth.—H. R. W. Lunt.

## SCHOOL OF DENTAL SURGERY.

Degree of B.D.S. Third Exam. Part A.—G. Bate, with distinction.

(The above are dated December, 1939.)

## FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Degree of M.B.Ch.B. 2nd Examination.—S. E. Keidan, R. C. Nairn (with distinction in Anatomy).

## SCHOOL OF DENTAL SURGERY.

Degree of B.D.S. 2nd Examination.—J. N. Bywell (Anatomy).

L.D.T. 2nd Examination. Part A.—C. A. Martinez.

## UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

1941.

## SCHOOL OF LIT. HUM.

Final Examination. 3rd Class.—R. H. Ion, T. Hawthorn.

## OLD BOYS SERVING IN THE FORCES.

## Old Boys serving in H.M. Forces

T. H. Birch ...	Corporal	55 Motor Div. Signals.
F. D. Blower ...	Corporal	9th King's Regiment.
H. J. Baldwin ...	Bombardier	345 Battery, 87th Field Regt., R.A.
N. Baird ...	Gunner	Sect. 3. QP/305.
N. C. Williams ...	Guardsmen	H.Q. Coy., Scots Guards.
E. L. Hartley ...	Lieutenant	H.Q. 2nd Canadian Div. Engineers.
R. M. Mauby ...	Sapper	No. 3 Training Battalion.
S. Evans ...	Sergeant	164 Inf. Brig., H.Q., Home Forces.
N. Hammond ...	A/C2	R.A.F.
T. R. Eve ...	Rank and Unit	Unknown.
T. E. Ellison ...	Private	
R. A. Moreland ...	Gunner	346 Battery, 87th Field Regt., R.A.
G. O. MacGregor ...	Chief Engineer Officer,	S.S. Belgravia.
G. R. Lawson ...	Rank and Unit	Unknown.
F. Halfyard ...	Gunner	
P. R. Henry ...	Bombardier	142nd Battery, R.A.
E. T. Hampson ...	Lieutenant	87th Field Regiment, R.A.
A. Pink ...		R.A.F.
P. Pankhurst ...	Bombardier	142 Battery, R.A.
H. J. L. Pugh ...	Aircraftman	49 Bomber Squadron, R.A.F.
W. J. Smith ...	Bombardier	262 Batt., 66th Anti-Tank Regt., R.A.
G. T. Reid ...	Gunner	211 Battery.
N. R. Puxley ...	2nd Navigating Officer,	S.S. Belgravia.
E. W. Griffiths ...	"A" Co.	No. 4 Training Battery, R.A.O.C.
J. Greenwood ...	Gunner	211 Battery.
J. I. Gledsdale ...	Bombardier	309th Battery, 70th A.A. Regt., R.A.
J. Hubbard ...	Sergeant	347 Battery, R.A.
L. D. Higgins ...	Sergeant	68th Med. Regt., R.A.
G. B. Jennings ...	Driver	R.A.S.C.
D. A. Jenkins ...	Private	2nd Battn., Liverpool Scottish.
G. P. Jones ...	Gunner	211 Battery.
G. P. Jones ...	2/Lieutenant	13th Battn., R.W.F.
R. Johnson ...	Corporal	E. Coy., Liverpool Scottish.
C. R. O. Robertson ...	Sgt. of Police	Yhamsi, N.P., India.
N. McAllister ...	Cadet	Merchant Navy.
J. Winstanley ...	2/Lieutenant	
F. Rushton ...	2/Lieutenant	
G. Strong ...	Rank and Unit	Unknown.
K. Dawson ...	Rank and Unit	Unknown.
N. T. Marsh ...	L/Corporal	
H. Hallyard ...	Gunner	Royal Artillery.
T. D. Layer ...		R.A.O.C.
A. L. Hughes ...	Rank and Unit	Unknown.

T. Green ... ..	Rank and Unit	Unknown.
M. L. Roberts ...	Rank and Unit	Unknown.
H. Roberts ... ..		R.A.O.C.
G. Hornby ... ..	Corporal	King's Regiment.
A. L. James ... ..	Rank and Unit	Unknown.
G. W. James ... ..	Rank and Unit	Unknown.
H. G. Barlow ...	Aircraftman	R.A.F.
A. J. Coole ... ..	Sapper	Royal Engineers.
A. Robinson ... ..	Rank and Unit	Unknown.
M. Mulcahy ... ..	Corporal	Royal Engineers.
W. W. Jenkins ...	Rank and Unit	Unknown.
J. Leiper ... ..	Captain	R.A.M.C.
E. G. Wright ...	Captain	R.A.M.C.
J. W. Barlow ...	A/C2	R.A.F.
A. Holden ... ..	Flight-Lieut.	R.A.F.
R. W. Kerruish	Sergeant	R.A.F.
M. T. Owen ... ..	2/Lieutenant	
K. B. Gibson ...	2/Lieutenant	R.A.M.C.
N. J. Franklin ...	Aircraftman	R.A.F.
C. G. Falconer ...	L/Corporal	Queen's Westminster Rifles.
J. T. B. Coulson	L/Bombardier	
E. C. Colville ...	Captain	King's Regiment.
A. C. G. Campbell	Training, Wireless Operator,	R.A.F.
A. M. Dickson ...	A/C1	R.A.F.
S. J. Dixon ... ..		C. Coy., 1st Battn., Liverpool Scot.
J. B. Derby ... ..	3rd Navigating Officer,	S.S. Belgravia.
J. R. Dale ... ..	2/Lieutenant	13th Battn., King's Regiment.
S. E. Lewis ... ..	Rank and Unit	Unknown.
F. A. Moffatt ...	Corporal	4th A.A. Div., R.A.S.C.
N. Noble ... ..	Private	H.Q. Coy., 8th Loyal Regiment.
N. Pillat ... ..	Sapper	58 C.W. Coy., Royal Engineers.
G. W. Philips ...	L/Bombardier	Depot Batt., 213, A.A. T.Rgt., R.A.
T. Robins ... ..	Major	Unit Unknown.
H. E. Rew ... ..	L/Bombardier	12/3, S /L. Regiment, R.A.
D. A. Rendle ...	Signalman	No. 2 Coy., 13th Divisional Signals.
G. B. Reid ... ..	Gunner	309 Battery.
S. Tomlinson ...		Merchant Navy.
A. Grabman ... ..	Aircraftman	R.A.F.
J. S. Parsonage ...	Private	179 Field Ambulance.
G. R. Appleton ...	Captain	Supply Reserve Depot.
F. Bustard ... ..	Major	Unit Unknown.
L. A. Bray ... ..	Private	Unit Unknown.
A. D. Blackie ...	Lieutenant	Unit Unknown.
A. R. Bate ... ..	Sapper	12th Coy., Royal Engineers.
G. Clitherow ...	Rank and Unit	Unknown.
W. E. Whiteside	Doctor	"A" Sect., 72 Coy., R.A.S.C.

## The Edge

HE'D often been told not to climb rocks alone. Yet he had always scorned such advice, and had never really believed that any danger could come to those who were careful. If one examines all the cases of mountain casualties, the reason for most of these disasters was merely lack of care—a man might become over-confident on a climb, and forget to test a handhold. But if one took care all was quite safe, even on difficult pitches. Such was his defence—quite a sound one, as it happens—to those who advised him against the rocks; and as he swung himself with the ease of a fairly experienced scrambler up the towering face of the crag, he mused over his reasonable views, in a mood of confident self-satisfaction. Loose-handholds, he thought, are the cause of many an accident, although on this crag . . . he suddenly remembered a sentence in an old climber's guide, which had told in its archaic way that the rock on this particular face was "particularly firm, and handholds especially secure." This recollection was his undoing, for in his subconscious mind, it succeeded in banishing for a moment all his established doctrines of caution, and his hand grasped an untested projecting stone. His whole weight sagged on the stone—and then the dazzling panorama of the neighbouring mountains spun before his eyes, as though they were dancing in an unholy ecstasy over their victory, and he plunged down. . .

He'd very little idea as to how far he had fallen—but it must have been a long drop, for he seemed to have landed in an unfamiliar place. His left leg was broken just below the knee, and his body badly bruised—but these injuries were not very great, indeed, he was fortunate to be alive. He was somewhat dazed, naturally, but he was otherwise fully conscious. The place upon which he had fallen was a ledge, it seemed, of triangular shape, and he was lying with his head in the apex, so that there were walls of rock on either side of him, and his feet were near the edge, beyond which he could from his present position see nothing but the distant peaks of other mountains. It was a wet, grassy ledge, and inclined slightly to the edge. Above him, a higher projection obscured all upward view, so that he had no idea where he was.

After about half-an-hour the effects of the first concussion passed away, and he began to think reasonably clearly—for the pain in his injuries was not intense, as long as he kept still. His theory of accidents was at least still valid, for he had omitted to take care, but the more immediate problem was of the future. Would he be found? He'd told them at the inn of his general destination, and they had shaken their heads in disapproval. Would they search for him? And, anyway, where was he? He found he could move slightly, and determined to find out where he was; and then he looked at the edge.

Fear of the unknown is a potent terror—capable in moments of extreme stress of driving all traces of reason from a man's brain. It is made more potent by the fatal attraction of the unknown terror to human curiosity, that lethal charm which turned men's eyes inevitably to the head of the Medusa, and left them petrified. As he looked at this edge he fell a victim to this fear. He lay back again, his brain throbbing madly at the thought of what lay beyond, and instantly forgot all investigations of his position, in one frantic resolve not to be lured into looking over that edge. His brain, already badly affected by shock, vividly produced the image of a yawning black abyss, and refused to entertain the products of reason. He strove to rid his mind of that vision; but nevertheless he clung to his resolve not to look into that terrible unknown. He tried to think of his chances of salvation, perhaps if he knew where he was . . . but then again the picture of that drop; and he was sure that if he looked down he would fall over the edge, hypnotised, although he had normally a good head for heights. He tried to quieten his mind by reciting aloud any poetry he could recollect. But the one verse that remained uppermost in his mind (for it was evening), was

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day . . . .”

and when he came to the last line of the stanza, he was thrown in fresh paroxysms of fear. He tried again, but whatever verse he recalled, his mind reverted to the contemplation of the edge at his feet, until he yielded himself completely to that terrible fear. The pain in his leg and body increased as they grew stiff with the cold of the evening, and as the darkness approached, he suffered the double agonies of physical and mental torment. Before his eyes horrific fantasies passed in a swift stream, and the vision of the unknown remained ever grim and foreboding. Far into the night this torment increased, until, as the stars faded before the dawn, a sleep of exhaustion brought him oblivious relief.

The sun was high when he regained any sort of consciousness—and the warmth of the day brought a slight relief to his limbs, chilled by the night air. As his dazed eyes looked up at the sun, he felt an indescribable sensation of content—possibly the mere animal sensation of the loosening of physical discomfort. Then he gradually remembered . . . and at first the terror of the previous night did not seem quite as intense in the full glare of the morning. But as recollections become complete, he noticed something, and a chill finger of fear clutched at his throat. *He was not in the same position.* He must have turned in his sleep, and even now—he shuddered at the mere thought—his body was slipping imperceptibly towards the edge, on the grass, now damp with the morning dew. This revelation turned his tired and tortured mind back to the delirious terror of the night, and he closed his eyes, yet determined not to look over until the last. But the last must come soon. . . .

He had almost resolved to look, and perish, when he heard it. It seemed only a faint sound at first, but it grew louder, and a violent burst of emotion shook his stupefied mind—someone was coming. He must get away from the edge. How tragically terrible it would be if he rolled over just as help was approaching. He must . . . With an effort, which wrung his body and injured limbs with great agony, he hurled his body up the wet grass towards the rock face. He felt the crack of pain, a sudden stab of additional torment, and then blackness.

The stone which had deceived his tattered senses, rolled, with a reddish wet stain upon it, over the edge. . . .

“Yes, it was about a year ago, on a day just like this. He was lying across here—in a terrible condition, with an expression of the most fearful intensity. He must have been stunned at once of course, for anyone conscious, however badly injured, could have got down there, and have been seen from the road. But I suppose the poor chap was put out of his agony at once.”

The two climbers stood together silently, looking down a gentle grassy slope, which led to the small couloir—over the edge.

\* \* \*

## House Notes

ALFRED HOLT.

ONCE again the House has played a prominent part in the various School activities, and more than an average measure of success has come our way. Last summer our senior team won the cricket competition and our juniors also reached the final, and once again this season our Soccer teams have given a good account of themselves, both reaching the inter-term final. We congratulate Pink, G. T., who was the individual champion in the Gymnasium Competition.

Here in brief are our successes. It will be noticed that these include all the more important activities, and we must all make an effort to maintain this high standard. The Summer Term, with Cricket, and perhaps the School Sports, offers opportunities to every boy who has the welfare of the House at heart. Keep it up!

T. R. SANDERSON.

OWEN.

DURING the last two terms School activities have been somewhat curtailed, but in all the competitions that have been held, Owen has achieved a really remarkable degree of success. The House team won

the Gymnasium Competition by a respectable margin, and we were only narrowly defeated in the Chess matches. Our main success, however, was the defeat of Alfred in both the senior and junior inter-terminal finals of the Soccer.

In the Summer Term we have the Cricket to win; and, if the undoubted talent of the House in this respect is supported by keenness, we can look forward to the result with every confidence.

J. F. VAREY.

---

PHILIP HOLT.

**D**ESPITE the lack of success in the various inter-House competitions, Philip Holt has no need of despair. We have plenty of talent, and that talent will assert itself sooner or later. Perhaps the Fifths and Removes would benefit from a "pep" talk. We regret the loss of Mr. Reece to the R.A., and wish him luck. Mr. Pollard has taken over the House until his return. We welcome W. G. Hugill, transferred from Tate as an additional prefect. Let us show him that we can get to the

T. D. WRIGHT.

---

TATE.

**D**URING the Autumn term of 1940 inter-House activity can hardly be said to have been carried on at all, and Tate accordingly had little opportunity to distinguish itself. Of the Horsefall Cup matches and the Gymnasium Competition I can at any rate say that House organisation was excellent, and a laudable willingness to co-operate was everywhere shown. The right spirit is always half the battle, and for our failures in the field of athletics we can always console ourselves with the thought that on being made prefects at the beginning of the year, W. G. Hugill, of the 1st XI., and A. J. Salmon, the boxing captain, were transferred from Tate to other Houses. We regret their loss, but wish them continued success with their new colleagues.

In the field of the intellectual pursuits, we have been more successful, and during the Spring term of 1941, our team won the inter-House Chess Competition. We look forward to the cricket season hopefully, well knowing that our triumphs will be taken joyfully and soberly, and that any adversity will be accepted as previously, with at least as fine a spirit as success. In closing I must thank Mr. Wormald, the prefects, House prefects, and captains, for their inconspicuous but considerable services to the House.

R. BREARLEY.

"—*Umbraeque Silentes*"

**I**T was an old church, and in the gathering shades of dusk pews were mere dim, ethereal shapes; with startling whiteness the pulpit loomed up, overhanging us threateningly as we advanced slowly up to the chancel. Wide strips of the same colour, brilliant, clearly defined, warned us that we were nearing the chancel steps. Strange—before the war, we always thought of danger in terms of red, but now the first glimpse of white in the black-out put us on our guard! The ringing sound of our heels coming down upon the tiled floor echoed in the high-roofed chancel, and resounded to the bottom of the church, adding to the lonely, utterly deserted atmosphere of the dark building.

To the right of us, we saw the glass of the organ-cover gleaming dully in the half-light; above it, like upright, rigid sentinels, stood the pipes, silver and startling, with the darkness surrounding them like a velvet frame. Every movement was betrayed and its sound multiplied by the dark walls, towering up to infinity—so far as we could see; in the still air of approaching night there was the same tense, electric atmosphere as exists when a sentry, in the clear air of a frosty evening, strains every sense at the slightest sound of a stone rattling, a twig snapping. Such a man can sympathise with a rabbit which suddenly tenses its body at the first scent of an approaching fox, of imminent danger.

It had been my friend's idea to come here, to this strange old church—not in the clear, revealing light of day, but at night, when the most familiar sights assume an unfriendly aspect, when strange, new places quicken the pulse and sharpen the senses!

"I have been told that Bach played here at times," he had said, and the slightest mention of the great master was sufficient to incite him to this nocturnal escapade. He was an extremely imaginative person, always ready to conjure up scenes of the past, to describe them in vivid terms, inducing into "make-believe" what bordered on reality. Surely this night would give him ample opportunity to liberate his mind from the chains of reality! Nor was I wrong in thinking this, for when we had surveyed the scene for a few moments, he began to bring to mind those far distant days when Bach used to work by the flickering light of a candle, bringing to birth another prelude, another fugue, playing till his eyes smarted and misted over under the strain of the half-light. "The half-light"—it was like that now. Straining my eyes at the console, I thought I saw a stop pulled slowly out, as if unseen fingers were undecided, as if the organist was contemplating its quality, its suitability. I dismissed the fancy, and turned to listen to my friend's excited description of a night of practice, when the proud organ sang forth a majestic chorale to the glory of God! The breath-taking splendour of the chords, the brilliant movement of the nimble notes weaving their pattern around the bass pedals' predominant melody, seemed real in my ears, carrying

my soul, my whole being along with it. I suddenly realised that my friend no longer spoke, that he was gazing at the organ keys as they went down, and rippled to and fro to the gay variations of the chorale, as unseen hands played them, as the great master poured out his soul in the majestic tread of the music. The sound was real; I felt myself swept along by the surging tide of the harmony, as it ascended, growing ever more exciting, more intricate, more intense. The music grew louder, the chorale moved to its climax, its final crashing crescendo, and the great majestic chords re-echoed down the church and in the silence which descended upon us, I felt, even heard, the pounding beats of my heart. I turned to my friend to see his reactions to this awe-inspiring grandeur from ghostly fingers.

But he had fainted. . . .

C. L. JACKSON, B.A.C.

\* \* \*

### Bangor

**B**Y last Whitsuntide the majority of the School had returned to Liverpool, and resumed their normal activity. They continued their attendance at Mount Street, their out-of-school activities, as if there had been no break in the routine. Who knows but that they forgot all about Bangor?—except possibly for a few fleeting memories of the kindness shown them by their hosts; for no feeling of satisfaction at returning home, however strong, could blot out the memories of that. But as far as we were concerned, they were just the “school in Liverpool.” They left just a few more than a hundred behind them to continue work in Bangor.

That hundred has since been swelled by more evacuated contingents—coming from all the secondary schools of Liverpool, so that by this summer there is a flourishing body, three hundred strong, known as the “Liverpool School in Bangor.” The generosity and hospitality shown in September, 1939, has been repeated, doubled, multiplied a hundredfold, as these numbers were found billets in a city already teeming with additional population. New premises have been found for the actual school work, and this large community is now having a first-class education—a triumph of organisation on the part of the Headmaster, and of willing co-operation of the Bangor authorities. Very little time was lost, nor was any disastrous delay caused in the education of those who are sitting for public examinations. Indeed, we have every sanguine hope that the excellent results achieved by the Bangor section of the school last year will not be unequalled. Nor have the recreative sides of school life suffered in this metamorphosis. Ample facilities for sport are provided on the field at Llandegai, of which more will be said later, and at the public tennis courts. The boys from the various schools have become completely united, in every sense, into one school. Let it be understood, then, that this surprisingly difficult operation of building up a school has been carried out with wonderful smoothness and efficiency, and is a great testimonial to the qualities of all concerned.

But mention must be made of what has been happening in Bangor since the last issue of this magazine; and if you were to ask any member of the original worthy assembly that met at the Central School hall after Whitsuntide, 1940, what stood out most in his memory of the year in Bangor, he would undoubtedly say “the summer holidays.” Therefore, it

is fitting that this account should chiefly be devoted to a contemplation of those idyllic weeks, when everyone devoted his energies to a wholehearted appreciation of life and its pleasures. North Wales is an ideal country in which to spend a summer—and there can be no doubt that the summer was spent ideally. The time was spent partly in organised activities, and partly in individual recreation. So varied were these activities that it will only be possible to give a vague panorama of the scene, focussed occasionally upon some point which stands out in the mind of the writer.

First, there was cricket at Llandegai. There can surely be no fitter setting for that most typical and admirable of English sports. The springy turf, the rolling fields of oats and undulating pastures, the eternal blaze of greens—light green, dark green, all imaginable greens—dancing and sparkling on all sides, far into the distance—and then the placid blue jaws of the Nant Ffrancon Pass, where the clouds skim the tops of the mountains and float in the azure magnificence of the sky—these are memories to remain fast. Tennis, too, at the public courts, caused great pleasure to all concerned; and swimming in Siliwen Baths, surrounded by the twinkling blue straits, and the dignified coolness of the Anglesey shore. But most of all, there were the excursions. There were expeditions to the magnificent sands of Red Wharf Bay to bathe; utterly exhausting but vastly enjoyable cycle rides along the twisting Anglesey lanes; lazy walks in the hinterland of Aber; and, of course, the valiant parties who went to Bryn, or to Wig, to help the farmers by weeding kale, surely the most back-breaking task encompassed in British agriculture—but could anything else have produced such hilarity among the “workers?” Lastly, for the chosen few who can appreciate them, the ecstatic joys of the mountains—memories of the hard crags of Tryfan, the gruelling ascents of the Glyder group, the swirling mists on Snowdon, the sharpness and grandeur of Crib Goch, and the incomparable thrill of looking from some lofty fop over miles of country, spread like a living map beneath.

In such pleasures did we pass the glorious summer. We had most of us become good citizens of Bangor—the A.F.S., the A.R.P. and the Home Guard are all strongly supported by members of the school; and this leads very conveniently to the most salient part of this article. The people of Bangor have thrown open their homes to us. They have kept some since the outbreak of war, they welcomed fresh contingents when they came. No trouble was too great for them, no inconvenience too much. Both collectively and individually we have received a wonderful welcome from the city. We have been given all the facilities necessary for our corporate existence, we have been given homes for our individual needs. The gratitude which we owe to the whole people of Bangor cannot adequately be expressed. They have exceeded all precedent in hospitality, in placing their library, their churches, their schools, their social activities, their pleasures and most of all their homes, at our disposal. Let me then say to Bangor, with the sincerest and unanimous sentiment of the whole school—“diolch yn fawr.”

\* \* \*

### “Raid”

**A**LL was quiet, I was sleeping soundly. I knew that because, you see, I was dreaming. There is a strange frame of mind (Freud probably had a word for it) in which you know you are both asleep and dreaming. Suddenly, interrupting my dreams, I thought I heard an air-raid warning. Yes, it was. But then I was dreaming; there was no need for panic.

It seemed that I got up and dressed, in a medley of clothes, green sports-coat and brown trousers. I hate to be half dressed, no tie, odd socks, coats and trousers. However, who would worry at a time like that. Still secure in my dreams, I joined the rest of the family who were trooping down to the shelter we shared with the people next door. Eight of us in a shelter for four, we were tired, stuffy and unpleasantly crowded. We couldn't smoke; the shelter was already too close for comfort. Strange how normal one's actions are in dreams. Why should one think of smoking?

Then we heard the planes, the anti-aircraft guns, mingled with the whistles of patrolling wardens. Too scared and sleepy to talk, we sat and listened. I heard the whistle of a bomb. I knew it wouldn't hit us; the one that gets you, you never hear, they say. There was a crash, then blackness. My dream was over.

\* \* \*

### Liverpool Schools in the Past

**A**LTHOUGH it is generally known that our school is now the oldest existing educational establishment in Liverpool where education of a higher grade may be found, there exists in the main body of the school a profound ignorance of its predecessors. These were not numerous and their careers were not spectacular, but some account of the various foundations may be of some interest to those members of the school who have any curiosity in the past history of their native city. From the year 1510 there existed in Liverpool a Free School—sometimes known as “the Ancient Grammar School”—which was founded in that year by one John Crosse, who at his decease left in his will provision for the foundation and upkeep of a chantry which was to be attached to the Ancient Chapel of Our Lady and St. Nicholas. Out of the chantry revenues, however, the holder was obliged to provide for the upkeep of “a school of grammar free to all childreñ bearing the name Crosse, and poore childreñ.”

After the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., when the revenues of all the chantries attached to the chapel were seized by the king, a grant was made from the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster towards the salary of a schoolmaster. Accounts vary as to the actual amount of the grant, but it seems to have been either £5 6s. 8d. or £5 13s. 4d. per annum. No matter which is correct, the Common Council of Liverpool was definitely accorded the power of appointing a schoolmaster, whilst the Corporation was to have the somewhat doubtful privilege of defraying the remainder of the school's expenses.

This school finally closed its doors in 1803, but long before that date it had ceased to be worthy of its name. Thus, when Mr. Baines, the then schoolmaster, died in 1803, the Common Council refrained from appointing a successor. The actual school buildings were situated in School Lane—hence the latter's name—where the school had removed when its old premises in St. Nicholas' Churchyard were destroyed by fire. The salary of the schoolmaster in 1775 was £35 per annum. The history of the school is extremely interesting to us for, founded with much the same purpose as the original Mechanics' Institution, the school if it had survived might well have supplied the necessary foundation for the latter. As it is, there is only an interval of twenty-two years between the closing of the one and the foundation of the other, and if the old foundation had been adapted to the purpose of the new our present school might have had four hundred and thirty years of history behind it.

By the middle of the eighteenth century all higher education was given privately at small private schools, or in the home. There were, however, several Sunday and Daily Schools attached to various religious establishments then existing in the town, notably that attached to Benn's-Gorden Chapel for dissenters which was opened in 1790, that attached to the Methodist Chapel in Mount Pleasant which was also opened in 1790, the Church Sunday and Daily Schools established in Leather Lane in 1791, and the Hunter Street Free Schools also connected with the Established Church which were opened in 1792. All the above provided a free education of sorts for the children of the poor. They were ably assisted in this work by the Bluecoat Hospital, first known as the Charity School and established in 1709, which aimed at providing for the education of orphan and fatherless children, and of those of indigent but honest parents. Thus, although we see provision being made for some form of elementary education, we find no public provision for any form of higher education.

This gap had been apparent to William Roscoe, the Liverpool-born poet and historian, and he planned the foundation of an Academy of Arts. This project was never fully realised, but chiefly owing to his inspiration and encouragement, there was founded in 1817 the Liverpool Royal Institution School which continued in existence until 1892. In 1825, however, the Mechanics' Institution was founded. This establishment, humble enough in its origins, was accorded in 1835 the honour of having the first stone of its new building in Mount Street laid by Lord Brougham. When approaching completion the building was unfortunately destroyed by fire, but it was speedily reconstructed, and on September 15, 1837, it was formally opened by Mr. Thomas Wyse, M.P. for Watford. Some years later the name of the school was changed to its present enigmatic appellation of “The Liverpool Institute.” Thus, despite our comparatively recent foundation, the school has played its part in the progress of educational facilities in Liverpool.

## The Literary and Debating Society

OWING to lack of space in this unusual war-time issue, we are unfortunately unable to produce the Society's minutes *in toto*, and must confine ourselves to publishing the minutes of two representative debates, to show that the standard of speech and the quality of eloquence has not declined.

A debate held on Tuesday, October 22nd. The chairman called upon J. Levitsky to propose that "This house is in favour of a rapprochement with Soviet Russia." This question, he declared, had no connection with the internal policy of the U.S.S.R.—a misconception which had long prevented an agreement between the two countries, and caused European chaos. After the fall of Prague, public outcry had forced an unwilling Mr. Chamberlain to attempt some agreement with Russia, but so half-hearted were his overtures, that they failed, and Russia was compelled to make a pact with Germany. If a pact had been obtained with Russia, the whole course of the war would have been very different.

Subsequent Russian policy, he asserted, has been designed not for territorial gains, but for protection against Germany. Nevertheless, if Russia was to enter the war, it would not be through an error of Hitler. Britain would have to make vigorous and sincere overtures. The advantages of Russian participation would offset the disadvantages, since Japan is occupied by the Chinese War, and Germany would be faced by a war on two fronts. This entry of Russia into the war would, he alleged, have a greater stimulating effect than any successful British venture, and although we could certainly win the war alone, it would be a long and wearying business.

H. Hargreaves opposed the motion. He denounced the proposer's arguments as being based on false hypothesis. Had the motion been presented fifteen months ago he would have supported it, as Russia was one of the most honourable of European states. But now Russia had fallen. The Treaty with Germany and the betrayal of Poland had been followed by the attack upon Finland, the seizure of the Baltic States and the invasion of Bessarabia. He then enlightened the Society with his views upon the Russian Parliament, whose sole function appeared to be to receive envoys from States who wished to coalesce with the Soviet. He produced many comparisons, livened by harrowing stories, of Russia and Nazi Germany. He concluded by declaring that we and the U.S.A. ought to declare war upon Russia.

R. A. Longmire seconded the motion. He admitted the value of the opposer's arguments in peace time, but we needed allies badly. By obtaining alliance with Russia we could "encircle" Germany and also cut off vital supplies from the enemy. Upon the defeat of Germany Russia would benefit from the security of her western frontier, and from the destruction of the anti-comintern pact.

M. P. Varey was called upon to second the opposition. Russia had stolen part of Poland, which we were pledged to restore. She would therefore enter the war if a German defeat seemed imminent. Russia would be a poor ally to Germany, owing to years of anti-communist propaganda in that country. He alleged that the Russian army was proved worthless, the navy consisted of submarines, and the air force probably not equal to our fighters. There might also be an internal revolution due to the rigours of war. If Russia, as our ally, were defeated we should lose the major part of the empire.

H. Barkeley, the first speaker in public debate, thought that the public morale would not be improved by such an alliance, as the people wanted to defeat Hitler singly-handed. J. F. Varey declared that one does not set a thief to catch a thief, and opposed the motion. R. Brearley said that the present Russo-Polish frontier had been suggested in 1920 as being just, and the declination to seize the whole of Finland indicated no desire to seize territory. R. F. Christian said that the only obstruction was Russia's reputation as an aggressor, which he discredited because of Mr. Chamberlain's attitude towards aggression. G. L. Levy arose, and asserted that Russia and Germany could not mutually assist one another, and that since we had made a pact with Germany at Munich, why not one with Russia? R. A. Dugdale, in a bloodthirsty maiden speech, said that the Russians were quite right to shoot priests and landowners in Poland. Russia's resources would be helpful to us, and good might be obtained by merging the best of the Russian system with the best in ours. In his summing up, H. Hargreaves confined himself to connecting points in previous speeches, nor did the proposer add anything new to the discussion. The motion was carried by 19 votes to 12.

A meeting held on Tuesday, March 4th. R. Brearley was called upon to propose that "a woman's place is in the home." He said that there were three ways of producing and educating children, firstly, with the family as the principal unit; secondly, as a monogamous state, by farming out children to institutions and crèches for most of the day, and thirdly by free love and permanent child institutions. He then condemned the mass education of children as being wholly unsuitable for a free country. Therefore the family must remain the unit, and one member of the unit, to wit the mother, must stay at home and do the work.

J. Levitsky, in opposition, agreed with the proposer on the subject of institutions and free love. But the object of social reform was to build up an organised society, which could not be done if half the population sat in the kitchen all day. Woman's economic disadvantage put her in the husband's power, and also wages were also too low, in many cases, to keep a family. Instead of adopting the obvious course, i.e., increase the wages, he apparently preferred to send the woman out to work. He concluded by speaking of mental disadvantages and the narrowmindedness of women left at home, and finally by accusing the proposer of Nazi tendencies.

S. Blackman seconded the proposition. He divided his speech into four heads, sex responsibility for the next generation, the upbringing of the child (in which he reproduced the proposer's arguments), progress and the equality of sexes. R. A. Dugdale, seconding the opposer, "cheated" by taking the question to refer to war conditions. Women had good ability at tedious jobs, such as the pulling of handles. Woman's place was therefore in the factory and on the land, helping to defeat Nazism.

In open debate, H. Barkeley, producing a literary quip, said that a woman could influence her husband as none of his male companions could, and her place was therefore in the home, not in the factory. J. F. Varey admitted that housekeeping was a skilled job, but it allowed much slackness and inefficiency; whereas crèche-life produced perhaps too much community spirit, it was preferable to the selfishness of the home-bred child. After the main speakers had summed up, the question was put to the Society, the motion was carried by fourteen votes to four; there were four abstentions.

## Sunshine in the City

**N**INE o'clock. The sun beats down on the dusty, cracked pavement. The lounge moves into the shadow of the archway after expectorating reflectively into the littered gutter, and settles himself against the rusty iron gates. Far in the distance the church-bells peal out their urgent summons. The noise of traffic is remote and Sunday's somnolence reigns.

Across the court the solicitor's office withdraws shyly from the sun's rude rays, the upper windows winking blearily like old men's eyes, whilst the plaster cherubs over the fanlight smile smugly and blow out their cheeks to a disconcerting degree. A flight of broken old steps leads up to the front door, whose sun-blistered expanse is broken by a tarnished brass plate and a huge, barbarically fashioned knocker of monstrous size and ugliness. The cast-iron shoe-scrapers lean drunkenly outwards towards the battered old railings which ornament the steps and provide some feeble encouragement to the nervous and rheumatic who make the hazardous venture of ascending and ultimately descending the treacherous flight. The ground-floor windows are obscured by wire-blinds and a miserably blackened tree which attempts, at appropriate seasons, to push forth some ghostly vegetable objects which are known by city-dwellers to be leaves.

The adjoining house, which participates in the scanty shade afforded by this sooty growth, is identical in all externals with its neighbour and is inhabited during the day by a stockbroker, an artists' club, and a bookseller, the artists and stockbroker occupying the upper storeys of the house whilst the bookseller stifles in the cramped basement. To reach the dusty treasures displayed in its tiny window and on its rickety deal shelves within, one has to fall down the steep basement steps into a narrow and malodorous area and then pass carefully through the low doorway into a bibliophile's musty paradise. But as to-day is Sunday the small door is locked, a tattered blind is pulled halfway down the window, revealing to the world's gaze a set of Voltaire's prose-works in full-calf, a life of Casanova, a history of Greece, and Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay" in three volumes, resplendent in red morocco, whilst a large tom cat reposes blissfully on the bottom step of the basement-flight.

The third and last house on the far side of the court has its front door garnished with numerous brass plates which intimate to all interested that a limited company dealing in potato-peelers inhabits the ground floor, that a chartered accountant and a house-agent share the first floor, and that a commission-agent occupies the second floor. From the basement window projects that mysterious sign which signifies that shaving and haircutting is carried out on premises thus designated. Of the three houses the last has been least successful in maintaining the air

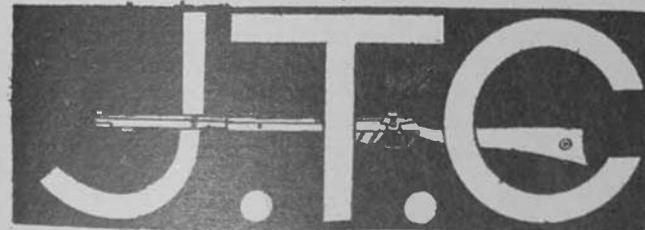
of shabby-genteel respectability which the very pavement of the court seemed to exude.

The lounge's side of the court is occupied for its whole length by a practically blank wall broken in the middle by a huge archway, in which is hung a set of massive wrought-iron gates which lead on week-days into another court decorated with iron posts and a few desiccated trees, but which are locked to-day in celebration of the fact that it is Sunday, and so provide an admirable resting place for the lounge. At the far end of the court is yet another archway, minus gates, which leads in turn into another court, which in turn leads into an artery of big-business, but this outer court effectively cuts off the incessant din of city life and leaves the little court to meditate somnolently upon days of by-gone splendour when merchants still lived in these houses and had the cherubs over the various doors painted and polished regularly.

Immediately opposite the archway, at the other end of the court, stands the most important building in that district. Gloriously proud in its red blinds and polished brasswork, it glares defiantly at the vain efforts of the rest of the court to keep up appearances and flaunts its own superiority. This phenomenon rejoices in the name of "The Chesney Grill," taking its name from that of the court. It is famed throughout the city for its succulent beefstakes, roast mutton, turkish coffee and vintage port. In fact, it is a temple raised to the honour of Epicurus, and has been such for over a hundred and fifty years. It is a place of pilgrimage towards which devotees wend their weary way at the mystic hour of one o'clock.

After revolving all these things within himself the lounge emerged from the archway and again expectorated reflectively into the gutter, strode down the court and disappeared, leaving the court to its own reflection.

\* \* \*



**A**FTER Easter, 1940, the J.T.C. found itself divided. Lieutenant Hart and the majority of the Company remained in Bangor, holding two field-days near Aber in which Field-Craft played an important part, and continuing their normal functions as far as circumstances permitted. Meanwhile the remainder of the Corps, comprising nearly two platoons, was organised and carried on its training in Liverpool.

By September, however, nearly the whole of the Company had returned to Liverpool, where it found itself in a unique position: although its membership was greater than we had had for many years (it is natural, however, that the proposed formation of an A.T.C. should reduce our numbers slightly) only two sergeants were left (a number which was halved early in the term) and a very few junior N.C.O.s. Yet, despite the obvious disadvantage, the customary efficiency of the contingent has in no way diminished.

A large number of candidates for the March Certificate "A" examination have been prepared, and have had the advantage of a series of lectures by two officers fresh from "Junior Leader" courses.

As will have been observed, all School contingents now have the more appropriate title of Junior Training Corps.

On the practical side of our training, we have been more fortunate this term. In February Mr. Ellis invited the Company to attack a series of positions defended by his company of Home Guards. The platoon, consisting mainly of Certificate "A" candidates, distinguished itself by good approach work over open ground and, after a hotly-contested battle, the objective was reached by an heroic handful. Both sides derived great benefit from the test, and we have been invited to stage another attack.

The first field-day of the year was held at Thurstaston on March 6th. After practice in Section Formations, we were treated to an amusing but instructive sketch showing how a Patrol does *not* go into action, followed by the correct method. Each section was then despatched as patrol, and for the most part succeeded in applying the principles which had just been indicated. After lunch we marched back to West Kirby and entrained.

Next term we are scheduled to have our Annual Inspection, which will probably be combined with a field-day and held at Formby. We trust that it will not be cancelled at the last moment, as happened last year.

We congratulate Captain Hart on his recent promotion, and extend a cordial welcome to Mr. Halton who has joined our ranks, as second in command to Captain Hart. We trust also that two recent members of the Corps, J. W. Hanlon and M. P. Varey, who have been accepted for commissions in the Royal Artillery, will succeed in their new spheres.

R. H. PAIN, C.S.M.

\* \* \*

### Scout Notes

CAMP AT STAINFORTH, WEST YORKSHIRE.

**I**N spite of war-time difficulties the annual camp was held for twelve days at the end of July. For the first few days wet weather caused us some inconvenience, but gradually the showers became less frequent,

and before the end of the camp we had several days of bright sunshine. We were thus able to spend a good deal of time outside camp exploring, or in the case of those who had camped at Stainforth before, re-exploring the surrounding countryside, climbing mountains and crawling into limestone caves: among other places we visited Pen-y-Ghent and Giggleswick Scar. A small party reached Ingleborough, and were rewarded for the long walk by a magnificent view of the moors and lakeland hills, and even a faint glimpse of the Isle of Man. On the return journey we passed Gaping Ghyll, a cavern 400 feet deep, the biggest in the country. In camp we did some useful pioneering work, building a coracle and our now famous raft from ground sheets and staves. In tests on the river they both proved sea-worthy, but the ground sheets used for the raft were somewhat worn, and after a time it became unstable. After several Scouts had made successful voyages, Mr. Halton was the first unlucky victim. Was it a coincidence that the only other person to suffer a similar fate was the recruit who on the same day had emptied the Troop's lemonade into the river? He had many other amusing but annoying adventures; these did not detract from his enjoyment of the camp, but showed that he had not yet learned to be a Scout.

For the success of the camp our thanks are due to Mr. Folland and Mr. Halton, and we must add a special word of appreciation for the manner in which Mr. Folland made the camp possible in face of such great difficulties.

At the end of the camp we bid farewell to our Troop Leader, T. Corlett. He has been a member of the Troop from its earliest days, and has always devoted himself to the service of his fellow-Scouts. We wish him every success at Oxford.

At home our activities have been limited. Childwall Woods are no longer available, and we have been compelled to hold most of our parades at school—Saturday morning has proved the most convenient time. Most of our time has been spent on Second-Class work, but those who are more advanced have made good progress towards First-Class and Signaller Badges. At the request of the Patrol Leaders we have instituted a Patrol Competition for efficiency, and have introduced more instructive games into our parades.

We have been somewhat handicapped by lack of numbers; the Patrol system cannot function satisfactorily, and many games cannot be played properly with insufficient members. We can promise an enjoyable time to any who join us, and we appeal especially to the Third and Fourth Forms. By joining us you will be helping yourself and helping the Troop.

We were all grieved to hear of the death of the Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell. Few people live as he did to see the success of their own

enterprise; the influence which the Scout movement has had on the youth of the world is incalculable; the work which he began continues, and his name will be remembered for ever.

A. G. MACKINNON.

\* \* \*

### Camera and Field Club

**O**WING to war conditions and the loss of the Wednesday holiday, our winter trips to local factories have been brought to a standstill. However, the new Secretary, J. G. Mackenzie, who has taken over office from N. Harrison, will try to arrange a summer excursion. For the time being the subscription will be in abeyance, or limited to a small sum, so that, it is hoped, past and future members will continue to keep in being this long established school society, even under the present difficult conditions. We will do our best.

J. G. MACKENZIE, *Secretary*.

\* \* \*

### VI. Form Science Society Notes

**A**FTER a year's enforced idleness, the VI. Form Science Society was resuscitated at the end of last term. It was decided at an extraordinary private business meeting to abandon the constitution adopted in 1938, of which no one had a copy. The Society is now administered by its members, and is independent of the staff. The sole officers are the secretaries, two in number, and M. P. Varey and R. Brearley were elected as such. When the former left, he was replaced by A. J. Salmon.

There have been ten meetings so far, at which members have read papers on the following subjects: The Mechanics of Evolution (R. Brearley); Greek Medicine and Science (G. Levy); Television (R. A. Dugdale); Aeronautics (S. Blackman); Small Arms (D. Howarth); Luminescence (J. H. Thomas); Alchemy (G. Lucy); Criminology (J. Levitsky); and The Endocrine Glands (R. Brearley—two lectures).

Owing to the difficulties imposed by the black-out, it was decided to hold meetings during last period on Thursday afternoons, so that all the VI. Forms, with the exception of Bc and Bm, would be able to attend as an alternative to other forms of private study. This restriction on the audience, though not as great as we had feared we might have to face, is regretted, and it is hoped that the society may soon be able once again to flourish in a freer world.

R. BREARLEY, A. J. SALMON, *Secretaries*.

### Music Notes

**A**FTER the enforced idleness of a year of evacuation, the Music Club resumed its activities at the beginning of this year. Under the enterprising leadership of Mr. Chapman we started to study Haydn's Creation, but owing to a lack of enthusiasm and treble voices, this soon lapsed.

The rest of the term's activities consisted of lectures and lecture recitals (mostly given after school on Mondays) and gramophone recitals (usually during the dinner hour on Thursdays). Amongst the former were two illustrated lectures on Sonata form and Rondo form, by Mr. Pollard, and a lecture recital on Spanish Music by Mr. Killingley. Campbell and Brearley also gave a joint piano recital. So much for domestic talent. Visitors included Dr. Wallace, who gave a talk on dance forms which he illustrated on the piano with his customary verve, Mrs. Chapman who rendered selections from Peter Warlock, aided on the piano by Mr. Chapman. Mr. Norman Suckling, of the Collegiate, gave an entertaining talk on the Renaissance of English music.

We take this opportunity of thanking all the above, and of cordially inviting any who are interested in music to come to the meetings of the club.

\* \* \*

### Association Football

**I**T is now more than twelve months since I last reviewed the condition of School Football. At that time several important players had just left school and the position seemed far from happy. During the last year, however, many difficulties have been overcome, new players have been introduced into the team, and to-day we may look forward to the future with increasing confidence. The Senior team has won the Shield for the first time in fourteen years and interest in School Football is greater than it has been for a very long time.

It is difficult to criticise a team which has gained such successes, but on several occasions the old faults of lax marking and poor finishing have been noticeable, and defenders must learn the value of a first-time clearance.

Our thanks are once more due to the groundsman, George Wass, who has been carrying on alone since his son Edwin joined the Forces. Mr. Reece, too, is now on active service, and his position as Games Master has been ably filled by Mr. Bradshaw. Several other members of the staff, notably Mr. Owen, have given much of their time to School Football, and to them we convey our grateful thanks.

As it seems likely that this will be my last year at school, I must reluctantly say farewell to School Football, and I would like to wish my successor the best of luck in the future.

T. R. SANDERSON.

## FIRST XI. RESULTS.

v. Crawfords	Away	Sept. 21st	Won	4-2
v. Liobians	Home	Sept. 28th	Lost	3-5
v. Manchester G.S.	Home	Oct. 5th	Drew	2-2
v. Prescott G.S.	Away	Oct. 12th	Won	5-4
v. Quarry Bank	Home	Oct. 19th	Won	3-2
v. Holt	Away	Oct. 26th	Won	9-1
v. S.F.X.	Home	Nov. 2nd	Won	5-0
v. Waterloo G.S.	Home	Nov. 9th	Lost	2-6
v. Liverpool University	Away	Nov. 16th	Won	4-1
v. Waterloo G.S.	Away	Nov. 23rd	Lost	1-2
v. 43rd Boys' Brigade	Away	Nov. 30th	Won	8-1
v. Alsop	Away	Dec. 7th	Won	6-2
v. Collegiate	Away	Dec. 14th	Drew	2-2
v. Collegiate	Home	Jan. 4th	Won	6-2
v. Warrington	Home	Feb. 1st	Won	9-3
v. Collegiate (Shield)	Home	Feb. 8th	Won	1-0
v. Prescott G.S. (Shield)	Home	Mar. 1st	Won	4-1
v. Warrington G.S.	Away	Mar. 8th	Won	12-4
v. Manchester G.S.	Away	Mar. 22nd	Lost	2-4
v. Holt	Home	Mar. 29th	Won	6-1
v. Friars School, Bangor	Away	April 10th	Won	2-0

## THE SHIELD FINAL.

The Final of the Senior Shield Competition took place on March 17th, at Goodison Park, between the Institute and St. Francis Xavier's College. The School team was as follows:—Melrose, Barnard, Hugill, Kaufman, Sanderson, Arnold; Cubbin, Wright, Adams, Robinson, Parker.

Sanderson lost the toss and the School defended the Chapel end. S.F.X. began by attacking strongly and for the first 20 minutes the ball was rarely out of the Institute's half. The defence, however, was sure, and although the quick and accurate passing between the half-backs and the inside-forwards made the S.F.X. attack very dangerous, there was no result.

After 25 minutes' play the Institute started to attack with considerable success, until three minutes before half-time, a short pass by Arnold was converted into a goal by Adams.

The second half was begun by a vigorous attack on the S.F.X. goal, which was, however, successfully repelled, and for the next 10 minutes the play was evenly divided. After a quarter of an hour A. G. Parker headed in the second goal for the Institute, off a fine corner by Adams. Encouraged by this, the Institute attacked with even more vigour, and nearly succeeded in scoring again. S.F.X., however, determined to make up lost ground, launched a series of attacks through the right wing, which were broken up by Hugill and Sanderson (the latter of whom throughout the second half played a very safe defensive game). For the last ten minutes the play was even, but by no means uneventful, and the final whistle found S.F.X. still attacking.. Final Score—

INSTITUTE 2, ST. FRANCIS XAVIER 6.

J.F.V. R.H.P.

## SECOND XI. RESULTS.

v. Collegiate	Away	Drew	0-0
v. Quarry Bank	Away	Lost	0-10
v. 43rd Boys' Brigade	Home	Won	12-1
v. Collegiate	Away	Won	5-3
v. Collegiate	Home	Won	8-0
v. Warrington	Away	Lost	0-10
v. Collegiate	Away	Won	4-1
v. Warrington	Home	Lost	1-2
v. Collegiate	Away	Won	10-1

## THIRD XI. RESULTS.

v. Holt	Home	Won	5-3
v. S.F.X.	Home	Lost	3-4
v. Waterloo	Away	Lost	0-2
v. 43rd Boys' Brigade	Home	Won	3-2
v. Waterloo	Home	Won	1-0
v. Alsop	Home	Drew	1-1
v. Collegiate	Away	Won	5-1
v. 29th Boys' Brigade	Away	Lost	4-12
v. Collegiate	Away	Lost	1-5

The following have played for the First XI.:—Sanderson, Wright, Cubbin, Kaufman, Hugill, Arnold, Robinson, Melrose, Barnard, Shaw, Adams, Parker, Wakeham, Morgan, Kelly, Crisp and Jacoby.

Full Colours have been Re-Awarded to Sanderson, Wright and Barnard and Awarded to Hugill, Arnold, Robinson, Adams, Melrose, Cubbin, Kaufman and Parker. Half-Colours have been Re-Awarded to Denmark, and Awarded to Shaw, Varey, J.F. and Crisp.

Goal-scorers:—Wright, 30; Adams, 27; Sanderson, 10; Cubbin, 8; Parker, 7; Wakeman, 5; Arnold, 2 and Kaufman, 2.

## CRITIQUE.

- T. R. SANDERSON (Centre-half and Captain). A most successful and enterprising Captain. He is sure in defence and clever in attack, and his ability to use both feet with equal success makes him an excellent player.
- W. MELROSE (Goalkeeper). A very promising young player who will benefit from experience. He sometimes finds his lack of inches a handicap but his brilliance has often saved the side.
- K. H. BARNARD (Right-Back) A strong player with a good kick. He has still failed to remedy his chief fault, however—poor positional play.
- W. G. HUGILL (Left-Back). He has played consistently well. Remedies his lack of speed by good positional play.

- D. KAUFMAN (Wing-Half). He played well at the beginning of the season but with the coming of heavier pitches he has lost some of his effectiveness. He talks too much during the game.
- R. S. ARNOLD (Left-Half). A cool and stylish player who distributes the ball wisely. He has a surprisingly good shot for his size, and will be difficult to replace.
- T. J. CUBBIN (Outside-Right). Another player who has encountered difficulties on heavy grounds. He reached his best form in the recent Shield game and has played no small part in the School's success.
- T. D. WRIGHT (Inside-Right). Has been the most successful forward, and after starting the season badly he has since played many good games. He uses his speed to good effect and should be the strength of the team for years to come.
- D. J. ADAMS (Centre-Forward). Until Christmas, the most effective forward. Since then he seems to have lost some of his former confidence. His strong shot has brought him many goals, and he played very well in the Shield Final.
- A. ROBINSON (Inside-Left). A hard-working forward who has been the starting point of many attacks. He has a good shot but seems reluctant to use it.
- A. G. PARKER (Outside-Right). An ex-Rugby player who has yet to master some of the finer points of Soccer. He dribbles effectively but often delays his centres too long.
- K. A. SHAW (Wing-Half). Has played for the school on several occasions and should gain a regular place in the team next season. He tackles strongly and his chief fault at the moment is his rather weak kick.

---

AUTUMN TERM.

Junior .....	Alfred 6,	Philip 1
Senior .....	Alfred 5,	Owen 4

SPRING TERM.

Junior .....	Owen 3,	Alfred 1
Senior .....	Owen 3,	Philip 1

INTER-TERM FINALS

Junior .....	Owen 3,	Alfred 2
Senior .....	Owen 5,	Alfred 3
... (after extra time).		

## Association Football in Bangor

THE School's Bangor Eleven completed a second successive season though confronted at first with numerous difficulties. Full support for the Sports and Arts Club enabled us to obtain a ground at Ty Newydd. Many enjoyable afternoons were spent there, and we must thank the masters who braved the inclemencies of the weather to referee the games.

Disappointing attendances at practices resulted in a conspicuous lack of combination in the opening game. Though on this occasion our football was by no means perfect, we defeated the Bluecoat School by a comfortable margin. This success was not maintained and, despite a fine team spirit, we suffered a series of reverses in the later matches. Towards the end of the season, however, the team was playing football of a much higher standard.

Ty Newydd proved unsuitable for school games, most of which were played away as a result. This usually entailed a long cycle ride, which was scarcely beneficial to the side, which nevertheless turned out in full on most occasions.

Our thanks are due to the schools we visited for their warm and generous receptions; to Pooke, the Secretary, and to Mr. Moy for his support and encouragement throughout the season.

The team, which included Telfer, of the Collegiate School, usually lined up as follows:—Pooke; Birkett, Webster; Telfer, Denmark (captain), Malone; Watt, Leak, Crisp, Jacoby, Parkinson.

RESULTS:—

- v. Bluecoat School, won 5—1.
- v. Friars School, lost 2—9.
- v. Bluecoat School and Beaumaris.  
G.S. Combined XI., won 6—2.
- v. Bangor Central School, drew 3—3.
- v. Bangor Central School, lost 3—4.
- v. Caernarvon County School, lost 2—5.
- v. Bluecoat School and Beaumaris.  
G.S. Combined XI., lost 4—8.
- v. Bangor Central School, won 7—3.
- v. Friars School, lost 2—5.
- v. Beaumaris G.S., lost 0—2.

P. BIRKETT.

## Gym. Notes

THE Gymnasium Competition was held on Thursday, December 19th, during morning school, and there was quite a large attendance of spectators.

Since competitors had been given only one day's notice, and no external practice had been possible, the work was limited to the normal curriculum of the term, but nevertheless a high standard of proficiency was shown by all the teams. The individual displays on the rings, the horizontal, and the parallel bars, which have, in past years, added so much to the interest of the competition, were missed, and the points for the individual championship were awarded on the rope-climbing and the horse-jumps.

G. J. Pink (Alfred) won the Competition with 30 points, J. F. Varey (Owen) and K. H. Barnard (Tate) following with 29 and 27 points respectively.

The House results were as follows:—Owen, 192; Alfred, 183; Tate, 170; Philip, 146.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Halton for judging the competition, and Mr. Stell for his valuable instruction and advice.

J. F. VAREY.

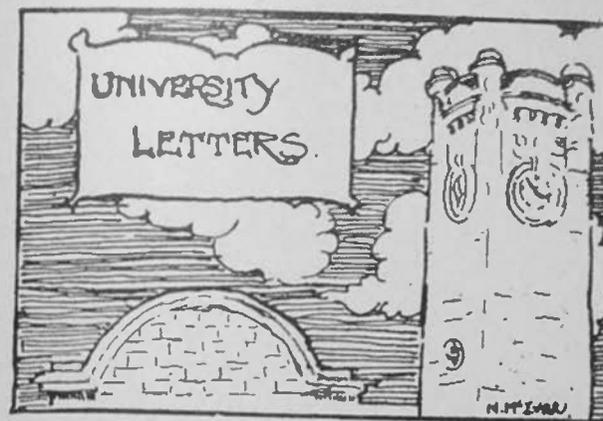
## Chess

THIS year, without the difficulties caused by evacuation, it was possible to begin chess immediately. Due chiefly to the interest taken by Mr. Willott and Mr. Frearson, therefore, Room 2 was established as a chess room. H. Hargreaves was appointed Captain, and A. J. M. Craig Secretary.

Mr. Willott has, unfortunately, left us for Bangor, but both he and Mr. Frearson have earned our gratitude by the support which they have given to our activities.

Chess has been played every Thursday at 4-0 p.m., and, since the dinner hour was lengthened, every day from 1-0 p.m. till 1-45 p.m. Owing to the recommencement of school dinner, and the entry of the A.F.S. into our former headquarters, we are now playing in Room 14. As in Bangor last year, leagues have been fixed, though lately they seem to have fallen into abeyance. House matches, too, have taken place, and, though all games have not yet been finished, Tate has already proved the winner. Because of the black-out, matches with other schools have not been played, but, now that daylight is longer, it is hoped that some may soon be arranged.

A. J. M. CRAIG.



The Aviary,  
Oxford.

Dear Sir,—

“From that still centre where the spinning world  
Sleeps on its axis . . . .”

We answer your appeal for news. This task is by no means rendered easy by the fact that we are now a very small company of eight in all, for half our number seem to live in a world apart. Mr. Hawthorn, for instance, inhabits an obscure quarter of the town nearer gas works than dreaming spires, and, except for the fact that his teas are still “stuff that dreams are made on” (perhaps in more senses than one), little is known of his activities. Of Mr. Ion we can say even less: a fleeting impression of an other-worldly smile from beneath an umbrella is all that we can record, and a direct appeal to him for news of his doings was quite fruitless. Mr. Leak and Mr. Hammer live together in the remote obscurity of Corpus, and are seen but not heard. A rumour that Mr. Leak is working must be treated with reserve, but we have it on good authority that Mr. Hammer is remedying the deficiencies of his earlier education by reading “Winnie the Pooh.”

To turn to more familiar ground, we have the probably unprecedented phenomenon of two Liobians living on one staircase in Magdalen. These two, Mr. Holmes and Mr. Corlett, together with Mr. Britten from his dank den in the same college, and Mr. Felgate, who is now enjoying or, rather, experiencing the hospitality of the House, frequently meet for tea in the afternoons and talk of many things.

Mr. Holmes still rows, but the fact that he often has tea in his own rooms apart from the brotherhood suggests other pre-occupations. He has also been heard to play the Moonlight Sonata with more than usual expression. Mr. Britten and Mr.

Felgate attend lectures on economics where, we understand, Mr. Britten picks up more than economics. In music, too, he is finding new depths of feeling, and to indulge his newly-acquired tastes he has acquired at great expense an *electrical* pick-up. Mr. Felgate is, so far, above suspicion, but does not seem over-awed by the bleak majesty of Christ Church. He met his tutor at the beginning of the term: his tutor has ever since been in bed. He also tells us that he has seen mice in his rooms, though as yet their precise colour has not been determined. Mr. Corlett smokes a pipe with an air of profound pre-occupation, and on the night of the Restoration Dinner learnt of the practical effects of lime-juice, while Mr. Holmes gave a rendering of the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the like of which we shall never hear again.

Sir, we have no more scandal, and we sink back into our sloth which each term you so rudely disturb. We have only one request; that our Alma Mater should send us further talent to take this burdensome task from us. With this in view we wish you, Mr. Editor, all success when you come here in December.

Yours,

KNOXCLAVE.

The Students' Union,  
Bedford Street,  
Liverpool.

Dear Sir,

Since our literary technique is limited to the ability to fill up a specified amount of space, what follows will resemble an imposition from more than one angle; but, realising that we cannot hope to dodge indefinitely the long arm of obligation, we will endeavour, as requested, to chronicle the activities of our fellows with a due regard for the law of libel.

Messrs. Jones and Sharrock appear to deserve first mention, for having adroitly carried out a retrogressive movement from the dialectic to the mechanical, they continue to present the quite unique phenomenon of classicist turned engineer. Doubtless they are still reminded of the quiet dignity of the rejected classics by Mr. Townsend's non-committal passivity, and the deceptive blandness of Mr. Myerscough, beneath whose smiling exterior lurks the heart of a revolutionary. In this context we might ask why the initials F.M. should be emblazoned upon the attaché case of Mr. Gaffney. While publicly discountenancing the rumour that, in order to fortify his claim to certain articles of table-linen, he intends to change his name to Lionel Murgetroyd Shorthouse, we must confess our inability to answer the other question.

Mr. Muskett—known on occasions as "son of a gun"—disappeared into H.M. Forces some little time ago. He has been joined by Mr. Billington, whose reappearance in the Union clad in the full rig of a 2nd Lieutenant caused not a little embarrassment among mere members of the S.T.C. Messrs. Kushner and Samuels, both big noises in their own sphere, have drifted quite naturally into the Artillery, thus leaving Mr. Ellwand as the only Liobian in the Law School. Never having seen him without his beret, we do not know the truth of the allegation that he is bald. We do know, however, that the optimism of his moustache just about compensates for the pessimism of his philosophy.

Again Mr. Taylor, whose teeth have become a fashionable hobby among the women dental students, is thus able to pursue his studies from the two opposite viewpoints. He moves as a sort of Hephaestus among the Olympians, but we have not yet been able to gauge precisely the influence of Aphrodite in this set-up.

The unfortunate individuals who have so far been granted this measure of publicity must not be considered either a majority or even a representative selection of the Liobians at Liverpool. We could dilate for pages upon how Mr. Thomas applies his cross-country running technique to cycling in built-up areas, or how that man of many connections, Mr. Keidan, divides his time between the letter-rack and the telephone. Nevertheless it would seem that by stopping at this point we will have fulfilled our obligations to the letter, and at the same time respected the interests of propriety. Our reason for this sudden conclusion is neither inertia, nor parsimony in the matter of ink and paper, but partly because many interesting scandals manage to escape our half-open eyes, and partly because of our vested interest in the life and limb of

Yours, etc.,

LIOSPHINX.

## Prefects' Letter

Prefects' Room,  
Liverpool.

Sir,

The appearance of your journal is now such a rare event that we feel it to be our duty on these auspicious occasions to lend distinction to its pages by the efforts of our pen. It is not with the usual professions of diffidence, but rather with malicious glee, that we embark on the pleasing task of reviewing our contemporaries.

Since our last letter the P.R. has, with one exception, passed into completely new hands. Most conspicuous among these is our

Head Boy, Mr. Sanderson, whose chief hobby, apart from writing letters to his friends in B——, seems to be that of enlarging his collection of lurid pullovers. The only link we had with pre-war years was our Vice Head Boy, Mr. M. P. Varey, known to all by his purposeful gait and solemn countenance. These now, however, grace other, if not fairer, halls, and we wish him luck in the Artillery. He has been succeeded as Vice Head Boy by Mr. Brearley, who, when not engaged in cutting up little animals at the Collegiate, alternately bathes us in the radiance of his fatherly smile, and renders vocal selections from obscure operas.

Our oldest member, Mr. Hargreaves, avidly seizes the *Manchester Guardian* each morning, and instructs us in all subjects with a pedagogic air. Mr. J. F. Varey is one of our sportive brethren, and often pounces on unoccupied prefects to discourse on swimming trophies, and how to win them. Mr. Pain, when not busy organising the J.T.C., is usually to be found in his company. Though not garrulous by nature, he enriches his sparse remarks with friendly chuckles. Another ardent militarist is Mr. Salmon, who has now risen to the dizzy heights of a section leader in the Home Guard. His sepulchral basso cantata lends a pleasing contrast to the reedy tenor of Mr. Hargreaves's remarks. Mr. Dugdale, like Mr. Brearley, is already half way to being a renegade, dividing his time between us and the Oulton. His spectral features have recently been seen pondering over a chess board. Mr. Hugill talks football to the Head Boy for much of his time. He is usually to be found loping round the P.R., or else reflectively eyeing his entourage from over a book of Spanish plays.

The cheerful Mr. Parker is sometimes observed even to work. He plays table tennis with more enthusiasm than skill, but is developing a nicely-timed forehand drive. Keenly appreciative of his position as the youngest prefect, is Mr. Wright, who also plays table tennis with the youthful zest which he applies to all his activities when not wearing his man-about-town look. He has been succeeded as secretary to the prefects by our latest arrival, Mr. Shaw, who incessantly croons fragments of swing and scat-singing. Only the direst threats can silence him, and the effect of these is only transitory. He is a severe trial to the more elevated soul of our other vocal prefect, who still entertains vague hopes of converting him.

Such, Mr. Editor, is the composition of fauna which at present inhabits our P.R. For those who inhabit other regions, we cannot account. To us the doings of Bangor are shrouded in mystery, and so must remain immune from our pen.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GREGORY GASTEROPHOBE.

## Acknowledgments

THE Editor acknowledges the following contemporaries and apologises for any omissions:—Esmeduna, Quarry, Oultonia, City of London School Magazine, Pincerna, Centralian, Olavian, Crosbeian, Ruym.