

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE MAGAZINE

VOLUME LIII

Number 1

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In Memoriam

It is with the deepest regret that we record the deaths on active service of the following Old Boys :—

Squadron-Leader F. R. H. CHARNEY, D.F.C. 1932-1936

Sergeant-Pilot J. B. HUGHES, 1931-1934

Sergeant J. F. CHARNOCK, 1933-1938

W. CARTER, 1927-1931

Sergeant Flight-Engineer H. S. GREENWOOD, 1934-1936

Editorial

PUTTING pen to paper, shoulder to the wheel, and nose to the grindstone we find ourselves embarked upon an editorial, having run out of suitable prefatory clichés. It is the unhappy lot of every editor to be faced with the problem of finding something fresh to say, and how much harder is his lot in war-time, when he finds so many of his customary catch-phrases, clichés, and quasi-humorous quotations already enjoying an extensive circulation in the yellow press and political journals. Therefore our readers must not expect us to rise to the customary platitudinous heights of editors; instead, we intend to be blunt and to the point.

Not only is our journal irregular in publication, slim in appearance, and altogether somewhat less impressive than its predecessors, but our readers will find that in this issue the Recording Angel has achieved a triumph over the Muses. We are sure, however, that the School will appreciate the necessity for a permanent record of our activities in war-time, not only here but also in Bangor.

We perceive with relief that the requisite space has now been filled and, sighing contentedly, we place our pen upon its rack until we have to return once more to the weary task of appeasing the hunger of Magazine-starved hordes.



SINCE the last issue of the Magazine the School has seen with regret the passing on of its genial Head-Boy, W. G. Hugill, to broader educational spheres. He has been awarded a scholarship of the value of £200 per annum to the School of Oriental Languages in the University of London. Whilst we can only regret his departure we wish him every success in his future career.

We must congratulate J. W. Simpson and A. J. M. Craig on their election to Exhibitions in Classics at Brasenose and the Queen's College, Oxford, respectively, and H. M. Hayward on his election to an Open Scholarship in German at Magdalen College, Oxford.

At the end of last term, before an admiring School, the Headmaster formally invested the prefects with new insignia of their office, in the shape of tasteful gowns designed in black and green. The admiration of the School was not as enthusiastic as the prefects had feared it might have been, and they themselves are beginning to realise the sartorial possibilities of a well-draped gown. We much fear that their colleagues at Bangor feel somewhat piqued, as we received from that source the fair lines which grace the end of this volume.

Last Christmas we repeated the same pleasing ceremony that graced the festive season of 1940. The girls of Blackburne House came to the School to join us in a recital of delightfully-sung carols. They also assisted us very materially in rendering some of the better-known Christmas hymns. Afterwards the Blackburne House prefects were entertained to tea in the prefects' room.

We take this opportunity of welcoming to the staff Miss Jean Hewet, B.A., London, Mrs. A. M. A. Jones, B.Sc., Swansea, Mr. D. Booth, B.A., Liverpool, Mr. J. E. Watson, B.A., Liverpool, and Mr. E. S. Conway, M.A., Liverpool.

Returning to school after the Christmas holidays we were surprised to find the walls of the dining-hall decorated with murals executed in our absence by Miss Palmer and one of our contem-

poraries in the School, Van Dijk of Rx. They afford an endless topic of conversation at the dinner-table, besides seeming to afford the masters and mistresses on duty much contemplative satisfaction.

A new system of book-withdrawal has been instituted under the ægis of Mr. R. T. Jones, the Acting-Librarian, who took over that difficult, and highly important, post when Mr. H. M. Brown retired in July, 1941. So far the scheme has worked very satisfactorily and boys seem to be making the fullest possible use of the valuable library at their disposal.

Although the vast majority of the School seems to spend much of its time clad in air-force blue or khaki, a high standard has been maintained in both the academic and athletic spheres, and despite the all-too-obvious influence of the war we are eagerly preparing for peace both in mind and body. We hear similar reports concerning our fellow-scholars in Bangor, and send them our warmest greetings.

* * *

Liverpool University Examination Results

FACULTY OF ARTS.

Degree of B.A. with Honours in Special Subjects.

Classics. Class 2.—A. W. C. Thomas.

Degree of B.A. First Year Examination—B. S. Gaffney.

FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

Degree of B.Sc. with Honours.

Mathematics. Class 2, Div. 1.—E. S. Kelly.

Physics and Zoology. Class 2.—W. Crewe.

Chemistry. Class 1.—E. W. Mills.

" Class 2.—G. W. Culshaw.

Degree of B.Sc. Part I.—A. Packter.

Degree of Ph.D.—I. C. Jones.

FACULTY OF LAW.

Degree of LL.B. Final Examination. Part I.—D. Ellwand.

FACULTY OF ENGINEERING.

2nd Year Examination. Proceed to Honours School:—

G. Ellis, F. W. Myerscough, G. Townend.

1st Year Intermediate Examination:—

C. V. Jones, R. S. Sharrock, A. A. Williamson.

Prefects' Letter

Dear Mr. Editor,

At intervals—now alas somewhat irregular—there goes abroad an eager demand for information concerning that select coterie which foregathers in the P.R. ; at every issue of the Magazine that demand is satisfied, upon your formal request, by that prefect who, surely the least noble of a very noble band, desires to give the low-down on his associates. But the prefects' letter, if it serves no other useful end, has a salutary effect upon the prefects themselves. They realise that during their term of office they will, as it were, be arraigned from time to time before the Popular Assembly of the School. Henceforward their foibles, pranks, and private jests, their characters and their puns, will be "*in conspectu omnium.*"

Not that the majority of us have anything to fear. On the contrary, apart from one or two peculiarities which shall be mentioned, our conduct is almost above suspicion. Perhaps the most lamentable accident of the year has befallen Mr. Longmire, who has been bitten by a bug of the jitter variety. He has, however, nothing but sympathy from us ; all our ire is vented upon the head of Mr. Shaw, the originator of the evil, the swing enthusiast, the mosquito who, himself unharmed, conveys the deadly bug to his mesmerised victims. Messrs. Shaw and Longmire between whiles, read German and play chess respectively. Mr. Wright, you must know, eschews these excellent pastimes and plays football instead—so much so that one wonders whether life now holds sufficient interest to ensure his continued existence until next winter. His success as a footballer was, of course, due to the omniscient and omnipresent Mr. Craig, who rightly assumes control of all branches of prefectorial life, including football and cricket. Mr. Adams, our "new face," fancies that he is captain of cricket, but he will doubtless fall obediently into line.

Mr. Hugill, who has deserted us for London, was our main pillar. His character was, so far as we could tell, without a blemish, and we all heartily regret his departure. His successor, Mr. Parker, is usually to be found sitting in a corner endeavouring to master the intricacies of Mr. Hugill's complex detention record scheme ! His clouded face begins to clear as he sees the light, but next day finds him more befogged than ever. Those dark horses, Messrs. Simpson and Mackinnon, trot comfortably along their own quiet paths, but the former occasionally flashes out in remarkable display of agility, and the latter reveals such a range of varied talents as would occupy more space than you can spare.

To us laymen, Mr. Thomas is the mysterious symbol of chemistry, alchemy, and all things magical. When he can spare the time (and we are willing to listen) he regales our ears with gay jokes about glass being a liquid, the activities of the atom, etc. Mr. Howarth,

on the other hand, now the proud possessor of a unique collection of luridly bound flying magazines—suggests electricity, aerofoils, and principles of flight.

We should not have the temerity to attempt an analysis of Mr. Christian's delightfully varied character, nor would you, Mr. Editor, expect it. Now fully awakened to the possibilities of poetry, opera, and art in general, he brings us new surprise and mystery every day. He, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Short are seeking friendships in broader fields than those offered by the School. The last, however, has been spurned despite the efforts of the ever-helpful Mr. Craig to assist him. Of Mr. Adams we should like to state that little is known of his activities as yet, save that he is an officer of lofty rank and dignified mien in the J.T.C., but we shall doubtless soon learn more. Meanwhile, very regretfully, I must sign myself—
VOX DOMESTICORUM.

* * *

House Notes

TATE

SINCE the last issue of the magazine House activities have been carried on with remarkable enthusiasm in spite of adverse circumstances. Tate has unfortunately not conducted itself with brilliance. In football especially, which seems to arouse the greatest amount of interest, our combined effort can only be described as shocking. Such a harsh judgment may be excused when it is taken into account that in the competitions for the football cups both senior and junior teams were defeated in the first rounds. The present juniors have entered the School at an extremely unfortunate time, when their games are few and far between : it is difficult in these days to bring talent to light, and the teams were perhaps not the best that could have been chosen.

The most encouraging event in the past year was the chess competition. Under the able leadership of R. A. Longmire, Tate brain^s again defeated every other House. It is up to the budding Alekhines of Tate to maintain our noble tradition in this sphere when the present pundits have left us.

In last summer's athletics the House cut a very poor figure. Here, much more than in soccer, was an opportunity for the development of "team spirit" since every member could have attained at least one standard thus contributing to the aggregate score. It would be odious to draw the conclusion that the House is lazy, more pleasant to suppose that it is storing up energy. Next term we look forward to Tate's resuming its former prominent position.

The cricket team was runner-up in the Whitehouse Cup, and since several members of that team are still at school there is every reason to expect a triumph this summer. Only assiduous attendance at nets can ensure success.

On looking back over the last three terms Tate's record, as I have intimated above, appears disheartening: moreover the House is rapidly gaining an ill reputation for deficiency of prowess. Such a vicious and, I am sure, unjust attack, can best be answered by every individual's taking a full part in next term's events.

A. G. PARKER.

PHILIP HOLT

IN the last year the House has well shown its ability. We have regained the Senior Football and Cricket Cups and by a splendid effort we won the Sports, having more than 30 points to spare over our nearest rival. Those boys who turned up to practice came out best in the actual races and we congratulate them. The Juniors have not met with the same success as the Seniors but they have tried hard, and next year may see better results. We congratulate W. G. Hugill on his Scholarship, at the same time regretting the loss. He will be difficult to replace. We must thank Mr. Pollard for his efforts, particularly concerning the Sports, and finally all other captains for the keenness they have shown.

T. D. WRIGHT.

ALFRED HOLT

ALTHOUGH in the last two terms House activities have been of necessity somewhat curtailed, we cannot complain of any real lack of success. In the Chess Competition we were badly beaten, but as usual both our Soccer teams gave a good account of themselves and reached the inter-terminal finals. The Juniors won in a most convincing manner, while the Seniors made a gallant though unsuccessful effort to complete the double.

The Summer Term with cricket, and possibly the Sports, offers an opportunity for every boy to do something for the House, and if the undoubted talent of the House is matched by keenness, then we may look to the future with every confidence.

K. A. SHAW.

OWEN

THE past year has been a disappointing one for the House, as we have but one success to our credit, that of the Junior cricket team in the Whitehouse Cup. Both Senior and Junior teams were defeated in the football competition, the latter, however, reaching the Final each term.

In the Chess competition we were also without success, finishing third.

Next term the cricket season will be with us once more and with it the Whitehouse Cup competition. In the Junior division our prospects are again bright, but I would appeal to the Seniors to pull their weight in the House, as they can with a little united effort.

J. H. THOMAS.

Association Football

ALTHOUGH it did not manage to retain the Shield, the 1st XI has enjoyed a fairly successful season, as its record shows. Out of 24 games, 16 have been won, 3 drawn and 5 lost. The usual faults of lax marking and hesitancy in going for the ball have been prevalent, but the team has shown great determination and on several occasions has changed defeat into victory by late rallies. In general the defence has been steady, but has shown a tendency to keep the ball too long, while the attack has accepted its chances well, putting its speed and strength to good advantage.

The Junior XIs have also had a moderately successful season, while the 2nd XI has fought valiantly though somewhat unsuccessfully. These sides have suffered from the fact that our Mersey Road ground is still in the hands of the R.A.F. but in spite of this we have managed to turn out our full quota of teams.

Once again we must thank George Wass for his work as groundsman, Messrs. Brown and Peters for the keen interest they have taken in school football, and T. D. Wright for his efficient work as Secretary.

W. G. HUGILL.

FIRST XI RESULTS.

v. Manchester G.S.....	Home	Sept. 27th	Lost	1-3
v. Holt	Away	Oct. 4th	Won	11-0
v. Collegiate	Home	Oct. 11th	Won	8-2
v. Waterloo G.S.	Away	Oct. 25th	Won	7-1
v. 43rd B.B.	Home	Nov. 1st	Won	12-0
v. St. Francis Xavier's	Away	Nov. 8th	Lost	4-5
v. Prescott G.S.	Home	Nov. 15th	Won	3-2
v. Quarry Bank	Away	Nov. 22nd	Drew	1-1
v. Wavertree H.G.	Away	Nov. 29th	Won	10-0
v. Friars	Home	Dec. 6th	Won	6-2
v. Waterloo G.S.	Home	Dec. 13th	Won	8-1
v. Liobians	Home	Dec. 20th	Won	4-2
v. 43rd B.B.	Away	Jan. 10th	Drew	1-1
v. Quarry Bank	Home	Jan. 17th	Won	2-0
v. Edge Hill B.C.	Home	Jan. 31st	Won	9-0
v. Collegiate	Home	Feb. 14th	Won	3-2*
v. Quarry Bank	Away	Feb. 28th	Lost	1-2*
v. Warrington G.S. ...	Home	Feb. 28th	Won	2-1
v. Warrington G.S.....	Away	Mar. 11th	Drew	2-2
v. Friars	Away	Mar. 14th	Won	9-1
v. Holt	Home	Mar. 21st	Won	5-0
v. Manchester G.S. ...	Away	Mar. 28th	Lost	1-2
v. Liobians	Home	April 4th	Lost	2-3

* Shield Games.

HOUSE FOOTBALL.

HORSFALL CUP.

Autumn Term.....	Philip Holt
Spring Term	Alfred Holt
Inter-term Final	Philip Holt

WHITEHOUSE CUP.

Autumn Term.....	Alfred Holt
Spring Term	Alfred Holt

CRITIQUE.

HUGILL, W. G. (Centre-Half). A thoroughly keen and efficient Captain. A tower of strength in defence but a little on the slow side for an attacking centre-half. Many consider that his best position would be at full-back.

WRIGHT, T. D. (Inside-Forward). Has acted as Secretary and has done the job really well. On the field his behaviour has always been scrupulously correct and his play of a very high standard. A powerful shot. But—has he thought of turning himself into a centre-half?

MELROSE, W. (Goalkeeper). His sense of anticipation is good but he is weak in dealing with high shots. His powerful kick is an asset.

PYNE, C. W. R. (Right-Back). Gained his position when Shaw was injured and could not be displaced. He tackles strongly, but his kicking is rather weak at times.

PARKER, A. G. (Left-Back). Has settled down well at full-back. He uses his speed and weight better than when he was on the wing but his right foot kicking is weak, and he is inclined to dribble too much.

KAUFMAN, D. (Wing-Half). Plays a good half-back game both in attack and defence, but is inclined to get over-excited on occasions.

SHAW, K. A. (Right-Back—Right-Half). Until his unfortunate injury was perhaps the weakest defender, but he has since shown that he is a better wing-half than full-back.

ISHERWOOD, K. H. C. (Outside-Right). A young but clever player who should develop his shot to a greater extent.

ADAMS, D. J. (Centre-Forward). A strong centre-forward who is hindered by his inability to use his left foot. Has great determination but is sometimes slow in getting off the mark.

GUY, N. S. (Left-Half and Inside-Left). Is a clever attacking wing-half, but does very little in defence. Is now settling down to his new position at inside-left.

CHRISTIAN, R. F. (Outside-Left). Has speed and can shoot strongly with either foot, but his positional play leaves much to be desired.

KELLY, G. H. R. (Inside-Right). A clever constructive player who did not use his strong shot to the best advantage. His loss half-way through the season was a great blow to the team.

Full Colours have been reawarded to Wright, Hugill, Kaufman, Adams, Melrose and Parker and have been awarded to Shaw and Christian. Half-Colours have been awarded to Guy N. S., Isherwood, Pyne, Kelly G. H. R., Cohen D. and McCurdy.

Goal Scorers:—Wright 34, Adams 25, Christian 19, Kelly 15, Isherwood 8, Kaufman 4, Shaw 2, Parker 1, Guy 1, Pyne 1, Lloyd 1.

* * *

Hockey

IN September last we were fortunate in that we were able to retain the services of most of last season's team, although Webber could not play until after Christmas on account of a broken collar bone, and Kelly was not always available. We were unable to play some of our usual opponents because of war-time conditions, but very successful attempts were made to arrange fixtures with other teams. The team held its own in spite of the fact that we were heavily defeated by Birkenhead School, and we received praise from the local press on several occasions for our showing against senior clubs.

A most interesting match was played against Blackburne House at the Lady Herdman ground on March 21st, which the school won by eight goals to nil. Though the girls failed to score, they made many vigorous attacks, which failed only because of their weak hitting. The team, however, joins me in congratulating the girls on their skill and determination. The final score is misleading, for the match was much more evenly contested than may be supposed.

We should like to thank Miss Harkness, Mr. S. V. Brown and Mr. Halton for giving us so much of their spare time, and also George Wass for keeping the ground in such good condition.

The school team was usually picked from:—Broster, Rumjahn, Kelly, Webber, Warbrick, Thomas, Pugh, Howarth, Barter, Thornley, Williams, Heal and Boardman.

RESULTS FOR THE SEASON.

Played: 12. Won: 6. Lost: 6.

Goals: For: 39. Against: 47.

Colours: Full—Rumjahn, R. M., Broster, W. H. (re-awarded), Kelly, G. H. R. (awarded). Half—Webber, K. J., Warbrick, D. J., Thomas, J. H. W. H. BROSTER.

Fives

SINCE the last Fives notes were printed three of the first team, the brothers M. P. and J. F. Varey and R. Pain have left the school.

M. P. and J. F. Varey deserve special mention in that they did much to arouse enthusiasm for the game among the younger members of the school. Starting in the days when two courts were available, they spent a considerable amount of time not only in teaching the game but also in promoting competitions. J. F. Varey is undoubtedly the best player we have yet seen on our courts.

Last year the usual away matches were played against Wallasey Grammar School. The Seniors won their match, but the Junior team, consisting of Guy, Langshaw, Fox and Corran lost against a strong Wallasey team.

Fives was restricted in the spring term by the consistent bad weather. This has not damped our enthusiasm, however, and it is proposed to hold a competition in the summer term. Details will be announced later.

A. T. JONES.

* * *

Chess Club

IN the past it has been a constant complaint in these notes that too few boys realised the pleasures of chess. This year the position was entirely different. The number of members of the Club reached what is probably a record total; while, because of the scarcity, almost the complete absence, of chess sets on the market, it was impossible fully to cater for the increased membership. The House Competition was, however, successfully carried off. Tate met little opposition and won for the second year in succession. One school match was played: University II was defeated by five games to two. On that occasion the school team was A. J. M. Craig, R. A. Longmire, J. R. Pugh, R. K. Learoyd, S. A. Blackburn, E. H. Williams and L. Jacobsen.

A. J. M. CRAIG.

* * *

Camera and Field Club

OWING to the many difficulties presented by war-time conditions, the activities of the club have, of necessity, been severely curtailed. During last term, however, a party of boys was shown round Liverpool Cathedral under the guidance of the Dean's Proctor, Canon C. Soulby, to whom we are very grateful. We all found the visit extremely interesting and most informative.

A party of about thirty members paid a visit to Chester during the latter days of the same term. It was a very refreshing trip and was enjoyed by all. With us was our new chairman, Mr. R. T. Jones.

I feel sure that the Society would wish me to convey to our late chairman, Mr. Elliot, our deepest sense of appreciation of the valuable services that he rendered to the club during the last fifteen years, and also to wish him the happiest of retirements. We all regret his leaving us. Let us salute him!

In the coming term, it is hoped to organize some more visits. The future alone will be able to tell us how practicable this is. Our activities must be restricted of course by the transference of our half-day on Wednesdays to Saturday mornings, but we shall do our best to overcome this difficulty.

J. G. MACKENZIE, *Secretary.*

* * *

A. T. C.

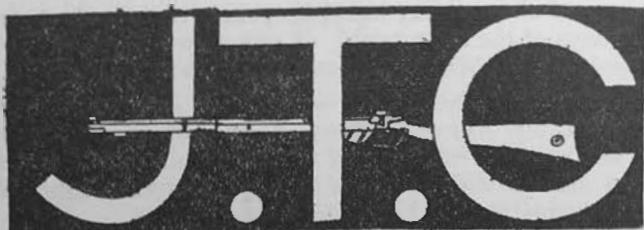
A FLIGHT of the Air Training Corps was formed at the School, in July, 1941 and, pending the arrival of uniforms and equipment, training was commenced in Morse, Navigation (A), and Drill. Mr. A. Thorpe and Mr. W. H. Jones were appointed officers, and Flight Headquarters were temporarily installed in the Workshop. Several full-day parades were held before Christmas, and a visit was paid to Messrs. Roote's factory at Speke. After Christmas the Flight was affiliated to Hooton Park Training Station, to which two enjoyable and instructive visits have been made. Our sincere thanks are due to the C.O. and personnel of the station for their hospitality and generosity on both these occasions.

Towards the end of term the Flight received an informal inspection by the Regional Liaison Officer, Lt.-Col. Coates, who, while expressing himself as being impressed by the quality of the training, stressed the need for greater numbers. Summer activities will include a week of intensive training, during which the Flight will be incorporated in the R.A.F.

It is hoped that the numbers of the Flight will materially increase in the near future.

The following entered for, and were successful in, the Proficiency Examination:—Lt. Sgt. D. Howarth, Sgt. W. L. Heal, Sgt. T. D. Wright, Corporal J. A. Blackman, Cadet J. R. Pugh, Cadet K. J. Webber, Cadet R. F. Christian, Cadet R. E. Cochrane, Cadet H. Cohen, Cadet Bishop.

D. HOWARTH.



At the beginning of the past year the numbers of the Corps were somewhat depleted, a number of N.C.O.'s and senior cadets joining the then newly formed A.T.C. Since that time, however, the deficiency has been more than filled by a large influx of recruits, this being partly due to the lowering of the age limit to fourteen years. The majority of these recruits have now been fitted with battle dress, and they appear to be more comfortable than, if not as smart as, those who still continue to wear service dress.

The first important event of last year was the annual inspection held in June, 1941, the Inspecting Officer being Major Hotblack, M.C., from the War Office. After Major Hotblack had taken the salute in the school yard, the Corps entrained for Formby, to there give a more practical demonstration of their prowess. The report was on the whole favourable, but the lack of discipline shown by a few people was criticized.

A formal inspection was not held this year, but in its place Colonel Worsley visited the Corps during one of the normal weekly parades.

In January a party of four N.C.O.'s attended a ten-day course at the Northern Command School of Physical Training in York. The three who managed to complete the course acted as instructors at P.T. parades, which were held weekly in the Gymnasium during the following term.

In the Easter holidays a number of N.C.O.'s attended a Cadet Instructor's Course at Liverpool University, all being highly successful.

War Certificate "A" examinations were held in June and November, 1941, and (after a change in the regulations for Certificate "A," dividing the examination into two parts), a Certificate "A," Part I examination was held in March, 1942.

In all 12 candidates obtained Certificate "A" in the past year, and 23 candidates passed in the first part of the examination.

J. P. THOMAS, SGT.



Scout Notes

THE annual camp was held at Middleton, near Sedbergh, as in 1939. As Mr. Folland was expecting to be called away to the armed forces Mr. W. H. Jones took charge, and we were glad to have the assistance also of Mr. R. T. Jones; Mr. Folland was able to be with us for a few days at the beginning and towards the end of the camp.

Although rationing proved a severer obstacle than in the previous year, there was no shortage of food, and the usual high standard of catering was maintained.

The campers lacked the customary enthusiasm for long walks, but there were several shorter excursions into the surrounding countryside. Our activities in camp included swimming, boating on our improvised coracle and raft, games of various types, axemanship and other general Scout training. We offer our thanks to Mr. W. H. Jones and Mr. R. T. Jones for their able management of the camp, and to Mr. Folland for his untiring energy both before and during the camp in ensuring its success.

In September we were pleased to learn that Mr. Folland was remaining with us for a little longer. The term passed almost uneventfully; parades were held in the Gymnasium on Saturday mornings, the time being devoted mainly to First and Second Class work. Several Scouts assisted in the scheme for the erection of Morrison table-shelters in homes otherwise unable to have them assembled. Mr. Folland left us at the beginning of December for service in the R.A.F., and we are deeply grateful to Mr. Barnard for taking charge of the Troop during his absence.

A recruiting campaign was held at the beginning of the spring term, with very encouraging results. Three new patrols were

created under the leadership of R. E. Cochrane, G. P. Boland and V. G. Lunt. The majority of the new members are keen Scouts and have made good progress. Several have gained their Second Class badge and others expect to have it soon. Amongst those of longer service we congratulate Patrol Leaders H. H. Goldsmith and M. P. Preston on their becoming King's Scouts, and Goldsmith for obtaining the Bushman's Thong.

Recently out-door parades have been held at Sefton Park, Speke, and other places; in addition to routine work like cooking, axemanship and tracking, there have been games with such titles as "Rounding up Rommel," consisting of attacking and defending positions. During the Easter holiday the Patrol Leaders held a camp at Tawd Vale for five days, on one of which the rest of the troop visited them. The day's programme included two tracking games, and opportunity was given for new Scouts to make acquaintance with the extensive camping ground. It is hoped that week-end camps will be held there during the summer term.

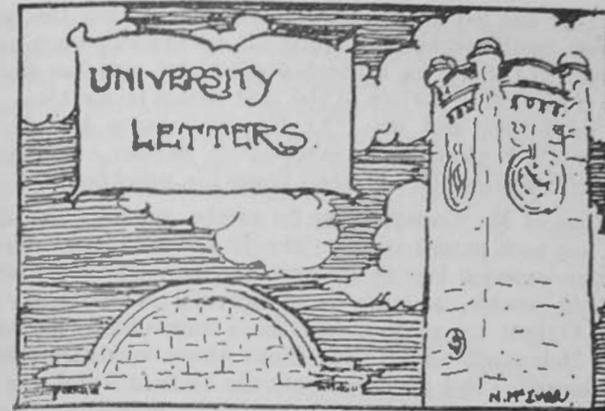
A. G. MACKINNON.

* * *

Immortality

Old hoary Time, with sure, deceptive gait
Is my dread comrade on this life's sad road
To Atropos; his ever-present goad
Prevents my shrinking from the goal I hate.
As one by one life's cares agglomerate,
The weary heart despairs beneath its load,
And, questioning the eternal high abode,
Thinks mere extinction is its ultimate fate.
But then the Voice calls from the distant past,
"Why shouldst thou fear the elm-enclosed grave?
I promised thee, thy soul shall at the last
To God in Heaven repair." Now am I brave.
My spirit shall survive, though flesh shall be
Vaguer than dust, in Time's eternity.

* * *



The Aviary,
Clouduckoo-town.

Dear Sir,

One of the few consolations which the present situation affords is that our sleep is now much less frequently disturbed than in the riotous days of peace by demands for an Oxford Letter. If our sins have at last found us out, the least we can do is to retaliate by exposing the sins of others, but it is no easy task. The few who remain are, almost without exception, men of unimpeachable integrity and uprightness of life—very poor material, you will admit, for our vitriolic pen.

For instance, no breath of scandal attaches to our two old men, Messrs. Hawthorn and Ion. Withdrawn into a world of contemplation beyond the comprehension of lesser men, they live their own lives and play squash with each other by way of relaxation. Not that they are hermits. Mr. Ion still finds innocent enjoyment in the mundane pastime of riding on Oxford buses. Mr. Hawthorn may be seen any day in the Chinese Restaurant, eating with quiet enjoyment. He has also been best man at a wedding. But despite these outward appearances they are steadily slipping away from us.

Mr. Holmes is making determined efforts to achieve a similar state of beatitude. He has retired into monastic seclusion at Headington and makes unpredictable appearances in town, wearing a saintly smile that he probably practises before the mirror at night. We can refute the story that he has been made a freeman of the city, although it is true that he lunches daily in the Town Hall. His contemporary, Mr. Hammer, cannot so successfully forsake the world, since he lacks the advantage of a distant retreat. He devotes himself to good works instead, and helps to maintain the morale of the fighting services in the G.W.R. canteen.

Mr. Carr has led a very varied existence during the past year. After a few hectic weeks developing his vocabulary on a local farm he returned to Oxford for a much-needed rest and has since gravitated, as if inevitably, to one of the best rooms in Merton. Here he has set up house, and his "At Homes" have already become famous for their piquantly cosmopolitan flavour. Further information can doubtless be obtained from his neighbours.

Mention of Mr. Corlett must be in the nature of an obituary, since he has now passed on into the R.A.F. Beneath his modest and Puritan exterior lay an unsuspected capacity for making the best of both worlds, and his departure will be mourned at more than one Oxford tea-party. But for colourfulness he could not rival Mr. Halewood, whom plus fours alone would put him in a class by himself. But they are only the outward and visible sign. In the Union he is already well-known as a promising young lion, and the Radley Beagles well know his prowess in the field. He should go far.

Pay no attention to idle rumours that Oxford doesn't know there's a war on. We have been sharply reminded of it by visits from two of our members now in the Army—Mr. Saunders, resplendent in the majesty and authority of a stripe and Mr. Britten, as ever the eloquent spokesman of the undistinguished masses. They look very grown-up, but that may be due mainly to the battle-dress.

Sir, the list is complete. After this summer it will be still shorter, and for that reason we welcome with more than usual cordiality Messrs. Hayward, Simpson and Craig. They will be a badly-needed reinforcement and will help to preserve the species from extinction.

Yours sincerely,

J. I. KNOXUCLAVE.

Students' Union,
2 Bedford Street North,
Liverpool, 7.
5th June, 1942.

THE EDITOR,
Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Dear Sir,

A continuous conflict between the demands of approaching examinations, and the increasingly frantic request of an implacable Editor has been going on within my troubled soul for some time past. Now alas, by sheer persistence, you win.

Life up here is now much leaner than ever before, and many of our old boys have had to go into the forces before finishing their courses, though the position of Medicals, Scientists and Engineers is still more or less assured. Amongst the Arts students who still linger on is Mr. Gaffney, a very purposeful man. Doggedly refusing to admit defeat, he continues to leave his upper lip unshaven. He is fast becoming an accomplished Marxist theoretician and to the accompaniment of much coffee drinking gives long discourses on why Lenin and Plekhanov disagreed. The jovial Mr. Pain is seldom seen except in the company of his friend Mr. Jimmy (Don Juan) Varey. The state of Mr. Varey's *affaire* can only be guessed at, but at any rate he is not often seen in male company. Mr. Jackson's musical catholicity is evident, since he has now played the piano in almost every Guild musical activity, from dance bands and sing-songs on the one hand to the continuo part of Handel's Water Music for Music Society on the other.

Our other amorist is Mr. Williamson, a second year engineer. He shows the same remarkable constancy as Mr. Varey, and really has quite an achievement to his credit, since his escort is the only woman in the whole engineering faculty.

Messrs. C. V. Jones and R. S. Sharrock are seldom seen, but it is rumoured that they have a curious hobby called work. By way of intellectual relaxation they play chess for the University, and do Torquemada. Mr. Myerscough is a Guild Counsellor and an enigmatic *homme complet*, and Mr. Ellis always looks busy and rather elevated. This is a complete disguise, as he was fined ten shillings only the other week. A pipe is often seen in their company, with Mr. Townsend at the far end of it, though he is often completely hidden by his own smoke screen. He won the Mechanical Engineering Prize this year.

Our only two scientists are Mr. Geoffrey Levy and Mr. Packter. Apart from looking like a sphere and an elongated cylinder respectively, it is dubious whether they do anything notable.

The largest contingent of old boys is in the medical faculty however. Of the freshers, Mr. Brearley has plunged into a vortex of political activity, and is now secretary of the Socialist Society. Aided by a dispatch-case, a pipe, a harassed look, and now a moustache, he succeeds fairly well in looking like a Busy Man. His co-secretary is Mr. Lipton, who admits having had to climb down a drain-pipe to get out of the Women's Hall of Residence. When Mr. Myerscough heard of this he was not in the least abashed, but merely uncovered his enigma, by volunteering the information that he had often climbed up a drain pipe to get into the same place.

Mr. Levinson is also a Medical Fresher, but his chief virtue lies in the fact that he is a good listener.

Of the seniors, Mr. Stone rides an enormous mechanically propelled two-wheeled monstrosity, and plays tennis in shorts. Mr. Nairn is University Chess Captain, and Mr. Kiedan does nearly everything.

We naturally leave Mr. Ellwand to the last, since he is quite unique. He is universally known as "Mo" (on account of the fact that his christian name is Dennis) and is a sub-editor of Guild Gazette. He does extremely well at his work, and admits that he must have been born with a silver shovel in his mouth. His party-piece is a nigger-minstrel show which at four o'clock in the morning can be excruciatingly funny. This, however, requires a partner called Jo.

Finally, sir, we would remind you that Liverpool University has an unfortunate war-time habit of sending down students who fail their exams, and this is a very good reason to turn our attention once more to the pursuit of learning.

Yours, etc.,

LIARSPHINX.

* * *

The Literary and Debating Society

AS in our last issue we are unable to produce the complete Minutes of the last Session of the Society and once again we must confine ourselves to the publication of only two representative debates.

A meeting was held on Tuesday, January 27th, 1942, with Mr. D. BOOTH in the Chair. The motion before the House was: "*That the time has come for the re-annexation of Ireland*," and H. BARKLEY was called upon to propose it. With seductive flattery and apt apology he coyly appealed to the Society's reason. Ireland, he declared, was almost entirely defenceless, and was therefore a severe check on our own war effort. The forces which we should have to employ to annex the country and hold the inhabitants down would be smaller than those which we were forced to keep ready against a possible German invasion. Ireland was thus some sort of a brake, which worked on a principle hitherto unknown to science, of "throwing spanners and things into British policy." Here he entered upon his peregrinations in the realms of invective, of which he had previously warned the Society. The Irish, it seemed, were many things, including subnormal political morons and under British rule had been "encouraged to throw off their habitual laziness" (sic). They had long since exacted vengeance for any British oppression. Their only hope of safety lay in Britain, both politically and economically. Then he quoted Arthur Bryant and subsided gently.

H. M. HAYWARD, as usual, thought the motion ridiculous. But he generously disregarded his own feelings and condescended to give the Society the undoubted benefit of his learned opinions. He divided the motion into three parts which he called adverbial implications. He dealt first with the question of time, and insisted that though six months ago we could have invaded Ireland with profit, now that our shipping position in the Atlantic was so much improved, there could be no possible advantage in such an attack. Second, the motion implied that the manner of an invasion must

necessarily be violent—and violence would antagonise the Irish and bring out all their natural obstinacy. Finally he dealt with the question of place. Why, he asked, should we waste our resources in an attack upon Ireland when there were so many other places higher in the invasion list.

E. G. JONES gave a recitation on the subject. The advantages of an invasion of Ireland were many and great: in the event of a German invasion of Britain, Ireland would provide for the enemy an excellent base of operations. Such an attempt we could forestall now. And by an invasion we could check a dangerous leak of information. Moreover, some offensive operation was necessary if we were to retain our prestige in the eyes of the neutrals. Irish opposition would not be great, for there were in Eire many warring factions which would prevent unity in a crisis. He concluded by hoping that he had left plenty of time for discussion. Alas! he did not know the Committee members.

K. W. HODGKINSON, in an excellent maiden speech, seconded the opposition. After an apology for any short-comings on the ground that he had had little time for preparation, he decided that at the present moment Eire was doing no harm to Britain: she was neutrally minded. But if we annexed her, then her people would make trouble, just as they had done in 1916, and their interference would have a bad effect on our cause. Moreover, our reputation would sink in the eyes of all foreigners, for they would believe that Britain was "up to her old game again," with imperialism her guiding principle. The question, he declared, was purely one of expediency: if we were going to invade Ireland, then the results must justify the trouble which it would cost us: and this was not the case.

A. J. M. CRAIG was the first speaker in open debate. He had two points to make. First, he affirmed that all the previous speakers had assumed that if it were expedient to annex Ireland, then it would also be right. No consideration had been made of the legitimate rights of Eire. Such reasoning was opposed to all the principles of political morality. He warned the Society that he was certainly not a Communist, and could not be accused of supporting Ireland on debased grounds of that sort. Talking of fairies and Y. B. Yeats, he said that Ireland, since she had left England, had followed a policy which made her worthy to be preserved as an independent country: she had encouraged a national culture and national spirit, an aim which stood in dignified contrast to the half-hearted cosmopolitanism of the rest of the world.

J. LEVITSKY rose, after a pause, and declared that Ireland was controlled by Britain, anyway. Somehow reconciling Irish nationalism with Communist internationalism, he said that the independent movement in Ireland was a progressive force—whatever that may be. Relapsing into his usual lecture on socialist economics, he declared that Ireland was not a parasite on England: rather the reverse. The Irish movement was a movement to true freedom, a movement to "tighten the thumb-screws on capitalism."

Then followed a disgraceful silence until A. C. PARKER hoisted himself out of his seat, unusually subdued. Wallowing in his sordid materialism, he confessed gladly to a realist attitude. The only question that we had to ask ourselves was: shall we win the war more quickly by annexing Ireland? The answer was, of course, no. But he might have been prejudiced. It seemed to him to be the very worst way to win the war. He appealed to the Society for strategic reasons why we should invade Ireland, but evidently there were no military gentlemen present.

The few Committee members present continued to sit complacently in shameful taciturnity: wishing, no doubt, to set a good example to the rest of the Society, but restrained by moral cowardice, mental inertia, or rank stupidity from following the dictates of an obviously strong sense of duty.

The Chairman then called upon H. M. HAYWARD to sum up his case: the latter declared that no one had been very provocative. He boldly admitted that his political morality was shocking, but the considerations which he had put forward were those that would occur to any modern politician. Questions of this sort must be judged on topical and transient principles.

H. BARKLEY, summing-up, was evidently well versed in the conventions of the Society, for he declared, strangely enough, that he had heard nothing against him. He mentioned economics, fairies, materialists, Punch, pigs and romance, gave an expressive grunt, asserted that the Germans did not want Ireland, and sat down.

On being put to the vote, the motion was lost by 7 votes to 14. Despite the efforts of A. G. PARKER to gratify the bee in his bonnet, the number of abstentions was not counted.

So ended the most degenerate meeting of a degenerate Society.

A meeting held on Tuesday, October 7th. The Chairman called upon S. A. BLACKMAN to propose that "*Utility is the only Criterion of Value.*" The latter began by pointing out that the words of the motion were of supreme importance, but that he was not going to adopt the conventional manner of quoting the dictionary meanings. Utility, he pointed out, was practical value, but that one must be careful to distinguish between the two types. A beautiful painting for instance was of no direct use, but it was of great use indirectly as an improver of men's minds and for its great moral effect. A criterion, he proceeded, was simply a basis of measurement, but value was a more difficult thing to define. No man had a basic sense of value, yet there was only one unit by which it could be measured.

The speaker then enumerated a list of criteria for the measurement of value, and proceeded to dismiss them one by one. Monetary value was not a basic unit since it was a product of the civilisation in which we live and was governed by the law of supply and demand. Moreover, this latter law had been distorted of late by the Capitalist system of economy, and to illustrate his point he related an anecdote concerning some diamond mines. Labour value, he continued, was not a real unit since work was only valuable in so far as it was useful as a soothing effect on one's nerves—and therefore also could not be taken as a unit itself. One should not underestimate the importance in these days of having good nerves, he assured the Society in a confidential interpolation. Thus every criterion of value led inevitably to the one basic one—utility. The latter part of his speech the speaker devoted to reiterating his previous remarks on beauty, and to stressing the fact that man was essentially a practical animal. He then delivered a solemn warning to the Society to beware of the pitfalls presented by the opposer and declared that major arguments far outweighed minor ones. In an effort to add a literary touch to his remarks he brought his speech to a close with a metaphor borrowed from nature.

The opposer, R. F. CHRISTIAN, not to be outdone, also began his speech by declaring that he had no use for the old conventional manner of giving the dictionary meanings of words in the motion. Utility, he went on, was really a wide term, but it was necessary to confine it to its strictest meaning, namely, purely material value. Art, he maintained, was in no way of material value and thus utility excluded the fine arts. While admitting that utility in architecture was of great importance, he nevertheless declared that there were other things that gained modern architecture its praises. Music was only of æsthetic value, yet none could deny that it acted as a common language and a common tie between peoples—a fact which seemed to show that music was not bereft of material advantages. Thus, he pointed out, proceeding from the particular to the general, utility was but one important criterion of value, but it was neither

the only one, nor the most important. He then discussed the attitudes of ancient civilisations to the question of utility. The most prized works of Rome were those which combined beauty and utility, while in Greece also a synthesis of these two major purposes was always achieved. Egypt also was no exception to this dual combination which the old master painters of Italy also practised, though in this case with the primary aim of beauty.

Education was his next point. The utilitarian viewpoint in education could not be disregarded, but the true value of education lay in the development of the personality. The increasing of a person's mental faculties and the general elevation of the mind were the real purposes of education. The mere fact that one went to a secondary school in preference to a technical school was in itself evidence that utility was not considered the only criterion of value. In conclusion, the speaker touched on the question of value. To those who live in the present the useful alone was valuable but to those who mattered and who bore the future in mind, utility was but one measure of value. With this parting shot designed to crush all further opposition, he sat down.

V. J. FENTON, the seconder of the proposition, at once excused himself for any shortcomings which might exist in his speech, giving the reason that he had been given but little time for its preparation. He therefore would simply elaborate the proposer's arguments. All other criteria, save utility, he proceeded, were merely superficial, and products of civilisation. One must further remember that we existed to-day on a false standard of economics, where commodities had but monetary values. Thus monetary value, and value due to convention, were simply occasioned by these false standards. Sentimental value could be dispensed with since it depended on the emotions, which varied too much. Utility was therefore far above every other standard. It was the only criterion which was not artificial and not created by man for his own ends.

A. J. BAIRD was the seconder of the opposition. In spite of his short stature and curly hair he nevertheless saw fit to preface his arguments with a long preamble into which some how he managed to drag the Boer leader Kruger, the Bible, a gentleman named Hare, the Encyclopædia Britannica, and large-meshed fishing nets. When he finally decided to say something about the motion he started off by pointing out that the debate had something to do with money. After showing that value had the property of being both a generalised and specialised thing, he then deduced that there were objects which were judged by a criterion other than value. Books he quoted as an example. These were valuable only while one was reading them. Their utility ceased when one had finished reading them, yet their value did not. The Rolls-Royce car next claimed his attention and he somehow proved that in the purchase of this particular type of car one bought the appearance as well as the car, yet the utility of the appearance was non-existent. A quotation from Defoe and an old adage about waste brought his ramblings to an end.

The first speaker in open debate was A. J. M. CRAIG, who gave the Society yet another definition of value. Value was but the measure of capacity to satisfy one's desires. This was the definition of utility, too, and therefore the two were indivisible. After discussing the Grecian attitude to utility and beauty, he sat down, but not before he had announced his support for the motion.

The first maiden speech of the evening was afforded by A. DURBAND, who brought up the question of the philatelist and his stamps. These were of great use to him and therefore of great value to him, but to the outside world they were neither useful nor valuable. Value must therefore mean general value, in which case he agreed with the motion.

A. G. PARKER, who came next, deplored the loss of the Society's only biologist, and decided he would raise the biological viewpoint himself. He then shocked the Society by asking of what use were microbes and men? After bemoaning the fact that statues were but blocks of stone, he declared he was against the motion, and sat down.

G. E. GADD followed with another maiden speech. Utility, he informed the Society, was of two types, which one must be careful not to inter-mingle. He then sat down without announcing whether he was for or against the motion.

An unprecedented event then occurred. T. H. RIMMER, who, it was found out subsequently, did not possess the necessary qualifications rendering him eligible for membership, delivered his maiden speech to the Society. He started by putting a question to the proposer. If he were to offer a "hunk" of gold to the proposer, would the latter accept it? He maintained that the proposer should throw it away, since it was of no practical value, which showed the motion to be at fault.

E. G. JONES followed with the third legal maiden speech of the evening. The proposer had said that utility was value, he maintained, but art was an exception to this. In the case of art there were other things which created value and by the inability of utility to provide the basic measurement of value in this case the motion collapsed.

The fourth consecutive maiden speech in all was provided by D. R. NOBLE, who resumed the discussion on the "hunk" of gold already mentioned. The "hunk" had no basic value, but it was of great utility to civilised man. He therefore attacked the speaker who had previously brought this question up, and declared that the speaker had added nothing to the debate. With these remarks he sat down.

T. D. WRIGHT then arose. After paying a tribute to the seconder of the proposition, he asked the rhetorical question—why do people buy things? To use, of course, he declared; and in a confidential tone he informed the Society that when he bought a book it was to read it. Thus we buy to use, and utility was the basis on which we value things.

J. LEVITSKY came next. The world in which we lived to-day was an artificial world, based on artificial standards. The incentive upon which the wheels of industry turned was private profit, but in the idealistic state of the future life would be the motive force. All creative instinct would work for the betterment of conditions of existence. In such a state, utility must necessarily be the criterion of value.

The last speaker in open debate was H. R. DODD, the sixth maiden speaker of the evening. This speaker, who delivered the greater part of his speech to the floor, developed further the proposer's arguments on beauty. Beauty he declared, had an integral connection with utility. If we lived surrounded by beautiful things we should begin to live harmoniously and beautifully. Beauty therefore had a practical value, and declaring art an exception to the motion, sat down.

R. F. CHRISTIAN, the opposer, in summing up, declared that he had nothing further to say, and magnanimously asked everyone to vote as they thought fit.

S. A. BLACKMAN, the proposer, however, attacked his opponent to the last. The opposition, he declared, had not argued with him on the main point but had contented themselves with sidestepping and bringing up unimportant minor points. Major arguments, he repeated, far outweighed minor ones, and he finished by continuing his, by now, familiar metaphor. His verbosity was of no avail, for on being put to the vote, the motion was lost by 13 votes to 16. The meeting was then adjourned.

* * *

St. James'

AS the full moon sailed out from behind a mass of velvety cloud, Orton Ogilvie and myself turned the corner of Verulam Street and passed into the quiet Georgian backwater of Gorbambury Street, situate in that sedate portion of the metropolis known to the local charladies—on the authority of the eminent Mr. Dickens—as "Serjameses." Gorbambury Street still remains, despite the blenishes of war, a dignified and solidly pretentious thoroughfare. Well-known to the denizens of clubland, its sombre stately houses are redolent of the old port and the old hospitality which were such typical features of the Augustan Age after the signing of the Methuen Treaty.

Many of its families are "out of town" for the duration of the war, and as we traversed the street on that autumn night in 1940, there were many "To be Let" notices decorating heavily shuttered windows and suspended from the wrought-iron railings. We came to a halt before No. 19, and as Ogilvie fumbled in his pocket for the front-door key I took the opportunity offered of viewing the now gloomy façade of that once merry house, the scene of many good dinners which I remembered with an infinite regret as I stood upon the unwashed steps in the cold night air. I felt a shiver of deep-seated apprehension pass through me as I gazed at the dismal grandeur of the house, but apprehension of what, was more than I could have said. The two tall extinguishers, used by the link-boys of our ancestors, seemed like skeleton arms stretched upwards to the sky. Ogilvie turned the key in the lock and we entered to be greeted by a cold current of air which proclaimed the unaired and uninhabited state of the house.

I lit a dark lantern which I had brought under the folds of my ulster coat, and we surveyed the large, empty hall. The house had been closed since the outbreak of war and the valuable furnishings and paintings had been removed to the family's country seat. The only reason for our presence there on that night was a complaint from an old family servant who had acted as caretaker. He had disturbed Ogilvie and myself at breakfast in my chamber with a fantastic tale of his encountering a female apparition whilst engaged on making his nightly round of the house before retiring. As the services of old John were exceedingly useful, we decided to prove to him that the apparition was either the product of excessive alcohol—which he denied—or of excessive loneliness—which seemed more likely. Therefore, leaving him established in my chambers before a large fire, we had set out, late in the evening, to scotch this seeming by-product of the imagination.

The atmosphere of the hall was like that of ancient church-vaults, and in the dim light of the lantern the great curving

staircase stood out like the bleached skeleton of a past age which had known the art of gracious living. Now, in its hour of neglect, the staircase, which had once felt the feet of the greatest beauties and most elegant beaux of the eighteenth century and the reign of the First Gentleman in Europe, seemed to assume a positively sinister form as its beautiful curve swept upwards through the dimness. Seizing the lantern I passed rapidly into the erstwhile library closely followed by my friend who closed the door after him. In that once handsome apartment we had planned to keep our vigil, as it still contained two armchairs and a small table. The great bookcases were gone and pale marks like the ingress of a damp, flabby hand marked where they had stood against the walls. We extinguished the lantern and unfolded the heavy shutters, letting the moonbeams fill the room with a gentle radiance, softening the ugly stains of time upon the walls and revealing to us the disconsolate length of silken cord hanging from the ceiling which had once supported the great Adam chandelier. We looked out over the paved area, the few cinderous blackened sticks ironically called "evergreens," and the cement fish tank which constituted the euphemistically termed "garden," and saw nothing there to arouse any apprehension, so we betook ourselves to our chairs to sit out the weary night.

After a brief, but acrid, condemnation of Old John's imagined ghost we lapsed into silence, and silence being conducive to thought and to the free exercise of the imagination, I was soon engaged in drowsy speculations concerning the old house and its long connection with my friend's family. It came into my mind that the house itself could now be said to be a house of the dead, for Ogilvie's ancestors had first occupied the house some years before Horace Walpole had moved into No. 14 of nearby Arlington Street. The likenesses of many of these ancestors had decorated the house for many years, and one could imagine the outraged shades of clerical, military, naval, diplomatic and courtly Ogilvies wandering through the deserted house bristling with indignation at the insult now offered to their immutable, ancestral dignity. Such thoughts became more and more vivid in my mind and I found myself dozing with these imagined figures flitting through my mind in rapid succession.

How long I dozed in this state I cannot tell, but awoke to the urgent touch of my friend's hand upon my arm and his whispered exhortation, "Look!" Throwing off my stupor I saw outlined against the tall windows the figure of a lady attired in the full court-dress of the mid-eighteenth century. It consisted of a gown of white satin with sweeping sleeves of white crepe ending in immense ruffles of the finest point lace. The train was of an immense length, held in position at the shoulders by great, golden tassels, whilst a

girdle of white and gold embroidery, clasped with a great brooch of diamonds, secured it at the waist. The train itself was richly trimmed with the finest blonde, and immense roses were worked upon it in silver lace. Upon her high-piled and heavily powdered hair, she wore an immense erection of nodding ostrich-plumes and flowers. Supremely beautiful, despite the patches which disfigured her right cheek, worn not so much for reasons of vanity as for political reasons, for the Ogilvies have always been a great Tory family, she stood in the centre of the library floor, one hand resting upon the table and the other idly fluttering a beautifully painted, silken fan. She fixed her calm eyes on Ogilvie as if waiting for him to speak.

Ogilvie started up, and advanced towards the lady—I call the apparition by this name because at the time there could be no doubt of her reality for me—walking with his gaze fixed upon her as if fascinated by her beauty. She gave him a low curtsy and extended her hand from amidst its delicate foam of lace; he bent himself over it with ardour, and raising his head again, asked in scarcely audible tones, "Madam, why are you here?"

The apparition, speaking in a delightfully modulated voice began: "Sir, it gratifies me to find you here punctual to your hour. I myself have cause to be punctual for it is two hundred years to the hour since I was murdered by my husband, the first Sir Orton Ogilvie. I am now here to claim my revenge for it is my privilege on each centenary of my death to claim the head of the family. In 1840 your ancestor, Sir Godfrey, was found dead at the foot of the great staircase, as was I a century before."

I myself was fascinated into silent immobility, but Ogilvie seemed as if under a spell, for, silently offering his arm, he escorted the lady through the now open library door, across the hall towards the staircase. I tore myself from my chair and staggered towards them, but on reaching the threshold of the room and attempting to cry out I fell senseless upon the floor. As an abysmal blackness closed in upon me I received a vivid impression of the two figures ascending the staircase, he as if in a somnambulistic trance, she with the purposeful, dignified tread of one with a duty to fulfil.

When I recovered my senses I saw, in the dim morning-light then filtering through the large unshuttered staircase window, the motionless, crumpled body of my friend at the foot of the staircase. He was dead, but nowhere in the dust covering the stairs, hall, and library floor could I trace the sweep of the apparition's train; there were only the footprints of my friend. Whether a third victim will be claimed in 2040 is a matter for speculation, for some months after the events related above, No. 19 Gorhambury Street was totally destroyed by a high explosive bomb.

JONATHAN SCRIBLERUS.

Bangor

Bangor Prefects' Letter

Bangor,
May, 1942.

Dear Sir,

Deeming it necessary to remind you of our existence, an active existence, we raise a thin and ghostlike voice. Like Vergil's "shades" we "stretch forth our hands appealing for a hearing," but *our* appeal is not inspired by "longing for the further shore." The sun is shining and the trees are green; Snowdon, Tryfan and the Carneddls loom majestically in the distance. No! It is rather with pity than with envy that we think on the fate of you mortals. True we have no *sancta domus*, and as yet we stride the corridors in "mufti"; but ours are the pleasures of nature.

Llandegai, the mountains and the tennis courts, however, are not our only haunts. Mr. Birkett has found interest in hose and ladders (of the N.F.S. variety) and both he and Mr. Leak (inspired by purely religious motives!) have attached themselves to and have become active members of Menai Bridge Presbyterian Church. We even heard rumours of Mr. Leak leading services and Mr. Birkett singing. The latter rumour has since been confirmed by the stage-appearance of Mr. Birkett—his repertoire being "Cockles and Mussels" and "Upidee" (Excelsior). Mr. Brown, majestic and debonair, only leaves his seclusion (where we presume he works) to lead his Cricket team to victory. He derives his pleasure from "Odes to Lesbia" written in Latin verse, and finds the spiritual comfort of Sophocles more satisfying than Church services. Mr. Brown was also stirred to write and produce an amusing and successful sketch entitled, "You Never Can Tell." For days after the production he was seen whispering sweet nothings into Mr. Leak's (alias Gloria) ear, to which Mr. Leak replied with amorous female glances. Mr. Leak also plays cricket and is frequently to be seen earnestly bouncing balls on his head; recently, however, he has advanced a stage and assumed a hockey-stick. Mr. Leak and Mr. Birkett play football and occasionally are to be seen limping around the corridors; Mr. Brown assumes a superior attitude and expounds philosophically on the purpose of life, quoting copiously from J. S. Mill; Mr. Brown, Mr. Leak and Mr. Birkett are vigorous members of our Sixth Form Society; Mr. Brown with stirring eloquence (his "words of learned length and thundering sound amazed the gazing rustics ranged around"), Mr. Leak with philosophic argument ("a man severe he was and stern to view") Mr. Birkett with historical fact ("and still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew")—a perfect blend which was successful in defeating Friars School in an inter-debate on the subject of Co-Education (the Institute in favour!) In spare

moments our three energetic officials supervise and play (with startling efficiency) table tennis.

"Had I a thousand tongues and a voice of iron"—or perhaps I should say "a thousand sheets and a pen of iron," I could not recount the innumerable "pursuits" of our three pillars of Bangor Society. Their private lives we leave shrouded in the mist, not daring to lift the veil and provoke their wrath. And so we leave Mr. Leak to his "Soul," Mr. Birkett to his Tennis, "Beer" and Voltaire, and Mr. Brown to his "Education," and retire for another session into the spectral mist from which we have emerged for these few moments.

Yours, etc.,

"VOX RELEGATORIUM."

* * *

Sixth Form Society (Bangor)

At the beginning of the school year, a pressing need was felt by certain members of the Sixth form for a literary society. As a result, the Sixth Form Society was formed and has flourished throughout the winter months. The inaugural meeting of the Society was held on September 19th, at Friars school, when Mr. Moore accepted an invitation to become chairman for debates, whilst Mr. Chapman, who had assisted in the formation of the Society, agreed to take the chair at other meetings. P. E. Birkett (6 AM) was elected secretary and W. E. Brown-Saul (ASC) assistant secretary. The constitution, based on that of "The Literary and Debating Society," was unanimously accepted.

Private business concluded, the chairman, Mr. Moore, called upon W. N. Leak to propose that "The benefits of scientific discovery have proved greater than the disadvantages." He was seconded by W. E. Brown-Saul and opposed by A. R. Brown and W. M. Gibson. When put to the vote, the motion was carried, 14-5.

Two other school debates were held, one on October 10th, when the motion that "The Germans have always been barbarians and lovers of war" was proposed by W. E. Brown-Saul and F. M. Renton and opposed by P. E. Birkett and C. R. Evans. A Society roused by blood-curdling stories of German atrocities, was finally subdued by the opposition and voted against the motion.

On January 16th, a motion that "It is better to be wicked and comfortable than good and thin," proposed by B. Neil and W. E. Brown-Saul and opposed by W. N. Leak and C. R. Evans, was defeated.

An inter-school debate, between the Institute and Friars, took place during the session. A. R. Brown and P. E. Birkett, for the school, proposed, and two representatives of Friars opposed

the motion "That this house is in favour of co-education." The motion was carried by two votes, no doubt owing to Friars having two supporters fewer than the Institute.

In the intervals between these debates, many talks on diverse topics were given by visitors, and by members of the staff and of the school.

Mr. Darke, of Friars school, visited the society on September 29th, to give a talk on psychology, entitled, "Why we are fools."

From the school, talks were given by A. R. Brown on "Education," W. N. Leak on "Life," W. E. Brown-Saul on "Science in modern warfare," P. E. Birkett on "Ancient British drinking traditions," and W. M. Gibson on "Pacifism."

One of the most interesting and entertaining meetings in the Autumn Term took place on November 7th. A Brains Trust, consisting of Mr. Elwyn Jones, Town Clerk of Bangor, Mr. Darke, of Friars, Mr. Naylor and Mr. Young, was assembled. The Trust, cajoled by Mr. Moore in his capacity as Question-Master, gave magnificent answers to questions covering a wide field of knowledge and, when in doubt, charmed us with their sophistry.

Mr. Elwyn Jones paid a second visit to the Society on February 13th. On this occasion his subject was "Local government." Previous to this, the Borough Surveyor of Bangor, Mr. Price-Davies, had spoken about "The Menai Suspension Bridge."

A second Brains Trust was convened on January 23rd, this time from the Upper Sixth forms. A. R. Brown (AC), E. Redman (AC), P. E. Birkett (AM), W. E. Brown-Saul (ASC) and W. M. Gibson (ASC), underwent this ordeal courageously, displaying a wealth of knowledge and experience. Their views on education, in particular, might have shocked a conservative mind.

On March 6th, an evening for music-lovers was arranged. Brahms was the subject of Mr. Young's talk, illustrated on the piano by spirited renderings of his works by Mr. and Mrs. Young. Perhaps the Society enjoyed most of all their delightful interpretation of the famous composer's Hungarian dances.

On Friday, March 13th, members of the Society, in fear and trepidation, entered a lecture room at Friars school, where W. E. Brown-Saul and W. M. Gibson, surrounded by intricate apparatus, were about to present a demonstration of the wonders of science. We were alternately thrilled and alarmed by colourful effects and loud explosions. At the close of the evening, we withdrew comparatively unscathed, our only casualties being certain "front-benchers," slightly wet.

Mr. Chapman spoke to the Society on March 20th, on the subject of "Lice and their position in history." So amazed were we to hear what an astounding part these pests have played in the making of history, that we wondered why their achievements are omitted from our text books.

In conclusion, attention must be drawn to the success of the Society in its first year. For this we have to thank Mr. Chapman for his unflagging efforts, Mr. Moore for his experience in debates and last, but not least, members of the School for their support.

P. E. BIRKETT.

* * *

Association Football (Bangor)

It was with difficulty that a football eleven was formed in Bangor last season. Few of the previous year's team were available and promising new players were scarce. Throughout the season, sickness and injury took toll of our players, with a result that the same team never appeared twice. Considering these disadvantages and the strength of opposing sides, the results are not discreditable. On occasion, as when we defeated Friars and the University II, our football was of a high standard.

Once again we must thank Mr. Moy for his encouragement and support, and with him Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Evans of the Collegiate and Mr. Ridell of the Alsop.

The following played for the team:—J. C. Denmark (Captain), Pooke (Vice-Captain), P. E. Birkett (Secretary), Boyle (of S.F.X.), Gaze (Oulton), Kay, Leak, Coker, Taylor, W. E., Parry, A., Askew, Watt, Crisp, Irons, Redmile (Alsop), Wolfenden, Allen, Taylor, J. and Purse (Quarry Bank).

Full colours, for the season 1940-41, were awarded to J. C. Denmark, S. J. Crisp and R. S. Pooke.

RESULTS:—

v. R.A.F.	Home	Lost	0—14
v. Caernarvon C.C.	Away	Lost	2—8
v. A.T.C.	Home	Won	4—1
v. Beaumaris G.S.	Home	Lost	0—3
v. Friars	Away	Lost	3—5
v. R.A.F.	Home	Lost	2—8
v. Friars	Away	Won	4—2
v. Home Guard	Home	Won	4—1
v. Friars	Away	Won	1—0
v. Home Guard	Home	Lost	0—2
v. U.C.N.W. II	Away	Won	4—3
v. Normal II	Home	Lost	1—3
v. Caernarvon C.C.	Home	Lost	0—2
v. Beaumaris G.S.	Away	Lost	2—0
v. Brynrefail C.C.	Home	Lost	0—2

P. E. BIRKETT.

Hockey (Bangor)

HOCKEY in Bangor was once again revived during the past season. Although the season was half-over, and although we had many difficulties to overcome in the shape of lack of equipment and of a defined pitch, we began the term with a nucleus of six former players and about twice as many sticks. With the assistance of Mr. Bartlett we succeeded in raising an XI which in the standard of its play exceeded all anticipation, as the results will testify. The reasonable number of twenty was the average attendance at practice-games.

We must tender our thanks to the County School authorities for their permission to use the pitch on several occasions; to Mr. Bartlett for his ready assistance and for umpiring the games, and to L. Doyle of the Alsop School for his invaluable loan to the school of six hockey-sticks.

Team :—Phillips, E. H. M., Edwards, J. A., Cashen, E. R., Roberts, R. V. (Vice-Captain), Leak, W. N. (Captain), Williams, J. T., Purse, B., Leak, E. H., Parry, A. P., Evans, C. R., Martin, E.
Also played :—Doyle, L., Gray, P.

RESULTS.

- v. Bangor County School(A)...Drew 2—2 (Evans, C. R., 2).
v. Friars School(N)...Won 5—4 (Parry, A. P., 4,
Leak, W. N., 1).
v. University College N.W. ... (A)...Lost 0—1 (combined with
Friars School).
v. University College N.W. ... (A)...Won 3—0 (Evans, C. R., 1,
Leak, W. N., 2).
v. Friars School(N)...Lost 1—2 (Purse, B., 1).

W. N. LEAK.

* * *

“Thoughts from Abroad”

ON September 1st, 1939, four hundred adventurous and inquisitive schoolboys, with the Headmaster and staff as cecists, set out, of necessity, to found a colony on the shores of Wales. Today, May 1st, 1942, seventy, not all members of the original band of four hundred, remain to carry on the traditions, to maintain the customs and to extend the fame of their mother-school. The call of the parent was too great; for unlike the migrations of our earliest prototype, the Greek, ours was a voluntary exodus; or rather it was an exodus prompted not by internal disaffection but by external dangers which served rather to strengthen than to break the ties which bound us to our mother-school.

And so the seventy, not, we hope, entirely forgotten by the stock from which we sprang, now reinforced by contingents from divers schools but of the same community, struggle manfully on. Nor has this amalgamation served to produce a conflict of loyalties; rather it has promoted a feeling of unity; not merely of unity amongst ourselves but of unity with our fellows at home. However intimate we may have grown with the citizens of our foster-town—and they have given us every opportunity of doing so, as previous writers have informed you in terms far superior to any I can devise—nevertheless the distinction between Welsh and English is continually manifesting itself.

Let me not, however, seem to imply that either is in any way superior to the other. Far be it from me to make any such implication. We, who are well into the third year of our sojourn abroad, have had more time to judge the character and achievements of this people which has opened its arms to us; they whose glimpse of this excellent people was but fleeting, whose stay left predominant in the mind a memory of unsettled quarters, of frequent changes from billet to billet, from school to school, whose work left no time for social intercourse, and whose stay was too brief to admit of any close intimacy with Church, club or school, they, I repeat, are hardly fit judges of this truly magnificent country.

The beauties of its scenery you have already heard eulogized in kind terms. “Oh! to be in Bangor now that April's there,” has been the sigh of many a returned evacuee (horrid and inappropriate term!). Even the most fleeting visit is sufficient to leave the glorious scene as an indelible impression on the mind; but its impression upon the soul of the people is far grander, far deeper, and of far more importance than its effect on our minds. Those “hard crags, swirling mists, gruelling ascents, that sharpness and grandeur” have produced a people hard, self-taught, emotionally and spiritually craving expression; hemmed in by those magnificent heights in which we see merely glorious views and incomparable thrills, they have established a culture of their own. Plato's philosophy might have little appeal in a Welsh village, but give them a true rendering of Handel's “Messiah” and they will gain such æsthetic pleasure as is unsurpassable even in the most introspective of artists; their character perhaps narrow, perhaps conservative, perhaps puritanical and stubborn, is essentially sincere, generous, frank, willing, patient, enduring and steadfast and above all religious—the farmer-miner qualities. This is the true Welsh character; it is to be found in its purest and most untainted form in the environment that has bred it—in the mountain-country villages. Where it comes into contact with the town it is adulterated by the vices while incorporating few of the virtues of the town-life. That is why it is we who are privileged to see it in true perspective.

Among such a people and in such an environment have we lived for close on three years. Small wonder that we carry on, and that one day our joy on leaving for home once more will be mingled with sorrow at leaving friends who have exceeded all precedent in hospitality, and a country which has provided, for those who can appreciate them, such innumerable pleasures.

It is through their assistance that we have been able to maintain the high standard which accords with Institute traditions not only in intellectual but also in physical education. Examination candidates, in the main, have found conditions here far more favourable to study than was expected, as results have so clearly proved. Cricket, tennis, hockey, football, boxing, table-tennis, sketching, scouting, and chess have catered for all desires; our intellectual tastes have been satisfied by the establishment of a Sixth Form Society which, under the presidency of the Headmaster and the Chairmanship of Mr. Chapman, has dealt with subjects from Brahms to Aristotle, from Psychology to Municipal Government, from the soul to beer; an inter-debate with Friars School on Co-Education, an inter-hockey match with the County School, and dances to which members of the three schools were invited, helped to bring the schools closer together than hitherto; nor have dramatic achievements been lacking; half-termly concerts of the variety type served not only to provide for any and every boy, opportunities of self expression (!) but also to promote that consciousness of unity which our division as regards school buildings tends to shroud. Most Forms made some attempt at a dramatic performance, and it did one's heart good to sit back and hear, amongst other turns, Mr. Young sing, Mr. Moore play, Mr. Chapman act, while the Classical Sixth poked gentle fun at the more celebrated of our community; it was good to know that we had amongst our prefects a songster, an actor and a female impersonator; it strengthened the feeling of homely intimacy which prevailed to see wives of masters and hostesses waiting upon our appetites. In fact the bonds which bind together the Liverpool School in Bangor are now almost as strong as those which bind us to our several schools in Liverpool; although more frequent assemblies and more co-operation are necessary to secure this condition.

All this we owe to the excellent organization and administration of the Headmaster; the wise and sympathetic guidance of the master-in-charge, Mr. Moore; the far-seeing care and paternal control exercised by the staff, to whose number we have welcomed, since our amalgamation, Mr. Scale of the Collegiate School, the late Mr. Bowman, whose death was the cause of sincere grief on the part of all who had experienced his sympathetic and fraternal disposition, Mr. Riddell, of the Alsop School, Mr. Evans, of the Collegiate School and Miss Lindsay to whom on her recent marriage we offer our

heartiest congratulations. In addition we would like to express our particular thanks to Mr. Ivor Williams, Headmaster of Friars School, without whose permission to use the gymnasium, the more pugilistic of our number would have had no opportunity to express themselves, Miss Hughes, Head Mistress of the Girls' County School, who kindly allowed us to use the hockey-pitch and tennis courts, and the late Mr. Walford, Headmaster of the Central School, who was always most generous, helpful and considerate, who was always ready to assist us however short the notice, and of whose recent death all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance and all who knew his sterling character will hear with profound sorrow.

So life in Bangor goes on; we continue to make our contribution to the community life, the Home Guard, the A.T.C., the N.F.S., A.R.P., the Sea Scouts, but even in the Church, the club and the team we receive for the most part more than we give. We can never repay the kindness shown to us by the citizens of Bangor. Bangor to us will always remain a second home.

* * *

An Ancient Mariner

I FIRST observed him basking in the brilliance of a late spring afternoon before a cottage door. He was a queer old man who had certainly seen three-score years and ten. His face was bronzed with that tint peculiar to mariners, his eyes twinkled with a kindly understanding. He was clad in a grey, thread-bare waistcoat which had been depleted of most of its buttons. His much frayed trousers showed many signs of repair. His footwear was several sizes too large, his boots, in fact, only kept in position by the adoption of a shuffling gait. After we had exchanged comments on the weather, a conversation ensued. He became so amiable that he invited me into his cottage.

The room which I perceived before me was a typical sailor's domain. Many ships in bottles and cases lay around the room. Upon the walls were paintings of clippers, paddle and screw steamers, men o' war and hardy, muscular sailors. After shuffling about the room pointing out various objects of interest, he produced some shag from a cheese-dish and filled a blackened stump of a clay pipe. With muttered curses he succeeded in igniting his pipe. Taking his seat by the fire and bidding me to sit opposite him he proceeded to narrate long yarns. He told of the time when he was shipwrecked off the Horn, of rearing sheep in the Falkland Islands, and other thrilling tales. Then he pointed to a china head representing a negro, between whose teeth was thrust a pipe and exclaimed, "That ole blighter keeps a-drawing at 'is pipe but 'e never runs

short o' 'baccy.'" Sometimes the old sailor dozed, but just as I was wondering whether I should leave, he pointed out some other object and recommenced his yarnin'g.

At length I discovered some excuse to leave. After I had been told to come and see him again, I left the old man with a final farewell. He will live long in my memory as a fine representative of those who go down to the sea in ships to do their business in great waters.

C. ATHERTON,
IVA (Bangor).

* * *

Old Boys' Section

As the war continues to spread further over the face of the earth, we naturally tend to get more and more out of touch with Old Boys who are involved in the continual demands imposed upon the nation in war-time and are widely scattered in the execution of their duty, yet we feel that it is even more important now, than ever before, that the links binding Old Boys to the school should be strengthened. We appeal, therefore, to all who know any facts relating to Old Boys which are likely to be of interest to our readers, to communicate such information to the Editor. The list of Old Boys serving in the forces published in this issue is shorter than those in previous issues because we lack the necessary information.

A list of Old Boys killed whilst on Active Service prefaces this volume, yet we fear that even this sad list may not be complete.

Mr. P. J. Rose, an Old Boy of the School, who was Permanent Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, has been appointed as King's and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer of the Exchequer in Scotland. Mr. Rose went from the Institute to St. John's College, Cambridge, and has had a long and distinguished association with the Scottish Office. He is a member of the Meteorological Committee and assessor of the Advisory Council of the Scientific and Industrial Research Department. In 1925 he was made a Companion of the Bath.

We regret to announce that J. K. Creer (left 1925) has been reported missing in Malaya, and T. S. Faulkner (1931-37) in the Middle East.

Last Christmas a card was received from H. Kushner, serving in the Royal Artillery at Malta. It is perhaps worthy to record—in view of Malta's heroic and defiant stand—the verse inscribed inside :

We're sat on Musso's doorstep,
We're a thorn in Hitler's side,
But Malta still can wish you
A happy Christmastide.

Last October we received a letter from the Rev. E. J. Clark, of St. Mark's, Hull, acknowledging receipt of a copy of the last issue, and telling how both his vicarage and church had been destroyed during an enemy raid on that city. Mr. Clark, who entered the Institute in 1884, expressed his pleasure and surprise at receiving a copy of the Magazine, and we should like to say to all Old Boys that however long may be the interval between one issue and the next we nevertheless wish them all the very best of fortune and a speedy return to the ways of peace.

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Old Boys Serving in H.M. Forces

H. C. Gill	East Lancs. Regt.
T. J. Hopwood	R.A.
R. B. Mossman	R.A.M.C.
G. W. Davies	R.A.F.
J. Brooks	Liverpool Scottish Regt.
G. H. Brooks	R.A.F.
R. J. Brooks	R.A.F.
N. Hadwin	R.A.F.
F. Hyam	R.A.F.
M. L. Hope-Stone	R.A.F.
T. Corlett	R.A.F.
D. H. M. Nicholas	R.A.F.
K. Grannel	Royal Ulster Rifles
J. W. Hanlon	R.A.
M. P. Varey	R.A.
S. Elliot	R.A.M.C.
H. Hargreaves	R.A.C.
P. V. Olsen	R.A.O.C.
R. E. Helsby	R.A.O.C.
A. G. Donks	R.A.

Ode to a Head Boy

Tempora quam mutantur ! erat fugitivus ab Urbe ;
 tecta dedit nostrum non violanda nemus.
 Tegmine dum remanet tellus vestita virenti
 lactus in his latebris sic remanere cupit.
 Cum tamen arva nitent candentia lata pruinis,
 tegmine mutato non velut ante placet.
 Ergo aliam repetens vestem remeavit ad Urbem,
 nunc scapulas claras veste migrante gerit.

A boy with aspirations high,
 Whose idol was the old school tie,
 In Bangor's province once was seen,
 Attracted by the pasture green ;
 But when the meadows turned to white
 No longer could he bear the sight,
 His taste was more for "green and black"
 And so our worthy friend went back.

ALAN R. BROWN.

* * *

Acknowledgments

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