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Monsignor Pinnington R. I. P.

RARELY does one meet with a man of the sincerity, candour, generosity, wisdom, foresight, and energy of Monsignor Pinnington—and no one was more familiar with these virtues in him than the Christian Brothers of Liverpool, especially Brother Leahy and Brother Forde.

It was due to his initiation that the Brothers were brought, first to Great Mersey Street, then to Hope Street and St. Edward's, and later to Great Crosby. But it must not be thought that the Christian Brothers were the only ones to benefit by his influence. Far from it. I believe that there is not a

Catholic School or Institution in Liverpool which did not share the help and advice which he so generously gave.

His grasp of things educational was extraordinary, and was fully acknowledged both in the Education Committee of the Liverpool City Council, in the Catholic Education Council, and at the Board of Education. His skill and tact in dealing with public bodies was the envy of many of his opponents—perhaps I should not say envy, for he was esteemed and admired even by those who were his opponents in educational policy.

In reading through the "Annals of the

Catholic Institute and St. Edward's College," many and many a time does his name recur. On the first page he is mentioned as welcoming Brother Leahy and his companions the day of their arrival in Liverpool, and we find him prominent in the various meetings, prizegivings and plannings of extensions as the school grew from twenty-six at the opening to over six hundred in recent years. In fact he was as much interested in the College and its success as any member of the Community of the Brothers.

It is sad that within one year the School should have to mourn the loss of its two co-founders—the Monsignor and Brother

Leahy. They were complementary in character: what the one planned the other carried out; what Brother Leahy saw needful for progress, the Monsignor at once set about securing. Even socially they were fitted by disposition for one another's company—they both loved a joke, and each could laugh heartily at the other's wit—Monsignor Pinnington had an almost inexhaustible fund of stories. Their lives were well spent in the service of man and to the glory of God, and there are many who time and again will be mindful of them and whisper that most affectionate of prayers "May they rest in peace."

School Notes

NO news is good news—except for the editor—who in the absence of real news has to use his imagination and write something about nothing.



There are, however, a few items to record besides the big ones dealt with at length elsewhere—Sports Day and Speech Day. There is one which made a void for us all, present boys and old boys—the illness and departure of Brother Burke. In Hope Street he was one of the "family," and in St. Edward's he has been an important element of its success. His twenty and more years' work for C.I. and S.E.C. are not and will not be forgotten. We all wish him speedy and complete restoration to health.



The death of Monsignor Pinnington is also a great break with the past, although the present school did not know his worth, influence, and personal interest in St. Edward's

as did the boys of Hope Street. The boys of Upper and Middle Forms were present at the graveside in Ford Cemetery.

May he rest in peace!



Sports Day brought the usual contingent of old boys, parents and friends, nor was their enthusiasm or that of the contestants a whit lessened by the threatening weather in which the events began. The drill display was as usual well received, and it well deserved the applause with which it was rewarded. The unfortunate and the fortunate pullers of the rope in the Tug-o-war were well nigh suffocated for want of air, due to the rushing and gushing enthusiasm of the close parallel human wall on either side of them.



Speech Day was a pleasant function. The *Toy Symphony* was quite a star turn, and the Operetta delighted everyone by its liveliness and the excellent singing, acting

and staging. When the Speech part came on we all felt the truth of the saying that it is more pleasant to give than to receive—though, of course, the Archbishop was pleased too.



But the pleasure of receiving was not wanting to us for His Grace thoughtfully asked if there was any chance of getting a holiday—though he asked indirectly as he was well aware of the awkwardness of proximity of examinations, and the natural revulsion there is between examinations and holidays—they can play a game of “follow-on” but not “mixed singles.” Anyhow we got the holiday and enjoyed it! Thanks to His Grace!



From Br. Cummins *en route* for Pretoria: “Four days after leaving Southampton we reached Madeira. When we went on deck for a walk before breakfast we found the *Carnarvon* anchored some distance out from Funchal, the capital, and crowded on the deck were natives with huge numbers of all kinds of articles for sale spread over the whole place — counterpanes, beautifully wrought tablecloths, postcards, stamps, chairs, etc. They were shouting in a kind of broken English; more of them, young hardy lads would dive from the top deck with a sixpenny-piece between their toes and take it out after emerging from the dive.



“When we were passing by the coast of Sierra Leone, Liberia, and later across the equator it was almost unendurable, not so much because of the heat, but because of the intense humidity of the atmosphere; everywhere and everything was saturated with

dampness. . . . It is no wonder Sierra Leone and that torrid region is called ‘The White Man’s Grave.’ Anyhow I am glad we can say good-bye to the tropics, as we are now getting out of them—I may almost say ‘with our lives’ The best way I can sum up this part of the voyage is to use the words of an old German, who is travelling with us. ‘This day no good.’ He draws his handkerchief across his forehead and wipes off the perspiration as he says it.



“We spent most of the day in Capetown on our arrival there; spent three or four days at Kimberley being just in time for the opening of the Brothers’ New Chapel on St. Patrick’s Day The journey from Capetown to Kimberley, about 650 miles, is through practically desert the whole way—barren dried-up country. From Kimberley to Pretoria, 350 miles, there is a fairly rapid improvement. So Pretoria is in a country of what they call out here ‘green’ grass. The so-called winter is setting in here now, but the usual temperature at mid-day is eighty degrees. There is no rain for six months. ‘It aint going to rain any more’ till September.



“We start school here at eight-thirty and finish at three o’clock. They have a half-day if you could call it one on Wednesday. They get off at two o’clock. We make good use of the early morning here: we rise at five-fifteen and hear Mass at six-thirty.

“The Redemptorists are quite close to us here. We go to them for Mass One of them is a Father Leech from Our Lady Immaculate Parish, Everton. He is rector; another is a Father Marsh from Wigan.”

This year the Annual Retreat was held in the College Assembly Hall for Forms IV. and upwards. The change seems to have found favour. It had the advantage of giving opportunities for visiting the Blessed Sacrament. Father W. Martlew, C.S.S.R. gave the lectures; they were very interesting, especially to the younger boys, but did not appeal quite so much to the seniors. It ended on Wednesday in Holy Week.



The Superior General of the Christian Brothers, Very Rev. Br. J. P. Noonan, honoured us with a visit on the 20th April and the days following. To the Sixth Form he gave an interesting account of journeys through various parts of the States and Canada. A fuller account of the lecture is given elsewhere in this number.



One would-be contributor to the Magazine sent his effusion with the following covering letter: "Dear Editor,

This is a humble and very senseless con-

tribution to the Magazine. I hope you will be able to include it in your next issue and will excuse the *nom-de-plume*. One glance through the enclosed pages will explain the reason."

With such self-condemnation from the author how could he expect the editor to publish his article! We never accept *nom-de-plumes* from the boys—occasionally an Old Boy gets the privilege. Hence neither article nor pen-name appear. But I have reason to feel that he will not be discouraged.



Ere this number of the Magazine will be in the hands of its readers the examinations will have been held and the six or seven weeks of holiday will have braced us up to hear the result! I fear the holidays are almost more prominent in our minds than the examinations—those necessary evils; and our dreams by day and night are oftener concerned with the possibilities of the former than those of the latter. If not there must be something wrong! See the Doctor!



Impressions of the Eucharistic Congress

I.

SURELY the most beautiful piece of imagery in all English, a language rich beyond dreams in poetry, is to be found in Francis Thompson. It is too much to hope that Thompson will ever be popular in the accepted meaning of poetic popularity, for there is always something

merely mysterious about a mystic. But conspiracy is the only word suggested by the silence of the Academics. However, he has been writing of the Sacred Host, and at once most happily springs to his fancy the picture of a setting sun. To a pagan the sun has always been the most startlingly tremendous thing in the world. He saw it "flaming in

the forehead of the morning sky," uproarious, and sinking in the West a furnace terrific. It was so obviously the Giver of Life that it is to be found the centre of every pagan religion, the throne of every thearchy. As his Church had so successfully done, the poet built this heathen belief into the architecture of his poem. For him the setting sun with beams reaching to heaven's zenith becomes the Benediction of the West. Each evening Nature holds that grand Monstrance in blessing upon the world. A beautiful fancy, more happy, indeed, than beautiful. Still, I suppose it is only a mystic's dream.

But to-day in the coldness of fact one nation is chosen to be the Monstrance of the World!

There has always been a convention among the more emotional type of historian to speak of Ireland in the sixth and seventh centuries as the beacon-light of the Faith. We picture her shining solitary and clear over the darkness that came with Goth and Visigoth. There seemed something like destiny in setting her apart once again in days more dark and doubtful to bear witness to the Faith that is in her. The testimony of blood had been asked and freely given, and the world knew not or seemed not to care. Now the torch must flare again. So the great Monstrance which is a nation is raised aloft. Beams stretch to the outermost limits of Earth, great golden roads from the heart of Ireland. And the new pilgrims come, as the old ones have, along the beamways, straight and true to the circle that is the Eucharistic Heart of God. A force centripetal draws them, draws from New Zealand and pulls from Scandinavia, closer and closer to the great Heart of the World, to Jesus, in Ireland. Was it after all an unconscious piece of symbolism that old Celtic standard, a golden sunburst on a field of blue?

And down one of its beams I was journeying. Lime Street, with its holiday bustle and its

homely acrid smells, had been left far behind. Houses, roads and fields were merrily tripping past the carriage windows. In the station something strangely significant had taken place—a pointer to the infidelity of our times. We had to struggle for places with a queue for Haydock Park. And God was in Dublin! Our carriage had its Wife of Bath: no pilgrimage is complete without her. Her conversation was rapid, gossipy, pungent. As she held us happy, the fields followed each other breathlessly and sunshine filled the kaleidoscope. The coupling-rods beat out the rhythms of their metallic music. There is a sudden burst of sound and crunch of iron and we catch glimpses of bright water through the Meccano-spaces of Runcorn Bridge. Electric cables gallop over fences and across fields and under great gaunt viaducts that are not unpretty. Chester. The toot of a whistle somewhere sets us off again. A quiet county, Cheshire, over the backs of its rich fields lie the great sandy tablecloths in the shallows of Dee. We scurry past golf-hills with dim rabbit tracks. Conway. The Castle. Rain dances on a stretch of green water that is all around the old ruin. The miles to Holyhead grant us dark glimpses of woods and crags to left. Anglesea has wine-coloured moors.

At Holyhead the crowds of pilgrims jostle aboard. The children seem delighted with the capstan in particular. Beyond the harbour a great, grey, scar-faced hill rises; a Tennysonian lighthouse guards the bar. Our wake stretches to it. Groups of people are talking quietly. The sun is beautifully warm, the threats of Conway are forgotten. A flotilla of translucently white sea-gulls is poised just over the mizzen-mast. I have never seen birds so white before. Volplaning easily, they keep effortless pace with us. Like an arrow the ship's prow points—behind she leaves a widening track of pearl and green upon the undulations of lead.

Those are the Wicklow Hills right before us; they seem to have their night-caps of cloud still on. We ride on the rocking hiss of spray from our flanks straight into the harbour of Dun Laoghaire. The usual crowds of yachts are resplendent in flags and bunting. You expect that kind of thing from yachts in Dun Laoghaire. Four great liners fly the flags of as many nations. They looked very much *en fete*. Customs confusion over, a rather wheezy engine strains at our crowded train. To be honest, as yet one isn't really impressed. The town seemed very much like any other town on gala-day. You see Dun Laoghaire always seems like that. I suppose it is the yachts. . . . No, I spoke much too quickly. There is nothing for it but a frank confession. The train had not left the platform one hundred yards before we entered a new world, and I was sorry that I had spoken.

To describe the scenes of the apocalyptic hours which followed is completely impossible. In ten minutes you felt that. Just try to follow simply, if you can, the haphazard impressions of one bewildered pilgrim. He craves your pardon for a thousand failures.

Sensibly regarded, is there anything more mysterious than the light of what Wordsworth so feebly called common day? And these days were to be God's Uncommon Days. Surely the magnitude of the task is only too apparent. Certain impressions may be so impressive in the literal sense that they stun you. The mind cannot grasp the queer catherine-wheel of events. As in all catherine wheels, however, there is a centre: something sane, something that gives reason and holds to sense. And that which holds to sanity the whirring hours of the next few days is Catholicity. A comprehensive word, yet it is the only word for such a task. That was the word that jumped to one's lips one hundred yards out. That word alone explained all subsequent experiences, held them

together in its fascies. It staged this fantasia. It remained in the mind: will remain.

The eight long miles to Dublin was a fairy's highway. Tram standards are wreathed and garlanded in purple, white and gold. Papal flags drooped from every house: that isn't a pen-fancy, it's a verifiable fact. Irish colours flip-flapped riotously on mast and chimney. To attempt to "write up" this in the journalistic way would be just fatuous, for it is written. Written in the face of every person you see, illuminated in the lamps of the stationside altar of the Sacred Heart, stamped in the ubiquitous Congress badge, shouted in the sharp sirens of the liners, sung in the soft voices of bemedalled children, waved from the pennants on the dun factory tops, suspended in the miles after parallel miles of the criss-cross brocatelle in each poor side street. This needs not journalese; to tell of it is to describe it. Scutcheons of God's Heart gripped the standards, the chalice of the Sacrifice glittered over doorways on the steps of which His poor children played. The poorer streets were better, I thought. Their efforts cost more. People had actually starved themselves, gone without food, so that the Pope's legate might receive a welcome worthy of his master. A guinea is wealth untold in these squalid streets, yet every large Congress flag cost that or more, and there were thousands of them along the tiers of tenements.

Let us visit one—Gloucester Street. Going there we pass the great Nelson column. Around its base, on a "street-island," flower sellers offer their bouquets and talk to you from behind shrines of the Sacred Heart. And this is the Pillar, the centre of a city's throbbing traffic, and the year is 1932! Do you understand now what I mean by the key-word, Catholicity? Dominicans brush us in the dense street. Franciscans dodged street-cars to speak with friends in surplices. The peace of God which passeth all understanding shone in the lineaments of

every kindly face. Dr. Fulton Sheen, the famous American priest, had, like everyone else, noticed this. "I never yet realized what the Communion of Saints meant till I came for this Congress to a city where everybody one meets in the streets is in the state of grace." That isn't the flourish of an orator: it is literal truth of Dublin on this Saturday night. We arrive at Gloucester St. in the very heart of this carnival of God. Poverty is in the air you breathe. Tinselled flowerets of a thousand hues wreath and cling to every tenement window. The doors are hospitably open: one fears that they never close. The scarlet vigil lamp in the fan-light throws a faint ruddy glow down upon faces that for to-night have never a care in the world. A giant canvas, painted by a poor newsboy, shows the Last Supper. A companion piece by the same artist graced the upper entrance to this street. Indescribably magnificent, you murmur.

Clery's great building had a sierra of electric candles peaking to twenty feet, in their centre a huge chalice of gold. Through the miles of streets I walked until I was weary and footsore. What had this night to do with sleep? Endless is the succession of windows with simple candles and single flames, tiaras of light, tapestries, crescents, rosebuds afire, trailing clouds of glory above your head, suffusions for your feet, topaz and jacinth work. People moving: brown monks, priests, some more nuns. Then a new wonder. The canopy of Heaven is rent by searchlights from behind four large buildings. Their great and ghastly white rays swivel for a moment and then intersect. An Irish tricolour in the gloomy recesses of the Pillar is kissed by them. Its green and gold went on fire. It gleamed like a meteor. They seemed to like it, for their caress was loving. And far below them the still glad music of humanity, of people moving, in expectation of to-morrow's Something. They were on the whole silent, but

the Shepherd's message in the sky spoke for their hearts: "Laudamus! Gaudeamus!" Should the heavens disclose to us to-night "the helmed cherubim and sworded seraphim in glittering ranks with wings displayed" a dozen might wonder.

Angels must be well used to the sight we saw on the morrow. To that great Heart in the Fifteen Acres of Phoenix Park the thousands draw. Rivers of worshippers from the four corners of the World sweep under the marbly white Triumphal Arch at Parkgate. Beyond its corinthian columns one meets friends from everywhere. There is only a moment for greeting; already at 11-30 a.m. good places are hard to find, for thousands had slept there last night and ate their breakfasts there this morning. From the Gough Memorial a great spaced archway runs arrow-true to the Sanctuary. Many people are lining the banks of this remorselessly moving river. Aeroplanes dip and drone and dive dangerously. Joy! my friend has secured me a splendid seat in the reserved enclosure, about fifty yards from the High Altar. Without the slightest inconvenience I am conducted to my place. The stewarding is unimpeachably satisfactory.

The voice of Chief Marshal O'Duffy sounds from a thousand loud-speakers instructions to ten thousand stewards. Every person in that Miltonic assembly knows just exactly where he is supposed to be. The genius of our people for order was surely never better seen than to-day. Only one boy, a scout, has been crushed in this human sea—the papers say. Without the slightest hitch the greatest crowd the World has ever seen is manipulated by one man. No wonder I am pardonably proud of this wonderful people. This miracle of arrangement is only one in the Day's miracles.

In a sweeping arc stretch the colonnades of the Altar. They seem as white as the Taj-Mahal. Within their squared spacings are the scarlet robes of cardinals, the cerise

and purple of bishops and monsignori, the greens and blacks and fantastic ornaments of Eastern dignitaries. The contrast is heavenly. Perched on a pyramid of steps is the Altar gloriously domed and betasseled in gold. Slender ferns, gossamer-like keep their green fresh beside the uniforms of the Guard of Honour of slim officers, whose drawn swords are presented to God. By now the Mass has begun—the Sacrifice of Calvary before the tribes of Earth. The stillness is eerie—not a rustle or cough from the mightiest crowd of worshippers the world has ever seen. To the very limit of the trees a mile away the crowd stretches, a huge carpet of faces. It merges with them, drops over the edge, and is lost.

The silence is incredible. A sea-gull wheeled overhead and somewhere a little bird sang, maybe in the trees behind the Altar. The world, I hope, heard that bird. With the clarity of crystal the choir of angels came; they couldn't be boys, their voices seemed too sweet to be human. The sacred murmur of the priest. The prayers of the people. The silent and downlooking sun. At the Offertory a scarlet figure bows and walks to a microphone. In a moment the voice of Ireland's greatest singer is giving to God a nation's tribute in song. Only he could sing with such angelic sweetness the motet of Caesar Franks, the *Panis Angelicus*. When he had finished a great sigh ruffled that concourse. The greatest moment in a million lives had passed. Then the Sanctus. Then the words of consecration are breathed and a million heads are raised to look at the elevated God. The dull thin tinkling of St. Patrick's ancient bell announces the Mystery. Its sound is heard tolling all over the world at this moment. . . . The celebrant cries triumphantly *Ite, Missa est*. Over a million hearts answer *Deo Gratias* . . .

For a short space of time we are allowed refreshments while the procession is forming. In the enclosure notabilities of church and

state chat outside the huge luncheon tents. Surplices are everywhere, round the stooping forms of old clerics on their last pilgrimage and on the figures of bright young priests. I pass close to Mr. Cosgrave, a wisp of a man in morning dress. That is the burly figure of Jim Larkin, the revolutionary. A motley crowd. Ministers of Dail, representatives of universities, scarlet-hooded aldermen, gowns, hoods, resplendent trappings. Over there on a bench, apart, is the titanic figure of G.K.C. taking in with those intelligent quick eyes of his all this mighty scene. A life-long wish is satisfied when my friend, after much difficulty, gains me an introduction. I should love to know what he thought about it all. "It is the greatest of Congresses, because the most Catholic. In Australia the background was atheistic, in Carthage Moslem. Here it is intelligently and intensely Catholic." So he just speaks as he writes, after all, you see.

For the thousand other intimacies I noticed there is not space within the small limits of this article. Let us hurry to the Passing. Through the walls of people the Sacred Host borne by the Legate beneath a gold and white canopy moves. On one side walked President De Valera: he held a white canopy-rop. Mr. Cosgrave held the other. The feuds of the stormy years are buried for to-day. Our own Cardinals come next; pages supported their yards-long scarlet trains. Attendants with ruffles and queer pointed beards keep solemn pace. Queerly ascetic, too, seems the Eastern face of the convert bishop Mar Ivanios. Some distance behind a bejewelled Indian, the white of his eyes matching his turban, said the Rosary among his boy-servants. On it goes, an endless procession of foreign dignitaries. This was Catholic in the sense of universal. Pompously, elegantly it moves. Nuns and Brothers, Orders grey, black and brown, with kingly flowing beards. Sisters of Charity in little groups prayed demurely. I never dreamt that there was such variety as this.

Now enter the people. They are marshalled in parishes, dioceses, and nations. Not a hitch breaks the stream-line regularity. Faces from Liverpool were there in plenty. I was pleased indeed to see the familiar purple of St. Edward's cap. In symbolic juxtaposition was an Old Cathinian. Past and Present.

Loud-speakers chant the Rosary: the processionists catch it up in responses. That old man has a bundle in his hand: he looks to have walked a long, long way. His companion looks almost irreverently jaunty in morning dress. Ushers were all in morning dress. "Sweet Sacrament Divine" must sound divinely sweet as it ascends to God from these million fervent throats.

I have watched this almost unearthly pageant too long. All hope of a view of the final Benediction has gone by now. With thousands of others I make the dusty trek by back streets in sultry heat, to O'Connell Bridge. All along the pavements of these five miles people are kneeling. Wearing mothers, from far-away Kerry perhaps, on their knees in the porches of doorways clutch their little ones around them: baby eyes are closed and infant lips whisper the Rosary. One is dumb in the presence of such Faith.

From the Round Tower in College Green vistaed the most amazing sight that eye has ever seen. Skyward pointed the dark Nelson monument, just discernible in outlines, by reason of distance, not too rigid. Fancifully enough it seemed a Jacob's ladder pitched between Heaven and Talbot Street. The fluted lines rose out of a great pool of black. In the middle distance this dissolved into particles which nearer the bridge crystalized into the heads of men and women. Still nearer one could see the devotional fervour on their faces. At hand were eyes that looked but did not see. They were far-away and wistful, set in countenances sublimely transfigured. This dark mass was fringed by the steep sides of a city's buildings. But

there was something unreal about it, for overlooking it were the symbols of daily traffic, signboard and advertisement. Yet of such were the walls of this strange church. Had a use at last been found for Business, however, Big? I wondered.

From every overlooking window strained peering faces. At some there was congestion, seats were paid for in notes to-day. Youths with adventure in their blood perched perilously on cornices, their legs dangling over the facing, their eyes rivetted on the Benediction place. From the opacity below grew the flags of many peoples. The standards of the Dutch Guilds were riotously gay, in design—camouflage. Boy Scouts of the United States tossed a Stars and Stripes. Breezes from the Liffey tugged at the Belgian Banner. Only the bells from a hundred city churches spoke in the edifying silence.

Then from the back of a cool cloud the sun stole out and paled with his greater light the little altar candles. They hardly seemed necessary now, flickering and flickering there.

Again the loud-speakers are filled with sound. It is the Legate's farewell speech. Their power intensified the pleasant exoticism of a rich voice. Few who heard it will ever forget it. "Dearly beloved brethren," it continued, "you have procured for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament a triumph which has few equals in the history of Eucharistic Congresses and our Divine Lord will certainly bless and reward you." We listened to it tapering away to "may God preserve this Ireland now and in the future, as God in His mercy has done in the past and keep it always and ever the Ireland of Saints."

With this the voices of choir boys rise triumphantly in *O Salutaris!* and

"Everyone suddenly burst out singing

And I was filled with such delight

As prisoned birds must find in freedom
Winging wildly across the white."

The "bright-harnessed angels" standing

invisibly around the altar in order serviceable stiffened to attention as the Trumpeter blew the Royal Salute. A sharp command rings out. Glinting swords are raised in the sunlight, poised for a moment. Over the bended heads in the worshipping streets God's minister held the Monstrance. With It he makes the Sign of the Cross. The silence sings in one's ears. A streak of brightness is a descending sword. The Blessing was over. His people intone the Divine Praises to the crescent of "His angels and saints."

Tension a week old breaks. The walls throw back the million cheers for Our Pope. An Italian wedged near me, with brown excited eyes set in a swarthy heavy face, roars, "Viva il Papa Re!!!" So he wasn't our Pope after all: others had claim to him. Somehow you could hardly entertain that thought with pleasure. In rustling crush, but not confusion, the crowd disperses. It is all over; you can see its death in "the faint purple flushes of the vanquished sun" ensconced behind the Four Courts. All over.

We are gazing, my friend (whom I had lost for three whole days together) and I, over the taffrail down into the grey-green waters, looking sadly at the sea-birds' feathers that drift past the ship's side. Dun Laoghaire again. Between the piers in answer to the helm the decks just tilt to starboard and the screws lash out viciously. Astern, Ireland of the Welcomes was relentlessly slipping. From the white handkerchiefs of a crowd near the little light-house fluttered a good-bye. Kindly folk these, even to think of us. The sea ahead had the sombre polish of lead. And in the North-West Ireland's Eye floated on its bosom, hulkily. The ragged edges of a thundercloud would soon block our seaway. Already thin lightnings were salving its huge black bosom. On the slanting decks all round stood the pilgrims; a queer collection, these pilgrims of Progress! But all their hearts were heavy, sadder than the dark sea around. Some

overwrought girl aft lost restraint and sang in a shrill voice, oddly musical. It was a familiar air. She implored St. Patrick to look down "on Erin's green valleys." The others caught the air. The hymn surged and eddied. Everyone sang. Who cared now? You felt somehow that your Day was over. I saw two old men, hardly old, for only their temples were grey; they cried quietly. Yet they seemed hard-bitten. Only something supernatural could break down the reserve of their years.

And there it was, away far behind on the grey Wicklow Hills, in the light of evening sky. The Supernatural sun sat for one supreme moment in Day's Deo Gratias. And again we were stealing away from His Heart, down His last golden beam.

HUGH FAHERTY.

II.

When Mr. G. K. Chesterton was approached by a Press representative for his impressions of the Mass on the last day of the Eucharistic Congress, he said: "What better can I say than what everyone is saying: 'Thank God.'" These words were on my lips on that day. Our own Archbishop once said on the occasion of a Mass in Liverpool that it was an hour of joy when one was glad for all one's life. These words came to my mind when I knelt among a million people of the same Faith during the hour of the Congress Mass. Thank God that I came for this wonderful event!

It is over five miles from O'Connell Bridge to the Phoenix Park, and when I came to the Bridge two hours before the Mass there was a heaving mass of humanity filling up every possible mode of conveyance. A Guard told me that at least three-fourths of the people would have to walk to the Park, and so I joined in the endless line of walkers along the Quays. Everyone seemed to be represented in the procession. There were Franciscan friars in their brown robes, foreign priests in

soutane and surplice. A bishop of a coloured race passed slowly in his car. I could hear the musical Dublin speech mingle with the hard accents of the North. A 'bus from the South of Cork came in front of one from Belfast.

The streets adjoining, where lived the poor, were filled with flags and decorations. "Hail, Christ the King!" was the inscription across one poor alley. "God Bless Our Pope!" was written in letters of gold above our heads. Another street bore the Divine Praises for the world to read. There was, and is, poverty in the slums in Dublin City, but even so there was unstinted generosity to the God Who loves the poor.

A priest walked near me and he was thinking, too, perhaps, of the Faith of the people, and so I said to him: "Father, isn't it wonderful to see every house decorated for the Congress?" He told me that for months the very poor had spared the coppers they could ill afford that they might honour the passing of the Blessed Sacrament. One poor working girl had pawned her best shoes so that she could buy a papal flag. An old lady came into a shop where the flags were sold and asked for three of the best flags. She was asked had she a prominent position in the street to show them when she astonished all by saying that her room in Gardiner Street looked out on a back-yard! "But sure, God will see them," she said, "and that is all I want." And the priest told me that the Faith in Dublin, and in particular the Faith of the poor people, in the Blessed Sacrament was beyond understanding. "It's all I can do for God," a servant girl said to her mistress at three o'clock in the morning, after waiting for Holy Communion at the midnight Mass.

When I told the priest I had visited the house where Matt Talbot had lived and suffered and prayed, he said if Matt was raised to the altars a hundred thousand Dublin men would be honoured with him, for you will meet them

in every church and every back street. And so, as we walked along in that grand march, he told me stories of the people who were making the Congress the greatest ever held.

We came at last in sight of the High Altar erected in the middle of the finest park in Europe. From the four corners came the crowds in thousands and thousands to what promised to be the greatest gathering the world had ever seen. It made one think of the millions coming from the four corners of the earth to judgment. I took my place among the men from my native village who were boys with me not so many years ago. It was a kindly welcome home they gave me and a hearty handshake. And still the thousands came and I felt that I had really come home when I saw stranger greet stranger with a friendly smile.

It is said that the Wireless made the Congress a wonderful success, and I realized this when the music from the loud-speakers told us the Mass was beginning. I could not see the Altar but I could hear the prayers at the foot of the Altar when the Mass began. And when the choir, composed of well-nigh a thousand children, burst forth in sweet melody, one instinctively thought of the music in the heavens on the night when Christ was born. We also have come to Bethlehem where Christ will soon come to the world again; and in that music of the children's choir we seemed to hear the sound of angels' voices filling the earth with harmony. Now and then the voices seemed to die away and burst forth again as if pausing on the way to the throne of God. Somehow the words of Caliban passed through my mind during the singing of the *Gloria in Excelsis*: "The Isle is full of noises, sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not." What a moment for thought! A million or more people gathered in a cathedral such as the world had never seen before: a cathedral not made by human hands; for its walls,

the Dublin mountains spacious and majestic in the soft grey light, for its dome a glorious June sky painted with clouds by the Hand of God.

Dr. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, sang the Mass. Away in Athlone someone whispered to me: his mother, old and near her end, was listening to the voice of her son. Afterwards we found out the tragic side in the drama, for during the Mass the Archbishop knew that his mother was dying. He once said of that noble lady, as many an Irishman can say of the mother who bore him, that she was his greatest inspiration in life. His love for his mother had brought him thousands of miles for the past eleven years to see her, and it was that love now which made him strong and brought his clear resonant voice without a tremor through the loud-speakers. Was his mother listening to him? It was many the good old mother and father throughout the country that listened with beating heart that day to the words of the Mass. The Mass was broadcast in every street for miles away in the city, and I thought of all the old and sick who listened to the sound with a thrill which they never experienced in their lives before. The millions dead were listening, too. They were with us here to-day, with us at the Mass of Christ. One, it seemed to me, could feel them near. Far away down in Kerry an old mother was listening-in and thinking, maybe, of her son kneeling at the Altar in the Phoenix Park.

There was another man from Athlone also, Count McCormack, who brought a tear of joy to many when his voice filled the air in the words of the *Panis Angelicus*. He had sung before the multitudes in many parts of the world, but never to a more sympathetic audience—an audience who understood the beauty of his song in the reality of their Faith.

Such a hush! Such a silence! No human motive could render it possible in a crowd of a million people. But, after all, it was

this moment of the coming of Christ on the Altar at the Consecration which was the supreme moment of the day. It was a moment of thought sublime. Afterwards I heard that down in the city men and women, guards and soldiers, went on their knees, and the only sound in O'Connell Street was the tapping of a blind man's stick. The bell of St. Patrick rang. That very same bell rang, it is said, fifteen hundred years ago and brought the pagans to Patrick's feet. It was the "sweet bell calling" mentioned by Moore in one of his poems. Now, when it rang, it seemed to be the voice of St. Patrick speaking down through the ages. This was in very deed Patrick's Day, and the ringing of the bell reminded one that the voice of Patrick was still heard in Erin and that the Faith he brought still lived in the hearts of all.

But there was a second voice—the voice of Peter—the voice of the Pope. "The Pope will now speak to you." These words at the end of the Mass made all hearts beat faster. Peter was once again proclaiming that Christ was God. Christ was speaking to the world through the lips of Peter. What a wonderful man! Gentle and peaceful, yet so strong before the world with his fearless faith. I could catch the words: "Regina Hiberniae—Queen of Ireland." The million fell on their knees as he gave his paternal blessing.

Then came the mighty procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The Papal Legate said in his sermon that soon Christ would pass among the multitude as in the days of old. The streets of Dublin were filled with the tramp of marching men and women. The air of Dublin resounded in hymn and prayer. The leaders of the political parties walked side by side near the Blessed Sacrament. At the end of a two hours' march all the mighty concourse knelt before the Altar at O'Connell Bridge. It was the end of a great day when Christ in solemn Benediction blessed His faithful ador-

ing people. It was the end of a wonderful week of devotion when the Papal Legate's voice in his farewell speech was heard in every nook and corner of Dublin City. It was the

end of the Congress which will never be forgotten in the minds and hearts of faithful Catholic people.

J. McENERY.

Tennyson

MOST of us, no doubt, have been privileged to visit one of our noble cathedrals; and anxious, in the limited time at our disposal to appreciate to the fullest the beauty of this poem in stone, having willingly accepted the services of a guide. By this guide we expected to be conducted to the objects most worthy of our inspection, but at the same time, we wished to be allowed to contemplate them in silence and form our own artistic commentary. How often have we been nettled and annoyed when our guide, in his misguided zeal or out of his uncontrollable egotism, has sought to dictate to us his commentary or impose his own aesthetic formulae?

In the temple of literature the critics are our guides, and, to my mind, their task is completed when they have brought us into the presence of the beautiful. They may be permitted to suggest a line of vision or fix a point of view; but too often forgetful of the subordinate and temporary nature of their task they overstep the bounds of their natural domain and seek to paralyse our free judgment of a man of letters with their bludgeon blows of eulogy and anathema.

Few modern literary figures have suffered more from the critics' work of supererogation than our erstwhile Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson. Ignoring the few enlightened voices crying in the wilderness, we might sum up the modern critics' estimate of the man as, a shallow insipid thinker, a lady's poet, or a jingo patriot rattling his sabre in a scabbard of clever verse.

Let us take the bull by the horns, then, and speak of Tennyson's subject matter. Tennyson once made a statement which, I think, throws a flood of light on all his work: "One must distinguish amongst the poets, the great sage poets of all time, who are born great thinkers and great artists like Aeschylus and Dante."—It seems to have been his ambition to be one of these; and if we take the trouble to consider what measure of success attended his efforts we can arrive at a very just estimate of his claim to greatness.

It would appear that Tennyson proposed to become a "sage poet" by consecrating his literary life to the service of two great ideals. First and foremost, to become the oracle of his time, the interpreter, the guide, the consoler, the mental elevator of his age. Secondly, to write the epic of English Gentlemanhood.

In seeking to serve his principal ideal, he turned his Laureateship into a Pontificate. In bewailing the tragedy of Arthur Hallam, he tells us what Hallam might have been, and in the same lines epitomizes what he himself desired to be, or rather, thought he was—

"A potent voice in parliament
A steadfast pillar in the storm,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes."

And was he successful? one may ask. Eminently so; so successful that paradoxically his success injured his poetic greatness. The achievement of this ideal forced Tennyson to concern himself with the thoughts, the aspirations, the vital problems,

the heart throbs of Victorian England ; and he did his work warmly and well : so well that in every pulpit, in every scientific work, by every political party he was quoted and hailed as the sage bard of Britain. But what was the result ? Tennyson's subject matter became essentially topical, ephemeral, journalistic : to-day we cast him aside as we do yesterday's newspaper. He was good for a day, but the day is past.

And now for his second ideal—"The Epic of the English Gentleman"—here, too, success crowned his efforts. His work, however lost its ephemeral character : he began to plumb the depths of human nature, to strike chords as dear to the twentieth Century Englishman as to the Victorian. He became great in the way that Shakespeare is great : for human nature is unchanging throughout space and time. That is why the "Idylls of the King" and Tennyson's "Homeric" episodes still retain their freshness and their charm. Unfortunately his second ideal is overshadowed by his oracular and pontifical attitude towards his office ; this is the millstone that sinks him deep in the sea of modern unenlightened criticism.

But Tennyson held the "sage poet" to be, not only a great thinker, but also a great artist, and this leads us to speak of his style. Without hesitation we can say that, if Tennyson condemned himself to be a philosopher of a day, he raised himself to be one of the most consummate artists in our literature. To attempt any systematic criticism of his style is a task beyond the limits of this short article which proposes to be a defence of Tennyson, rather than an appreciation. Let it suffice to say that he could do almost everything that could be done with words, he was a master of every subtlety of expression, and there was scarce an imaginative conception to which he was not equal. We can only hint at his command of metaphor and simile ; his power of pictorial

effect, his accurate eye for the externals of landscape ; his skill for depicting scenes of ruggedness and serenity, of pathos and of peace ; his daring use of the dangerous gift of making the sound suit the sense, dangerous, because in the hands of lesser poets it may easily dwindle into jingle or pure onomatopoeia But to discuss a man's style without quoting from his work is obvious folly ; since now space forbids quotations, I trust I shall be pardoned the unwisdom of having begun. We might sum up by saying that if Music, Painting and Poetry have always been regarded as Sister Arts, then truly in Tennyson's conscious craftsmanship, have they become a Trinity.

On that note we might close, were it not essential, in fairness to Tennyson, to allude to a strange idea which has tended so much to vitiate modern criticism. I refer to that perverted sense of duty by which many critics consider themselves compelled, after estimating a man on his own merits, to compare or contrast him with somebody else. Perhaps no English men of letters have suffered more from this irrational craze for comparison and contrast as those great contemporaries, Tennyson and Browning. Surely, where they are concerned comparison is out of question. Tennyson's subject matter is conventional, the clarity of his reasoning does homage to the syllogism : Browning's thoughts ride restlessly round the world ; his arguments have been compared to enthymemes in tabloid form. Tennyson's verse flows on faultlessly like the melody of a Beethoven, or the great tunes of Schubert or Mozart ; Browning's lines in their haste to keep pace with his thought "strike the rougher chords of breathless impromptu" We can do no more than compile a catalogue of contrasts ; to compare such men is a critic's crowning folly and a rank injustice to them both.


Haddow points out that Goethe said to

Schiller "People are debating which of us is the greater poet. They would do better to give thanks that they have us both." In like spirit might Tennyson have said to

Browning "You are the North Pole, I am the South; but we go to make a world."

C. D. MULHERN

Speech Day

 ON Wednesday, 15th June, 1932 at the Cathedral Hall, Brownlow Hill, His Grace the Archbishop honoured us by his presence at the College Speech Day. As will be explained in the report which follows there were only a few medals and special prizes given out and hence after the musical entertainment speeches were the feature of the evening. There was a large gathering of parents and friends—quite twelve hundred were present as well as a number of the boys. The Headmaster, Brother Roche, gave his report for the year 1931 as follows:

"Before entering upon the varied themes of my report, I shall take this opportunity to join in the chorus of congratulation to His Grace the Archbishop on the attainment of his sacerdotal jubilee, and to express the hope that he will celebrate his episcopal jubilee in the great Cathedral, whose mighty dome will rise over this very spot where we are assembled. In this congratulation and in this hope I am joined by the whole school—Brothers, Masters and boys. We wish your Grace long years of health and happiness in which to rule over the Archdiocese; and to accomplish the great work you have undertaken.

"The Catholic Institute of which St. Edward's is the lineal descendant was founded in 1851 in Rodney Street and transferred to Hope Street in 1853. Thirty-two years ago, however, Monsignor Pinnington with the goodwill of Archbishop Whiteside got a community of the Christian Brothers, with

Brother Leahy as Superior, to take over a pupil-teachers' centre in Great Mersey Street. Two years later the Catholic Institute, Hope Street, was placed under their charge. Only a few months ago in my last conversation with Monsignor Pinnington he recalled the foundation of the School (and dwelt with enthusiasm on his own and Brother Leahy's excitement and keenness at that event. This present year we lament the death of the virtual founder of the School, Monsignor Pinnington, almost on the anniversary of the death of the Co-founder, Brother Leahy.

"The Monsignor was a man of very rare administrative ability, foresight and energy. The work that he did for elementary, secondary and even University Education, for the training of teachers, for the poor and the outcast, lies hidden in the foundations of many an institution in Liverpool and out of it, and I feel confident that in the annals of those places his name is enshrined—of St. Edward's this is certainly true. To the Catholic Institute and St. Edward's he was ever a true and trusted friend, true and trusted to the day of his death, for even in his old age his mind was active and his outlook not at all antiquated. From the eighties of last century he had been in the thick of the contest, for it *was* a contest, a veritable struggle for Catholics to secure those advantages that they now possess—but the struggle is not over; I suppose it never will be: Education is so important for Church and State that under present godless conditions many a

contest will inevitably arise in the future. May the diocese and the country be blessed with men of the calibre of Monsignor Pinnington and Brother Leahy.

"The Old Boys of the College have not been unmindful of the debt they owe to Brother Leahy. They have founded an Annual Requiem for the repose of his soul; they have founded also an Annual Prize to keep his name fresh to future generations; an oil painting of him, the gift of the Old Boys, will be unveiled at the College during the next few weeks; finally they have had his name inscribed in the Cathedral Golden Book. He and Monsignor Pinnington are deserving of any honour the School or its Old Boys can pay them.

"During the past year the College roll has increased from 570 to 620—an increase which is in part due to the difficulty of boys securing places in business. A playing field of twelve acres was acquired at Fazakerley. It has given a great impetus to the games—the number participating became so great that the junior half-holiday had to be transferred to Thursday and so leave the ground free for the Seniors on Wednesdays.

"On last Saturday the College Sports were held in the pleasant grounds at the School. There was a large attendance of parents and friends to witness the fine display of physical training and the well contested athletic events. The prizes were distributed by Monsignor Molony.

"Within the School the various cultural activities have held their own. Music both vocal and instrumental you have heard here to-night, and I leave you to be the judges. In addition to the kind of music here displayed there is also constant practice and use of Gregorian Chant throughout the School. Under the able direction of Mr. Boraston, Masses are sung during the year including Requiem Mass.

"There are various Societies established

in the College: French Society in which debates are conducted entirely in that language; Literary and Historical Society; Mathematical and Scientific Society; and a Musical Society.

"As should be in a Catholic School religion holds first place. During the five, six, seven or more years of a boy's life in St. Edward's, his day begins and ends with prayer; at each hour a short pause is made for silent prayer and remembrance of the Presence of God; for half-an-hour at mid-day religious instruction is given; examinations are held in the subject of Religious Knowledge each term and at the normal prizegivings a special prize for this all important subject is given in each class—an honour given to no other individual subject. On Friday in each week the School assembles in the Church of Our Lady Immaculate for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Finally, during the Spring term of each year a retreat is held in the School from which I am sure the boys derive great spiritual profit.

"Yet although 'man liveth not by bread alone' he must have the bread too. So the School must submit to the usual tests in examinations and the temporal side of its work is rightly or wrongly judged by the results. I am glad to say that although this is not a record year it is a good average one, as the Examination list in your hands will show. You will see from that list that we secured one University Scholarship last year; seven Higher School Certificates were won; in School Certificate Examinations fifty-four got Certificates of whom twenty-four Matriculated; in this same examination there was one 'Distinction' in History, three in French, two in Latin, seven in Mathematics, two in Physics, and two in Chemistry. This, I think, may be justly styled 'a good all-round result.'

"The Forms below School Certificate were examined by a specially appointed examiner. His report was very satisfactory and it was

by his marks that the awards shown in the list were made.

“ During last year the Catenian Association (Liverpool No. 4 Circle) offered two prizes of £5 each to those boys of St. Edward's who would have the highest total of marks in the School Certificate Examinations in Modern Subjects and Science Subjects respectively—the prizes to be annual. The offer was gratefully accepted. The Catholic Institute Edwardian Association have recently decided on an annual prize to be known as the ‘ Brother Leahy Memorial Prize ’ to be awarded to the boy with the highest aggregate of marks in the Higher School Certificate Examination.

“ When School life is over what becomes of the boys? A few are never heard of again; many enter upon business avocations and lead a quiet and peaceful life; but many also are sufficiently in the limelight to indicate the good work the College has done for them. Thus on the spiritual side: We sent four to Upholland last September making a total of eighteen to twenty Edwardians in that Seminary. Fathers Bryne, Gaughan, and Pilson were recently ordained. There are a few others in the Colleges in Rome, amongst whom F. Fleming secured his Ph.D.; H. Nichols is at Fribourg. In other seminaries and Religious orders there are several Old Boys. In our own novitiate of the Christian Brothers at Eastham there are eight.

“ In training to be liason officers between the temporal and spiritual the College has twenty-nine representatives at St. Mary's Training College, Strawberry Hill. At the Liverpool University there are in all nineteen Old Boys—four in the Medical School, five in Science, three in Engineering, two in Arts, two in Education, and three in Law. A glance at the prize list will reveal that in Arts, J. Murphy and W. F. Farrelly obtained their B.A. (Hons.), and P. Hagan, Part I, B.A. (Hons.); G. A. Le Brun having obtained

his degree passed his Diploma in Education; in Medicine, E. D. Irvine passed his final M.D.; in Engineering, B. A. Sharpe passed his B. Eng. (Hons.) and got the David Rew Memorial Scholarship; in Law, J. A. P. Fergus passed his final LL.B., and A. G. Morgan finished his B.Sc. (Hons.) in the Science Schools. Others in the different Schools passed their intermediate examinations at various stages.

“ The Old Boys' Association is becoming slowly but surely a real live organisation. Mr. John Curtin has succeeded Mr. George Rimmer as President. The football sub-section with its three teams during the season gets honourable mention each week in the press.

“ I think you will agree with me that the College both in its present and past pupils is maintaining the good name it has had in the past. In this, the loyalty, enthusiasm and good work of the staff have been the main factor, and the responsiveness of the boys has secured that these enthusiastic efforts on the part of the staff have not been unavailing. That the Headmaster is a mere figure-head is evident from the fact that his absence from the School for three months made no difference to its work and progress. It was a case of ‘ business as usual.’

“ Following the good example given by other schools the boys of St. Edward's have willingly foregone their prizes this year in order that they may help towards a gift for the Cathedral Fund. I have therefore the great pleasure of presenting to His Grace, on behalf of the Christian Brothers and the College, a cheque for one hundred guineas. We cannot under present economic conditions promise such a gift each year but at any rate this gift will not be the last.”

The following prizes, which by their nature could not be set aside, were then presented by the Archbishop:

Brother Leahy Memorial Prize and Gold Medal for 1st in H.S.C.—ROBERT STEVENSON.

Silver Medal for 1st in School Certificate—
WILFRID TAYLOR.

Catenian (Liverpool Circle) Prize for Modern Studies— HUGH J. ROONEY.

Catenian (Liverpool Circle) Prize for Mathematical and Science studies—
THOMAS S. KENNY.

School Champion in Athletics—
J. REDMOND.

Inter-School Sports' Medal (Seniors)—
J. BONNEY.

Inter-School Sports' Medal (Juniors)—
J. REDMOND.

His Grace having distributed these prizes gave an address of which the following summary appeared in the *Liverpool Post and Mercury*—

"Dr. Downey (Archbishop of Liverpool), speaking at St. Edward's College speech day in the Cathedral Hall, Brownlow Hill, last evening, said that school was a great asset to the city because it stood for religion and social sanity. It was something to see a sound method pursued in a school in these days, when there was so much eccentricity passing under the name of education.

"The purpose of education was to bring out the best that was in the boy himself, to give his intellect a chance. Very often that was the last thing which got a chance; the boy was not encouraged to think. Economy was being practised. He had been pleading for economy, not in education, but in the appurtenances of education, for some time. Education did not consist in putting up palatial schools with vita-glass windows.

"Education had always been a field for cranks. There were people with a complex for certain subjects. In the meantime, the fundamentals were neglected. 'Such a thing as English grammar has, of course, gone by the board, and children are expected to imbibe it with their mother's milk. Listen to them in the streets and see if they do.'"

EXAMINATION RESULTS

WALLASEY UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP.

ROBERT B. STEVENSON.

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATES.

1st—ROBERT B. STEVENSON (Br. Leahy Memorial Prize)

2nd—FRANCIS J. MCKEOWN

3rd—JOSEPH P. FLAHERTY

HUGH P. McGRATH.

EDWARD NORTON.

VINCENT B. QUIGLEY.

AUSTIN C. THOMAS.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

Distinctions :

History—GEORGE LUNT.

French—FRANCIS Y. MOLYNEUX ; HUGH J. ROONEY ;
WILFRID TAYLOR.

Latin—JAMES C. MANGAN ; HUGH J. ROONEY.

Mathematics—LOUIS J. CHAMBERS ; JOHN F. DOYLE ;
THOMAS S. KENNY ; WILLIAM L. SMERDON ;
JAMES SMERDON ; WILFRID TAYLOR ; JAMES
WHELAN.

Physics—THOMAS S. KENNY ; HUGH J. ROONEY.

Chemistry—THOMAS S. KENNY ; GEORGE LUNT.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATES

(M denotes Matriculation).

First Place—WILFRID TAYLOR (M) Gold Medal.
2nd—THOMAS S. KENNY (M). 3rd—HUGH J. ROONEY (M)

BARRY, FRANCIS	LANGLEY, HERBERT
BARRY, GERARD	LLOYD, FRANCIS (M)
BEGGIN, MICHAEL	LUNT, GEORGE (M)
BURKE, WALTER	MARSH, JOHN (M)
CALLAGHAN, JAMES	MANGAN, JAMES (M)
CANNELL, GEORGE	MOLYNEUX, FRANCIS (M)
CULLEN, WILLIAM	MURPHY, GERARD (M)
CHAMBERS, LOUIS J. (M)	McCOURT, BERNARD
DAVIES, WILLIAM H.	McHARRIE, DENNIS (M)
DOYLE, JOHN F.	NICHOLS, CHARLES
EDWARDS, EATON R.	NORBURY, VINCENT
EVANS, ARTHUR	O'BRIEN, ARTHUR
FIELD, JAMES	PATTERSON, SIDNEY (M)
FILMER, FRANCIS	PEARSON, FREDERICK
FRAYNE, THOMAS (M)	RACKHAM, SIDNEY (M)
GLYNN, FRANCIS	RICHARDSON, JOHN (M)
HEALY, PATRICK	ROBERTS, JOHN A. (M)

School Certificates (*continued*).

HEYWOOD, RICHARD (M)	RUSH, STANLEY M. (M)
HUGHES, HUGH	SMERDON, JAMES (M)
JACKSON, THOMAS	SMERDON, WILLIAM (M)
JOYCE, PETER	SLOAN, JOHN
KEANE, WILLIAM	THOMAS, WILLIAM (M)
KEENAN, WILLIAM	TIMMONS, JAMES
KENNEDY, STEPHEN (M)	WHELAN, JAMES
KERSHAW, FREDERICK (M)	WATSON, GERARD (M)
KELLY, WALTER	

CATENIAN PRIZES (£5 each).*Modern Studies*—HUGH J. ROONEY.*Mathematics and Science*—THOMAS S. KENNY.**ATHLETIC SPORTS' CHAMPION.**

J. REDMOND (Gold Medal).

INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS.

J. BONNEY (2nd, Long Jump, Senior).

S. REDMOND (Junior: 1st, Long Jump; 1st, 100 Yds;
1st, High Jump; 1st, 440 Yards).L.V alpha:—*Religious Knowledge*...JOHN S. BYRNE.
1st, JAMES MOLONEY; 2nd, THOMAS WALSH;
3rd, ROBERT KERSHAW.L.V beta:—*Religious Knowledge*...JOHN BRICKLEY.
1st, WILLIAM MABBS; 2nd, JOHN BRICKLEY;
3rd, WILLIAM WOODS.L.VA.:—*Religious Knowledge*...EDWARD GILCHRIST.
1st, DAVID NOLAN; 2nd, GEORGE HARGRAVE;
3rd, JOHN JOYCE.L.VB.:—*Religious Knowledge*...CYRIL BIRCHALL.
1st, IAN McPHERSON; 2nd, ROBT. HOLLINGSWORTH;
3rd, CYRIL BIRCHALL.IV alpha:—*Religious Knowledge*...ARCHIE DOWNIE.
1st, BASIL WHALLEY; 2nd, FRANCIS BYRNE;
3rd, ALBERT HUGHES.IV beta:—*Religious Knowledge*...RICHARD WHITE.
1st, RICHARD WHITE; 2nd, JAMES THOMPSON;
3rd, JOHN MOORE.IVA.:—*Religious Knowledge*...THOMAS BODDISON.
1st, THOMAS BODDISON; 2nd, GEORGE McCAVISH;
3rd, CHRISTOPHER AINSWORTH.IVB.:—*Religious Knowledge*...THOMAS PARSONS.
1st, FRANCIS CULLEN; 2nd, OSWALD EGERTON;
3rd, CYRIL THOMAS.III alpha:—*Religious Knowledge*...JOHN COOK.
1st, EDWARD SIMMONS; 2nd, JOHN COOK;
3rd, MICHAEL O'REILLY.III beta:—*Religious Knowledge*...JOHN BOLGER.1st, ARTHUR WILLIAMS; 2nd, GEORGE McLOUGHLIN;
3rd, THOMAS LUNT.IIIA.:—*Religious Knowledge*...THOMAS O'BRIEN.1st, THOMAS O'BRIEN; 2nd, THOMAS MORAN;
3rd, LAURENCE LOVELADY.IIIB.:—*Religious Knowledge*...DESMOND BRODERICK.1st, HUMPHREY HOWARD; 2nd, CHARLES CLINTON;
3rd, BERNARD HOWARD.II.:—*Religious Knowledge*...RONALD BALL.1st, FRANCIS WHALLEY; 2nd, JOSEPH GRANT;
3rd, BERNARD POPE.I.:—*Religious Knowledge*...RAYMOND POWER.1st, TERENCE JONES; 2nd, NORMAN FORD;
3rd, THOMAS WHITE.Prep.:—*Religious Knowledge*...PETER BLYGH;

ANTHONY MORRIS.

1st, ANTHONY MORRIS; 2nd, HILARY GASKIN;
3rd, PETER BLYGH.

Previous to the speeches and prizegiving an interesting programme was rendered. The first item "The Toy Symphony" drew immense and well deserved applause. The Operetta was excellently performed, and the Producer, Mr. Hosker and the Musical Director, Mr. Boraston are to be complimented upon the results of their united efforts. So good was the performance that there is talk of the Operetta being repeated in the autumn. The Old Boys' Orchestra was very highly praised; their previous experience of such accompaniment was an important factor in the success of the programme.

The School Orchestra did its part well both in the "Toy Symphony" and the Gigue from Bach.

PROGRAMMEI.—"THE TOY SYMPHONY" *Haydn.*THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
AND "TOYS."

"TOYS":

Trumpet	...	F. BYRNE.
Drum	...	J. GALVIN.
Cuckoo & Quail	...	J. CUNNINGHAM.
Nightingale	...	F. KILLEN.
Rattle	...	A. LOVELADY.
Triangle	...	A. WILLIAMS.

2.—OPERETTA :

The Charcoal Burner's Son.*A Dramatic Story with Music and a Dragon,*

—BY—

L. DU GARDE PEACH and VICTOR HELY HUTCHINSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE :

The King L. MURPHY.
 The Princess G. SUTTON.
 The Ogre M. FITZSIMONS.
 Johan F. RICHMOND.
 First Soldier V. ROGERS.
 Second Soldier E. SIMMONS.
 The Dragon F. HARRINGTON.
 The Army :—K. Benbow ; J. Byrne ; T. Byrne ; J. Connolly ; W. Courtney ; J. Cunningham ; P. Dempsey ; W. Fletcher ; J. Galvin ; T. Harding ; F. Killen ; W. Lunt ; V. Morgan ; G. McLoughlin ; P. Richardson ; J. Roberts.

The Play produced by Mr. AUSTIN HOSKER, B.Eng.

Musical Director :—

Mr. FRED R. BORASTON, A.R.C.M., A.R.C.O.

*Violin—*Mr. E. DEVLIN.
Mr. G. McKEY.*Bass—*Mr. JOHN McKEY.
*Flute—**Cello—*

Mr. B. McKEY.

Piano—

Mr. V. PARKER.

Mr. J. MAYNE.

Drums—

Mr. JAMES McKEY.

3.—GIGUE (From the suite in D Major)Bach.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

*1st Violins—*G. PRATT (leader)
A. GUTMAN
T. WALSH
E. HANNAH
G. HICKMAN
P. RICHARDSON*2nd Violins—*A. BLUETT (leader)
G. McCAVISH
T. LAMBE
J. ROWE
P. McNAMARA
Mr. E. DEVLIN*(Teacher of the Violin at the College)**3rd Violins—*J. DEMPSEY (leader).
M. MURPHY
V. ROGERS
B. ALLISON
Mr. G. McKEY*Cello—*

Mr. B. McKEY

Bass—

Mr. JOHN McKEY

Piano—

G. PELLEGRINI.

Conductor—

Mr. F. R. BORASTON, A.R.C.M., A.R.C.O.

French Debating Society

READERS of these reports will doubtless find prevailing in them a certain monotony of tone and comment. Please do not blame the writer for this. Our debates with few exceptions leave me with little choice in the matter. They all seem to make the same mistakes without any attempt at correction. Only rarely do we encounter a debater who will grip our attention by force of eloquence and argument. Usually we are lulled into a quiet sleep by the soothing tones of our "readers"—I cannot call them debaters.

Fortunately I am able to start off with a report of an excellent debate, which took

place at the end of last term. The motion was "Que l'esprit national vaut mieux que l'esprit international dans la politique du monde." This was defended by Norbury, Quigley and Williams and attacked by Murphy, Roberts and Thomas. Williams made a splendid speech, which completely paralysed the opposition. The well-reasoned and logical arguments of his opponent offset this remarkable speech and a draw was a very fitting result.

The next debaters, however, did not maintain this brilliant form although the subject was dear to many of our hearts, viz : "L'education devrait-elle être sacrifiée à

l'économie nationale ?" Chambers, Kenny and Woods were all for economy whilst Field, Winrow and Kennedy defended education. The matter of the speeches was generally good but the delivery, with the possible exception of Kennedy, very poor. The Cons. won by a very narrow margin.

"La puissance de la presse exerce-t-elle une influence bonne ou mauvaise?" came next under our notice. McDonald, McHarrie, and Molyneux decided on its good influence, whilst Kershaw, Lloyd and Lunt cynically decided it was bad. There was much amusing, but rather irrelevant, matter from Lloyd on the subject of football but again the debate suffered from too much reading. The superior arguments of McDonald and his "confrères" gained them the verdict.

In order to encourage any budding M.P.s among us the next debate was on the Budget. Rackham, Rooney and Rush defended the Budget and Marsh, Murphy and Richardson attacked in the true Maxton fashion. Most of the speakers, however, could not lift their minds above beer and teachers and this, added to the reading of speeches, made a most uninteresting debate. The Pros. proved the best of a poor bunch.

"Que la transportation par chemin vaut mieux que la transportation par chemin de fer" interested Smerdon (Minor), Taylor and Boney who supported the roads and Roberts, Smerdon (Major) and Murphy, who supported railways. The speeches were spoilt by bad delivery. Murphy for example, had the makings of a splendid speech but he ruined it by reading. The Pros. won after a fairly interesting debate.

The versatility of the members of this society is shown by the subject chosen for the next debate: "Que le grand opéra devrait être aidé financièrement par le gouvernement." This was supported by Daly, Doherty and Doyle and attacked by Carr, Davies and McCarthy. This was one of the few debates

in which the arguments were poor. Most of the speakers failed to realise the meaning of the motion. Doherty, especially, made some positively heretical statements about opera. The superior eloquence (note this) of the Pros won the day.

Next came the big trial of our Society, viz: the big debate before the keen critics of the Upper V's. The honour of speaking on this occasion was given to Pratt, Doyle, McGuire and Roberts, who defended the motion "Que la culture est sacrifiée aujourd'hui au matérialisme" and Williams, Doherty, Quigley and Thomas who attacked it. The debaters maintained the high standard of previous years and it would be unfair to single out any for special mention, such all-round excellence was there. The adjudicators were unanimous in giving the verdict to the Cons. by a very narrow margin.

The next day the Upper V's were invited to another intellectual treat bestowed upon them by our Society. This was the production of a French Play "Le voyage de M. Perrichon." The cast was as follows:

M. Perrichon	T. PRATT.
Madame Perrichon	G. WILLIAMS.
Henriette (their daughter)	L. DOHERTY.
Armand	{ Suitors of } D. DOYLE.
Daniel	{ Henriette } A. C. THOMAS.
Commandant Mathieu	F. ROBERTS.
Majorin	J. WOODS.
Jean	J. BONNEY.
Innkeeper	M. MURPHY.

The Play was "put over" with great nerve and enthusiasm. Doherty as Henriette displayed great feminine charm, while Williams (Mme. Perrichon) was the epitome of maternal dignity and complacency. The rest of the actors showed much skill and nicety in all their slightest movements and despite the several lapses of memory the Play was a wonderful success.

A.C.T.

Literary & Historical Society

AFTER the Easter vacation the Society witnessed a fresh, if not new development in the holding of debates. Keen interest was aroused by the first of the series "That modern civilisation is decadent" supported by Roberts, Thomas and Murphy, and opposed by Bonney, Woods and Doyle, all of VIA. The arguments on both sides showed that enthusiasm had reached a high pitch, Murphy in particular showing fire and even becoming quite eloquent. His speech was very good, but he drew so black a picture of our civilisation that he almost persuaded us that the best thing to do would be to go away to a quiet spot and die. Doyle seemed to be labouring under the delusion that modern civilisation meant the civilisation of the modern generation. On the whole the debate reached a high standard, and on a show of hands the Cons were adjudged the winners.

Variety is now the order of the day. An entirely new experiment was tried under the supervision of Mr. Barter in the shape of a series of mock debates. In passing, I may say that these debates constitute extremely valuable assistance and practice for impromptu speaking, and as time went on we discovered some real talent. We discovered, too, that there was wit and humour hidden under the mediocrity of the many, and awaiting only the opportunity to sparkle forth. Ford is our chief success at this kind of thing. He has no pretensions towards oratory, but he has the orator's gift of rivetting all attention on him. His humour is of the dry, whimsical type, leavened with good sense, and he has one outstanding merit—he never palls. That is the danger with mock debates—a surfeit of fun which might easily deteriorate into sheer tomfoolery. Fortunately, we perceived this

danger early on and made due allowance for it, with the result that we had clever speeches requiring thought on such subjects as: "That the influx of American ideas into this country is perverting its youth" mingled with still clever speeches on subjects like: "That red cabbage is greengrocery," and the entertainment served a double purpose—it stimulated thought, and it provided healthy enjoyment.

Meanwhile, the other branch of the Society had not been behindhand. Rush and Rooney, of VIB, supported the motion "That the *novelle* type of Englishman is non-existent in real life" which McHarrie of VIB and Pratt of VIA endeavoured to disprove. Between them Rush and Rooney "tore to pieces" the popular novelist, destroyed the illusion of the tall, clean-limbed Englishman beloved by Sidney Horler and Co. and clearly won their case.

Up to this stage the Society had shown how easily pleasure and instruction could be combined. This was shown still further when Mr. Mulhearn lectured to us on Conrad. His lecture bore the intriguing title "On the High Seas with a Pole," giving rise to a considerable amount of guesswork before the lecture began. However, it turned out to be a discussion of Conrad which everybody appreciated greatly. Mr. Mulhearn traced the author's life and works and attempted an appreciation of his better known books. The lecturer is a fine speaker, never using notes and apparently crammed with knowledge to his finger tips. This was an instructive and entertaining lecture. We must keep Mr. Mulhearn on our books.

Daly of VIA supplied us with a paper shortly afterwards explaining "The Stoic Philosophy." This was a surprisingly inter-

esting lecture—one which cleared up many doubts upon the subject of Stoicism, and which administered a few words of calm counsel to the young men who will soon be beginning their careers in the world. "What will rank, riches, social distinction, pleasure matter before the tribunal of ultimate truth?" said the lecturer, "It is what you are that matters—what you yourself are, and all these things are outside you . . ." It was not a controversial lecture—as the lecturer explained—it was merely an interpretation of a philosophy; and it bore evidence of clear and sane thinking—altogether a very good paper.

All good things must come to an end, and this Summer Session is no exception. After such an auspicious opening, we thought, and after such a brilliant year, we must apply the closure in a fitting manner. And so we bethought ourselves of the promise given to us by our old friend Mr. Hugh McGrath (O.B.) to visit us and lecture to us once more. True to his word he came (like the World's Fair, bigger and better than ever) and read a paper on "Nature-poets and Common Speech," illustrated by pictures of a cow on the blackboard. (He had been studying cows I believe for weeks beforehand). However

the cow had nothing to do with the lecture, which was an unqualified success, chiefly because the subject was quite new to us and opened up a new avenue of ideas, and also because Mr. McGrath was the lecturer. Coming to us as he does from an abode of learning, surrounded as he is by the glamour of the University, for to the average schoolboy the 'Varsity man is surrounded by glamour, and we also recognising and appreciating his brilliance in days when he was one of us, we always expect great things of Mr. McGrath, and he never fails us. He is always entertaining, whether engaged in solving a knotty point in criticism, or in drawing cows. We sincerely hope that the Society will see a lot more of him.

Thus finished the 1931-32 Session of the Society. The year has been one of triumph and unequalled brilliance. Lectures and debates have proved that interest and enthusiasm are steadily increasing; the attendances have been consistently good, with a fair percentage of Scientists among them—we are always glad to see that rare phenomenon—a Scientist interested in things literary—and there is really nothing that we could wish to see bettered.

G.J.W.

Scientific Society

SINCE making our last report we have enjoyed several interesting lectures at the meetings of the Scientific Society. The subjects chosen have, in the main, been somewhat outside the scope of the ordinary school syllabus and we have been introduced to a number of fascinating branches of science which will well repay a more detailed study in our leisure hours.

On February 3rd, F. Moran explained the mysteries of the "Internal Combustion Engine" in a really convincing manner. Commencing with the "Two Stroke" Engine, he led us on to the "Four Stroke" and then, by easy stages, to various "Twins," "Reciprocating Engines," "Aero-Engines," and finally to the very latest "Schneider Trophy Model." A series of well executed

slides made his meaning perfectly clear to even the least mechanically-minded of us.

G. Lunt chose for his subject "Blues and Blueing." Although somewhat handicapped by a blown fuse which prevented his slides being shown on the screen, he carried on manfully and illustrated his lecture by using the blackboard. After dealing with the necessity for "blueing" fabrics to make them white, Mr. Lunt described the procedure adopted. We fear, however, that his remarks on the composition and preparation of the actual blueing agents strained the then somewhat limited understanding of Organic Chemistry possessed by our younger members.

At our next meeting on April 18th W. Davies lectured on "Explosives." Having selected Gun Cotton and Nitro-Glycerin as typical examples, he described their commercial preparation with a wealth of detail. The extraordinary precautions necessary to prevent premature detonation and the various methods of making the products safe to handle deeply interested us. Once again the lantern proved invaluable and the diagrams were of the usual high degree of excellence.

On Friday, May 27th, Mr. Jennings of the British Gas Association, visited the College to lecture on "Smoke Abatement, Coal Carbonisation, and the Uses of Gas." As the members of the Upper Fifth were also invited to hear Mr. Jennings, we were forced to desert the Physics Laboratory in favour of the Assembly Hall. Mr. Rowe presided at the meeting and introduced Mr. Jennings, who made out a most convincing case for the necessity of combating the ravages of corrosion due to unscientific coal combustion. Quite logically, he laid the blame for our decaying stonework, not on the manufacturer, but on the ordinary household coal consumer. The obvious remedy, maintained the lecturer, is to carbonise the coal under properly regulated conditions so as to obtain a smokeless fuel, such as gas, and also to preserve the many

valuable by-products which are generally wasted. A splendidly designed chart showing the multitude of drugs, perfumes, dyes and essences obtainable from coal tar helped considerably to convince us of the almost criminal nature of the kitchen grate method of combustion. In conclusion, Mr. Jennings outlined some rather unusual uses of coal gas. A hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer, proposed by Mr. Loughlin and seconded by Mr. O'Brien, was carried enthusiastically.

Ignoring the purely "chemical" type of subject, T. Norbury elected to speak to us about "Television." The subject made a distinct appeal as we felt it one about which we should like to learn something. Mr. Norbury developed his theme historically, commencing with the first crude attempts to realise the idea of "seeing at a distance." A series of diagrams illustrated the principle of the sending and receiving apparatus and we were able to follow the development of the technique as far as the first practicable instrument. At this point we were left, determined to delve for ourselves in the modern literature on the subject.

On St. Patrick's Day a party of twenty visited the Garston Gas Works following a very cordial invitation from Mr. Fletcher. The whole morning was spent in an inspection of the plant and our guides spared no pains to make the excursion an enjoyable and profitable one. Starting from the huge coal dumps we were able to follow the whole process through all its stages. The coal, after washing, is conveyed by a chain of buckets to a remarkable machine which distributes the coal in an even layer into the huge retorts after removing the residual coke from the previous charge by an ingenious mechanical ram. After removal of the tar by a variety of condensers, the gas is carefully purified and finally stored in the huge gasometers ready for distribution. The volume of gas is measured by a series of meters and

continuous tests are carried out to ensure that the composition of the coal gas does not fall below a definite standard of efficiency. We were especially impressed by the precautions adopted to maintain an adequate pressure to satisfy the demands made on the station at

different hours of the day.

The value of such excursions cannot be overestimated and we are deeply indebted to Mr. Fletcher for his kindness in making possible such an instructive and interesting outing.

F.H.L.

Form Notes

FORM VI.

WE have been largely interested in the coming event of the Higher School Examination, which has cast its shadow of gloom before it to a considerable extent. The Oral French Exam at the University has already come and gone—June 28th. The written part of the Exam is yet to come and starts on July 5th. On July 11th the Exam finishes and then most of us will make our little bow to St. Edward's College and leave the stage to our successors. Some of us will go to Simmaries, some to the University, a few will just leave and "into the world and wave of men depart." Most of us have already packed our trunks in prospect if not actually.

Before concluding I would like to note two events of importance in this term, namely: the "full dress" French Debate and the French Play of the 1st and 2nd of July respectively.

D.J.D.



FORM U.Vb Modern.

The shooting jacket has come into fashion here lately. Though not fashionable elsewhere, it becomes the wearer(s) exceedingly,

and should soon be very popular. Strange to say the "Yo-yo" has not yet made an appearance here. The Upper V Science find it very useful for solving Physics problems. On the other hand a toy pistol found much favour among the graver students.

All our representatives in the School Football XI were smiling sweetly as they faced the camera.

We admired the actors in the Operetta very much. B-1 K-n-e was heard to ask eagerly the price of a soldier's sword.

Billiousness has practically disappeared from our midst. The vac. will surely relieve the chronic sufferers.

We rejoice that two of our number could free themselves from pressing duties to make their way to the Congress last week-end.



FORM U.V. Alpha.

Mr. M—r was amazed we were not called upon to fill the part of the soldiers, or (at least) that of the Princess in the recent Operetta.

The Ultras are so keen at present that they rejoice to hear "Another twenty minutes won't do us any harm." It is so refreshing to feel this sympathy somewhere in the region of four-thirty.

The cloakroom choruses have ceased of late. Milton, though fond of music himself, appears to have driven it from the souls of others recently. And so the students homeward plod their weary way. May the "thunderous applause" cease for one year at least.

We were glad to have two representatives at the Eucharistic Congress last week.

Heartly congratulations to G. O'Brien on his success in the Mile Event and in the Senior Relay.



FORM U.Va. Science.

On returning to school at the end of the Easter Term all energies were concentrated on the task of preparing for the School Certificate Exam. There was a time when it was a matter of months, but soon it became a matter of days, and when the reader glances at these notes it will have come and gone. Optimism reigns supreme in our Form; an optimism which we hope will be justified. To help our efforts a series of short lessons on English, Mathematics and History was introduced this term from 1-40 p.m. till 2 p.m. On Tuesdays this lesson had to be omitted owing to the vocal efforts of the School Choir in the Assembly Hall.

On April 9th some of us went to see "Ria Rago," a film produced by two Missionary Fathers. All voted it a success.

The remarkable pall of fog which overhung Liverpool on the morning of April 23rd provided a welcome diversion from Chemistry. Various conjectures were put forward for the cause of the phenomenon. One of the most striking being that the planet Venus had halted in front of the sun—a masterly solution to the problem (so we thought). However when we learnt that it was only due to fog, we decided to keep to Chemistry and leave

Astronomy well alone.

Our Annual Sports were held this term and though no one in our class distinguished himself a member of our B division again won the Victor Ludorum medal. The weather was not exactly ideal but there was a good attendance for the occasion.

During the months of May and June altars were set up in the Form room in honour of Our Lady and the Sacred Heart. Every member of the Form did his part in this good work.

The Choir gave a Play on Speech Day at the Cathedral Hall, and although our Form was under the great disadvantage of having heard the vocal items many times over, we must say the performance was beyond our expectation and we enjoyed it.

For once during the term we managed to get out of school shortly after four. This unique occurrence was due to the regrettable absence of our Form Master.

WILLIAM DOYLE.

JOHN ROGERS.



FORM UPPER Vb Science.

One more term has passed and the end of the school year has arrived, and I suppose for many of the boys school days are almost over. Let us hope, however, that these will not forget their old school or the fact that they were once members of the Form in which all were pals.

Refreshed by the Easter break the "B's" came back to "The Hive" with an even greater zeal than before. The chief occupation of this class during the term has been *work*. To verify this statement one has only to glance at the haggard, worry-worn faces in which are reflected sleepless nights and scanty meals. However despite this tremendous and unusual industry a few things

turned up which afforded us momentary relief from the strain.

A few weeks later the Annual Sports were held on the College grounds. S. Redmond, a member of our fraternity, especially distinguished himself by winning the Victor Ludorum for the third time in succession. The medal was presented to him by the Archbishop on Speech Day. The Inter-College Sports followed in a few weeks time. In these, however, we regret to say, we did not add to our laurels to the degree we expected although the same member of our Form came second in the Senior Relay Race.

The next event worthy of note came as a rude shock to us. One day, a few weeks ago, whilst we were preparing for our half hour of Religious Instruction, the door quietly opened and an imposing stranger walked in. The temperature of the room seemed suddenly to have fallen to zero. Our rising fears were quickly confirmed, for the stranger soon revealed himself to be an examiner. Opening with a few childish questions, he rapidly warmed to his work and in a few minutes even the "bright-lights" of the Form were baffled. Luckily for us and our honour the bell went just as things were growing intolerable and uttering fervent prayers for the inventor of that redeeming instrument we gladly escaped to our several homes. We afterwards learned that our visitor was Assistant to the Superior General of the Christian Brothers.

Quite recently our French Oral Examination was held in the school. As the results of this are not yet definitely known we will not comment on it beyond saying that the mien of the French Master next day was not encouraging.

A few days ago we were invited to a French Debate by the Sixth. Although we tried to look very knowing and professed to understand every word, the remarks of some, at the conclusion, leave room for doubt as to the

genuineness of their endeavour.

The very next day we were further indebted to Mr. Curtin and the members of the Sixth, for we were entertained to two acts from *Le Voyage de M. Perichon*. As Mr. Curtin said, taking all facts into consideration the effort was not wasted.

To those who will leave this term never to return as scholars the Form bids good-bye and wishes the best of luck in their new sphere of life and their entrance into manhood.

GERALD F. BURKE.

A. J. MAGINNIS.



FORM LOWER V Modern.

As the "copy" submitted from eight or nine boys was too long for publication the following extracts are given:—

Monday morning, what a fag! You must arise and begin a week of torment—er, pardon, of work. What a weight the bag seems to be—feels like lead. Well, let's grin and bear it. The classroom is empty, but towards a quarter to nine in come the boys, some tired, others—lucky dogs—happy as a dog with two tails.

R. CARROLL.

As we Lower Va Moderns had no Easter Exams, the coming tests will seem more difficult and strange. In three weeks time we will be grinding away, rueing the hours which we wasted during lessons, and the inattention which we paid. Everybody now is striving to make up for lost time, but a few fellows, the masters' nightmares, have still decided to wait until the night before the Exams. What a flurry then! Books all upset, now a peep into Ovid, another into Caesar, and now a glance at a Latin Grammar.

Meanwhile the Masters revise all the previous work, hoping (perhaps in vain) that the dutiful pupils will take it all in, but not let it out too soon. Extra work is added on, and written exercises become more hurried and scrawled, as their diligent writer devotes more time to "swot" for the Exams.

W. COLLINS.

The House system progressed excellently, and every Wednesday afternoon saw a large assembly from our Form at Fazakerley prepared to assist their houses.

A member of our Form, J. McPherson, was honoured by being picked as goalkeeper for Sefton 1st XI, while J. Murphy obtained a place in Mersey 2nd XI. During the course of this term, we saw a stupendous kick by J. D'Arcy, who succeeded in scoring a goal between two chimney-pots in Beacon Lane from the yard. On the advent of the cricket season, many were disappointed to discover that it was not given the same time as had the football. Perhaps this note may bring about the required change. Congratulations to J. Murphy on getting his place in the School cricket 1st XI. No mean performance for a member of the Lower V.

R. WHITE.



FORM LOWER V Science.

We have been informed by Whalley that a depression from London is moving in this direction. The further outlook is therefore rather disquieting but the thought of brighter days buoys up our drooping spirits. As the depression approaches we realise that Richard is not the only person who wasted time. Balmer is showing signs of burning midnight oil. It would be very beneficial

for him as well as for some other sprinters to consider the advantages of early rising.

The School Sports gave us an opportunity of displaying our athletic powers. The number of prizes obtained bears ample testimony to the fact that Lower V Science are not book-worms. We congratulate the winners and sympathise with those who contested so well. Murphy, who won the Junior Championship, and Davis, whose honours were second to Murphy's, deserve special mention for their splendid performances. It is not generally known that Davis can run from here to Pier Head in thirteen minutes: so he says and nobody contradicts. (How long for the reverse journey? Ed.).

The School Orchestra contains no less than five representatives from the A class. Pratt and Bluett were the leaders of the first and second violins respectively at the Speech Day celebrations. We never hear any melodies from the B class. Probably they believe that "unheard melodies are sweeter."

We take this opportunity of congratulating Moore on his heroic act, which resulted in his being bitten by a pup. This necessitated cessation of homework and so he spent the evening hiking after the manner of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Owing to the proximity of the Examinations the "Yo-yo" craze has stopped and Coyne, the professional, is resting. Nothing remains now to amuse him and the rest of his kin and kind except the depression.



FORM IV Modern.

Summer holidays are near: our predominant feeling is one of joy. When they arrive, we shall all be like friend Scrooge on that Christmas morning and do silly things—quite naturally!

The holiday should benefit these IV's (a) Who get up late ; (b) Who miss the tram ; (c) Whom a full one passes contemptuously by ; but not—not those who attend Dental Clinics on school-days. An advertisement announces the Playhouse is closed for Summer session. Many more 100% talkies too will be idle.

We all figured in the Sports, and had quite an enjoyable day. A few missed—the rain was to blame ; must have had a dry day at home. A coming marathon runner is J. Keaney, who was second best in the Inter-School half mile. J. Pellegrini helped to uphold the honour of the Form.

The IV's possess not only outstanding vocal talent and lingual dexterity, but also histrionic ability—witness the Operetta on Speech Day, the burden of which rested on the shoulders of L. Murphy (King) and M. Fitzsimons (Ogre).

In erecting and adorning May and June altars we helped to keep up the pious custom of the Christian Brother Colleges. All joined heartily in the hymn at the end of prayers—even those that couldn't and shouldn't but would.

J. G. has some illuminating information *re* the Congress. To quote : “ During the Mass was used St. Patrick's Bell—over two thousand years old.”

Some of the sentimental A's were bitterly disappointed at the conclusion to “ Le Roi des Montagnes ”—They did *not* live happy ever after.

We all join in wishing our Teachers a very pleasant holiday—which, honestly, we think they deserve.



FORMS IVa Science.

This last term has not been marked by many out-of-the-ordinary happenings. Everything has run smoothly, and now the Exams and

a delightful prospect of eight weeks' holiday lie ahead. I may say that the usual course of events was a little disturbed by the advent of a new scholar—a black kitten. This afforded us quite a little fun before it was expelled from school at 9-20 a.m., after a school career of twenty minutes.

I am sorry to say that the class has been visited by a new type of disease—“ Yo-yo ” fever—and there are only about ten boys unaffected by it.

A few weeks ago we were visited by a member of the Brotherhood, who examined us on our knowledge of Religious Doctrine. He put his questions very nicely and did not hinder us in the least ; and although, when the examination was over, he said we had done quite well, I am afraid (let me whisper it) we did not do too well.

We spent several gym. days practising the exercises for the School Sports, which passed off quite well. It was rather disappointing that Saturday should have been so rainy and dull after the splendid weather of the preceding week, but after all, who wants to run races on a really hot day ? Our Form was not conspicuous by its successes, but a few of our “ stars ” did shine.

The latest incident is that of Speech Day. It was a disappointment (to some) to find that no Form Prizes were to be given, but the idea of having a hand in the building of the Cathedral helped to make up. Besides, whereas only three boys would have taken prizes, everybody had a holiday, and so the vast majority of boys were quite pleased with the arrangement, especially as the weather behaved so well.

We were represented in the Orchestra by McNamara, F. Killen, and A. Williams, who helped very much to make the item as good as it was.

In the main item on the programme : “ The Charcoal Burner's Son ” our Form supplied two principal actors in V. Rogers

and E. Simmons, who both got right inside their parts and performed really creditably. We also had two members of the Chorus in F. Killen and G. McLoughlin.

We were pleased to note Brother Roche's return to duty after his illness, and wish to express the hope that his health will not let him down again.

E.S. AND Y.Z.



FORM IVb Science.

During the past term many changes have taken place in our class. First the class has been divided into three sections; one section for the cleverest in the class, the next for those who are not too bad at work, and last of all a section for the weak ones.

In the Sports Lloyd, McGuinness, Redmond and Rossiter got prizes. We also had a good gym. display in which our class were in front. The display was a great success all but for a few small mistakes. As the school is divided into Houses the boys seemed more interested in the Sports.

Two weeks ago we had a play called "The Charcoal Burner's Son" in which Richmond, out of our class, was a leading star. The Archbishop attended the Play and was very pleased with it.

We were all glad to see G. Howell, F. Sloan and M. Ayley come top of the class at the Easter Exam.; also J. Rossiter for coming top in Religion.



FORM III Alpha and Beta.

On the first day of this term we received a pleasant surprise, for Brother Walsh, our Form Master, who had been absent through illness all the Easter term, was back. We hope he keeps well.

Our class played a very big part in "The Charcoal Burner's Son." Five were in the Army, and one was in the School Orchestra. We were very jealous of the "brave" soldiers in Mr. Hosker's Army.

Three boys, Topping, Penlington and Rooney won prizes on Sports Day, and O'Brien was in the Mersey Relay team which won.

Curran just got in front by one mark in the term Exam. Kelly made it a great race. Maybe he'll do better next time! Harding also took a very good third place.

Who was the boy who when he heard that another boy would be away for two months sick, said "I wish I was him?"

One day during religious instructions a tall Brother came in, whom we afterwards found out to be the Religious Examiner. Only one or two of us missed the questions and from appearances he seemed very satisfied.

We must extend our sympathy to Hebron, whose father died on the way home from Hong Kong. Very hard luck indeed—R.I.P.

The best part of the Archbishop's speech was when he gave us a free day. Our Form would have cheered to now if we hadn't been stopped. We like speeches like that.

If we had been waiting for gate-money from cricket this term, the Form would have been "broke." You can only shout at the weather.

The Form delights in being called the noisiest in the College; but we have to pay dearly for our fame.

The parents must have liked the School on Sports Day—everything looked so fresh. All hands are fearing the coming Exams, even the "swots."

Last term's notes for the III's were lost and we couldn't find them in the *Mag*. Let us hope these will be there, for we still think III alpha has the best room in the School because it is the best Form in the School.



FORMS IIIa & IIIb.

Three months have passed since we were last interviewed regarding our "goings-on" in class. I think at that time we made a name for ourselves as regards volubility. We took up so much space in the *Mag.* that the III alpha's and beta's didn't so much as get a look in. Not wishing to be intentionally rude to them, we have decided to give them a chance, and in a short space to fulfil the requirements of "Form Notes."

First of all on returning this term we got three new additions to the Forms: J. Kehoe, D. Hendry and C. Beggs, besides L. Clarke who after six months absence decided to turn in for the "las (t) lap" as he called the summer term. We were soon in full swing preparing for the Exams, which we are all confidently hoping will show those fellows in III alpha and beta which is the best Form in the III's.

As regards Sports Day we didn't do too badly, obtaining several second and third places, while K. Ashton "walked away" with the 100 yards, 220 yards, and Variety Race of his division.

At Speech Day we were represented both on the stage and in the orchestra. G. Sutton, Form IIIb's prefect, played the part of Princess splendidly, while P. Richardson and G. Hickman, in the orchestra, showed us what they really can do—even when they have their back up against a very stiff piece of Bach.

As far as cricket is concerned we have played very little this term. It seems there has been a conspiracy abroad to rob us of our game this year. All the Church festivals have fallen on a Thursday, consequently we didn't have our games. Even when a holiday did fall on a Wednesday, as for example June 29th, Thursday found us in school all day. "Never mind," as one of those seniors said (I think he was a Science man—

yes, he must have been) "Our turn will come in 1937 when most of the Church holidays fall on a Thursday." He seems to be pretty confident we'll still be in the III's in 1937. Of course those Scientists do take a great deal for granted. (Of the three Church holidays that occur in Summer term "most of them" always fall on Thursday.—Ed.).



FORM II.

The opening of the Summer term saw no further increase in our numbers and work was recommenced immediately. The outstanding events of the term, namely Sports Day and Speech Day, found Form II well represented. At the Sports there were sixteen boys in the finals and five proved victors; J. Hayes being successful in three events. At the Cathedral Hall on Speech Day another boy, V. Hull, contributed to the evening's entertainment, taking the part of a soldier "of the bravest Army that ever sailed the sea."

We hear that D. Devlin is to leave us this term to enter St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College. We tender him our best wishes for his success. At the moment Exams. and holidays are in the offing—both have to be gone through before we return in September, hoping to find ourselves in a higher Form.



FORM I.

At the end of the Football Season our Form asked to be allowed to play Cricket on Wednesdays for the Summer term, but the teacher thought that base-ball would be a better game for young boys and got permission from Brother Roche to have it. At first we did not like the idea of playing

what we called a "girl's game" but now that we have learned the correct way it should be played we are delighted with it and look forward to our Wednesday afternoons. Up to the present the Red and White team have won the most matches. One reason for this is they have such good "catchers" as Keenan and Beswick. The last game was so good that the final score was 20-19 for the Red and White.

B. FORSHAW.

Form I did very well at the Sports and won nine prizes. Two boys, Keenan and Morris, won two prizes each and kept up the honour of their class by winning from boys older than themselves. Nicholson must be very fond of eggs as he carried off a prize in the Egg and Spoon Race.

Bligh and Forshaw made one of the best wheel-barrows and got a nice prize for their trouble.

S. MURPHY.

An Interlude

AN interesting event of the Summer Term was a lecture given by the Very Rev. Brother J. P. Noonan, Superior General of the Christian Brothers on his recent tour of America. As one would naturally expect his talk was mainly on the system of Secondary Education in that country.

He told us of his visit to one of the very latest of State Schools in the Eastern United States, where there were more than ten thousand students (sensation). He explained how the School worked in relays. School began early in the morning and finished late at night; relays of students coming and going all day long. It is to be assumed, of course, there were relays of masters as well.

His talk provided us with an interesting and brilliant example of how to undo the Gordian knot. They have solved the exam. problem in America by abolishing exams. How we did wish that some of these American Specialists in Education got control over here for a while. Just think of it—No exams! Attendance at lectures is the main thing that counts. Of course, as one might expect,

admission to these schools is secured only after a very searching test.

We had not settled down in the pleasurable state of feeling that the consideration of a world with no exams. naturally engenders when Brother Noonan still further excited our interest—I had almost said envy—by telling us of the immense importance given to sport and athletics in the state schools. They take these things far more seriously than we do even here in England. Rightly or wrongly, the impression we got was that the Americans regard the healthy body as even more to be desired than the healthy mind.

A lamentable feature of these Schools, said Brother Noonan, is the total absence of religious training or of religious influences of any kind. The American students are quite decent fellows, he thought—kind, obliging and ever keen about "playing the game"—but the lack of religious training could not fail to leave their moral fibre wanting in that stiffening which is essential for every man in his hour of trial. It would look as if those responsible for the running of the State Secondary Schools in America have not

assimilated the doctrine that "Not in bread alone doth man live." Catholics in these schools are not provided for religiously. Occasionally a Catholic master would endeavour to get the Catholics together at "free periods." But although the Heads were almost always sympathetic to such movements, as attendance was optional, the result left much to be desired. At the

most this was only touching the fringe of a very big question.

Time cut short a more than usually interesting talk, and we one and all much regretted that Brother Noonan was unable to stay another day to continue his very interesting narrative.

D. J. DOYLE (VIA. Mods.).

Annual Sports

THE Annual Athletic Sports were held in tolerably good weather on Saturday, June 11th, 1932. There was a very fair attendance considering that there was a slight drizzle from 1-30 to 3-0 p.m. which prevented many from coming.

The Drill Display was very effective, and was a more attractive item than any of the "events." It was, however, a little lacking in precision, which perhaps is not to be wondered at when the number of boys is considered, and when one remembers that there was no rehearsal with the band. The band, by the way, was very highly spoken of, and all were unanimous on the excellence of its programme.

Right Rev. Monsignor Molony, O.B.E., M.C., presented the prizes and then gave a short address to the boys in which he reminiscently mentioned having put a cricket ball through one of the windows "in the days of yore," but anyone looking at Monsignor would not be surprised that his mighty arm had accomplished such a feat—and that he had enjoyed it too!

RESULTS.

Egg and Spoon Race—Div. B.—1st, J. Hayes; 2nd, L. Smith; 3rd, L. Rooney.
100 Yards (Section 1)—Div. C.—1st, V. Jack; 2nd, R. Penlington; 3rd, J. McWade.
100 Yards (Section 2)—Div. C.—1st, C. McGuinness; 2nd, P. Lloyd; 3rd, A. Guinan.

100 Yards (Section 1)—Div. D.—1st, J. Davies; 2nd, G. Pellegrini; 3rd, M. Murphy.
100 Yards (Section 2)—Div. D.—1st, H. Smith; 2nd, B. Kivlin; 3rd, G. Atherton.
80 Yards—Div. A.—1st, T. White; 2nd, A. Morris; 3rd, E. Mahoney.
100 Yards—Div. E.—1st, J. Redmond; 2nd, A. Downey; 3rd, J. Rosario.
100 Yards—Div. F.—1st, D. Robinson; 2nd, T. Jackson; 3rd, J. Bonney.
100 Yards—Div. B.—1st, K. Ashton; 2nd, L. Rooney; 3rd, J. Hayes.
Egg and Spoon Race—Div. C.—1st, R. Larkin; 2nd, C. Glynn; 3rd, V. Logan.
Egg and Spoon Race—Div. A.—1st, R. Brown; 2nd, G. Nicholson; 3rd, T. White.
Sack Race—Div. B.—1st, F. Topping; 2nd, F. Atkins; 3rd, K. Ashton.
220 Yards—Div. D.—1st, J. Davies; 2nd, M. Murphy; 3rd, F. Briscoe.
Relay Race—*Junior*—1st, Mersey and Sefton; 2nd, Hope.
220 Yards—Div. E.—1st, S. Redmond; 2nd, A. Downey; 3rd, E. Woods.
Wheelbarrow Race—Div. A.—1st, B. Keenan and A. Morriss; 2nd, P. Bligh and B. Forshaw; 3rd, J. Coogan and E. Mahoney.
SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP—220 Yards—1st, J. Redmond; 2nd, J. Bonney; 3rd, D. Robinson.
Sack Race—Div. D.—1st, A. Gutman; 2nd, T. Smith; 3rd, F. Frayne.
Variety Race—Div. A.—1st, E. Mahoney; 2nd, B. Keenan; 3rd, P. Bligh.
JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP—220 Yards—1st, M. Murphy; 2nd, J. Davis; 3rd, J. Keenan.
440 Yards—Div. F.—1st, G. O'Brien; 2nd, D. Robinson; 3rd, G. Lunt.
Variety Race—Div. B.—1st, K. Ashton; 2nd, J. McGhee; 3rd, J. Hayes.
Obstacle Race—Div. E.—1st, P. Horan; 2nd, S. Higgins; 3rd, J. Draine.
Obstacle Race—Div. F.—1st, R. Robinson; 2nd, L. C. Chambers; 3rd, J. F. Richardson.
Old Boys' Race—220 Yards—1st, R. Fallon; 2nd, T. Whelan.

Hurdles—Div. E.—1st, S. Redmond; 2nd, L. Chambers; 3rd, J. Murphy.

Hurdles—Div. D.—1st, B. Kivlin; 2nd, M. Murphy; 3rd, P. McNamara.

Hurdles—Div. F.—1st, J. Bonney; 2nd, W. Davis; 3rd, _____

220 Yards—Div. C.—1st, F. Lloyd; 2nd, P. Linton; 3rd, C. McGuinness.

Three Legged Race—Div. D.—1st, H. Smith and C. Ayley; 2nd, C. Redmond and J. Rossiter; 3rd, J. Davis and E. Green.

880 Yards—Div. D.—1st, J. Davis; 2nd, J. Keaney; 3rd, G. Sinnott.

Wheelbarrow Race—Div. C.—1st, J. Killen and T. Campbell; 2nd, F. Banks and P. Hagedorn; 3rd, J. Edge and J. Glynn.

Sack Race—Div. C.—1st, F. Killen; 2nd, P. Linton; 3rd, P. Lloyd.

220 Yards—Div. B.—1st, K. Ashton; 2nd, J. Hayes; 3rd, L. Rooney.

One Mile—Div. F.—1st, G. O'Brien; 2nd, G. Lunt; 3rd, E. Burke.

One Mile—Div. E.—1st, E. O'Brien; 2nd, E. Wood; 3rd, J. Chambers.

440 Yards—Div. D.—1st, J. Davis; 2nd, J. Keaney; 3rd, F. Briscoe.

High Jump—Div. D.—1st, C. Ayley; 2nd, M. Murphy; 3rd, G. Palmer and L. Mulhearn.

Long Jump—Div. D.—1st, M. Murphy; 2nd, L. Mulhern; 3rd, G. Pellegrini.

High Jump—Div. E.—1st, S. Redmond 5 ft. 4 ins. *; 2nd, L. Chambers, J. Devine.

* *School Record.*

High Jump—Div. F.—1st, J. Bonney; 2nd, R. J. Healy.

Long Jump—Div. E.—1st, S. Redmond; 2nd, G. Devine and L. Chambers.

Long Jump—Div. F.—1st, J. Bonney; 2nd, W. Davis; 3rd, J. F. Lloyd.

Relay Race—*Intermediate*—1st, Hope; 2nd, Sefton.

Relay Race—*Senior*—1st, Hope; 2nd, Mersey.

Pole Vaulting—1st, J. Field.

Inter-House Tug-of-War—*Junior*—Hope.

Inter-House Tug-of-War—*Senior*—Sefton.

Consolation Race—Div. C & D.—1st, G. Atherton; 2nd, H. O'Mahony.

Consolation Race—Div. E. & F.—1st, P. Lloyd; 2nd, H. Moore.

Throwing the Cricket ball—Div. F.—1st, P. J. Healy; 2nd, P. McCarthy.

Throwing the Cricket ball—Div. E.—1st, K. Hickman; 2nd, L. Chambers.

VICTOR LUDORUM—S. Redmond (36 points).

Runner-up—J. Bonney (24 points).

OLD BOYS' CHALLENGE CUP—Sefton.

The School gratefully acknowledges the receipt of

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Going South

THIS is a short account of a journey from Liverpool to Southampton by motor coach.

At nine o'clock the coach left Mount Pleasant and was soon speeding along Prescott Road leaving Liverpool behind cloaked in smoke. The route through Warrington to Holmes Chapel was without interest and at eleven o'clock we found ourselves amongst the kilns and chimneys of Staffordshire. Potteries were everywhere and stacks of tiles and bricks stood beside the kilns on the roadside. The fact that these works were not surrounded by either walls or hoardings excited the interest of the passengers. A most interesting view was gained from the hill tops of the valleys dotted with factories and cut off from the sunlight by a smoky haze.

Newcastle-under-Lyme, a town of some size in this area, was dark and depressing and industrialism was stamped on the faces of its inhabitants. However, we soon left all this smoke and dirt behind and passing between Birmingham and Coventry we arrived at Kenilworth.

Here we stopped for lunch opposite the ruins of the castle. The latter is a commanding old pile standing on a hill at the north end of the town. It sets imagination working—looking beautiful in the summer sunshine, which tints and gives it warm touch. Kenilworth also boasts a ford and all vehicles must go through it for there is only a foot-bridge across the stream, which crosses the road at right angles. The passage through the stream afforded much interest and a topic of conversation for the passengers.

After travelling for another quarter of an hour we reached Warwick. It is a town of narrow streets which were not made for

modern traffic; but although they cut down motorists' speed they give a quaint air to the town. There are many old buildings, which have seen kings and queens and historical figures and these add romance and beauty to the town.

Next comes Shakespeare's birthplace with its market in the main street. Here on Fridays one can buy anything in the food line and all household goods from stalls set up in the middle of the road, which is very wide. On other days it is a car park with roadways each side. The Avon is quite wide at Stratford and from the number of boats and punts moored to the banks the river is a popular resort. The scenery from this point on is very pretty, although the country is rather flat up to Oxford.

We passed through Shipston-on-Stour at 3-45 p.m. and this small town seemed wrapt in sleep—It is one of Shipston's characteristics, I think.

Then followed a drive through pretty villages which exhibited the same sleepiness as Shipston—that afternoon drowsiness so familiar in some form-rooms on a summer's day. Oxford was reached at five o'clock.

One cannot picture Oxford without having visited it. The coach passed the old Colleges with their beautiful architecture and old-world appearance. They face a wide road along which one or two coaches, drawn by beautiful spirited horses and driven by liverymen, still pass. The town is old and rich with noble spires and proud old halls and churches. It also has modern suburbs, avenues lined with blossoming trees and modern villas. But a poor Upper V alpha such as myself cannot do justice to such an inspiring town.

Leaving Oxford bathed in the evening sunlight we speeded through village and valley, past barns and poultry-yards, corn-fields and farm-yards, through the beautiful country of Berkshire to Newbury. Here we stopped for tea and then away over the downs on the last stretch of our long journey.

The hills on this run are very high and steep and the rush down them is really thrilling. From their tops one can see for miles over a vast expanse of uncultivated land which can only be used for sheep-rearing. The scene presented by the Downs at twilight is one never to be forgotten.

We arrived at the old capital, Winchester, at about 7-35 p.m. but didn't stop to see the Cathedral and College. From Winchester to

Southampton we were on a pretty road flanked with woods and very hilly. This road is busier than the others but in half-an-hour we were driving down the Avenue and viewing Southampton Common on our right. Within ten minutes we had alighted at Southampton—our journey over.

But a few words about Southampton. Most Liverpool people imagine it as a second Liverpool; on the contrary it is a small but pretty town, has many historical buildings and is without Liverpool's sooty atmosphere. In only one feature is it like Liverpool, that is in being a seaport. It may interest Edwardians to know that the headmaster of the Catholic Elementary School in Southampton is an Old Cathinian. E.B.

Music Notes

DURING this term the energy of both the Choir and the Orchestra was directed towards the production of musical items for the Speech Day. Hard work was done by both Societies and an excellent Programme was rendered. By far the most outstanding item was an Operetta "The Charcoal Burner's Son" sung by members of the Choir and produced by Mr. Hosker, with musical direction by Mr. Boraston. This is the most successful venture for some time and much credit is due to the producers and to the boys who took part in it.

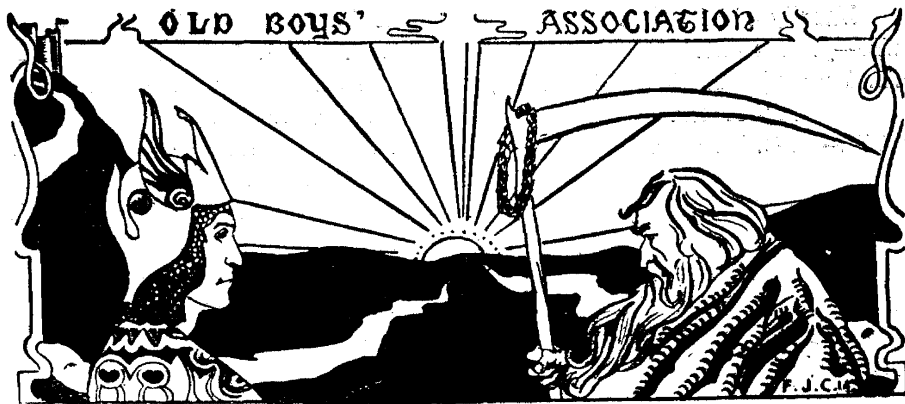
We wish to thank Mr. B. McKey for his great assistance in forming an orchestra to accompany the Operetta, also his family (Messrs. G. and James McKey) and friends (Messrs. J. Mayne and V. Parker) for playing. In particular we would like to mention Mr. G. McKey who put in a day's work at the Cathedral Hall, preparing it for the performance. He supplied lights for the music stands and arranged hidden seats for the Choir thereby enabling the producers to

practise a "trick" on the audience by giving them the impression that the vast volume of sound produced came from the few visible on the stage.

Our own Orchestra is progressing quite well, but we are still suffering from a dearth of instruments other than the violin, and from lack of interest on the part of the Seniors. One solution of the difficulty is to wait until the present members become Seniors, but still we would appreciate support from the present Seniors, and especially from the Sixth. In this connection perhaps it would not be out of place to repeat an announcement which was made in the last issue of the *Magazine*, namely that Mr. Boraston can arrange for any boy to learn any instrument at the School and at reduced fees. The most recent entrances to the Orchestra are G. McCavish (L.VA. Sc.) and R. Hughes (IIIB.).

The first Memorial Mass for the late Brother Leahy was celebrated on Monday, April 18th, the music being sung by the School Choir.

L.A.P.



Old Boys' Notes

AT the Annual General Meeting of C.I.E.A. held recently Mr. John Curtin was elected President in succession to Mr. George Rimmer who did so much for the Association during his year of office. We wish the new President a pleasant and successful year. Mr. Arthur Maguire was elected Vice-President.

The post of Secretary, which had been so long and so faithfully filled by Mr. Arthur Maguire whom pressure of business prevents from continuing in that office, was conferred by vote on Mr. Gerard Waring whose energy and enthusiasm will assuredly accomplish great things for C.I.E.A. The other office holders were re-elected—a tribute to them both—Rev. John Kieran as Chaplain, and Mr. Austin Power as Treasurer. Full particulars of this and other meetings will appear in the next issue of the *Magazine*.



The Anniversary Requiem Mass for Rev. Brother Charles Sebastian Leahy was sung in Our Lady Immaculate's Church on the 18th April. This Mass has been founded in perpetuity by the Association. The celebrant was Rev. J. Kieran; Rev. G. Kieran and

Rev. T. Healy were deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Rev. A. Darragh was Master of Ceremonies. The whole School was present as well as several Old Boys. The College Choir rendered the music of the Mass in its usual good style under the baton of Mr. Fred Boraston.



SUCSESSES OF OLD BOYS AT THE UNIVERSITY (July 1932).

Faculty of Arts.

B.A. (Honours) School of History, Class II,
Div. 2. PATRICK HAGAN.
B.A. (2nd year Exam.) G. MELIA.
Diploma in Education :
W. F. FARRELLY, B.A.
J. MURPHY, B.A.

Faculty of Science.

M.Sc.—W. J. LOWE.
B.Sc. (Honours) School of Maths., Class I,
Div. 2.—A. G. MORGAN.
School of Chemistry, Class II, Div I.—
J. HAGAN.
Final Examination, 2nd year.—D. G. FLYNN.

Faculty of Medicine.

M.B., Ch.B.—J. HIGGINS.
 M.B., Ch.B., Part B (Passed in Public Health) :
 S. CULLEN.
 M.B., Part II.—J. G. ROGERS.

Faculty of Engineering.

B.Eng. (Honours) School of Metallurgy, Class I:
 W. M. DOYLE.
 School of Civil Engineering, Class 2 :
 G. F. MERCER.
 2nd year Examination :
 J. M. BOLD.
 T. McGRATH.



Stephen J. Browne (O.C.I. & S.E. 1919-26) is thus reported in *The Formby Times* of April 9th, 1932.—

"Thanks To John."

Mr. Stephen J. Browne, a local playwright, made his debut on Tuesday evening at the Guild Hall, Formby, when Our Lady's Parish Players performed his comedy in three acts "Thanks to John," which was given a hearty reception by a large and appreciative audience. He has a well-devised plot and a neat turn for humour, and his play is well up to the average of those presented by touring companies which do not rely on West End productions. If he perseveres he has a prospect of reaching the West End standards.



From *Liverpool Echo* (12-4-32) :

A.D. 1811.

No. 156.—St. Domingo House, Everton, sold to Government in 1811. What did they do with it?

Answer.—Why the Government bought St. Domingo House was always a mystery. They paid £25,000 for it, which was an absurdly high figure.

It belonged to the Sparling family, the last of whom died at Bath in 1810. The house was a very large one, containing over 40 rooms, and the gardens covered 6 acres.

The only use the Government put the house to was as a residence for Prince William of Gloucester when he was in Liverpool in command of the troops. The house was afterwards sold to the Roman Catholics, and is now St. Edward's College.

**SIMMARIAN LETTER.**

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,
 STRAWBERRY HILL,
 MIDDLESEX.
 May 25th, 1932.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Simmaries calling again! with certificate examinations only a month away, and degree finals three weeks off, it is quite a relief for sorely harassed (?) students to turn their thoughts away from the drab monotony of "swot" and lectures. And the atmosphere of this term has not been at all favourable to study. Holidays have been frequent—frequent enough to make us wish for more, and to satisfy those bed loving students whose souls revel in lying in of a morning. Then there was Inter-Coll. Day (of which more, anon). And, finally the weather, which so far, cannot by any means be grumbled at. A week or so ago the Coll. was basking in a tropical heat wave; the lawn was crowded with card tables, at which sat bridge enthusiasts in shirt sleeves; with sun bathers and with every other nuisance conceivable. Never was there such an exodus from the smoke room, except on one morning at the beginning of the term, when the unexpected advent of four fair flower vendors into the smoke room caused a stampede in which one window was broken and 3½d. was lost.

So much for the lighter side of Simmarian life. Now for the more serious. Out of the six teaching vacancies in Liverpool, five have been given to old Edwardians; these fortunate five being Dan Murray, J. T. Doyle, Joe O'Brien, Jerry Murphy, and Joe Donnelly. Paddy Brosnan and Denis Grannell are going to Birmingham and Jack Bergin to Leeds. These are to be congratulated, and to the half dozen or so Edwardians who have not secured berths as yet, we extend sincere wishes for success in the near future.

In the new Committees which have just been elected, Flaherty and O'Reilly represent us in soccer; West and Flaherty are on the tennis Committee; and Frank McKeown has been elected to show us how to play billiards. But there is one field at least in which we have no representatives this year, that is athletics. This is the first time for the last twenty-six years that Simmaries has won the Inter-Coll. Shield, yet we have no representatives (excepting Teeny O'Reilly, who is reserve hurdler) in the team. Not a single point was contributed by Edwardians to this victory, and St. Edward's, bear in mind, is one of the best represented Colleges at Simmaries. So what about it, you athletes?

Teeny O'Reilly has got his soccer colours this year, while Jerry Rogan, Joe Flaherty and Bill Callander played for the 2nd team. Stan West has forsaken soccer for rugger, and Kerrigan and McHugh (who do everything together) were stalwarts in the 2nd hockey team. They wish to contradict any rumours that they will not join in the hearty welcome to those lucky ones coming here from St. Edward's next term. Tom Kelly's dulcet voice has secured a position (and a free feed) in the choir.—We have not heard him on the bag pipes yet. Bill Redmond is still stroking a banjo in the Coll. Dance Band—that is when he is not engaged in thinking out tricky shots on the billiard table.

Juniors, who have the prospect of teaching

practice looming nearer, will now have to forsake a life of ease for one of toil, and lectures will probably come as a respite after the labour of teaching.

And so, St. Edward's, we leave you, until the next issue of the *Mag* brings us again to your attention. Here's wishing you good exam. results and a long, long vac.

Sincerely yours,

SIMMARIES.



UNIVERSITY LETTER.

July, 1932.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The practice of not praising our own meritorious achievements is, it seems to us, both morbid and inconvenient. So let us avow roundly that the Old Edwardians at the 'Varsity—from the most artistic Arts men down to the most ingenious Engineers—are feeling and looking quite proud of themselves and of their Examination results.

A fortnight ago, before those results came out, we were not quite so happy. Even H. P. McGrath had his doubts; while G. Melia was quite sure that his views on Milton's sonnets would not find favour with the Powers that (most inexplicably) be. The Engineers (Bold, Mercer, McGrath and Doyle) were to be seen herded together in the Union looking as though all were not well with them late and soon. By the way, we overheard the other day a most heated argument between Mercer and Doyle as to the value (if any) of Civil Engineering. Every Engineer is, of course, quite convinced that the world is divided into Engineers and people who, often through no fault of their own, are not so admirably placed. Judge then of our delight when we discovered that there is a hierarchy even among the elect and that one of them may even be called upon to deliver a kind of *apologia pro vita sua*! We do hope that the disputants have settled their differences by now.

On the Science side we had D. G. Flynn, J. Hagan, Hanlon and A. G. Morgan, B.Sc. all trying to look cheerful but being easily beaten by W. J. Loughlin, B.Sc. who had no Exam. just at the moment and never seems unduly worried even when he has. Nolan and Fergus (Law) were free also, so think not, Mr. Editor, that the absence of their names from the results lists means that they have been wasting their talents. On the contrary, J. Fergus has just been elected Secretary of Debates down here—a great honour and one of which he is worthy.

P. Byrne assures us that he had no Exam. worth talking about (a rare admission for a Medical) while J. G. Rogers is still basking in the glory which he drew upon himself last March. But J. Higgins, S. Cullen and P. Hagan had sterner things to deal with, and they evidently took matters very seriously.

Both W. F. Farrelly, B.A. (who has been giving wonderful performances this term as Captain of Tennis) and J. Murphy, B.A. have spent most of their time during the past weeks searching for teaching posts. To hear them discussing the 10% cut in salaries which, they feel pessimistically sure, they will never draw anyway moves us to tears.

Seriously, though, now that results are published we are all feeling immensely pleased—not least because we, like many before us, have done a little to show just what Edwardians can do.

As we told you last time, many of us will be going down this term, and it is the earnest desire of all of us that many more Edwardians will come to the 'Varsity next year. So we wish you every success in your Examinations and hope that all records will be broken.

Best wishes to all,

Yours sincerely,

'Varsity.



UPHOLLAND LETTER.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,

UPHOLLAND,

1st July, 1932.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Promptness, I fear, does not figure in the lengthy list of my virtues, and for that reason I hasten to explain why this letter is so quick an answer to yours. To-morrow and Sunday we shall have no time to stand and stare, for they are visiting-days. The President has decided that those who wish to view the Diocesan Seminary may do so with the maximum of convenience on those two days, and to all who accept the invitation we shall extend a hearty welcome. We like these days even more than our visitors do. A year is not a long time, but it makes you look eagerly for some well-remembered face, some familiar smile. When your relatives live far away in the wilds of northern Lancashire you have frequently to be content with the glassy eye of somebody else's dear ones. Or maybe you patrol the Drive in busy search of parents who will not face a tedious journey for the pleasure of seeing a favourite son who in a few short days will be coming home to batten on them for seven weeks. Though their letters have forbidden you to expect them, yet you will haunt the approaches like some voiceless shade, knowing that it is a false hope which suggests that your people will come after all, and prompts you to scan the faces that have just arrived in a 'bus which bears the mystic legend "Chorley."

Crowds of people come; the grounds are overrun with them—though I do not use the word in an inhospitable sense; they are everywhere, so that, as the old saying is "If you were to toss a paving-stone carelessly from the battlements you would probably hurt somebody," the atmosphere of study is dissipated by the voices of happy mothers who have suffered in uncomfortable charabancs in order to prove to shamefaced fathers

that their Tommy is still alive.

Thus you gather how difficult it would be to do anything of a studious nature on these days, and if you happened to be engaged on the selfless task of writing to your editor you would probably find that your scene glowed with too much local colour. You would ask yourself bitterly why you had not written before the hurly-burly of busy prattlers had made it impossible. And there lies the reason for my promptness. I must get this letter written before the invasion comes, or virtue will not be its own reward.

What little news I have is yours for the asking.

Our *Schola* and the newly ordained priests went to the Pro-Cathedral for His Grace's Jubilee Mass. The only one of the Brothers whom I recognized there was Brother Walsh. According to the last *Magazine* he and Brother McHenry and Brother Burke are the only three who have had six years' residence at St. Edward's. We were very sorry to hear since then of Brother Burke's illness and hope he has recovered. My memories of St. Edward's are mostly memories of Brother Walsh, and mostly pleasant memories. He always says he remembers me—though this may be only his wide charity—and he has exhorted my other five (!) brothers to live up to his fond conception of me. But let me not weary you with maudlin reminiscence. I must proceed with my bit of news.

Many efforts were made to arrange a

cricket match with the Liverpool Simmarians, among whom we hoped to find as many Old Boys as ever, but the matter could not be arranged.

On the feast of SS. Peter and Paul about 150 nuns came out to Upholland for the day, and we had High Mass at 11 a.m. followed by Vespers as usual at 5 p.m.

Since my last letter the following Old Boys have received Holy Orders (*Priesthood*): William Gaughan, Thomas Byrne, Cyril Pilson.

Father Cyril Pilson is a recent find of ours. We have been living together for six years and did not know till lately that he spent seven years at the C.I. There is some reason for this, since his full, rounded form and grave demeanour suggest that his schooldays belonged to a much earlier period than the arrival of the Christian Brothers in Liverpool. Approached by an experienced journalist he should prove a mine of information on details of early domestic life at the old C.I. His was the time of Brothers Malone, Maloney, and Carey. When I asked him about Mr. Jack Curtin, who used to coach us for the "Kay-O-Ra!" his only answer was: "He will remember Wince and me." But there was that far-away look in his eye which told that the pool of memory was stirred

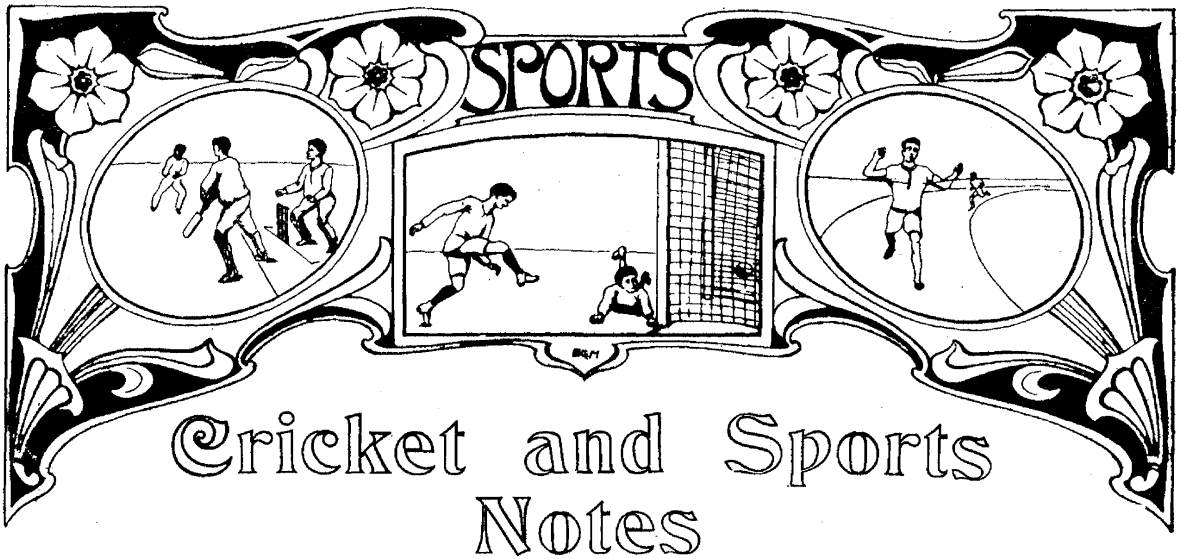
Assuring the *Magazine* of our best wishes,

Yours,

UPHOLLAND.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: St. Francis Xavier's Magazine, Esmeduna, The Quarry, Catholic College (Preston), Holt Hill Magazine, Alsop High School Magazine.



Cricket and Sports Notes

THE cricket enthusiasm so often displayed by St. Edward's in past years has not been maintained during the latter part of the present season. Keen interest was manifested at the opening of the season in Inter-House and Staff games, but quite a few of the Inter-School games played later in the season have been wanting in that keen spirit of rivalry and alert fielding which go far to make cricket the interesting game it is in most schools. We have been able to play all the games on our fixture-list with one exception—versus The Collegiate—but the scores given below do not do much credit to St. Edward's.

The Annual Sports were successfully brought off on the College grounds on June 11th, but as they are separately dealt with it is unnecessary for me to give any details.

In the Inter-College Sports, June 22nd, we had representatives in both Senior and Junior events: J. C. Rice (of the Liverpool Harriers) won the Old Boys race with comparative ease; P. J. Healy carried off 1st in Cricket Ball, and in the Relay race our team got 2nd place after a well contested

struggle; we secured 2nd place in the Junior Half-Mile, while Denson came 2nd in the High Jump being beaten by Stoddard of the Collegiate who made a record.

The 2nd XI showed up much better than the 1st XI and so if the glory of St. Edward's is a little dimmed there is still hope for the future.

Here are the scores of the 1st XI matches:—

Present v. Past.

At St. Domingo Road.

Present.	Past.
Lloyd, b Olston..... 1	Mr. Keating, b Forde... 0
Williams, c Owen	Mr. E. Byrne, b Forde 2
b Alston..... 3	Mr. T. O'Neill,
Thomas, c Meldon,	b Forde19
b Alston 2	Mr. G. Alston,
Kenny, b Alston..... 17	b Kenny..... 8
Forde, b O'Neill..... 2	Mr. T. Harrington,
Keane, c Loughlin,	c Thomas, b Lloyd...25
b Alston 0	Mr. Meldon,
Smerdon, c Curtin,	b Smerdon.....15
b Alston 0	Mr. Loughlin,
Redmond, c Keating,	l.b.w. Smerdon 5
b Alston 9	Mr. Curtin,
Bonney, b Byrne 3	b Smerdon..... 0
Robinson, not out..... 4	Mr. P. Byrne,
Murphy, b Byrne 3	c Redmond,
Extras 12	b Smerdon.....13
	Mr. Alston, not out ... 6
	Mr. Faherty,
	l.b.w. Kenny..... 0
	Extras..... 7
Total56	Total100

School v. Simmarians.

At St. Domingo Road.

School.	Simmarians.
Thomas, b McKenna... 0	Harrington, run out ... 6
Williams, l.b.w. Walsh 1	McKenna, b Doyle.....10
Kenny, b McKenna ... 2	Nolan, run out10
Doyle, l.b.w. McKenna 3	Meldon, c Bonney,
Forde, b Walsh 1	b Forde 0
Smerson, c Walsh,	Walsh, b Forde..... 0
b Callendar 5	McMahon, b Doyle..... 3
Keane, b Meldon13	Faherty, b Doyle 0
Bonney, b McKenna... 0	Callendar, b Forde..... 0
Bobinson, b McKenna 0	Moss, run out..... 0
Redmond, b McKenna 5	Cunningham, not out... 3
Reid, not out..... 0	Keating, b Doyle 1
Extras 3	Extras..... 3
Total33	Total36

St. Edward's v. Waterloo S.S.

At Orrell Park.

St. Edward's.	Waterloo.
Thomas,	Edwards, c Redmond,
c & b Edwards..... 9	b Bonney23
Willaims, b Edwards... 1	Jones, run out 1
Doyle, b George..... 6	Wollerton, c Lloyd,
Kenny, b George 1	b Bonney11
Forde, b Edwards..... 9	Redwan, c Smerdon,
Smerdon, b Edwards... 1	b Bonney 0
Keane, b Edwards..... 0	Tuck, b Forde 6
Bonney, b Edwards ... 0	George, not out..... 8
McHardie, b George ... 5	Maddocks, not out..... 0
Redmond,	Extras 1
l.b.w. George 0	
Lloyd, not out 1	
Extras 7	
Total40	Total (for 5)50

Staff v. School.

At St. Domingo Road.

Staff.	School.
Father Smythe,	Thomas, not out50
b Doyle13	Williams, b Meldon... 6
Mr. P. O'Brien,	Doyle, b O'Neill 1
c Forde, b Doyle ... 4	Kenny, b O'Neill12
Mr. F. Loughlin,	Robinson, c & b O'Neill 2
b Doyle 8	Lloyd, c Meldon,
Mr. J. S. Meldon,	b W. Loughlin 7
b Doyle 5	Jones, c Mulhern,
Mr. H. Faherty,	b W. Loughlin 9
c & b Forde 6	Smerdon, b Kelly11
Mr. J. Curtin,	Forde 6
b Smerdon 9	Extras..... 4
Mr. T. O'Neill,	
b Kenny.....10	
Mr. J. Loughlin,	
b Smerdon 0	
Mr. J. Kelly, b Doyle... 1	
Mr. J. Hosker,	
b Smerdon 8	Redmond, Reid,
Mr. C. Mulhern,	McAleavy did not bat.
c Thomas, b Doyle... 0	
Mr. J. McEnery, not out 0	
Extras 3	
Total67	Total108

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