



St. Edward's College

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School Notes

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all! The year 1933 is fading away, and in a few weeks we shall have entered upon 1934. May it be a happy year for all our readers and one of brilliant all-round success for the School.



Our 'copy' has been so abundant that we have been reluctantly forced to hold over a few articles for a future issue of the Magazine.

We hope this superabundance of literary output is not a mere stunt, but that in future it will be a regular occurrence.



In the House cricket matches, owing to bad weather only one round could be completed and the result of the contest was decided thereon. Domingo were first with 80 points; the other Houses in order were Sefton (50), Mersey (40), and Hope (32).

The Seftons were top among the Senior teams having 34 points to Domingo's 32; but in the Junior teams, Domingo lead with 54 points, Hope coming next with 25.



On the re-opening of the School in September a well-known figure was missing. Brother McHenry had been transferred to St. Boniface's College, Plymouth, after almost fifteen years devoted work in St. Edward's. During these years he had taught in many forms and had endeared himself to both boys and masters, by his straightforward character, his keenness in the class-room and on the playing field, the success of his work, and the interest he took in his Old Boys. We sincerely regret his departure from St. Edward's and wish him continued happiness, good health and success in the sunny south.



The Sixth Form, too, lost its genial Form Master, Brother McDonald, who though barely two years in the College had won the esteem and respect of his pupils, and was a *persona grata* with all the masters. Liverpool's loss is Birkenhead's gain. Brother McDonald was appointed Superior of the new Christian Brothers' College — St. Anselm's — Manor Hill, Birkenhead. The residence of the Brothers is a fine dwelling house built about seventy years ago. The Schools have been newly built and will, when completed, bear comparison with any School on Merseyside. Class-work was begun in the incomplete buildings in September. We wish Brother McDonald a happy and successful time in his new sphere.



Brothers Whitehead, O'Connell, and

McGrath, who had interrupted their work to "practice" on juvenile Edwardians, have returned to their University studies but are still interested in the said juveniles, and the said juveniles have happy recollections of them. Their places have been taken by Brothers Monk, Maingot, Mahony, and Curran, to whom we extend a hearty welcome.



The news has just come to hand that Gordon Pratt won First Prize for Violin Playing at the Walton Musical Festival, playing in the Class for performers under 16. The test piece was "Russian Dance," by Farjeon. We congratulate him and hope this success is the forerunner of many triumphs in the years to come.



For the first time the whole School joined in the singing of the plain-chant Requiem at the Anniversary Mass, on November 28th, in Our Lady Immaculate's for the deceased Brothers, Masters, and boys of St. Edward's. The singing was of very good standard, and was certainly a successful venture, especially as there had been only two practices. The general opinion seems to be that it made the Requiem much more solemn and had a personal appeal to each and all. It should be mentioned that the Offertory, by the cantors of the Choir, was in excellent taste in well rendered plain-chant.



The Christmas Draw in aid of Our Lady Immaculate's has improved on last year's total. This is as it should be as the Monsignor and his brother priests are deserving that we should give them any help in their work that we can.

The appeal of the S.V.P. Junior Conference of the College will, we hope, be also a success as on it will depend how far the activities of its members amongst the poor this Christmas can be carried. The boys in this Junior Conference are to be commended for their zeal and we hope that their charitable effort will bring them its own reward and make them feel all the happier for having made others happy. In this happiness surely those will share who will have subscribed to the S.V.P. funds.



The Archbishop a few days before Armistice day decided to hold the commemorative Requiem Mass on the Cathedral Site. The

notice was short yet 10,000 or 12,000 people, young and old, participated in the Solemn Service. Our School was asked to be present, and Forms VI to III were all brought in four special Tramcars from the College to Oxford Street, whence they marched four-deep along Oxford Street to the "Site." Some one has jokingly remarked that the boys formed a fine youthful army—well, they did! Seats were reserved for them near the towering altar on Brownlow Hill. At nine o'clock the same morning the Sixth Form had attended a Requiem Mass at St. Philip's for the repose of the souls of our Old Boys who fell in the Great War. The Tablet containing 83 names of Old Boys is in the Mortuary Chapel of that Church. It has recently been re-gilded and re-polished.



St. Edward's College S.V.P. (Aspirant) Conference

THIS Conference was established exactly a year ago, but owing to the fact that many of its members left the College last Summer, its numbers were sadly depleted. However, this defect was remedied two months ago, and the Conference is now in successful working order. Membership has been extended, so as to ensure continuity, to the Upper V's and on account of this we now number about twenty-three.

The Conference works in conjunction with that of Our Lady Immaculate's, and indi-

vidual members with their own parish conferences. It has been honoured by the visits of several prominent members of the Society in Liverpool and derived much benefit from their counsel. It is hoped that in future years the Upper School will continue to take an interest in the working of the Conference. The hearty thanks of the Conference is tendered to Bro. Roche and all who co-operated in, and encouraged, its functioning.

T. LANGLEY, *President.*

W. J. BURKE, *Hon. Sec.*

Music Notes

WE are pleased to welcome to the ranks of the Orchestra Patrick McNamara, Thomas Harding (violinists) and Hilary Robinson (cellist). Robinson is the first boy to play the 'cello since the days of Bernard McKey. We reiterate the hope that boys will learn to play the various instruments necessary to an orchestra. By doing so during their school-days, they will be sowing the seeds of many hours of happiness which they will reap in later years.

Having learned the *rudiments only* of the instrument of their choice, they may join the School Orchestra, and thus gain valuable experience in orchestral playing: an experience denied to those attending schools where there is no such society.

In addition to these advantages accruing to themselves they will be helping the social side of School life, and gaining a good name for their Alma Mater.

The Annual Memorial Mass for deceased

members of the School was celebrated in the Pro-Cathedral, on Sunday, November 19th. The "Proper" was sung by members of Form VIa, assisted by members of the Staff; the "Common" being sung antiphonally by the above and members of the boys' Choir.

We wish to thank all for their attendance at rehearsal, and for a creditable rendition of the music during the Mass itself.

The Annual Requiem Mass was sung on Tuesday, November 28th, in Our Lady's Church.

For the first time in the history of the College the music was sung by the whole establishment—Brothers, Masters, and boys.

The "Proper" was sung by the following: J. Dunphy, F. Egan, C. Galvin, F. McGivan, E. McGuinness, and G. Sutton.

Choir and Orchestra are busy rehearsing for the Christmas Concert, at the end of which the curtain drops on the first term of the School year, and thoughts are turned to Christmas—may it be a happy one for us all!

French Debating Society

AS usual this Society was the first to take the field at the commencement of the session. Mr. Curtin has again given us his able services as President. We have only three debates to report, and none of these has been of exceptional standard. Although the speakers have two weeks in which to prepare their address, seldom is an attempt made to deliver it without reference to notes. As M. President has often pointed out, telling arguments are not

of themselves sufficient—they must be delivered with force and conviction. Future debaters, especially the newcomers, should bear this in mind.

The first debate of the season took place on October 13th, when the motion for discussion was: "Que le système judiciaire de la France vaut mieux que celui de ce pays." It was supported by G. Burke, Chambers, and F. Burke; and opposed by Darcy, W. Burke, and Doyle. The brothers F. and

W. Burke both gave creditable performances, the former being congratulated for his delivery. It was decided that the French system was the better.

On October 27th the subject for debate, taken from La Bruyere, was: "Que l'occasion prochaine de la pauvreté c'est de grandes richesses." Hargadon, Jackson, and McDonald (for Edwards) defended the motion against Joyce, Kenny, and Rush (for Kershaw). M. President, after pointing out that none of the speakers showed a full understanding of the significance of the subject, gave a decision in favour of the "Cons," remarking that Rush and McDonald did very well

considering that they had little time for preparation.

The discussion on November 10th was of a higher standard. Langley, Mangan, and McCourt tried to prove: "Que la situation géographique d'un pays en affecte les habitants plus que ne fait l'hérédité," but they were defeated by Edwards, McDonald, and McGreal. Members of VTB were asked "Quelques Mots" for the first time, and two youths were so amazed that they completely forgot their views upon the subject. They were reminded that this was the usual sequence to the debate.

L. McD.

Literary & Historical Society

THE paucity of these notes demands a word of apology at the beginning. We know that in the past these deathless records of great things seen, done, and occasionally left undone, have been, so to speak, the life and soul of the *Magazine*. Let observation, with extended view, survey mankind from China to Peru, and ten-to-one it alights on an old Edwardian, crouching over his brazier in the ice-bound Artic, his numbed fingers feverishly turning the leaves of a year-old organ of the pupils and ex-pupils of the Christian Brothers, Liverpool; his weary eyes searching by the flickering light of the Aurora Borealis for his favourite page; or, perhaps, it finds him stretched in the shade of a *guava* or some such other outlandish tree, heedless of the tropic sunlight, heedless of the strong gongs booming in the

hills half-heard, heedless even of the Hollywood film companies trying to make native films all around him, and failing most miserably. These strong men have a shock coming to them, for, to speak plainly, we have only one debate to write up; our (comparatively) venerable institution has been slow in getting off the mark.

Not that we care over much: rather has it been our practice from time immemorial to let the usual rabble of other societies go their pitiful little ways in peace, long before us. They stream on, and when they have done casting apprehensive glances backwards—a foolish practice, as Lot's wife could testify—we gird on our seven-league boots and, after a few preliminary totters, leave them standing. This is the truth, the whole truth, and very little except the truth.

Well, then, the season opened, after due consulting of the chickens, on November 14th, when the motion "That autocratic government is superior to democratic government" was discussed. T. Walsh and W. Burke defended autocracy against F. Burke and S. Rush; all were of VIa Mods.

Walsh began with a speech that promised well for the debate. He commented that the popular conception of an autocrat was for the most part a misconception; attacking the party system, a democratic institution, he pointed out that a dictator was free from such ties and able to do what he considered best for the good of the state. The speaker also pointed out that democracy caused strife and war quite as much as autocracy. A well-constructed speech was marred to a certain extent by the clumping in of late-comers. F. Burke followed with an arresting speech. By his successful delivery, if by nothing else, he seized his hearers' attention at the beginning and held it. Quoting many examples from history, he attacked autocracy with zest; he remarked that the continued success of such democratic governments as those of England, the United States, and the Third Republic, gave the lie directly to the argument that democracy was a feeble ideal only. This was a lively and entertaining speech, but its caustic comments on

the supporters of autocracy did not go unanswered. W. Burke, the next speaker, threw brotherly love to the dogs—he'd none of it. In a very clear and well-outlined discourse he stressed the fact that autocracy always "works," and defied his opponents to quote an example of a true democracy which had stood the test of half-a-century; his was a well-balanced effort. By this time it was getting rather late, so S. Rush was enjoined to cut his speech short; some think it was a good job. At any rate he endeavoured to point out, firstly, the flaw in the basis of autocratic government, and then to show that it was both transient and impractical, if considered logically. He was so successful as to be accused afterwards of heresy. Nevertheless you will be glad to hear that he did not smell of the faggot and was acquitted without a stain on his character. Mr. Barter remarked that on the whole the 'cons' had had the better of it by a very narrow margin.

That is all for the present, but we believe that in the near future—not, alas! near enough to be reported before going to press—we are to hear a lecture well worth the waiting. We expect the issue in repose. Make sure of reading it by ordering your next copy of the *Magazine Now!*

S.M.R.

Scientific Society

AS much time elapsed before the Society came once more into active existence, this term has not been an eventful one. It has been decided that lectures are to be given only once a fortnight, instead of weekly as last year.

Mr. P. O'Brien gave the inaugural lecture

of the session, choosing the cryptic title, "The King's Arm." This aroused much curiosity before the meeting, and some extraordinary theories were advanced. The lecture itself, we discovered in due course, dealt with measurement. Measurement and a careful choice of units are vital to the

exact sciences. "Without measurement there can be no science," is often drilled into us by one of our masters. Various units of length have been in use at different times, such as the cubit, which was the length from the tip of the middle finger to the point of the elbow; and the yard, which was defined in the time of Henry I as the length of the king's arm. This explained the title of the lecture.

Mr. O'Brien dealt briefly with astronomical, electrical, mechanical, thermal and light measurements, but lack of time prevented him from going deeply into any one subject. The examples chosen were illustrated with admirably prepared slides and all the methods discussed presented ingenious features.

As science advances, the need for more

accurate methods of measurement arises, so now the pointer of a delicate balance is observed through a telescope, lest heat radiated from the body should interfere with the instrument. In the realm of heat, electricity has aided the scientist by increasing the range and sensitivity of his instruments for measuring temperature. Langley's bolometer will measure a rise in temperature of a millionth of a degree Centigrade.

On November 10th, at the invitation of the University Physical Society, we attended a lecture on "The Radio Valve." The intricacies of the wireless valve were, I am afraid, a trifle beyond us, but the next lecture on "The Conduction of Electricity through Gases" should be more within our scope.

T.K.

Examination Results

Prize List.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS

Senior City—PATRICK McCARTHY

Campagnac Scholarship—FREDERICK ROBERTS

Studentships—

WILLIAM CARR FRANCIS REID HUGH J. ROONEY

LEAHY MEMORIAL PRIZE

PATRICK McCARTHY

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

CARR, WILLIAM	MURPHY, GERARD P.
CHAMBERS, LOUIS J.	RICHARDSON, JOHN F.
DOHERTY, LAURENCE	ROBERTS, FREDERICK
KENNY, THOMAS K.	ROBERTS, JOHN A.
LUNT, GEORGE	ROONEY, HUGH J.
McCARTHY, PATRICK	RUSH, STANLEY M.
McDONALD, LEO J.	SMERDON, WILLIAM L.
MORAN, FRANCIS	TAYLOR, WILFRID

MATRICULATION AND SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATIONS

(Candidates marked thus * have been awarded a Matriculation Certificate).

AINSWORTH, CHRIS	FITZGERALD, LESLIE T.
*AMMUNDSEN, JOHN	*FLANAGAN, THOMAS
ATHERTON, GEORGE	FORD, RONALD
AYLEY, CYRIL	FORTUNE, MAURICE J.
*BALMER, WILLIAM J.	FRAYNE, FRANCIS
*BALMER, RICHARD	*GASKELL, JAMES
*BLEASDALE, JOHN	GILES, EDWIN
*BLUETT, ARTHUR	*GRAHAM, THOMAS
BRYSON, FRANK	*GROWNEY, GERARD
*BYRNE, FRANCIS	GUTMAN, ALBERT
BRYNE, MICHAEL	HARGRAVE, ADDISON G.
*CARROLL, ROBERT	*HEALY, JAMES G.
*CLARKE, PIERCE	*HICKMAN, GERARD K.
*COLEMAN, JAMES J.	HOSKINSON, EDWARD
COLLINS, WILLIAM	*HUGHES, ALBERT
*D'ARCY, AMBROSE	HURLEY, MICHAEL A.
*D'ARCY, JOSEPH	*KELLY, JAMES
DAVIS, JOSEPH	LAKE, CHARLES
*DEVINE, GERARD	LAWLER, WILFRID A.
DOWNIE, ARCHIBALD	LELAS, ARTHUR
*DOYLE, WILLIAM J.	LOCKLEY, WILLIAM G.
EVANS, HENRY I.	LOGAN, THOMAS
FEE, JOSEPH E.	*MAGINNIS, ARTHUR J.
FILMER, ERIC	

MAXWELL, ANTHONY
 *MEEHAN, FRANCIS
 MERCER, JOHN J.
 MOORE, JOHN
 MULROY, JAMES
 *MURPHY, MICHAEL
 *MCARDLE, BERNARD
 *MCCARTNEY, PATRICK J.
 MCCAIVISH, GEORGE
 MCCURRY, JOHN
 McDONNELL, FRANCIS E.
 MCFARLANE, EDW. J.
 *MCGOLDRICK, GERARD P.
 *MCMAHON, CHARLES J.
 *MCMANUS, EDWARD W.
 McWADE, JAMES R.
 NELSON, WILLIAM
 *NOLAN, DAVID

*NOLAN, JOSEPH
 O'CONNELL, THOMAS M.
 PATTERSON, NORMA NH.
 PRATT, GORDON F.
 REDMOND, JAMES
 *REID, FRANCIS
 ROBERTS, JOHN F.
 *RICHARDSON, WILLIAM
 *SINNOTT, EDMUND
 SMYTH, DENIS P.
 SUMMERS, OSWALD
 THOMPSON, JAMES
 *TIMMONS, WILLIAM
 WALSH, MARTIN P.
 *WHALLEY, BASIL
 *WHITE, RICHARD
 *WILLIAMS, CHARLES
 *WOODS, WILLIAM

Lower Va Science :—*Religion*...G. SINNOTT
 1st, E. SIMMONS ; 2nd, A. WILLIAMS ;
 3rd, A. MARTIN

Lower Vb Science :—*Religion*...G. HAWKINS
 1st, J. GALVIN ; 2nd, J. OWENS ;
 3rd, T. MORAN

Lower Va Modern :—*Religion*...R. THOMPSON
 1st, J. ATKINS ; 2nd, M. O'REILLY ;
 3rd, H. O'HANLON

Lower Vb Modern :—*Religion*...T. LUNT
 1st, T. LUNT ; 2nd, T. CROSBIE ;
 3rd, L. LOVELADY

IVa Science :—*Religion*...E. BRASH
 1st, E. BRASH ; 2nd, J. KELLY ;
 3rd, C. EDWARDS

IVb Science :—*Religion*...C. COLLINS
 1st, K. CARROLL ; 2nd, L. SMITH ;
 3rd, F. CLARKSON

IVa Modern :—*Religion*...M. ABSALOUR
 1st, J. CURRAN ; 2nd, G. SUTTON ;
 3rd, J. ROWE

IVb Modern :—*Religion*...J. O'BRIEN
 1st, J. O'BRIEN ; 2nd, L. DURKIN ;
 3rd, J. GRANT

III Alpha :—*Religion*...R. POPE
 1st, R. POPE ; 2nd, J. EDWARDS ;
 3rd, L. MCCARTHY

III Beta :—*Religion*...G. BUCKLEY
 1st, A. WELSH ; 2nd, G. WINSTANLEY ;
 3rd, J. GOODWIN

IIIA :—*Religion*...T. McQUADE
 1st, E. LUNNON ; 2nd, F. EGAN ;
 3rd, R. LOMAX

IIIB :—*Religion*...J. QUINN
 1st, T. RYAN ; 2nd, J. QUINN ;
 3rd, J. MCGOWAN

II :—*Religion*...B. FORSHAW
 1st, B. FORSHAW ; 2nd, G. STANDISH ;
 3rd, D. HUGHES

I :—*Religion*...S. LEAHY
 1st, A. ENNIS ; 2nd, S. LEAHY ;
 3rd, F. CHAPMAN

Distinctions

History—RICHARD BALMER, FRANCIS MEEHAN

Latin—RICHARD BALMER

Mathematics—THOMAS GRAHAM, EDWARD MCMANUS,
 BASIL WHALLEY, WILLIAM WOODS

Physics—JAMES G. HEALY, BASIL WHALLEY,
 WILLIAM WOODS

Chemistry—ARTHUR J. MAGINNIS, FRANCIS MEEHAN,
 WILLIAM RICHARDSON, BASIL WHALLEY

CATENIAN PRIZES (£5/5/- each)

Modern Side—RICHARD BALMER

Science Side—BASIL WHALLEY

ANNUAL FORM EXAMINATIONS

Vib Science :—*Religion*...PATRICK McNAMARA
 1st, R. KERSHAW ; 2nd, P. McNAMARA ;
 3rd, V. NORBURY

Vib Modern :—*Religion*...ERIC O'BRIEN
 1st, G. MANGAN ; 2nd, T. JACKSON ;
 3rd, T. WALSH

Upper Va Science :—WILLIAM DOYLE

Upper Vb Science :—WILLIAM TIMMONS

Upper Va Modern :—*Religion*...RONALD FORD

Upper Vb Modern :—*Religion*...THOMAS LOGAN



Poets' Corner

A SONG OF SATURDAY.

A column of youths did I behold,
 Across the yard it slanted,
 And 'gan to march so fine and bold,
 "The Sixth!" I cried, enchanted.
 "The Sixth!" he cried, enchanted.

They marched, they ran, they wheeled,
 they formed
 In lines of four or eight,
 And as they worked, the master stormed
 At peepers through the gate.

Those peepers through the gate!

And thus he cried: "Away! Away!
 This sight is not for you.
 You may come back some other day
 When I have shown them what to do."

Oh! he will show them what to do.

"For now they're green,
 Yes, very green,
 Must not be seen,
 Till all's serene."

L. McDONALD (VIA MODS.).

"FRUSTRATION"

or

The End of the Free Gift Tobacco Coupons.

I used to smoke my cigarette,
 And think of all the things I'd get,
 From useful tea-trays to a set
 Of knives that didn't cut.
 Or I would puff a cheap cigar
 To try to gain a motor car,
 And get perhaps a pickle-jar
 That all too soon went phut.

Alas! those nice enamel bowls,
 Those shoes with wet-resisting soles,
 Those fascinating sausage-rolls,
 Will never now be mine.
 I hoped to have a lot of fun
 With that new fool-proof sporting gun;
 My coupons number twenty-one,
 I should have ninety-nine.

What use now is my longest "chain?"
 I cannot own that clockwork train,
 Or get that smart Malacca cane—
 The time is much too short.
 And what about my leather coat,
 And that fast, racing motor-boat,
 And little Jimmy's woolly goat,
 And Uncle James's port?

I had to buy no end of fags
 To get these old, grey flannel bags,
 I hate to go about in rags,
 And now I'm nearly broke.
 So much for all my cherished dreams,
 This life with difficulties teems;
 How often, too, our best-laid schemes,
 Begin and end in smoke!

CYRIL BELL (UVA MOD.).

THE FRIGHTENED SENTRY.

As the dusky night creeps on us,
 When the light begins to fade;
 All the stars begin to twinkle,
 But then I am afraid.

The night is closing round me,
 Dark shadows lurk around,
 My heart is gripped in terror,
 I cannot hear a sound.

Throughout the silent Watches
I dare not go to sleep,
Stern duty here doth bind me
And I long the dawn to greet.

But at the morn's first glimmer,
With its beams of gold and rose,
My watching then will finish,
And with joy I can repose.

J.G.H. (Vib Sc.).

The King of Paradox

IF the 18th century immediately conjures up in the minds of all true lovers of Literature the wonderful feats of genius of Dr. Johnson, the 20th century will be for ever identified with the name and genius of Chesterton.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton, known however to millions of readers as "G.K.," was born at Campden Hill, Kensington, of Protestant parents, in 1874. In one of his numerous newspaper articles, he says: "I was brought up in a fairly typical middle-class English family"; and it is perfectly true to say that he has remained a representative of the middle-class all his life. He was educated at St. Paul's School, and attended classes at Slade School and King's College.

What must have been the thoughts of that youthful prodigy—for prodigy he undoubtedly was—in those early school days? Was he already looking out into the world, seeing its problems, its difficulties? Was he even in the flower of his youth setting his heart on opposing the evils of monopoly, and already planning the details of the great work which lay ahead of him? We do not know. At any rate Chesterton began his literary career as a reviewer of art books for the *Bookman*. He was definitely of an

artistic tendency, a talent he was to put to great use in his later life when he was destined to add greatly to the amusement of a wide public by illustrating many of Hilaire Belloc's books, in that happily called Chester-Belloc combination.

After his art reviews for the *Bookman* he filled the same role for the *Speaker*, and then his real career began. He commenced to write himself and his genius soon got recognition in many leading periodicals such as *The Pall Mall Magazine*, *The Bystander*, *The Illustrated London News* and many others, to the great majority of which he still contributes. He married in 1901 Frances Blogg, and became a convert in 1922. His wife also became a Catholic in 1926.

It is not, however, by his articles in magazines that Chesterton is so well-known or will be known; his books play the chief part in his claim to fame. He has written about fifty-four of these, including two plays, and his amazing versatility is shown by the wide range of subjects they embrace. Indeed, this versatility is one of his extraordinary characteristics. Like Dr. Johnson—whom by the way he resembles, outwardly at all events—Chesterton seems at home with any subject whatever. Whether he is discussing

some deep philosophical theory, or probing deep into the various tenets of theology, or again writing those inimitable "Father Brown" stories, everything seems to come alike to him; nothing can disturb that facile grace with which his books are characterized.

Something more must be written about those stories of his—I mean those dealing with Father Brown. Although Chesterton has given us a series of only four or five of them, he has definitely created a character who can take his place with those fictitious heroes whom we all love. The short, stumpy figure of the priest with his black umbrella is known to thousands of readers, and has become as familiar and as well-known as Holmes or Blake. Father Brown, however, differs from other detective heroes in his methods of deduction. Not for him the revolver or the other usual detective paraphernalia, but his results are obtained by, if you like, psycho-analysis. What most readers like about him is his manner of explaining the solution of the mystery, for it is always tinged with some of those delightful paradoxes in which Chesterton loves to excel. Indeed, he has been called "The King of Paradox," and no one who has read even one of his books can deny him that title. How intricate they are, seemingly flat contradictions, but how delightfully simple when all is explained. Perhaps no other character of Chesterton's is so well loved as Father Brown; perhaps no other appears so real. This is probably because a living priest inspired this character, namely Father O'Connor of Bradford. No better introduction for a study of Chesterton's works could be recommended than these delightful "Father Brown" stories.

These stories are, however, still only his—shall we call them—"lighter works." Chesterton's real genius, the intellect of the man is pictured for us in those critical essays of his in which we see the vast extent of his learning. Such books as those on Chaucer,

Dickens, and Robert Louis Stephenson, as well as others, all bear testimony to his great scholarship. One factor, however, about Chesterton is his simplicity. Perhaps this is one of the greatest tributes one could pay to his genius. Always does Chesterton manage to make himself understood to the man of average intelligence; always does he manage to present to his readers the essentials of an abstract idea in tolerably, simple language.

Let us not forget, by the way, since we are dealing with Chesterton, his masterly essay on George Bernard Shaw, which was written as long ago as 1909, but which is still discussed avidly as being one of his best works. In this essay Chesterton gives us a beautiful example of his tolerance and generosity towards his intellectual rivals, for while ever ready to defend his Church and fearlessly to denounce the errors of those who speak against it, either on the platform or in the Press, he nevertheless manages to appreciate, and to appreciate sincerely, the real qualities of his opponents. Of this book on Bernard Shaw, Shaw himself wittily remarks "It is the best book that I have provoked."

Another sphere of Chesterton's work which cannot, of course, be omitted is his novels. These are usually filled with those delightful paradoxes which characterize all the author's literary output, and—provided the reader is free from prejudice—the impression they leave is one of real pleasure. The novels cannot be called strictly "light" works in the ordinary sense of the word, nor can they be termed "deep" or "heavy"; but they are full of common-sense and make an undoubted appeal to all intelligent readers. *The Ball and the Cross*, written or rather published in 1910, is the best book I have ever read up to the present. The basis of this book is a series of arguments for and against Atheism, and Chesterton does not fail

to make use of his very broad sense of humour, and contrives many amusing situations which are ludicrous in the extreme. Other notable works of fiction by Chesterton include *The Return of Don Quixote*, which deals with Socialism; *The Poet and the Lunatics*, which is intensely amusing; and the thrilling, *The Man who was Thursday*. Chesterton on the strength of these alone, can surely take his place with honour among the leading writers of fiction.

We come at length to what I regard as the most important of G.K.'s undertakings, namely the editorship of *G.K.'s Weekly* which enjoys a wide circulation. The patriotism of Chesterton is clearly shown in this paper, which he himself says "Stands for, and appeals to, the small and independent craftsman, trader, and shop-keeper." In other words it represents the view of the middle-class to which Chesterton himself belongs. The paper is the organ of what is called the Distributist League, and the League is fortunate in having Chesterton himself as President. This organisation, as G.K. himself says, "Exists to fight Monopoly, whether private or public, in the belief that only when men own the property which is the means of existence can they be free."

Every week through the medium of his paper Chesterton criticises present day events, while in addition, under the heading "Straws in the Wind," he contributes a leading article which the reader can rest assured is replete with both wit and learning. Many leading writers, including amongst others Hilaire Belloc and Arnold Lunn, contribute to *G.K.'s Weekly*.

The reader when once he has realised the vast amount which Chesterton manages to accomplish, when once he has realised the extent of his learning, will wonder how he

gets so much work done. *G.K.'s Weekly* must represent a tremendous amount of responsibility to its Editor. In addition, however, to his paper, Chesterton, as mentioned above, contributes to many other papers, both in this country and in America. Indeed, in *The Illustrated London News* thousands of readers have learnt to know him as the writer of "Our Notebook," which appears every week. As well as all this literary work, which, of course, includes the frequent writing of new books, Chesterton is constantly invited to deliver lectures in the various public halls in the country. He has, indeed, gone on a lecture tour in America, the result being a book emanating from his pen called *What I saw in America*, published in 1922. I must, of course, not omit to mention his visit to Liverpool last year, where to a crowded audience in the Picton Hall, he delivered a truly inspiring address on "Present-Day Problems." It was then that Archbishop Downey, who presided over the lecture, dubbed him "The Dr. Johnson of our time"; and, indeed, this happy title sums up completely, and enables one to understand, the extent of Chesterton's work.

G. K. Chesterton is one of the most brilliant minds that have turned from Protestantism to Catholicism. He is one of the pillars of the Church in this country, and a great debt of gratitude is due from both the Church he represents and the wide public, both Catholic and Protestant, who have grown to love him. Chesterton! What a name!—Its very sound seems to denote solidity and judgment; long may he reign, long may he continue to delight us with the product of his brain, and long may he continue to amuse and instruct an ever-widening host of readers!

WILLIAM DOYLE (Vib. Mods.).



Old Liverpool

HUNDREDS of years ago Liverpool was not at all like the big seaport city it is to-day. Many and varied are the changes which have taken place during these long years. Originally it was only a little fishing village, while Parkgate and Bristol were the chief shipping centres. Parkgate was the leading town for the American and Irish traffic; and the Dee, on which it stands, was a great river when the Mersey was a small rivulet. Alas! what has become of that once famous town? It has fallen into a state of mere oblivion, sans pier, sans ships, sans everything. Bristol is still a large city, but has lost most of its former glory.

Gradually Liverpool grew to a fair-sized town, and about the beginning of the seventeenth century it became a somewhat important place.

Up to the year 1654 there were no docks. In that year a town's meeting of the people was held, and they decided to build a dock and present it to the Corporation. Everyone set to work, and became so enthusiastic at the prospect of having a dock that the men worked for nothing in their spare time. The stones, cement, mortar, and other materials were given free by the small manufacturers of the district. Eventually the dock was finished for the colossal cost of thirteen and fourpence, and was handed over to the Corporation.

The only way of crossing the Mersey, between Liverpool and Birkenhead, was by means of rowing boats. The monks of the Birkenhead Priory owned them and used to row people across for twopence, and large animals for sixpence. When the modern ferry system was inaugurated a charter was

drawn up by which a boat had to cross at least once an hour, irrespective of weather conditions.

Liverpool made its money by slave trading, which trade it took from Bristol. The slaves were captured in Africa and brought to Liverpool, where they were auctioned at the mart at the foot of St. Peter's Church. They were then sent to the West Indies to work on the sugar plantations. The Corporation of the town profited so much out of the "Trade," that they did all they could to keep it alive when Parliament tried to stop it! The Vicar of Liverpool gave a sermon in St. Peter's Church and said that slave trading was quite permissible, because in the Bible it said that Noah cursed his son for laughing at him when he was drunk. He told him that his children would be black and would be the slaves of the white people. Therefore, said the Vicar, slavery was allowed by the Bible and was consequently quite just. This sermon pleased the Corporation so much that they purchased, out of the rates, a whole set of silver plate for the Cathedral.

It was the custom in those far-off days for the gentry to live over their shops, or offices, as the case might be. The main business centre was the Goree Piazzas and the neighbourhood was therefore the leading district of the town.

There used to be a castle where the Queen's Monument now stands in Castle Street. It was from this building that the road obtained its name. About a hundred and twenty-five years ago it was pulled down and St. Peter's Church erected in its place. Some years ago this was also demolished to make room for the monument to Queen

Victoria, which now stands at the junction of Castle Street and Church Street.

The city is now the third largest in England, and it is an established fact that it is one of the greatest seaports of the world. Vessels sail from it to every part of the world and

it has a great percentage of the world's shipping traffic. Its docks stretch for miles, both north and south of the city itself, and one can enjoy many a pleasant day making trips around them.

J. DAVIS (U.Va. Sc.).

A Pre-Reformation Church

THE geography book tells us that Macclesfield is the centre of the Silk industry in Great Britain. The town contains many interesting sights but the chief interest for visitors is the Parish Church, which stands on a hill at the top of a hundred and eight steps and is dedicated to St. Michael. (Macclesfield is a corruption of Michael's Field).

The main body of the Church is modern but it contains a number of interesting and historic carvings and woodwork. Two chapels lead off from the main aisle—the Legh Chapel and the Savage Chapel.

The Legh Chapel was founded in 1422 and restored in 1620 and is now used as a baptistry. In the Chapel is the Perkin-a-Legh brass and tablets to the memory of several Grammar School masters, on one of which is an inscription in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

The Savage Chapel was built in 1504 for a Chantry-Priest by the Archbishop of York, at that time, Thomas Savage, whose tomb is in York Minster. On the west wall of this Chapel is the Pardon Brass erected in memory of Roger Legh, who died in 1506. In the centre of the wall is the monument to Sir John Savage and his wife, Lady Elizabeth Manners. On one side of this is an oil-painting of Sir John Percyrate, the Lord Mayor of London, below which is an alabaster tomb-

stone, thought to be in memory of the father of Bishop Bonner, George Savage, who died in 1552. The doorway beside this leads to the Priests' Chambers above, which contain the sleeping and living rooms of the Chantry Priest. On the south wall is a case of armour belonging to the Commonwealth Period and a monument representing William Legh. In the south-east corner is a monument dedicated to Sir John Savage and Lady Elizabeth Somerset.

On the south wall of the Apse are to be seen the mutilated credence table and piscina with the altar slab of the Savage Chapel, with the five crosses inscribed on it. On the north side is the cupboard or aumbry for holding the sacred vessels.

The last two monuments are in honour of Sir John Savage, K.G., who commanded the left wing at the Battle of Bosworth Field in 1485, and was killed at the Siege of Boulogne in 1492, and of his son, John, who died in 1527.

Within the sanctuary is the monument of Sir John Savage, K.G. and his wife, Katharine Stanley. At the north of the tomb are her daughters; and at the west is a monument of Thomas Savage, the future Archbishop, as a young priest. On the north is a monument, supposed to be dedicated to a member of the family of Downes of Taxal, or Pott Shrigley.

The registers date from the sixteenth

century, and the Communion plate from the same period. The Candelabra date from 1739.

An interesting feature is the Ringer's Chamber: the tower contains the only peal of twelve bells in the country.

The whole Church is very rich in stained glass windows and coats of arms.

The Church was founded by Queen Eleanor, the wife of Edward I, in 1278.

B. O'BRIEN (UVa. Mods.).

My Last Sixpence

I HAVE read somewhere that "Divine discontent, which has been called 'the secret spur of all our enterprises' is the mainspring of our literature." Whether this essay of mine can be called a piece of literature, I will not say, but certainly the mainspring of it has its origin in discontent. I have lost a sixpence—my last sixpence!

And yet I hesitate to say whether I should be discontented for often have I heard that money is the source of all evil. Well may you agree with these words, O opulent reader, but when I have to consider that it is my last sixpence, that my pocket is a mere piece of cloth, a mere nothingness where my money now is concerned, I must disagree; in fact I maintain that money, at this moment, would be the source of all pleasure—to me. Perhaps the proverb-maker was referring to many sixpences and not one. If that were the case then would I uphold the truth of that proverb. But . . . my last sixpence!

I can see it now: a small, silver coin, shining beautifully while held safely in the palm; delicately engraved and as noble a coin as any I have ever touched. I can see the familiar head encircled by the less-familiar Latin writing. I can see delicate art in the engraving on the other side, but, more plainly still, I can see, clearly written, the letters SIXPENCE. I cannot recall the date.

Sixpence. Would that I had it in my hand at this moment instead of my pen. It would be a coin of some value to me now, although a mere bagatelle, a mere flash-in-the-pan, to some people. Oh the horror of riches to cause the lack of appreciation of the value of money! Yet when I received it I remember treating it as such and I idly tossed it somewhere; I think in my coat pocket, almost forgetting soon afterwards its very existence. Crass-idiot am I, not looking to my future, not seeing what dire results its absence would bring me. I could wring my hands, hang my head in shame, and almost write in terms of the unbuttered crust. Oh! I could do anything—No, kind reader, do not do that—besides you do not know my address. So take your hand away from your pocket and let me learn to be careful in future.

The future and my last sixpence! But why sixpence? Why not pound or penny? It is all the same to me for I am without the grasp of a single coin. Do not be misled, for when I say my last sixpence has gone I do not infer that I have, say, a three-penny bit, or even a penny left. I am pound-less, dear reader, penny-less, and, in brief, broke!

That sixpence would mean everything to me now. It would mean that I could still preserve my character of honesty. Instead I must fill the role of a pleading beggar—

until payday—and borrow on the strength of my honesty. I wonder how true Shakespeare's words are on borrowing and lending. The next few days will tell.

What could I do with sixpence? Many things. I could buy . . . but why speculate? Let me deal with facts and

realise that I have not a sixpence to deal with, but just an essay on one; in fact, one in particular—my last sixpence. Let there never be such a thing existing with you, patient reader, and, if so, let it not be your lost, last sixpence.

V. NORBURY (Via. Sc.).

Night and Morning

ALL people, to a lesser or a greater degree, are fond of nature and the open air. They notice many wonders in the fields and country but probably few ever think about the great wonder that is repeated every day—the rising and setting of the sun. These two occurrences mark the times which we call morning and night.

There is something very awe inspiring, mystic, and beautiful in these two events, and Mankind since his beginning has been impressed by them. Their influence on the human mind is shown in the large number of poems about morning and night, and their beauties.

Masefield writes about the

“Grey mist on the sea's face,
And a grey dawn breaking.”

What a wealth of meaning is conveyed in those words—“a grey dawn!” They immediately bring to our minds a picture of the first streaks of light which herald the sun, and the magic stillness, peace and beauty of the fine mist, which is usually associated with daybreak.

If we watch day dawning in the country, the spectacle is even more impressive. The silence is broken by the first stirring of the wild creatures and the songs of many birds. This so impressed Milton that of the bird that heralds the dawn, he said:

“To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
'Till the dappled dawn doth rise.”

Then the first streaks of light appear, the clouds are tinged with red, gold, yellow, and every hue that delights the eye. The light grows more intense until the sun rises majestically above the horizon and floods the countryside with its warm light.

If the season is winter, and there is snow upon the ground, the dawn appears more beautiful than words can describe. The sky is, perhaps, leaden and overcast, while the sun struggles to send forth its beams through rifts in the black clouds. The trees stand gaunt and bare, while the wind whistles through their branches, and scatters the snow about and heaps it in deep drifts.

The night and its wonders are even more impressive. This subject has inspired many poets. The setting of the sun is an unforgettable sight; the great ball of fire sinking lower and lower towards the horizon, surrounded, perhaps, by a sky filled with black clouds, and portending a storm, makes a marvellous picture. The setting of the sun in a watery sky is very aptly described by Shakespeare:

“The sun sits weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest.”

Then when the sun has disappeared the stars shine out, one by one ; the moon rises ; and the night comes forth in all its silent splendour and majesty. Many poems have been written about the night, and the beauty of the moon prompted Tennyson to write about " the long glories of the winter moon." The stars twinkle in the heavens, and the night becomes darker and darker, as the last traces of twilight vanish.

The moon wends her way slowly across the sky and replaces the sunlight with her pale, silvery beams. During the night we do not recognise things as we do during the day-time : long shadows spread over all—dark, mysterious, fantastical. The trees whisper in the stillness while the owl makes the darkness even more eerie and uncanny by his shadowy form and mournful cry. Thus the scene on a calm summer's night.

What a change on a winter's night ! The wind whistles through the gaunt trees—sentinels of the darkness—clouds scud across the stormy sky, which is, perhaps, filled with driving rain, hail or snow ; and everywhere is covered with nature's winter cloak. The fields are bare and deserted ; all living things seem to have hibernated.

If we happen to be in a mountainous district, we may see the shepherd with flickering lamp, and his faithful dogs, gathering in his sheep which have been caught in the sudden storm ! What a contrast to a summer's evening, when the shepherd is driving his flocks along the road to the folds. The lanes and whole surrounding are steeped in

" A twilight dim with rose,"

while the bees and other insects make their presence felt by their hummings.

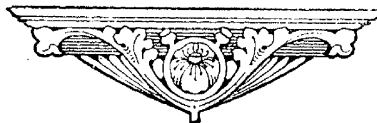
In a nearby field a ploughman and his fellow workman are unharnessing their steeds from the plough ; they all go homewards towards a thatched cottage and group of buildings, tired but happy after their long day's toil. Such the charms of morning and night in the country !

Let us now turn from these dream-like scenes of the country to the drabness of the town during these two periods of the day. Here all is rush and bustle : people hurrying to and from factory ; chimneys pour forth smoke, destroying the beauty of nature in the towns ; the workers have no time to contemplate the hidden beauties of the night and its wonders.

The stillness found in the country is entirely lacking in the town. That dreamy peace which only night and morning in the country can provide is lacking. Everything is mechanised ; there is no use for the beauty of nature. This is not the fault of the people, however ; they are not in close contact with nature, like country folk, and life in the town is very different from that in the country.

We cannot wonder that primitive peoples considered the sun and moon as gods, and the mysteries of the night as filled with fairies and other supernatural beings. Given the opportunity Man will always continue to be charmed by nature, however, and the influence of the dawn, the twilight, and the night.

B. WHALLEY (Vib. Sc.).



The Poetry of Lamp-posts

THE age of realism has come. Romance is lying mute beside an unstrung lute. The old fire and the ancient grace are not to be found anywhere, and to-day we breathe a common-place and scientific air. With rude hands we strip illusion of her veil; with profane hands we vivisect the nightingale to probe the secret of its note. We have rejected the Muse, and yet because we have remained true, we have retained beauty.

He questioned softly why I came.

"For beauty," I replied.

"And I for truth—the two are one;

"We brethren are," he said.

Lamp-posts. Ghastly, ugly, gaunt, staring tubes, rising miraculously whole in the clean day-light air. Can they have beauty? Has a factory chimney beauty? G. B. Shaw in his "Apple Cart" describes a man who could see beauty only in material things. The lonely lanes of the country, the sadness of the woods in the dim, evening light—they had no appeal for him. No! he saw beauty in a well-kept country mansion, in smooth lawns, in cultivated flowers. He only realised the beauty of kingship when it was attended with full regal splendour and with full dignity. He could only see beauty in the artificialities of life; he was fortunate to see it there. Why, then, should we not have people who can only find beauty in the products of industrialism, in railway trains, in ships, in factories, even in slums, which are the very product of industrialism; but above all why not in lamp-posts? They have a beauty of a type. A long, lean beauty, no doubt. In the day-time they may be

a nuisance and an eyesore; their beauty comes on with the night. This is the American poet, Eliot's "Prelude":

The winter evening settles down

With smells of steaks in passage-ways.

Six o'clock.

The burnt out ends of smoky days,

And now a gusty shower wraps

The grimy scraps

Of withered leaves about his feet,

And newspapers from vacant lots:

The showers beat

On broken blinds and chimney pots;

And at the corner of the street

A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps,

And then the lighting of the lamps.

Now we are coming to the beauty and consequently to the poetry of lamp-posts. The lighting of the lamps is the prelude to what? To a world of friendly voices, to a world altogether. We can see a long street and it is night-time. The first lamp is bright—glaring bright—the second just bright, the third growing dimmer, and then they fade away to appear as stationary will-o'-the-wisps hanging in the warm night air. They have a warmth about them, a friendliness; a true vein of poetry in their composition. They are not cold as electric lamps are cold; they are not weak as oil lamps are weak; like Atlas they are heaped with starry signs. They are pregnant with life, but only the imaginative, or people of inward vision, can see it. Kemp, the American "tramp-poet," has captured and preserved this life in his "Street Lamps."

"Softly they take their being,

one by one,

From the lamp-lighter's hand,
 after the sun
 Has dropped to dusk . . . like
 little flowers they bloom
 Set in long rows amid the
 growing gloom.

"He who lights them is,
 I do not know,
 Except that every eve,
 with footfall slow
 And regular, he passes by my room
 And sets his gusty flowers
 of light a-bloom."

My subject is a difficult one. People who cannot presently see any poetry in lamp-posts never will see any. It is only to show them what other people see that I am attempting. It is a hard task. It reminds me of the verse

"The murmur of a bee
 A witchcraft yielded me.
 If any ask me why,
 'Twere easier to die
 Than tell.

We have, perhaps, dwelt too long on the abstract qualities which prove that there is poetry in lamp-posts. Let us get to practical considerations. Lamp-posts have always had attractions for people. During the many French revolutions the favourite cry was "a la lanterne!" From the same spots the agitators spoke to the mobs. They realised that there was some magnetic attraction in a lamp-post, and they made full use of it. To-day groups of people will be found hanging about lamp-posts, so much so that the law is forced to make them move—the groups of people I mean. The natural poetic feeling in these people, without their realising it, makes them respond to the poetry of the lamp-post. They would not believe it if you told it to them, but it is there all the same. Chesterton once wrote an essay upon telegraph poles. It was good. If it had been about lamp-posts, I am sure, it would have been excellent. There is poetry in lamp-posts; it only needs the looking for it. One could, indeed, do worse than be an admirer of lamp-posts.

A. D'ARCY (VIb. Mod.).

The Ignorance of the Learned

IT has been well said that it is better for a boy to be able neither to read nor write than to be able to do nothing else. A loungee who is usually seen with a book in his hand, is, we may be almost sure, without the power to attend to what passes around him, or in his own mind. He is afraid to venture on any ground of reasoning

for himself; he shrinks from the fatigue of thought. Such a one may be said to carry his understanding about with him in a book in his pocket.

He may be seen to sit down, contented with an endless, wearisome, succession of words, which render nothing to his mind, but continually efface one another. One

might as well ask a cripple to cast away his crutch, as expect such a boy to throw down his book and think for himself! He clings tenaciously to it for his intellectual support, and his dread of being left to himself is analogous to nature's abhorrence of a vacuum. To make a long story short, then, he is a borrower of sense, for he has no ideas of his own and hence he must thrive on those of other people. He merely continues on, bewildered in the maze of his studies; the faculties of his mind are not exerted, and consequently they become listless and torpid, unfit for intellectual action. Can we wonder at the languor and lassitude which is thus produced by a life of learned sloth and ignorance; by poring over lines and syllables that excite little more idea or interest than if they were the characters of an unknown tongue, till the eye closes on vacancy and the book drops from the feeble hand. Hence it can be safely said that a boy who knows nothing but books must be ignorant even of them, for how could he know anything of a subject he does not understand.

It is an old remark that boys who shine at school do not make the greatest figures when they grow up and come out into the world. The things, in fact, which a boy is set to learn at school, and in which his success depends, are things which do not require the exercise of, or the faculties of, the mind (!!). Memory is the chief faculty called into play in repeating lessons in grammar, in languages, in science, etc., so that he who has the most of this technical memory will make the most forward school-boy. A boy with a sickly constitution and no very active mind, who can just retain what is pointed out to him, and has neither sagacity to distinguish himself nor spirit to enjoy himself will usually be at the head of his form. Our men of the greatest genius have not been most distinguished for their acquirements at school or at the university.

A mere scholar, who knows nothing but books, must be ignorant even of them. Books do not teach the use of books. The learned scholar is conversant of books only as they are made of other books, and those again of others without end. In a word, he parrots those who have parroted others. He can translate the same word into ten different languages, but he knows nothing of the thing which it means in any one of them! He stuffs his head with quotations from quotations, while he locks up his senses and his heart. He is totally unacquainted with the manners and maxims of the world. A very appropriate question: "Does he understand the practical part of life better than the theoretical?" No! he knows no liberal or mechanical art, no trade or occupation, no game of skill or chance. Learning has no skill in agriculture, in building, in woodwork; it cannot make any instrument of labour, or use it when made; it cannot handle the plough, or the spade, etc.; it knows nothing of hunting, or fishing, or shooting; of bowls, or cards, or tennis, or anything else. The learned professor cannot reduce any one of them to practice, though he may contribute an account of them to an encyclopædia.

The thing is plain. All that men really understand is confined to a very small compass—to their daily affairs and experience. The rest is affectation and imposture. Such is the use which has been made of human learning. The labourers in this vineyard seem as if it was their object to confound all common-sense by means of traditional maxims, and preconceived notions taken upon trust, and increasing in absurdity with increase of age. They pile hypothesis on hypothesis till it is impossible to come at the plain truth on any question. They see things not as they are, but as they find them in books.


To conclude this subject: The most

sensible people to be met with in society. are men of business, and of the world; who argue from what they see and know, instead of spinning distinctions of what things ought to be. Uneducated people have most exuberance of invention, and the greatest freedom from prejudice. Shakespeare's mind

was evidently an uneducated mind, both in the freshness of his imagination and in the variety of his views. Shakespeare had not been accustomed to write exercises at school in favour of virtue or against vice. To this effect, therefore, we owe the unaffected but healthy tone of his dramatic morality.

E. SINNOTT (Vib. Sc.).

TO ONE WHO HAS ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION OF WRITING A STORY FOR BOYS

 rash friend, O vain friend, I a critic of your book before it appears, appeal to you not to give me the opportunity of criticising it. Reflect, dear sir, upon the enormity of the task before you; consider it well, and having considered, put it by until a later date, when your far too youthful and too enthusiastical brain shall have matured. If after much reflection you still consider yourself capable of performing the stupendous task, allow me to put before you some of the obstacles which stand in the way of success.

In the first place you will, I suppose, have drawn up a rough outline of your plot. The plot! What falls are caused by this huge obstacle. Your book, you say, is to be written for boys, well what exactly is your knowledge of boys. I grant that you yourself are passing through one of the latter stages of boyhood, but do you think that you have formed an accurate idea of the mind of the modern boy? I say modern for a special reason. The boy of this generation is a far different creature from his brother, or rather father, of the previous generation. The latter when reading

loved to give full play to the animal passions stored up in him. He revelled in the blood-thirsty doings of Dick-Dead-Eye, or Dick Turpin. The modern boy is scientific, no pirates or brigands for him, he wants stories of great discovery, wonderful deeds in the world of science.

But, perhaps, you do not intend writing on adventures or pirates; perhaps your mind is turned towards school life. Your plot would then bring in many school scenes. You consider yourself capable of doing this because of your experience, still so vividly imprinted on your memory. If this is your idea take my advice and give it up. Just sit down and think for a few minutes how many stories of school life have been written for boys! They are innumerable. If a boy wants a school story he will not be bothered to go to a shop and buy a thick book for half-a-crown, when for the small price of twopence he can obtain from any newsagent a school story woven round characters whom he has grown accustomed to read about and with whom he considers himself to be on intimate terms. Then again so many

experienced writers have written school stories that your attempt would simply not be considered.

You cannot write a story on adventure, because you are far too young and inexperienced; you cannot write on scientific

subjects for the simple reason that you know next to nothing about science; so, dear friend, give up the idea of writing a story for boys and try something for which you really are equipped.

G. BURKE (Via. Sc.).

Form Notes

Form Via Science.

THESE notes are becoming an obsession. When first started they took the form of miniature essays; now they are mere skeletons of their former selves. The depression perhaps, or just a weakening of the grey matter.

The new desks, though welcome, are scarcely adequate compensation for the discomfort of having to remain in the old "B.Sc." room.

Re the French Debating Society we feel it our duty to congratulate H. L——y on his most eloquent and inspiring *quelques mots*. Silence is golden, but I think our Modern friend went on the gold-standard. His noble example, we noticed, was admirably followed by a few of the "B" stalwarts.

May we enquire into the fate of the famous VI Form crooner; the corridor now merely echoes the harmonious voices of the late unofficial choral society. We hope that those concerned will rectify the prolonged omission.

The School year is still too young to report much progress, but signs of the near approaching exams are not lacking (?)

While on the subject of work we should like to take the opportunity of reminding a certain master that it is not only impolite

to ask for belated Christmas presents, but it is not done in the best circles. G.B.



Form Via Moderns.

The current tendency for military tactics and conscription has manifested itself in the drill squadron. We now practice "pushes" and "retreats" on the field. Officially this is to prevent our resemblance to "bent hose-pipes," which we are said to have acquired. Instead of simple gym exercises we are now "span bending" and riding imaginary pushbikes.

We are pleased to announce that McG——l has abandoned his "£8 a week complex" and is now wondering if the School elevens are good enough for him to play in. We take this opportunity to advertise for an interpreter for the Scientific lectures. We would like him to translate the highly technical language of our Scientific friends into the more homely "modern tongue," i.e., "a selection of the language of men." We moderns listen to these lectures with increasing bewilderment, and are then surprised to hear them praised as being "very lucid and entertaining. And so it gives me

great pleasure" "Someone has blundered." (?)

Why is the Sixth Form corridor plunged in gloom? Why is there no longer any "fitful stir?" Why do we trail along with "dejected haviour of the visage?" Why does our star singer no longer "pour upon the world a flood of harmony?" The reason for this "strange eruption of our state" is this: an old familiar face has passed away, and another "faces habet."

The time is drawing near for the great and bloodthirsty "battle" between ourselves and the Scientists. Although we have lost several "stars," we hope to avenge last year's defeat.

With the introduction of a new French Lit. book, several of our members have developed great oratorical ability, particularly in the sphere of philosophical generalizations.

"The Christmas term is ended

And exit 1933,

And with '34 are blended

The gloomy thoughts of H.S.C."

Good luck to VIa Mods.!

E.O'B.



Form VIIb Science.

Apparently the new arrivals to the "Sixes" are finding life rather engrossing after the comparatively easy time in the "Upper Fives." Life is not a bed of roses, as many thought. In fact, nobody sees bed these days until the early hours of the morning; and the many late-comers every day seem to be proof of this.

It took us some time to settle down after the summer holidays; longer than usual, since we were moved from our first room just as we were becoming accustomed to it.

The debates and lectures, which are a feature of life in the "Sixth," are being

followed with interest. They inspire a new enthusiasm into the School work. We attended two French debates during the term, but they were rather spoilt by bad pronunciation, as Mr. Curtin has repeatedly emphasised. A very interesting debate was given by the Historical Society, and we were kindly invited by the Moderns. The speakers were excellent and had evidently studied their arguments thoroughly.

Debates and lectures on modern subjects were the more prominent during the term as only one lecture on a scientific theme was given. This was kindly presented by Mr. O'Brien. His title "The King's Arm," mystified most of us, and this had the effect of considerably reducing the number of late arrivals, who caused great annoyance during the French debates. We hope further lectures on scientific subjects will be given next term and thus show the Mods. what the Science can do. While talking about debates we must not forget to congratulate Mr. O'Brien on his poetical powers. His concluding couplet (?)—"perhaps the Mods can explain this problem to us"—was very appropriate and witty.

With the coming of the winter, football is in full swing again. The players grow stronger in wind and limb each week, each one doing his bit for his house. Mersey is the best house, according to the Mersey men—but, unfortunately, others have different ideas on the matter.

According to Mr. Mullen, we all have not "linguistic tendencies," but we are now safely out of the "storm," and life is proceeding more peacefully.

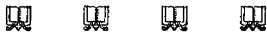
After a few weeks, Mr. Rowe revived distant memories by ordering us to construct certain "models," but this childish occupation is now over, and we awaken to find ourselves in the midst of a turmoil of hard work in preparation for the coming examinations. They loom like a nightmare on the horizon,

but our spirits are revived by pleasant thoughts of the Christmas holidays.

The Sixth Form attended a Requiem Mass at St. Philip Neri's, on November 11th, in memory of the Old Boys who died *pro patria* 1914-1918. We then assembled at the Cathedral site, together with the remainder of the School, to attend a very moving spectacle, in memory of the Glorious Dead.

Many of our fellows are mentally debating the question "Why is work done?" but as yet they have not arrived at a satisfactory answer. They will probably be ruminating for the next two years, but according to higher authorities we shall not have much time to do anything but "swot"—what terrors that word arouses—for the inevitable H.S.C.

W.B.W.



Form VIIb Moderns.

When discussing these notes it was suggested that we mention "the transmigration of souls from the Upper Fifth to the Sixth." This would be scarcely honest, because the Sixth have no souls; our desks leave us no room for luxuries of that kind.

This term saw the inauguration of the Poetic Society, which intends to raise the standard of the *Mag.* considerably. Our first composition reached a remarkably high standard; the least said about the second the better. The Society is very exclusive, and is closed to Scientists and all low fellows!

Speaking of "low fellows," we of the old aristocratic U.Vb Mods. feel our present surroundings very keenly; one especially is very hard hit. He gazes ahead all day (when he isn't eating sandwiches) and if you speak to him he may smile pathetically, or if in a cheerful mood, he will say "Me, too!" We managed to keep fairly exclusive at the

beginning of the term, but now we say prayers with the rest, and it hurts—terribly. "It is not honest, it may not avauce, For to deelen with no swich paraille!" Another thing which hurts us is the incredulity with which our excuses are met! To the average armour-plated Sixth former, this may be nothing, but we Moderns are sensitive, and we brood and brood.

From what has been said, it will be realised that we are a very remarkable set. But we excel in Science as in our own sphere; we are "Scienci-ores ipso Sciences." The fact is we have discovered how to keep the room warm. Knowledge has affected some of us rather sadly: one poor fellow now "bases his statement on the assumption"; another says "a slight inclination of the cranium," when he means a "nod." Height seems to have worse effects: when a fellow passes, six feet in height, he develops into a wit (half).

We hope these notes will make you realise what a fine group of fellows you have in your midst. Most people only know us as the "laziest crowd in the School!" We're not really like that at all.

A. D'A.



Form UVa Science.

This Form is a very mixed one: many have come up from all four divisions of Lower Five, and a few have remained for their second year. We who have come from below are beginning to realise that a year of work is to be passed here before facing the batteries of Public Examination, and are not very elated in consequence. Last year's fellows seem to be less disturbed.

We hope to find our class-room comfortably cool in summer, but now that winter has come it is rather like a refrigerator. We are

glad of the "pop over" to the "B" class-room at twelve o'clock for Religious Knowledge.

Our clock seems to have acquired some measure of fame, as it was alluded to in a former issue of the *Magazine*. It was then reported "going at last." This term it functions only spasmodically, and at times it resisted all attempts "to get a move on."

Attendance at games has been more strictly enforced. This is only fair as those who do not turn up have all Wednesday afternoon to do their homework.

We are frequently told of the futility of our attempts at work. Having listened to a similar tale in every preceding Form we can bear this with some fortitude; it came as a shock nevertheless to be told *once* that the masters were "fairly well satisfied" with the way in which we were settling down to work. Fortunately for us the shock has not been repeated.

French seemed to prove a great difficulty to many at the beginning of term. The marking was strict and the "remarking" not always complimentary. But we think we have improved, and we all hope to be fairly good "Frenchmen" by July.

The term has passed rather quickly and we find the Christmas terminal examinations startlingly near. We hope to do fairly well, but, to judge by our masters' reports, it is not hope, but presumption.



Form UVb Science.

Although the new session and a new Form meant new faces, still we were glad to find that many of our class-mates in L.V. Sc. found their way to the UVb Sc. However, there was much chopping and changing before the A and B Forms were finally fixed. This was natural as it needed much time and

trouble to pick out the industrious ones who were to constitute "The Hive."

We have two specialists in the Form—one who specialises in coming late, the other in exhibits of various kinds. The Carnera exhibit might have been appreciated by the boys but some, at least, of the masters do not seem to value the manly art!

Our Gym Master, has had much trouble trying to cure some of us of round shoulders and flat feet. D——y attributes the former defect to devoting too much time to studies and calls it "the student's stoop."

However, we are not a Form of crocks as is shown by the fact that we have two representatives in the 1st XI and 2nd XI, and three in the Junior XI.

We wish all masters and boys a very Happy Christmas.



Form UVa Moderns.

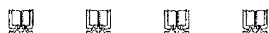
We have almost completed our first term in the Upper Fives; so far we have enjoyed it very much indeed. During the first few days we were given a pleasant surprise in the shape of new desks. We decided to indulge in a certain amount of mild amusement at the elections, and consequently in the ballot for sub-prefect we polled heavily for one of the only twins we have got. Things went splendidly until the "sub" took up the cares of office. Now for plenty of instances of mistaken identity! We rubbed our hands and waited. Alas! there was never a mistake, and the sub-prefect functions perfectly. The joke is upon the jokers now. Our class-room is fast beginning to look like a newsagents shop—the notice boards and walls contain so many newspaper cuttings. "Reach your public through the poster," I suppose! This year we were introduced to a subject new to us, namely, Magnetism

and Electricity. Every Wednesday morning we carry out experiments in this subject. We are now looking forward eagerly to the examinations!



Form UVb Moderns.

There were heartfelt thanks when last year's comrades were re-united at the beginning of a new term and in the same Form. We were pleased with our new desks and became experts in manoeuvring them about at the beginning of the term. They were moved round so frequently that one exasperated youth suggested strong measures. Naturally everyone agreed, provided the same youth undertook the strong measures—a simple matter of nailing the desks to the floor. The nailing, for some reason or other, was left undone. Lack of nails without a doubt! Work has progressed smoothly and we are now preparing for the exams. We should do well in these as we feel we have worked very well during the term. Of course, one can never be sure of the right style of paper. It is hard to understand why in this age of co-operation and civic sense, masters cannot see how helpful it would be to everybody if only this whole question of setting and marking the papers were left in the hands of a select committee of the class. Masters would, indeed, be both surprised and gratified beyond measure at the examination results under some such system. Such ways, it is to be feared, are not for our generation. However, the exams will soon be over, and then holidays and Christmas.



Form LVa Science.

Although our Form has by no means a high reputation for brilliancy of intellect,

nevertheless, there are geniuses of a high order among us, such as Kelly, Rochford, O'Carroll, and Kilgallon. If you look up your old *Magazines* you will find still other boys who distinguished themselves in the past.

Now we shall say something more in detail about ourselves. On the first day of this term we found ourselves drafted to a bright, airy class-room at the top of the building. From one window can be seen the Mersey, while from another all that can be seen is a vast ocean of chimney-pots. The denizens of this class-room are in general a jolly crowd of fellows.

Shannon, our prefect, and Collins, our sub-prefect, have done credit to their exalted positions since their elevation to the throne.

Jackson is the pugilist of the class, and it is wise to keep clear of him when he gets into a temper; Ginger Foran isn't in it with him.

Lloyd, who is Irish, has a Welsh name and a German nose, and is a regular King Kong at Gym.

Whalley, a clever boy, is always talking about the Chemistry set he is going to get.

Sloan, the boy who says he has hundreds of "conkers" in his possession. (A dangerous individual to encounter).

Byrne is an authority on Camping and the Scouting Movement.

Donning, the mighty atom, is our humourist and sees a joke five seconds before anybody else.

Brash, who is a very quiet boy, has a very restraining influence on the talkative boy who occupies the same desk as himself.

The ever-rolling Ball is one of the few geniuses at Composition.

Heaton represents Hitler in our class and has quite a few followers.

O'Neill, who believes in fairies, is called "The Fairy Queen."

Hicky is known as "The Fire Bobby."

These are but a few of the luminaries of the class.

Our masters are all fairly well liked. Mr. Loughlin is the best of all, and his lesson is always a welcome one. Mr. Barter has taught us quite a lot in a short time; we can never be lost now, because we know how to find longitude and latitude. Mr. Mullen, our French master, although strict, can now and then make the class roar with laughter.

It must not be thought that our class is a collection of book-worms only, as we have many magnificent footballers. Kelly and Hagedorn are in the Junior Shield; C. Collins is a star goalie; Donning rivals Dixie Dean as a centre-forward; Jackson is a brilliant inside-left; Rochford is a man to be reckoned with on any part of the field; and woe-betide the man between the sticks when Lloyd takes a free-kick.

We are now looking forward to the Christmas Exams. Some of the masters tell us we shall do hopelessly, but we are too optimistic to think so ourselves, and at least ten boys, one being Maguire, have already taken it for granted that they are going to get first place.

J. KELLY & C. COLLINS.



Form Lower Vb Science.

On September 14th we returned to School, after our long holiday of seven weeks. Needless to say after such a break we were a bit rusty in most subjects. Anyhow, we soon began to recapture some of our former intelligence which, of course, wasn't hard for some of us.

Some of the boys from the Moderns were moved into the Science, and although they bemoaned their fate they soon settled down and are now naturalized Science men.

Arriving in our new class-room we got a "Civic Reception" from our Form master, Br. Cummins. However, there was no time lost and we were very nearly getting "ekers" the first night. Rapid organization was put on foot and "armed" with new books we soon began to get a move on. This was mainly because some of our masters stood no nonsense and put down all signs of laziness with a firm hand.

One thing was missing—a prefect! Where was he to be found? Evidently Br. Cummins didn't know us too well at the beginning for the first prefect had to "hand in his gun" in a few days. A general Election followed and Connolly got into power, with Smith as Sub. They still hold office, and both master and boys judge that the right men are at last in the right place.

By the way, Smith is the mathematician of the class. Speaking of this rare type of individual good mathematician, our class can boast of a few, namely, Banks and Leatherbarrow. Morgan is good, but his failure one day to get the eighth place in a decimal sum disqualified him for years to come. Harrington, the strong man of the class, is able to pull the partition across by himself! Deegan, another sturdy fellow, seems to be dieting on Benger's Food, as he is getting alarmingly thinner; perhaps hard work is the cause, but our Form Master doesn't seem to agree with that opinion. Fletcher, one of the clever boys in the class, hurt his arm whilst jumping in the Gym and was unable to do any written work for a long time. Many of us were seen for quite a time after trying to break *our* wrists. Harding is our violinist; Le Brun still speaks French with a Liverpool accent; Todd is a general favourite with the boys of the class and seems to be quite an authority on Shakespeare's Henry V.; Sutton is a small but very clever boy, and is one of the best at English in our Form, so Banks says. These latter boys are but a few of the

luminaries of our class. There are others of equal or perhaps greater candle-power.

However, these are not the only popular people, for we can actually tolerate a few of the masters. This statement is a truth, not an invention—or are we trying to flatter them? Some of the masters deserve a little praise undoubtedly.

Now a word about our footballers: On the top of the list come Banks, Smith, and Deegan; McCullagh, Worthington and Rooney are very good too; and we could pick a star eleven from our class without difficulty.

A lot more could be said about this class but we are not given to blowing our own horn, so we end by wishing a Happy Christmas to all Edwardians.

G. SUTTON & J. BANKS.



Form Lower Vb Moderns.

We began this term on September 14th with twenty-seven boys in the class, and most of us raised from Juniors to Seniors. After about a week we had all our books together and were thus able to begin work. We started off with "logs" for almost every mathematic lesson—our Form Brother seemed very fond of them! We were introduced to Physics for a second time for we had learnt some of it in Form III. Trigonometry was also a new subject to us, but very interesting. Our History Master can make a History lesson very interesting and therefore we all listened attentively; and who knows but we may yet be Walpoles or Lloyd Georges!

The House system is in full force and so are the punishments for deserters. It is a fine sight to see a fellow in bright football jersey, dashing down the field with the ball at his toes. He reaches the goal, and has

no one to beat, except the goalie—when alas! he trips over an over-grown daisy, and all is lost. But one must learn to bear up against these little misfortunes in the "game of life."

On Armistice Day the III's and upwards went to the Cathedral site in special cars. We are proud to say we were cheered on our journey by bands of little children. We got off the cars at Oxford Street, and passers-by witnessed the amazing spectacle of about six hundred strapping young fellows (no round shoulderness about us!) marching along Oxford Street like a young army, I don't think! But we must give the Sixes full credit for the soldier-like manner in which they marched along Oxford Street. In fact they were so good that they marched back along that street and we took the salute. But we are not to blame for our lack of discipline because we are not trained to march, or form fours, as the Sixes are every Saturday.

The Gym Master paid a special tribute to how Sixth Form marched past Brother Roche, with even no humps on their backs. What a marvel! I suppose that is what the Gym Master did in the Kyber Pass—or was it Everton Valley?

At present we are all dreading the Christmas Examinations and wondering how many atoms of carbon combine with so many atoms of oxygen—if not sure, you better ask the Chemistry Master. But when the Christmas holidays come we shall be able to relax for nearly a month after a terrible strain of work!

G. EVANS & J. TURNER.

[Sentences to be improved by L.Vb Mods.:

"We came back from the Summer vacancies in a rather jovial manner."

"At Religion there is generally a 'round up' of the people who have not their *Church History* by our Form Master."

"Our class played a prominent part in the Service for the soldiers who died in the War at Brownlow Hill, on November 11th." Ed.]

Form IVa Science.

"We packed up our troubles" into our school-bags on that long-awaited-for day (???) the 14th of September. We were eager to begin the new subjects, namely, Latin and Chemistry, but in the former our hopes have been shattered. Martin was elected prefect and he is very capable in discharging his duty. To settle all doubt we promptly proved our superiority over the "B's" by defeating them 6-4 in football. The Sciences have the reputation of being the best forms for music. The Vb merchants are going strong. On a Wednesday, melodious, or rather melancholy, sounds come from the Assembly Hall, interrupted by the stentorian voice of Mr. Boraston. This is the choir at practice. Bang! Crash! Yarrop! Oh! Hurrah!—oh, its only IVa Science in a quiet mood!



Form IVb Science.

After the holidays we were separated from many of our Lower Form friends, but we soon made others in our new Form IVb Science.

Our B.B.C. organisation is still in operation, but something seems always to go wrong with the microphone, and, of course, the next transmission is "Ow!" for we suddenly get something rather painful that effectively puts a stop to further progress.

Edge, a very pugnacious individual, has risen to the office of prefect. He rules with an iron hand, but the other day during play an iron hand hit him in the nose. Dicky Mint is still dropping his aitches at full speed, and adds his peculiar dialect to the many other strange "patois" that are in vogue in our Form. McNamara is our star footballer.

Our best subject is Music! However, Mr. Boraston still flings at us his old war-

cries, such as "Noises!" "Talking," and "Watch my baton!" He calls us the "Holy Class," as we have two Popes—though not infallible—and one Abbey. Mr. O'Dowd says we are "boni pueri" and shows his kindness by giving us whole lessons to prepare. Mr. Faherty tried to induce us to write poems on the lines of "Go down to Kew in lilac-time," but his fond dreams were ruthlessly shattered when A——y wrote, "Go down to Woolly's for Winter sales!"

We had a football match with our "A" Form. The score was—well never mind! The combined Science teams had a match with the Moderns. The score against our first can be buried; the second (Science, of course) won.

That disaster of the Modern times, namely, the Exams, are quickly approaching, but as the Form says:

The sooner it's over

The sooner to sleep (like Donnelly).

And "goodbye" to the Exams and their groaning.



Form IVa Moderns.

On the 14th September, 1933, a group of boys who were thought to possess a modern (?) type of mind were drafted into IVa Modern. At first we tried to show our supremacy over the "B" Moderns at football, but we received a set-back, losing 6-1.

Among the new subjects, first preference is given to Latin. Until we entered IVa Modern we all thought Latin was a dead language. Alas! it is still very much alive and causes us a great deal of anxiety. Still we have the finest Latin scholar in the Junior School in Mc——l, whilst A—— is a close second.

Lately the Brother has become very strict as regards our walking. It is a fine sight

to see IVa Modern walking through the School to the Music room—like a remnant of the “Old Brigade.” Unfortunately their return usually represents the “Retreat from Moscow!”

We are beginning to learn a song called “You spotted snakes.” Judging from the howls that issue from the Music room, “You spotted dogs” would be more appropriate.

The House matches have attracted keen attention this term. We have one of the Captains in the person of P. Twist, of Sefton. As the other three are in the “B” Moderns, we have the proud distinction of having all the captains in the Modern classes.

Music has its ardent devotees, including B—s and McG—, and whilst on the subject of Music we must mention that P. T—t heartily denies the rumour that he is going to croon for Henry Hall. Well we must now wish all and sundry a very happy Christmas and God's blessing on the New Year.

H.H.



Form IVb Moderns.

At the commencement of the new School year of 1933-34 everybody (?) was drafted into different Forms. New friendships sprang up, and one and all determined to make a name for themselves in every branch of learning. Our Form, IVb Modern, consists of boys from each of last years “III's.”

Football, of course, predominates every Thursday, and Inter-House games are being played with great rivalry and vigour. We are in the proud position of having three House Captains in our ranks. (Query: Is this a record?). They are, Hussey, Leonard, and Barry, who are Captains of Domingo, Hope, and Mersey respectively.

Rumour has it that E. McE—y has

yearnings to be a “crooner.” This, however, is not official. Acting on the advice of the Form Master, T. L—n has commenced “shoulder straightening” exercises. Jimmy L—d is chief goal-getter in the Junior School. P. O'H—e has decided, after prolonged and earnest meditation, to become a poet. He made his debut with a lyric entitled “Our New Prefect.”

Our twins, H—m and G—n, are never seen apart. R. D—y has decided that his total of VB's is quite enough for this year. R. H—n occasionally drops in for a snooze. McB— has declared an unconditional truce with the French Master. A few days ago N. G—n condescended to brighten us with his rare smile, whereupon the members of the Form passed a vote of thanks. A. F—y has not yet decided his future career; it alternates between a brigand and a “nigger” minstrel.

Well, Christmas and the Exams will soon be here, so it behoves us to pull up our socks and get down to work. Wishing you all a happy Christmas, we retire hoping to meet again next term.

W.J.H. & J. McG.



Form III Alpha.

The majority of *us* are new to the School; so new in fact that most of *us* have contributed nothing (directly *we* mean) to the Form Notes, and the rest of *us* have had to do all the work.

We are pleased to note that the late Mr. — is not quite so much *so*, as formerly; yet it is sad to think that he is “not always there,” especially on Gym days! He doesn't like horses!

The House matches are a source of keen interest except, perhaps, for the Seftonites who are groaning in the depths. We most

indignantly deny the truth of the rumour that we fled from the "lofty III's" (top storey) on the football field. We are prepared to contest the charge, and meet them on the ground.

We have some remarkable boys in our class. One of them "caught a boat just after it left the landing-stage!" Another boy "went to a bus-stop, and got one!"—he didn't say where!

One quarter of the Form belong to the School Choir, and the rest—well, one plays the violin in the Orchestra and in the Form-room produces weird sounds from a long, half-open case. One day he was caught strangling "The Minstrel Boy!" Of course, the affair was kept as quiet as possible.

The Apostleship of Prayer enrolled many new members: E. Forshaw and R. Power were made promoters and have done their work very well.



Forms IIIA and IIIB

This term has been very uneventful for us. Except for an odd remark from the class comedian everything has gone smoothly. A few days ago the even tenor of our course was sadly interrupted by the appearance of the late "Mr. Duff," and the still later "Mr. Muff" at the Form-room door. All eyes turned towards the clock; the bell had not yet gone—two minutes to nine! What had happened? The mystery still remains unsolved.

The beginning of the term, the Alphas had the audacity to challenge us to a game of football, no doubt considering us "easy meat!" The following Thursday saw them walking, or rather crawling, off the pitch, blushing for shame; beaten! A match^F was also arranged between our own two classes, which, with the assistance of our Form

Master, ended in a draw. We regret to state that we have few sparkling players in our midst this year as homework interferes with training.

As for our musical powers, well, under a *pushful* method some boys, who formerly could only make noises, can now gain "top C."

Before closing our article we feel compelled to make some mention of our budding "Metropolitan Police Force," who, having been warned of the grave danger of flat feet, placed themselves under the tuition of the Gym Instructor. Under his tender care we are pleased to remark that they have obtained feet like ballet dancers!

Owing to the fast approach of the Christmas examinations, and to the reports which needs must follow, we are all now hard at work. Our difficulties in Algebra are many and varied, while French presents an insurmountable barrier. We cannot understand why we get a "Repeat" for writing "Il est marche" and "Il est donne," yet how often have we seen our teacher write on the board "Qu'il n'est pas content?"



Form II.

The beginning of this term saw the appearance of many new faces in Form II who entered the School for the first time, consequently did not come under the tuition of Mr. MacEnery of Form I; and it is noteworthy that the number who entered in this way is many times greater than last year. One name so far has defied all efforts to get over, and from the many varieties of pronunciation, it has now developed into something like "Juju!"

Those of us who can offer any kind of an opinion are inclined to think that this year's Form is an improvement on its predecessor from every point of view; such also is the

master's. Homework would seem to be satisfactory, seeing the exercises are handed up and accepted without comment; but we have to record the mysterious disappearance on several occasions of pages from exercise books—these pages had been occupied by the exercise of the night before, written on both sides, so it was asserted that they had been torn out. The motive of the theft (apart from unlikely suggestions and knowing winks) cannot be ascertained, and there is abundant evidence to prove that it was not for the literary value of the work.

Our game of football played every Thursday on the College grounds has become very vigorous. This year we have adopted the colours blue and white, the former being regarded as a privileged one; so much so

that each team claims a re-play under it before re-arrangement of teams. Fast play is maintained throughout each game, but this is especially the case when Keenan gets possession and makes a bee-line for the goal; then his opponents raise the hue and cry and give chase while the backs brace themselves for the shock; but all in vain. These are soon beaten and a moment afterwards the ball is sailing on its course, the pursuers are at hand, but alas! too late to be of assistance to the poor goalie, who now lies sprawling across the goal-mouth after a gallant effort to effect a save. (It has been observed that they tumble, and this latter performance usually takes place when the ball has passed through, and is well out of reach!).

In Memoriam

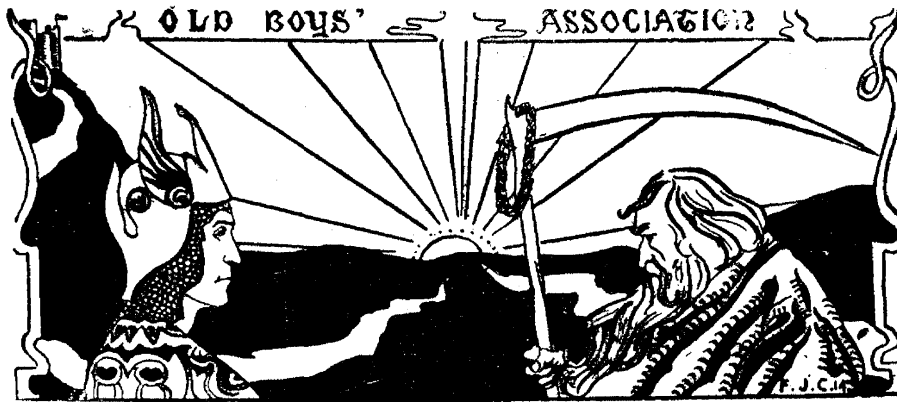
THE boys of Form II for the year, 1931-32, will remember their genial school-mate James Corbett. In July, 1932, he was unwell and did not improve during the holidays: the diagnosis of the trouble was difficult. On the advice of a Specialist he was sent to the Children's Hospital, Myrtle Street for X-ray treatment. There an operation was deemed necessary and was performed on October 24th, 1932. This, unfortunately, had not the hoped-for success and the specialist informed the parents that the boy would live only six months.

Hopes were again raised when a consultation was decided upon with the great London brain specialist, Mr. Cairns. James was brought to London and remained there for three weeks under special X-ray observation. But alas, it was all of no avail. James was brought home to West Derby and after a

long struggle, fighting against a severe illness borne with the greatest patience he died on July 26th, 1933, at the age of eleven years and four months. He had received the last Sacraments and was buried at Ford Cemetery, July 29th, 1933.

Unfortunately the boys were then on holidays and very few learnt of the sad event till after the holidays, otherwise they would have given expression in some suitable way to their sorrow at losing one whom they had cherished as a happy companion; one who could hold his own in work as well as in play.

Such an "angel" little needs our prayers, yet as nothing defiled will enter heaven we shall pray that his little faults may be atoned for and that he may rest in peace. Let us also remember his good father and mother and pray for them too that God may console them in this great loss of their only son.



Old Boys' Notes

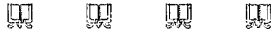
SOMETIMES wonder when writing these notes whether the task I have undertaken to carry out, is a hopeless one. Certainly some things justify my taking that view. I refer to the very poor support given by Old Boys to the functions organised by the Association. Take, for example, the Annual Dance, held on October 13th, which date incidentally is the feast day of our patron Saint, St. Edward the Confessor. Old Boys on all sides have in the past told us that they could not afford to attend our functions, as the price was too much for their pockets. As an experiment, the Committee this year decided to run a Dance on very different lines to that in the past. An excellent hall was hired, and might I add, a very fine band. When the actual night arrived we mustered only ninety persons! Admitted, this is an improvement on last year's figures, but really it is very disappointing to see such a small number present, and are inclined to give the whole idea up. The Association, is like all other bodies, passing through a very bad time, and in spite of rebukes is fighting to keep its

head above water. Rev. Bro. Roche, the present Head Master of the College, has given the Committee very good help, and he is anxious to see the Association forging ahead. Well if this end is to be achieved there must be more support from the Old Boys. We are not asking you to give us something for nothing. Just attend our functions and we will be satisfied, and, incidentally, will realise that our work is not altogether in vain.



The following news aroused considerable interest amongst the younger set of Old Boys. With a view to discovering what it is that Old Boys require after leaving School, the Committee decided to offer a prize of £2 2s. 0d. to the writer of the best essay on "What should the Old Boys' Association do for its members?" All Old Boys who left School within the last five years were entitled to enter. The result appears elsewhere in this *Magazine*. The prize will be presented at the "Fresher's Social," to be held in February.

November, as usual, has seen the celebration of Memorial Masses for deceased Old Boys. On Saturday, November 11th (Armistice Day) a wreath was laid on the Old Boys' War Memorial, in the church of St. Philip Neri, at 8-45 a.m., followed by Requiem Mass.



Congratulations to J. W. Donnelly on his success in attaining a permanent position on the teaching staff of St. Francis R.C. School, Garston. I understand he is in charge of one of the School football XI's, and I can only hope that he has every success, both in the class-room and on the sports' fields.



Old Boys please note that the *Magazine* Editor will be very pleased to receive any articles for publication, as he feels that at present they are not doing all they might in upholding the tradition of the School *Magazine*. So don't be shy, just sit down and write an article, if possible, for the next issue of this Organ.



Subscriptions for the Season 1933-34 are now due and should be forwarded either to the Secretary or the Treasurer as soon as possible. The subscription is 6/- per annum, which covers full membership, and

delivery, post free, of the *Magazine* on the three occasions on which it is printed.



Edmund Hurley, who had been Assistant Master at St. Francis, Garston, has been appointed Headmaster of St. Mary's, Chorley. Our felicitations to him and also to Edward Byrne, who has been for some years an Assistant Master in St. Hugh's Central School, Birkenhead, and has just received his appointment as Headmaster, Holy Cross Schools, Bedminster, Bristol.



DUG OUT: Michael Laughton (left 1915), 11 Locke Street, Garston; Charles E. Murphy (1909-12), Alexandria, Central Otago, New Zealand; James R. Worthington (left 1929), 43 Birch Street, Southport; James H. Carter (1925-?), 60 Tiverton Street, Liverpool; Frederick Thwaites (1923-1927), South Africa.



We were glad to receive an interesting letter from Rev. Henry C. O'Brien (1916-1920) from Sarawak, which is given in full in this *Magazine*. We hope to hear from him again.



Left Training College this year: Matthew A. Kilroy (Dudley); Gerard M. O'Brien (Sheffield); Martin O'Reilly (Twickenham); Gerard Grogan (Twickenham). G.W.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: Visor, Esmeduna, Oulton. Upholland Magazine, Prior Park College Magazine. Also High School Magazine, St. Francis Xavier's Magazine, Holt Hill Magazine.

WILL YOU HELP TO BUILD UP A FLOURISHING OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION?

By Mr. F. Loughlin, B.Sc. (Hons.)

THIS appeal is directed towards every individual Old Boy of the Catholic Institute and St. Edward's College irrespective of age, occupation, or associations formed since leaving school. You may wonder why I have the temerity to address you in this respect. It is a somewhat long story, but if you will read on patiently, I hope to be able to convince you that the Association has something definite to offer you and that I have a duty to perform in writing to you.

Originally formed in 1907, the Association grew steadily and was most successful until the outbreak of the Great War which destroyed it as effectively as it destroyed many other good things. With the return of peace, the Association was restarted in 1919, due almost entirely to the efforts of Mr. Curtin but, unfortunately, the gap caused by the loss of so many of our very best Old Boys who fell in action and of many others who now felt "out of touch," was never properly bridged. For years the disheartening task continued until last summer at the Annual General Meeting, I, in company with some thirty other Old Boys, heard the mournful tidings that "five members had paid their annual subscription during the year." In other words, of the thirty or so present, five only were bona-fide members of the Association; the other twenty-five were simply Old Boys, but still, Old Boys with some interest in their Society. Instead of giving up the ghost, it was decided to try the effect

of a Blood Transfusion. It was argued that young blood and new blood could effect a permanent cure, and the ones to supply it were those who had recently left their Alma Mater. But how could these younger ones be approached and held together?

One step was taken immediately. A Liaison Officer was appointed to form a link between past and present pupils. It was thought that a member of the College Staff would have the best chance of succeeding in this work and I was asked to undertake the job. I accepted and have since been co-opted on to the Committee.

The second step was taken quite recently by the Committee. If the probable salvation of the Association lay in the hands of the younger Old Boys, it was necessary to find out whether the present activities really appealed to them: if not, they should be given an opportunity of themselves suggesting a more acceptable programme. Accordingly, a prize of Two Guineas was offered for the best Essay on "What should the Association do for its Members?" A circular letter was sent to every Old Boy who left the School since 1928 (540 in all), informing him of the offer and imposing certain simple conditions of which the chief were that fertility, originality and practicability of ideas would carry more weight than purely literary merit.

The response was satisfactory and the Sub-Committee set up to judge the essays finally decided to award the prize to Mr.

T. O'Neill, whose essay is printed in full in this issue of the *Magazine*. One Old Boy gave us the benefit of his suggestions but refused to compete for the prize on principle. He proposed that any Old Boy who needed to be "bribed" to help his Association should suffer a drastic fate. Many wrote expressing good wishes and their desire to join the Association but felt unable to offer suggestions or criticisms in the form of an essay as they had no clear knowledge of the Association's present activities. Consequently, I propose to summarise briefly the conditions of membership and the present, as well as suggestions for future, activities.

All contributors recognised that an Annual Subscription is the first essential, and suggestions ranged from a minimum of 5/- to a maximum of £2 2s. 0d. There would appear to be no lack of funds. Actually, the official subscriptions are distinctly moderate. Boys who have just left School are admitted to membership *free* for the first year; they then pay 2/6 per annum until they are 21; thenceforth they pay 6/- per year and receive the three issues of the *College Magazine*, so that the membership subscription is, in reality, only 3/-.

Those who join the Football Club pay 5/- per annum, plus 6d. for every game in which they play but are automatically members of the Association without further charge. For an additional 2/6 they receive the three issues of the *Magazine*. It is suggested that Football should not be the only outlet for Sports' activities but that Cricket, Tennis, and Swimming in summer; and the weekly use of the School Gymnasium in winter, be added.

On the Spiritual side, there is the Armistice Day Requiem at the Church of St. Philip Neri for those Old Boys who fell in the War and a wreath is laid on the Old Boys' War Memorial. A Requiem Mass for all deceased Old Boys is held on the second or third Sunday

in November at the Pro-Cathedral. An annual Retreat is also held.

The present Social Functions are held annually and include a Dance, a Dinner, a Hot-Pot Supper, and, of course, an Annual General Meeting when the Officers and Committee are elected by vote of the members. The annual nature of these functions is criticised and monthly meetings are advocated. Less formal entertainments for the younger members and certain additions are suggested. Several requests are made for Amateur Dramatics and Operatics, Concerts, and informal Social Evenings, and one contributor would welcome a Flannel Dance as a fitting close to Sports' Day.

Our younger Old Boys have no desire to neglect the cultural side and would like the Principal to permit the use of the School premises for occasional Lectures (with lantern slides), and for a Debating and Literary Section.

The idea of the Freshers' Social to be held on Thursday, January 18th, 1934, at 7-30 p.m. in the College Hall, is well received and I, for one, will be bitterly disappointed if it is not a great success. This function is absolutely free and is not intended for "Freshers" only. Every Old Boy is invited to come himself and to bring other Old Boys with him. You will be able to meet your old friends and to make new ones without restraint, and also to tell us what you think of some of the above proposals. All we ask is that you let me know if you can be present so that we may have some idea of the number to cater for.

I have received many criticisms of the lack of publicity and failure to notify *all* Old Boys of *all* functions. It is seriously suggested as a remedy that circulars be sent to all Old Boys prior to every meeting. My reply is to state a few simple facts without comment. Last summer alone 105 boys left the College; there must be at least

3,000 Old Boys in Liverpool and District, many of whom change their places of residences without consulting me and telling me their new addresses; circulars cannot be prepared and posted unless they are paid for. Finally, five members between them subscribed 30/- last year of which 15/- was due for School *Magazines*. It was only possible for me to despatch 540 circulars last month due to the generosity of a certain member of the Committee of the Old Boys' Association.

If you are an Old Student, you cannot be

entirely content to sever every connection with your old School on the day you leave. Must you wait until every other Old Boy is a member of the Association before you will give it a trial? Surely not! Make a resolution to join yourself, show this appeal to every other Old Boy you meet and so help me to give it the widest possible publicity, and, finally, come to the Freshers' Social in January when the prize of £2 2s. 0d. will be presented to Mr. O'Neill—you will never regret it, if we can help it.

WHAT SHOULD THE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION DO FOR ITS MEMBERS?

PRIZE ESSAY.

By Thomas O'Neill (1924-1928).

BEFORE we can start to answer the above question, it is absolutely imperative that we have a clear conception of the present state of affairs existing in the Association. By this is meant, what exactly are the present activities of the Association, and, of much more importance, what is its present financial standing?

After diligent enquiries we find, to our great surprise, that the Old Boys' Association is in a position to do just exactly nothing for its members, so far as its finances are concerned for the simple reason that it has no money. Its present activities we find are (1) Annual Dinner, (2) Annual Hot-Pot Supper, (3) Annual Dance, (4) Annual Mass for Deceased Old Boys, and maybe a couple more "hardy annuals." A swift review of the situation

wrings from us the remark, "Can you wonder why it is necessary to circularise the younger Old Boys: Is there really anything in the Association's activities to attract them? The answer is an emphatic "No!" Therefore, let us attempt to indicate the remedy.

Any suggestions or ideas offered must be able to withstand searching scrutiny in the light of two issues, (1) Practicability, (2) Appeal. Immediately we can dispense with such an idea as the formation of a Club. No doubt its appeal would be widespread amongst Old Boys, but, unless some munificently benevolent person comes along, it must be reluctantly discarded as hopelessly impracticable.

An Association which relies for its success upon annual events must inevitably "go

to the wall." It can never become really intimate with its members. To succeed, its functions must take place much more frequently, at the very outside once a month.

Having decided upon more frequent affairs, the next point to consider is, where they can be held, bearing in mind the fact that the Association has no funds. Exhibiting the true detective instinct and logic, we arrive at the conclusion that the only place we may possibly obtain without expense is the College itself. Since it is for the use of the Old Boys, and the saving of the Association for the younger members, we do not doubt, that if the Principal were approached, he would lend a very sympathetic ear. Looking back, we believe the meeting of the Old Boys' Association at the College each month at least, for some function or other is a suggestion worthy of consideration.

Assuming that we are now in possession of a hall, we are also in a position to suggest what functions might be held. The older members of the Association are, no doubt, quite satisfied with the annual affairs which take place, but the younger members—to whom this appeal is addressed—require a more active and appropriate programme. Hence we suggest that the Association should form various sub-sections, open to all those members who are interested.

The fact that the College possesses a really fine Gymnasium is surely of interest to the athletically inclined. Why not approach the Principal with a view to securing its use once a month, even once a week if at all

possible? Gymnastic, Boxing, etc., enthusiasts could all find a healthy and legitimate outlet for their superfluous energy here. A dramatic section could also be formed and the members of the Association invited to attend its presentations—which need not be elaborate and would probably take the form of sketches and one-act plays requiring a minimum of effects—upon the occasion of their monthly meeting. We do not, of course, suggest that the whole of the evening should be so occupied. The affair could be included as a part of the evening's entertainment. A literary and debating section should be started to satisfy the needs of the more studious, who might also hear lectures since we have a good lantern and screen in the Physics Laboratory. The members might also like to include such games as chess in their section.

No doubt a little money may be necessary to keep up a monthly re-union. We respectfully suggest, however, that once the "game is afoot," the influx of young members will bring in sufficient subscriptions to keep going, and also to present a small amount to the Principal of the College as some acknowledgement of his generosity.

With these activities, and the knowledge that they should be meeting at least once a month, we believe that the Association would have no reason to complain of the lack of interest, which at the present time undoubtedly exists. It only requires the present Committee to set the ball rolling. Success, we feel confident, would be assured.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 3/-. Post Free.
(Stamps may be sent in payment).

FR. O'BRIEN'S LETTER FROM SARAWAK.

R.C. MISSION,
KANOWIT,
SARAWAK,
BORNEO.

August 24th, 1933.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The last number of the *College Magazine* has just reached me and, as usual, has been read from cover to cover. The remark at the end of the London Letter, re the paucity of articles contributed by Old Boys makes me hope that this article may find favour in your eyes . . . and that will do for an introduction.

I do not intend that this letter be in the form of a geography lesson and so shall not weary you with details as regards the position or products of Sarawak. If the master of Geography likes, he may use the question in his next exam and, I am sure, it will not prove any more popular than his usual selection.

In the previous number of the Mag you were full of optimism as regards the outcome of the finals in the Shield competition and, consequently, there were many references to the past victories of the School, but while we were constantly reminded of the year when the C.I. won all three shields I do not think there was any reference to the time when we won the Senior Shield for the first time. I think it was 1917 and none who were at that game will ever allow that any subsequent victory was half as sweet. The Liverpool Coll. were the opponents and who shall describe the preparations we made for that match? I say "we" for the whole School had to go into training. Those who were there in those days must remember the practices of the war cry that were held in the yard at Hope Street—the awful penalties

that hung over the head of anyone who dared to miss the game—the consulting of time-tables, and the discussions regarding the best way of reaching Goodison—and then the great day itself. Everyone was in plenty of time for School (probably a record!) and nobody—not even the masters—had the slightest intention of doing any work (certainly a record). School never began that morning and when we had all been told how impossible it was for us to lose and had shouted ourselves hoarse, we were dismissed. Of the game itself no worthy account ever appeared, but who can forget that breathless hush as C. Kiernan moved up to take the penalty kick; and then the wild yell as the ball rested in the net—a yell which was kept up for the remainder of the game; and then the final scenes when the players were carried off on the shoulders of the masters.

So much for the old times . . . and now I find myself in difficulties, for while the letters that appear in the Mag are concerned with the doings of others, I am alone and never meet any from the old school and so a letter must be rather personal.

Borneo is a fine place and while there are very few empty spaces—it is mostly jungle and river—still there is plenty of room for the he-man and many opportunities of living up to the motto "Viriliter Age." Although situated in the tropics the climate is quite good as long as you are content to put up with a few extremes, for when it rains it floods the place, and when it is hot it makes one believe in heaven, and when it thunders it is just as though you had answered that the past participle of "lire" was "lis"—and as you all know, you "mugs," it is "lu."

It may appear a little paradoxical, but it is true, that one of the greatest hardships of this mission is that for a lot of the time you are doing nothing. Very few Christians live near the mission station and the out-stations can be reached only by means of canoes and

there are many better ways to spend a hot afternoon than to have to sit in a canoe. The natives of this part of the world are Sea-Dyaks, better known, perhaps, as Head-hunters, a practice which they have for the most part given up. They live in long houses, each family having a room for itself and all its goods; and these houses are situated far up-river, very often far up some side stream which in hot weather may not have sufficient water for a canoe and then the missionary has to do a little jungle walking.

The districts are very large—our nearest neighbours are Sibiu, thirty miles down river, and Kapit, another forty miles higher up. Each mission station has a school and our school at Kuching, the head station in the Prefecture, is the best in the country. The daily work in the missions is divided between teaching, studying the language, and visiting the out-stations. It does not sound very exciting, I know, but if you want thrills you can always try to teach the Dyaks football, or go out onto the river in a dug out.

I mentioned above that this is a country for MEN, or at least there is room for MEN, but above all there is room and a desperate need for priests. The C.I. has a long and honourable record of students who have become priests and are working in the various parts of the world, but somehow or other none seem to find their way here, and after all this is the ideal spot. You can forget, which is very easy; but what is more important, you may forget without getting into trouble, your French, Maths, History, Geography, Science, Chemistry, and anything else that used to worry you, so come along and let us found an Old Boys' society here.

In conclusion may I ask the readers of this note a remembrance in their prayers, and will my fellow-priests please spare an occasional thought for a missionary and the Kanowit mission.

All best wishes, and if you have any facility

for printing photographs, and would care for an occasional one, please let me know.

Yours sincerely,

HENRY C. O'BRIEN (1916-1920).

[Please send on photographs,—Ed.]



UPHOLLAND LETTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Following upon the week of Jubilee Celebrations which took place at the beginning of the year, and of which you have doubtless read in the Press, the rest of the term, as a result of such a beginning, has flashed by—and here we seem to be writing another letter to you almost before the ink has dried on our last.

I should like to tell you of the Celebrations: the choir-stalls purpled by the robes of the prelates, thrown into relief by the sombre habits of the religious, and the black of the clergy, during the High Mass sung by Archbishop Downey; the joys of the Students' Day, complete (I almost said "replete") with dinner extraordinary; the crowds in the grounds during the People's Day—all these things, I say, I would like to relate in full, but I fear you might find yet another account of them tedious. It is sufficient that I chronicle them as introducing a term of unprecedented celerity.

Other features helping to speed the year were concerts and plays—outstanding among which was "The Price of a Crown," a play based on the English Martyrs, by Robert Hugh Benson; this has had an effect on the whole house which must reach far more deeply than anything we have yet had presented on the stage.

We must be brief, or we shall find the year, racing as it is, ended, before we finish this letter, and it would never do for a St. Edward's College Magazine to appear without good wishes from Upholland to all its friends, especially as it is so near to Christmas.

We have not yet a list of all the new Edwardians, but we shall try to have learnt them in time for our next letter, with which accordingly, with all good wishes, we leave you.

Yours,

UPHOLLAND.



SIMMARIAN LETTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The events of any year in Simmaries show very little change from those of any other, and even the differences which do show themselves are either trifling or of no interest to any but present or past Simmarians. Each year a few of us retire into the outer world, and a few more promptly fill the vacant places. The newcomers feel that their little world is upside down but soon they find themselves doing the same work and indulging in the same recreations as their predecessors had been for years past. Consequently, any account of the actions of St. Edward's old boys in Simmaries is very much the same one year as every other year, except that different names must be substituted.

If we take Soccer, we have just lost O'Reilly, Flaherty and Callander, but three newcomers will be taking their places shortly. Murphy, Lloyd, and to a lesser extent, Hollingsworth, are indulging in this sport, and as Ford (captain of soccer this year, a very high honour), Bonney, and McKeown, are still going strong, St. Edward's continues to be fairly well represented in this branch. So we have the

same drama as last year with three different actors.

In just the same way, Norton, who left last term, is followed by Moran, who has earned a regular place in the second Rugby fifteen. This is quite an achievement for it means that in a mere two months a man has taken up a new branch of sport with sufficient success to obtain a regular place in a good team. Before we leave the Juniors, some mention must be made of Healy, who won the high jump in the Junior trials in no doubtful fashion. The probability is that St. Edward's will monopolise the jumping in our Athletics' team, as there is no one to approach Bonney in the long jump. Perhaps we will hear a great deal more of these two when the Inter-College Championships are held in the third term.

Apart from these seven juniors, there are eight seniors and one third-year student. The only other senior except those already mentioned, who has attained any degree of, shall we say, prominence is Quigley, who has passed his Intermediate Science examination and has become one of those important people—the prefects—third prefect to be exact. He was elected to this post at the end of last year.

We cannot report complete success for the immediate "Pawst," either in the examinations last June or in the subsequent search for posts. Rogan, Kershaw, and Redmond passed B.Sc. finals, but unhappily, of the twelve candidates for the Teachers' Certificate, two failed. Of those who passed, six have not yet obtained posts, and the others are scattered over the whole of the known world. Ripley, Norton, Kelly, and D'Arcy are working here in London, while O'Reilly is teaching in Liverpool, and Jones is in Bloxwich. In passing it might be interesting to listen attentively to anything you may hear in connection with O'Reilly and the Everton football club. Apart from being a

fine footballer himself, I will guarantee that for the last nine years Everton have not had a keener supporter than "Teeny."

As is usual, we all send our heartiest congratulations to the College on its success in School Certificate, Matric and Higher School, and to each individual concerned in that success.

Yours,

SIMMARIES.



VARSIITY LETTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains my sense. And in this heavy aftermath of hemlocked hangover, our chief desire is to be reminiscent rather than informative. Lovingly, albeit bleakly, we look back on those *halcyon* days. Thus you may see us any day with two of the fresh newcomers to the fold, Fred Roberts and Rooney. (They affect us strangely; Sir, those twain! Their freshness, their youth, their innocent animal vigour! Eheu, indeed, eheu fugaces)—you may see us with this lovingly united pair, sitting together at A.S.A. teas, and discussing the Old School pies, superior far to anything we get here, even if they are free; discussing the Old School pies, I say, and recalling those lively times when a daily "sinker" was positively *de rigueur* for those who wished to be in the swim. Tell us, Sir, for now you can be frank with but little fear of its affecting your dividends, just exactly *what* did they contain? Our interest is academic.

This aged bosom warms, Sir, as we proceed; for we recall that you have sent us this year a very considerable number of Freshmen. Frank Reid follows Robert Stevenson's footsteps into Science, while Cunningham has left his accountants' office to come and

study Commerce here for the next two years. Damon Roberts and Pythias Rooney have already been chronicled, and finally we have Paddy McCarthy and Carr in Chemistry. We hear rumours that another McGrath has come up this year, but he seems almost impossible to trace. Could you tell us, Sir, whether he is truly a rumour, or merely a mistake? McMahon in Law is no rumour but real fact.

Depression returns as we contemplate on the one hand past delights, such as Freshers' Socials, and on the other Final Examinations or future misfortunes. Life is brightened only by the incidence of such events as Bill Doyle's opposing in open House, the other day, the motion "That this House considers that Guinness is good for you." Before the debate occurred we had prepared a series of horrified pejoratives for the defection of the originator of the slogan "Pass Outs for Guild Hops," of the proposer that the Union should be licensed. But after the Rev. Doyle had delivered his sermon we were helpless. This, so help me, was the best speech we have ever heard. Bill now spends his time by the way, in seeking the loose screw supposed to have been possessed by the Wright (Cheerio, Bleriot!) Brothers. To be perfectly honest, he obtained a University Fellowship in Engineering Research; and the aforementioned, we believe, is one of the suggested ways in which he should occupy himself.

His namesake, Dermot Doyle, has lately been seen rapidly "Headin' for the last Round-Up." We understand he has been badly bitten by a ferocious little "dogie." We see Austin Thomas running about the Arts building, also, looking for history notes; that boy has a gluttonous appetite for dates. (This is far too obvious to be premeditated). Bill Davies and Robert Stevenson are among the most faithful attendants at Catholic Society Meetings; which reminds us that Wilf Laughlin has finally left us and is at

the helm of vast literary enterprises of a recondite nature. We are, believe us Sir, saving steadily for our subscriptions.

From the non-ubiquity of Matt Murphy, Laurence Pratt, and Hugh P. McGrath, we deduce that they must be working their fingers to the bone. Hugh P. declares that he got to the bone long ago, and what is he to do now? Amazing Whoopee (Hugh P.!). Whoopee Hugh P.! (You grasp the idea?). Hugh P. does not make "whoopee," which is merely suggested by a certain assonance.

To become serious again. We have come to the conclusion that the most interesting people here at present are those who have left us. Patrick Fergus recently returned from the big bad world to maintain the proposition against the Canadian Debating Team, that "The conditions of this Age give an unfair advantage to age over youth." Nolan, our other frensic artist, has departed, they do say, to the Army. Paddy Byrne and Gerry Rogers (though perhaps we should write Gerry's name, at least, in capitals to give a certain balance) are in a semi-deponent state. They remain at the University, but have outside affiliations. Paddy is at the Northern Hospital, Gerry at the Royal Infirmary. In conclusion had we but world enough and time, Sir, we should like to tell you of Gerry Melia, of Terry McGrath, of Johnny Bold, Tommy Hanlon and Danny Flynn. But for the present we must be content merely to record their presence. And now, Sir, may we take this time on behalf of the Edwardians now at the University to congratulate you on your very distinguished successes in School Certificate and H.S.C., and to wish you once more good fortune and

a successful career throughout the coming year. We look forward to writing to you again.

Yours sincerely,

VARSAITY.



BLAIRS LETTER.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,
BLAIRS,
ABERDEEN.

October 8th, 1933.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

No doubt, this is the first time a Blairs Letter has been sent to your *Magazine*, but as you know, this is my first year in the Seminary of St. Mary's, and as far as I know, I am the first from St. Edward's. I write this as a letter of appreciation of the five years I spent with the Brothers, Masters, and boys in St. Domingo Road.

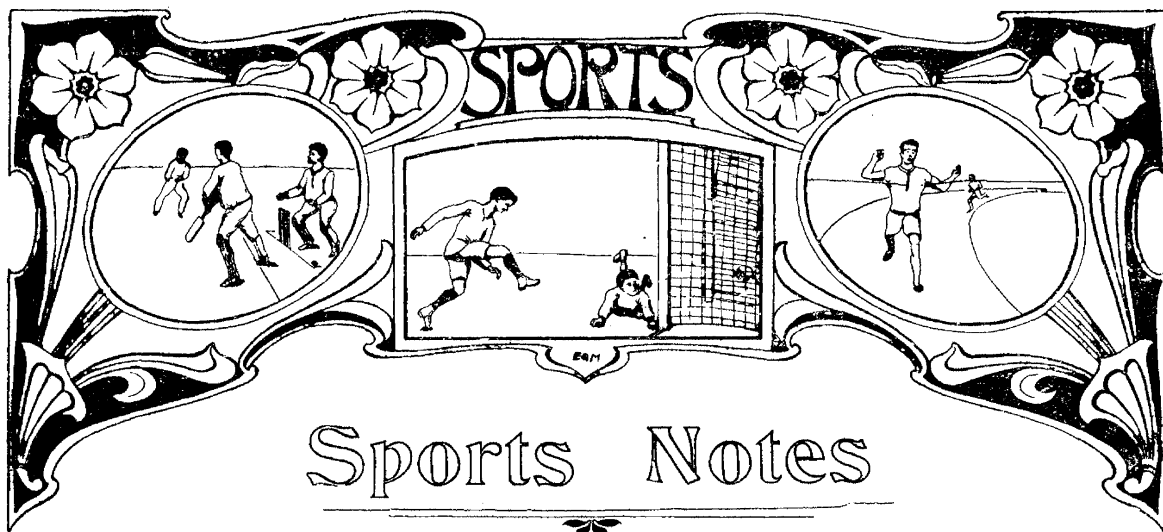
The House, here, is occupied by some hundred or so Seminarists, intended solely for the mission of Scotland. Of other brother Old Edwardians there are none, but I cherish and recall the old spirit in the class-room or on the playing-fields, with the clamorous strains of the Kia-Oia. The latter brings back memories of last February, and so may this February of 1934 bring you still better luck in both Junior and Senior Shields.

Hoping that you reach Anfield and Goodison Park, and come off victorious in both.

I remain, yours truly,

Blairtention (C. Redmond).





Sports Notes

FOOTBALL REPORTS

THE Season opened with only a quartet of last year's stalwarts to the fore, so naturally the ambitious ones of Junior rank were on tenter-hooks to get a place in Senior Football. Players of the talent of Kennedy, Redmond, and Graham, are not to be got for the making—the footballer is not made, he has to be born. The choice of Captain fell on John Doyle who had been in School football through all ranks for five years and now that he had to make his selection from dark horses his position was not an enviable one.

Our Fixture Card had to be somewhat altered for our 1st and 2nd try-out, so our first encounter we had to try conclusions with our friends and rivals St. Francis Xavier's. Our team was in the making and to make confusion worse confounded we had to play two reserves. I may here remark slight injuries and illness have been very conspicuous amongst our team, as only four—J. Doyle, W. Smerdon, N. Fitzsimmons, and J. Mulroy—

have found themselves fit to take their place for all Fixtures.

Colours have been awarded to John Hurst, Barney McCourt, and Vincent Norbury. J. Hurst and B. McCourt both played a leading part in our struggle for Shield Honours last season; Barney was slow in getting into his stride this season owing to his nursing an injured ankle. He has pulled himself together and has been doing good service in the half-back division.

Before concluding I must tender a note of appreciation to my worthy predecessor, George Lunt, who carefully filled the post of Athletic Secretary for four years. He carries with him the deep appreciation of the Football fans of S.E.C.

L. McD.

WHO'S WHO.

John Doyle, Captain. He has been engaged in School Football since his advent to St.

Edward's, has seldom been absent on the Wednesday afternoon. Played at right full-back for three seasons; plays robust football; has proved a capable pivot since he took on the role of Captain.

William Smerdon in Goal has always shown coolness and self-possession; has a safe catch and quick delivery, though not always in the right direction; gets out of tight corners with applause; and the team can always feel safe when he is between the sticks.

John Hurst: Promoted from Junior ranks two seasons ago. A very versatile player; has a strong and sure kick at full-back, or can show sure control with a good rasping shot at centre-forward; his well-set build enables him to stand up to powerful opponents.

Vincent Norbury comes from a family of footballers. The name is written in the annals of St. Edward's football. A good forward in the inner berth; like most good players he sometimes forgets football is played on the team spirit; possesses a good shot and often finds the back of the net when least expected.

LEO McDONALD.

St. Edward's v. St. Francis Xavier's.

Played at Melwood, October 7th, 1933.

Team:—W. Smerdon; J. Hurst, P. Clarke; G. Hickman, J. Doyle, J. Mulroy; E. McLoughlin, V. Norbury, J. Redmond, G. Grownie, M. Fitzsimmons.

It was very unfortunate that the first game of the season resulted in a defeat. We must only hope that the team will soon settle down and produce the form of the past few seasons.

Doyle lost the toss but S.F.X. decided to face the slight wind. There was a drizzle throughout the game, and the greasy ball made good control difficult. We commenced with ten men and S.F.X. showed some superiority at first. However, we attacked and kept in the rival half for a good period. They broke away after about five minutes and the centre-forward scored with a pass from the outside-right. Smerdon had little chance. The home team later forced a corner but lost the advantage. It was now our turn to press, and both Fitzsimmons and Redmond had shots at goal. Norbury followed up a shot which the goal-keeper fumbled but the ball went out of play. S.F.X. broke away with a good movement down the right wing but were stopped by Clarke. Grownie took two shots in succession

but the backs cleared. There was an exciting moment when Redmond headed to Norbury who just failed. The home team again attacked and the outside-right scored, shooting over Smerdon who was on his knees. Hurst now went centre-forward, Doyle right-back, and Redmond centre-half.

Half-time:—S.F.X., 2; St. Edward's, 0.

In the second half play was more even. The S.F.X. centre-forward, who made up for his smallness by his alertness, passed Hickman and easily put the ball into the corner of the net out of Smerdon's reach. Again they attacked and the centre-forward, whom Clarke should have stopped, scored his third goal. Again Smerdon could do nothing. Our defence still continued to be hard pressed, but now the forwards came into the picture a little. From a kick-out Grownie got the ball and passed to Redmond, who after tricking an S.F.X. man, sent it on to Hurst. Hurst made straight for goal, beat a full-back, and gave the goal-keeper no chance. We continued to have a good deal of the play, although S.F.X. often broke away. There was a scramble in the home team's goalmouth, and Hurst again scored with a good shot. S.F.X. again pressed but we kept them out till the final whistle.

Final:—S.F.X., 4; St. Edward's, 2.

On the whole, play was poor and uninteresting. There was no combination in our team. Both defence and attack were at fault. When we had the advantage the forwards shot wildly and mistakes were frequently made by the defence. Doyle was badly supported by Clarke and Hickman failed to hold the left wing. Our wingers were given little to do.

Result, 2nd XI.—S.F.X., 5; St. Edward's, 0.

St. Edward's v. Birkenhead Institute.

Played at Fazakerley, October 11th.

Team:—Smerdon; Atkinson, M. Murphy; F. Burke, Doyle, Mulroy; McLoughlin, Norbury, Hurst, Grownie, Fitzsimmons.

Rain had been falling heavily for days and the ground was soft. There was a very strong wind blowing and B.I. took advantage of this when they won the toss. The changes in the team had a striking effect, and it seems as though we are going to have as good an eleven as ever. It will be better still when McCourt's foot enables him to play again. Only for the first few minutes did B.I. appear dangerous. Despite the strong wind blowing against us we began to monopolize the play and to confine the game to their half. Our forwards controlled the ball well, and always kept their eyes on the goal. Fitzsimmons and Grownie took part in two promising movements. Fitzsimmons forced a corner, but Norbury's shot was saved by the goal-keeper. The corners taken by our outside-left were a feature of this game; each of them curled right into the goalmouth. Indeed, Fitzsimmons excelled throughout: his dribbling, his centres, and his shots being very good. From his second corner Grownie scored and put us in front. Before half-time Hurst added a second from a pass by Norbury.

Half-time:—St. Edward's, 2; B.I., 0.

We were again the superior team in the second

half. Our halves easily mastered the B.I. forwards, Doyle being especially brilliant. He was never far from their centre-forward, and as we began to crowd around their goal, he showed his ability in attack. Atkinson proved a fine back; he has a good shot and tackles and positions himself well. Only occasionally did B.I. break away but their shots were capably dealt with by Smerdon. Hurst scored the third goal after Fitzsimmons had done good work. Hurst has proved a great goal getter; he makes use of his weight to get close in and then gives the goal-keeper no chance. From a pass by Norbury he completed his "hat-trick." Unfortunately he was hurt later on, receiving a powerful shot in his face, having to go off for a few minutes. We would certainly have increased the score but for the visiting goal-keeper. He saved several difficult shots which looked like certain goals. I must not conclude without mentioning the good work of Grownie and Norbury. The only fault with the former is that he is a trifle slow, while Norbury is inclined to hang on to the ball too long; he would have done better to have fed McLoughlin a little more. If we can improve, or even retain, the form of this game there are good prospects ahead.

Final:—St. Edward's, 4; B.I., 0.

Result, 2nd XI.—St. Edward's, 7; B.I., 3.

St. Edward's v. University 3rd XI.

Played at Wyncote, October 18th.

Team:—Smerdon; Atkinson, Hurst; Grownie, Doyle, Mulroy; McLoughlin, Norbury, E. Woods, McCourt, Fitzsimmons.

A pithy but correct resume of this game would be to say that we were vastly superior to the 'Varsity. Although the home team had the advantage in weight it was of little use to them, and our men proved capable of standing any knocks. An allowance must be made for the fact that they were a man short but I think that we would have still beaten their full team. We broke away from the beginning and after a time forced a corner. McLoughlin did not put it far enough in, but Norbury gained possession and passed to McCourt who just missed. Fitzsimmons scored the first goal with a neat header; he was also instrumental in gaining the next point, Norbury scoring from his corner. The 'Varsity seldom came into the picture and if they did our defence easily mastered them. Mulroy did very well in holding their outside-right. McCourt commenced the movement leading to the third goal: after beating three men he passed to McLoughlin who sent it on to Norbury; the latter put the score up to three. We again attacked on the left wing and McCourt hit the bar with a great shot. Norbury got the rebound and passed to Woods who added another point. Woods also added a fifth. Towards the end of the first half 'Varsity attacked and Smerdon was called upon to save a few shots. Their centre-forward broke away and beat Atkinson to obtain their first goal. To make up for this Woods scored another before the interval.

Half-time:—St. Edward's, 6; University, 1.

During the second half we slackened down and allowed the home team to have some of the play.

The game was now much more even and our defence had work to do. Atkinson again played a very good game, seldom making an error. Grownie also shone at right-half and did not allow his hefty opponents to terrorize him. During one of our attacks Fitzsimmons made a perfect pass to Norbury who scored his third. An amusing incident occurred when Hurst was giving the ball to Smerdon from a kick-out. He put the ball too far away, and Smerdon diving full-length missed it. A corner was awarded. 'Varsity gained a second goal before time. Throughout the game our forwards had perfect combination. Seldom was a pass wasted or an opportunity thrown away. Woods kept close to goal and waited his chances which he used to advantage. Norbury was in his best form and his tricks made the game interesting. He and McLoughlin worked very well together. Our defence was always sound, Doyle again excelling at centre-half. Indeed, there was no weak spot in the team.

Final:—St. Edward's, 7; University, 2.

Result, 2nd XI.—St. Edward's, 1; University, 1.

St. Edward's v. Quarry Bank.

Played at Fazakerley, October 25th.

Team:—Smerdon; Atkinson, Hurst; Grownie, Doyle, Mulroy; McLoughlin, Norbury, Woods, McCourt, Fitzsimmons.

It was really disheartening to watch this game. Our forwards were given a lesson by the performance of Quarry. There was altogether too much dallying and any chances we got were wasted. Norbury alone played up to form, the rest of the forward line being very weak. On the contrary the visitors played great football. They were never at a loss and shot first time. Their forwards worked together until they had a real chance and then they put the ball beyond Smerdon's reach. We were easily mastered by their defence, and their halves were left almost free to feed the attack. In the first half we had the sun against us, and as Quarry only started with ten men, we were dangerous for a time. McLoughlin got our only goal with a pass from Fitzsimmons. Quarry now began to attack and their team worked like a machine. After about twenty-five minutes they forced a corner, but lost their chance. Shortly after, however, their centre-forward scored. Smerdon just got to it, but it was too strong for him. Both their wingers appeared dangerous but we held out till half-time.

Half-time:—St. Edward's, 1; Quarry Bank, 1.

The visitors now settled down and their forward line got going. The inside-right scored after a strong attack. Later on the centre-forward put another into the corner of the net, Smerdon just failing to reach it. Jackson, their outside-right, just missed with a shot over the bar. Doyle was our outstanding player, using both head and feet effectively. Mulroy also played well, but Grownie was badly off form. On the whole our defence was not too bad.

Final:—St. Edward's, 1; Quarry Bank, 3.

Result, 2nd XI.—St. Edward's, 1; Q.B., 1.

St. Edward's v. Liverpool Collegiate.

Played at Holly Lodge, October 28th.

Team :—Smerdon ; Murphy, Hurst ; Grownie, Doyle, Mulroy ; McLoughlin, Sinnott, Woods, Mulheirn, Fitzsimmons.

We had three reserves playing, but the team showed a great improvement on Wednesday's performance. It was a most unfortunate incident that lost us the game. About a minute from time Collegiate attacked and Hurst failed to stop the ball about twelve yards out. It went to Mulroy, who could have cleared, but who left it, thinking that Smerdon was coming out. Smerdon thought that Mulroy would clear and hence their outside-right was able to nip in and win the game. I must, however, start at the beginning. Collegiate scored an early goal after about three minutes. They were always dangerous and Smerdon was called upon to make some magnificent saves. Most of these were high up. Murphy once tried to head the ball when he could have kicked it and Smerdon alone stopped another goal. We were also dangerous however. Sinnott once passed to Woods who had an open goal. He was not quick enough and the back beat him. Mulheirn later scored a fine goal from Sinnott's pass. Collegiate again attacked and their inside-left shot just under the bar. Smerdon got to it but let the ball go in. Fortunately the referee did not notice. Later Smerdon had to deal with a similar shot, and the referee awarded a goal. However he was persuaded that the ball did not go in.

Half-time :—Collegiate, 1 ; St. Edward's, 1.

After the interval a shot from Fitzsimmons was stopped by the Collegiate goal-keeper. Play was as fast as in the first half. Our defence was sound enough, Murphy playing well. Doyle and Mulroy played their usual good game. Grownie was not up to form, and he was off his feet far too often. Our chief weakness in the forward line was at inside-right where Norbury was missed. Both our wingers were good, while Mulheirn played excellently ; he is a real live-wire, yet is always in his position when required. He deserves a place in the first eleven. Collegiate's outside-left just missed with a shot, but the outside-right followed up and scored. Their centre-forward missed badly later on. They forced a corner and Smerdon punched out well. He saved a resulting shot, punching it over. Doyle cleared from the corner. We broke away and got a second goal. Mulheirn did some great work, and passed to Sinnott, who had gone outside-left. Sinnott put it in to Woods, who had an open goal. It seemed as though we would draw, but Collegiate got another goal as already described. It was a good fast game and nobody could grumble at the result. Collegiate are a good all-round team, but they have been better.

Final :—Collegiate, 3 ; St. Edward's, 2.

Result, 2nd XI.—Collegiate, 2 ; St. Edward's, 4.

St. Edward's v. Alsop High School.

Played at Fazakerley, November 8th.

Team :—Smerdon ; Atkinson, Murphy ; Grownie, Doyle, Mulroy ; McLoughlin, Norbury, Hurst, Sinnott, Fitzsimmons.

The ground was in bad condition owing to heavy

rain, but it was an exciting game. Their outside-left almost scored after a few minutes play. We attacked and Norbury put the ball forward to Hurst who in turn passed to Fitzsimmons. The latter just failed. We continued to press, until they suddenly broke away and their inside-left had nothing to do except put the ball into the corner of the net. Smerdon was given plenty to do and he excelled. Time and again he saved almost certain goals.

Half-time :—St. Edward's, 0 ; Alsop H.S., 1.

The game was even after the interval and there were several narrow escapes at both ends. Smerdon again gave a splendid display. Sinnott was a poor forward. Towards the end Hurst became dangerous but we could not force a draw before the final whistle.

Final :—St. Edward's, 0 ; Alsop H.S., 1.

St. Edward's v. Prescott Grammar School.

Played at Prescott, November 11th.

Team :—Smerdon ; Murphy, Hurst ; McCourt, Doyle, Mulroy ; F. Burke, Norbury, Langley, Gaskell, Fitzsimmons.

We had not played Prescott for about five years, when we beat them in a Shield match, and hence we did not know what form they would show. The ground could not be called good, having a pronounced slope, up which we had to kick in the first half. Langley was playing for the first time and made a promising debut. We were on the whole the superior team, and as usual decidedly unlucky. Our forwards were busy at first, despite the handicap of the hill, but Prescott broke away and scored. Smerdon was helpless against a shot to the left-hand side of the net. This goal seemed to give the home team confidence and they attacked more frequently. Happily our defence was sound. The halves were the best part of our team and Mulroy subdued a dangerous right-wing. We equalised by means of a goal from Norbury, who played his usual game. It is hard to say whether his goal was lucky or well placed, for it came from a very difficult angle and had the goalie well beaten. Langley led the forward line capably and made a very good attempt while off his balance. He got our second goal before the interval.

Half-time :—St. Edward's, 2 ; Prescott G.S., 1.

We expected to over-run Prescott in the second half but were disillusioned. Their defence got the better of us and despite our forwards' efforts we could not increase the lead. Langley faded out and missed several chances. Norbury fed the outside-right too much. He would do much better if he passed to the centre-forward or across to the other wing. As it is, he usually beats two or three opponents brilliantly and then wastes the opportunity. Gaskell was the the weakest spot in the attack. Smerdon was given more to do and made one especially good save, diving full-length. Prescott were dangerous towards the end, but they were seldom allowed to shoot. Our backs managed to crowd them out and prevent their scoring. It was a fast and interesting game, and we will welcome the return game at Fazakerley.

Final :—St. Edward's, 2 ; Prescott G.S., 1.

St. Edward's v. Birkenhead Institute.

Played at Birkenhead, November 22nd.

Team :--Smerdon ; Atkinson, Murphy ; McCourt, Doyle, Mulroy ; Norbury, Grownie, Langley, ———, Fitzsimmons.

Once again we could not field a full team. Hurst and Mulheirn were unable to play and we had to do our best with ten men. Birkenhead Institute had improved since we played them last. Throughout the game we were handicapped by the loss of a forward. The whole line was thrown out, and Fitzsimmons alone showed any idea of football. Langley probably due to the absence of an inside-left, could do nothing, while Norbury was certainly not at home at outside-right. If we had had a decent forward line, we would have won by a much larger score. As it was Langley missed several easy chances. Our defence was as usual quite sound. I have now a pleasant task to fulfil: to announce that J. Doyle Captain, scored his first goal in school football. For four years he has done stalwart work in the first eleven, but has usually played at full-back. This year he became centre-half, and several times he has nearly scored. He succeeded in this game and I think

he deserves a paragraph to himself. It was a goal well suited to such an important occasion. Fitzsimmons took a corner and Doyle got his head to it, making sure that the goal-keeper had no chance. B.I. were not long before they equalised, the outside-left putting it well past Smerdon. Fitzsimmons sent in a great shot which was splendidly saved. Langley missed an open goal shortly after, but Grownie added another for us before half-time.

Half-time :--St. Edward's, 2 ; Birkenhead I., 1.

We were dangerous in the second half, especially towards the end. Our halves did a great deal of attacking and made up for the weakness of the forwards. B.I. nearly scored once, but Doyle got his head to the ball just on the goal line and made a fine save. Their inside-right levelled the score with a first-time shot just under the bar. Time and again we raided their territory without any success. We got near to the goal alright, but the finishing-off was bad. However, Norbury managed to put us in the lead before full-time. We were pleased to see Bro. Doyle at the match. He used to have charge of the First some years back.

Final :--St. Edward's, 3 ; Birkenhead I., 2.

Crossword Solution

S E E M S A C T O R
 T O N O L I V E R
 R A T E E D N E T S
 M E R E E A R E
 E R R O R U S I N G
 W A A S I C O
 E N T E R T A I N M E N T
 I E I S R E E
 L E A S T C E D E S
 C Y E A N U L L
 H E A T A S I D E A
 S O R T E D E I T
 S H E D S O R D E R

R.K.