

# St. Edward's College

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## School Notes.

“**H**APPY the country that has no history.” I suppose it should be the same of a school—but then what is the Editor of the Magazine to do? No history means no news, nothing exciting, nothing to record! And certainly some terms are without incident. So do not be too hard on Mr. Editor if his notes are *parvum in multo*.

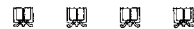


In the House Cricket contests Sefton House was barely first with 74 points; Domingo pressed very close with 72. These Houses have so far divided the Shield honours evenly between them. But let them look to their laurels—Hope and Mersey are not in a mood to be mere onlookers. In the Junior

Tug-o'-war and Athletics, they have indicated their budding powers.



This year there have been no less than eight ordained priests for the pastoral work of the Church, a few others have been ordained in the various Orders and Congregations. The supply does not look like drying up, for this term ten left the School to enter the Seminaries and the Noviciates of Orders of Priests and Brothers. This is surely indicative of the general good spiritual tone in the School. *Laus Deo semper!*



The Universities have also claimed their

clients—six have entered this term. And the Training Colleges too have their—though not in such numbers as of old—before the introduction of quotas and the cutting down of vacancies!

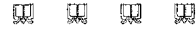


Just before the holidays there was a quiet Prize-giving. It is hoped that the usual public one will take place in February next. Preparations are being made for it.



The High Mass at the Pro-Cathedral, annually arranged for by the C.I.E.A., was sung on Sunday, November 18th, by Canon O'Connell, himself an Old Boy of the Christian Brothers; he was assisted by Fathers G. Doyle and P. Reynolds, Old Boys of C.I. and St. Edward's. Father Doyle preached a very beautiful sermon, and both he and Canon O'Connell welcomed the Brothers and the Old Boys to the Pro-Cathedral, and wished continued prosperity and success to the College. There was a much larger number

of Old Boys present than in previous years—a reflection of the revival of the C.I.E.A.



On the previous Sunday—November 11th—the usual wreath was placed in the Memorial Chapel of St. Gerard's Church, where stands the Tablet with the names of our Old Boys killed in the Great War. Being a Sunday a larger number of Old Boys were able to be present.




On Tuesday, 27th November, at Our Lady Immaculate's Church, the annual Solemn Requiem for the deceased Brothers, Masters and Pupils of the College was sung by Father Smythe, assisted by Fathers Dawson and Gallen. The music was rendered by the whole school, under the direction of Mr. Boraston. The Proper of the Mass was sung by the College Choir.



**N.B.—All notes and articles for the Magazine should be written on one side of the paper only. Articles in pencil are not accepted.**

## The Coup D'Etat.

 UT of the blue, shot a cabined De Havilland monoplane and circled overhead. In a classroom far below lessons were being conducted in the usual manner. The master who was an ardent "fan" of Newton's was vainly trying to instil into the minds of his listeners a little of the greatness of Newton. "Just think of it—a scholarship to Cambridge, the Binomial Theorem when taking his B.A., then his

theory of Universal Gravitation, his Calculus, his Optics—that one man could have done all this seems incredible. As Laplace said, 'Newton was the greatest genius that ever existed, and most fortunate, for we cannot find more than once a system of the world to establish' ". . . . .

The aeroplane was nearer now, the pilot had picked out the smooth green of the playing field in front of the school and was diving

steeply towards it; he inspected it quickly and then switching off he glided easily to earth.

In the same classroom the master was drawing near to the end of his discourse on Newton. He paused, then beaming on his class he concluded with that most fitting epigram of Pope's.

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night.  
God said 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

Suddenly the reverent silence—(of the master)—was broken by the entrance of a tall, thick-set man in flying-kit. "Could I speak to Dan Cross please?" he muttered, his eyes roving over the class, his right hand firmly in his coat pocket. Dan eyed the stranger with rather a startled air; however he rose from his seat to see what he wanted. The pilot had seen that look and immediately became suspicious. He hurriedly drew his automatic and swept it in an arc over the class. "I'd advise you to hurry up if you don't want to see any of your friends hurt," he growled, his tone and whole demeanour becoming more threatening. Dan thought furiously for a moment then with a helpless shrug of his shoulders he walked towards the door. There he turned towards the class again and looking towards his friend Frank Deane he gave a sign, as if to say "It will be all right as long as you remember what you have to do."

He now tried to make time by arguing with the intruder, but the intruder was wise to the fact that his only chance of escape was while the passages were deserted and everyone in their classrooms. "Listen you mutts, I don't want to hurt anyone, but I think you'll recognise that I'm boss of the situation at present, so you"—turning to the master—"hand over your keys immediately." Fuming yet as ponderous when angry as ever, the master began, "I should like you to know my good man . . ." "Skip it," broke in leathercoat; "hand over the key to this door and shut up." He grabbed the key, hustled Dan

outside and locked the door before anyone realised that he had moved. The class was struck dumb.

The sound of running feet roused them. Some dashed to the window and dragged it open. Others picked up a desk and gleefully battered at the door. Wild confusion reigned supreme. Then the master squeezed through on to the window-sill and commenced a daring climb down the drain-pipe. Just below him two running figures appeared. The leader was being urged on to greater efforts by a few timely prods in the back with an automatic, so they were running fairly swiftly. The master was near the ground now and three boys were following him, but the two runners had reached the field and were near their goal—the monoplane in the centre. They reached it and Dan tried to gain more time, but the automatic was quickly reversed and brought down with a thud on his head. Leathercoat's friend dropped to the ground from the plane and between them they quickly hoisted him up and dumped him in the cabin like a sack of beans.

The master and two boys had reached ground level now and were running towards the plane. Behind them the rest of the class, newly released, surged through the door in breathless haste. "Contact" yelled the pilot. The engine coughed discreetly and then picked up with a roar—they were off! Gasping and exhausted the pursuers reached the field too late and one by one sank down on to the grass to recover their breath. The monoplane circled over their heads defiantly and before he made off the pilot dropped them a note. The master retrieved it and opening it with forebodings, he read: "Come up and see me sometime!"—'tis the last straw that breaks the camel's back.

The morning of the second day of Dan's disappearance dawned fairly early—as mornings sometimes do—but still the police and school authorities were in a fog. Every path,

every line of attack that might lead to the truth was explored, but each in turn brought them up against a blank wall. A cloak of mystery enveloped the whole affair. There was one person who had a clue, however, Frank Deane—Dan's friend and confident. He had received a sealed packet, about a week previous, which Dan had told him was written in code. He gave him the key to the code in a separate envelope and asked him to guard the two safely. "Promise to use or decode it in case of emergency only," he had asked, and Frank had promised. Now the time had come and Frank decided to start work on it that evening.

The packet contained several closely written pages and represented about three hours' work. It took longer than he had anticipated, however, and it was late when he had completely decoded it; but it was worth it. Several pages were in the form of reports of meetings at which Dan had obviously been secretary; one page was devoted to a list of the names of the more important people in the organisation, but it was the last page on which Frank concentrated. It gave briefly but fully a list of the forces against them and above all it gave complete descriptions of their opponents, town and country mansions, their appearance and location. Evidently the society had a good detective service. Frank produced a map and studied it. He thought of the aeroplane which had so mysteriously disappeared and decided to visit their country house as being the most likely spot in which to find Dan. With this consoling thought he went off to bed.

The next morning he took a train up North. He set out fairly early expecting to be back by evening, for he thought that it would be quite easy to get a local train to take him from the junction to the station mentioned in the report. His hopes were soon shattered when he arrived at the junction and it was late afternoon before he was on the local line and approaching his destination. He had

very foolishly set out alone, because he thought that Dan would not wish to have his secrets blazed abroad, just yet—so he had not informed the police of his discovery.

Arriving at the little wayside station, he left the train and started out across the bleak moor. Half-an-hour later he was still striding along with no sign of life or habitations within sight, nothing but the same drab uniformity and similarity of the scene. Then, slowly but surely a mist began to close in on him; coming in little wisps at first that soon grew into one large rolling cloud that completely blotted out the last gleams of the late winter sun—an icy coldness numbed his heart and the hand of fear touched him. His nerves had been keyed up to a high pitch by his recent momentous discoveries and his suspense had been augmented by the nerve-racking wait for the train in the dreary waiting room. He felt very tired and longed for food and rest, his limbs carrying him on mechanically.

The thick moorland mist swirled and eddied round him in divers shapes and fancies and ghostly figures ran riot in his imagination. Suddenly a curlew whirling overhead shrilled its shrill cry at him. It terrified him, but it brought his thoughts back to grim reality. He was lost, absolutely and hopelessly lost; his only chance, however, was to keep moving, for to sit down in the cold damp mist would have been suicidal.

He tramped and tramped until his legs refused to function properly, and he had to drag them along, staggering and stumbling in a purposeless futility. Suddenly he gave a cry for there ahead he could see a wall showing faintly through the thickening mist. He ran towards it with sobbing breath and outstretched hands, leaving a wisp of a muttered prayer of thankfulness behind him, his eyes were fixed immovably on it as if it might disappear. Only a few more yards now to reach it, but the end was nearer. A deep and ever ready ditch received his sprawling figure

and held it tight. He slowly sat up and stared vacantly around, his fingers feebly fingering the rough wall.

Then his position came to him in a flash, this was the Roman Wall—Hadrian's Wall—he was lost no longer. He distinctly remembered seeing the wall marked on the map and the house was very near to it—it might be near at hand, it might be miles away—but he was on the right track at last. The next problem was to decide whether to go to the right or to the left, he was reduced at last to tossing a coin; but he was saved this great decision for away to the right he heard the swish of feet in the grass and the hiss of hushed voices—so to the right he crept.

Quietly and stealthily he crept along, and quiet stealthy forms crept after him and made him a prisoner—it was all over in a few moments. They brought him before the leader, who examined him quickly. "Why he's not one of them" he exclaimed, then to Frank "What are you doing near this house on such a day as this?" "The same as you I suppose, considering the neat and efficient way that you have surrounded it," answered Frank quite friendly, because he also had descriptions of the enemy and these were not they. Explanations followed, they both showed their credentials and Frank became one of them.

It was the neatest raid he ever hoped to see. The only preparations they made were to cut the telephone wires and re-examine their guns. They gradually closed in on the house, one party knocked at the front door and the other at the servants' door. It was rather unfortunate for the "door-openers," because they didn't even see what struck them; they just flopped down for a count of many score and ten. Ten minutes later the house was in their hands and Dan was free.

The leader made arrangements with his men and leaving them in the house he took Dan and his friend out on to the road where his high-powered car was parked—they were

soon whirling along towards London. In the back of the car Dan was explaining to Frank much that had puzzled him and great was Frank's joy when he consented to let him enter their organisation. They discussed the situation from various aspects and Dan finally decided that the only thing to do was to call an emergency meeting of the council and see what they would decide. They pulled up by a 'phone box and Dan got busy ringing up the members of the council telling them to be at the meeting place in time for their arrival.

They reached the hall about four o'clock and as Dan entered the long room he seemed to dominate the Assembly. He acknowledged their greetings and then raised his hand for silence. "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," he began, "I'm sorry to say that I have some news for you which at first will seem disastrous to our plans but will, I think, eventually help to turn the scales in our favour. We should really be gathered here to-day to put the finishing touches to our great work, but this we cannot do until we have stamped out this last and greatest of all dangers.

"We found abundant evidence of the immensity of this scheme against us in the safe of the house where I have been kept prisoner—there was also a list of names and addresses of confederates who apparently are scattered in every part of the country and in every walk of life. Their bosses are in league with the Bolsheviks and are being financed by Russian money. They have divided the country into sections and over each 'section' they have placed a trusted man—a Russian, and it is these men who are doing the damage. They pretend that they are English, and are working solely for the sake of their fellow workers. They have formed clubs of discontented men from the worst areas of each section and have secretly armed them with weapons smuggled in from abroad.

"The whole country is rife with them and the poor fools in power haven't even a suspicion. They have gone round, each in his own district, telling foul lies and prejudicing the people against us; they have misrepresented our work to them as liable to ruin the country and swell the ranks of the unemployed, so that the people think that they will do good by rising in revolt and exterminating us.

"Although I had no proof of this, until to-day, I told my suspicions last week to the gentleman on my right—who has just rescued me from my enforced retirement in the country—may I introduce you to Sir Ross Bakeham, head of the Secret Service. He was so impressed at what I told him that he gave me the unofficial loan of several trusty men—hence our complete knowledge of our opponents' secrets. We have just come from Headquarters, where he went immediately we arrived in London. He has given his orders to his men and sent them to every corner of the country where the rats have rested. They have orders to watch and report, but not to strike until zero hour tomorrow. Meanwhile I was making out a draft of our proposals which I intend to submit before a special meeting of the Cabinet tonight. The Prime Minister, Sir George Harding, is a great friend of Ross and he has been told of the urgency of the situation. I will read out the draft to you and ask your decision on the contents, gentlemen, before I submit it to the higher powers. . . .

" . . . . Will the ayes go to the right hand side of the table, please, and the others to the left." Several small amendments and additions were made, but soon all present were unanimously for it. "Well, gentlemen, that will be all for now, I will meet you here tonight with the results of the conference, until then—au revoir."

Right on time, accompanied by Frank and Sir Ross, Dan entered the historic meeting place of the Cabinet; but not even such a

hallowed place, such a mellow room as this could affect him. It was inspiring to watch him, so youthful and yet so full of every quality a leader of men wants. He began his speech and almost immediately their bored looks left them; after a few crisp sentences they were sitting up startled, for they were unprepared for what was coming. They heard him through with ever increasing amazement and at his "Gentlemen, I leave the verdict to you," they broke out into a furious battle. "Silence," boomed the Chairman, "Silence," echoed the walls, but they would not be silenced and they had their say.

Then their leader arose, hesitatingly and wondering how to meet the attacks of this mere boy, with laughing eyes and pearly teeth, before him. This boy who had cut the ground from under their feet and had cast them from seeming solidity into utter chaos and confusion. "Having considered and discussed your schemes with my colleagues I think that, colossal and far reaching as they are, they are practicable on one condition only. They want someone who is a born leader, someone who will inspire people by word and example to carry on the good work and never shirk it. They want someone who is far-seeing, energetic, powerful, in fact almost superhuman—another Disraeli or another Gladstone. I do not think myself fitted for such a post and so I will resign to make way for a better man. I will make immediate arrangements for a General Election in the meanwhile I elect you Mr. Cross as my successor, for you are the only one who can carry this through."

With unbounded enthusiasm the Cabinet agreed to a man and the necessary formalities were carried out. The only difficulty they had was in obtaining the King's approval, to such an unorthodox step, so late at night, but once he heard their reasons he wholeheartedly agreed with them.

Young Dan Cross now had complete

power and late as it was he began to use it. He called in Sir Ross and told him that zero hour would be two o'clock that morning and he wanted every man seized whose name was on the black list. He stopped all the newspaper printing presses and gave their editors a message that he wanted blazed forth on their front pages, telling the people of England the true story of all the recent mysterious happenings.

These and many other things he did and when the population arose next morning, it found that the danger of which most of them had been ignorant had passed, and what amounted to a very effective "Coup d'état," had come to pass. The preparations for the General Election were pushed forward feverishly and it was held a week later.

Dan and his friends each picked an important town to represent and in each case they were completely successful so that Dan came into office as the youngest Prime Minister in history, with tremendous power and with friends on every side of him. All members of his original Assembly were there when Parliament opened. They faithfully carried out all the plans that they had made in those historic days before they came into power. During those long sittings, after much debate and argument, they had evolved for many of the present-day problems, solutions which they promptly applied, and with complete success—and England, previously an example to the world now became its model.

J. AMMUNDSEN, VIB Sc.

## The Seasons

**A**LTHOUGH there are no definite boundaries between the seasons, most people consider them as separate entities and associate their own ideas with them.

The Spring — O Spring, beautiful Spring, the season when budding poets blossom forth into song, and hail the new year with delight and new hope! In fact, this period of rejuvenation of Nature does inspire new hope and confidence into man and encourages him to continue the difficult battle of life. In Spring the young man's fancy turns to love—so the old fable tells us. The poets seem to have similar ideas and many of their poems express this.

During spring the countryside recovers from its winter's sleep and the landscape is bathed in the warm rays of the returning sun. The drab colours of winter give place to the cheerful hues of the light green leaves, and white and pink blossoms, while a new life

is inspired into the whole scene by the appearance of the little lambs, which gambol around the fields in fascinating fashion.

Summer, however, is the lazy season, not only in nature, but also in human activities. The weather is very warm—or should be so, but one can never tell what will happen in this country—and Nature's work is nearly complete. The countryside is in a restful period; the trees are in full leaf, the fields full of growing crops and the animals shelter under the trees, from the boiling heat. In fact the whole of Nature sleeps drowsily, breathing heavily on occasions by sudden and violent thunderstorms.

Many people take their holidays about this time and while nearly everyone is enjoying relaxation, students are working feverishly to kill the nightmare of modern school life. Nevertheless, there is some consideration in knowing that the examiners who annoy us, are themselves condemned

to surrender the best part of theseason to correcting the papers.

Then follows the Autumn, " that season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." The days become shorter, crops are harvested and morning and evening mists begin to creep over the landscape. The burning heat of summer gives way to the softness and soothing coolness of the golden days. Nature's work is completed in every iota, and she seems to be remaining absolutely still and stagnant—a lull, before the storm.

The still, misty days always give an impression of sadness at the thought of the passing glories of the year. In the sphere of human activity we find football and other winter sports commencing their seasons, while cricket—that King of games—takes its well earned rest after a summer's exertion.

And then, after the lull—hark, here comes the storm, which increases in violence: it rumbles, it groans, it roars, and then—it bursts in a mad whirl of falling leaves, hail,

rain and snow. Winter, that manly season of wild weather, when limbs tingle in the biting wind, and the lungs breathe the pure, cold air. The skies are bright and clear, with the yellow moon; and the dark bare trees rustle in the storms.

But the chief landmark of time, the Birth of Christ, is celebrated during this season. Once the winter arrives everybody's thoughts turn to Christmas with its merry times and its religiously happy thoughts. The festive season is soon over, however, the New Year comes, and after a short while we begin to think of the new dawn, after the long night—it bursts above the horizon like the sun. The Spring comes again, and once more the cycle of the seasons begins with, perhaps a sigh of regret for the benefits of the passing year, but time does not stand still.

"The old order changeth and yieldeth place to the new."

W. B. WHALLEY, VIa Sc.

## X-Rays.

THE real value of the X-ray is not generally known in public circles. Its use in medicine though very important is only one side of its marvellous work. Few people really know its value in this sense, in fact it is looked upon in much the same light as is spiritualism. It is considered as a generous fake, invented by chemists, to provide doctors and hospital staffs periodic entertainments at the expense of the unfortunate patient who "lying in his iron" watches the doctor with eyes full of terror, while he turns knobs and reads dials; the patient groans and lies back to ponder on how long he has left for this life or more likely how much it is all going to cost him.

X-rays, however, penetrate other things than human bodies and consequently their use in engineering is exceedingly important.

There is as much need to radiograph the interior of the metals used in making aeroplanes, bridges, munitions, etc., as there is to radiograph the human body. They are equally liable to internal ills, which may lead to serious disasters. (You need not fear that your bike is likely to develop appendicitis, as this is one of the things from which metals are immune). Flaws of various kinds have been the cause attributed to several accidents recently. The X-ray will spot a flaw in a metal however small it may be, and is thus superior to other tests, which are of the "try-it-and-see" type such as striking safety matches on glass to see whether it will light or not. Its importance in this age when everything is run on a high-power system, is obvious.

B. K. VIb Sc.



## Now and Then.

**A** COMPARISON between the modern conception of rules and habits, and the conception of previous centuries provides an interesting and entertaining study.

Compare, for instance, our rule of etiquette with the following extracts taken from a guide issued by the Lord Chamberlain in 1624, on the rules to be observed at state dinners.

“When invited to dine with royal persons, they are to be neatly dressed with clean coats and boots.

“They are not to enter the room in a half-drunken condition.

“They are warned not to drink after each mouthful, or that would make them drunk too soon, nor must they empty more than one goblet with every two dishes.

“They must not put their hands in their plates, their bones under the table, lick their fingers, wipe their noses on the tablecloth, or drink as much as to make them fall off their chairs or unable to walk straight.”

One of our most common habits to-day, is smoking. Tobacco was first introduced into England by settlers who, forming part of an expedition to Virginia, brought back some of it to England. This is what they said about it :—

“There groweth a certain kind of herb, whereof in summer they make great provision for all the year, and only men use of it. First they cause it to be dried in the sun, then wear it about their necks wrapped in a skin, with a hollow piece of stone or wood like a pipe. When they please they make powder of it, and put it in one of the ends of the said pipe, and laying a coal of fire upon it, they suck so long at the other end that they fill their bodies full of smoke, and it cometh

out of their mouth and nostrils, even as out of the tunnel of a chimney. They say that this doth make them warm and in health ; and they never go without some of it about them. We ourselves have tried the same smoke, and having put it in our mouths, it seemed almost as hot as pepper.”

How times have changed! “Only men use of it” is a thing of the past ; we no longer “wear it about our necks wrapped in a skin,” but carry it in a carton in our pocket wrapped in silver paper ; the “coal of fire” has become a modest match ; but as those Virginians, if we have any money at all “we never go without some of it about us.”

Then, of course, there was Alfred-the-Great who commented on learning :—

“So great was the decay of learning among Englishmen, that there were very few on this side of the Humber, and I ween not many north of it, who could translate a letter from Latin into English.”

So we have not made much progress. We all know the “rules” governing money to-day. Money is power, and people without money complain about hard times and misery. But, what for instance did Chaucer think of money. We have only to read his “complaint to his empty purse,” and we realise that twentieth century or middle ages money is money.

“To you my Purse! and to no other nights,  
Complain I, for ye be my lady dear!  
I am so sorry now that ye be light ;  
For truly, save ye make me better cheer,  
I were as lief be laid upon my bier ;  
And therefore to your mercy thus I cry,  
‘Be heavy again, or else indeed I die!’”

J. NOLAN VIa Mods.

## Topics.

**W**HAT is it that is filling the public's mouth now that leg-theory has subsided. Ah! how about arm-theory, the new and deadly method of playing football introduced by the Italians. The game was reminiscent of the Aldershot Tattoo: "Caesar's Invasion of Britain 1934." At three o'clock on Thursday, 15th November, 1934 these young warriors stepped into the Highbury arena full of zeal of Rome (and Spagetti) to give the best exhibition of all-in wrestling seen there for some time. The trouble started when Monti, standard-bearer of the middle legion, fell into the barbarians' hands. "This having been related to Caesar, etc., Caesar ordered the barbarians to be thrown to the lions, but seeing that Whipsnade was too far away, they contented themselves with playing catchers. The barbarians appealed to Caesar, but he had gone to the "Paramount" to see Cleopatra.

Speaking of Rome reminds me of the wireless, that beloved pest, which disturbs your solitude and rakes your nerves;

guaranteed to harmonise with howling babies, cats and dogs. The best known dictum, is not now. "This is the first General Bulletin," but "so many people lost their lives as a result of accidents on the road, etc." Which reminds me of what? Road Safety or otherwise. Safety-crossings; Belisha beacons, etc. In case you don't know, Mr. Hore-Belisha is a late art-student, whose tastes have led to the now white lines, yellow globes and twinkling lights which adorn the city streets. The definition of a safety-crossing is not to be found in any dictionary so I will endeavour to define it myself. The pavement is for pedestrians, the road for motorists, the safety-crossing for both. It is the constant friction between these two sects that provides Mr. Belisha with mental recreation. The papers are full of it, the the "enfant gate" who wanted the moon, or rather the proud father who stole a Belisha beacon for him and got three months for it.

B. K. VIb Sc.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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## Matches.

**H**OW lost you feel without a match! You cannot carry on at all. "Have you a match by any chance?" "No, I'm afraid I haven't": Good gracious! this is really serious. Life continues to rush by; but you are stranded; entirely bereft. There, is however, someone at hand usually, very soon: "Yes, pleasure." And all is well again. But supposing there was not. Imagine England waking up one morning matchless; picture the awful mental and physical repercussions from so gargantuan a catastrophe: a grim spectacle which does not bear thinking about.

But there is always a little match of some sort, and a little base on which to strike it, there or thereabouts. They have become so much a part of our life, like our left hand, that we never give them a thought. There they are. The need of ignition has always

been vital to man. Inseparable from life's pleasures is the filled handy matchbox. The fingers move instinctively, mechanically towards it at all times of crises, commotions and contentments, the passing of the little box is in itself a gesture of friendliness, and in moments of pain the clenched hands open to receive it gratefully. The striking of a match is the prelude to most jobs of work in all walks of life at all hours of the day and night; and when labour ceases, the match solaces rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, and even schoolboys need it continually and are inept without it. It is one of the many little props that support the grave or gay scenery on the stage of our lives. We don't notice it because the scene is always set for this act or the next, and we are busily about to play our little part upon it.

O. SUMMERS VI.

## Character.

The following discourse on Character taken from the pages of the *Annual of the Christian Brothers' College, Pretoria*, will be of interest to those who perhaps have not yet learned to appreciate the fact that the formation of character should be one of their pre-dominant aims all through their School life. Additional interest attaches to it by the fact that it was delivered by an Old Boy of one of our English Colleges, now a Dominican Father under the Southern Cross in South Africa.

**I**'VE been asked by the Principal to talk to you, and he has left the choice of subject matter to me. I should like to speak to you on the subject of character. We hear the word character mentioned so often in life: "what a splendid character he was"—in speaking perhaps of someone who has died; again, "so and so has a fine

character,"—"he's a man of character." We hear and read of character in so many different forms in life. There is the character peculiar to the Spartans—there is a character made by some distinctive marking in stone or metal—there is again a character set on the soul in the Sacrament of Confirmation. And when you leave school and apply for a job,

it is almost certain that the person who intends to employ you will ask your headmaster for a character. What then is character? What does it mean? Is it inborn or can we acquire it? Is it something for the rich and not for the poor? Is it for the well-bred and not for those of humble birth?

Now, needless to say, I am not going to speak to you about any individual character of any nation, either of the Spartans or the English or the Irish, nor am I to speak of the character of any Sacrament, but of character from its psychological standpoint. You will then want a definition. I will give you one. In general we may say that character is the expression of the personality of a human being, and that it reveals itself in his conduct. In this sense every man, rich and poor, high born and low born, learned and unlettered, has character. It can be universally applied to every rational human being. So you see at once that character is a very personal thing. It is as we have seen in our definition the expression of myself—how I express my personality to others around me in my conduct. It is something then for which I—and I alone—am responsible.

Now many people seem to worry themselves a great deal more over the things that they cannot help than over the things that they can. You will find sometimes that a person is very agitated because he has red hair, or another because he is of noticeably short build. They can't help these things, even indeed if they are a disadvantage. But you will often find people worrying over these things for which they are not responsible and worrying but little over their, say, tempers, for which they are. Let each of us ask himself: "Do I think more of the accidents of birth or of fortune, or of personal appearance, than of the self that I have created?" For, as I have said, I—and I alone—am responsible for myself. As has been well said: "To be born a gentleman is an accident—to die one is an achievement."

Other things then, the colour of my hair or no hair at all, my shortness of stature, the size of my ears, I may not be able to help, but myself I can. As I am at this very moment—as my character is—truthful or untruthful—pure or impure—patient or impatient—slow to anger or quick-tempered—energetic or lazy—I have no one to thank but my own self. Of course, I know the old, old excuse will be brought forward: you will perhaps tell me that these things can't be helped. Some people say that if a boy is untruthful—I mean perpetually untruthful—that it is not his fault. It is, they say, due to some family trait. Haven't we heard the expression that so and so was born lazy? It may indeed have been used by some of your masters here of some of you! But of course that is only an expression and they only use it as such. Untruthfulness, impurity, the excessive use of bad words, laziness are things we are not born with—they are not hereditary. We **can** help those things. If, on the other hand, we are born blind, or with a hair lip, or with a hump on our backs—well, we can't help those things; we are not responsible for them.

So when we find we are naturally inclined to any one individual fault or sin, don't let us make the excuse that we just can't help it, or that our parents were like that and so must we be. That is all wrong—and why is it wrong? For the simple reason that I—and I alone—am responsible for my own character. It is so easy, I know, to make excuses and say that I can't help doing this, that, or the other—that it is my nature—that God made me like that. He didn't. God does not make character. He surely helps you to make it. He is willing to give you all the helps you need, but the formation of your character is your affair in the main—it is something you have to create and not God.

Character therefore is an artificial thing. It is something that is not born but made. It is like a watch. Your watches are not things that are born. They are made—all

the wonderful little pieces of metal are made—they are pieced together into one harmonious whole until you get the perfect thing you call your watch. The making of that watch is the result of human effort and human skill. The result of much hard and laborious work, close work, work of a very delicate nature. So too with your character. It is something you make—an artificial thing. You don't just find it there as you find your body and all its component parts. That is there at birth—you can't help it. But your character you have to make for yourselves, and like the watch it is only made by human effort and human guidance, human wisdom—and indeed sometimes by human folly. I am now as I stand before you to the eye of God, because I have so made or perhaps marred myself. I, and indeed each one of you may say the same of himself, have deliberately and of set purpose tried to fashion and make within me a good character or I have allowed myself to drift along, never moving hand or foot to save myself from the perils and dangers of making within myself a character that is bad. Remember then each one is responsible for his character. It is something which he and he alone makes.

But you will say—surely there is such a thing as temperament! Surely people are really different from birth? Surely even the physical formation of the body, good health or bad health, the whole stream of tendencies inherited or instilled in early childhood, the example set by those with whom I live in my early days, the good lives or bad lives of my parents and friends, the impressions I am bound to receive from all this, the evils produced by a neglected education or an upbringing that is unchristian—surely all this or indeed any one of these things must affect my nature and make some difference to me? Have I not on their account some justification in excusing myself from being wholly responsible for the evils in my character?

To answer that question we must make an important distinction. We must realize that there is a very real distinction between character and temperament. Temperament is natural. I am born with it. Character is artificial, the result of my way of life. I am born with a certain definite temperament and for this I am not responsible, and because of this we can well rest assured that God will make all allowances. There are some people who by nature are gentle, generous and obliging. Others again, as we know, seem to be naturally cross-tempered and very easily ruffled. Again we are subject to moods, the result perhaps of people or things crossing our path and upsetting our plans. So that we find people all different—with different temperaments—some lazy, some active and keen—some given to lying, others who never lie at all—some obliging, others who will never lift a finger to help—some gentle and kind and sympathetic, others hard and gruff and cross tempered. All these things are matters largely of temperament and God understands. They are not necessarily my character. Of course, on the other hand, if we make no effort to tame any evil tendencies in our natures, then temperament and character will join hands and coincide. It is possible for me to act in conjunction with my evil temperament and produce a character that is bad, and it is possible to act in opposition to my evil temperament and produce a character that is good.

Now that precisely should be the aim of our lives. My evil temperament is or should be really a blessing in disguise. It gives me something to go on as it were. You, no doubt have heard of the great Dominican theologian, St. Thomas Aquinas. He seems to suggest in one of his writings that the worse our natural temperament is, the better for us, and really his argument is not difficult to understand.

Take a fellow with a bad temper, for example. A fellow who is very easily upset,

who flares up at the least provocation and who will never try and see the other fellow's point of view. We say he's a bad-tempered lot. My advice to him would be, strange as it may seem, to go down on his knees and thank God for that bad temper. Why? Well, in the first place it is highly probable that if he had a good temper, he would be obliging and kind, not from any spiritual motive, but from sheer nature. But on the other hand, supposing he is so cantankerous that he can only behave decently at the cost of a mighty effort, then he can be certain that every obliging thing he does is done only from a high motive. Take again the matter of impurity—bad actions or filthy talk. I am not going to suggest that he should thank God for these things. No, he is at heart disgusted with himself about all this. It isn't what he really wants—he does those things out of weakness when he is tempted, he talks like that out of bravado: perhaps he's heard others use those words and thinks it rather fine to show off in this way. Yet even here is something on which he can build his character. They are really his enemies, his trials in life. Well, what's the use of an enemy but to be conquered? Impurity, bad actions, so-called jokes that are, as we know, dirty—those things we are ashamed of, sheer laziness, gross disobedience to our parents and masters—all these things are our **enemies** in life—they are things we have to fight and conquer. Take a battle. You are fighting against an enemy. Your enemy is the necessary material out of which you fashion your victory. You overcome him only by putting up a jolly good fight. The fact of his existence is the cause of your victory. So take your evil temperaments, your bad habits, your untruthfulness, your laziness or whatever it may be. Those are your enemies in life and it is precisely out of those things, the victory over those things, that you will build up your character. Is that hard? Oh, yes. Can it be done? Oh, yes. Has it been done? Oh, yes.

How is it done? Chiefly by that which we all have—our will power. Chiefly by repeated acts, by deliberate and energetic acts of the will. It is by my own will and, of course, by the help of God, that I can react as it were against my own evil temperament. A philosopher once wrote: "You cannot dream yourself into a character—you must hammer and force yourself one," and Michael Angelo, chipping away at a statue he was making said: "While the marble wastes, the image grows." Both statements are suggestive of the way in which character has to be developed by struggle and sacrifice. You will have to make decisions which will demand no little measure of courage. You will have to say "no" when to have said "yes" would have been to your material advantage—but that "no" has laid another stone to the building of the character you are making. That is why moral decision is such a vital factor in character development. Remember what I said at the start—character is made, not born—and you have to make it—each one of you for yourselves. Don't be cowards and say you were born like that, or that you can't help these things or that they are natural. In other words, don't run away like cowards from the enemy! **Face** the enemy! **Fight** the enemy! **Conquer** the enemy!

As you go through life, my dear boys, and pass on your way, you would wish it to be said of you, I am sure: "There goes a man of character." A splendid thing to be said of you—a thing to be proud of. An achievement. It is within the power of each one of you to have that said of him. You know the only thing at a funeral that walks back from the grave with the mourners and refuses to be buried is character. That lives on as a memory—a consoling and an encouraging memory of those who are left. Don't then drift aimlessly through life, carelessly, without aim, without ambition, without plan and ideals. Create, fashion, build, make, form a character. A fight? Yes, but

one well worth the fighting, for it will bring you a splendid victory—the victory and crown

of character, and it will be said of you as you pass along: "There goes a man of character."

## Poetry.

**3** MET Wigson the other day. He told me he was writing a poem. "Right!" said I, "you've come to the right place for advice."

"Now, I suppose you intend writing one of the usual kind. Well don't. You take it from me, present-day poetry is all wrong. "Now if I were writing a poem—" Wigson groaned.

"What's wrong?" I asked him sympathetically, but it was evidently only a passing twinge. "As I was saying—but never mind I'll illustrate as I go along."

You must first touch your readers (metaphorically speaking, of course; take it from me, borrowing never did anyone any good). To do this you drop in some pathos.

For instance,

Slip your arm beneath me shoulder,  
Place a stone beneath me'ead,  
For I feel me goin' colder,  
And I know I'll soon be dead.  
But before I shuffles off, sir,  
Aye, before I smites the can,  
You must force yourself to listen  
(Wigson groaned again)

To the tale of a dying man. (Wigson looked hopeful).

Now, having wept sufficiently, the next thing is to slap down some dates, statistics, y'know to fix the poem, as it were. Here goes,

T'was the fourteenth of July, sir!  
Aye, it was sir by my song!  
And the time was nearby noon, sir,  
'Cos the papers can't be wrong.  
Now the day was fine and bright, sir!  
As the B.B.C. would say  
There weren't no darned depressions,  
Wot were moving down our way.

So you see, Wigson, this could go on for ever. But not with my way. Variety, my lad, variety! Suppose we vary the rhyme scheme. Like so,

The starter blew his whistle,  
The linesman raised his hat,  
But the ball broke in,  
And struck the chin,  
Of the man about to bat.  
With the roar of a wounded lion,  
The rabbit took to run.  
But the pack closed up,  
With a hup! boys hup!  
So the Colonel cocked his gun.

Notice, Wigson, the whole crux of the poem—a varied theme. None of your one way traffic for me! Give the reader something to think about. However, to continue,

We rounded Topham Corner,  
My gears developed a clink,  
Did I care a dump!  
Not at all you chump!  
For I heard the porter wink,  
So I swung the pill to centre,  
Ducked and fainted with my left  
Then the chant from touch  
'Sling it higher Butch'  
Found him stretched out flat, bereft.

Notice the continued variation of theme, Wigson. And now,  
Here the Rangers took the lead, sir,  
How they got it, I can't say,  
For a fog came down,  
Like a dressing gown,  
And obscured half the play.

— "What happened to the other half?" interrupted Wigson.

"Oh, I was speaking metaphorically old chap," said I airily.

"Yes, I know but what did happen to it."

"Well, that's a poser, can you suggest anything?"

Wigson looked thoughtful for some time.

"I know," he burst out suddenly, "the referee was looking at that half!"

"Of course!" I said, "of course. And now

Then the linesman brought the lemons

For the ref. had counted two

And the judge arose,


(He'd a big red nose!)

"It's seven days' hard for you!"

"And he deserved every bit of it," said

Wigson. M. WALSH VIB Sci.

## In Memoriam.

 ONLY one week of term had passed when we were stunned by the sad news that Vincent Martin, who had been advanced to Form IV. Sci. on the first day of term, had died rather suddenly. Some internal infection had attacked all the children of the family, and they were all stricken down and at death's door within a few days. Vincent succumbed on Wednesday, 19th. He had been at School on the previous Monday. His elder brother Cyril soon got well, but the other children were affected for some weeks but, thank God, recovered completely.

Vincent was but a few days over thirteen years of age, having been born 27th August, 1921. He won a Scholarship in 1933 from Mount Carmel School, and was placed in Form IIIb in which he secured 7th place in the Annual Form Examination. He was a bright and promising pupil; but just as we cull not the defective and withering flowers from our garden, so the Almighty often chooses the purest, the brightest and best soul in His earthly garden to adorn his throne in heaven. Surely a happy lot for Vincent, and now that the poignancy of grief has worn away, it is a happiness for his parents to feel that they had so good a son, and now have so loving an intercessor at the throne of God.

May he rest in peace.

## Examination Results, 1934.

Religious Knowledge.		UVa Sci.	E. Simmons.
VIa Sci.	T. Kenny.	UVb Sci.	E. Filmer.
VIa Mod.	L. J. McDonald.	UVa Mod.	J. H. Cook.
VIB Sci.	M. Fortune.	UVb Mod.	S. Woods.
VIB Mod.	R. Carroll.	LVa Sci.	J. Kelly.



LVb Sci.	M. Absalom.
LVa Mod.	J. Curran.
LVb Mod.	J. O'Reilly.
IVa. Sci.	J. Shennan.
IVb Sci.	G. Winstanley.
IVa Mod.	T. Elmore.
IVb Mod.	J. McGowan.
III.	M. Kinnon.
IIIa.	S. O'Connor.
IIIb.	J. F. Fitzpatrick.
II.	P. Jones.
I.	K. Mayers and K. Wood.
Prep.	F. Vonslow.

**Liverpool University Scholarships.**

*Tyerman Taylor* Scholarship—Gerald A. Mangan.

*Tate Science* Scholarship.—Thomas S. Kenny.

*Studentships*—Louis J. Chambers, Stanley M. Rush, Thomas Walsh.

*Leahy Memorial Prize*—Thomas S. Kenny  
(1st place H.S.C.)

*Higher School Certificate.*

Burke, Francis P.	Mangan, Gerald A.
Chambers, Louis J.	Moloney, James F.
Doyle, John F.	Nichols, Charles.
Edwards, Eaton R.	Norbury, Vincent.
Kenny, Thomas S.	Rush, Stanley M.
Kershaw, Robert	Shmerdon, William M.
Mr. Donald, Leo. J.	Walsh, Thomas.
McGreal, Thomas.	

Catenian Prizes—(£5 5s. each).  
(Liverpool Circle).

*Mathematics and Science*—Thomas J. Lunt

*Modern Studies*—John H. Cook.

(These Prizes are conditional on taking two years' course H.S.C.)

*London Matriculation*—Gerald Devine.

**Matriculation and School Certificate Examinations.**

(Candidates marked thus \* are awarded a Matriculation Certificate.)

*Ainsworth, Christopher	*Hurley, Micharl A.	*O'Brien, Thomas E.
*Atkins, Joseph A.	Jones, Harold P.	O'Hanlon, Hugh
Atkinson, Charles V.	Killen, Francis J.	O'Neill, John
*Ayley, Cyril	*Kivlin, Bernard	*O'Reilly, Michael W.
Basley, James A.	*Lake, Charles S.	*Owen, William A.
Benson, Austin	*Lawler, Wilfrid	Pellegrini, Geoffrey
Berry, James	*Logan, Thomas	*Pratt, Gordon F.
Birchall, William	*Lovelady, Laurence	Rogers, Victor R.
*Bolger, John	*Lunt, Thomas J.	*Sallis, Anthony C.
Browne, Edgar	McAleavy, Laurence	*Simmons, Edward
*Byrne, Michael	*McCarthy, Anthony J.	Sinnott, George G.
Cole, James F.	*McCurry, John	Small, Charles G.
*Cook, John H.	*McDonough, Thomas	*Summers, Oswald
*Crosbie, Thomas	McGeagh, Walter	Sumner, Reginald H.
Cunningham, James	McLoughlin, George	*Thompson, James
*Davis, Francis C. J.	McMahon, George P.	Thompson, Robert J.
*Donnelly, Bernard	McNamara, Peter J.	Walsh, Mark
*Filmer, Eric	*Martin, Alfred G.	*Walsh, Martin P.
Finnen, John P.	Molyneux, Anthony	*Williams, Arthur R.
Green, Frederick T.	*Moore, John	Williams, Thomas A.
Hannah, Edward	*Moran, Thomas	*Woods, Stephen
Hegarty, Bernard	*Mulroy, James	Yates, Francis B.
*Hoskinson, Edward	Nelson, William	

**Distinctions.**

*English Literature*—Anthony J. McCarthy, Thomas McDonough, Philip J. Mimster, Stephen Woods.

*French*—Joseph A. Atkins, John H. Cook, Wilfred Lawler, Victor G. Meyer, Gordon F. Pratt, Edward Simmons.

*Latin*—John H. Cook, Edward Simmons.

*Spanish*—Marcos D. Garcia.

*Mathematics*—James A. Basley, Michael Byrne, Thomas J. Lunt, Gordon F. Pratt, Edward Simmons, Martin P. Walsh.

*Physics*—Francis C. J. Davis, Edward Simmons.

*Chemistry*—Francis C. J. Davis, Edward Hoskinson, Thomas J. Lunt, James Milroy, William A. Owen, Anthony C. Sallis, Edward Simmons, Oswald Summers, James Thompson.

*Form Examinations:*

Vib Sci. : 1—F. Byrne, 2—W. Doyle, 3—R. Carroll.

Vib Mod. : 1—B. Whalley, 2—G. Growney, 3—J. Healy.

LVa Sci. : 1—K. Carroll, 2—J. Kelly, 3—E. Brash.

LVb Sci. : 1—L. Smith, 2—J. Banks, 3—M. Absolam.

LVa Mod. : 1—J. Curran, 2—J. O'Brien, 3—C. Edwards.

LVb Mod. : 1—J. Rowe, 2—J. Bannon, 3—G. Evans.

IVa Sci. : 1—A. Welsh, 2—W. Johnson, 3—T. Ryan and G. Buckley.

IVb Sci. : 1—R. Pope, 2—L. Cottnam, 3—G. Winstanley.

IVa Mod. : 1—H. Helyer, 2—E. Lunnon, 3—J. Bates.

IVb Mod. : 1—W. Handley, 2—J. Edwards, 3—J. McGowan.

III. : 1—F. McFarlane and W. Simpson, 2— , 3—J. Williams.

IIIa. : 1—L. Gorman, 2—S. O'Connor, 3—E. Welsh.

IIIb. : 1—L. Smith, 2—A. Reilly, 3—E. Redmond.

II. : 1—P. Jones, 2—H. Burke, 3—L. Quinn.

I. : 1—K. Nolan, 2—H. Buckley, 3—F. Irving.

Prep. : 1—E. Vonslow, 2—T. Rothwell, 3—J. Mohin.

*Examiner's History Prizes—*

Form Lower First—John Curran.

Form Four : John McGowan.

Form Three : Lawrence P. Gorman.

## St. Vincent de Paul Society.

### (Aspirant Conference).

**T**HIS Society has firmly established itself in the College, and is now regarded as a College institution. The members, most of whom joined the Conference at the beginning of the term and who number twenty-one, are very interested in the work, and have shown their enthusiasm by regular weekly attendance at the meetings. Several Brothers of the Society in Liverpool have

addressed the Conference, while Fr. Gallen, the Chaplain, has also spoken to us. Their words besides being kindly and encouraging have been a real inspiration and our grateful thanks is due to them.

The Conference wishes to extend to Brother Roche, who has displayed unflagging interest in all its activities, its warmest appreciation and thanks. We feel a com-

fortable sense of security knowing as we do that his advice and assistance are ever within our reach. Recently he permitted us to hold a general collection in the school, the proceeds to be devoted at the discretion of the Conference to various deserving Charities; and though the total amount is not yet to hand, we know that it has exceeded all expectations. We take this opportunity of tendering our warmest thanks to Brother Roche for making the collection possible; to the Brothers of the College for their

sympathetic and encouraging help and assistance; to the Staff who co-operated with us in every possible way, and finally to the School, whose whole hearted and generous response demonstrates that the Society of Saint Vincent has captured its imagination. We hope more and more members of the Upper Forms will join the Society; the sacrifice is small but the reward is infinitely great.

W. J. BURKE, *President.*

W. DOYLE, *Secretary.*

## Literary and Historical Society

"**W**ISHED morning o'come," said Otway in an inspired moment and the feeling which prompted him to give utterance to those words caused us to hail with delight the notice which informed us that the Society would commence proceedings on October 16th. Of some Societies it may be said "that men may come and men may go," but they go on for ever; and so ours continues its triumphal progress enhanced by the memories of a glorious past and stimulated by the whole-hearted enthusiasm which so far has been the dominant characteristic of the present session. Enthusiasm is a quality which is possessed only by enthusiasts; it is a spirit which is spiritual inasmuch as it is the very soul, the life-giving force of a successful society. It is a spirit which augurs well for the future, one can say that the future of the future depends on it.

On October 16th, the motion "That Dictatorial Government is preferable to Parliamentary Government," was discussed by the Hitlerites, Byrne and Burke, and the budding M.P.'s, Doyle and Carroll. Byrne began by quoting Mr. G. K. Chesterton in support of his argument and then proceeded

vigorously (if a little hurriedly) to point out several reasons in favour of Dictatorship which made one wonder why there is so much shouting in Germany. The Dictator (he contended) was strong in will and possessed the inestimable advantage of rapidity of action. His speech was well constructed and gave an excellent lead to his side. For the Opposition, Doyle spoke in a singularly eloquent and forcible manner. In the words of Mr. Wells "Peace comes from liberty of opinion"; witness the carnage in Germany, a hotbed of oppression, and the peace in England, "this fair and smiling countryside," then draw your own conclusions. We were drawing them when Burke and Carroll, in well-reasoned and well-delivered speeches, were called upon to help us, summarising the arguments of their confreres and launching scathing attacks on all and sundry. Mr. Barter, our adjudicator, awarded his decision to the Cons, remarking incidentally that this debate had been the best "first" for some years.

Our appetites had been whetted and, since during past years literary debates have fallen somewhat into abeyance we looked forward to our next meeting with peculiar

interest: "That Hamlet's conduct towards Rosencrantz and Guildenstern was unjustifiable?"—a subject requiring careful manipulation. Our expectations of an interesting discussion were justified. "Hamlet allows suspicion to be synonymous with fact," asserted McDonald "and displays a callousness difficult to credit," whereas Rosencrantz and Guildenstern (according to Hickman), are solicitous for his well-being. The Opposition again were victorious. Lawler in a pleasing "discours," was convincing 'An ironic justice takes the 'sponges' to the very death to which they are leading Hamlet,' and when in McGoldrick's phrase, McDonald and Hickman are "Chicago gangsters," we cannot help feeling that the "heroes" they support deserve their fate (?)

Their fate was capital punishment: was it justified? is it justified? or should it be abolished?—a burning question and a highly debateable point. If others wish to mould their opinion according to the S.E.C. point of view, they may support the '8' o'clock drop' (d'apres Burke) without conscience qualms. Again the Opposition have won; they have attained their 'hat-trick.' The *Liverpool Echo* of November 9th [any who

care may refer to it] afforded White an interesting argument—but for the death penalty the fears it aroused, Mr. Lloyd George would be unable to 'reminisce' to-day on the horrors and blunders of Passchendaele—he would have had a bullet in his back years ago. But "we ain't heard nuthin' yet." Smythe painted vivid pictures of the chaotic confusion of a world without the death penalty: MacGreal depicted the ideal state thriving under a system which changed murderous and traitorous criminals into conscientious and hard-working citizens; and Burke earnestly endeavoured to impress upon us that White, supporting "an obsolete relic of a barbaric era," truly deserved to suffer under that "relic of barbarism."

A feast is promised for November 27th—an Impromptu Debate; Scientific, Blood and Modern. Feathers will fly as a prelude to the general break-up and who knows whether "the Power of the Press will be restricted or not?" A highly successful opening brings us to Christmas: All ye 'litterateurs,' we wish you the best and don't forget Keat's over that Turkey leg!

WILLIAM DOYLE, *Hon. Sec.*

## Scientific Society

**I**N spite of a late start this term, we are now in full swing with our fortnightly meetings under the Presidency of Mr. Rowe. Indeed we would appreciate a weekly meeting, as we have a large number in the Society and we would like each member to give a lecture.

Mr. Loughlin kindly consented to give the inaugural lecture, which was a great success. In it he dealt with the new discovery (Heavy Hydrogen), and explained the theories of its atomic structure. Then he

started to wreck the ideas conjured up in our minds by the newspapers, and, before his attack of hard facts, our dreams burst like bubbles, leaving many with the opinion that Heavy Hydrogen is not so wonderful after all.

The next part of the lecture dealt with calorific values of food, the amounts of energy used up in various daily occupations, and hence the ideal way of spending an average day with least injury to the human system. Perhaps the unusually heavy de-

mand for chocolate from the Tuck Shop, may have its origin in this lecture.

However, whatever the personal effect, the general opinion was shown by the terrific applause at the end of the lecture. A 'Vote of Thanks' was proposed by Mr. Ammundsen and seconded by Mr. Fee.

The next lecture was on "Evolution and Coal," and the lecturer was Mr. Ammundsen.

The subject matter treated the formation of coal during the formation of our earth from its gaseous state, and he gave us a few of the theories of evolution put forward by various famous people. He then went on to describe the uses of coal as a fuel and also processes of treating coal to form an oil which is better suited to modern fuel requirements. Mr. Fortune proposed a Vote of Thanks, which was seconded by Mr. Growney.

Mr. Fee gave us our next lecture, choosing as his subject, "Soap Manufacture," and was looked on with suspicion by many. But the absence of the "commodity" soon had the audience at its ease. Mr. Fee is to be congratulated on his wealth of knowledge and even more so on his slides, for it is very difficult to portray the plant of a Soap Works in section. Mr. Healy expressed our thanks to Mr. Fee, and Mr. Meehan seconded his speech.

The last lecture to-date was given by Mr. Fortune on "The Romance of the Heavens." The most notable feature of the lecture, apart from the lecturer himself, was the quality of the Lantern Slides. Those present

will agree that they were about the best ever screened in the Physics Lab. The substance of the lecture, and the delivery of it made us think that in Mr. Fortune we had found a rival to Sir J. Jeans; but we doubt if that eminent astronomer ever saw, "The man in the Moon" snoozing in an armchair (z,z,z,z), nor yet an inhabitant of Mars, as caricatured by the lecturer.

Apart from these incidents however (in fact we might say, including them), the lecture was a great success and very instructive.

Our appreciation was expressed by Mr. Murphy who proposed a well deserved Vote of Thanks to Mr. Fortune, and Mr. Richardson seconded the proposal.

It was indeed a great pleasure to hear these gentlemen break away from the usual stereotyped Vote of Thanks, and make the lecturer think his sacrifices of free time to the preparation of his lecture had not been in vain.

We sincerely hope that others will follow their example, for, to stand up and mumble a few meaningless words, not even genuinely thanking the lecturer, is not what is expected of any member of the Scientific Society, and by no means is it in keeping with the spirit of the Society.

We therefore hope to be able to report a general improvement in this matter in the next issue of the magazine.

J. SIMMONS, *Hon. Sec.*

## French Debating Society

THE account of annual French Debates is usually prefaced with the remark that of all annual debates this last was infinitely the best, both for delivery and subject matter. Much as we would like to be original, we cannot vary the time-

honoured formula in recording the annual debate which took place in the College Hall June 1934, the motion being:

"Que la France a été un menace a l'Europe pendant les cinquante ans passés."

G. Mangan, T. Jackson, T. Kenny and

Chambers defending it against L. McDonald, S. Rush, H. Langley and F. Burke. The Cons. fulfilled expectations by winning handsomely. The arguments of the pros, with the exception of Mangan's, were poor and badly delivered. The forceful speeches of Langley and Rush, backed by the eloquence of F. Burke, completely routed the opposition. M. le Président congratulated F. Burke for the fifth time on his excellent speech.

The Autumn term once more saw the society first in the field, the season opening with the motion "Que les examens doivent avoir lieu en décembre," supported by F. Byrne, W. Burke and J. Ammundsen, and opposed by R. Carrol, W. Doyle and J. Gee. The Pros. won by a very narrow margin, and after the debate, Mr. Curtin gave the speakers an uncomfortable five minutes by his trenchant remarks upon the quality of their addresses. The next debate held on 12th Oct. was a little better. "Que le professionaliene a détruit le sport." M. Fortune, Healey and K. Hickman supported the motion against P. Joyce, W. A. Lawler and Growney who gained the decision by a narrow majority.

Then, instead of the usual debate, we had a lecture by M. Quesnel on "Les Eleves Francais," a most interesting discourse. The speaker, being a genuine Parisian, the society enjoyed and profited from his first-rate talk, for which Bynre proposed a vote of thanks, ably seconded by McGreal.

The next debate was held on 9th November, the motion, "Que l'on doit abolir les

concours de vitesse," being opposed by J. Moloney, M. Murphy and F. Meeham, and supported by G. MacDonald, F. McGoldrick, and T. McGreat, who gained the verdict by four points. The President was forced to resort to drastic measures after asking several "VIB's" to give "quelques mots sur le sujet." We must ask the members concerned to follow at least the ancient custom of preparing their "quelques mots" before the debate, rather than have a repetition of that afternoon.

The curtain for 1934 was rung down by "Que l'on doit changer le traité de Versailles (1919)," held on 30th November, with Richardson, Simmons and Whalley opposing it against Smerdon, Smythe, and White. The voting was 20 for the Pros. and 19 for the Cons. Even at this advanced stage, Mr. Curtin had to appeal to one speaker (reader rather) to deliver his speech in a louder tone, and in giving his remarks on the debate, he said, "The pronunciation, generally speaking, left much to be desired. Although, it was gratifying to note, that the "quelques mots" on this occasion were rendered in a more confident tone, there were still two or three dubious ones.

Next year, brings the "B's" to the fore; may they profit by the mistakes of their predecessors, and, couple with their New Year resolutions, the maintenance of the traditions of our Society.

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



## Music Notes

THE following members of the orchestra left School at the end of last term—A. Bluett, T. Dempsey, Patrick McNamara, G. Pratt and H. Robinson.

We are very sorry that they are no longer Schoolboys, but are pleased to state that their interest in the music of the School remains.

Dempsey and Pratt are, so far, able to attend the orchestral practices on Friday afternoons, and are loyal enough to turn up regularly. We are very grateful to them.

The following have joined the orchestra

this term, E. Leach, M. Nolan, and J. Kinnane.

F. Clarkson has transferred from the violins to the 'cello.

This is all to the good, as it naturally increases a musician's knowledge to learn something of every instrument.

The Annual School Requiem was sung in Our Lady's Church on Tuesday, November 26th.

Choir boys from the fourth form sang the "Proper."

## House Notes

IN this number of the Magazine are plates showing the House Shield and the Football and Athletic Cups.

The following results have been engraved on the Shield and Cups:

<i>Football.</i>	<i>Athletics.</i>
1933—Domingo	1933—Sefton
1934—Domingo	1934—Sefton
	<i>Cricket</i>
	1933—Domingo
	1934—Sefton
<i>Senior Football Cup:</i>	1933—Sefton.
	1934—Mersey.
<i>Junior Football Cup:</i>	1933—Domingo.
	1934—Domingo
<i>Senior Tug-o-War Cup:</i>	1932—Sefton.
	1933—Sefton.
	1934—Sefton.

*Junior Tug-o-War Cup:* 1932—Hope  
1933—  
1934—Sefton.

*Senior Challenge Cup (Athletics):*  
1932—Mersey, S. Redmond.  
1933—Mersey, S. Redmond.  
1934—Sefton, J. Davis.

*Junior Challenge Cup (Athletics):*  
1932—Sefton, M. Murphy.  
1933—Sefton, J. Davis  
1934—Mersey, J. McWade.

In Cricket the points gained by each house, Junior and Senior combined, for 1934 were:—

Sefton ...	74 points	Hope ...	53 points
Domingo	72 „	Mersey ...	29 „

## Form Notes

### Form VIb Science.

**F**ORM VIb Sc. was not in a state of entirety until the term was well begun, still one or two have become honorary members, so to speak, their short flying visits reminding us of the elusive pimpernel.

Debates, Scientific, English, French and otherwise are the order of the day. Scientific lectures are intriguing if not always scientific; the wordy warfare of the English Debates is entertaining; the fluent rhetoric of the French Debates, is fascinating if not flawless, but "quelques mots" is being taken too literally.

The scene during one of our conics lessons, the waving of arms, the juggling with pencils, the curiously shaped home-made cardboard figures on view, might seem to indicate that we had crossed the narrow divide between genius and insanity. But there is method in our madness. The waving arms are not intended to mesmerise Mr. Rowe; we are still on the right side of the line; we have not reached the seventh stage of man; we are merely endeavouring to trace in our atmosphere the various edges, diagonals, faces and planes that infest the form-room. Despite the fact that some little chaps from the Fives beat us the other day, Form VIb Sc. still provides the best of the school elevens.

The vast quantity of "advanced" knowledge that we have been plied with, does not promote enthusiasm for the Christmas terminal exam. The results however will not disappoint, and in conclusion, Form VIb Sc. extends the usual greetings with no less sincerity.

JOHN MOORE.



### Form VIa Science.

On September 12th, some youth of the junior school was heard chanting the refrain of that one time popular song "Happy Days are here again." Whilst we could not but smile at the exuberance of the youngster, it was with serious and firm countenances we turned to the dusty tomes and prepared for our last year at School. Thirteen students of stout heart presented themselves and this number was added to by the somewhat belated arrival of W. Smerdon. Everyone looked happy and sunburnt and 'swot' soon held us in its unrelenting grip.

Holidays seemed very scarce during the term, but we understand that this had nothing whatever to do with the epidemic of 'week-enditis,' which broke out. No doubt the strain of our heavy labours is not suited to all constitutions. Punctuality, has not, as in former years, caused very great distress, and we might point this out in particular to a certain member of the Moderns who prefers 2 p.m. to 1-40.

The Scientific Society arranged an attractive programme of lectures for the season, and we are sure that the Moderns went away, on every occasion, with an increased store of knowledge. English debates have been so uninteresting that the Literary Society have appealed for our assistance, fully realising the sterling value of our opinions. Members of the form have participated in the French debates with no mean distinction.

In the 1st XI. football team, all that is worth while comes from our form, and we are sure that M. Murphy's injury was a great loss to the team. The 2nd XI., also, is very well represented in the form and the position of



secretary to the teams is held by W. Woods. We must ask Form Upper V. not to be too elated at the victory over the 'sixes,' as it is well known that the 'sixes' were still in a lethargical mood after the summer vacation.

During the term we saw two members of the Form studying furiously for the P.T. Religious Examination. We wish them every success in their endeavour.

Of late we have been mystified by an allusion to a 'vicious circle.' We can find no reference to such a figure in either plane or solid geometry. Perhaps this is a conception of the fourth dimension. We would also welcome any information on the degree of ionisation of electric lights.

It is understood that the 'Powers that be' look with disfavour on the breaking, accidental or otherwise, of chemistry apparatus. It is certainly very suspicious that excellent results can be obtained where apparatus has been broken. We might remark that ice seems very scarce when needed for experimental purposes. Perhaps it is not (n)ice to ask for ice in Autumn.

Christmas exams are fast approaching, so we must lie back to our text-books wishing

Christmas exams. are fast approaching, so we must hie back to our text-books, wishing everyone the best of luck in exams. and a happy and holy Christmas.

JAMES G. HEALY.



### Form VIa Mods.

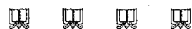
It was only a little worm, an insignificant worm in fact, red and slimy and "crawly," but British, British to the heart, it wriggled through the mire surrounding the "Fives" Court and over the gravel; and he stopped and looked at it. "I wonder" he said, "does that write Form Notes" and, marvel of marvels, there came an answer, "This does not write Form Notes; this in fact has never

been acquainted with Form Notes and it would like to know what they may be."

The harassed youth standing before that little worm began his tale and in that language of simplicity which worms so dearly love, "Our form is called VIa Mods. There are thirteen boys in our form and we are not superstitious. One new boy has come; this is MacDonald. Burke is our best speller. Every Wednesday we play football and we have such fun—rubbing each other's faces in the Fazakerley dirt."

Dixit—but the worm had crawled into its hole. You are not worms for they are such ingenious creatures and do not even know how to read a School Magazine. How then could they appreciate the success which has attended our opening Debates? how could they eulogise our rhetoric? how could they realise the closeness of our reasoning.

Frenchmen in France are as common as worms in England, but are Frenchmen in Everton as common as worms in Iceland? Perhaps that is why there was such an atmosphere of tension when "Mr. Quesnel" "étudiant de la Sorbonne" "showed up" as the vulgar prefer to say. He showed us up and we thought whether it is really any use going to sleep during French lessons. Perhaps it is, but then if you just try to keep awake you can face those "exams," like a true stoic and then hibernate.



### Form VIb Mod.

The Autumn term, as far as we have been concerned, has been uneventful. Early in the term Michael Hurley graced us with his presence for a few days, but finally decided to sever his connections with St. Edward's. J. A. is our other visiting member. He has stayed with us longer and we are still in doubt as to whether he will follow Hurley's example or not.

L. L. is delighted with the view from the form room window. He can now see above the chinmey pots, and grows enthusiastic about the flag of St. George's in the background, proudly flying above the roofs of Everton.

Our first experience of French debates pleased us immensely. According to one of our members we were "particularly interested in the masterly delivery and excellent knowledge of French displayed by the speakers"; but his enthusiasm was damped when, at the third debate, he was called upon to deliver his "Quelques Mots."

As a mild diversion from Shakespeare's "Anthony and Cleopatra," some of us decided to see Hollywood's entertaining, but at the same time somewhat inaccurate version of the play. Although the picture had obviously cost a great deal of money to make, yet the actors' interpretations of the various parts left much to be desired, and were, we fear, certainly not as Shakespeare intended.

JOHN COOK.



### Form Upper Va Science.

This Term marked the beginning of an important year in our lives, but it has now almost past beyond recall, and nothing very eventful has occurred. A few weeks ago some of us were cajoled into attending a lecture, "On the beginnings of Mathematics," by the promise of being let off a Mathematics Exercise. The lecture lasted forty minutes (we believe) and some are wondering if thirty-five minutes sleep and 2d. tram fare are worth a Maths. Exercise. Anyhow we didn't find it very engrossing—at least not so much as soap-making and firework displays (both on a small scale).

One bright youth amongst us speaks French with an American accent, as his pro-

nunciation of "Ces Yeux" and similar phrases indicates.

Term Examinations are coming very near. Best of luck to us all, and a merry Xmas to both masters and boys.



### Form Upper Vb Science.

Except for the fact that the register has been in greater demand than heretofore, the Term has passed quietly enough. A new system of counting the sweet little "Vb's" and "No Ex's," that so often disfigure the fair face of the register has been adopted—the lower the number of these the higher the score! The golfing enthusiasts among the masters must have suggested the idea.

The Form is well represented so far in the first and second football teams. House matches had, in all cases, to be abandoned this Term, owing to persistent bad weather—snow, rain, hail and fog. However we had some interesting inter-form matches in which, owing to the fact that we contribute many to the School Teams, we were not always successful.

We are kept pretty well in order by our muscular prefect. We wonder what he takes "for strength." The term is already drawing to a close—and those who have been taking things easily are dreading the Term Exams., which now loom dangerously near.



### Form Upper 5a Mods.

On returning from our holidays we were immediately thrust into the gentle arms of Brother Lennon. Those first few days were days of universal tribulation and discipline, and the bold lectures he gave us made us tremble under his great influence. When he at last left us to return no more,

the advent of Bro. O'Connor gave us an instance of a different kind of discipline. Now we are doing well despite the trouble which changes of masters, classes, positions, etc., occasioned us. Owing to Mr. Curtin's forceful policy we are now absorbing into our almost impenetrable craniums a small amount of French. Mr. O'Dowd still persists in his rhyming mania and would make us all poets soon if it were not for Caesar's ramblings. Our new poetry is of a most doleful nature and Henry comes as a longed-for relief from the heavy verse. In our science studies we are doing equally well(?) and are thinking of setting up an information bureau for inquisitive students of electrostatics as Mr. O'Brien declines to inform some of the master minds of the solution of their various questions. The new apologetic's study has been much welcomed, particularly by those who had just said goodbye to 3/-. However, the presence of an edition of "Red Mexico" has so far stifled efforts to begin it properly.

The S.V.P. collections has, of course, taken place again this year and, though the actual results are undisclosed, we hope at least that we have done well. Interest for some of us in the S.V.P. has been much increased by our entering under the banner of Frederic Ozanam. Exams. are coming—so is Christmas—but exams. first.

J. CURRAN.



### Form Upper Vb Mods.

When we came back from the holidays, some of last year's Upper Vb Moderns had passed their Matric., others had not. We learnt on Thursday, two weeks after the holidays, of the departure of Brother Lennon. This departure meant the arrival of another Brother. Various opinions were expressed, but all were proved wrong, for the new

Brother was Bro. O'Connor, new to some of us but familiar to others.

We resumed work and prepared for a hard year. The English poems, grammar and diaries are new to us, but last year's Lower V. had done *Henry V.* We changed class-rooms and climate with the A's, but we kept the same masters. In the room there are pipes to the right of us, pipes to the left of us and when we do an 'about turn' there are pipes in front of us! It is all very well in cold weather, but if the day happens to be hot as well as the pipes—well, we are nearly overcome, especially as some of the windows will not open. (Of course we could knock the glass out—but!!!) We can safely say we have lived through the tropics.

(Is there a shortage of ink in UVb M.?  
—Ed.) P.M.



### Form Lower Va Science.

After having unearthed our books, which we had consigned to oblivion during our holidays, we came back to school about the middle of September. Things began to move rapidly, as the new classes were formed without delay. Some Moderns found their way into the Sciences, and although they were a bit angry at first, they are now settling down as "Science men."

When we arrived in Lower Va Science a very down-hearted boy (we all know why), was appointed Prefect for the time being. His only qualification was that he had been in the form the previous year and "knew the ropes" thoroughly. Needless to say his services were soon dispensed with. As a result of an election for a Prefect, McNamara was burdened with this responsibility; Supple being "runner-up" in votes was chosen Vice-Prefect.

Now something must be said about the class. It isn't my intention to give a pen-

picture of each boy, but a few boys want to see their names in the pages of the School Magazine: Sherman, Welsh, Ryan, W. Pope, Supple, Stack and Sudden are the hard workers of the form. T. Austin is the form pugilist and he lives up to his name. "Ask the B Science."

Abbey and Murch are the strong men, and they give their performance when the partition is being put in motion.

A big fat boy fills a desk all to himself. He is one of the "old brigade," who found himself an 'also-ran' when the Summer results came out. Now he is paying the penalty along with 'W.W.'

O'Reilly must be dieting on lemons lately, for his face has lost its cheery smile, and in its place we now see a stern sour one.

Our Form Master has just expelled the rice-shooting craze from the form, and after this move we are all wondering whether the masters have joined Mr. Mullen's detective agency.

We are experts in football and this was proved when we beat the B Science and the Moderns. However we 'met our Waterloo' since, when the Moderns beat us 12-7. We have two boys in the Junior Shield Team, namely Austin and McNamara, but in our estimation, we should be better represented in it.

At present we are all looking forward to the Christmas exams. Kirwan, Noonan, Edge, Fenlon, Austin and O'Neill declare that they are going to head the list, and so an eager competition is being looked forward to.

W. WELLS.



### Form Lower Vb Science.

We began work in our new form, Lower Vb Science, in a very optimistic spirit. Soon the holiday feeling had faded away, and it was

not long before our classroom had taken on the appearance of work. All went well until some of the "slackers" ran on the rocks. McC—— was one of the first to get into troubled waters, and until recently remained there. Luckily he survived the ordeal. Sometimes the class develops into a jazz-band with Buckley and Byrne as the harmony brothers and Valentine with his "tweet-tweet," which by the way he refused to sing in solo for Mr. Maher, thereby losing some of his magnificent reputation. An epidemic of rice-firing broke out recently and it seems that all boys concerned had chemistry sets ??? The St. Vincent de Paul Fund has now commenced and there is intense rivalry between the two forms.

The A's just managed to beat us 8-7 at football, but when we played the Moderns we lost count of the score altogether. However they have had their revenge on us since. Our "star" footballers are Martin, Mearns, Dunphy, Byrne and McCullagh.

Mr. Mullen usually makes us roar with laughter at the expense of our French Academicians, the leader of this celebrated body being Signor Gondotti (J. Goodwin). G. Buckley is our famous comedian and he has re-organised the choir. Handley (si vous voulez, Chink) has now developed into a French Professor and his replies of "Oui" and "Non" simply stagger Mr. Mullen. Hindley who once described a picture as having "a speaking action in every phrase" has now returned.

Just at the beginning of the term a certain boy from the country kept us supplied with ammunition in the form of "conkers." For this and for other conduct he was exiled to a back desk under the supervision of Dunphy, and we are glad to say he is now a new man with few of his old ways left. Lomax, Egan and McGivern are our chief "swotters." We are all "summing-up" for a new register, the last one being filled up by McCullagh and

Sutton, who are the chief recipients of Vb's.  
R. POPE.



### Form Lower V. Moderns.

(These ideas are gleaned from thirty-one sources.)

The members of this form were uncertain at the beginning of the term whether their hearts were in their "books" or in their "boots." The end with examinations looming large seems to arouse the same uncertainty.

Anyhow, they are a strange lot. According to their own evidence they possess: "Le Parfait Lycéen," "Falstaff," "Siamese Twins," "Two beastly nuisances," "Le Gourmand," etc., etc. Is it any wonder they find interest neither in art, literature, science nor languages. And yet they are the "hopes of the future"—it sounds "Mic-cauberish."

The internecine strife in football between the A's and B's, is of keen interest, but like the Greeks of old they sink their differences when facing the common enemy, Form LV Science, and having conquered, they gloat over the result 12—6. But let them take care lest scientific methods may not yet win the day.

To judge from the written accounts the French class seems to be "joking time." Physics arouses some interest, *e.g.*, when J—'s lab. book fell from the top window to the schoolyard, they gloomily remark that the physics master was not present to calculate the time of falling, and so find the height of the window! The book was uninjured save that it got a few more bad marks.

The boys of the forms are all sincerely regretful for the illness of F. Atkins, and hope to see him in complete health in the New Year.



### Form IVa Science.

At the beginning of the term we had the misfortune to lose one of the best of our companions, Vincent Martin. We were all extremely sorry to hear about it, and offer our deepest sympathy to all his relations and friends. As soon as the Form had settled down, Bligh was appointed Prefect, and Kehoe found himself elevated to the position of Sub-Prefect; both are very popular and efficient. The B's had the cheek to challenge us to a football match, and we taught them a severe lesson—and we would have done the same to the Moderns, but the match was cancelled. Logan swept the Poll in the Provincial Elections for Footer-Captain, but left a few votes for Daly, who was accordingly declared Vice-Captain, as yet an honorary post. Logan was also appointed Librarian, and added some interesting books to our collection; in this connection mention must also be made of Duffy, Gorman, Daly, Geeleher, Mercer, Hawkins and Reilly, to whom many thanks. Dolan and Murray have been termed the "Heavenly Twins"; Grant has obtained the sobriquet, Dead-Wide Dick; O'Connor is the intellectual of our Form, and shares with Duffy the meritorious office of promotor and collector. We Sciences hold a high position in the football world, for besides many other favourites, we have four players in the "Chicks' Team."



### Form IVb Science.

We were all very sorry to hear of the death of Vincent Martin at the beginning of the term. To show our sympathy we bought a wreath and had two Masses said for him, and the entire class was present at his interment. Apart from this sad incident, this term has been a happy one for us. We have got used to our Form, and have become

reconciled to our new Form-companions. Taylor was immediately elected Prefect and also Football Captain of the Form, although he experienced serious opposition from Rowlands, accordingly elected Vice-Captain, while Wallace was nominated Sub-Prefect. Speaking of football—although we did get beaten 7—9 by IVa Science, that was only a fluke, mind!—we have some remarkable celebrities in our Form. Yet besides these "Stars," Taylor, Rowlands, Harkins and Redmond, we have some really intellectual notables, Gorman, Keenan, and two or three other satellites. Another boy (a real Patriot) is outstanding for his hatred of French, which he seems to extend to the French themselves, and "murders" their language to spite them; while Galvin has already begun his career as a cartoonist. Indeed we are rather a remarkable Form, and are sure to make a great name for ourselves soon.



#### Form IVb Mods.

It was some time before we settled down after the holidays, but when all the Forms had been arranged, it was found that the best collection of boys had all been placed in IVb Modern. The masters are unanimous concerning our abilities (all say we are hopeless). We have a great French scholar in J. B.—s. He was the only boy who attempted to give a free translation. He gave a splendid rendering of "sans tache," translating it as "clean-shaven."

In addition to our French scholar we have several Latin professors. But it was not one of these who explained that "a tertium quid" was a legal term meaning 6/8. Speaking of money, the following are among the things several boys would do if they won the Sweep.

W.K.—n: I would invest most of my winnings in a wireless firm (a sound invest-

ment). J. L.—d: I would become a doctor, and for this purpose I would pay my own fees (under these conditions his patients would be very numerous).

R. P.—r: I would give £500 to the R.S.P.C.C. and £1,000 to the R.S.P.C.A. (charity begins at home).

As regards football we have the best player in the Junior School, J. Leonard. He plays regularly for the School XI. Well the Exams. are fast approaching and afterwards the great festive season, so we all wish everyone of the readers a very happy Xmas and a prosperous New Year.



#### Form IVa Mods.

Here we are again folks! IVa Modern calling (or shouting). Well we certainly are a fine set of boys, everyone says so. Such phrases as "You're a fine lot," "What a crowd!" "I have never met such a set of boys in all my life," are ever on the lips of the masters. Still we have become quite used to it, and there is little danger that we shall become swelled headed.

As regards school work our two favourite lessons are Latin and Music. It is strange how these two subjects always seem to have a special appeal of their own. At Music we have a great singer in J. K.—ne, but it is a case of "music in the midst of desolation" for few others can even sing a note, not alone the correct ones.

J. B.—ie declares that as we are supposed to be very rowdy in the gym, we had better bring our knitting to school and knit some stockings during that period. Doubtless he is allowing his royal blood to come to the top when he uses the plural. On the whole we do not think that our gym. lessons are so very bad for as K. D.—n says, "the present Fours can form fours as well as any former Fours."

At Football we can hold our own against all comers; we have two house captains in the Form, Clark of Domingo and Daly of Mersey. Parsons is also a fine player and we have quite a number of other good players, including Horan of the 'Chicks.' There is little else to say except to wish one and all a very happy Xmas.

We forgot to mention that the IV Moderns got the record collection for the S.V.P.



### Form IIIa.

With groans from boys, and prayers of thanks from mothers, we began the autumn term. The first few days we were all in fine spirits, and curious as to whom our new class mates were to be. New friends were soon made and we settled down to work. In a short time we got familiar with Mr. Hosker and Mr. Boraston set us to work watching his baton. Sad to relate, we had to accept defeat from the B's and L's. Our poet B—e says it was through lack of understanding among our "Stars" that beat us. We have now rebuilt our team and are ready to challenge all comers.

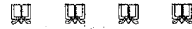
Before leaving to make room for the noisy B's, let me introduce you to a few of our members. In the left hand corner of the room you can distinguish a few Cheshire C—. They are led by one S— and his able lieutenant P—r. They are frequently late, and "Foggy on the River" is their war cry. Down the centre of the room you may hear, and with difficulty see, the most enthusiastic and noisiest footballer we have, "Powell." In the front seat on the right, we have Walsh the biggest boy in our form, and alongside him sits Stan Moore, Mersey's star outside right.

We are all very sorry to hear of the death Joe Green's father. We have said the "De

Profundis" during the past week for the repose of his soul.

B. SLATER.

J. FERGUSON.



### Form IIIb.

We began school again after the long vacation, in a new form and under a new Form Master. Jo— was made prefect and he did his duty manfully (according to our class). He reigned until a fortnight ago, when he was deposed in favour of "Beecham." In football we were victorious over the A's and are thirsting to meet the Alphas.

French is not very well digested by Form IIIb, and geometry and algebra usually require a little "sauce." Ju-Ju "our little French boy," does not mind the French, but algebra—. G—er, who has no need of onions to gush forth in tears, is a foremost member of Mersey House. G—, the little dark Iberian, is a budding centre forward. "Como" Domingo's bright hope, has been capped for the "Chicks," and also several of the Alphas; we hope to see some more of our form raised to that dignity, *e.g.*, Quinn and Auton. Muffs, who lately fell in love with the black-board, broke the leg of the easel and got sadly entangled in the wreckage.

Rogers, the nightingale, is our champion singer; he is also leader of the Orchestra. Good old J. T. Professor E<sup>2</sup> is still asking questions. He is at present trying to find out what would happen if there was no Gravity. The Siamese twins Jones-Burke, "Who sat in beauty side by side

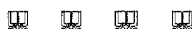
And filled our Form with glee,

They now are severed far and wide,

By Joyce, by Murphy and Carie."

McG——it is now, be it known to you all, able to don his tie unaided by his *governess*. On the whole, we are quite a good form, so good indeed, that we would not swop one of our B's for the entire Sixth Form.

H. B.  
W. McG.



### Form III. Alpha.

Hello! everybody—this is Form III. Alpha speaking. Most of us were new boys at the beginning of this term (what are we now?) We were soon delving into the mysteries of 'am giving' and didn't take long in finding out that 'some' French is not so easy after all. Heated discussions between the Houses—not including Mersey, which has had a low tide every Thursday—soon arose has had a famous class team, which, owing to bad weather, has not played often—fortunately for Form IIIb. Seven of the team play for their House first teams and two have played for the 'Chicks.'

The Apostleship of Prayer is ably managed by T. Kennan and J. McQuiggan. T. Small makes a very 'pushful' prefect.

Our fear of "Cronos the Charioteer" often makes us 'a quarter of a tone flat.' However, Mr. Boraston is still trying to make K—— a musician, but up to the present he has utterly failed, but nobody worries, least of all K—— himself! We have ten boys in the School Choir, and a few could(?) play in the orchestra—mouth-organs or Jews' harps. Some one suggested a "Carrol" on breaking-up day.

### Jokes.

When we went up to Fazakerley we had a good game of football. But by bad luck Sefton beat us by a few marks and are still beating the other houses No joke!

Teacher: An abstract noun is something you can think of but can't touch. Give me an example, Johnny.

Johnny: 'A red hot poker.'

Teacher: What is the plural of child?  
Tommy: Twins.

New Prisoner: "Oh, by the way, warder, I always sleep with my door open."

Cain hated his brother as long as he was Abel.

S. L. III. Alpha.



### "The Queen Mary."

The "Queen Mary" has got over 10 million rivets in the hull. These weigh over four thousand tons. If they were in a straight line it would reach from London to Newcastle. It has over 2,600-ft. of piping, and four thousand miles of electric cables. Three Royal Scots' could fit in the funnel one above the other. The ship is 1,018-ft. long, weighs 73,000 tons, and will go thirty knots (thirty-four miles) an hour.



### Form II.

The membership of the Form amounts to thirty-one, the majority of whom are about to complete their first term at the School. Work has proceeded smoothly especially as M—— has made one branch interesting, by attempting to make uncommon names common, *e.g.*, Kaatskill Mountains have become "Catskin Mountains." But he is perplexed as to why Roland's enemies (the Moors) "bit the dust" and why Charlemagne's two sons ate their brother's territories.



Gym. days are welcomed by all. Some time ago Mr. Maher promised a shilling to the first one of us who climbed a certain ladder, he had no need to produce it.

The music-master Mr. Boraston, was not so lucky. He offered a shilling, to be used for the purchase of sweets for the whole class, if we sang the Requiem Mass sweetly, the sweets duly arrived, so he must have had his wish, or the result would not take a shape of sweets; we hope he was not expecting a sweetening effect, in which case our singing must not be as good as we thought it was. One member has lost a music-book through his dog's fondness or dislike for "music"? the most probable explanation is that the member was practising, and as the poor dog could not put his hands to his ears he did the next best thing and ate the book.

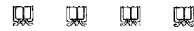
The Art-master does not offer any shillings, but judging from some of the beautiful designs (that of C—, when he overturned the ink-bottle being the most finished) seen now and then he would be a certain loser.

The coming of no day is looked forward to more than that of Thursday (football day). If weather prospects are not good in the morning ever and anon anxious eyes stray to the windows. At first the players ran riot as far as positions were concerned, and it was a case of twenty-to-one (the ball representing the one), it was the ball, the ball, and nothing but the ball: they now keep their places tolerably well. The best players are, Rothwell, Wood, and Buckley. We also play exciting games every day in the yard, and the wall has often come into contact with our heads, but has suffered no damage thereby.

A short time ago all the class got a severe shock, not an electric shock, but a shock from

the crash of an electric light shade; we will not exaggerate by saying we jumped sky-high, but we jumped high: it would have been more severe if G—— had not prepared us by the "row" he makes coming upstairs (the stairs by the way, may withstand his onslaughts, if he does not use it more than usual.

J. BREHERTON.  
T. BRENNAN.



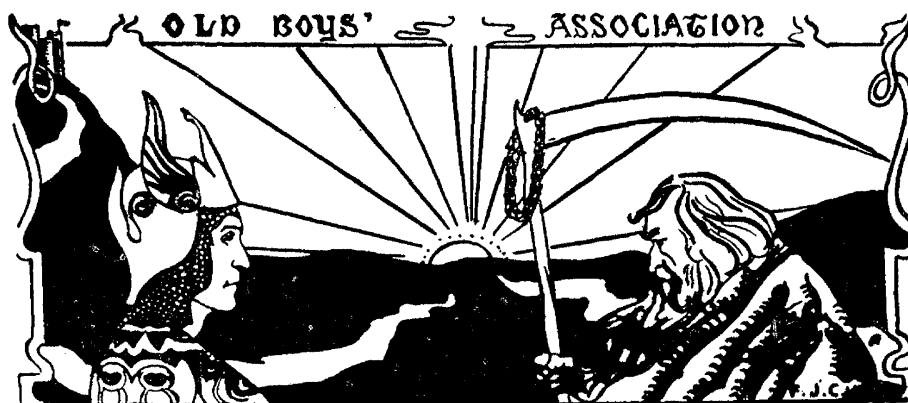
### Form I.

When we arrived back from the summer holidays we were surprised to find that a Brother was going to teach us. All felt sorry at Mr. McEnery's leaving and thought of the hard time they were going to have from the new teacher.

After a few days, however, we found that the Brother was not at all what we had expected, and we were delighted.

All the class prefer Thursday as a school-day, because they get a half-day and a most exciting game of football; one bright member of the Form says that all the Form I. boys will play for the school (some day).

The two days that we do not like are Tuesday and Friday, the main reason being that on this day we have to go to a little black room and go through a noisy half-an-hour—it is supposed to be music. Last term we used to enjoy the gym. lessons, but this term we have been put with Form II. and they are a "pack of demons"—this is what one of the boys heard the Gym. master telling one of the Form masters—so the gym. lessons have lost all their joy for Form I. boys.



## Old Boys' Notes and News

### Subscription Rates.

Life Membership (Magazines included) ... ..	£3 3 0
Associate or Ordinary Membership (including 3 Magazines) ...	0 6 0
Associate or Ordinary Membership (excluding Magazines) ...	0 5 0
Junior Membership (before attaining age of 21) ... ..	0 2 6
Corresponding Membership ...	0 2 6

Each pupil of the College automatically becomes a Member upon leaving School.

He pays no subscription until the following March 25th.

Life, Ordinary and Junior Members only may vote or hold office.

Any Member, whose subscription does not entitle him to receive the Magazine, will receive the three issues post free upon payment of 2/- per annum. Application should be made to the Secretary. Football and Junior Members are asked to note this recent decision of the Executive Committee.

### THE EXECUTIVE C. I. E. A.

*President:* C. H. WARING, Esq.

*Hon. Treasurer:* A. F. POWER, Esq.,  
11 Rocky Bank Rd., Devonshire Park,  
Birkenhead.

*Hon. Secretary:* F. H. LOUGHLIN, Esq.,  
"Hill View," 29, Olive Lane, Liverpool, 15.

#### *Committee:*

Messrs. J. Curtin, G. Rimmer, L. Murphy,  
J. Quinn, G. J. Alston, G. Furlong, G. T.  
Waring, J. G. Millinger, C. A. Kean.

*Hon. Football Secretary:* C. A. Kean, Esq.,  
11 Eversley St., Princes Park, Liverpool, 8.

*Hon. Cricket Secretary:* G. Furlong, Esq.,  
200 Walton Breck Road, Liverpool, 4.

*Hon. Golf Secretary:* J. Curtin, Esq.,  
21 Myers Road West, Crosby.

*Hon. Rambles Secretary:* A. F. Power, Esq.,  
11 Rocky Bank Road, Devonshire Park,  
Birkenhead.



**A**T this time of the year, when one's thoughts naturally turn to the festive season with its gaiety and pleasures, absent friends inevitably seem dearer to us than during the remainder of the year. In a short time toasts will be the order of the day; well, here's one to drink standing up and—no heel taps:

“To the old School, and to all Old Boys near and far—greetings and best wishes for a happy Christmas and a really prosperous New Year.”

The close of the year is also a time for taking stock and we are all now just about due to turn over our annual new leaf.

Taking stock of the Association is quite a pleasant task this time: membership is healthy and still increasing, but there is plenty of room for improvement. We want **all** Old Boys to be real live members and, when making your good resolutions for the New Year, you should determine to join the Association and take part in as many of its activities as possible. The Executive Committee is not afraid of work, but is justly entitled to some reward for its efforts.

The success of our recent experiments encourages us to continue but we must know what our members really want. Hence, I once again appeal to all Old Boys to join up and to make full use of their rights by suggesting new activities or methods for making old and tried activities still more attractive. I promise that all ideas communicated to the Secretary will be carefully considered in Committee and adopted, if they stand even an outside chance of success. The continuance of any given activity will of course depend upon the measure of support it receives.



### CORRESPONDING MEMBERSHIP.

Old Boys living out of Liverpool are now

catered for by our newly introduced “Corresponding Membership.” For the small sum of 2/6 per annum, they will receive the three issues of the College Magazine post free and will be most welcome at any of our functions should they ever be in Liverpool on leave. This does not apply to inhabitants of, say, Bootle, but to those who are quite unable to take part in our normal activities. I have already ‘roped-in’ some Old Boys whose addresses were known to me, but I shall not be satisfied until **every** Old Boy living out of Liverpool has been invited to become a Corresponding Member. Each reader of these notes can help me by furnishing the address of any Old Boy who no longer resides in Liverpool. I look forward with confidence to receiving a heavy crop of addresses. My ambition is to enrol every past and present pupil of the School as a Recruiting Sergeant—in this way nothing can stop our progress until the Association is the envy of every other Secondary School in the city.



### FRESHERS' SOCIAL.

The popularity of this function may be gauged from the fact that we had a bigger crowd in the College Hall on October 11th, than ever before. Certain cynics may smile and say, “Of course you will get a good crowd every year on Freshers' Social Night—because it costs nothing!” I, however (possibly due to youth and inexperience) do not believe it—for me, as for many others, this night stands apart as a splendid opportunity for having a pow-wow with old and valued friends and making new ones.

This year, as promised, ‘business’ was, reduced to the absolute minimum. Few, who heard Bro. Roche's Address of Welcome, could have remained unmoved by his appeal to Old Boys to show their loyalty to their Alma Mater, even at the cost of some per-

sonal sacrifice. It requires character to be loyal to an ideal without saying inwardly, "Now, just what can I get out of it?" Let me add—all the best of our Old Boys join the Association and, in case it may influence any who still hesitate, we get plenty out of it.

After an interval for refreshments, the "dark secret" was out—the Old Boys' Minstrel Troupe, with teeth gleaming whitely from sheer fright, made a distinctly courageous appearance. Being rather too close to the centre of activities to observe the performance myself, I invited the Assistant Secretary of the Old Cathinians to submit a report. Here it is:—



### THE OLD BOYS' MINSTREL TROUPE.

The most pleasant surprise of a really enjoyable evening at the Freshers' Social was undoubtedly that given to us by the Old Boys' "Minstrel Troupe."

To those of us who were aware of the existence of the Troupe, and knew that it had only been formed a fortnight before this, its premier show, and that it had only had one or two rehearsals, the affair was awaited with many forebodings and misgivings, but none the less, inward chuckles at the vision we had conjured up of our colleagues missing cues, forgetting parts and abruptly concluding with a general "flop."

This, however, was far from being the case. From the grand entrance of the pyjama clad Coons to the popular Laurel and Hardy signature tune, the whole show, brimful of snappy quips, delightfully rendered songs and perfectly acted burlesques and chorus work, went without a hitch.

To refer to individuals would be a most difficult task, so well did they all enter into the spirit of the thing, but honourable mention must be made of the Accompanist, Mr. G. Melia, and of the Interlocutor, Mr. J.

Curtin. Without doubt the 'hit' of the evening was Mr. Leo Murphy's act wherein he played a triple part assisted so ably (or unably!) by the "effects man," Mr. F. H. Loughlin. This was particularly clever and amusing.

To the Producer, Mr. R. Basley, must go the credit for the Minstrel Troupe's splendid debut, and to him and to every member we tender a hearty vote of thanks.

Do let us have another performance soon, Mr. Basley.

J. R.

On behalf of the Minstrels, I thank you, Jack, for these kind words and assure you that the Troupe intends to keep going and will be pleased to welcome any budding 'Xander and Moses.



### ANNUAL DANCE.

Much as I dislike to admit failure, I can find no other word to describe this function—unless it be tragedy! It's the one blemish on our otherwise unblotted copy-book!

For several years the attendance at our Annual Ball has been falling off, and this year, in spite of widespread publicity, only 66 enthusiasts turned up (and half of them, ladies). All sorts of excuses may be advanced in explanation, but the simple fact emerges that the demand for a Dance in October seems to be on the point of disappearing.

Those who attended had a splendid time—no expense had been spared to provide the best in the way of band, hall and refreshments—but, the bills had to be footed and therein lies the tragedy. The whole position will be considered by the Executive and, no doubt, their recommendations will be debated at the Annual General Meeting.

Our very best thanks are due to those who supported us on this occasion; we are

glad to hear they enjoyed themselves. Actually, the dancers reminded me of planets spinning through the immensities of space.



### ARMISTICE DAY.

At 10-25 a.m. on Sunday, 11th November, our President, Mr. C. H. Waring, laid a wreath on the Old Boys' War Memorial at St. Philip's Neri's Church, before a representative gathering of Old Boys. Fr. T. Healey recited the prayers for the repose of the souls of those "Old Boys' of the Catholic Institute who made the great sacrifice, 1914-1918."



### ANNUAL MASS.

All deceased Old Boys were remembered on Sunday, 18th November, when the Rev. J. Canon O'Connell celebrated Mass at the Pro-Cathedral, assisted by two other Old Boys, Fr. G. Doyle and Fr. Philip Reynolds.

It is an inspiring sight to see so many Christian Brothers and their Past and Present Pupils gathered together, to pray for the eternal rest of the souls of those of our friends who are called to their reward.



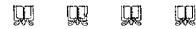
### BOXING NIGHT, December 26th, 1934.

If you are at a loose-end on Boxing Night, come along to the Bluecoat Chambers at 7-45 p.m. The A.F.C. are having their Carnival Dance, and special arrangements are being made to ensure exceptionally good entertainment. The price is 3/- (inclusive) and the Dance continues until 1 a.m.



### ANNUAL DINNER.

This is the really big event of the Association Year, and we appeal to all Old Boys to rally round and get their tickets in good time. We have arranged to hold this function at the Constitutional Club, India Building, on Tuesday, 5th February, 1935, at 7-30 p.m. Tickets cost 7/6 and may be obtained from the Secretary or from any member of the Committee. Evening Dress is optional. We hope that our numbers on this occasion will help to atone for the desperately poor show we put up at the Annual Dance.



### ANNUAL RETREAT.

Passion Sunday, April 7th, 1935, has been fixed for the Annual Retreat, which will be held at Loyola Hall. The retreat starts on Saturday afternoon and ends on the Sunday evening. All who intend to be present should notify the Secretary as soon as possible. Arrangements will be made whereby the money for the retreat may be paid in instalments. It is impossible to overestimate the spiritual advantage which may be obtained for a comparatively small financial outlay.



### A.F.C. DANCES.

These will be held on January 26th, February 23rd and April 27th, at the Bluecoat Chambers—Tickets 2/6 (inclusive). On Grand National Night in March the Dance will be a Carnival—price 3/- (inclusive). All who attend these regularly enjoy them thoroughly—why not give them a trial?



### WEEKLY REUNIONS.

As last year, these are held every Thursday

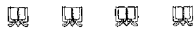
night at the College from 7-30 to 9-30 p.m. Our numbers remain fairly constant, but the personnel varies, which is as it should be. All Old Boys are welcome and will find something to amuse them. Come along as an Old Boy and go away a Member of the Association. Bro. Roche has been kind enough to allow us to use the School premises at **your** request—you can show your appreciation of this favour by turning up occasionally.



### RAMBLING SECTION.

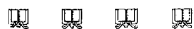
So keen have our Ramblers become that they refuse to emulate Caesar and "go into winter quarters." I have no idea as to the number of parts into which "hither—Wirral" may be divided, but I am sure that our hikers have explored many of them and are still very satisfied with their leader and the routes he chooses.

A month is a long time between hikes, so they now take place every other Sunday. The venue is still the same—Woodside Boat, Pier Head, at 2 p.m.—and this happy band of explorers, and their ladies, will extend a hearty welcome to any newcomers who wish to swell their ranks. It's never too late to wend!



### GOLF SECTION.

This venture will commence its activities in the Spring, when the days draw out a little. Mr. Curtin will be pleased to hear from all Old Boys who are interested in Golf, and will welcome their suggestions.



### MUSIC SECTION.

Mr. Boraston sends me the following notes :

The first rehearsal of the Old Boys' Orchestra was held on Thursday, November 22nd. Three Old Boys were present. Doubtless this number will increase.

We know the difficulty many boys have in finding time for all that they would like to do, and if we fixed the date and time of rehearsals to suit everybody should probably be compelled to have a rehearsal every evening in the week. However, we cannot do that, but have decided to hold our Old Boys' rehearsals on each Thursday (Old Boys' night) at 8 p.m., in the Music Room, and shall be pleased to welcome as many Old Boys as possible.

Eugene Goossens has been created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour by the French Government for his services to music.

T. Walsh, a member of the Old Boys' orchestra, has joined the Liverpool University orchestra.



### CRICKET SECTION.

With Mr. G. J. Alston at the helm, this section finished its experimental season with a truly remarkable record. Five matches were won outright and I think it would be fair to say that we lost some due to our inexperience in playing time-limit matches. For such games the instructions were: "Hit-out or get out." Frequently, we did both with disastrous results. On other occasions we were well and truly beaten by better teams but, win or lose, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

On September 13th, a meeting was summoned to decide the future of this section. We learnt that the total turnover has been £7 6s. 11d. and that, after the purchase of gear to the value of £3 17s. 8d., there was still a balance of 2s. 9d. Mr. Alston was congratulated on the able way in which he had managed the team and its finances, and it

was decided unanimously to form a Cricket Club, and to field two teams during the 1935 season. Bro. Roche offered us the use of the School pitch and gear, and his kind offer was most gratefully accepted.

Mr. J. Curtin was elected Chairman of the newly formed Cricket Club; Mr. R. Pratt, Treasurer; and Mr. G. Furlong, Secretary. A meeting will be held in the New Year and all interested in Cricket are invited to communicate with Mr. Furlong.

As promised in the Summer issue, here is a report on the matches played, together with a summary of the individual performances.

#### **Old Edwardians v. Simmarians.**

At Thingwall Park, July 1st, 1934.

Old Edwardians, 57; Simmarians, 35.

The Old Boys started off badly, losing 3 wks. for 6 runs, but some carefree hitting by Loughlin and Kieran improved matters. The innings closed for a mere 57 runs. Simmarians fared even worse against the excellent bowling of Alston and Byrne. The last 3 wickets fell without addition to the score. R. Walsh stonewalled solidly for three-quarters-of-an-hour. O'Neill was an excellent wicket-keeper, his stumping of Chamberlain being a smart piece of work.

#### **Old Edwardians v. Ince Blundell.**

Played at Ince Blundell, July 5th, 1934.

Old Edwardians, 78 for 7 wickets; Ince Blundell, 104 for 7 wickets.

Once again the Old Boys starting off badly, lost 3 wickets without a run on the board. As this was a time limit match, the best plan was to go for the runs. Crowley stopped the rot and McKenna and Smith formed the best partnership for the Old Boys. Both men playing the bowling easily sent the score along merrily, adding 30 runs for the 6th wicket, against a steady attack and superb fielding.

Ince Blundell were placed in winning position by their opening pair, who scored

49 runs before McKenna took Swift's wicket. With the first 3 balls of his 5th over Alston bowled Kenworthy and Heyes and caught and bowled Houghton for a splendid hat-trick. J. Heyes by brisk batting took the score to 104. Weak bowling contributed to our defeat.

#### **Old Edwardians v. Ranelagh Park C.C.**

Played at St. Domingo Road, July 11th, 1934.

Old Edwardians, 121; Ranelagh Park C.C., 42.

Against weak bowling the Old Boys soon rattled up a respectable score, O'Reilly scoring 33 of the 42 runs added for 2nd wicket. Alston provided the fireworks, 4 fours in his 21 runs.

Ranelagh Park had only Albini and Enright who faced the fast bowling with any confidence.

#### **Old Edwardians v. Aigburth C.C.**

Played at St. Domingo Road, July 14th, 1934.

Old Edwardians, 63; Aigburth C.C., 131 for nine wickets.

Once again lack of variety in our bowling was taken full advantage of by the opposition. Pattinson, a splendid effort including 8 fours, and Barlow (5 fours) were fine batsmen for Aigburth, while only Banks and Thomas for us, showed ability to score off only fair bowling. O'Reilly pegged away splendidly for his 5 wickets, and allowance must be made for his lack of support from the fielders.

#### **Old Edwardians v. Ranelagh Park.**

Played at Aigburth, July 16th, 1934.

Old Edwardians, 31; Ranelagh Park, 70 for 8 wickets.

This was a two-night match, and we were without Alston's services on one of them. McKenna and Bryson batted brightly for us, but once they were separated, disaster followed disaster—until we were all out for 31 runs.

Boardman bowled well, returning 7 wickets for 13 runs, while also being top scorer with 17 runs.

#### **Old Edwardians v. Maricollians.**

Played at St. Domingo Road, July 21st, 1934.

Old Edwardians, 56 ; Maricollians, 67.

A close game. Smith batted well, Alston again bowled well and Thomas kept a good wicket. Outstanding for Maricollians were McGrath, Langton and McCarthy.

#### **Old Edwardians v. S.F.X. an XI.**

Played at St. Domingo Road, July 23rd, 1934.

Old Edwardians, 70 ; S.F.X. an XI., 66.

Another close game with the result in doubt, until the last few overs. Alston and Reid for us, and Smerdon for S.F.X. batted well, while Alston and Pratt and Tryers and Alston, K., bowled well. Thomas again distinguished himself behind the stumps,

#### **Old Edwardians v. Jubilee Drive.**

Played at St. Domingo Road, July 30th, 1934.

Old Edwardians, 104 ; Jubilee Drive, 124.

Jubilee batted first and although they lost their first wicket cheaply, Halsall attacked the bowling fiercely. He hit 6 fours and 2 magnificent sixes (one on the church roof). Butterworth, although more restrained hit one six and seven fours in a fine innings. Banks was the outstanding man for us, carrying his bat for 55, including 9 fours. He received splendid support from Alston.

#### **Old Edwardians v. Royal Liver.**

Played at Calderstones, August 9th, 1934.  
Old Edwardians, 48 ; Royal Liver, 76.

Hunter, Mercer, H. and Mercer, K. batted well for Royal Liver. Alston performed the hat-trick for the second time this season, and Thomas again proved himself a fine stumper. Our batting was very weak, only Banks, Hurley and Bryson showing ability.

#### **Old Edwardians v. Ministry of Labour.**

Played at Riversdale Road, August 15th, 1934.

Old Edwardians, 77 for 7 wickets ; Ministry of Labour, 88 for 7 wickets.

This was another time limit match ; consequently some of our batsmen threw away their wickets in going for the runs. Harrington's was a good, if a trifle fortunate, innings, while Bryson's was better in stroke play. Ministry of Labour started off poorly, losing 5 wickets for only 22 runs, but their later batsmen, especially Pickstock, soon altered that. Reid bowled well for us, until the advent of Pickstock, who treated all the bowlers with scant respect.

#### **Old Edwardians v. Simmarians.**

Played at St. Domingo Road, August 22nd, 1934.

Old Edwardians, 70 for 9 wickets ; Simmarians, 69 for 7 wickets.

A time limit match which we won with a few overs to spare. Simmarians batted first ; O'Reilly and Shennan batted well. Shennan followed this up with some good bowling. Alston and Bryson were our best batsmen.



## C.I. EDWARDIAN ASSOCIATION.

BATTING. (\*Signifies not out.)

Name.	Innings.	Not out.	Runs.	Most in Innings	Average.
V. McKenna ...	5	1	93	43*	23.3
F. Harrington ...	6	2	73	30*	18.3
T. Banks ...	10	2	116	55*	14.5
G. J. Alston ...	12	—	160	31	13.5
A. Thomas... ..	10	4	72	20	12.0
K. Bryson ... ..	10	—	94	24	9.4
B. Hurley ... ..	5	—	44	20	8.8
J. Smith ... ..	7	1	50	24*	8.3
J. Curtin ... ..	8	—	59	21	7.4
F. Reid ... ..	11	1	67	22	6.7
J. Ratchford ...	9	2	44	12*	6.3
T. O'Neill ... ..	8	—	40	21	5.0

BOWLING.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
P. Byrne ... ..	18	6	22	12	1.8
G. J. Alston ...	112	29	259	48	5.4
A. Forde ... ..	9	2	39	6	6.5
V. McKenna ...	25	5	75	8	9.4
F. Reid ... ..	38	10	129	13	9.9
J. Smith ... ..	14	1	75	6	12.5

## CATCHES.

A. Thomas 7, T. Banks 6, H. Loughlin 4, T. O'Neill 4, G. J. Alston 4, W. Kieran 4, J. Ratchford 3, K. Bryson 3, J. Smith 3, F. Reid 2 M. O'Reilly 2

## IN MEMORIAM.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to report the deaths of three Old Boys.

On September 2nd, Mr. E. C. P. Raymond, whose association with the Old Catholic Institute dates back to 1888, died rather suddenly. He was recently associated in business with Mr. G. T. Waring as co-director.

Frank Gore, who left School in 1922, passed away early in October. Although Frank's illness had lasted for some time, the news of his death came as a great shock. Those of our old schoolfriends who were at St. Mary's Training College between 1923 and 1925 will remember Frank as a fellow student and will mourn his loss particularly.

Dr. Thomas P. Higgins, who spent six years at the College, won two Scholarships for Liverpool University, and graduated in 1932 at the early age of 22, succumbed to an attack of pneumonia on Sunday, November 18th, after a week's illness. It is tragic that his death should cut short what promised to be a great career.

For the sorrowing relatives and friends of all three, we tender our sincere sympathy and regret. All Old Boys will remember them in their prayers.

R. I. P.

## OLD CATHINIANS A.F.C.

My request to Cyril Kean, the Football Secretary, to give an account of his Stewardship, produced the following result.

"When accepting the Secretaryship of the Football Club, I was unaware that it

necessitated giving a résumé of the active affairs of the said Club in the College magazine. Hence the request for a report came as quite a pleasant surprise, since I was at last assured of seeing my effort in print instead of being condemned to one of those nasty

little baskets which litter an editor's sanctum.

The Old Boys are again running four teams. The 1st XI. plays in the 2nd Division of the I-Zingari League, and the other elevens play in the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Divisions respectively of the Old Boys' League.

Our 1st XI. has experienced rank bad luck in many of its matches and has, on four occasions, suffered defeat by the odd goal. Recent games have, however, raised our hopes and we feel more optimistic with regard to future engagements.

Our second XI., whilst not occupying a high place in the League Table, is maintaining a fair average. Our third XI. has been really unfortunate. Owing to playing with short teams on two occasions, resulting in defeats by the scores 1—2 and 4—5, they were deprived of the honour of being leaders of their Division.

I hope that all players who read these notes will realise their duty to the Club, and turn up when selected and notified to play.

To the fourth XI. must go our congratulations and sincerest wishes for their future success. At the time of writing they are at the head of their Division, having won all six of the league matches played. Their goal average, too, is remarkable, their latest achievement being a 9—0 win; this means that they have scored 30 goals in six matches to their opponents' 7.

In conclusion, I wish to thank all who, by their co-operation, have helped me in my duties as secretary. I feel sure that, with their continued help and the loyalty and support of our members, the Football Section of the C.I.E.A. will go from strength to strength, and in time will considerably enhance the name of the Old Cathnians in Amateur football circles."

C. A. K.

## CONGRATULATORY AND GENERAL.

As reported in another part of this issue, several of our Old Boys have been raised to the dignity of the Priesthood: Revs.: G. Donnelly (Paris); F. Fleming (Rome); R. Flynn (Rome); L. Daly (Ushaw), V. Marsh (Rome); G. Tickler (Rome); T. Fleming S.J. (Kurseong), India; M. Grace (Rome); P. Reynolds. If any names are omitted the Editor will be very grateful for particulars on a Post-card. To them we extend our heartfelt congratulations and trust they will be blessed with much fruit of their labours for many years to come.

Bill Lowe is in the news again—this time he's got married. Congratulations to you both—may you enjoy a long and happy life together.

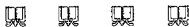
Joe Banks evidently thinks that Sheffield is a good place to come home from. I've seen him twice in Liverpool recently. During the summer he spent his spare time making huge scores at cricket (G. Furlong please note Joe may be transferred home some time). His second leave enabled him to visit Upholland, when our Footballers chased a ball about in the snow and drew at 6—6 with the home team. How Joe must have enjoyed watching this game—we were losing 6—1 at half time!

S. W. Little breezed in to the College some time ago—his first visit since 1924. Still, one could not blame him since he's been in Australia ever since. He likes being 'down-under' and told us he intended to return.

Con. Ratchford, Chairman of the Simmarian Association, has entered the bonds of matrimony. Our best wishes go with both of them.

Paddy Byrne, the B.Sc., not the portly Paddy who will one day be a great Doctor, has also taken the plunge. Good luck, Mr. and Mrs. Byrne.

We congratulate Jim Murphy on his appointment as Professor of English Literature, at the University of Bangkok.



Mr. Arthur Maguire, our late President, has gone to Osterley to study for the Priesthood. Whilst regretting his loss from the Association, all Old Boys will congratulate him on his decision and wish him good luck and every success in his new life.

Frank Harrington, another Old Boy Simmarian, has taken unto himself a wife. Congratulations Frank—and Mrs. Frank.

J. Maguire, who teaches at St. Mary's College, Crosby, has recently obtained his B.A., with Honours, at London. This news makes pleasant reading. Our felicitations, Joe!

Mr. George Rimmer is now connected with St. Mary's College, Crosby. He has been made a Governor. We fully appreciate that this is a great honour and trust that his association with the College will be a long and useful one.

At the other St. Mary's College, Strawberry Hill, our Old Boys have been keeping the flag flying. In the Final Examination in Religious Knowledge, Tom Norbury passed with credit, whilst five other, J. Bonney, T. Fleming, A. Ford, V. Quigley and J. J. Woods were also successful.

Two of our Footballers, G. V. Bolger and G. F. O'Donnell have been married recently. We offer our sincerest good wishes to both of them, and their brides.

Frank McKeown is now a B.Sc. (London). At the moment he is teaching in Birmingham, but he found time to visit us recently with some good news. He is to be transferred to Liverpool in January. Splendid! This means another recruit for the Association.

Tom Kelly is now teaching in Wavertree and likes it well. Here's hoping you will soon get a 'permanency,' Tom.

So Jim Smerdon has joined the Air Force. He should be able to write us a really interesting letter if he had a mind. How about it, Jim? Frank Parle is also with the Air Force at Aldergrove, Belfast.

Tony Mullen, who is making a name for

himself as a Vet., must be added to our long list of Benedicks. To Mr. and Mrs. Mullen, long life and happiness.

Wilf. Loughlin, Brother Thomas O.S.B., took the first step along the long road to the Priesthood, when he was "simply professed" at Ampleforth Abbey last September.

Eddie Wright has followed in the footsteps of his brother, Jack, even to the altar rails—and not alone. May good fortune attend you both, Ted.

Ted Mulloy paid us a surprise visit and gave us some details of his life in America. He is in the Fruit business and, in the course of conversation, it transpired that he once bought a car for 35 dollars "which would pass everything except a gas-station."

The last mail from South Africa brought us a letter from Charlie Kenny. He is in Cape Town manufacturing pills and tablets and has not been hit by the depression. He is, however, much too busy to think of a long vacation in England as yet.

If these items of news have been of interest to you, does it not occur to you that your own movements may be of equal interest to dozens of other Old Boys? Do please write to me and help me to make these reports a regular budget of information. Become a real "Corresponding Member" in fact.

To Dr. J. R. Azurdia and his wife we tender our heartiest congratulations on their recent marriage, and trust their married life together will be long and happy.



## TO ALL OLD BOYS.

Yes! I *have* noticed that those amusing 'cads,' the Western Brothers, appear to have poached on our preserves in the matter of their "old school ties" (vide. Wills's Cigarette Card, No. 39 of Radio Celebrities). I can assure you, however, that theirs is not genuine. I am still the sole purveyor and the

price is still 3/-. Christmas is coming and Christmas Day is the day when all dutiful husbands slink about with one hand obscuring the glory of their new neck-ties with a gesture made famous by the Prince of Wales.

If you cannot rely on the good taste of your womenfolk in selecting a tie for you, convey to them as tactfully as possible, that our Old School Tie is just the thing you always have coveted.



### A SUGGESTION.

Many of our Old Boys are in business or professions, and it has been suggested that a Professional List might be compiled. Briefly the idea is this : Our membership is beginning to assume respectable proportions, and we should like to prepare a list of Old Boys with whom our Members would deal and make purchases. In return for the increased business, it might be possible to allow some discount to bona-fide Association Members who produce their current Membership Cards.

Will those Old Boys who are in business let me know their views about the suggestion ? If in favour, please furnish details as to your place of business, its nature, and the amount of discount you would be prepared to allow.

F. H. L.



### VARSITY LETTER.

Dear Mr. Editor,

The Academic year, as usual, opened with receptions, socials and rags, all imbued with that jolly old spirit of carnival destined to introduce the freshers to the learned seniors and incidentally to each other. At present some of the students are beginning to think about work—they intend to do some when they get the chance.

Of the above functions, the most important, in the eyes of Edwardians, is always the reception by His Grace the Archbishop of members of the Catholic Society, but this year, owing to Dr. Downey's absence in Australia, we were received by His Lordship, Bishop Moriarty of Shrewsbury. The dance which followed was very enjoyable and we were very pleased to see the good spirits displayed on the many new faces. Tom Cunningham is treasurer of the society, and, in addition to Bill Doyle on the committee, we are glad to see St. Edward's, as represented by Messrs. C. D. Mulhearn and H. Faherty, taking a very active part in affairs. In passing, we appeal to those few Edwardians who have not joined the society to do so as soon as possible, for in addition to a series of very interesting lectures, we guarantee that the social functions are far ahead of anything offered by any other section of the university. And lastly there is the call of duty—

Tom Kenny has joined the Chemists, and, with Bill Parr, Paddy McCarthy and Bill Davies to show him round, he has been taking a very active part in the festivities. Paddy, having apparently consumed all the Chemical Literature on which he could lay his hands, is, it is very, very strongly rumoured, frequently sought out by Prof. . . . . , who likes to learn a thing or two. Danny Flynn still carries on Chemical Research or so we believe, but really Danny has become a very mythical figure.

Frank Reid spends most of his time wishing Einstein and Newton had not been born, and Robert Stevenson still retains that well known thirst for knowledge.

Bill Doyle always looked very worried these days—of course he is Guild Treasurer, and an annual turnover of over £6,000 is not an easy matter to deal with. Perhaps knowledge of Metallurgy will prove useful in the case of an unbalanced budget. During occasional moments of leisure Bill manages to do a bit of research into the aforementioned

branch of engineering, write Theses and such like—in fact he expects to get his Ph.D. in December—"Best Wishes Bill."

Maguire spent a considerable portion of the summer vacation drawing a salary from the City Electrical Engineer; as regards earning the money—well we have our doubts. At least we do now understand the reason for the excessive number of breakdowns in the tramway and lighting systems during July. Concerning engines and machines, Tom works very much in the past (if not in the dark), for last Panto Day he fell off a lorry and broke his neck or something; and apart from an occasional visit to Lewis's his many social engagements make great demands on his time.

J. Wilson is the only fresher amongst the Engineers. The very homely, if rather crude, manner of such manual labourers soon made him welcome.

J. Hargadon has joined the Medicals—P. S. Byrne, "Toge" Rogers and H. Kieran (Vet.), all of whom recently passed examinations and we all seem to have heard about this well voiced phenomenon, although these people usually work behind the scenes, in some hospital or other, they have, this year, introduced a welcome variety into the life of Old Edwardians by providing two active athletes. Kieran spends a very virile life dashing round a boxing ring, *i.e.*, of course before he lies down; and during the summer Paddy Byrne, somewhat more sedately we imagine, bowled some wickets over, he was in fact top of the cricket bowling averages.

Hugh McGrath and Gerry Melia (Education), spent most of their time reciting poetry and teaching history to the unfortunate youth of Liverpool.

We find, in Arts, that Matt Murphy, Aussie Thomas and Fred Roberts have written an ode or a sonnet (or a poem) to Bacchus, which they threaten to publish on Panto Day. In this Faculty we have three freshers Walsh, S. Rush and C. A. Mangan. The

two latter have joined Rooney and Roberts, under the leadership of J. C. Mangan (Sen.), to prove to everyone and everything that G. K. Chesterton's Distributionism is the only system which can save this country and the rest of the world from immediate ruin.

L. Pratt and S. Patterson are still studying Law, or so we believe and we expect the remaining Lawyer, G. MaeMahon, to come up strongly when the Catholic Society produces the Nativity Play.

Allow us to conclude on a note of congratulation to Dermont Doyle on his appointment in the Civil Service, and to Jimmy Murphy who has just left England to become Professor of English at Bangkok University—(No there is no truth in the rumour that he engaged Scott and Black to take him). Records show Jimmy to be the first Old Boy to become a University Professor.

Wishing you all the best in class and field,

Yours,

'**VAR**SITY.

[It has been announced in the Press that W. Doyle has been awarded Ph.D. Our congratulations.—Ed.]



## SUCCESSSES OF OLD BOYS AT THE VAR

SITY.

### *Faculty of Science.*

B.Sc., Final ... .. R. B. Stevenson.  
B.Sc. (Subsidiary Subject) W. Carr.

### *Faculty of Medicine.*

M.B., Ch. B., Finals Part II.  
(Distinction in Forsenic  
Medicine) ... .. G. Rogers.  
M.B., Ch.B., Finals,  
Part I. ... .. P. S. Byrne.  
M.R.C.V.S., 2nd Year  
Examination ... .. H. Kieran.

*Faculty of Engineering.*

B.Eng., Finals, Part I. T. Maguire.

*Faculty of Law.*

LL.B. (Intermediate) ... C. MacMaher.

*Faculty of Arts.*

B.A., Final ... .. H. McGrath.

G. Melia.

B.A. (Hons.), Part I. ... M. Murphy.

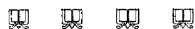
B.A. Part I. ... .. A. Thomas.

B.A. (Intermediate) ... F. Roberts.

H. Rooney.

D. C. Mangan.

B. Comm. (Intermediate) T. Cunningham.

**SIMMARIES LETTER.**

Dear Editor,

Greetings from Simmaries. This letter is being written on the eve of the Royal Wedding for that reason we are off to-morrow, here as in "Teds" off-days are rare and just as welcome. We are nearing the end of the longest term, but on account of its broken nature we failed to notice the fact. The first three weeks we were chiefly engaged outside, teaching, and discovered districts round Hammersmith very like Netherfield Road—in many respects. But that period passed and we were back at lectures again. After a fortnight came the Retreat with its soothing silence to readjust our worn nerves. Then came three more weeks' lectures and then Mid-Term Break. Near the end of October Certif. results came out—of last years' seniors. All except two passed and these were only referred in one subject. Very Hot Stuff!

We were pleased to welcome Br. Greenish, who came on a short visit, his travels have not changed his cheery personality, and now to the Old Edwardians here. In 'Third Year'

is V. B. Quigley, Certified Teacher, and out to take his degree in long strides. He was relected Prefect so his coy smile is dangerous. Among the seniors is a merry crew Stacker Moran, of Ormskirk fame, is chairman of the Smoke Room and Entertainments Committee. He runs the weekly sweep, and folk run from him on his twopenny racket round. Pat Healy is one of the big three, Athletics' Committee and our high jumping hope, he has no doubt about the shield coming to Simmaries again next year. Jerry Murphy is the hard working captain of the first eleven, while Bill Hollingsworth and Josh Lloyd keep the wings of the 2nd XI. together and in their spare time help to maintain that indefinable "Tone of the place," and Dogherty just keeps 'smiling through.' Among the Juniors whom we welcomed to our warm lodgings were Pop Doyle, who says little but thinks a lot; he soon won his place in the first eleven, and also does his brawny bit on the tug, and Lunt, who reminded us by his cheery mien that "Lunts' loaves build Bonny Boys." In the Junior Trials he showed everyone how a mile should be won. And there are Gaskell and G. F. Doyle the 'Inter-twins,' but let swotting dogs lie. Of the old brigade came Wink Thomas who settled down so soon that he was taken for a Senior—a rare honour.

But it is easy to settle down here. Though there are folks here of all ages, with all sorts of fads and fancies, from every country in England and Wales, from the North and rest of Ireland, from the Channel Islands and the far-off Isle of Malta, yet such is the spirit here that all can feel at home—and this is due in no small measure to the men of the north, who for years came down in great droves and left their stamp upon the place. In nearly all the photographs that line the walls of the Smoke Room and corridors there are sure to be many of the 'old familiar faces' of Edwardian days. But we better finish before

this gets too sentimental. Wishing you all a very happy Xmas.

SIMMARIES.



## LONDON LETTER.

London.

November, 1934.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Whenever I receive your request for news from London the only consolation offered to my already much tortured soul is the thought that there must be a holiday in the near future. As this time the Xmas break is offering its relief and joys to the 'Tired Business Man,' I must be benevolent and respond with a budget of news, the truth of which I cannot vouch for and can only be tolerably certain that the characters are not fictitious. A nodding acquaintance with the legal profession has improved my powers of imagination.

In previous letters I had omitted to mention that one of our now oldest inhabitants is Dr. Joe Crosby who is in practice at Romford. Any week-end you will find him playing tennis at Ilford with that very select coterie of Old Boys which includes also Hugh McGrath, Bill Kavanagh and Jack Wilson. Incidentally we were honoured on one or two occasions during the season by visits from Maurice Crosby, the air on such occasions was redolent with reminiscences of, probably imaginary, deeds of the long ago.

Also at Romford I met another Old Boy, Arthur Moffat, who with his brother Fred is teaching down here. I believe also that another O.B., one Frank Chamberlain, is also a member of the same profession in residence down here.

Round the corner, which in the idiom of the Cockney, means anything up to 30 miles. Jerry Coyne controls the destinies of a municipality, probably sending out those

horrible notes about your rates which begins, "Unless . . . . . ." Another newcomer of about the same year of whom I have only just heard is one Mr. Roobey, whose Christian name is unknown to me.

I must secure an interview with him and provide copy for a paragraph in the next letter. That completes news of any newcomers of whom I have heard, most of them by the way have been in London and district for some time.

I must not forget to mention that Eddie Pollard has moved out of our ken and has joined the Palesian Order at Cowley. May we here tender to him our good wishes for every blessing in his new sphere?

Also deserting us, but in a different sense, is Bill Kavanagh who recently joined the 'Benedicts' in our circle. Now, alas, no longer do the milk-carts rattle along in their dim morning light as he and I returned from revelry, struggling along trying to think which 'digs' we were in that week! Now like any honest citizen he turns the cat out every night at a wholly respectable hour. Of course he's now anxious to possess a dog which he can take for a run at night. (I hope, Mr. Editor, that you're prepared to back me up in any libel action which may be as a result of these notes.)

That very cynical individual Jack Wilson whom as you know, always, metaphorically speaking, runs people and things down, has now taken to a literal attempt at carrying out said actions. He tells me, however, that every morning when at breakfast he most scrupulously pauses at every mouthful of the matutinal L. and C., just in case it happens to be Belisha bacon. Now complete with pipe, unkind people have suggested that there is a strong resemblance to a rather early model of Puffing Billy or the Rocket.

So much for the East Enders. Now to the aristocratic West. Charlie Kieran provides me with a paragraph. I understand and this is very confidential and must be kept a close

secret that Charlie who left for Italy last week has been sent there to smooth over the difficulties which arose from the recent defeat of Italy by Arsenal—sorry—England.

I heard from Nick Kearney just recently—he will be home for Xmas and I hope to see him on his way through London, when I may be able to secure some 'copy' from him.

That's about all the news I have on personalities—it's certainly personal enough! What news can I give you of London generally. The daily journals at the moment have only one topic, and I don't think you'll be interested in my opinions on that! This last week we have seen very little of London—its been mostly fog. A black choking fog, which makes you think fondly of the wet, white mists that Liverpool provides. At the moment I feel strongly on this subject of fog. I had to travel the other night in a compartment with 22 other sufferers. The amount of space provided would have caused a prosecution by the R.S.P.C.A. if two average-sized cows had been made to travel therein. But the dumb Londoner suffers in silence and tells himself there is no way out. If only the railway companies had some of that enterprise which built the Mersey Tunnel!

Well Mr. Editor, that about completes my budget. A very happy Xmas to you and all your readers.

Yours as ever,

AN OLD BOY IN LONDON.



### UPHOLLAND LETTER.

Upholland College,  
Lancs.

25-11-34.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Oh the joy of being in print again. Throughout the long tedious hours of the vacation one thing alone sustained us, one

thought alone can revive our flagging spirits—the thought that soon we should have the pleasant task of writing another letter to the "Magazine." Spake he.

On our return from that vacation we had our first glimpse of the new boys. Never have we seen a finer set of lads—upstanding, manly, intelligent, handsome; never, we repeat, have we set eyes on finer specimens of budding British youth.

Fearing to incur the supercilious eyebrow retained by editors for extravagance in sentiment, we hasten to explain that we have not been reading Kipling. No thought of the far-flung outposts of empire awaiting that youth stirs our breast. No—the reason for that effusion is merely that we see in every way potential "copy," our methods for the obtaining of which we append for those following in our footsteps.

Taking stock of the more gentlemanly-looking—a matter for hair splitting, we readily concede, among such paragons—we proceed on the assumption that among these, if any, will be found the Edwardians. Then they are cornered one by one, a leading question skilfully introduced into the conversation, and anything they say is taken down, and used as evidence against them. Alas! to what depths we hacks must descend! How often do we see our muse, a forlorn figure in the corner, blushing for very shame!

The knowledge which we obtained on this occasion was small—but two new men from St. Edward's being our "kill"—H. Ness and F. Coulbourn. There are others who have been here a little longer, of whom mention has not yet been made—W. Boyle, G. Gilbertson, in "High Figures," and K. Walsh and R. McMahan in "Low Figures." Emboldened by the sight of these names, we have decided to make out a complete list of Edwardians (or old C.I. boys)—for we are told you like to be able to account for all past "alumni." Among the professors are Dr. Macmillan (vice-president), and Fathers F.



Kieran, W. Byrne, T. Byrne and M. Grace. The Dueines include V. Furlong (3rd year), J. English, W. O'Brien, W. Cavanagh, C. Taylor (1st year), the Philosophers H. Kean, T. Frayne, J. Healy and J. Howard.

Of the Higher Line M. Geoghegan, F. Pooley, S. Baker, S. MacCartney, B. Wyche, W. Bligh, J. Leonard and J. Pooley owe their early training to St. Edwards. Add to these the members from the Lower Line, which we gave above, and there is a total which, we will wager, far exceeded your anticipation.

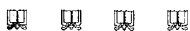
On October 13th—St. Edward's Day, you will notice—we played the Old Cathinians at football. It had been our belief previous to this game that we had plumbed the depths of bad weather in these annual games—cold, rain, storms and gales we have had in such profusion that we look on them as the natural concomitants of the Old Cathinians. But even we, hard bitten as we have become, were dumbfounded when we had to play this year in three inches of snow, rich alluvial mud, a blizzard, and too too inadequate football clothes.

Several noted seismologists are reported to be coming for the next game.

The game was the most even we remember, and we congratulate the Old Caths. on pulling up five goals. Later we were bewildered by Joe Banks of the Magic Cards, but we would rather he were able to bewilder us on the pitch. To him and to all Edwardians, especially the newly organised Old Boys' Association, we send our best wishes and Christmas Greetings.

Yours,

UPHOLLAND.



## FOREIGN MISSIONARY LETTER.

R.C. Mission,

Mukah,

Sarawak,

Borneo.

October 18th, 1934.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I hope that this letter will reach you in time for the Christmas number of the mag., and so I will at once wish you all, Brother, Professors and Past and Present Edwardians, a very happy Christmas.

I think that the last letter I sent you described Christmas amongst the Dyaks. This year I am far from the Dyaks, for Mukah is in the Melanau country. Kanowit, my previous station, was many miles from the coast, but here the mission is so near the mouth of the river Makah, that we can hear the waves breaking. I came here last February, and since that time have had to spend most of the time teaching—of course we are worse off than others, for here we are over-worked and not even underpaid!

A couple of months ago we decided that it was time for an upriver trip, and the rector agreed that I should make the trip. The first thing to do was to determine the time of the tides for it makes a big difference to the paddlers if they have to work against the stream. Thursday afternoon was fixed upon as being, in every way, the most suitable time for setting off. We used a large canoe. The centre part was covered by a low leaf roof to temper the heat of the sun and to keep the bedding dry. My mat and mattress were spread out under this shelter. Behind me, acting as a prop for pillows was the Mass box. At either end the rest of the 'barang' was stored—food, water, boys' bedding, suit case with clothes and a small tin box which held odds and ends. Loading the canoe took some time, for the weight had to be as evenly distributed as possible, eventually the boys were satisfied, I climbed, or rather crawled

in, the boys followed, three at the front and one at the stern, they fixed up a temporary roof over themselves, and off we went.

At about five o'clock we reached a place called Penakub, where we were to pass the night. We obtained lodging in a shop in the little bazaar, my bed was fixed up on the counter, a meal was cooked, while we bathed. After the meal we held a council of war to decide how far up we should go the next day, and then to bed.

The next morning we were up betimes, cleared away the bedding, set up the altar and then I said Mass. After Mass, a quick shave while the boys packed everything away, then breakfast, a smoke, and away.

About noon we came to another Christian house and persuaded the couple living there to follow us on that evening, so that they could go to their duties the next day.

We finished our journey for that day about three in the afternoon, when we reached some rubber gardens where there was a Christian house. We stayed here for the night. The procedure was the same as at the previous stop, except that before Mass I heard confessions.

On the Saturday we were off by half-past eight, and went straight on to the next, and last Christian house which we reached shortly after twelve. On the way we had passed quite close to a large crocodile which was

basking on the mud. This last house is actually in the Dyak country. Here I found two Christian families. It is almost impossible for them to get down to the mission at Mukah on account of the distance, especially as there are now several children. There was one child, born about six weeks previously, that I baptised. The next morning it was a case of confessions followed by Mass, a quick breakfast and then off down river. The timing of the trip had been arranged so that on the return part of the journey we would have the tide in our favour most of the way. We made a short stop for lunch at noon and then by keeping on we managed to reach Makuh just as darkness set in, that is about 6-30 p.m.

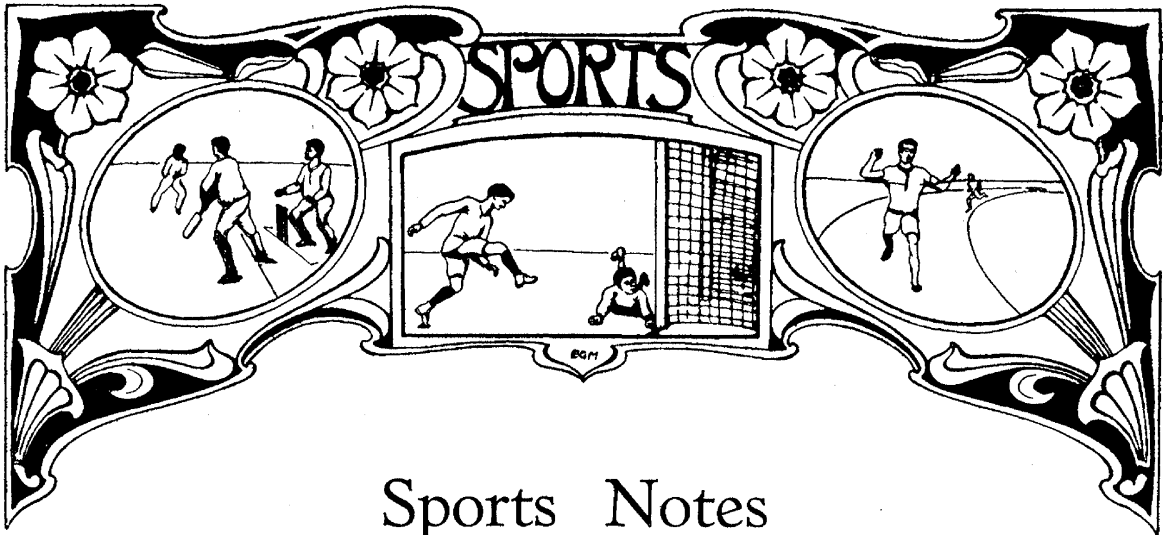
Well, Mr. Editor, I hope that there will be another letter for your next number, if I can think of anything that will be of interest to you. The language here is very difficult, much more difficult than French, and I ought to know. The Melanaus have no written language, and consequently no literature so that the only way to learn it is by practice.

Once again all best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

H. C. O'BRIEN.



## Sports Notes

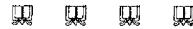
**W**ITH only two of last year's First Eleven back at School, the task of team-building presented difficulties, and a very scrappy trial match did nothing to help matters. As was fitting, Mulroy, a member of last year's team, was elected Captain with Murphy as Vice-Captain. The first game, against Holt Secondary School, led to an 8-0 victory for us, but was very unfortunate in that Murphy received a knee injury which will keep him out of football till after Christmas.



In the first few matches McDonough played in goal, and although he played very well, was unfortunate in facing the very strong forward line of Birkenhead Institute. With the return of Smerdon, however, McDonough readily dropped back into the Second Eleven, and Smerdon began his fourth year as custodian, playing his usual fine game with even greater skill than of yore.



Mulroy and Byrne as full-backs have formed with Smerdon a very skilful defensive trio, Mulroy in particular being a veritable tower of strength. At right-half O'Mahoney has played even better than he did as a forward, and is equally good in both defending and attacking. At pivot Gerry Grownney is playing as well as any of our past great centre-halves. In every match he has been outstanding, tackling with wonderful skill, and excelling in long passes to both wings. Cassidy, the left half, coupled skilful ball-control with powerful shooting, and completed an exceptionally good half-back line.



Kelly, at outside right, partnered by Campbell, has excelled with his speed and good centres. Although small these two forwards have, by their extreme trickiness, made opposing backs seem foolish, and are careful not to waste their skill by inaccurate shooting. O'Brien has been a successful centre-forward as his position as top-scorer shows, but is rather inclined to leave his

position. Mulheirn as inside-left continues to play with his usual skill and coolness, and is even better than he was last year. He is ably partnered by Sinnott, whose habit of cutting in at the right moment has proved its worth on several occasions.



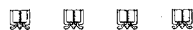
Due to very inclement weather the matches with Prescott Grammar School and Quarry Bank H.S. had to be abandoned, but an extra match was played against the Old Boys' III., and resulted in a 2—1 victory. Against Birkenhead Institute the bad condition of the ground, and the flustered play of the whole team led to a defeat of 6—2. The match with St. Francis Xavier's, with the score standing 4—1 against us, seemed to be another defeat at half-time, but a fine recovery in the second half forced a draw, 4—4. In this game Leonard, playing outside right, had a great part in the improved play. Several gross mistakes in the game against Collegiate School were the cause of a 5—2 defeat, where a drawn game would have been a more fitting result. With only ten men playing, we had an easy victory over Alsop, although shooting in front of goal was very inaccurate. Our 4—1 victory over Prescott Grammar School was notable for the fine play of Cassidy at outside left, from which position he scored three goals, and the great display of Meek in goal. He made several good saves, including the pushing over the bar of a particularly fast shot from their centre forward.



The team, although still shaky in moments of emergency, gives promise of a good season, and is upholding quite well the great and successful traditions of Edwardian football.

First Eleven Scorers: O'Brien, 7;

Mulheirn, 4; Cassidy, 3; Campbell, 3; Sinnott, 3; Kelly, 3; Growney, 2; Leonard, 2; Owen, 2; Byrne, 1.



- Oct. 3 W. v. Holt Secondary Schl., 8-0 (A).
- „ 6 S. v. Prescott Grammar School.  
(no match).
- „ 10 W. v. B'head Institute, 2-6 (A.)
- „ 13 S. v. St. Francis Xaviers', 4-4 (A.)
- „ 17 W. v. University II. 1-4 (H.)
- „ 24 W. v. Waterloo Grammar School,  
6-0 (H.)
- „ 31 W. v. Quarry Bank H.S. No match.
- Nov. 7 W. v. Alsop High School, 2-0 (A.)
- „ 10 S. v. Old Cathinians III. 2-1 (H.)
- „ 21 W. v. Collegiate High Schl., 2-5 (A.)
- „ 24 S. v. Prescott Grammar School,  
4-1 (H.)



**Record to November 24th.**

						Goals.			
P.	W.	L.	D.	For.	Agst.				
9	...	5	...	3	...	1	...	31	21
						W. L. W.			

**Football — 2nd XI.**

The Second Eleven are enjoying a very successful season, due rather to team work than individual brilliance. We have lost one match, to the University, the other six have been won by convincing margins, although the score against S.F.X. flatters our ability. We commenced the season in a sensational manner against a weak Holt side, and a good standard has been maintained.

There is a clever set of forwards, whose only fault is being too individualistic at times, thus wasting many chances. With a good defence behind the forwards we have built up a match-winning combination.

There is plenty of talent in the 1st and

2nd eleven, and by the time the Shield matches commence, the School should be represented by an eleven sound in every department. We shall soon see a keen rivalry springing up between the individual players of each eleven, for a place in the 'Shield' team, the highest honour a school footballer can obtain.

G. K. H.

						Goals.		
P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.		
7 ...	6 ...	0 ...	1 ...	39	14	...	12	
S.E.C.	13	v.	Holt	...	...	...	0	
,,	5	v.	Birkenhead	...	...	...	2	
,,	4	v.	S.F.X.	...	...	...	2	
,,	4	v.	University	...	...	...	5	
,,	4	v.	Waterloo	...	...	...	1	
,,	4	v.	Alsop	...	...	...	1	
,,	5	v.	Collegiate	...	...	...	3	



RESULT OF CROSSWORD. SUMMER, 1934.

O	P	E	N	I	N	G	*	I	N	S	T	A	N	T
N	*	L	*	N	E	O	*	S	U	N	*	B	*	R
E	L	A	P	S	E	*	S	*	N	E	B	U	L	A
R	*	T	*	A	D	V	A	N	C	E	*	S	*	N
O	C	E	A	N	*	A	G	E	*	R	E	E	L	S
U	*	*	L	E	*	S	I	X	*	S	N	*	*	I
S	H	A	M	*	J	E	T	T	Y	*	V	A	S	T
*	A	G	A	P	E	*	T	*	E	R	E	C	T	*
E	T	O	N	*	T	W	A	I	N	*	L	E	A	P
N	*	*	A	H	*	O	R	D	*	C	O	*	*	R
D	U	N	C	E	*	R	I	O	*	A	P	P	L	E
U	*	O	*	A	N	N	U	L	A	R	*	A	*	S
R	E	V	E	R	E	*	S	*	L	E	M	U	R	S
E	*	E	*	S	O	S	*	U	S	E	*	S	*	E
S	O	L	V	E	N	T	*	P	O	R	T	E	N	D

R.J.K. (VIa Sci.)