

St. Edward's College

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School Notes.

 UR eyes are daily on the beginnings of the passing of St. Edward's College at Everton, and our minds are looking forward to its transfer to Sandfield Park. The Observatory was the first landmark to disappear as it was in the line of the foundations of the new housing plans. And now these foundations have in part been dug, and ere long we shall see the walls of the blocks of flats rising by degrees to five storeys. The playing field has been cut off by a barrier from Beacon Lane to St. Domingo Road; it also cuts off the former entrance, carriage drive and lodge. To replace them a temporary entrance has been made from Beacon Lane to which all visitors must in future come.

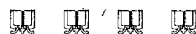


We must be prepared for many inconveniences during the next year or more pending the transfer of the College. They are the inevitable introduction to a new site and a new School.



On the new site the play-fields are being got into order, the trees dotted over the former golf course have now disappeared, the dividing fence has been removed, and the

bunkers are in course of levelling. It will be a finer ground than that at Fazakerley, and in future years the rising generations will have the shelter of the surrounding trees and so be saved from "the biting blasts" that so often made us shiver at Fazakerley.

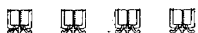


Probably before this appears in print a "minor" difficulty of the site will have been removed. The covenants under which it was bought did not permit the building of a school—a mere bagatelle! An enquiry was held on October 16th and we are confident that the arbitrator will smooth out our difficulties and give an "Order" permitting a setting aside of the forementioned covenants.



A few weeks ago we had a letter from Melbourne, from the Old Boys' Association of the first School opened by the Brothers in Australia in 1871 asking for a copy of our School Song as they are without one and are anxious if possible to adopt ours if they are taken by the air and can alter the words to suit their School's history. As the name of their Association is the "Paradians," it will be evident that the insertion of their

name for ours—Edwardians—is all that is needed to make our School Song suitable for theirs. As the writer of the letter says such an adoption “would provide a link between Brothers’ Schools geographically so far apart.”



Anyone who visited the recent exhibition of pictures at the Art Gallery will have seen two pictures “hung,” the work of Francis Bryson, who but three years ago, under the tuition of our late Art Master, Mr. Morley, won a “distinction” in Art in the Matriculation Examination. He and his three brothers have all been pupils of St. Edward’s. The pictures, reproduced in the Liverpool papers, are of the artist himself and of his father, a well-known solicitor, Members of the Education Committee and a Governor of St.

Edward’s. We congratulate Francis on his early and remarkable success and wish him greater success as the years roll by.



We have others also to congratulate—Fr. Vincent Furlong, Fr. Peter Ryan, S.V.D., and Dom Celestin (Richard Haworth, who were ordained during the course of the present year (1936). Also Fr. Vincent Marsh, who has taken the degree of Doctor of Theology at the Gregorian University, Rome.

The names of those who gained University Honours were published in the Summer number of the Magazine. Since then, successes of two other Old Boys have been announced:—Rev. Bros. D. F. Lennon and T. G. Bullen, who have obtained the degrees of M.A. and D.Ph. respectively at the National University, Dublin.

Some Notes on the History of the West Derby District—

OF GENERAL HISTORY

THE Domesday Commissioners found South Lancashire to be a desolate and thinly peopled country, covered with forests, moors and marshes, amid which small clearings were scattered, each inhabited by a few families of serfs. The West Derby Hundred was the most populous, containing 66 clearings or townships. Yet even here nine-tenths of the land lay waste, and the population of the whole Hundred was only about 3,000. In all western Europe there were few more remote and isolated districts (Muir), cut off, as it was, from the more civilized part of England by the barren Pennine moors and the great Mersey estuary and marshes.

William the Conqueror granted the

Hundred to Count Roger of Poitou, who established himself at West Derby Village, building a castle in what is still called the Castle field, near the present parish church, and a courthouse, to which cases came from the other townships, thus making the village the most important place in the district. On it depended half a dozen “berewicks” (very small clearings), of which Liverpool was one. Along a rough track following modern Dale St. to the upper end of the Pool (Queensway), then winding up the hill by London Rd., the Liverpool serfs trudged to the parent manor.

In 1115, West Derby Manor passed to Stephen of Blois, and then to various Earls and Dukes of Lancaster, until Henry Bolingbroke secured the Crown. It remained

Crown property until Charles I. sold it to some London merchants who resold it in 1639 to James Stanley, Seventh Earl of Derby, beheaded by the Parliamentary forces at Bolton in 1651. The Stanleys sold the manor in 1718 to Isaac Greene, a Prescott attorney, a man of the stuff millionaires are made of. He secured manor after manor by sharp practice; at his death, he owned Childwall, Everton, Hale, Speke, the Wooltons and West Derby. "He boasted that if he lived long enough he would get all the manor lands of South Lancashire." (*J. Hoult.*) His only child married Bamber Gascoyne, and had two sons and a daughter. The sons were M.P.'s for Liverpool, 1780—1832, and were noted for their riotous and corrupt elections; the younger son, Isaac, moved the rejection of the great Reform Bill. The daughter married the Second Marquis of Salisbury, whose family are still Lords of the Manor.

OLD WEST DERBY VILLAGE.

In medieval times, the village consisted of a main street, known as Town Row, and a street parallel to it, Back Lane, now called Euston Rd. The hamlet nestled under the walls of the castle, which had a horse-driven windmill in the courtyard, and a windmill on a stream nearby. The castle was let decay in the thirteenth century, when the better situated Castle in Liverpool was built. In later times a red sandstone Courthouse for the Lord of the Manor was built (about 1663) and still stands in the village. Opposite it is the site of the ancient Pound, where straying animals were impounded until claimed (a charge of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a night in Winter, $\frac{1}{4}$ d. in Summer went to the Lord of the Manor); on the site the stocks are preserved, in which drunkards were punished by being exposed to public ridicule—and rotten fruit.

There was a Chapel of St. Mary, the Virgin, dating from 1360, and probably much earlier, but there are few records. It was taken down in 1856, an elaborate Cross being put up to mark its site.

APPEARANCE IN LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Until Liverpool began to grow rapidly in the eighteenth century, there was little change in West Derby. A map in the Picton Library, made in 1768, shows a sparsely peopled farming district, with clusters of houses at the village, Tew Brook, Club Moor, Old Swan, Knotty Ash and Broad Green, with isolated houses along the three main roads. The roads had a rough causeway of boulders down the middle, with wide grassy margins flanked by a ditch and bank, topped with a hedge. Round the village fields were fenced, but the bulk of the land was not enclosed, and was still tilled on the medieval open-field system. There were still large wastes covered with rough grass, gorse, rushes and birches, with a boggy area between Derby Lane and Green Lane. During the last quarter of the century, most of these Commons were enclosed, and wealthy Liverpool merchants and shipowners began to build country mansions, some of which still remain.

WEST DERBY WAKES.

Famous in the Eighteenth Century.

They were originally held on the anniversary of the dedication of the ancient Chapel of St. Mary the Virgin, the village sanctuary. In Catholic times a religious service was celebrated in the Chapel, the altar and pulpit being garlanded with leaves and flowers, and the floor strewn with clean rushes. In the Chapel yard, tents were erected, where cakes and ale were served, while games and races attracted a crowd to an adjoining field after Mass.

After the Reformation, the religious element slowly disappeared, and it "degenerated into something like the pagan institution of the saturnalia" (*Hoult*)—a legion of hawkers, showmen and professional "sports," with gambling games, prize-fighting, dog-fights, bull-baiting and drunkenness. This is a fair sample of what happened to many of our

religious festivals. On one occasion, sailors from Liverpool unloosed the bull, drove it to Liverpool, and dragged it into the theatre in Williamson Sq.! The Wakes ceased shortly afterwards.

CATHOLICISM IN THE WEST DERBY DISTRICT.

Partly on account of its remoteness the full force of the Reformation was not felt locally, and many of the local gentry remained Catholic, amongst them the Molyneuxes, Earls of Sefton, of Croxteth Hall, the Blundells of Crosby, the Scarisbricks of Scarisbrick Hall, and the Norrises of Speke.

The Molyneuxes, who lived originally at Sefton, are a very old and distinguished family. One of the best known was Sir William Molyneux, who three times led forces against the Scots in the time of Henry VIII. and captured the Earl of Huntly's banner at Flodden. In Sefton Church (a little beyond Aintree Race Course), one of the oldest Catholic Churches in England, there is a brass showing Sir William in a suit of mail. The family bought land at Croxteth in the reign of Edward IV., and built a house there in Elizabeth's time. The Hall has been greatly extended since then, the west front dating from 1714. The family moved to the Hall in 1720. Until the Eighth Viscount went over to the Church of England in 1769, there was a Catholic Chapel and Chaplain at the Hall. Both were then transferred to Gillmoss, where the Mass had been said right through the Penal days, in an old farmhouse near the modern church. In the roof is a hidden chapel, the entrance to it is through what looks like a stable door, then up three flights of stairs and through another roughly-made door. Here the Molyneuxes and their Catholic servants and tenants heard Mass, in fear always of spies and informers, secure only in the isolated situation of such remote a hamlet. Adjoining the farmhouse is the

beautifully decorated chapel of St. Swithin (now a Parish Church), built when persecution ceased. The altar of pink and white marble came from France; the pictures from the private Chapel of Croxteth Hall. One seat always has a cushion on it, and is known as the King of France's seat, from its use by M. d'Artois (as he was known in exile), afterwards Charles X., a frequent guest at Croxteth Hall, when he came regularly to the Chapel, accompanied by the Duc de Berri (assassinated in 1820).

SOME OLD MANSIONS IN THE DISTRICT.

The Old Hall, midway between Old Swan and West Derby, was called, 200 years ago, Sandfield, which name is commemorated in Sandfield Park. It was the house of the Standish family, descended from the Ralph Standish who accompanied the Lord Mayor of London, who slew Wat Tylor. Another relation was Miles Standish, the fighting-man of the Pilgrim Fathers, the subject of Longfellow's poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Later, the house passed to a Mr. Ellis Mather, descendant of Richard Mather, Minister of the Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, another Pilgrim Father who played a great part in the early history of the New England colonies.

Yew Tree House, near the golf course, had a venerable yew tree, in which the householder, Lawrence Heyworth, built a bower where the family often had tea and admired an extensive view.

Deysbrook House, a little beyond the golf course, was once kept up in the grand style by the Blundell Holingshead family, large local landowners.

Bellefield, near Sandfield Park, was built by a wealthy East India merchant and shipowner, Sir Edward Bates. He made a long carriage drive, with massive gates, into the Park, but he had not asked permission

from the owners of the estate to come into their roads and was told he would have to pay towards their upkeep. He refused and the handsome gates of his drive, now grass grown, were fastened up and only once since his death have they been opened (*Hoult*, 1913). Sir Edward Bates was the shipowner charged by Samuel Plimsoll, in a famous scene in Parliament, with sending unseaworthy ships to sea and thus murdering their crews. Plimsoll was suspended; Bates denied the charges.

Highfield House had an extensive view over the district. It was once inhabited by the Dowager Duchess of Atholl, Lady of Man (about 1775—1780).

Sources:

James Hoult's "West Derby, Old Swan and Wavertree."

James Hoult's "West Derby and Old Swan."

Rev. R. D. Radcliffe's "Notes on the township of West Derby."

R. Brooke's "Liverpool during the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century."

Picton's "Memorials of Liverpool."

R. Muir's "History of Liverpool."

Burke's "Catholic History of Liverpool."

Some articles by the late Michael O'Mahoney.

Form Notes.

Form VIa Science.

A sinister (for the superstitious) number of scientifically bred youths has been slowly accumulating throughout the term to form VIa Science. We are sorry to inform our readers that the breed of particularly despised creatures who lounge around the library and often wander in our Physics Laboratory, has not been exterminated. Perhaps they are missing links; one shows regular tendencies (at 12 noon) to swing on the end of a rope outside their abode. With this introduction and timely warning to pass hurriedly (or not at all) over the combinations of letters, headed VIa Mods., a résumé of the Sixth Form is fitting.

A thorough polish up of Conics, Calculus, etc., being the order, we were greatly perplexed as to how we ever understood any of them in VIb. Many were also at a loss to show that Curran had 49 different ways of coming and going to and from School via the river. Anyhow, why bother? he is late which ever way he comes. As a boy

looks up an old "Ecker" for a problem, given a second time, so there were frantic searches for the "jolly old school cap," made in October. Superior threats had their effects, and gold braid is quite a rage.

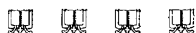
"No book" was the well used excuse for French lessons, and in the meantime unorthodox debates filled in time. Mods. should take interest in the "out-standing" way in which our arguments are put forward. They are quite a grade above the dull affairs produced by others than Scientists, whose sole method of attack is to talk about something that does not bear at all on the subject. We never thought Walsh, M.P., was so interested in French, for he was set special lessons. Although his initials are appropriate, his objections to Mr. Speaker were overruled, and he left the House.

His Marxian namesake, Mark, is several weeks behind, but he has not much to catch up, for by June we are estimated to have forgotten everything we ever learned. Next year we start on the negative side. A broken window cord has long been a subject of inquiry.

However, pendulum experiments with a member's bag were doomed when an exercise to be collected, was found to be "in the bag" out of the window. Brash and Rochford sit together these days much to Mr. Loughlin's perplexity. We know which is which, for Rochford is collecting for the S.V.P. The form has four members of the 1st eleven in its ranks, whilst J. Ludden still supports Widnes.

As if to amplify the outcome of a modern education the district of the Sixth Form rooms is full of horrid pictures of men (do call them such) who devoted themselves to Latin, History, etc. See for yourselves if you get the chance. Mournful faces, bushy beards, are seen in all, whilst one has a remarkable chest. It is not of the stout oak variety, but is on view in VIa Science. You see what your studies lead to, Moderns, and wonder why we are

VIa Scientists.



Form VIa Mods.

"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint Iuniores."

Demonstrating their affection towards children, the old brigade permitted the younger members of the form to write their own Form Notes. The little ones found this task quite beyond them, and so it had to be taken up by the old Contemptibles. What with debates, papers, lessons, etc., we are almost at our wits ends. (Am I mistaken or do I hear Jones' brain breaking down? Perhaps he's only thinking). We hear that a treatise on "Excuses" is being prepared by an expert on the subject, and that "Mac" is to be pensioned off next year! Would any kind reader care to contribute to our special fund? We propose to buy an alarm clock for K. and a picture book for Wally. Footballers we have in plenty with the

exception of the "sorrel-topped local" (to borrow a phrase from a well-known sports writer). Even Rowe can tell the difference between a football and the things we play with at Fazakerley. Sinnot and the three Macs have all been absent for spells since the last Scientific lecture. Sinnot is at present progressing favourably, and the others have now passed the crisis. But an authority tells us that the big Mac was in a delirium, shouting at intervals "Television—never again—Curran—no more—Marx Brothers—weak laughter—great pleasure in proposing" and ended up with a series of hideous gibberings, mouthing in a truly frightening way.

N.B. for Scientists: "No more." So we close, keeping up to heaven a constant stream of prayers for mercy on all poor Scientists.

T.J.C. and T. O'B.



Form VIb Science.

A placid existence is very comfortable whilst it is being enjoyed, but when it comes to a case of writing form notes, a thrill or two would provide welcome recollection.

Arrived back at school with greater or smaller successes in the Matriculation examination, we found our numbers reduced to eighteen. What of the others? Who were the fortunate ones?—they who had left and, even now, perhaps, had the first foot on the ladder of fame and fortune, or we others back to the daily grind, to cram for further and still further examinations; and perhaps not quite knowing even yet, to what particular end.

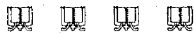
Ours, not to reason why, ours, but to do and—become mathematicians—or die in the attempt. But we make the acquaintance of Calculus and solid Geometry—and such like afflictions. At least it produces in us a feeling of greater respect and awe for the

minds of those who evolved the stuff, or perhaps the thought that they really were far too clever for this world.

And the sinking feeling that some of us get when we are informed that we are required to say "quelques mots" in debate as to whether one nation should stick its finger in the pie of another, is something to be felt rather than to be explained. However, some of the debates were interesting—especially the English ones, since we had nothing to do but to listen. Also the science lectures have been interesting, and the speakers must be congratulated.

However, so long as our masters will cast a thought or two back on their own school days we shall doubtless survive, and in due course become quite as famous as our predecessors.

J. S. and C. G.



Form VIb Moderns.

"Matric." was over and was done,
And we'd resolved to have some fun;
But, when we came up, alack,
We had to take this notion back.
"You must work hard—as hard can be,
For two years off is H.S.C."
The Masters all did rub this in,
Until we thought they'd worn it thin.
Their warning, though, was all in vain,
We soon went back to our old game,
One register we filled with B's,
The word went forth, "all this must cease."
A new one soon came on the scene,
But this did not remain long clean,
For some of us have near a score,
And still expecting many more.
But soon we'll have our ways to mend
For over Christmas they will send
A letter to our parents dear,
Which says—"He can't do that there 'ere—
He is not working—will not try
And H.S.C. will pass him by."

And now as to the class itself,
Amid its ranks there is a wealth
Of talent musical—one fellow
Is quite an expert on the 'cello;
Some others help the Sixth Form Choir,
Banks is bass—two others higher.
Of sportsmen we have quite a few—
Malone and Ryan—Hellyer too
Then Bannon, Banks and "Teddy Pen,"
Are three most sturdy First Team men.
At indoor games we have our fans,
Shove ha'penny finds us all "good hands."
"Shoot," too, has several fine exponents
With Edwards (C.) and "Pen" opponents.
Others, too, deserve a line,
But sad to say, we have no time.
So when you've read this little ditty
We hope that you will think with pity
Of the sole class in the school
Which dares to break a hackneyed rule;
It's our first try at rhyme so far,
And now we'll bid you "Au Revoir."

W. HANDLEY.

J. EDWARDS.



Upper Va Science.

We began this term with the resolve to do all our homework well, both written and prep., and also to keep the register spotless. But that was two months ago, and now that we have had time to reflect calmly and seriously, we see that it must have been the holidays which impelled us to make such a terrifically rash resolution. We are at present hoping that our masters will set easy Term Exams., and then after Christmas, we will start anew with good new year resolutions, which, as everyone knows, are never broken.

We observed, to our dismay, that in our new form we had three preps. each evening, instead of the two we had been accustomed to. Our new text books failed to thrill us,

even though we have been repeatedly told that those prescribed for English are famous classics.

The S. V. P. Society has recruited some new members from the form this term. We hope they will continue the good work of their predecessors.

Early in the term we heard some weird noises proceeding from the Assembly Hall close by. On investigating, we discovered that they were due to the Choir. "Music hath charms—" but not when one is doing private reading in close proximity. However, things have improved, and under pushful tuition, the sounds are now more like singing.

Football is popular with the Form, judging by the good attendances at Fazakerley. Many are so anxious not to miss a game that they spend much of Wednesday morning gazing in apprehension at the sky. The Upper Va Moderns challenged us to a match, and although we were lowering our dignity, we consented—a very grave mistake, for we drew. We have beaten the Upper V B's on no less than three occasions. In these contests we got some slight support from the Upper Va Moderns.

We wish all masters and boys a pleasant holiday.



Upper Va Moderns.

This term, like most first terms, has been, uneventful, and we are only warming up, as it were, to our work in class and field. With the School Certificate Examination before us, and a long course to reach it, we have become particularly studious (?).

The Corporation workmen are altering our sports field beyond recognition. We wish they had started with the school; then we might have had extra holidays, but as things have turned out, we have even lost

those really due to us, as witness All Saints' Day falling on a Sunday.

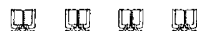
Mac P——n has kept up his record for coming late, and seems likely, this year, to break his own previous high record. He may succeed, but he has one serious rival—another Mac—— (but not a Scot.).

Our new Society, the C.A.F., has achieved a certain amount of notoriety, if not of fame. Though young, it has grown rapidly and threatens to embrace all the class.

D——e and S——n have already decided on their future career—Architecture. They have shown such amazing knowledge of the construction of French houses, that they will revolutionize housing schemes. What a pity they were not qualified in time to undertake the plans of the new St. Edward's College!

During most of the term one desk has been conspicuous by its emptiness. This worthy piece of wood accommodates, on special occasions, the body of one G——t.

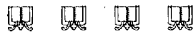
The Christmas exams. loom ahead, but we have only to hope for the best.



Upper Vb Science.

How do you do? How did you enjoy your holidays? Such were the cheery greetings flying round the form room on September 14th. Soon we parted with old friends, and were ushered into our present abode. At once we settled down to business for now the order of the day is work, work, and still more work. A certain new-comer made his appearance for the first few weeks, but nothing has been heard of him since (B.B.C. please copy). Daly's familiar war cry, which formerly never failed to rouse us to swift and terrible action, has now dwindled to a whisper, subdued, no doubt, by our vigilant prefect, Basley, who darts about chanting the old familiar strains, "I've got

them on the list." Our linguist, McG— (who holds the proud record of being the easiest boy in the form to teach) can always be relied on when vocabs are scarce. The increasing number of correct French versions is taxing the wits of Mr. Mulhearn. The extra tuition seems to be bearing fruit. O'Reilly and Clark say they are going to take full advantage of such a generous offer and are determined having their money's worth. The exams. are looked forward to eagerly as they herald the approach of a few weeks rest and the joys of the Christmas festivities.

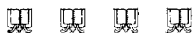


Upper Vb Mods.

The Upper Vb Mods., this year, is an enthusiastic form, fully determined to uphold the traditions of our predecessors.

The term has been short, but we all agree it has been a very satisfactory one. Although we are gifted with a good deal of mental and physical wealth, we have not done too well on the football field, due, in no small measure, to the fact that Jack and Leonard, our best exponents of the game, are usually playing for the First eleven, and another member of the form plays for the Junior eleven. We hope, however, to vindicate ourselves. It has been a hotly debated question in the form if keen footballers make good students, in our case the exception proves the rule as may be verified from the report register. B—ke, one of our lean members, has given up football for the more exhilarating sport of dog racing, and never misses an evening at the track, but judging by recent reports, he has gone to the dogs in earnest.

The coming exams. are our only thought at present, and, like a November fog, have shed a gloom over the whole form, but we are buoyed up by the thought of the happy festive days which follow.



Lower Va Science.

Our form-room, reached after a precipitous and difficult climb, is situated at the top of the school, giving us a wonderful view of the Corporation Tenements to be. Taylor was made prefect (but not by us, since he is a man who does his duty), while Reddy received the honour and office of sub-prefect. We are justly proud of our prowess in football. To mention just a few facts. In form matches, which compose the bulk of our games, we are so indisputably superior to the B's, that we usually have a "pick-up" with them, as this is the only way to get a proper game. We gained a complete victory over the Lower V Mods., 8-4, and drew with the Upper V B's; we have never lost a match. Some very thoughtful fellows have recently presented books to our library. As they deserve public thanks we mention their names here; Geeleher, Edwards, Bretherton, Gallagher, Barry, McQuiggan and Murphy.

At present we are doing our best for the S.V.P. Fund. Galvin, our cartoonist, and short story writer, is one of the collectors, the other being Reddy, who is also a promoter, as is Keating. Over our term's laughter, joy and sorrow, looms a great, dark cloud, from behind which streams a ray of bright light; the exams; but after them good old Christmas.



Lower Vb Science.

Our Siamese twins, Cl + Cu, being very shy, made it their first business to make themselves inconspicuous, and firmly established themselves in nice comfortable desks at the back of the class. Many remarks have been passed concerning the tressy foreheads of some of our cherished members, while several others were unable to refrain from tears when they learnt that their services were no longer

required by Mr. Boraston. The result of elections and appointments proved as follows: Cummins, football captain of all Lower V Science; Jones, vice-captain of our class; Duff, prefect; Gannon, sub-prefect; Gormley and Carey, promoters. It did not take long for our intelligent folk to get their names inscribed in the Doomsday Book. J. F. and M. W. made themselves prominent by long absences. Somebody's poetical gestures during the recital of Lochinvar greatly amused the class, and the idea of Lochinvar playing billiards seemed rather queer. About our masters, who assure us that we are definitely much better than the A's, we have decided to say nothing, trusting that they will do the same in our regard, and we have judged it best to follow the same policy with regard to our opponents in football. The S.V.P. Fund has just started at the time of writing, and McGrail and Gormley are doing heroic work in the front lines, collecting with a war cry of "Pay up, pay up, and play the game." We publicly thank the aforesaid Gormley for books presented to our library. Warned of the approaching exams., we must now leave you and give our attention to other amiable individuals such as M. Perrichon and Caesar.



Lower V Moderns.

Our advent into the lower fives at the beginning of the year broke up many friendships formed in the fours, but began new ones. We found that our new form was not so bad as we had imagined.

Caesar is not so well liked, as, no doubt, he was in his own home, and asked what was his greatest feat, our answer would probably be—being able to speak Latin.

Chemistry is a popular subject this year

mainly on account of the popularity of Mr. L——n, the master.

Mr. Mulhearn, at the end of each French class, invariably indicates the door to a select few with a murmured, "the usual, please." This invitation of his is seldom pleasant, but always courteous.

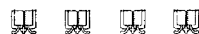
In the S.V.P. collections, Slater and Potts did very well. The A's beat the B's by a close margin.

Our two forms are well represented in the School teams. Power, from the A's, and Moore, Ferguson and Quinn, from the B's, play for the Juniors, and Stopforth played in the Seconds until receiving injury to his knee.

The forms have among their celebrities such genii as Slater, Gleeson, Ferguson and O'Carroll. Included in the illustrious (not to put it mildly) form, we have Bromilow, a comedian of merit; Dubourdieu, our French garçon, not forgetting J. C. Jones, our radio fan, and unofficial sub-prefect to unofficial prefect Stopforth. Then we have the musically-minded companions, Nolan, violinist; and Gibbons, accordionist; who are inseparable; and even Gallagher says he plays a Jew's harp.

There are also the two poets, Ennis and Black, who, fortunately, are harmless. L. Jones and his fellow citizens invariably burst into the class with their slogan ringing out "still foggy on the river." It is thought that the authorities are beginning to be suspicious and doubt the veracity of this time-worn excuse.

On the whole we have had an enjoyable term, but, nevertheless, there are long faces at the thought of fast-approaching examinations. Our only consolation is the holiday following after them; so we close wishing everyone a happy Christmas from Lower V Moderns.



Form IVa Science.

We returned to our seat of learning to find that we had new form-mates. Many questions were asked. At last we entered into the realms of unknown subjects, Latin and Chemistry, to find that they were quite (un)-interesting, except to a few like C. Sharkey, F. Brennan and B. Trafford.

Chemistry was found to be the more interesting, but J. Baillic still finds it hard to distinguish an alkali from an acid, and also how to make a saturated solution.

It is believed that French is our favourite subject(?) and its teacher is our best-liked master (I wonder). Barton is the champion French-reader; and he was allowed off an exercise for reading, but although he has improved, he cannot achieve the feat again.

J. Ion is our prefect—the best we have had—never asked for prep. or an exercise.

Geometry is our poisonous subject, and S. Houldin is the best. He has now become a tutor to our new form-mate, whose new brother is residing in IVb Science. At the time of the separation, into IVa and IVb Science, there was a slight commotion.

There was an unfortunate incident in Art-room, which lives on in our memory, but we deem it safer not to mention anything more about it. Art is our second best loved lesson, especially when it comes to “daubing.” The best artist is, undoubtedly, Mr. Adamson, and we are the best pupils he has.

At football we did not shine very well, for we were beaten by the B. Science, drew with the B. Mods., and beat the A. Mods. However, we expect to beat all the IV's in brain-work, for once again we have visions of the exams. before us.

Well, cheerio to everyone, and “Merry Christmas” and “Happy New Year,” from
IVa Science.

Form IVa Moderns.

When we took our places in our new classroom, we were glad to meet many of our old friends again, and to make the acquaintance of new ones. Life so far has been pretty uneventful. Latin and French are our two pet subjects (?) Pimple cannot understand why Latin should remain a dead language.

Our “Big Three,” Keenan, Mulhearn and Gilmore, still remain close friends. We have the seventh wonder of the world in Powell, our promising pianist, who always finds some good excuse for failing to bring in an exercise, and has been dubbed “the extraordinary genius.” He seems to ignore the kind advice of his companion, “Tommy Lad.”

Not long ago “Our Edwin” had to hold two pieces of chalk between his teeth for a certain reason. When the Chemistry master entered, Edwin's mouth was a sticky mass of broken chalk. Once he gulped, and with a groan said he swallowed some. By this time foam was edging his lips. The Chemistry master became alarmed, but Edwin reassured him by removing the sticky mass. Our champion smiler, Mc——, has made a reputation for himself in the art room. Much alarm was caused recently by the rumour that G.G. was slimming. He emphatically denies the statement. “Falstaff” is a prominent character in the English lesson.

Our football stars have suffered many defeats this term. Smerdon, our goalkeeper, was disabled for a greater part of the time, and Craig still remains crippled. However, we are out to do great things next term.

Our sincerest thanks go to T. Walsh, J. Craig, W. McIntosh and G. Watson for their presentations to the library. We wish our masters, classmates, and all Edwardians a happy Christmas.

D. DONEGAN and P. SANDS.



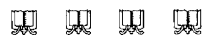
Form IVb Science.

The summer holidays, amidst a blaze of glory, faded to become a dream of the past. The first day was a day of inquiries. "What was your report like?" were the favourite words. The lucky boys ascended into Form IVb Science. With the accomplishment of the new time-table we settled down.

Before long many new rules were passed. Among these rules was a rule by which we were to wear in the gymnasium shorts and a running kit. Pope is famed for his version of "The Cat's Chorus" on his violin. The history lesson is often drowned by a raucous bellow. The "great" owner of that bellow has been threatened. The History master often curdles his "youngsters" by telling them stories of the Spanish Inquisition. When pointing out the state of the surrounding architecture, he was interrupted by a loud voice. This yell pointed out optimistically that this dreadful background was to be brightened with paint.

Supplies of chalk diminish as the prefect writes names on the blackboard of those disturbers of the peace. When a knowable shadow appears a duster flashes, and behold, the names have vanished. After running amok at art for a spell, we were brought back to the flock by authority. While making a pyramid in the gymnasium a foot slipped, and the pyramid became a threshing mass of flesh. A tell-tale squeak emitted from the bottom. This squeak was traced to B—. Our form team have not lost a match this season under the guidance of Keith and Coogan. We were all expecting a "Comedy of Errors" when two boys, who were twins, arrived at our class. There were disappointed groans when one was moved into the A Sc's. We are all tuning our dried-up throats for the Annual Christmas Concert at music. The exams. are casting

their unpleasant shadows over us. Behind this storm there is peace.



Form IVb Mods.

We are here to give a running commentary on the dark doings of the wise and most honoured members of our esteemed form in IVb Mods.

We have one representative in the Junior eleven in Horan, our prize footballer. We consider ourselves good at football, and under the captaincy of Horan, we have only suffered one defeat. Our other football lights are O'Neill, Redmond, Heaton, Murphy and Weston.

Naylor, O'Neill and Redmond are the monkeys of the gym.

Kevine, with his beloved parchment clasped next to his heart, is our genius at Latin and French (?), while Bamber excels at French Dictation. Heaton received his second baptism when he was called Michael Angelo II. Fennell has missed an operation several times, but he will not next time. Kilburn and Molyneux are regular late comers. Dey dreams during the day instead of the night, and Power, though strong in name, is weak at Latin.

White and Kevine created scenes in the music-room a short time ago when asked to sing. Crosbie, "Steve," and Whelan specialise in that department. Our three wise men, Sinnott, Lowery and McClean are intently interested in their books?

We thank Naylor, our prefect, for his kind contributions to the form library, and also all our companions who have given donations towards the S.V.P. collection.

J. WESTON and J. FENNELL.



Form IIIa.

Our mighty climb each morning, to reach our class-room, is said to put a severe strain on our hearts, hence the number of boys, who suffer a breakdown during the progress of the first lesson of the day. The master assigns another cause, but we hasten to assure him that it is due to bodily fatigue that the words fail to come.

On a vote of the class, V—— is the most popular. He astonishes all by his calmness, and gave the class an unexpected shock, when he said that vacuum-cleaner was a collective noun, because "it collects things." Some of the wild gardens are being gradually cultivated after hours of hard work on them. A number of boys rise ten minutes earlier, so that they may water the garden daily.

We have been told that the master has got a microscope, and the class has come to the conclusion that it is used to read V——'s writing as the cry is "write bigger." L—— and R—— are so fond of each other that the class thinks they should sit in the same desk, but the master does not agree with us—hence the separation. The weather has been so fine that Mc—— was seen "sunbathing" behind the goal during the progress of a match. Billie is the class dentist, and his favourite cry is, "I've pulled a tooth." W—— is the artist in IIIa, and his funny men are carefully treasured.

In the realms of sport we hold a good record. In our matches with the Alpha's and Beta's our first eleven won its three matches; the second three, the third one, and the fourth none. Although the total number of goals scored differed by one, yet we won seven matches and lost five. We are now awaiting the exams and then the Christmas holidays.

R. L.

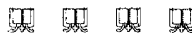
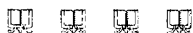
Form IIIb.

Most of the form are new to the school, but by now they know the daily routine. The master was very perturbed at the late arrival of G—— daily. Recently, somebody found out that he was kept late "chasing round the garden after his breakfast." During the term an epidemic of paring pencils during mathematics broke out, but was quickly cured. B—— has a hopeful nature; he thought that the master might consider fireworks more important than his work, but the celebration was prolonged further than B—— expected.

W—— seems to delight in Geometry, while his one-time neighbour has retired from the limelight. G—— seems to have a weakness for soup, judging from the number of times he is seen sucking his finger. H—— got a mysterious fit when he discovered one day that the wrong date was on the calendar. A second attack brought tears to his eyes. The class looks forward to Wednesday, as we have Woodwork and Physics. The former seems to be the more popular, because even the cat came to see what we were doing. W—— was told to put it out, but again it returned, anxious to see all for itself.

We played our friends, the A's, in football and had the better of the encounters. As house matches are in full swing, we will not meet again till after Christmas, when we intend to have no mercy on them. Form members are asked to find how many names are hidden in the following passage: "There was a rustle of brown leaves in the wood, as the minister in his white cloak walked over the green grass. He sang a carol to himself as he walked by the waters of a stream, where a wall is built to keep a bull in his field." A valuable prize will be awarded for the first correct solution.

R. M.



Form III Alpha.

"Men may come and men may go,
But we'll stop on for ever."

We sincerely hope that that wasn't the thought of those who were destined to remain another year in this form. If so, they soon learnt that "here," did not prove to be "a lasting city." However, after a few days, old friendships were dissolved and new ones formed. From the beginning, we were made to realize that we had a very high tradition to live up to, and being determined to uphold it, we got going right away . . . and are still going.

It may be of interest to past members of Form III Alpha, that Mr. Boraston has proved beyond doubt that there is no such word as dona-rrrrr in any language.

While Mr. Mullen is keen on making us repeat our French Exercise. Well, "a little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the wisest men," but most of us consider that joke is by far too practical.

Quite recently we played III Beta in the best of three matches, and registered one win and a draw, which you can plainly see was just to encourage them, but next time we meet, not even "all the king's horses and all all the king's men," will prevent their falling before us in our attacks.



Form III Beta.

By now we have learnt what life at St. Edward's College is like but what is more important to us at the moment is the knowledge of each other's likes and dislikes, virtues and faults, and when all has been summed up, you can safely say that "we are all good friends and jolly good company."

We have been working very hard of late,

and will have to put in a very strenuous week at Examinations before we get our well earned holiday. Every one of us has fully determined to do his best to keep untarnished our Form's reputation, and we confidently hope to at least equal, and if at all possible, beat the records set up by our illustrious predecessors.

We are well represented in the school Choir, and unblushingly claim responsibility for any success it may have had this term. To say the least about football, we have shared honours with the Alphas. As time advances, we hope to become more proficient in getting goals after full-time.

However, for the present, any surplus energy must be expended on French homework, if not the mental strain caused by frequent repetitions of exercises, might lead us to an untimely end. The more robust among us hope to survive until after Christmas at least, and after that, it would be sweet to die.



Form II.

"Hello Everybody, Form II calling.

Glad to say the Christmas holidays are drawing near, and that will be the end of lessons for a few weeks.

This year, the II's first eleven are very good; they beat the III's 9—1, including a new star, James Rowan, who scored 2 goals, D. Callaghan who scored 3, and R. Sloan who scored 2. We were sorry when we heard that Clark could not play, or we would have doubled the number! P. Martin is the champion at Spelling and Arithmetic.

We hope you will enjoy the holidays, and will hang your stockings up for Santa Class. Goodbye from Form II, and we will be there next term.

Poets of Humanity.

In a recent article on the American poet, Bret Harte, Mr. F. G. Salusbury laments the fact that in English-speaking countries there is no one at present who could rightly be called a "Poet of the People." Bret Harte was a "People's Poet." In simple, forceful words, and a lilting metre, he spoke straight to the heart. Mr. Salusbury gives this verse as an example of his "epic" jingles about homely heroes; the story of Flynn of Virginia.

There in the drift,
Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
Ready to fall;
There in the darkness
I heard him call:
"Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me."

Poets of the People! Poets of humanity! What is the secret of their appeal? Force and directness of speech and a metre that lends itself to song; or (to vary the formula), heartfelt emotion and easy rhythmic phrasing. As far as English-speaking countries are concerned Robert Burns and Tom Hood are the names that immediately suggest themselves as examples of a people's poet. Hood's greatest work was his "Bridge of Sighs," and no one can read that poem and remain unmoved. Burns (the greatest of poets according to the opinion of most Scots) has few to equal him in simplicity of language, in the gift of song, and in the warmth of feeling. Who could put so much meaning into so few simple words as in his verse?

To make a happy fire-side chime,
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

Poets, however, who touch the hearts and stir the blood are not confined to the group of people's poets. Poetry may be defined in the words of the late Professor Saintsbury as "passionate conception embodied in metrical language": the two factors acting as body and soul, matter and form, of the complete entity. The term "passionate conception" must, of course, be taken in its broadest sense so as to include not only "passion" as a violent movement of the soul, but emotion of a more superficial kind—emotion induced by beautiful imagery, fanciful analogies or pleasing narrative. The word "conception," too, may be stretched to signify intellectual processes and sustained effort of argumentative reasoning. In didactic and polemical poetry there may be much of "conception," but all the "passion" squeezed out or evaporated. "Passionate conception," however, refers primarily to thoughts and words expressing passion in the more obvious sense—violent emotion occasioned by suffering; and those poets best fulfil the definition who have themselves much suffered, and whose verse betrays the bitterness of their experience. Hence the great power of the people's poets. Hence, too, that large class of poets who cannot be styled "popular" in any obvious way, but who ever and anon reveal a depth of feeling that awakens within us a response.

Ben Jonson, for instance, knows how to use the simplest words to rouse our sympathy:

If thou hadst not
Been true to me
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and thee.

Or again: in his famous couplet, full of profound significance—

The thirst that in the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine!

Even in the period which Reason dominated, we find examples of poetic pathos: as when Grey, in his "Elegy," tells of the "mute, inglorious" peasant who "gave to misery all he had"! or when Dr. Johnson describes the degradation of Fleet Street's literary hack—

Toil, envy, want, the patron and the gaol.

Pope himself, whom we are accustomed to associate with brilliant superficiality and Voltairean wit, does at times drop the mask and exhibit to us a mind and heart knowing sorrow and able to realise the sufferings of others. Witness his reverent devotion to old age, and his tender plea

"To rock the cradle of declining years."

The 19th century is full of poets in whom feeling predominates. Tom Hood had contemporaries who are in a sense rivals in verse characterised by sympathy and sadness. In "The Cry of the Children" and similar poems Mrs. Browning pours forth her soul in defence of the weak and in pleading for social outcasts. Christina Rossetti has frequent poignant lines—

"Too late for love, too late for joy!

Too late, too late!"

It is, however, to the poet whose life bridges the 18th and 19th centuries that some would give the crown of honour as interpreter of humanity's trials and aspirations—to Wordsworth who strove to defend in his verse the poor and the humble. Wordsworth has written copiously of the

faith and love and noble devotion to duty that distinguishes the earthly career of so large a portion of mankind. Living in the era of the "Rights of Man," he has given a new meaning to the revolutionary slogan—"Liberty and Equality"—that the things which are common to all men are of greater importance than the things whereby they differ, that man's worth is decided not by surpassing and crushing his weaker brethren, but by mutual help and service in the presence of our Heavenly Father.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Few major poets can be said to stir the heart. Is there anyone who has been moved to tears on reading a passage from Milton? Does Shelley ever warm the blood with the glow of human kindness? Has Tennyson or Browning or Mathew Arnold the touch of nature that makes the world akin? Humanity craves the "tragic pleasure" so ably described by Aristotle in his "Poetics"—the katharsis of "pity and fear": for what is true of drama is in a measure true of poetry, that our pent-up feelings, accumulated in the stress of everyday life, need an appropriate outlet, and what better outlet than the contemplation of suffering in a noble object? What will relieve our souls more than the pity and fear we have for others struggling in the toils of fate? The poets of humanity give us the "tragic pleasure", by expressing to us that "pity and fear" which they have first experienced in themselves.

C.H.

Literary and Historical Society.

LOOKING through several old editions of the magazine I noticed a curious fact. In several of the reports of the debates of this Society there was a certain timidity to plunge "in medias res" on the part of the compiler. A still more curious fact was that following these introductions, generally most interesting affairs, came the invariable confession, after profuse apologies, that there was only one debate or one lecture to record. Hence the necessity of a long introduction to appease, I suppose, the avid reader's ire.

Far be it from me to run down my honorable predecessors. As a matter of fact I could not find a decent subject or I would have done the same thing myself for, as the Holmeses among you will have deduced, up to date there has been but one debate.

Whilst our erudite friends, the Scientists, regaled us with various weighty matters whose effect on us was rather spoiled by being completely unintelligible, and the French debaters were doing likewise quite vigorously, the Society "par excellence" slumbered for two months.

One fine November afternoon, however, it came to life with a jerk when McCarthy and Lovelady endeavoured to prove, despite the unpatriotic attempts of Rowe and O'Brien that "G. B. Shaw deserves his reputation."

Mr. Lovelady rose first and quelled all assembled by demanding haughtily if anyone present had read any of Shaw's works. The modesty of those who had, prevented

any answer and Mr. Lovelady, much gratified, proceeded to ask why then did we, not knowing Shaw, label him as a fool. In answer to the charge made that Shaw considered himself as great as Shakespeare, Mr. Lovelady again humbled us by referring to Shaw's lecture on Shakespeare and finished by appealing to our commonsense, "would Chesterton and Belloc consort with a fool."

Pulling his plays to pieces was Mr. Rowe's method of proving that Shaw did not deserve his reputation. His inability to unravel his plots, his prejudices, his attacks on old and time-honoured institutions all came in for criticism from the speaker.

By leaping over the backs of better men, Mr. McCarthy essayed to defend Shaw and did so to some purpose. Quoting Prof. Raleigh and Chesterton he proved that Shaw was no vain egoist, but the "most modest man in the world." and that his plays, "St. Joan" in particular, were very good. Mr. McCarthy spoke his speech almost entirely without reference to notes.

Mr. O'Brien arose to stem the waning fortunes of the cause. In a vigorous speech he attacked the sanity of Shaw for preferring Bunyan and himself to Shakespeare, and that of the Pro's for daring to try and understand Shaw, when Chesterton, on his own admission, had failed to do so.

The Pro's obtained a very narrow victory, the President remarking that the debate was vivacious, well contested, and a debate in the full sense of the word.

H.G.J.

Scientific Society.

THE first meeting of the Society was held on Thursday, October 15th, when the inaugural lecture was read by

Mr. Absalom; his subject being "Oil from Coal." The main part of the lecture dealt with the efforts made by chemists to

obtain the greatest possible yield of motor-spirit from the oils obtained by the destructive distillation of coal. Mr. Absalom described two methods—the cracking and hydrogenation—cracking of tar, and concluded by describing a method of obtaining coal-tar by the hydrogenation of coal. I am afraid, however, that in comparing and contrasting the methods, the lecturer used rather too many statistics which could not easily be followed by the audience.

“Hunting for Oil” was the subject of the next lecture, which was delivered by Mr. Brash, who began by describing how the oil was trapped underground, and went on to show how the presence of the oil is detected. Finally he showed how the oil-well is drilled, taking the practical example of the Santa Ana oil-well to make the description simpler. Unfortunately, owing to pressure of time, the lecturer had to conclude here, and was unable to describe how a gusher is overcome.

At the next meeting of the Society Mr. Curran gave a lecture on “Television.” He began with a short history of television developments, mainly in this country, and showed how Mr. Baird had gained for himself the universally accepted title of originator and perfecter of wireless television. After a brief note on the two television systems now under test at Alexandra Palace, he passed on to an elementary description of the simpler type of television receiver and transmitter, viz., the disc type. This was accompanied by a description of the photo-electric cell, the neon lamp and also of colour television, stereoscopic television and phonovision. Then a description was given of the mirror-drum receiver, and a

detailed account of its chief component, the Baird Grid Cell. Mr. Curran concluded by giving a short description of the Cathode ray tube receiver and high definition television, and expressed a regret that he had not the time to describe all the modern methods of television. As Mr. Walsh pointed out in his vote of thanks, the lecture had two faults: first, the delivery was too fast, and second, the terms used were too technical to permit of real enjoyment by the Moderns. It may be said in its favour that it was obviously the product of much labour and was of great interest to the scientifically minded of the audience.

On Friday, 13th November, members of VIa Science paid a visit to the University to hear a lecture given by Dr. Roberts on “The Production of Low Temperatures.” The lecturer began by showing the relation between temperature and the Kinetic Molecular Hypothesis, and went on to describe the earlier methods of liquefying gases. He then described Simon's method for the liquefaction of helium, and told of the attempts made by experimenters to reach the absolute zero, mentioning that in July, 1935, Keesom had actually got within .0044 degrees of it. What puzzles us is how he was able to measure the temperature so accurately when it was low. During the course of the lecture Dr. Roberts liquefied air by boiling oxygen, and demonstrated that liquid oxygen is paramagnetic. As the lecture was for the greater part on what is in our syllabus, it was of more than usual value, and we are very grateful to the Physical Society for giving us the opportunity of hearing such an instructive lecture.

M. BYRNE (*Hon. Sec.*).

French Debating Society.



ON June 18th, O'Brien co-operated with O'Hanlon in the preparation of a paper on “The Streams of

European Literature.” The speaker was O'Hanlon. He ably touched on the different nationalities, and the effects of their litera-

tures on themselves. But, as M. Le Président kindly pointed out, he might have been more emphatic had he combined the streams to make them one "fleuve." Thus the most important thing would have been, not the effects of the different literatures on their respective countries, but their effects on each other. England was greatly affected by German literary theories, etc. O'Hanlon gave a pleasing and interesting paper, and maintained the high standard set by the Moderns in all the previous lectures. The vote of thanks was given by Jones, and seconded by McGeagh.

On June 19th, the last two papers of the year were given by two of the VIa Science, Joyce and Murphy. Each paper lasted 15 minutes. Joyce propounded the intricacies of "la photographie de la couleur," with a fluency and skill which it would have been hard to equal in English, let alone in French (never say we don't praise the Science!) Although the lecture was of necessity somewhat technical, Joyce made it most interesting.

Murphy's subject "La physique," was somewhat broader, but he started his task with such vigour, that, given a thousand years or so, he might have sketched a fair outline for us. However, as he only had 15 minutes, he should be congratulated on giving us a very concise paper on Physics. It was given, of course, in his usual fluent style.

The vote of thanks was proposed by Logan, and seconded by Hickman.

The annual debate in the hall took place on Friday, 26th June. The motion was "Que la justice anglaise vaut mieux que la française."

The motion was supported by Fortune, McGreal and R. Carroll, and opposed by Ammundsen, Crosbie and Hickman. The Pro's won by 21 points to 19. M. Le Président congratulated all the debaters, and said that the standard of this debate was easily as high as those of preceding years. Bro. Goulding was in the chair, and all were

pleased to see the interest he took in the French activities of the School. The Secretary thanked M. Le Président for his constant co-operation throughout the year. Thus ended a successful French Debating Year, and it is to be hoped that next year's members will carry on the good work.

The first debate held by the French Society this term was on the subject: "Que les jeunes gens aujourd'hui ne valent pas autant que leurs aïeux." Crosbie, Jones and Lovelady spoke for the motion, whilst Absalom, Brash and O'Brien opposed it. In supporting the motion, Crosbie and Lovelady concentrated on the earlier centuries. The essence of their remarks was that the man of the preceding centuries was more robust, more simple and braver than the man of to-day; that the student of to-day gains his knowledge from books prepared by his ancestors; and that the machines which are said to be inventions of the present, are really only the culmination of years of work on the part of our predecessors.

Jones spoke chiefly of the men of the 19th century. He told us that the great writers, the great soldiers and the great scientists lived before the World War, and that the young people of to-day were but poor specimens of the human race.

The opposition stressed the difference between the education of yesterday and that of to-day. O'Brien pointed out that record breakers were appearing in the world of sport, e.g., Jesse Owens, whilst Brash remarked that the rarity of office boys, to-day, was accounted for by the ambition of the younger generation.

After a very interesting debate, M. Le Président gave the result to the Pro's by 22 points to 20.

The motion for the second debate was "Que le savoir vaut mieux que les richesses." Byrne, Curran and Kelly were for the motion, and McGuinness, McGeagh and Pellegrini were against it. The Pros stated that even

if we had riches, we would need brains to keep them, whilst poor men with brains, e.g., Nuffield, could rise to unheard of heights. Curran, in a speech for which he was congratulated, concentrated on the fact that it is knowledge which makes us different from animals.

The opposition declared that money was more in demand than knowledge; e.g., a hospital, no matter how great the talent in it, could not be run without money.

M. Le Président declared the Pros winners by 20 points to 18.

The proposition for the third debate was "Que la France a produit plus de génies littéraires que l'Angleterre." Rooney, Rowe and Sinnot supported the motion, and Ludden, Lunt and Reilly opposed it.

The point stressed by the Pros was that although England may have produced greater geniuses than France, France has had more of them.

The debate was rather spoilt by the fact that owing to a slight mistake, the opposition had misinterpreted the motion. They did as well as they could under these circumstances, however.

To say the least of it, the speakers in this debate did not scintillate, and M. Le Président declared the decision a draw, 17 points to 17. Incidentally, the B's are to try their hand at this motion soon, so I am

warning them beforehand of a treat in store for them!

The fourth debate saw the entry of the B's into the arena. The motion for it was that "Nul pays n'a le droit de se mêler des affaires domestiques d'un autre." The Pros were Copple, Gaskin and Harrington, whilst Bates, Bannon and Clarkson were the Cons. The arguments of the Pros were that much ill feeling had been caused through countries interfering in the domestic affairs of others.

The opposition argued that interference was often beneficial. For example, Europe's interference to preserve Greece, or England's interference to preserve Belgium's independence. Bannon formulated the theory that if the countries of Europe had interfered in the French revolution there would have been no French war. Clarkson, in a speech for which he was well applauded, stressed his colleagues' arguments, and made several good points against the Pros' arguments.

M. Le Président, summing up, congratulated all the debaters (look to your laurels, A's) and gave the decision to the Cons by 21 points to 18.

So far there have been no French lectures. These are to commence next term, and we hope they will be as successful as last years.

J.R. (*Hon. Sec.*),
Via Mods.

Music Notes.

THE Annual Requiem Mass for deceased Brothers, Masters and Pupils, was sung in Our Lady's Church on Friday, November 13th.

The Introit, Kyrie, Sequence, Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei, Communion Verse and the Responses were sung by the whole School; the Cantors being those members of the Choir who belong to the Fourth

Forms. These boys also sang the Gradual, Tract, and the Libera me.

The following members of the orchestra left the School at the end of last term: C. Phoenix, J. Rogers, T. Elmore and R. Carroll. We are very sorry to lose them from the School. Phoenix has joined the Old Boys' Orchestra, and also attends the School rehearsal on Friday evenings.

John Rogers, who led the first Violins so capably, is studying for the Priesthood at Montford College, Ramsey, Hants.

Tom Elmore has gone to live in Ireland, whilst Carroll is at St. Mary's College, Twickenham. Our orchestra is practically a new one.

We have some four or five old members left. Of these J. Kinnane and J. Rowe are leaders of the first and second Violins respectively.

We are pleased to welcome to our ranks, J. O'Hare, D. Hendry, M. O'Hare, T. Murphy, S. Pope and J. Houlding.

W. Davies has joined the Old Boys' Orchestra. He is a good 'cellist. We welcome him, and are grateful for his help.

At the present time this orchestra consists of three First Violins, one Second Violin, one 'Cello and one Clarinette. We should be glad to have more members. Rehearsals are held in the Assembly Hall on Tuesday evenings, commencing at 8-30.

The VIth Form Choir is going strong. It will be heard at the Breaking-up Concert on December 12th.

St. Vincent de Paul Society.

THE Society held its first meeting of the year on Tuesday, October 6th, when the new officers for the ensuing year were elected. Ten new members have been enrolled, thus bringing the membership of the Society up to twenty-one.

On Monday, October 19th, Bro. O'Brien, President of the University Conference, paid us a visit when he addressed the meeting. He expressed his pleasure at the increased membership of the Society,

and briefly outlined the work of Aspirant Conferences and of the Society in general. He regretted that the conference did not have more cases of its own, but promised to see to the matter.

At the time of writing, the Society is holding its annual collection for the poor, at Christmas, and we sincerely hope that it will be the success it has been in the past.

J. MCCARTHY (*President*).

F. ROCHFORD (*Secretary*).

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Holt Hill Chronicle, Esmeduna, Oscotian, Alsop Magazine, Venerabile, Pretoria Annual, Carmel College Magazine, Oulton, Holt School Magazine, Preston Catholic College Magazine, Baeda, St. Francis Xavier's College Magazine, African Missions, Upholland Magazine, The Quarry, Waterloo S.S. Magazine.

Sic Transit Gloria . . .

SOME two months ago, the field at St. Domingo Road would have presented no unusual sight to the chance spectator: carefree shouts filled the air, the sound of foot meeting ball came pleasantly to the ears; in short, the clean-limbed youth of St. Edward's College was becoming still more clean-limbed by playing football in its lunch hour. All, however, was not what it seemed.

For an enthusiastic half-back, venturing into the long grass in search of an errant forward, suddenly tripped over what seemed to be uncommonly like the form of a man; peering closer, he saw that it was indeed a man, who lay upon his stomach and breathed gently while earwigs staged marathons upon his neck and grasshoppers gambolled in his hair. From time to time he appeared to be taking notes upon a blade of grass. Whereupon the youth summoned the posse which had been sent to help him in his search: they investigated this phenomenon and, being broad-minded, decided to let this curious creature continue communing with nature in peace. The game was resumed. A few minutes later, there came forth into the middle of the field a labourer; without any preliminary he began to dig a large hole in the middle of the field; but since he filled in the hole again as soon as he had dug it, no attempt was made to molest him. He remained by the mound for some time, evidently contemplating man's essential superiority over the rest of creation as exemplified by his own labours; then, picking up his spade, he went his way in peace.

Once more the air was filled with care-free shouts: once more the happy laughter ascended to the skies: all was as it had been. And yet, if those youths, now carelessly gambolling, had known what was to become of these apparently insignificant incidents,

they would have assuredly taken the disciple of nature by the neck and thrown him out: they would certainly have buried the labourer in his own hole.

For, as day succeeded day, the encroachments upon the field became more frequent and ever increasing in size: until finally, fighting inch by inch, the boys were driven off the field and into the playground: a huge fence was put around the scene of their former pastimes to hide the infamous events that were to take place.

Early one morning, as the sun rose above the Everton Library and gilded that noble edifice with its beams, a lorry drove up at the main gate. It discharged its contents a host of men, anxious-eyed, with that expression upon their faces which surely must have been upon Drake's when he played his famous game of bowls.

They assembled at the foot of the drive, a tense, eager band. The signal from their leader was passed through the ranks: "England expects every man to get his booty": then, at the sign from their chief, they charged up the slope, pick-axes in their right hands, large red bundles in their left hands, and handsaws between their teeth; loud cries of exhortation from the leader urged them on: "To Work! To Work!" Evidently they were going to do or die: they did. For eye hath not seen such havoc as they created; nor hath ear heard the clamour that henceforth ceaselessly rose to the heavens.

To describe the ensuing events in detail would be too harrowing. In vain was it pointed out to the men that they would not only be doing less damage, but even benefiting the community if they destroyed some other section of the premises. With the tenacity and bulldog courage of the British workman which has made England what it

is, and has so long been successful in preventing the sun setting on the British Empire, they stuck to their task, adamant to all entreaties.

As we have pointed out, a large fence was put around the field: but it is only too easy to view it from that window which is situated underneath the Angelus Bell. And if, at any time in the morning, before nine o'clock, you stand there, you will see a most pitiful sight. For members of the Sixth Form, hardy fellows who do their one exercise every year, and that at Easter or thereabouts, fellows who are responsible for the present incoherencies of many a master, fellows, in short, who form the backbone of the School and will one day inhabit the Outposts of Empire, such fellows, we say, have been seen to quail when glancing inadvertently out of that window: some lower their heads and pass on their way, muttering curses against all officialdom, others pluck the purple and gold well over their eyes and reel off, dazed, down the passage: some have even been known to drop on hands and knees and crawl underneath that window, rather than risk catching the least glimpse of the awful sight. As for that courageous youth who is to be seen there daily clasping one hand over his eyes and ringing the bell with the other, his hair, once the reddest of the red, has faded to a lamentable shade of pale pink . . .

Little was known as to the details of the monstrosities perpetrated by the marauders until a band of courageous youths decided to investigate. After one or two false starts, they wended their way onto the field at about five o' clock. On its edge, they came upon a group of men, and, peering closer, saw that the workman who had accomplished most destruction that day was giving an interview to a journalist. Snatches of his words reached their ears . . . "Yeah, I feel kinda bucked . . . yeah, I bet the little woman will be pleased

. . . yeah, I did it for my mother's sake . . ."

As they staggered on they heard the hero calling upon his admirers for three hearty cheers for the British Empire, and all white men . . .

It was the twilight of a dim November day: the whole field was shrouded in mist; a light drizzle came down steadily upon their shoulders: above their heads, a solitary seagull wheeled and emitted shrill, complaining cries: from time to time a shower of sods descended after the last blasting: in the distance, a tramcar groaned its way up the hill.

How the place had changed! Where formerly had been one level expanse of grass, the eye was now affronted with a litter of timbers, pneumatic drills, wooden shacks and various kinds of trench mortars. A series of trenches, long and deep, cut the whole field into separate sections and made it reminiscent of a jigsaw puzzle. The former sight of the goalposts is now a dugout: and the cricket pitch has been strewn with what appear to be huge slices of the roast beef of Old England. The whole aspect is remarkably like that of Pompeii on its very last day. They're building flats where the fives court used to be . . .

A loud cry came from the left; one of the party had fallen into a crater; he kept up a constant stream of vituperation until he was assisted out. Whereupon the whole party fell off a huge mound into a very large pool. Slimy and bedraggled, occasionally tripping over girders, looking like so many superannuated scarecrows, they departed homewards . . .

No wonder that the young students of this academy are now so haggard and so woebegone. The British labourer has ensured that no more battles will be lost on the playing fields of St. Edward's. Ichabod! the glory is departed . . .

T. J. CROSBIE,

Via Mod.

In Memoriam.



DANIEL HAGAN.

On May 16th, 1936, Daniel Hagan, B.A., an old Edwardian and a Master for a short time at St. Edward's, died after a short illness. We had not heard of his illness, and the news of his death only reached us a week after the sad event; so it was a shock to all at St. Edward's when they learned of his passing away.

He had been a pupil at St. Edward's for about six years. He won a University Scholarship and later took his B.A. Degree with Honours. He then taught in our Central School at Bootle for a year and came to St. Edward's in October, 1931, on a temporary engagement. He taught in St. Hugh's, Birkenhead, for two years before going to St. Mary's, Fleetwood, when his fatal illness struck him down. During his last illness he was attended by an old Edwardian, Dr. Stephen V. Cullen. The priest was a frequent visitor, and having received the Last Sacraments at his hands, he peacefully passed away on May 16th. The Old Boys of the College, the present pupils and the Staff will not fail to remember him in their prayers.

JOHN MURRAY.

We also regret to chronicle the death of John Murray, which took place during the Summer Vacation of this year. He was a pupil of the old C.I. in Hope Street, leaving in the year 1917, and occupied a post in the City Treasurer's Office. His illness was long and painful, but the end came peacefully. He was one of five brothers, all of whom are Old Boys of the C.I. or St. Edward's—Leo, Tom, Gerard and Vincent. We tender our deep sympathy to them all with an assurance of remembrance in our prayers.

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE.

University Results:

Religious Knowledge.

VIa Sc., G. Growney; VIa Mod., T. McGreal; VIb Sc., J. Curran; VIb Mod., H. Jones; UVa Sc., W. Pope; UVa Mod., J. M'Gowan; UVb Sc., B. Ion; UVb Mod., B. Bannon; LVa Sc., E. Welsh; LVb Sc., S. O'Connor; LVa Mod., W. T. Kinnon; LVb Mod., G. Murphy; IVa Sc., E. Edwards; IVb Sc., H. Burke; IVa Mod., A. Ennis, J. Ferguson; IVb Mod., E. J. Burns; III Alpha, G. Gaffney, S. W. Houldin; III Beta, P. Connolly, B. E. Wafer; II, J. Donegan; I. R. Clark; Prep., E. Mosquera.



Liverpool University Scholarships.

Senior City Scholarship: Gerard Growney.
Studentship—P. Joyce.

Leahy Memorial Prize: Gerard Growney
(1st place, H.S.C.).



Higher School Certificate.

Carroll, Robert.	Logan, Thomas G.
Crosbie, Thomas J.	Lunt, Thomas J.
Growney, Gerard.	McDonough, Thomas
Joyce, Peter.	Murphy, Michael J.
Lawler, Wilfrid A.	Owen, William A.
	Woods, Stephen.

Matriculation and School Certificate Examinations.

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

Abbey, V. J.	*Donning, D. J.	le Brun, V. L.	O'Hagan, J. F.
*Ashton, K. J.	Dunphy, J. J.	*Legge, E.	O'Neill, C.
*Ayley, M. J.	*Durkin, L.	*Lomax, R. A.	*Penlington, E.
*Atkin, J.	*Edwards, Charles J.	*Ludden, F.	*Pope, R. J.
*Banks, J. F. B.	*Edwards, J.	*Lunnon, E. C.	*Pope, W. T.
Bannon, B. F.	*Egan, F.	Lyon, T. J. O.	*Quinn, J.
*Bannon, J. D.	Freeman, E.	McGivern, F. J.	Reilly, P. G. G.
*Bates, J. P. D.	*Gaskin, C. J.	*McGowan, J. M.	Roberts, J. S.
*Buckley, G. G.	Grant, T.	McKeating, V. J.	Rooney, L. H.
Burns, E. F.	*Hagedorn, J.	McNamara, J.	*Ros, O.
*Byrne, K. M.	*Handley, W. A.	Macpherson, D. P.	Rush, L.
*Clarkson, F. A.	Harrington, F. A.	McQuade, T. W.	*Ryan, T. J.
Collins, B. P.	*Hellyer, H. L.	McShane, B. E.	*Sadler, P. A.
Connolly, P.	*Hickey, J.	Malone, T.	*Shennan, J. F.
Connors, L. J.	*Hughes, R. G. J.	Martin, C. S.	*Supple, J. P.
*Copple, S.	Ion, J. B.	*Merivale, H.	*Sutton, G. J.
Cottnam, L.	*Johnson, W. J.	*Molyneux, P. R.	*Welsh, A. G.
*Courtney, W.	Jones, S. C.	*Morgan, B.	Winstanley, G. S.
*Diamond, P. M.	*Kirwan, W.	Murch, J. B.	Wright, C.
*Donnelly, B. H.	*Leatherbarrow, J.	Nolan, T. S.	

Distinctions.

English Literature: J. F. B. Banks, C. J. Edwards.

History—J. P. D. Bates, F. Ludden, J. M. McGowan, J. Quinn, T. J. Ryan.

French: F. A. Clarkson, J. Edwards, J. Leatherbarrow, J. M. McGowan, A. G. Welsh.

Latin: J. Edwards, J. M'Gowan, O. Ros, A. W. Welsh.

Mathematics: D. J. Donning, L. Durkin, C. J. Gaskin, H. Merivale.

Physics: W. J. Courtney, P. R. Molyneux.

Chemistry: S. Copple, W. Kirwan, F. Ludden, E. C. Lunnon, J. M. McGowan.

**Form Examinations.**

Vib Sci.—1, J. Curran; 2, J. P. Kelly; 3, L. Smith.

Vib Mod.—1, J. F. Rooney; 2, K. F. Carroll; 3, H. Jones.

LVa Sc.—1, E. Welsh; 2, L. Gorman; 3, F. Howard.

LVb Sc.—1, S. O'Connor; 2, F. McFarlane; 3, A. Reilly.

LVa Mod.—1, M. J. Coleman; 2, L. Smith; 3, G. J. Horan.

LVb Mod.—1, C. Keenan; 2, G. Murphy; 3, W. Byrne.

IVa Sc.—1, P. Pilling; 2, W. McGrail; 3, J. Reddy.

IVb Sc.—1, F. Carey; 2, H. Burke; 3, J. Clarke.

IVa Mod.—1, B. Slater; 2, J. Ferguson; 3, R. Power.

IVb Mod.—1, B. Carroll; 2, J. Gleeson; 3, R. Jenkins.

III. Alpha—1, E. Smith; 2, P. Saunders; 3, G. Gaffney.

III. Beta—1, F. Hendry; 2, V. Redmond; 3, G. Heaton.

IIIa.—1, J. Craig; 2, T. Brennan; 3, F. Irving.

IIIb.—1, B. Cunningham; 2, T. O'Neill; 3, J. Bretherton.

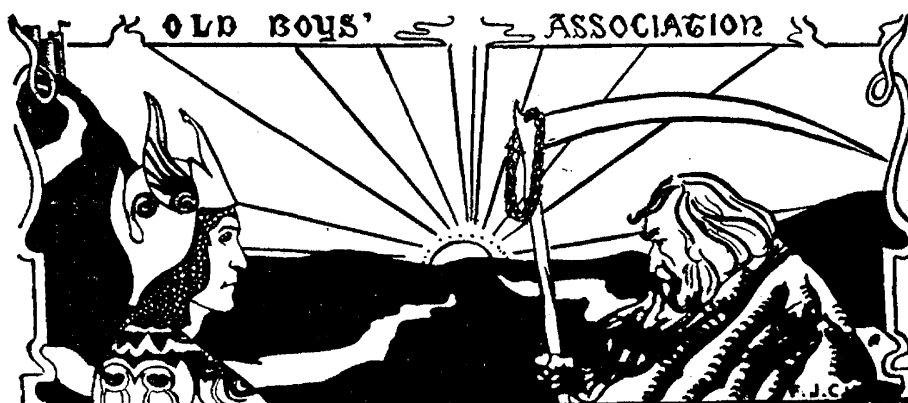
II.—1, D. Welsh; 2, J. Donegan; 3, E. Rogers.

I.—1, R. Clark; 2, R. Sloan; 3, D. Callaghan.

Prep.—1, B. Ormond; 2, E. Mosquera; 3, D. Gaskin.

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Old Boys' Notes and News.

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Football Membership (subsequent to first year) ...	0	5	0

Each pupil of the College automatically becomes a Member upon leaving School. He pays no subscriptions until the following April 30th. This does not apply to Members who wish to play Football—their first year's subscription of 2/6 becomes due as soon as they join the A.F.C. All Football Members pay in addition 6d. for every match in which they participate.

All Association Subscriptions (excluding Corresponding Membership) become due on April 30th of each year. Failure to renew by July 1st, shall entail loss of Membership. Corresponding Membership falls due one year from the date of enrolment.

A.F.C. Members are required to pay 1/- of their subscriptions not later than July 1st, in order to qualify for Membership of the Association. The balance of their subscription must be paid by September 30th, in order to make them eligible for selection in the various teams.

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. Applications should be made to the Secretary. This refers particularly to Football and Junior Members.



THE EXECUTIVE C.I.E.A.

President: A. F. POWER, Esq.

Hon. Chaplain: Rev. Fr. J. KIERAN.

Hon. Treasurer: H. T. LOUGHLIN, Esq.,
8, Sandown Lane, Liverpool, 15.

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

Executive Committee:

Messrs. J. Cunningham, J. Curtin, G. Furlong
F. G. Harrington, G. M. Healey, C. A. Kean,
C. V. Monaghan, L. Murphy and J. Ratch-
ford.

Hon. Football Secretary: G. J. ALSTON,
Esq., Richland Road, Liverpool, 13.

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

Hon. Golf Secretary: J. CURTIN, Esq.,
21 Myers Road West, Liverpool, 23.

Hon. Hiking Secretary: F. C. J. DAVIES,
Esq., 14 Grange Road West, Birkenhead.



A RECENT reminder from the Editor that the Old Boys' Notes were again due impressed upon me the fact that Christmas is almost upon us. Consequently, it falls to me, as the mouthpiece of the Executive Committee, to wish all members of the Association a Happy Christmas and a really Prosperous New Year. We extend these cordial greetings to all Old Boys—even those who have not yet joined the ranks of the Association. There is really not *much* difference between an "Old Boy" and a "Member of the Association"—at most, it's six shillings per annum!

Most Old Boys ask themselves the question, "What can I get *out* of the Association?" The answer is, "Most of the things you might reasonably be expected to enjoy." On the Social side we have an Annual Dinner, a Hot Pot Supper, a Bohemian Concert and numerous Dances; on the Athletic side, facilities are provided for Football, Cricket, Hiking, Physical Training and Golf. Most important of all, however, one finds opportunities for preserving contact with his old schoolfellows, and showing loyalty to his Alma Mater. Another question, "What can I put into the Association?" is heard less frequently, although it reflects more credit on the enquirer. Every Old Boy cannot put personal service into the Association, but he certainly can put his subscription into the

treasury and his back into the good work of making the Association prosper.



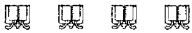
BENEDICTION AND FRESHERS' SOCIAL.

Our decision to start the Annual Benediction at 7-30 p.m. instead of 6-45, had good results. Many more Old Boys were able to attend, and thus our second venture was more encouraging than its predecessor in 1935. There is still room for improvement, however, and we hope the attendance will be even better in 1937. Owing to ill-health, our Chaplain, Fr. John Kieran, was unable to give the Benediction, but his brother, Fr. George Kieran, most willingly stepped into the breach. In a short but very excellent address, Fr. Kieran emphasised the importance of belonging to a Catholic Association such as ours, before solemnly begging God's blessing upon its activities for the coming year. Our thanks are due to Fr. Smyth and Fr. Gallen who assisted at the Benediction.

About 150 Old Boys attended the Freshers' Social, which was once more a great success. As usual, refreshments were provided free and a very enjoyable evening, spent in the company of old school companions, was rounded off by a variety concert and an address of welcome by Br. Roche, who

appealed for a stronger Association and increased membership. He said that there could be nothing wrong with the School if its ex-pupils supported the Old Boys' Association. The Association was perfectly sound, financially and otherwise, but the numbers should be greater. Many Old Boys would join up if a little persuasion were applied, and he urged all present to do their utmost to induce at least one other to become a subscribing member.

The Committee heartily endorses Br. Roche's sentiments and hopes that the appeal will not fall upon deaf ears.



WREATH-LAYING.

On Armistice Day, a wreath of poppies in the form of a cross was solemnly laid on the War Memorial in the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, "to the memory of those Old Boys of the Catholic Institute who made the supreme sacrifice, 1914 to 1918." On this occasion the wreath was borne by our President, Mr. Power, and Mr. George Rimmer. A De Profundis was recited, and later Mass was celebrated by Fr. T. B. Healey, himself an Old Boy and a member of the Association.

The attendance was excellent and we must once again thank Br. Roche for allowing the members of the Sixth Form of the College to attend. The ceremony has now been performed for almost twenty years, but the present pupils of the School are not allowed to forget those very gallant young fellows who went before. Here, indeed, is a splendid illustration of the fact that the Association forms a link between "Past and Present."



ANNUAL MASS.

All the deceased Old Boys of the Catholic Institute and St. Edward's College were remembered on Sunday, November 15th,

when the Very Rev. Canon O'Connell once again officiated at our Annual Mass at the Pro-Cathedral. We were delighted to find that our Chaplain, Fr. John Kieran, had recovered from his recent operation sufficiently to assist as Deacon.

The many Christian Brothers who were present must have been extremely gratified to observe that so many Old Boys of all ages had gathered together to pray for the repose of the souls of their old school friends. Fr. Kieran's sermon was something we will long remember, and brought home to us in unmistakable fashion, the sacred duty we owe to our dead—to pray unceasingly that they may enjoy the Beatific Vision for eternity. We felt that, even if our Association existed for no other purpose but to attend an Annual Mass for this worthy object, its continuance would be amply justified.

Canon O'Connell's welcome to the Brothers and their past pupils was as cordial as ever—no matter what parish we live in, we always are made to feel thoroughly "at home" at the Pro-Cathedral, and this is something we honestly appreciate. We take this opportunity of thanking the Pro-Cathedral Choir whose singing was, as usual, above reproach.



BOHEMIAN CONCERT.

The recent decision of the Executive Committee to revive the "Bohemian" has been an unqualified success! On Tuesday, November 17th, the Angel Hotel was again packed to capacity by Old Boys and their friends, all of whom had come along determined to have a really jolly evening together. There is a decided charm about these functions, when we gather together to entertain each other and, in turn, to be entertained. They are splendid "ice-breakers." On this occasion we actually succeeded in finding one lion-hearted young

lady who consented to sing—and very sweetly, too! How's that for a thaw?

The entertainment was as varied as it was excellent, ranging from opera to "Dance Numbers." Mr. Boraston's Old Boys' Orchestra made a very successful debut on this occasion, and rendered two very attractive items. 'Cello solos by W. H. Davies, songs by Bill Smerdon, monologues by Frank Frayne, violin solos by Larry McKeown and Gordon Pratt—all helped to pass the evening away all too soon.

The "impossible" feats of that Master Conjuror, Mr. Oscar Paulsen, held us enthralled. Observing our mystification, he actually showed us how he performed some of his tricks with the result that we became more confused than ever. We must see more of Mr. Paulsen at our Bohemians—perhaps the more we see the more we will see! See?



ANNUAL DINNER.

Arrangements have been made for the Annual Dinner to be held on Tuesday, January 26th, 1937, at the Adelphi Hotel. His Grace the Archbishop has promised to attend, and will receive the guests at about 7-30 p.m. This is a great honour as it is some years since His Grace found it possible to be present. The Committee hopes that the attendance will, this year, be a record one, and urges all Old Boys to do their utmost to come along. Tickets are 10/6, and may be obtained from the Secretary.



ANNUAL RETREAT.

Mr. Leslie Moore has consented to look after the arrangements for the Annual Retreat in 1937, and we hope that his efforts will meet with success. Our best attendance, so far, has been twenty; we are anxious to do

better than this—it should be possible!



ATHLETIC SECTION.

This is at present in the experimental stage, but there seems no reason why it should not become a really virile sub-section of the Association. Its future will, of course, depend on the measure of support it receives. Certainly, there is no lack of enthusiasm among its organisers.

Charlie Rice (who has won for us the Old Boys' Mile in the Inter-College Sports with such monotonous regularity) is in charge of the venture, and nobody could be better equipped for the task since he is an accredited coach to the A.A.A. George Lunt, now home from Simmaries, is acting as Secretary, and will be pleased to furnish particulars. Field and Track Athletics and Cross-Country Running are all included. In addition, Brother Roche has kindly offered the use of the College Gymnasium on Thursday evenings between 7-30 and 9-30 p.m. We hope to hear more of this section—it's a great idea, and we trust it will flourish.



HIKING SECTION.

The Hikers are going again! Joe Davies is the new shepherd and hopes his flock will increase and multiply. The hikes take place on Sundays, starting at about 2-30 p.m., and are always extremely enjoyable affairs. Full particulars may be had on request from Joe, whose address is given at the beginning of these notes.



OLD BOYS' NEWS— FROM VARIOUS QUARTERS.

To Dr. A. J. Kieran we offer our heartiest congratulations on his recent

marriage. May he enjoy many very happy years of wedded life!

Charlie Monaghan has also been married recently, and is still playing football. The new Mrs. Monaghan is evidently a staunch Old Cathinian! Congratulations.

"Pop" Whelan recently took an afternoon off from football to get married. Good luck, Tom. We hope you will be very happy.

Our President, Mr. Austin Power, has just become a proud father for the second time. That makes two daughters now.

We congratulate Fr. Vin Furlong on his being raised to the dignity of the Priesthood. He is now with Fr. John Kieran and Fr. Donnelly, both Old Boys, at Waterloo.

John Bold has been appointed metallurgical chemist at Faireys Aviation Works, in Heyes, Middlesex. The job sounds interesting, John. We hope you'll like it.

We offer our congratulations to Henry Loughlin who has just become engaged to Kathleen Dacy—the sister of another Old Boy, Jack Dacey. A sort of family affair!!

I met a very tall Scots Guard some time ago. It turned out to be C. Ainsworth, who was expecting to go to Palestine almost immediately.

Jim Smerdon is also in Palestine at present. It seems that somebody cut some telegraph wires or something, so the War Office sent Jim out to put things right.

J. de Polo is also abroad with the army—he's in India with the Tank Corps. Our Old Boys certainly do get around!

The Air Force still offers attractions. E. McLaughlin is the most recent recruit. He will meet several Old Boys at Cranwell.

Jim Hagedorn has secured a post with the Corporation. He's in the Rates Department and was working overtime almost immediately. This seems to imply that somebody has some money. Jim has the right spirit. He's playing for the Old Cathinians.

When you meet Paddy Byrne next, be sure to call him "Doctor." He's now fully qualified, and has been appointed House Surgeon at the Southern.

Sutton is in the Telephone Department at the Post Office where he joins Joe Le Roi and Gerry Alston.

Legge has just started with the I.C.I. as a chemist. Here again, a "new" Old Boy will find himself in distinguished company. Pat Denny has made a name for himself; Tom O'Neill is doing well also (Micro-photography, we believe).

Frank Meehan has decided to desert chemistry and the I.C.I., whilst he takes an Engineering Degree at the University. Mike Murphy has a similar intention, but Gerry Gowney has decided to obtain *his* Degree in Chemistry.

Speaking of Chemistry reminds us that we must offer our heartiest congratulations to Bill Carr and Paddy McCarthey. Both have been awarded highly attractive Research Scholarships at the University, and they well deserve it.

Frank Bryson has just achieved a remarkable distinction for one so (relatively) young. No less than three of his portraits have been accepted for the Autumn Exhibition. One is a portrait of his father, an Old Boy and a Governor of the College.

Mr. George Adamson has also had three of his creations accepted for the same Exhibition. They are not portraits, however, but engravings. Congratulations, George. That makes two years in succession.

Joe Banks has just been moved from Sheffield to London. He's still an "obedient servant," of course.

Cyril Ayley turned up to the Annual Mass at the Pro-Cathedral. He lives, and works, in London now, and has done so for the past two years.



UPHOLLAND.

21/11/36.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Once more we face a blank pad and try to collect a few coherent thoughts in an effort to retain our public. We fear that these periodical letters give little or no information about Edwardian stalwarts of the past, but we must be excused in this regard, since our contact is necessarily limited. We could, of course, make personal mention of the Edwardians here (with suitable epigrams explaining their habitats), but this mode of action appears to be contrary to the ancient and time-honoured tradition of this house. However, some day we will summon up our courage and create a new custom, at the risk of receiving numerous ecclesiastical summonses.

We were very interested to read about the Annual General Meeting in your last number, and it is gratifying to see that the membership of the Association is increasing steadily. But even yet the actual membership must be far outnumbered by the possible membership. We are fully aware of the axiom, a posse ad esse non valet illatio; still, we sincerely hope that the non-enlisted Old Boys will respond to the clarion calls of Mr. A. F. Power and Brother Roche.

This Summer we welcomed K. J. Ashton into our midst, and he seems to have settled down in true Edwardian style.

Will Kavanagh had an operation during the summer vacation, and he is still recovering from the after effects; he was up to see us the other day, and he looks very well now, so we hope to have him back with us again after Christmas.

This year, we understand that the Old Boys had a meeting on St. Edward's, and so the usual festive gathering at Upholland did not take place. However, we hope to renew their acquaintance in the near future, and we trust that they will repeat their splendid performance of their last visit.

Of recent years, we welcome quite a number of new boys from St. Mary's College, Crosby, and we were wondering, as a point of interest, whether the Old Boys from that College are eligible for membership to the Edwardian Association.

We heard rumblings and rumours a few weeks ago about certain difficulties that you are experiencing in your removal to Sandfield Park, and we await your next issue to see the truth of the matter.

It is extremely cold here at present, but I suppose that is a slight disadvantage in comparison with the many advantages obtained by residing in an isolated spot. Anyway, before the pen drops from our fingers, we will close with all blessings and good-wishes for Christmas.

Yours,

UPHOLLAND.



R.C. MISSION,

MUKAH,

SARAWAK,

Via SINGAPORE,

September 17th, 1936.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Most of my letters begin with an apology for being such a poor correspondent, but this one shall be different—I commence by thanking you for sending the mag., although I must have lost my title, or claim, to be a corresponding member. And now let us forget my lapse.

Once again my letter will have to be about myself for so far no other "Old Boy" has appeared above the horizon.

Last June the Monsignor wrote asking me to give the retreat to the sisters in Kuching. I accepted with a certain amount of mis-giving, but on the other hand, I scented some sort of a holiday.

The retreat was to be the first full week in August, so on July 15th I left Dalat—

our other Melanan station—to begin my journey. At 8 a.m. the canoe was ready, and off we went up river. By 8-45 Kakan was reached, and there we turned off from the Oya river and entered a small one. This is the Oya entrance to the Kut—an enlarged ditch which wanders about, and eventually flows into the River Egan. Progress was slow, for there was very little water in the Kut, and after about an hour the two rowers could go no further. Our own canoe was parked on the bank—a smaller one was borrowed into which the luggage was put, and while one of the rowers pulled this through, the other one and myself set off to walk.

Now all that part of the Kut is given over to rubber and a rubber garden—certainly a rubber garden owned by a native—is one of the worst things to have to walk through. The roots are all above the ground and twisted and tangled together, so walking ceases to be a pleasure, especially as every minute it gets hotter and hotter. However, bad things, like good things, do come to an end, and after two hours of stumbling about we had got far enough through to have reached the deeper water at the far end. We once again borrowed a boat, and by one o'clock or so, reached the Egan.

This part of the river is forty-five miles from Sibu, which was my object. I had wired for a Chinese motor-launch to meet me, but it had not arrived. There are some Christians living at the Kut, and in one house they warmed up a tin of soup while I bathed and changed.

There was just time to swallow the soup, and then back into the place again to meet the launch which could be heard chugging away in the distance.

To travel by launch is, of course, faster and safer than by canoe, but the vibration is rather trying. The river Egan is broad and interesting. An occasional Dayak Long House on the bank is the only thing to break the monotony. It was 9 p.m. before Sibu was reached, but after that it wasn't long before I reached the Mission. It was a matter of five minutes to find a couple of rickshaws, and then only another five minutes riding to the mission.

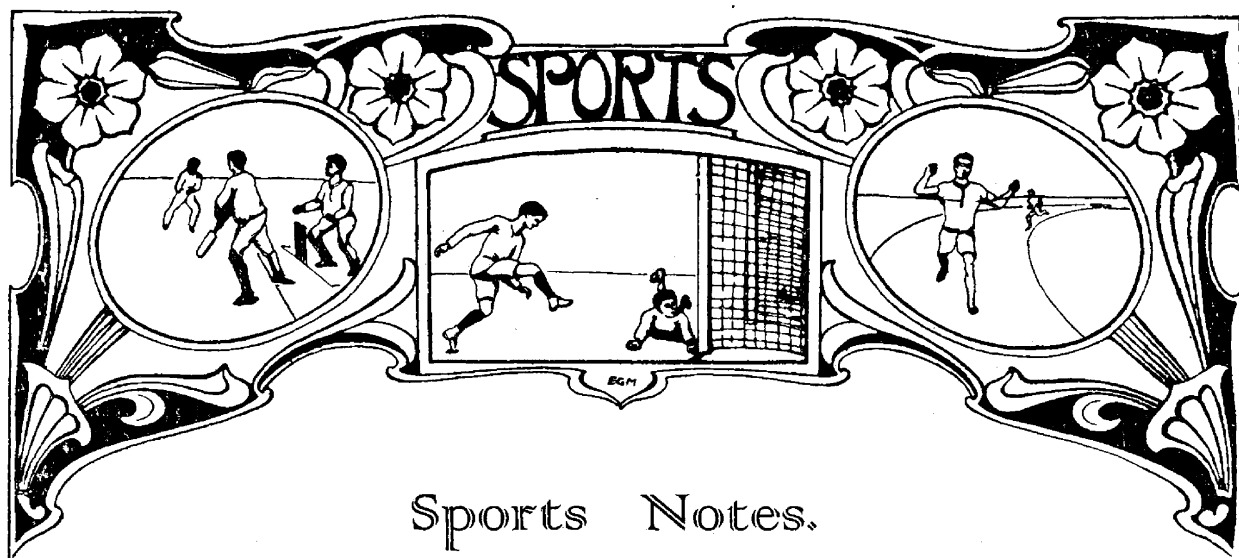
A week was spent in Sibu, and then I packed again for Kuching. There is a very fine boat between the two stations—the M.V. Rejang. It leaves Sibu at 11-30 a.m. on the Thursday, and arrives in Kuching just before 6 a.m. on the Friday, so one is in time for Mass. This boat provides excellent food, and has well appointed cabins.

The retreat was the usual eight-day one, but as the last meditation was at 5 p.m., and since I had most of the matter prepared I was able to enjoy the free evenings.

Once the retreat was over I prepared to retrace my steps, but it so happened that the junior father, who was teaching in the school was unwell, and the Monsignor asked me to help for one week. The one week eventually stretched into three, but after that there was no further excuse for delaying my departure, and so here I am, back once again in the jungle—and very pleased to have come to the end of this letter, for it is really too hot to write. The temperature is 91 degrees.

A very happy Christmas to you all.

“MUKAH.”



FOOTBALL NOTES.

Prescot v. St Edward's College at Prescot.

Team: Crosbie, Bannon, Byrne, MacNamara, Leonard, Hagedorn, Smith, O'Brien (captain), Jack, Banks, Sinnott.

The weather was kind for the first match of the season at Prescot. The home team, winning the toss, took the wind advantage for the opening half. Jack had hard luck in not scoring with a drive which hit the crossbar. The school forced a corner, and Leonard converted Smith's corner with a well placed header. A few minutes later the same thing happened, and Leonard again headed the ball networks. Prescot's left wing then broke away, and their winger scored with a rather tricky shot. Half-time came with the score still two-one.

The second half opened with St. Edward's College attacking. The half-backs were well up the field, and playing well to the forwards. Jack scored our third goal from a pass by Hagedorn, whilst the latter scored himself, a few minutes later with a brilliant shot. The Prescot forwards were very quiet, and our defence was not seriously tested. O'Brien scored our fifth goal, whilst two further goals from Sinnott finished the scoring. We made a good start, but the match was not a fair test of our strength.

Full time: St. Edward's College 7. Prescot 1.

St. Edward's College v. Alsop High School at Alsop.

Team: Crosbie, Byrne, Hagedorn, MacNamara, Leonard, O'Brien (captain), Smith, Penlington, Jack, Banks, Sinnott.

Alsop, winning the toss, selected to put their backs to both sun and wind. From the opening, our openers began making grand movements and were very much in evidence, but somewhat unlucky not to have registered early on, but our goalie proved his worth ably assisted by his backs. Leonard and Hagedorn were in great form and the attacks came to nothing.

O'Brien was now doing some fine moves, and sending up one of his fine passes, our centre-forward missed the objective by inches with a quick, first timer. St. Edward's were now on top, and goals came from Jack and Sinnott. Alsop moves were once more stemmed in the making by our mid-field men, and Crosbie had an easy time. Half-time soon arrived leaving S.E.C. leading 2-0.

From the kick-off Banks came very much into the picture, and playing one of his storming games, had our score increased to four in a short time.

Leonard, who had played a defensive game for most of the half, now came up field to be a tower of strength to his forwards, and Smith always beating his man for speed soon added another fifth. Goal kicks were frequent, and the final came leaving us good winners—5-0.

Quarry Bank v. St. Edward's College at Quarry Bank.

Team: Crosbie, Walsh, Byrne, Kelly, Leonard, O'Brien (captain), Smith Penlington, Jack, McNamara, Sinnott.

The school lost the toss, and had to face wind, sun, and slope for the first half. We started with ten men, and were rather dwarfed in size by the Quarry Bank team. St. Edward's College held their own, however, until Kelly appeared, and he seemed to put new life into the team. Leonard had bad luck in not scoring from a corner by Smith. Leonard's header hit the bar. Soon after, the Quarry defence let Penlington through, and he drew the full back, and passed to Smith, who centred for Jack to score the opening goal. Quarry's centre-forward soon equalised with a hard and well placed shot which had Crosbie beaten all the way. Our right wing were playing very well, and Smith and Penlington, backed up by Kelly, were a very troublesome trio to Quarry's defence.

The second half opened tamely, but the weakness of both forward lines kept the score down. The play was poor, and mostly mid-field. Smith made one of his runs down the right wing and sent over a tremendous centre which Sinnott met with his head, gave Quarry's goalie no chance. We won a drab, uninteresting game by two goals to one. Kelly, Smith and Penlington were the best of an indifferent lot.

Full time: St. Edward's College 2. Quarry Bank 1.

Collegiate v. S.E.C. at Holly Lodge.

Team: Crosbie, Walsh, Bannon, Jack, Kelly, O'Brien (captain), Smith, Penlington, Leonard, McNamara, Sinnott.

O'Brien won the toss, and elected to take advantage of a slight wind during the first half. The team held its own for a time, and Leonard kept the Collegiate's defence on its toes. Collegiate's danger man, Green, however, was a constant menace to the school, and nobody was surprised when he opened the scoring from a corner. Leonard was hurt in a collision with the centre-half, and left the field. Returning after ten minutes, he scored our equalising goal with a hard drive. Half time came with both teams attacking hard for the advantage.

The opposition soon let us know they were out for a big win, and Crosbie had a busy time in goal. Finally one of Greene's shots went through, and Collegiate attacked with renewed vigour. Leonard came back to his usual position of centre-half to see what he could do with Greene. Kelly went to right-half, and Jack to centre-forward. The Collegiate forwards swept downfield again, and a miskick by Walsh presented Greene with another goal. A few minutes later he banged in another goal. McNamara now made a great solo run, and scored from deep in the field, but the referee awarded a foul. Full time came with the score 4—1 for Collegiate. It was an off day for our forwards and defence alike.

Final score: St. Edward's College, 1. Collegiate, 4.

Waterloo v. St. Edward's College at Waterloo.

Team: Crosbie, Walsh, Byrne, Kelly, Leonard, O'Brien (captain), Smith, Penlington, Jack, McNamara, McGuinness.

O'Brien lost the toss, and Waterloo took the ground advantage for the opening half. Our forwards got moving from the kick off, and McNamara had his team a goal up as a result of some neat passing on the right wing. Later McGuinness, who was new to the side, finished off a grand solo run by a flash goal near the corner flag. Play was confined for the most part to our territory. The Waterloo forwards now came much in evidence, and kept our defence moving; some brilliant moves on their left wing showed up some of our weakness. Our forwards were again well supplied with passes, and Smith became again prominent, finishing off with a well timed goal. Leonard had great ball control, and taking advantage of his position, placed a beautiful goal to his score from a good pass from Smith. Half time: St. E.C., 4; Waterloo, 0. The second half saw our forwards indulging in long swinging passes, and taking full advantage of the ground, added to their score, and with an occasional burst away on the left wing from Waterloo, St. Edward's added six more goals.

Full time: S.E.C., 10. Waterloo, 1.

S.F.X. v. S.E.C. at West Derby.

S.E.C.: Crosbie, Byrne, Hagedorn, Kelly, Leonard, O'Brien (captain), Smith, Penlington, Jack, Banks, Sinnott.

We won the toss and played facing the wind. Smith, from the kick off made a great run upfield and sent over a perfect centre for Banks, who put our first goal in. From the resultant kick-off, S.F.X. forwards dashed upfield, and their inside right scored for them. The rain which had been drizzling down, began to pour, and conditions became miserable. S.F.X., for some reason, were given a penalty, and their man made no mistake about putting it in the net. But Penlington, after some nice solo work, equalised for us, whilst Jack put us ahead with a great goal, which just scraped in underneath the bar, and gave the S.F.X. goalie no chance.

This was Kelly's first game with the eleven, and he soon showed he was worth his place. He was constantly giving the ball to Smith, who sent over a great centre. Sinnott, with only the goalie to beat, slipped, and the ball went out.

In the second half, S.F.X. opened the scoring, but Sinnott soon got the ball. S.F.X.'s goalie was drawn out, and Sinnott pushed the ball in.

The Smith—Sinnott combination finally got the goal they deserved, Smith sending over a centre for Sinnott to score. S.F.X. then began to attack strongly, and had several good tries at the goal. Leonard seemed to throw caution to the winds, and it was through a miskick by him that S.F.X. scored their fourth goal. Penlington handled the ball in the penalty area, and S.F.X. equalised from the penalty. A good game in which our defence did not shine.

Full time: S.E.C., 5. S.F.X., 5.

S.E.C. v. S.F.X. at Fazakerley.

S.E.C.: Crosbie, Walsh, Byrne, Kelly, Leonard, O'Brien (captain), Smith, Penlington, Jack, Banks, Sinnott.

O'Brien lost the toss, and we had a slight wind against us for the first half. Smith jumped into stride from the kick-off, and made a great run down the wing, finishing with a perfect centre, but nobody was there to meet it. Both teams were attacking, and Walsh and Crosbie were playing a good defensive game. Smith fastened on the ball, and made a marvellous run upfield, finishing with a well placed centre, which Sinnott put into the goal. A few minutes later he repeated his performance, but he outdistanced every man on the field, and neither Sinnott nor Jack could get to his pass. Crosbie made several good saves, and was much better than he had been in the previous match with S.F.X.

Half time: 1—0.

The second half we had the wind with us, but in spite of this, Larissey, S.F.X. centre forward, scored from the kick-off. Penlington now began to appear more in the picture, and he sent in an unstoppable shot from a pass by Banks. S.F.X. goalie was on top of form, and in spite of repeated shots by all our forwards, no more goals came, until Leonard got to one of Sinnott's corners, and put in it the corner of the net. At this point, Larissey twisted his ankle rather badly, and left the field. Leonard immediately abandoned the defence, and joined the forwards. He had hard luck several times in not scoring, and Banks also nearly scored with a great drive. S.F.X. goalie seemed to be everywhere. He saved from Smith

and a moment later from Penlington, but Smith's next shot went. A few minutes later he scored again.

A one sided match in which the whole team played well, but Smith was the star.
Full time: S.E.C., 6. S.F.X., 1.

St. Edward's 1st XI. v.

Prescott Grammar School ...	A	W	7—1
Alsop High School ...	A	W	5—0
Quarry Bank High School ...	H	W	6—2
Waterloo Grammar School ...	H	W	8—3
St. Francis Xavier's College ...	A	D	5—5
Bootle Secondary School ...	H	W	3—1
University 3rd ...	A	W	5—2
Collegiate ...	A	L	1—4
St. Francis Xavier's College ...	H	W	6—1
Quarry Bank High School ...	A	W	2—1
Waterloo Grammar School ...	A	W	10—1
Old Cathinians ...	H	W	2—0

St. Edward's 2nd XI. v.

Alsop High School ...	H	D	4—4
Waterloo Grammar School ...	A	D	1—1
St. Francis Xavier's College ...	H	W	3—2
Bootle Secondary School ...	A	W	3—2
University 3rd ...	H	L	1—2
Collegiate ...	H	W	8—2
St. Francis Xavier's College ...	A	W	6—4
Quarry Bank High School ...	H	W	8—2
Waterloo Grammar School ...	H	W	4—1