

St. Edward's College

MAGAZINE.

Vol. 27.

SPRING, 1936.

No. 1.

PUBLISHED ONCE EACH TERM.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor of the Magazine, St. Edward's College, Everton
Liverpool, 5.

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School Notes

THIS term has been one of Rumours—then verification in the press—then more rumours, but no secure verification yet! The Liverpool Housing Committee have decided on purchasing St. Edward's; but even here there's a snag—"provided the Ministry of Health sanctions." There are guesses as to the future site of the College—on this point we must wait a little longer.



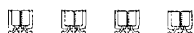
We had a visit not long since from Mr. William Briscoe, who is studying at

Oscott, for the Shrewsbury diocese, and hopes to be ordained in a year or so. He is at the moment the only representative of St. Edward's at Oscott.



I think Jack Wilson, M.Sc., must be the first of our Old Boys to enter for the Final Examination of the Chartered Institute of Patent Agents. He passed the Intermediate in 1933. We hope he will not only secure success, but distinction in the examination,

and afterwards in the Profession of Patent Agents.



The term was enlivened by the Shield Matches, especially the Senior Shield games, in which the College made a splendid show, but at the last test—a repeated final—our team failed against the sound combination of the Collegiate. They deserved their win.



This is the third time in four years that we have had the disappointment of failing to secure the Shield, though reaching the final. Yet surely this is a record worth noting, and redounds to the credit of the teams.



The blazer as now worn is more distinctive of the School colour—purple; that

hitherto in use, seems to have been rather blue than purple. After this summer, School badges will not be permitted on any but the recognised blazer. As a separate thing the badges are no longer on sale.



Mr. J. C. Bryson has been co-opted on the Education Committee, as the representative of the Catholic Secondary Schools. He has also been appointed as representative of the Education Committee on the Governing Body of the College, in the place of Mr. J. Howard Feeney, who has for many years been a Governor, but has now gone to reside in North Wales. Both he and Mr. Bryson have on many occasions given out the prizes on Sports' Day, and of course Mr. Bryson has had four sons educated at the College. They are all doing honour to themselves and to their School.

The Flower Ship

GERRY Hamilton, tall, fair and pleasant, was wandering down Regent Street, thinking that the time was ripe for a spot of lunch when, just outside the Ritz, he met his cousin, Bill Turner. After the usual greetings had passed, Gerry took his cousin's arm "Come, let's talk things over during lunch. I haven't seen you for nearly a year." "No," admitted Bill, "I seldom come up to London since we moved. Its such a long journey from Cornwall that it is not worth while."

A few minutes later they were each imbibing a cocktail in the Grill Lounge. Thus fortified they wandered into the Grill and attacked a hearty lunch. Bill explained that his people had been seized with a desire to live in the Cornish Riviera. Passing through

Fowey, they had been fascinated by the climate, the scenery and the palms that grow there all the year round and had decided to settle there. "Fowey seems an ideal place," began Gerry, but Bill stopped him "It's pronounced Foy," he said, airing his Cornish accent. "Thanks, I'll remember that. You don't seem pleased with the place," Gerry continued. "Is it too far from London and civilisation?" "No, its not that" Bill hesitated, then plunged into the explanation.

"It is about Joan that I am worrying. You are lucky not to have a sister," he broke off with a glimmer of a smile. "They are terribly catty and argumentative at times and for the rest they are just one big worry. However, to continue; there is an old mansion about half-a-mile from our place, it is on a

narrow, rocky point that juts out into the sea, and Joan is quite a frequent visitor there. It is owned by a white-bearded old man—a Mr. Brian Kendall—who is very familiar with the Captain of a Mediterranean ship that frequently comes to Fowey. A lonely house frequently visited by an Italian Captain seems to me an ideal situation for smuggling. There is something strange about the old man, I can't quite put my finger on it. Joan says that he is a gentle, lonely old man—but I wonder."

Suddenly Bill broke off and stared across the room. "Don't be too obvious Gerry," he said, "But you might inspect the blighter at the fourth table to your left. It is the Captain I was talking about. I wonder what he is doing here?" "Same as us," said Gerry dryly: "If you are so darned suspicious, however, we could follow him and see what he does afterwards."

"Let's leave now before he recognises me," begged Bill.

They did so, and a pretty chase he led them as he dashed from the West End to Holborn, from there to Cheapside, and from there back to the City. They noted with surprise that the places at which he called were a wholesale chemist's; a paint shop and finally the offices at Covent Gardens.

"He seems to be in a great hurry," said Gerry breathlessly, jumping into another taxi as their quarry left Covent Gardens. "Perhaps he is going back to Fowey" volunteered Bill. "The Cornish express leaves in about an hour's time."

Then Bill had a sudden idea.

"Why not come down to Fowey for a week? Even though there might not be any mysteries to solve, it will be an opportunity for you to see the old folk and the new house. You haven't seen them since they left London. I'll get the tickets while you go home and pack a bag. Joan has a girl friend staying there, and so you will complete a foursome for golf or bridge."

Gerry thought for a moment, liked the idea and dashed home to make a few arrangements and to grab a few necessities.

He arrived at Paddington just as Bill has finished sending a telegram to his people, and together they entered the express. Bill's guess about the Captain had been correct. Two minutes before the train left, the Italian came panting along and was unceremoniously pushed into the end coach by a porter. They were well provided with a mass of literature from the bookstall, but they did more talking than reading.

"I'm afraid that your suspicions were unfounded," said Gerry. "There was nothing mysterious about the Captain's actions today. Cornwall and smuggling have . . ."

But the sentence was never finished.

The regular clickety, clack of the wheels rose to a sudden crescendo—to end with a mighty CRASH! they were both hurled to the floor. Dazedly they opened the door and dropped on to the line. The expected scene of carnage and destruction was missing, however, and, except for the last coach, the train was untouched. It appeared that a goods train had fouled the points, caught the last carriage and ripped it open as neatly as a surgeon's knife.

Remembering the Italian they dashed to help the rescuers, but were not needed for the guard and the Captain were the only people in the last coach—neither was seriously hurt, but were badly knocked about. As the Italian lay on the improvised stretcher, he recognised Bill, and signalled to him. Gerry and Bill bent over him.

"Will you please tell Mr. Kendall that I ordered the chemicals to be sent immediately? Covent Gardens agreed to his proposals. The paint shop could not provide a paint-spray of such dimensions and advised buying a hose similar to the Fire Brigade's."

He fell back exhausted and the ambulance men approached.

A little later Gerry and Bill boarded a relief train and resumed their journey. "Well," said Bill, "the Italian might have been rambling a bit—talking about Fire Brigades and paint—but if he was conducting a criminal enterprise he would not be so foolish as to tell us part of his plans. Sorry I've led you on a wild goose chase," he added, savagely hurling the *Tatler* across the carriage.

"The Fire Brigade indeed!"

"But why," asked Gerry, "Why require such a large spray? He is not painting the 'Queen Mary.'"

Finally they gave up arguing and settled down to a quiet journey.

When they changed trains at St. Germans they were only an hour late, and were soon approaching Fowey.

"Hope they have a decent supper ready for us" said Bill. Gerry echoed his wishes—for a railway snack is an expensive way of starving!

Joan, having been warned of their late arrival by a second telegram, was waiting at the station with the car. She introduced Dinah—slim, tanned and eager—to Gerry and then bundled them all into the car. Almost immediately they were racing with a deep-throated roar up the zig-zag lane towards the cliff-top and home.

Next morning they had a refreshing swim in the blue waters that washed the steep steps leading down from the house to the beach. Then, after breakfast, they went over to deliver the Captain's message to Mr. Kendall. He thanked them for their kindness and was concerned about the Italian. But the message did not impress him until Bill mentioned the fire hose. Then he jumped up, his eyes glittering.

"The Fire Brigade; that is just the thing," he muttered.

"Are you doing anything special today?" he asked, turning towards them.

"If not will you help me to clear up a mystery? I cannot do it now that I am single-handed."

"We are absolutely free and eager to help," said Joan quickly.

"Tell us about it, please."

But Bill was more cautious.

"Is it anything illegal?" he asked.

"No, definitely not," said Mr. Kendall. "It will, in fact, help to prevent utter chaos in the country."

"Then why not inform the police?"

"For one thing they are too slow, and for another, the work is rather dangerous."

"Oh! So it doesn't matter about *our* lives!" said Bill warmly.

"You will be quite safe because I will be directing the affair."

Bill snorted angrily "Fond of yourself, aren't you?"

"Bill!" said Joan, interrupting him severely.

But Mr. Kendall only smiled and proceeded to outline his plans. When he had finished, his listeners were visibly impressed, and Bill awkwardly apologised for his suspicious manner. Soon the house was a hive of activity. Then Bill, being well-known in the village, set off on the difficult task of hiring the Fire Brigade for the evening. Joan went with him, to lend a feminine touch to his appeal. Meanwhile Gerry rang up Penzance to make certain that they had received orders from Covent Gardens concerning the "Flower Ship." Penzance said that it would be diverted from its usual port and would reach Fowey that evening.

Leaving Mr. Kendall unpacking chemicals and making up solutions, Gerry and Dinah wandered to the cliff-top to enjoy the grey, rugged charms of Cornwall. They discussed mutual likes and dislikes—in short they were getting better acquainted . . .

They were thus pleasantly engaged when suddenly they heard a commotion in the house behind them. They ran back and

saw two men carrying the struggling form of Mr. Kendall into a waiting car. Gerry dashed forward, but was too late; the door slammed and the car shot violently away.

"Quick! Dinah!" he yelled, "bring the car round from the back of the house. I'll scribble a note and leave it for Bill to find." Her lithe form hurried to his command and soon he was in the driving seat, roaring down the road after the speck of dust that they were to follow.

They skirted Par Sands and took St. Austell in their stride. Leaving the coast road they branched sharp up towards the Downs.

"Bravo Gerry. We are gaining," said Dinah excitedly. But the road across the White Moor zig-zagged violently and the car ahead disappeared. At each corner Gerry thought "Well they were a good distance ahead and so they are probably around the next corner."

At the same time he was anxiously hoping for a straight stretch to make certain. They struck such a straight stretch near Roche. There was no car ahead! Their quarry had gone to earth. He pulled up.

"Well, Dinah, what now?" he asked hopefully.

She did not reply, for she also was at a loss what to do. Suddenly he had an idea.

"Listen D." he said excitedly, "we are only about an hour's journey from Penzance. Supposing that they have made for there to intercept the 'Flower Ship'? Let's take a chance. I'll ring up Bill first and tell him where we are going, then we can make a dash for it."

Less than an hour later they screeched to a halt in the harbour at Penzance. Tumbling out, they saw the two men that they were pursuing—of Mr. Kendall there was no sign, however. The two men were in a motor-boat and appeared to be making for the line of incoming vessels. Gerry hastily hired a convenient motor launch: they jumped in and set off in pursuit.

The "Flower Ship" was not amongst the line of incoming vessels, but the men ahead did not seem to expect to meet it. They kept swiftly onwards, out past the point and into Mount's Bay. The sea became more and more rough, and their boat began to ship water, for Gerry was not an expert navigator. Soon Dinah's thin dress was soaked and Gerry was feeling distinctly chilly—for an open-necked shirt is not a suitable uniform in which to steer a small boat out to sea. Gradually their quarry drew ahead and Gerry was wondering whether to turn back for a French Dictionary or not when he sighted a ship away to the starboard. She had heaved to, and was slowly drifting with the wind and current. A closer inspection proved her to be the "Flower Ship."

Their quarry had already boarded her and as Gerry approached he was surprised to see the crew begin to lower the ship's boats. Only part of the crew were thus engaged, however, the remainder, including the officers, were lined up motionless under the threat of a revolver. Unfortunately, in order to see this much Gerry and Dinah had foolishly approached within revolver-shot. A second revolver immediately menaced their boat into silence and they could do nothing but drift slowly along and watch the scene being enacted before them.

The kidnappers, aided by their two colleagues—who had evidently signed on as part of the crew and had then overpowered their unsuspecting shipmates—now herded the real crew into the ship's boat and secured them with ropes. They then began to bring aboard several packages from their motor-boat, and they handled them very gingerly as they took them below to the holds.

Such was their hurry to stow away the packages, and so unexpected was the appearance of Gerry and Dinah, that the criminals completely overlooked their presence. Hence they were able to creep near to the ship without interference. They used floorboards as

oars, not daring to start up the engine. They reached the ship unobserved, for the motor-boat was being unloaded at the opposite side. Silently and swiftly Gerry undid the pointer and cast off the boat containing the crew. Not daring to waste time freeing the men they cut the Captain's bonds and leaving him with the knife they edged their boat towards the stern—hugging the ship's side, so that a casual glance from the deck would not reveal them.

They waited, out of sight near the stern, until the criminals had taken the last package below deck. Then they urged their boat forward till they reached the second motor-boat. Gerry jumped aboard it, cast off and, as Dinah and he switched on simultaneously, they ran their fiery steeds in opposite directions—zig-zagging as they went. The captain and his crew had rowed away from the other side of the ship and so, when the criminals dashed on deck, the sight of the three boats going in three directions so amazed them that they did not shoot until the boats were out of range.

Gerry and Dinah were circling round to meet the captain, when they noticed the sudden frenzied activities of the criminals. They had hoisted a white flag, had thrown away their weapons, and were yelling wildly for help. Their words came faintly over the water.

“ explosives time-bombs in hold ”

“Get as far away as you can,” shouted Gerry.

Dinah immediately took the sailors and their rowing boat in tow, while Gerry turned and raced towards the ship.

“Jump for it you fools,” he roared at the terror-stricken criminals. “Swim towards me and I'll pick you up.” Hastily they obeyed and dived into the sea.

He had just picked them up and was turning towards safety when nemesis, swiftly and deadly, overtook them. With a

tremendous explosion the ship was blown literally to fragments. A searing, red tongue of flame leapt skywards and a scorching wave of air, spreading upwards and outwards, scattered the upper-structure of the boat to the four winds. The hull—riven with gaping holes—sank immediately, sending out a huge wave in every direction. All this occurred so rapidly that, before Gerry could avert disaster, they were engulfed by the tidal wave and bombarded with the debris. His last conscious thought was:

“What a fine firework display *that* would have made!”

.

For a while he had vague, flitting moments of consciousness . . he was being hauled out of the water he was in a motor-boat he was being carried ashore Then he slowly recovered. He half-opened his eyes, only to shut them again quickly, for Dinah was bathing his forehead with refreshing cool water, and her tears were mixed with it as she murmured again and again:

“You fool! you fool! was it worth it?”

Her firm red lips were close to his

When they were withdrawn he sat up and opened his eyes. His head throbbed violently and everything swam mistily before him, “was it the anchor or the keel that hit me?” he asked grimly. “How long ago was it?”

“Close on two hours,” said Dinah in a low voice. Then, woman-like, all her concern vanished as she saw him getting to his feet and apparently recovering.

“You needn't groan so much, after all it was only a crack on the ivory dome,” she said playfully.

“Only a crack!” he spluttered. “Only a crack! Why if you . . .” he began angrily, then suddenly he caught the twinkle of laughter in her blue eyes and bowing with mock severity “our first quarrel,” he said, and she gurgled with amusement. “How are

the criminals?" he asked suddenly, "And where is old Mr. Kendall?"

"They recovered almost immediately," she answered. "Inspector South is taking them up to Fowey and he will collect old Mr. Kendall on the way. They have confessed where they have hidden him. As a matter of fact it was near the place where they gave us the slip—on the White Moor. There is going to be an inquiry held at Bill's house and so we must hurry back. Do you feel well enough to travel?" she added as he staggered towards the car.

"Yes thanks, but you will have to drive."

And so Dinah drove him back to Fowey, stopping for a much needed meal at Truro.

It was evening when they arrived and the enquiry had already begun. Both Joan and Bill cast pseudo-antagonistic glances at them as they entered and Bill growled something about being left out of the adventure. He fell silent, however, as Mr. Kendall continued his long, rambling explanation.

". . . . And that is how my old friend, the Italian Captain, and myself discovered the plot. Such a plot could only have originated in the warped brain of a lunatic for its diabolic nature and cunning precluded its formation in a rational mind."

"Yes, yes," said the Inspector testily, "But what *was* the plot?" "Well, I'll put it briefly," said Mr. Kendall—and the company smiled "You are aware, no doubt, that huge quantities of flowers are grown in the Scilly Isles and that millions of blossoms are exported to England every year—Covent Gardens being the chief buyer of course? Now most of these are produced in Spring and so the 'Flower Ship' is kept busy bringing narcissi, tulips, daffodils, etc., to market."

"I'm quite aware of that," said the Inspector. "But what *was* the plot?" "All in good time," said Mr. Kendall. "Now this diabolic brain invented a powder which would, when placed in a warm damp atmosphere for any length of time, evolve a gas

almost instantaneously fatal when inhaled. He then hired these three rogues who were willing to kill thousands in return for the money that he offered. Two of them signed on with the 'Flower Ship' crew and were thus able to impregnate all the flowers with the powder before they were taken aboard."

"Just a moment," interrupted the Inspector, "wouldn't the powder take effect on the train or in the markets and thus reveal the plot?"

"Not a chance," said Mr. Kendall. "If anybody noticed the powder they would think that it was pollen, also it would take several days of warm dampness to produce the gas. By that time the flowers would have been through the markets and would be standing in water decorating thousands of British homes—and killing off people like flies."

"Well, what did you do after discovering the plot?" asked the Inspector. "I set about discovering a liquid that I could spray on the flowers and thus neutralise the poison. I discovered such a liquid, and having persuaded Covent Gardens to divert the ship, I was going to use the Fire Brigade's apparatus with which to spray the ship's holds. The remainder of the story you know."

"Why did they kidnap you?" asked the Inspector.

"Probably because they had heard that the Captain was in the hospital and they thought that if I was out of the way they could proceed unhampered. They did not know that I had just recruited four helpers. That must have been an unpleasant shock for them," added Mr. Kendall with a smile. "I still do not know, however, why this lunatic tried to devastate England. It would not be for any monetary gain for he spent more than he could have regained. I hope, Inspector, that further enquiries will elucidate this point. That is not really important, however; the most important thing is that he did try to do it and has been captured." With a sigh Mr. Kendall sat down and the Inspector took

the floor. The inquiry lasted a little longer and then broke up. "Come," said Bill, "Let's go over to the Hotel on the Point and celebrate our successful enterprise with a bottle of Cliquot '09."

"Let's" said Dinah eagerly, but Mr. Kendall and the Inspector preferred to stay behind and chat, and so the four youngsters went over to make a party of it between themselves.

After a wonderful supper Bill rose, glass in hand, to propose a toast. "Here's to our greatest adventure," he said, and they all drank to it.

Then Gerry rose "Dinah and I wish you to drink to another toast," he said smiling. "Here's to an ever greater adventure—for two." Dinah hung her head shyly and blushed. "Oh!" said Joan and drank to it, but Bill drank slowly—completely mystified.

That night there was a full moon and the air was fragrant and warm and so as the evening drew to a close Gerry and Dinah went out from the Hotel for a short walk in the moonlight. They stood beside the huge boulders which balanced perilously on and around the steep side of the gorge. Im-

mediately below them the sea was flecked milk-white as it dashed on the rocks. Faintly in the moonlight they could see woodland glades which they knew to be carpeted with hyacinths, bluebells and other Spring flowers. From nearby came a fragrant breeze pine-scented and warm, and Dinah shyly composed a poem which, though fairly poor in quality, was appropriate. It began:

And there far below moonlight ripples on the
pale, ceaseless sea;

Away to our left stretch enchanting groves
of cliff-top pines.

While behind are chinkling glasses and
laughter heard but gently,

And the breeze has the velvety smoothness of
old rare wines

Nature was in a tender mood and the moon enhanced her beauty. The order and regularity of the stars and planets, of the flowers and trees—of all Nature, in fact—showed that truly "God's in his heaven; all's well with the world."

J. AMMUNDSEN, VI. Sc.



Short Wave Medicine

IN the heart of America, some years ago, Abraham's box sprang to sudden fame. Squat, black and rather wicked looking, this box was credited with striking powers. Attached to any patient it registered, by vibration, the condition of his body, and indicated broadly what complaint might cause that condition.

From this incident, a power which may revolutionise the medical world, was destined to emerge. Now the ultra-short-wave diathermy and therapy experts have developed those first crude ideas into an elaborate

science. Already its medical possibilities are proved beyond question.

Employing an ultra-short wave high frequency transmitter, with a wavelength of two-and-a-half metres, giving out 120,000,000 oscillations per second, the experts discovered that germs absorb these electrical currents at certain measureable frequencies. It was obvious from this that every germ, or germ group, actually had a definite wavelength. In the same way, they found that each person in normal healthy condition had a corresponding wavelength. When a person

became ill, his normal wavelength changed to that of the particular germ with which he was infected.

Experts are now busy determining the precise wavelengths of the more common germs. These will then be recorded on a small chart attached to a high-frequency transmitter, in the same way as different stations are plotted on a normal wireless set. With such an instrument in his surgery, the doctor could quickly discover what was wrong with his patient, by connecting the transmitter and adjusting the indicator on the germ scale until he found the patient's wavelength. Should this correspond to the wavelength of a certain germ, or approximate to the wavelength of a group of germs, the doctor would have an excellent idea of the type of treatment necessary. Already a trial instrument of this kind has been constructed with considerable success. Once perfected, it will revolutionise medical diagnosis.

Another fascinating instrument now finding its way into the more advanced medical circles is the cathode-ray electro-cardiograph, by means of which the patient's heart-beats can be televised, thus obviating the use of the slower and less accurate stethoscope.

These experiments are concerned with diagnosis, but recent experiments have revealed that wireless waves have the power of curing diseases and palliating pain. Nothing more clearly demonstrates this than the ultra-short-wave diathermy. This machine is the result of years of experiment and can be connected to any part of the patient and tuned in. Instruments of this kind are being

employed to combat a wide variety of diseases, from rheumatic arthritis and neuritis to bronchial asthma and sciatica.

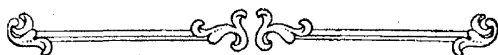
The term diathermy has been defined as the physical effect of passing an electric current of a special kind through the body. By this method the heat is actually generated in the tissues along the path of the current, and not, as in other methods, conveyed to the body ready made from an external source.

The use of short-wave instruments in cases of general paralysis has sometimes brought about such a marked improvement in patients' mental condition that they have been able to resume work. In the past, to raise a paralytic's temperature to the desired pitch, he was often infected with malarial germs. The ultra-short wave diathermy avoids this. The mere turning of a knob raises or lowers the temperature of the patient to the required level.

In modern surgery the diathermic needle has already proved of great value. A sparking point of steel cuts electrically into the flesh, and yet causes no blood to flow, the current automatically closing each cell as the needle passes through. Thus doctors are now able to perform bloodless operations.

In the same way a man or woman need no longer suffer ten or fourteen unpleasant days to have his or her tonsils removed. Diathermy makes it possible for doctors to insert a short arm with a small bulb of metal at the end, and electrically disperse the tonsils without causing the slightest pain. Five or six treatments and the tonsils have vanished, and there is no fear of hæmorrhage.

P. JOYCE, VIa Science.



Literary and Historical Society

THE meetings of the Society were unavoidably delayed at the beginning of the term, so it was not till February that Mr. Rush was able to give his paper on "The Catholic Revival of the last Fifty Years." In the short time at his disposal he succeeded in covering a large amount of ground. A brief historical survey of the period—wherein he indicated the imperialist character of the wars—was followed by an account of the work of Cardinal Newman and Francis Thompson, with special reference to the latter's mysticism. Then turning to Patmore, he outlined his life and achievements, stressing his lyrical romanticism and use of medieval background. In the course of this outline he indicated the overcrowded, confined nature of Victorian poetry, and the dullness of Tennyson's idylls—which it was Patmore's care to avoid. In mentioning Alice Meynell's contribution to literature, Mr. Rush laid emphasis on the classical severity of her poetry. Her encouragement of Francis Thompson revealed a poetic genius, cramped by poverty. The works he composed, show his versatility as a poet as well as their own natural unity. By far the most important Catholic poet was Father Gerald Manley Hopkins, whose individualistic vocabulary and experiments in poetic forms constitute a real claim to pre-eminence.

Mr. Rush now turned to prose, so well represented by Belloc and Chesterton. In considering their work, he confined himself to their interest in social problems and the "Distributism" advocated by them as the solution. Briefly their proposal is to establish small, freehold farms and self-supporting communities. The conclusion of his lecture was followed by sustained applause—a true indication of his hearers' appreciation.

The next meeting of the Society with Mr. Barter as Chairman was the occasion of Im-

promptu Debates. The first subject to be discussed was "That Modern Physics lacks any real basis," which was supported by Mr. Crosbie and opposed by Mr. Killen. In speaking on the old favourite "That professionalism has ruined the genuine sporting spirit," both Mr. Bolger and Mr. Curran displayed concision and clarity in their arguments. The next subject: "That Biology should replace Chemistry in the School Syllabus," caused Mr. O'Neill so much cogitation, that the chairman was obliged to put forward a case in favour of the motion. In replying Mr. Fortune showed a true appreciation of the situation. The meeting was shorter than usual but in that brief space the character of the speeches made gave hopes of a successful season next term.

More Impromptu Debates were requested and, with Mr. Faherty as chairman, the Society discussed the motion: "That the Age of Opportunity has passed." Of deep interest to all present it gave rise to some original and sound arguments. The speeches in favour of the motion were of a general character, while those who opposed, selected individual cases—such as the success of Henry Ford—to prove their case.

At the next meeting a more serious subject was discussed by Mr. Bolger and Mr. Woods, viz., "That the Second Chamber should be abolished." In the five minutes allotted to him for his prepared speech, Mr. Bolger concentrated on four points. His matter was good, but he was hesitant in delivery and missed Mr. Wood's slip concerning the meetings of the House of Lords. By being too long-winded he confused his otherwise apt analogy of the House of Lords with a spider. Mr. Woods proceeded to criticise the analogy biologically, and then to meet his opponent's arguments. But he was none

too sure of some of his facts especially in the case of the French Senate under Napoleon I., and consequently his case was not as strong as it could have been. The free discussion of each other's speeches by the two speakers aroused great interest among those present. When the debate was closed by the chairman, he remarked on the success of an experiment,

and hoped that the next debates, would be conducted in the same way.

The proximity of the Easter terminals has prevented the Society following out this recommendation, but the omission will be rectified next term.

R. CARROLL (*Hon. Sec*)

Scientific Society

THE last lecture of the Christmas term, was given by Mr. Owen on "Light and the Spectroscope." A lengthy survey on the physical nature of light including the action of prisms on monochromatic and white light, was given by the lecturer, and this was followed by discussion on the uses of the spectroscope and some of the discoveries attributed to it. Mr. Owen's description of the action of the spectroscope was particularly intelligible and the appreciation of this by the audience was referred to by Mr. Summers when proposing a vote of thanks.

Mr. Nelson began this session by reading a paper on "Wool." He outlined the processes of cleaning and separating the different kinds of the substance, fine, coarse, etc., and then described in detail the methods by which the raw material is converted into clothing. The remainder of the lecture dealt with the reconversion of old clothing into fresh cloth. As a whole it was an excellent treatment of a very interesting subject.

It gave us great pleasure to hear a lecture by Mr. Whalley, a former student now studying at the University. He discussed "Modern Theories of Valency," a subject of which he had told us a great deal before. He dealt with the various types of valency bond, polar bonds, the co-valent type, etc., and explained the electronic theory of valency. In con-

clusion he made the startling pronouncement (to us) that "mono-valent mercury was really di-valent." Mr. Ammundsen, in proposing a vote of thanks, quoted the following: "Valency is a subject of which freshmen at the University think they know everything and of which mature chemists realise they know nothing," but happily he considered Mr. Whalley an exception to this rule.

Another old boy, Mr. Byrne, consented "in a moment of weakness" to deliver a lecture and chose as his subject "Mental Pictures." There was much speculation as to the nature of this lecture, but it came as a very pleasant surprise to us. Mr. Byrne first gave us a picture of child psychology, showing how the child begins to associate certain ideas with words it has become used to hearing. The unconscious mind was then revealed to us, a phenomenon which we all experience but which was not apparent until considered by Mr. Byrne. By means of graphs in which the months of the year, the days of the week, and the hours of the day, were each plotted against the degree of enjoyment at these times, the lecturer showed a method of representing one's outlook on life—from Mr. Byrne's curves we extrapolate that his outlook on life is decidedly rosy. The applause of the audience was an intimation of the satisfaction the lecture had given, and our thanks are due to Mr. Byrne for a pleasant and instructive half-hour.

Mr. Lunt read a treatise on "Photography," at the next meeting of the society. He treated his subject at first from a historical point of view. He informed us that photography was begun 360 years ago by an Italian, and advances followed steadily up to the present time, when it is estimated that only one-millionth of a second is necessary for the light to act upon the photographic plate. A discussion of the photographic process and the formation of the positive followed, and the production of prints

sensitive to all colours of the spectrum by the use of dyes, was shown to be essential for use in colour photography.

There has been a pleasing variety of lectures this term, and our thanks are due to those who have taken time and trouble to prepare them for our entertainment and instruction. We are particularly grateful to Messrs. Whalley and Byrne for sacrificing some of their valuable time for our benefit.

G.G.



French Debating Society

LAST term the President introduced a novel programme—interesting to all—a series of lectures, one for each month.

The first one, which was on French music, was given by W. Lawler, in December, 1935. Having discussed the origins of French music, he proceeded to describe its effect on the theatre, gradually leading up to the opera, ending finally with an appreciation of Lulli's influence on French music.

The vote of thanks was proposed by M. Murphy, and seconded by J. Ammundsen.



This term opened with a paper on "French Architecture," given by G. K. Hickman. He described the formation of the different styles of architecture, Gothic, Doric, and Ionic, etc. He showed the influence of architecture in French civil and religious life, going on to point out its many vicissitudes and degeneration, after the death of Louis XIV. Architecture was the result of "la recherche pour le beau." He finished by giving an account of names famous in the history of French architecture. A vote of thanks was proposed by T. Lunt and seconded by A. Williams.

The next monthly paper was given on 21st Feb., 1936, by Mr. F. Byrne, on "French Lyrical Poetry." Frank Byrne, who was in Form VI. last year, is now a student at the University, and very kindly went to the trouble of preparing this lecture. He divided his paper into three portions (1) the Middle Ages; (2) Transitional Period from Renaissance simplicity and conventionality to the Classic Age; (3) Classic Age to the seeds of Romanticism, ending in the Romantic movement proper. The vote of thanks was proposed by M. Murphy, and seconded by W. Lawler.

The opening debate of the Easter Term was held on January 24th, 1936, the subject being: "Que tous les bourgs des deux côtés du Mersey devaient être sous un seul contrôle." The motion was supported by Grant, Kelly and Killen, against McGuinness, Minister and J. O'Brien. The Cons. won a moderate debate by 16 votes to 12, whilst the President cautioned the speakers about their pronunciation and grammar.

The next debate, "Que la presse est toujours l'influence la plus importante pour le bon ou pour le mal dans la vie moderne," was held on Friday, the 14th of February, 1936.

The pros., Ludden, Rochford and O'Neil, were defeated by one point by the Cons., Rowe, Pelligrini and Rooney. In this debate again, the speakers did not scintillate, but they will have had plenty of practice by the end of the year. The President congratulated Hoskinson on his discriminating "quelques mots."

"Que la marine n'est plus une arme importante," was brought up for discussion on Thursday, the 27th of February. Saunders, Sinnott and Williams defended the motion, whilst McMahon, Smith and Walsh defended it. The pros. won by 18 points to 15, Smith being congratulated by the President on a speech excellent in matter and delivery.

"Qu'une alliance parmi l'Angleterre, l'Allemagne, et les Etats-Unis garderait la paix du monde," was the motion for Friday, 13th March, 1936. Ammundsen, Bolger and R. Carroll ably defended the motion against the attacks of M. Byrne, Crosbie and McGreal. The pros. won by a clear margin of seven points, 23—16. McGreal was congratulated on an excellent and interesting debate, which he had prepared at very short notice "au lieu de" Rogers.

W. A. LAWLER (*Hon. Sec.*)



Music Notes

THE Annual Christmas Concert, held at the end of last term, was perhaps, one of the most successful ever given in the School.

A great deal of this success was due to the efforts of Mr. G. McKey, the Violin Master.

He takes a continued interest in his classes, and, in addition, attends each orchestral rehearsal. We are very grateful to him.

At the close of the concert Brother Roche thanked all those who had taken part and congratulated them upon their efforts.

Quite unintentionally, however, he omitted to mention the names of two persons without whose efforts no dulcet strains would have been emitted from the organ. We refer to J. Bannon and G. Sutton, who blew our ancient instrument with conspicuous ability. May we thank them now.

The following programme was submitted, many of the artists rendering a second item.



PROGRAMME

- | | | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|----------------------|----------------|
| 1. Overture "The Marionettes" | <i>Gurlitt</i> | J. ROGERS. | |
| THE ORCHESTRA. | | "The Egg" | <i>Henson</i> |
| 2. Chorus "Forth to the Meadows" | <i>Schubert</i> | Mr. HOSKER | |
| THE CHOIR. | | 5. Pianoforte Solo | |
| 3. Violin Solo "Gipsy Roads" | <i>Haydn</i> | "The dream of Moses" | <i>Rossini</i> |

- G. PELLEGRINI.
 6. Step Dance "The Lily of Laguna" —
 W. McGRAIL. *Stuart*
 7. Two Sea Shanties:
 "What shall we do with a drunken sailor."
 "Bound for the Rio Grande"
 SIXTH FORM CHOIR.
 Solo: M. FORTUNE.
 8. Song "Trees" *Offenbach*
 Mr. FAHERTY.
 9. 'Cello Solo "Tarentelle" *Squire*

- Mr. B. McKEY.
 10. Song "The Musical Motorist" —
 Mr. CURTIN.
 11. Carol "I heard the bells on
 Christmas Day" *Chambers*
 THE CHOIR.
 12. March Past
 "The Wee MacGregor" *Amers*
 THE SCHOOL SONG.
 GOD SAVE THE KING.

THE ORCHESTRA.

1st Violins: J. Rogers (leader), P. McNamara, T. Elmore, J. Kinnane. 2nd Violins: J. Rowe (leader), C. Phoenix, M. Nolan, J. Redmond, G. Reddy. Viola: Mr. G. McKey. 'Cellos: F. Clarkson, Mr. B. McKey. Bass: Mr. John McKey. Clarinette:

Mr. A. Duerden. Cornet: Mr. D. Dolan. Bass Trombone: Mr. J. Tiernan. Drums: Mr. James McKey. Effects: E. Burns. Piano: G. Pelligrini. Organ: Mr. P. O'Brien. Conductor: Mr. F. R. Boraston.

We were very sorry that owing to indisposition, Mr. Clarke, our flautist, was unable to be present.

The Old Boys' Orchestra is now in being, and rehearses each Tuesday evening at 8-30 in the Hall. We shall be more than pleased to welcome any Old Boys who care to join us.

It is a great satisfaction to us to record that F. Clarkson has gained one of the Music Scholarships offered by the Liverpool City Council to players of orchestral instruments who are between the ages of 13 and 18, and who are the children of Ratepayers.

These Scholarships are of great value, as they give those fortunate enough to earn them, three years free tuition under the

leading teachers of the North of England. Clarkson has obtained his Scholarship as a 'Cellist, and will study under that eminent performer and teacher, Mr. Walter Hatton. Last year a 'cello scholarship was won by Hilary Robinson. In his case arrangements were made for him to continue his lessons with Mr. Carl Fuchs, whose pupil he was.

We congratulate both Clarkson and Robinson, and shall watch their musical careers with interest.

We are glad to notice that our boys are doing things outside the ordinary school curriculum. Not only are they benefitting themselves, but they are bringing honour and fame to their School.

Long may St. Edward's flourish.



Form Notes

Form Via Science.

THE time has come ladies and gentlemen, to expose once more to the prying eyes of the multitude the dark and dirty doings of the VIa Sc. We have this term installed one of the finest torture chambers in the North. We decided to follow the fashion and use noise as our weapon.

The victim is confined to one of the class-rooms along the VIth passage, and requested to teach a class. The poor innocent opens his mouth to speak, and lo! there is a most unearthly earsplitting noise, of an incredible discordancy. The victim, being a stoic, passes it off with a mildly raised eyebrow. But after the sixth repetition his self-control vanishes and he rushes out into the corridor to catch the . . . noise. Failing in this he returns with lowered brow and sombre mein.

Again, as he commences to speak THE noise assails his "auricular appendages." Exasperated beyond control he shrieks with rage and disappears again into the passage, hot on the trail. There he lurks until finally he traces it to its lair, and there, gentle reader, he is much chagrined to learn, what you perhaps have guessed. . . . We are LEARNING(?) sound.

We would like to wish those who have left us, Nelson, Moore and Summers, the best of luck in their respective Dole-houses.

In conclusion we would like to mention our crushing defeat over the Moderns. When will they ever learn to play football of a standard as high as ours.



Form Via Mods.

With the suggestion that to all present difficulties, international, domestic, economic, or otherwise, there lies an admirable solution in the extermination of all scientists, we commence these notes, which, with all modesty we would point out, are the only ones worth reading in the Magazine.

Well! well! What have we here? Its Tom O'Brien! What is he saying?—"Ginger's *mustard*, Ginger's *mustard*." Would you believe it? The lad's daft!

I hope I am not being Zoilean (scientists and other ignorami see "Nuttall's Dictionary"), when I say that an interview with McCarthy has convinced me that he is not an elocutionist. His teeth would be much safer in his pocket.

And talking of monsters . . . What's that? I wasn't talking about monsters! Well, what would you call Mac?

Well, as I was saying, Hitler has ejected the Semitic race from Germany, and lo and behold! since Lent started, one has been going about our room exclaiming: "Vell! vell! What can I do you for? Ah! Ping. Vill you cough it up or moost I choke you for it? There's nothing shy about our "Shy-lock," "Stephnie Woodski."

Re the recent Mods v. Science football match, be it known that the Mods. won! Our exclusive slow-motion pictures prove this, giving you the truth of the so-called "goals" of the Science. (1) See Banks standing about five yards off-side? Right! Then that was no goal. (2) See Fortune distracting McDonough's attention? Right! Then Joyce's "depositing the pill in the onion-bag" (thanks O'Brien) was not a goal either.

Result: Mods. 1; Sciences 0.

Pandemonium still breaks loose at times owing to the lack of an interpreter to facilitate communications between the Gaelic and the less excitable and impulsive members of the form. Last term's advert., therefore, still holds good.



Form Vlb Science.

"It is a just assertion that never during my long experience of teaching, have I ever been condemned to teach such a sixth form."—(R——'s *Memoirs*.)

.....

Fortune, as Shakespeare said, is a "goddess blind," and how roughly she treats some of her most zealous children. Budding scientists as we are, she dogs our every step with misfortune; and therefore, gentle reader, I beg you glance with no harsh eye o'er these our unfortunate exploits. Our brilliant cameraman astounded by the sweeping revelations of Mr. Lunt's recent treatise, has retired from active service and has thereby shown us of our consequent halo of glory (this latter inexplicable phenomenon has been often seen surrounding him during the lighting of his most temperamental majesty—"the lantern").

Our distinction as the only form possessing an honorary member, is also now denied us, owing to the hurried departure of Mr. Mc——. Mr. Co—— at one time looked a likely applicant for the vacant position, but he will persist in presenting himself intermittently for active service. But as our philosophers would have it, I am resorting to vague peregrinations that I may escape the real object of my compassionate lament. It is not Fate, yet it is not culpable ignorance. It is a spirit of misfortune which hovers continually above our heads. Each question as it issues from the mouth of the "inquisador" is automatically "scrambled" before it reaches our ears—hence no intelligent answer. It is thus quite clear that "In-

quisador ipse" is as much to blame as are the unfortunate receptors of his wrath (this hypothesis though unanimously agreed upon by the "pueri," seems inexplicably nauseous to the master, who holds a very different theory). But as the Waif and Stray collector said, these things are sent to try us. Thus suffering, but not penitent we take our bow.

J. E. C.



Form Vlb Mods.

Before telling you of the "doings" of our illustrious form during the past term, I would like to give some advice to certain of our members. There are many of the finer arts which they might practice in their spare time—music, drawing, cooking, etc., but I suggest that they indulge in the art of shaving. The faces of some bear a strong resemblance to cocoanuts! One chap acted on my advice and he arrived in school next morning with cuts to the right of him, scrapes to the left of him, scratches in front . . . They should practice on earthenware bowls or gooseberries!!!

Homework seems to be the brain of R——'s life. He rarely does an exercise but as he says: "I can explain." We all "hang on his lips" to hear his explanations, because their variety is astonishing.

I have to complain about those fellows, notably D——, who try to emulate the performance of Harry Roy. It can't be done!

Day by day, for some weeks past, we have been practising for the coconut shies. The missiles were smaller than the balls used for winning cocoanuts, but they were just as effective if they landed behind one's ear. There were no prizes!

With the advent of "Toothbrush" P.S. became a demi-paradise. "You add up these chappies, and then subtract this jolly old fellow" and so on.

We have a secret panel in our class-room which is opened by wetting the palm and sliding the panel down. It is shut in like manner. Many articles are placed in this aperture. Then, being irretrievable, they are left therein for posterity.

In Sinnott and Saunders, our form contains the cream of the Senior Shield Team. The former has scored at least one per match—four in all, and the latter has scored five—four in one match. Good old Vīb Mods. I am sure that the shouts we gave them on “the mornings after” could be heard all over the school. We usually gave them one each, and another for luck.

We distinguished ourselves in the French debates—the Mods. side nearly always winning by “quelques voix,” no matter how few. The impromptu English and History debates were quite novel for us. We cowered down behind the chap on our right, hoping not to be seen. Then when they were over, and we had not been asked, some said, unashamedly, that they had enjoyed them.

A. J. BENSON.



Upper Va Moderns.

The term commenced on 7th January, a date which we all considered too early. A period of industrious work is about to end with exams., which are perilously near, and we will be extremely sorry to break up for the holidays! Steady application during term has brought its usual results—large credit accounts in the register, and our ever increasing reluctance to pay up.

We were pleased to see E. Legge back again after an illness of almost a whole term.

Our study of French poetry revealed a prospective film-star, in one whose name and new title provide convenient alliteration. Others do not find it so engrossing. “If and when it is translated, it makes neither sense nor appears to be sane.”

During this “the most important term of the year,” we have been hearing from various masters that we haven’t an earthly chance of getting through the exams. However we ourselves don’t agree, and as these notes are being written during Grand National week, we think 30 to 1 a pretty safe margin. Our M.P.—who won the election last term, has so far secured neither shorter hours nor less homework, but we are hoping he may fulfil his sleek pledges next term.

The G.S. fund is an institution to hold our sympathy and our money. The plaintive cry is often heard—“Just a penny to make it up to a shilling.” The request is complied with and one of the twelve pennies is then transferred to a pocket, and the “confidence trick” is repeated. However, the cause is good, and we hear that the response is “fairly generous.”



Upper Va Science.

We returned on January 7th for the second term’s work. The work was lightened and brightened by two holidays.

We all regretted that our mathematics master took ill in the middle of the term. However we are glad to say he is now back again, looking extremely well.

The harassed figure of L. D—— emerges now and again from beneath his desk-lid, and begs the masters to favour us with homework; in the intervals he demonstrates the latest style of coiffure, ably seconded in the latter by Le B——.

We regret to say that the “community” in the back right hand corner of the room has been broken up, and its members scattered to the four winds.

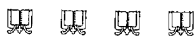
The Latin and French masters have added many B’s to the “Black Book” (it happens to be red!). One of our youthful linguists has discovered that they stand for “Bonus” and “Bon.”

The Good Shepherd Fund is being responded to generously. One of the collectors appeared recently in a new suit (no inferences, please!). Needless to say our contributions exceed those of the Moderns!

The monotony of one of our afternoons was broken by the step-dancing in the Art Room. It was rather a change from the constant thundering of the stools.

The Junior Shield Team to which we contributed a few representatives, were well and truly beaten in the second round of the Shield matches. The efforts of a few boys to introduce the Rugby code have not met with great success, but they still look forward hopefully to the time when, as they say, they anticipate "the whole school will be playing such a fine game."

We wish to thank J. Bates and G. Reilly, who have presented books to the Form Library.



Upper Vb Science.

The joys and festivities of Christmas over, we returned to our inevitable tasks full of new life and New Year's resolutions, but alas! they were only made to be broken.

The gap left by the departure of our late prefect has been competently filled by Hickey, who is very alert on keeping would-be delinquents within the bounds of duty.

A wave of joy swept through the class one day mid-term, as paper cuttings were distributed on the abolition of homework, but it seems we are not destined to enjoy such privileges as the masters as a body have gone over to the opposition.

The "Passing of Arthur" is admirably presented by Austin and Daly, but we have not yet seen them in the role of "Gareth and Lynette." "King Austin" is really the big noise of the form, but he had better keep in mind the old saying "Empty vessels," etc.

Recently a grand shoot was organised in the form, the superior skill of some unknown marksman brought a wave of protests from a certain quarter, and a most enjoyable sport had to be reluctantly abandoned.

We continue to hold our previous good record on the football field. Hagadorn our best exponent of the game is doing splendidly as left half in the First XI.

The dark clouds of examinations are looming on the horizon, so:—

Books to the left of us,
Knowledge to be plundered;
Stormed at with facts and blunders,
That even the teacher wonders
Nearer to Matric.

Come the half-hundred.
On paper to make reply,
Ours is to do or die,
We have not the reason why,
Nearer to Matric.

Come the half-hundred. J. H.
G. B.



Upper Vb Mods.

This term has not passed without its round of eventful happenings. On our return after the holidays we missed some of our old class-mates, especially our genial prefect. Bannon has now ascended the prefectorial chair, and behind his Bismarkian rule we fear there lurks a policy of "blood and iron."

There is not much to say about football, as our prowess is on the field, not on paper. After six months' faithful duty our black-board custodian has been relegated to the back of the form, and the agile movements of J—k are a great contrast to the slow, but graceful movements of his predecessor, who holds that he may have been slow, but sure (to be late). In our subjects some of the masters, especially a well-known Latin master, think we are progressing favourably (towards a downfall).

However, opinions differ and as we have always taken a very optimistic view of our capabilities in the scholastic line, we are all hopeful of great success in the coming exams.

In our English studies the "Falstaff" humour and exploits are not new to us, because we have a similar person of great bulk in our midst. A sweep was recently started by certain members of the class, but the "Pools war" ruined what was promising to be a very profitable business.

B. B.



Lower Va Science.

Another illustrious member was added to our cultured society at the commencement of this term in the person of Ros, who spoke only Italian, Spanish and French, but now under Bourke's gratuitous tuition, he is making good progress in English. The beginning of the term was also marked by an outbreak of barley-firing, which was soon quelled when the Riot Act was read. One day at 4 o'clock, just as we scholars were preparing to return to our places of habitation, we found that the classroom door was locked. By sacrificing our famous pointer we managed to open the door.

In our Form, we have one boy who always likes to look like a toy gollywog. This boy, by the way, besides being our sub-prefect, is also our class musician (first-class of course). During the absence of our maths. master, another master came, who used to express his feelings by ejaculations of surprise, which we found rather amusing. He evinced a great affection for us, which we heartily returned.

Caesar, still as dry as ever, continues to plague the lives of schoolboys. The whole class was absolutely astounded when O'R—— gave a correct translation to his Caesar. The mystery was solved a few days later, when

it was found that he had taken down a written copy. Holland recently presented two books to the library, and Phoenix presented one. We take this opportunity of publicly expressing our gratitude to them.



Lower Vb Science.

Owing to the fact that our prefect, T. Elmore, and also our sub-prefect, A. Duff, have both been absent most of the term, it was found necessary to appoint a sub-sub-prefect; and as he, too, in the performance of his high office, is sometimes obliged to absent himself from the classroom, a sub-sub-sub-prefect is also a matter of necessity; we hope that it will stop here.

Barry said "goodbye" to us this term, but we feel confident that he has learnt at least one thing in this school, and that is, how to decline "tempus."

The most important event of this term was the trial of J.N. We had a very reliable jury consisting of Donegan and Ludden. The suspect was accused of removing the bar connecting the handles of the classroom door, thus causing the class to be detained until 4-15 p.m. The defence was undertaken by J. Hawkins, who failed to establish his client's innocence. The verdict was "guilty," and punishment was duly administered. The case aroused the interest of our two reporters and cartoonists; consequently, on the following morning, copies of "The Daily Liar" and "The Weekly Fortnight" appeared, containing an accurate account of the proceedings, accompanied by appropriate cartoons. Both publications were eminently successful, and remain an everlasting testimony of the unrivalled ability of the editors, S. O'C. and C. Galvin.



Form IVa Science.

Most of us returned to school empty-handed, thinking that we would continue our holiday for at least a few days. We were most annoyed when our form-master told us to get out our algebras and start at number fourteen. Later we added up our marks in the exam. and found that P² was first, which was nothing unusual. Our "fat man" was second and S. Whitehurst third.

However, we soon got back into form for Latin. One day we were let off Latin prep., and the very next day it snowed! It wasn't long before the familiar cry of "Missed the car, sir!" was again heard in the classroom at 9-10 a.m. Many of us did so badly in the exams. that the master resolved to hold a special class for maths., where most of us are pursuing our studies, instead of "Oxford." Lately, in geometry, we started on something like a Chinese crossword puzzle, which we found to be the theorem of Pythagoras. We are all "silly fellows" to Mr. M——n, who makes Chemistry and Geography lessons VERY interesting. Mr. M——rn has been making generous offers to our "French Professors" ??????

As G——n put it—we are the best of all the fourth forms in football. This may be accounted for by the fact that we have Taylor and Geeleher in our form. These two play for the Juniors. Besides them, we have Davidson, Keating, Reddy, McGrail, Quinn, and Wood.

Davidson ardently supports Liverpool F.C., but then, he is our prize joker. South Liverpool F.C. has come into the limelight lately. A drive was made against "paper users," so "Johnny" bought a young paper-mill. "Fat" is the only one in our form who is in the orchestra. "Hughie" has resolved to come early in future and he is keeping his resolution very well. Wood is the champion of the class when it comes to stopping away.

We have now started to collect for the Good Shepherd Fund, which is going on very well, under Murphy's leadership. Reddy runs up and down the line shouting, as he has found no other way of getting money from his line. Murphy is leading, while "Pro" looks like causing another Wall Street disaster. "Bon achetez pour le cadeau" is the parting farewell from the "French Professors," and we wish everyone a Happy Easter.

P.P.



Form IVb Science.

We started school again after the Christmas break to undergo another term of "hard work" (?) Many of us found it a tight squeeze to get into our desks again, after the Festive Season.

All our good resolutions were broken under the combined strain of Maths. and French. D——n, by the way, has not made any New Year resolutions as he has not started on those of the previous year. This term J——es has made himself conspicuous by his absence. Two of our bright sparks, D——n and W——n, alias Darby and Joan, have not yet decided which is Darby and which is Joan. Our friend J——es (when he is at school) proves himself to be a fine elocutionist. D——n too has shown us that he is well versed in this art.

The question which is troubling the Fourth's at the present moment is "Who broke the window?" The answer is T——or. A bit of excitement was caused when the class, led by H——es, rose in revolt against the system of English prep. The rebellion was suppressed, however, and we were glad to continue as usual. A great deal of trouble is usually caused by the "cripples" of the class being unable to go to Gym. on account of broken bones, weak hearts, etc. Our budding mathematicians have both amazed and annoyed the form-master with

their geometry proofs. While on the subject of geometry, we would be very grateful to anyone who can show us the construction and proof of the trisection of an angle, or if not could point out a flaw in a certain Algebra sum. We have been welcoming Mr. O'Dowd with a "Salve Magister" and when he is going, "Vale Magister."

Monsieur M——n has awakened with the Spring, and has put IVb Sc. "on the spot."

We completely defeated IV b Mods. at football and we are at present top of the newly formed league. We cannot give the correct score in our match v. B Mods., as we lost count, but we think it was about 14—2. There is keen rivalry between IVa. Sc. and ourselves in the collection for the Waifs' and Strays'. So far the A's have brought £x and the B's £y (this is for the benefit of the Mods.).

Our form wish to express their gratitude to Mr. Boraston for his help in our different collections.

H. BURKE.



Form IVa Mods.

The beaming countenances of IVa Mods. grew somewhat dimmer as they settled down in their desks to a fresh term's work. The indigestion resulting from Christmas activities was soon forgotten, and their thoughts turned towards something more majestic (Latin, French, and, by the way, ships).

We could only find one person to sympathise with, and that was the clock, who skipped a few hours of the long, dreary day.

However, our companions soon came to life. Power, our ship expert and navigator, is working at a model of the "Queen Mary," and as rumour has it, carries out his experiments in a bath tub. Nolan is thinking of becoming an aviator. (He must want to reach heaven quickly). Ferguson, who thinks quite a lot of himself, is becoming still more engrossed in his stamp collecting.

The epidemic of catapultitis spread through the class. Nothing could cure it until our form-master had a roll call of them and in less than five minutes he had a miniature arsenal. When we were set definite lessons in case of absence, week-end sickness was less common. We were very sorry to lose our prefect this term, through an accident, but we are longing for his return after Easter.

We must congratulate Domingo and its Captain on topping the House League this year, with the grand total of 79 points. Also, our thanks go out to those who contributed to the Good Shepherd Fund, especially our three generous collectors, B. Slater, R. Power and M. Nolan.

We are, at present, longing for the conclusion of the exams., and the good cheer Easter brings us, and we send to all our companions, a happy Easter. J. FERGUSON.



Form IVb Mods.

After we had recuperated from a bad attack of examinitis, we returned to our life of toil. We felt rather fresh on the first day, but on the second day we were as stale as ever.

We again met our old friends (?) Latin, French and Music (not to mention the rest). As usual Vb is beating most of us easily. Mr. M——n has suggested that the Brother might arrange for B——e to have a permanent Vb as it would make no difference.

At football, although we have a good team, we have not yet succeeded in beating the A's. When we played them we lost 5—3 and 10—6. But when we play the Sciences—!!

The Good Shepherd Fund is doing fairly well. J. Potter and S. Moore are the collectors and Potter's side is so far winning.

P——r, leader of the "Cheshire Cats," received a black eye while playing a game, which slightly resembled football (was it American football).

Music is our greatest bogey. We are struggling with "Who is Sylvia" (or as Mr. B—n says "Who is G—s—n").

K—b—n is our best attender (?!!) and La—s—y is running him very close.

G—r our "Lancashire Lad" always comes in late with his war-cry "train was late, sir."

G—s—n our French boy came a cropper recently, and received his first Vb of the term from Mr. M—n.

Quite recently we were introduced to a new friend—Caesar. By now we all wish that Brutus had assassinated him before he invaded Britain.

We shall be very glad to be released at Easter, for even in one week we shall be able to recover our spirits so as to be ready for the hard work of the Summer term.

J. JENKINS.



Form IIIa.

We came back after a long holiday of three weeks, eager for work. We felt that we had done well in our examinations, but when we saw the blunders that we made especially in French, we collapsed with fright.

One new face greeted our arrival, and we wish him a successful stay in IIIa. We also saw that Charlie had returned after a prolonged absence. For the first few days results were discussed, and the "tail wagers" determined "to pull up their socks" during the term.

We do not believe in the saying "promises are made to be broken," as we were able to prove by beating them in football (6—3).

We are glad to learn that the ancient feud has ended; the heroes actually sit next to each other and even aid one another if possible. This last act has met with opposition in certain quarters.

We have a boy, who has changed his name to "Hasey." He got promotion to the front

bench to be under the immediate care of the master, yet his face has not lost its smile even when in the storms of battle. When asked once at what he was laughing, he replied: "I was only just smiling." He is one of the fiddlers of the class, whereas others use a violin, he uses something on his desk.

The form is going to have an orchestra of its own in the near future. Holdin is a budding violinist, while B— can play the Jew's harp, he nearly saw it disappear the other day into the unknown land.

Our collectors have done well. They would break the bank with their demands.

Many thanks are due to C. Sharkey, J. Craig, C. Begley and Blundell.

H. L.



Form IIIb.

The holidays seemed too short and we were loth to leave our enjoyment. But we had no choice. "Der tag" had come at last, and we must resume the old habits.

We were amazed that M—, our solicitor, is reported to have said that the present King is Edward VII., and that he himself was not a patriot.

C— is so fond of singing, that he must pave an "Active Voice," but not when English is on the boards. We all thought the roof would fall, when H— came in early one day.

During the term a record was broken, when sixteen hopefuls found that they "forgot" to do their work on the one night.

H— stands in the Gym. like a famous soldier; so much that he is known as "Bony-parté," because of his folded arms.

The cold weather and the snow provided us with plenty of fun. Some made heroic attempts to come to school on their bicycles, and looked like clowns riding in a circus. The wheels looked like hoops, caked with snow.

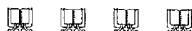
K—— did not forget his nose equipment: one wonders what he would do, should he mislay that indispensable piece of property.

We were all anxious to know what M—— got for his "toothache." He would not tell us.

Before the Good Shepherd collection ends, we intend to beat the B's. Cheerio till Summer.

Thanks are due to McIntosh for his books.

H.P.



Form III Alpha.

All were early first morning to have their say before work, which was said in less time than each expected, then to the thought of the terrors that the prospect of a long term should hold out for us, but our fears vanished, when a squeak came from B——, as we foresaw that he would squeak us through it.

First impressions are not lasting in the case of school subjects; Geometric terms haunt some, sleeping and waking; others wish for a magic wand to become Frenchmen. L—— and T—— believe that Mr. M——'s matches were set off by a cause other than friction, but for all that T—— might as well be sitting on a iceberg, he does now what he never did, and does not do what he never did.

On one occasion, during football in the yard, N—— was lost, but was found exploring the depths of a coal-hole, the chief result of his accident was accounted for by some water.

B—— forgets that the blackboard is detachable, but W—— (whose toes it found on one occasion) will not forget.

An authorised intrusion of the Betas was repelled, the weapons and missiles used being ——? M—— has lately shown a fondness for sharpening pencils, at least he would begin with a pencil, but the end of the sharpening never comes, another end frequently does.

One of our entries into the Art-room found the Art-master not in attendance, and then happened what would naturally be expected. When we had enjoyed ourselves for some time, a door opened, and we caught sight of a face, which seemed to have endured something almost beyond endurance. Our visitor beginning, at first we hoped, but very soon concluded that here were no matches; each tried to look small, even M—— seemed a tiny tot. Our exit caused us joy for once.

P—— caused a titter very recently, when he had occasion to call out the verb "shut up," to which he respectfully added, "Sir."

Our thanks are due to those of the Form who have given books to the library.

F. HENDRY.

F. WINSTANLEY.



Form III Beta.

As Christmas memories faded away others less pleasant took their place, these were made more bearable by the hope we entertained of being able to record, in our Easter notes, the downfall of a master, when he forgot that a certain part of his desk was detachable; on several occasions our hope was almost realised, but at the last moment the master turned, and made sure of his position.

M—— hearing that French sounds are similar to the puffing of a train or the bleating of sheep, tried the experiment, but could not understand them. What event 1415 stands for is so deeply imprinted in his memory that he can answer all particulars, while jumping three feet in the air, from the suddenness of the attack.

B—— has lately added to his knowledge blank cartridges, and now knows that to use pins on them is unwise as they may go off—burn your fingers and gain for you other

disadvantages, which he rather hinted at than mentioned.

Mr. M—— has made declaration of his being on the warpath, and as no one desires to be his victim, safety is sought under the cover of great diligence in learning the tenses of the French verbs.

Apart from House games, football this term has had a back number, owing to inclement weather; when snow fell the snow-ball was not a bad substitute (though differently used); the greatest novelty of this time was coming in at half-nine without being bid the time of the night. Our weekly collection for Waifs' and Strays' easily doubles that of our rivals, the Alphas. We are grateful for the reading provided by those of the form, who have presented books to the library.

E. SMITH.

J. WESTON.



Form II.

Now that Easter is here again we are all looking forward to receiving our Easter "eggs," in the form of examination results during our Easter "break," but who cares, we don't, and why should anybody else?

Our music master has informed us that a member of this distinguished Form is related to him, but at present we are not very clear as to what the relationship consists; is it "spir-u-al" or "con-guin-ty?" you see we have not received all the facts, and the member concerned is very discreet on the subject.

A new arrival has proved himself to be a very valuable acquisition, especially when it comes to football, and just wait until we meet Form III., we only hope they will not be entirely disgraced, because they might develop the "inferior complex."

Our attendance has been very good this term, but why do some boys fight shy of

Wednesdays and Saturdays? ask —, he might supply the answer.

We were all delighted to witness the success of our Senior XI. in the semi-final of the Shield; if the final also is recorded in their favour, our full-throated cheering will not have been in vain, in fact it will have been amply compensated.

An exclusive "set" in this Form is known as the "Big Five," the conditions for membership are at present unknown, but I think we could all make a very good guess.

Cheerio, and be sure you enjoy your "break," we disdain to call it a holiday.



Form I.

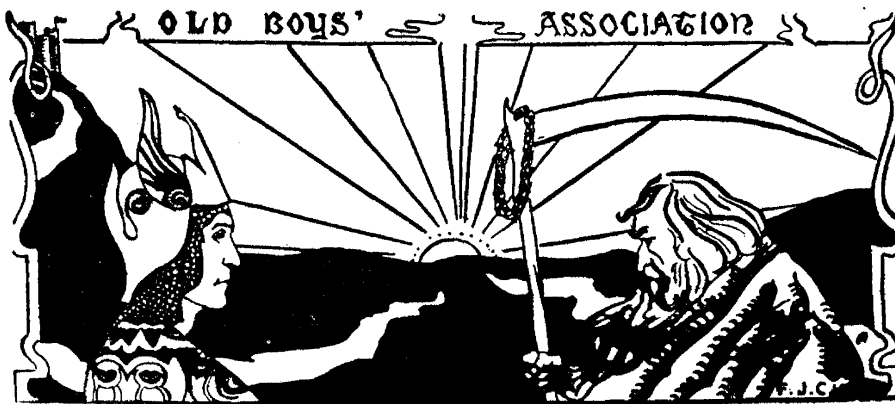
There is nothing startling to relate this term, because we are on our best behaviour; examinations we do not dread, in fact we rather enjoy them.

English and Geography are considered to be our "pet" subjects, competition being keen against the youngsters in Prep.; one of whose new arrivals is very sharp at picking up whatever he is told, to the secret envy of a certain member of this Form.

Football we all still enjoy, even though "pea-shooters" and "train-smashers" now and then get a look in. When we heard the news one Thursday morning that we could play on the "big pitch," nets included, a disappointed little boy in Prep. was heard exclaiming:

"Aren't they lucky, now they will know when a goal is scored," but needless to say we ignored the remark.

Three of our Form assisted Form II. in a match against Form III., but as weather conditions did not suit us, we lost.



Old Boys' Notes and News

Subscription Rates.

Life Membership (Magazines included)	£3	3	0
Associate or Ordinary Membership (including 3 Magazines) ...	0	6	0
Associate or Ordinary Membership (excluding Magazines) ...	0	5	0
Junior Membership (before attaining age of 21)	0	2	6
Corresponding Membership (including 3 Magazines) ...	0	2	6
Football Membership (First year after leaving school)	0	2	6
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 subscription 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.

Vice-President: J. CURTIN, Esq.

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

Hon. Treasurer: H. T. LOUGHLIN, Esq.,
41 Moscow Drive, Liverpool, 13.

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

Executive Committee:

Messrs. J. Cunningham, G. Furlong, F. G.
Harrington, C. A. Kean, C. V. Monaghan,
L. Murphy, J. Ratchford, G. T. Waring.

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

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

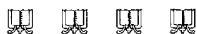
Hon. Hiking Secretary: A. F. POWER,
Esq., 11 Rocky Bank Road, Birkenhead.



WE are fast approaching the end of the Association year, and the time seems opportune for reviewing the affairs of the Association. On the whole, there seems to be adequate reason for a certain amount of optimism. The increase in membership, announced at the last A.G.M., has been maintained—this augurs well for the future. The various functions, activities and sub-sections have attracted the interest and support of the members and we confidently trust that this interest and support will be maintained and increased.

It is particularly pleasing to realise that the Association is becoming rapidly more representative of *all* Old Boys. Not only are those who leave school joining up but, most gratifying of all, Old Boys who have for some time been "out of touch" are returning to the fold. Good luck to them all! We are determined to ensure that they will never have cause to regret their action.

Before long the Annual Subscriptions will fall due once more. A novelist might describe this as the "acid test!" Our Old Boys should be able to pass any test without serious difficulty, and we are sure they will once again furnish proof of this.



ANNUAL DINNER.

Few of us will ever forget the Annual Dinner of 1936! Originally arranged to take place on January 21st, the unfortunate death of King George the Fifth, caused the postponement of the function at almost a moment's notice.

A postponed function is notoriously a risky business, but our numbers on February 10th fell short of the 1935 total by only two. This was highly satisfactory and the Constitutional Club witnessed a really distinguished gathering of Old Boys. His Grace the Archbishop and the Bishop of Shrewsbury were unable to attend, but sent their blessing.

The evening was a great social success and all the speeches were of the highest order. To A. J. Kieran, Ph.D., F.I.C., fell the pleasant duty of proposing the Toast, "Our Guests." He extended a most cordial welcome to all the guests who had honoured us by their presence on that evening. The Very Rev. Provost Hazlehurst, D.D., was no stranger to us and we owed him a deep debt of gratitude for his help in establishing the College of St. Anselm's in Birkenhead. Colonel Sir John J. Shute, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P., was not only our guest, but a dis-

tinguished member of the Association and a past President. For 30 years he had been in the forefront of every good work in Liverpool. Fr. Roberts, S.J., Rector of S.F.X., was a particularly welcome guest whose presence at our board was indicative of the good-fellowship existing between Liverpool's two great Catholic Colleges. Mr. Willie C. Clissitt, Editor of the *Evening Express*, and Mr. Chris. Maguire, who was responsible for founding the Aspirant Conference of the S.V.P. at the College, were also accorded a hearty welcome as very fine examples of worthy Catholic gentlemen.

Responding for the Clerical Guests, Provost Hazlehurst assured us that he really enjoyed attending our Dinners, as he had a very real respect for the type of men turned out by St. Edward's College. They made progress and occupied high positions. Particularly were they good Catholic gentlemen.

Colonel Sir John J. Shute replied for the lay guests, and said he was proud to be an Old Boy of the Catholic Institute and glad of the opportunity to meet old friends. He was not particularly enamoured of politics, but preferred Social Service work. He was rather disappointed that Old Boys of the College were not more active in public life. He pointed out that, since a quarter of the total Liverpool population was Catholic, certain things were demanded of us. There was plenty of work waiting and our Old Boys were well fitted for it. Some sacrifice would no doubt be necessary, but he appealed to all Old Boys to make a big effort to help in the public work of the city.

Referring to the Education question, Sir John admitted that the situation was difficult. He would, however, be deeply disappointed if it finally transpired that the new Bill made any real attempt to interfere with our religious beliefs. He was prepared to take definite steps against any Government which tried to upset those ideas

which are vital to Catholics. Nevertheless, he was not looking for trouble in advance and advised that we should wait until the Minister showed what he had in mind. It would be a mistake to withdraw ourselves from the general educational life of the country.

Sir John's appeal for Social Service must not fall on deaf ears! Let us hope that Sir John will be able to congratulate us on having made an honest effort by this time next year.

In proposing "The Association," the Very Rev. W. F. Traynor, Ph.D., endorsed Sir John's remarks. He felt that the Education Bill could be made into a very good Act of Parliament. The Association was a good thing in every way. It provided a splendid social environment which was very necessary for Catholics besides producing "manly men" by its various athletic activities. He wished that the Association may always prosper and laid stress on the fine sentiment expressed in our motto, "Viriliter Age."

The President of the Association, Mr. A. F. Power, replied to the Toast. Our Annual Dinner was a public acknowledgment of our indebtedness to the Christian Brothers for a sound Catholic training. Our schools had always worked under certain difficulties—he trusted that the burden on them would not increase. To-day, more than ever before, the need for support was vital. Membership of the Association was a good insurance for the safeguarding of our ideals and he stressed the fact that a strong Association would be a powerful influence for good.

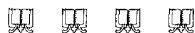
Mr. Philip Hawe, F.R.C.S., most ably proposed "Alma Mater." The good Catholic atmosphere and the influence and example of the Brothers and lay staff had taught us all the meaning of "Viriliter Age." As we listened to a whimsical review of the Brothers and lay masters who "left their mark on every man who passed through the School," each of us "lived again our School life blest." Mr. Hawe congratulated the School on the very

excellent work it had always done and still continued to do.

The President of the College, Rev. Br. J. S. Roche, modestly affirmed that the task of all headmasters of recent years was an easy one. Br. Forde had made the School what it is to-day. The School has a great hold on Old Boys and is well worthy of their loyalty. Its greatest glory is the even tenor of success through so many years. Our achievements, shared by S.F.X., were always bright, sometimes brilliant and equal to those of any school in the country. The school had all the characteristics of a good school—one thing only was lacking for perfection. "If thou wouldst be perfect, go sell what thou hast. . . ."

In these words, Br. Roche prepared us for his announcement that negotiations for the sale of the College had been proceeding for no less than two years. At last, these were almost complete and he hoped that we should soon be situated in more commodious surroundings and proud in our possession of a really modern educational establishment.

Mr. T. Moore Reid entertained us with a vocal item, accompanied by Mr. F. R. Boraston, A.R.C.M., A.R.C.O.



BOHEMIAN CONCERT.

In view of the great success of our previous Bohemian, we held a second on Shrove Tuesday. This is not an ideal evening for a function, owing to the "competition" encountered on all sides, and we were not surprised to find that our numbers fell short of those last year. The evening was, however, a great success and there was never a dull moment. All the items of entertainment were excellent and included orchestral items, a conjuring performance, songs, banjo solos, monologues, character sketches, and even an opera (in everyday dress). We must have more of these Bohemians next season!

HOT-POT SUPPER.

This was held as usual in December at the St. George's Restaurant, and attracted a goodly number of Old Boys. As always, it was a jolly evening with the entertainment up to its usual high standard. We must, however, admit that we were somewhat embarrassed on this occasion by a dearth of "straight singers."

It was a real pleasure to see a past President, Mr. A. Maguire, who was unexpectedly able to attend. We were also pleased to welcome some of our Old Boys' from St. Mary's, Strawberry Hill, and a number of our newest Corresponding Members from St. Joseph's College, Upholland. Charlie Kieran, from London, was also present. It seems to be a good idea to hold the Hot-Pot in Christmas week after all!



K. O. RA - JAHS.

The Minstrels may be regarded as a sort of "Aspirant" Sub-Section. As yet they have no official rank as a properly constituted sub-section, but it would appear that their claims must be considered at the next A.G.M. During the winter months they have been very hard at work and have given some 25 shows for various causes. They have been very successful too—and play "away" as well as at "home." On one occasion they got as far afield as Runcorn and have merited a good "crit." in a Birkenhead newspaper. Is this fame?

They hope to work, or is it play, even harder next year and would appreciate recruits who can entertain. So far, there has been no response to the appeal in the Autumn issue for original sketches, comedy items, etc. Evidently much thought is being lavished on the preparation of these—they should be good when they materialise!

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

UPHOLLAND.

23/3/36.

The exact date for the A.G.M. has not yet been fixed, but adequate notice will be sent to all members in due course. Once again, we would remind all members that this is one of the most important occasions in the Association year. We appeal to *all* Old Boys, whether members or not, to make a special effort to attend this year. Your suggestions and criticisms may be most helpful. Don't rely on someone else to make them for you. They will probably forget or, at any rate, do it badly.

**OLD EDWARDIANS' CRICKET CLUB.**

The Annual Meeting will shortly be held and all Old Boy cricketers are urged to support the Club, which is still in its infancy. Arrangements for the coming season will be made at the meeting and officers will be elected.

**HIKING SECTION.**

The advent of Spring reminds us that the weather may soon improve. In any case the days will get longer and the "hikes" will soon be starting again. Besides being enjoyable outings, our hikes are definitely educational. My last hike showed me that Parkgate is famous for two things—an open-air swimming pool, containing a large quantity of very cold water (complete with waves), and shrimps! Now then! How about trying a hike and seeing what you learn?



Dear Mr. Editor,

Though man may play the clown with breaking heart, he must ever write according to his mood, and at present a most serious mood has come upon us, the cause of which we have not as yet analysed. It cannot be our terminals, for men of our intellectual stature are never quelled, not even by the subsistent relations of the Blessed Trinity. Like Christopher Robin, then we ask with a catch in our voice: What can it be? Ah! now we remember it! we've had no tea! Yes, that is the solution: tea, the panacea of all worries has been denied us, because it is a fast-day. Hence we must be serious in this letter, and since seriousness is the test of worth we must stand or fall by these lines in the eyes of the world (if the world reads them not, so much the worse for it).

Don't despair, good reader; plod on, for we belong to that lower class of animals in whom the tail is important.

As far as we know, we welcomed no Edwardians to the Lower House at summer, but that undoubted loss (if our facts are correct) was repaired by the appearance of a full-blooded philosopher in the person of Willie Doyle, who seems to have settled down completely.

On the feast of St. Edward, our new gymnasium was officially opened by Bishop Dobson, and a display of physical training was given by students of St. Mary's College, Crosby. This was a most enjoyable event and they are to be congratulated upon their performance.

Once more we welcomed the Old Boys on November 1st, and the day passed very pleasantly for all concerned (we say this not from a false conceit, but because we read their description of the visit in the Autumn number). In passing we must say that we won 7—0. Why? Probably because the

Old Boys did not field a truly representative team. We cannot be all that good! Here it is neither our office nor our wish to dictate; but we would take the liberty of suggesting that the Old Boys' should bring up their "Arsenal" eleven next term and give us the fright and the beating of our lives.

At Trinity, many of our old boys will figure in the Ordinations, particularly Vin. Furlong, who will be raised to the Priesthood. G. Walsh will soon be ordained sub-deacon at Fribourg. We can remember both of them in our prayers.

Well, Mr. Editor the best way to do anything is to do it here and now, this applying especially to the ending of letters. All best wishes and blessings for Easter from

UPHOLLAND.



London Phantasmagoria.

Scene I. (Author seeing at least two).

Words by Ananias.

Lyrics, Rotundas and Empires by Sapphira
(Sapphiras we know).

Everything else by Accident.

Dramatis Personae: Strictly speaking, only the author, an Old Boy—not too old, only 23 grey hairs—and wearing a harassed look. Other characters introduced to lend artistic verisimilitude.

Curtain rises.

Author surrounded by dead matches still struggling to light pipe and create the proper atmosphere. Landlady objects to atmosphere, curtains having been in the family since William the Conqueror. Author continues sucking pipe believing he looks like Mr. J. B. Priestley when so doing.

Reader. For the love of Pete get on and say something.

Me. [Looking at watch and finding the night collection of mails due very shortly. Enter secretary (you don't have to believe this).]

Good evening. A letter here must catch to-night's mail. It's for the old School (voice breaks). Right, let's go.

"To all to whom these presents shall come know ye therefore—

"That's wrong"? Don't be silly, haven't I been reading it up for the last few weeks—Oh, I beg your pardon, my mind was wandering. (Pause for ironical applause).

Right. I'll start again. Better give them some sentimental. Its bound to go well. Let's go.

"As I pulled out my old school blazer"—Oh, just a minute, ring that bell—enter factotum. "Double—, h'm, perhaps you're right—not before the boys. "Same as usual please, but no splash." Continue:

As I take that blazer again in my hand and finger it, the colours of green and gold revive many memories, and as I finger it again and again it all comes back to me. I never removed the egg stain and with a quick brush the gold comes off and I know I can't get the grass stain out. And now the memory fades, and falling shadows—

"No that won't do. We'll have to start again. Ring the bell please. Same again twice."

Continue—

(Very quietly please here's a sensible paragraph.)

I heard the other day (all London correspondents start like that) that Jack O'Brien had now joined the Dick Whittington brigade, and was looking for the gold in Leyton. As he has only been here a short time I haven't been able to interview him, so cannot give you his impression of the great metropolis or his views on the electrification of the local line. (End of sensible part and Reel I.)

(Reel II. will follow immediately. Ring the bell please. Same again, thank you!)

Talking about electrification reminds me that I am able to give you inside information about local railway developments. Some

time ago a very big noise in the railway heard a passenger from Ilford say—well at any rate we don't have breakdowns like they do on the (deleted) even if we can't breathe for twenty minutes each morning and evening, it might be a lot worse, so said the big noise—we'll soon settle that we'll give them two electric lines—and they are going to and they all lived happy ever after, and if you think I'm going to punctuate that don't because I'll miss the post if I do.

"Ring the bell,—same again please. Thanks!" "What did you say?" "Its nearly empty." "Oke, I'll see to it later!"
Continue—

I must put in something about the old stagers, they'll be very annoyed if they don't see their name in print. I must mention Charlie Kieran, although I shall have to be very careful if I say anything about his garden this time, it might have a boomerang effect. Well, Charlie's been staying in London now, since the political amphi-theatre moved here, so I can't waste any more time on him. Besides the old ones finished now and there's not much time to get this letter posted.

Dear me, I wish they wouldn't keep spinning this room round.

As I was saying about the old stagers:—

I was in Chancery Lane the other day, splitting a Bill Kavanagh with Melton Mowbray, when I saw rushing through the plate glass window down the lane at breakneck speed, Frank Johnston. That's got a couple of them in anyhow. As I pushed the last piece of Bill Mowbray into the gaping maw. Bill Delaney came in, and if I say "Jim Robertson" quickly, I've got all the names in of those I've seen during the last few months. And that's all I'm supposed to do.

How forgetful of me! Hugh McGrath has several times explained to me how much better than Arsenal, Liverpool were, but as they both let me down on the coupons quite frequently—Quite right! we must not discuss that there here!

I think I've got them all in. Of course there's lots more about, but I never hear of them, so that explains why I'm so tongue-tied about something to say.

Great scott! 9-52 p.m., and the post goes at 10 p.m. 'Scuse me chaps, I'll have to dash.—What's that—Well that's my story and I'm sticking to it!

Curtain falls on—

"THE USUAL OLD BOY IN LONDON."



SIMMARIES.

21/3/36.

Dear Mr. Editor,

From the midst of exams. Edwardian-Simmarian are calling you. At present our strength is eleven, four Seniors and seven Juniors. The preponderance of Edwardians over all other schools at Simmaries is still maintained, but one can no longer say, Liverpool runs the whole darned show. However, we have three representatives on the Committees of Simmaries and there our number seems likely to remain.

To take first things first. The Soccer season is coming to an end. "Pop" Doyle has been a sound if not brilliant back for the 1st XI., whilst Field and Devine, as half-backs have more than held their own in the 2nd XI. Lunt has led that vigorous if unfashionable sport of Cross-country. Crossing fashion is like trying to stop a steam-roller. One merely gets swept aside.

In the Senior v. Junior Sports, the Seniors were victorious by 20 points to 15. The standard of performance this year augues well for Inter-Coll. in May. A time of 2-min. 8-secs. in the half is no mean performance at this time of the year. Devine was the only one to distinguish himself in the Sports. He was 2nd in the High Jump—failing at 5-ft. 3-ins. Lunt was 3rd in the mile, but a long way behind. We are afraid if he goes any fatter, he will burst. Field was 4th

in the Long Jump, and "Pop" was an also ran in the "Shot," won at 32-ft 10-ins.

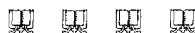
The other Edwardians give vocal and moral support at Soccer matches, while G. F. Burke endeavours to deafen us, with the S-Room Radiogram. Gaskell is a man of brawn now, and avows that his post as masseur, has given him arms like a village blacksmith.

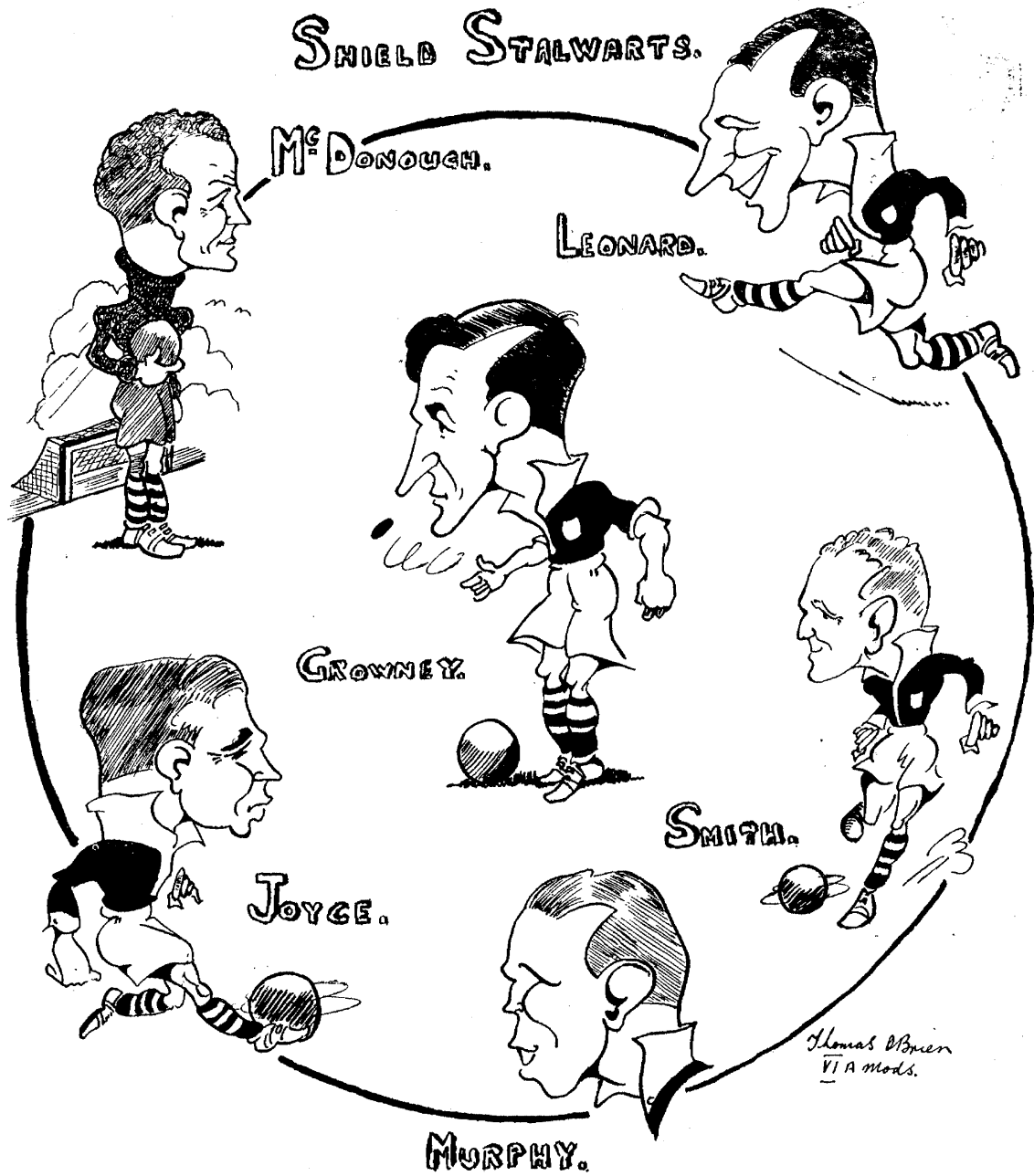
We Seniors are beginning to think about jobs and during the Vac., we are due for interviews. Our fate will be made known to us in June, so we will be on pins until that time.

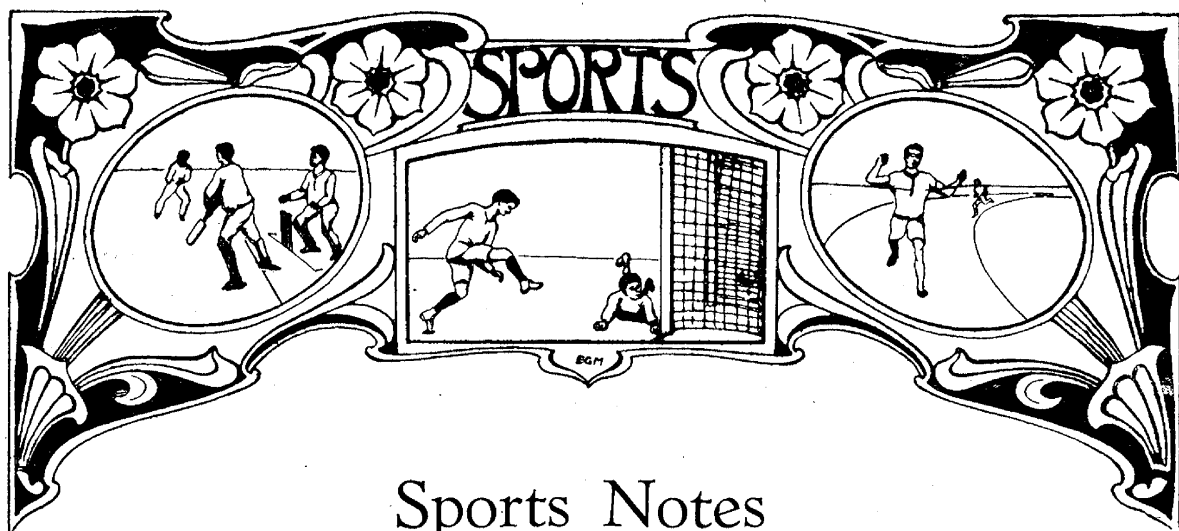
Inter-Coll. is the talk of the day for we have only to win once more to break the record of four consecutive wins. "Pop" again has achieved distinction by pulling his way into the Tug-team. If we can vanquish Marjohn's in Tug and Athletics, we will have achieved our ambition. We have the makings of a great team, of which "Pop" is not the biggest.

Exams. are calling us again, so we shall have to leave you. Cheerio!

SIMMARIES.







Sports Notes

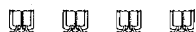
THE School has kept its record of only two defeats throughout the season.

From a loosely constructed eleven, the 1st team has become a capable scoring and defensive machine. Every match has witnessed an improvement, and it can confidently be said that, as it stands now, it is a well-balanced eleven.

R. CARROLL.

Season's Games.

Nov. 27—	S.E.C., 10	v. Waterloo G.S., 1.
Dec. 4—	„ 1	v. S.F.X. College, 4.
„ 7—	„ 3	v. Prescott G.S., 0
„ 14—	„ 9	v. Prescott G.S., 0
Jan. 15—	„ 3	v. University, 0.
„ 29—	„ 4	v. Alsop High Sch., 0
Feb. 8—	„ 6	v. L'pool Coll. Sch., 4.



Junior Shield—First Round.

Liscard High School v. St. Edward's College.

Feb. 12th.

Teams:

Liscard: Owens (Capt.), Grestry, Peirce, Holmes, Miller, Wyld, Turner, Ainslie, Marks, Macdonald, York.

S.E.C.: Smith, Byrne, Supple, Wright, Moreton, Mercer, Ashton (Capt.), Edwards, Taylor, McGivern, Geeleher.

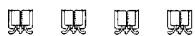
The ground was hard and the cold weather seemed to have deterred many of our supporters from coming. The Juniors opened well and in the opening minutes secured the lead—McGivern drew the backs and passed across the goal to Ashton, who drove the ball into the net. Encouraged by their early success, the forwards pressed hard and forced a corner. This was well-placed, but a trifle too high. Although sent away by their halves, sterling work on the part of Byrne and Supple stemmed the advance. The School left wing broke away and rapid passing between Geeleher and McGivern enabled the former to give his partner an easy chance, which he put in beside the far upright. Both Taylor and Moreton took first-time shots at goal, but saw their efforts go over the bar. McGivern was proving the best of the forwards, although many of his shots struck the side netting. Edwards gave Ashton an easy shot, but he sent the ball into the 'keeper's hands. Meanwhile the halves had repelled a dangerous move on the Liscard left and the ball was sent over to Geeleher.

He snatched it up and beating the half, cut in sending in a rising shot, which left the goalie no chance. Bad passing on the part of the home team's forwards prevented them becoming too dangerous.

Half-time: Liscard H.S., 0. S.E.C., 3.

Again the School scored in the opening minutes through McGivern. Taylor sent the ball to Geeleher, who sped down the wing and placed the ball at his partner's toe and he tapped the ball into the net. Despite the fact that the School seemed to monopolise the play, Ashton missed certain goals through too much dribbling. The forwards forced a corner which Ashton sent to Edwards. He at once hooked it across to Taylor, who lobbed the ball into the net. Again the School attacked and McGivern had bad luck in striking the bar. Their efforts were rewarded when Edwards, instead of passing to Ashton, sent the ball up the centre to Taylor. He went off on his own, and after defeating the backs, scored easily. Shortly afterwards Wright sent in a rising shot, which passed over—a good try. Liscard secured a goal through their centre-forward, who barged his way through and gave his outside-left the best of opportunities, which he eagerly took. Time was running short and the play soon lost the interest of the spectators.

Final: Liscard H.S., 1. S.E.C., 6.



Senior Shield - First Round.

St. Edward's College v. Holt Secondary School.

Feb. 15th.

Team: McDonough, Hoskinson, Murphy, Leonard, Growney (Capt.), Byrne, Smith, Joyce, Saunders, Banks, Sinnott.

The ground was in good condition, though rather hard, so making the ball play tricks. In the opening minutes the School defence appeared disorganised and Holt were given too much freedom. Fortunately they

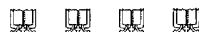
did not take full advantage of their opportunity and the defence was enabled to find its form. The School forwards forced a corner from which nothing was gained but maintained the pressure, Joyce passed to Banks, who fired the ball goalwards, but though the goalie held it, he was forced into the goal by Saunders. Our opponents made determined efforts to equalise, but the halves averted the danger and sent the forwards going. From a scrimmage in front of the goal the ball came out to Leonard, who sent over a centre, but Sinnott slipped and missed the opportunity. Joyce next received the ball and passed to Saunders, who, after beating his man, gave it to Banks, who in turn passed to Sinnott, to put it over the bar. Amends were made for these two misses when, by placing himself nicely, he was able to deflect Leonard's corner into an empty goal. The visitors' left wing was proving troublesome, giving Leonard and Hoskinson enough to do. More than once Leonard met his match in the Holt inside-left, when it came to a duel between them. The School brought the ball close to the Holt goal, but a foul prevented any result. Byrne placed the free-kick right in the goal-mouth, where the goalie stuck out his foot and made a lucky save. Again we attacked, but Holt halted the advance. Sinnott however gathered the ball and drove it across to Saunders, who, taking it on the run, crashed it into the net. Almost immediately the ball returned to Holt's half, where Joyce after drawing the halves, passed back to Leonard and saw him give the ball to Saunders, who again did what was necessary. Holt got away, but the backs cleared and Saunders, gaining possession took the ball out on the right. Cutting in he fired across a centre which was held by the 'keeper, whom Smith forced out of touch for a corner. Before the corner-kick could be taken the whistle went for half-time.

Half-time: S.E.C., 4. Holt S.S., 0.

Contrary to expectations Holt opened the attack but were repelled. Smith had taken the inside berth to relieve Joyce, who had been injured, and in this position showed some of his form against Collegiate. Deceiving the left-half, he feinted a pass to Joyce but tapped the ball back to Leonard, who took a first-time drive which the goalie nearly saved and cleared. Holt were forced back on the defensive despite strenuous efforts to break away. Growney came up and passed to Joyce whose strong shot passed just outside the upright. Eventually the visitors did get away, but Murphy and Hoskinson were well able to hold them in check. McDonough was called upon to save and, in trying to clear, was charged from behind. From the free kick the forwards broke away, swinging the ball from one to the other but Holt's augmented defence crowded them out. Joyce tried another first-time shot off Sinnott's cross, but again the ball passed outside. Patience had its reward when the Holt right wing broke through and passed across to the left winger. His slow shot, apparently going outside, trickled into the goal under McDonough's hand. This one goal against us seemed to irritate the forwards, who went right through and the surprised goalie must have been glad when Saunderson's shot struck the cross-bar and rebounded into play. Holt's defence was hard pressed and the right back, in passing to his goalkeeper, put it beyond his reach, and Saunders racing up, drove it into the empty net. Our defence effectively blocked a Holt attack and sent the forwards away. Saunders brought the ball on the right wing and fired it over to Sinnott, who drove it home, giving the goalie no chance. The visitors broke away, but McDonough came out, gathered the ball and cleared. Apparently Holt had taken a leaf from our book for their forwards combined and gave our defence a difficult time, just failing to score.

Final: S.E.C., 6. Holt S.S., 1.

A game in which Saunders showed himself as a goal-getter and the best of the forwards, while Leonard, Growney and Murphy were outstanding in the defence.



Junior Shield - Second Round.
Alsop H.S. v. St. Edward's College.
Feb. 19th.

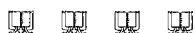
Team: Smith, Byrne, Supple, Moreton Wright, Mercer, Ashton (Capt.), Edwards, Taylor, McGivern, Geeleher.

The heavy rain in the morning made the ground sloppy and the going difficult. The School opened badly, making mistakes in their passing, of which Alsop took full advantage. Mercer and Supple delayed tackling and enabled the winger to centre. Byrne tried to pass across his own goal and the home team's inside left was able to beat Smith easily. Downhearted at this early reverse, the defence let Alsop away too often, but their weak shooting kept down the score. While hard-pressed, Supple handled the ball in the penalty area: and the result was an easy goal. Although the School forwards combined, the defence, by their superior height, were able to repel them. Their halves sent the forwards away, but Byrne's sliding tackle failed and gave the inside-left a chance to run through and give Smith no chance. A second attempt by the right winger was safely held and cleared. No respite was given to our badly-rattled defence and from the cross-centre of the right-winger, the outside-left fired the ball into the net. Wright tried to send the forwards away, but his over-eagerness to get rid of the ball spoilt his move. Again Alsop pressed and had forced Smith to come out, but even then they failed to score. Taylor gathered the ball from the clearance, but Ashton shot too soon and enabled the 'keeper to save easily.

Half-time: Alsop H.S., 4. S.E.C., 0.

Instead of concentrating on attack, the School fell back on defence. Alsop tried to increase the score but big kicking on the part of the backs sent the ball into their half. There Geeleher snapped it up and sent over a nicely-placed centre, but nobody was there to take it. Once McGivern seemed on the point of scoring, but Taylor was given offside. Mercer was playing a sterling game holding the right wing in check and endeavouring to send Geeleher away when he could. Slow tackling by Moreton enabled the left wing to get away and send over a fine centre, which the outside-right drove high into the net. Twice the School left-wing broke away and twice was it crowded out. From the left-wing came another goal. The outside left raced down, cut in and sent over a fast shot which Smith held, but he was forced over the line. Wright send Ashton away, but he shot too soon and enabled the goalie to make an easy save. To make amends for this wasted opportunity Geeleher and McGivern broke through, but Taylor back-heeled the ball instead of passing and enabled the back to clear. Another penalty was given against Byrne, but it was sent well wide of the upright. Despite the vociferous encouragement of the School supporters, the team could not get a goal.

Final: Alsop H.S., 6. S.E.C., 0.



Senior Shield - Second Round.

St. Edward's College v. Alsop High School.
Feb. 26th.

Team: McDonough, Hoskinson, Murphy, Leonard, Growney (Capt.), Hagendorn, Smith, Joyce, Saunders, Banks, Sinnott.

It was a dull day with a promise of rain later on in the afternoon. The School settled down almost at once, and Alsop confidently attacked on the left wing: but Hoskinson effectively checked the move. Leonard got the

ball from the throw-in and passed it up to Saunders, who combined with Banks but only secured a corner. This—a well-placed shot from Smith—was headed over the bar. From the goak-kick Alsop broke away and were almost through, but McDonough came out and cleared in fine style. The School attacked in turn and Growney's drive was barely held by the Alsop 'keeper. As before Alsop got away. McDonough's safe hands saved the day. The School left wing broke away and Sinnott placed the ball just in front of Saunders, who shot just wide of the post. Sterling work on the part of the Alsop goalie averted a heavy deficit. Growney secured possession and sent the ball up to Joyce, who in turn passed to Saunders. He worked close in and, though blocked by the backs, was able to get it into the net. Early scoring made us demand more goals. The forwards' efforts only gained them a corner, which Leonard sent over. It seemed to cross the line before the goalie was able to catch it, but the incident passed unnoticed. Constant pressure kept the Alsop defence busy till Joyce tapped the ball back to Leonard. He steadied himself and sent in a fast rising shot, which flashed over the goalie's head into the net. Again the forwards swept up to the attack and a nice bout of passing by Banks and Joyce gave Smith his chance—which he drove into the net. Alsop replied with a break-away on the right, which was stopped with difficulty. Smith secured the ball from the goal-kick, and after drawing the defence passed to Leonard. He at once sent it over to Sinnott, who raced in and beat the 'keeper with ease. Again Alsop seemed dangerous, but Leonard gave a corner. This was easily cleared and Banks, snapping it up, sent it to Smith, but he was unable to gather it and it went out of play.

Half-time: S.E.C., 4. Alsop H.S., 0.

The opening play held nothing of interest till McDonough let an easy shot slip into the net. This aroused the School, who began

to press Alsop hard. But their efforts were smothered by the defence, who sent their own forwards away. These compelled our defence to cede corners in order to prevent them from scoring. At last McDonough got the ball and booted it upfield where our forwards snapped it up and began moving rapidly through the Alsop defence with machine-like precision. Unfortunately bad finishing spoilt their combination. Banks tried to send Sinnott away, but he was too slow and the half intercepted the pass. The ball soon returned to Alsop's half and their 'keeper barely held a hard drive, only to be forced over the line for a corner by Joyce, who was injured in the process and had to retire. On resuming the referee awarded a goal-kick much to the amazement of both teams and supporters. However Alsop were unable to profit by our handicap on account of the stern tackling of our defence. Twice the School broke away and each time the Alsop goalie saved the day. The loss of Joyce was soon felt as the breakdown of many movements showed. Although the visitors sent in some fast shots McDonough was well able to hold them. Determined efforts were made by the visitors to get away, but Leonard and Hoskinson forestalled any moves on the left. Hagedorn, who had been rather weak in the first half, did much good work in the second half, and enabled Murphy to help the halves at critical moments.

Final: S.E.C., 4. Alsop H.S., 1.



Senior Shield - Semi-Final.

Quarry Bank High School v. St. Edward's College.

March 11th.

Team: McDonough, Hoskinson, Murphy, Leonard, Growney (Capt.), Hagedorn, Smith, Owens, Saunders, Banks, Sinnott.

Quarry opened well on the left, but were too hasty in their passing and so enabled the

defence to clear. They came in again through the right-winger, who sent in a hard shot. McDonough held it and booted the ball well upfield. Owens gained possession and sent his partner away. Smith raced down and shot first-time for goal only to strike the side netting. Once again the School attacked through Sinnott, but his fast drive also struck the side rigging. After a tussle in Quarry's half, we were able to force a corner, which, though Leonard placed it well, was cleared by the defence. Growney took the ball off the centre-forward's toe and shot hard and low for goal, but the goalie gathered the ball and cleared. The home team replied with a series of attacks, but Leonard and Murphy ran no risks in defending. Leonard sent Sinnott off down the wing, but he failed to steady himself and shot wide. Only Quarry's strong kicking saved them in the face of the scientific play of the forwards. At last the score was opened by Banks. The School forced the play and the left wing brought the ball close in: Sinnott slipped the ball to Banks, who, by lobbing the ball over his head, deceived the goalie, who let the ball slip through his hands into the net. Not downhearted Quarry played with greater zest and gave the School quite a few anxious moments. Fortunately the defence took no risks and put the ball out rather than attempt to dribble forward. At times Quarry pressed so hard that the inside forwards had to come back and help the defence. Owens got the ball out and sent his partner away, but Smith was bundled over the line by the left half. Murphy and Leonard were holding the wings in check and play was soon concentrated in the centre of the field. From a tussle in midfield the School left wing broke away, but Quarry packed their goal-mouth and prevented the forwards from scoring.

Half-time: Q.B.H.S., 0. S.E.C., 1.

The School were now kicking uphill and the prospects were none too bright. Saunders

dribbled his way forward, but lost the ball through lack of support. Again the forwards pressed and Owens brought the ball up to Quarry's penalty area. Then, seeing Leonard coming up, he passed back to him: Leonard steadied himself and sent in a scorcher, which hit the rigging by the upright. From the goal-kick Quarry broke away and almost scored with a fast ground shot from their right-winger, which streaked across the goal, only to pass out by the far upright. The School kept up the pressure and constantly they were foiled by the clever work of the Quarry goalkeeper. By stern tackling the School broke up Quarry's attacks and Hagedorn was able to make a solo run, but went too far and lost possession. Banks now got possession, made ground and passed to Owens, who brought the ball close in and placed it at Saunder's toe but his try was saved well by the 'keeper. Quarry broke away and McDonough had to save a rasper, which he held safely and cleared. Smith snatched up the ball and scorched down the wing to fire a fast centre across, which Banks headed over the bar. Play now came into our half and McDonough punched a high shot over the bar. Two corners resulted, but the resolute defensive play of the backs enabled the play to be transferred to the home-team's half. Owens

gave us another goal. Accepting a pass from Owens, Smith raced down the wing and passed to him. He took the ball on the run and sent in a rising shot, which went over the goalie's head into the net. Encouraged by this success the School attacked again, and this time Sinnott was the scorer. Smith again broke away and sent over a fast centre. Saunders pretended to shoot, deceiving the goalie and left Sinnott with an easy chance at close range, which he took. The home team attempted to break away again, but were forced back and the School seemed about to score. Sinnott sent over a cross-centre, which Smith took on the run only to see his shot pass out. In the last five minutes Quarry gave the School a rare shock. Their speed brought them through and the inside-right sent in a beautiful ground-shot. McDonough flung himself across the goal and stopped the ball dead on the line, then getting quickly to his feet booted the ball upfield.

Final: Q.B.H.S., 0. S.E.C., 3.

A great game in which McDonough, Leonard and Murphy shone in the defence and Banks in the attack.

