

St. Edward's College

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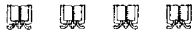
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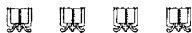
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School Notes.

ALTHOUGH this is the term when our fates are decided in Examinations, yet it is the "Summer" term and brings with it cricket and athletics and several holidays. This year the Coronation extended the Whit-holidays to a full week. So taken *en bloc* it has been a very enjoyable term.



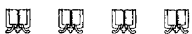
Having our ordinary cricket games in our new ground at Sandfield Park put new life into the game. We enjoyed cricket this year and feel that in future years cricket at Sandfield Park will always be bright.



And the Sports, too, were made more interesting and attractive by the new surroundings. No more bare walls, no more chimney-pots to mar the scene; Rhododendrons, May-blossom, Chestnut, Laburnum and other flowering trees and shrubs take their place. Rain spoilt things. We had to postpone. Yet there were compensations—another half-holiday and no homework.



The Anniversary of Br. Leahy's death—17th April—was the day on which the School assembled once again at the Sung Requiem in Our Lady Immaculate's to commemorate the Founder of our School, and pray for the repose of his soul.



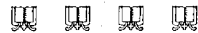
On the Feast of Corpus Christi a small but representative contingent from the College was able to join in the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the Cathedral site.



We offer our felicitations to Rev. G. Walsh and Rev. W. Briscoe on their recent ordination. During the past year four boys have gone to Seminaries and five to Religious Orders.



Some of the University results have been published. We congratulate T. Kenny on his obtaining B.Sc. (Hons.); W. Carr on the renewal of his Chemical Research Scholarship. A complete list of University successes will appear in the next number of the Magazine.



The sudden illness of Laurence Rooney and his death at the age of sixteen was a shock to the whole school. We regretted very much that the examination prevented many of us from attendance at the Requiem. We have not, however, forgotten him in our prayers and we shall long remember him as a model of gentleness. May he rest in peace!



Just as we go to press we have heard that a very enjoyable game, School *v.* Staff, was played at Sandfield, resulting in a win by a narrow margin for the School, 95-83.

Palestine.

PALESTINE can in all truth be called "The Cockpit of the World," for every nation that ever had any pretensions to amassing an empire has fought over it and for it. It is, by its very position, the corridor between Europe and the East. The old caravan routes from the far Eastern "spice" countries all ended on the Mediterranean coast of Palestine. Its capture by the Turks in the fifteenth century was the cause of the voyages of discovery to find a new route to India and China. The conquerors of Palestine in their order from the earliest times were:—Egyptians, Hittites, Syrians, Israelites, Midianites, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Crusaders, Saracens and finally, the Turks, who were dispossessed by Great Britain in 1917.

Small as the country is, it is one of rather interesting contrasts both in climate, physical features and population. The ultra-modern stands side by side with conditions which have not changed since the time of Christ. Poverty rubs shoulders with plenty. Further contrasts will be shown as this dissertation continues.

Haifa is the main port of Palestine, and is equipped with an excellent harbour which is sheltered by an extensive breakwater, its only drawback being the lack of quayside space. Overlooking the town is Mount Carmel, which is equipped with a lighthouse, the beam of which is visible for over twenty miles. The monks in the Carmelite Monastery surmounting the hill are responsible for its inauguration and upkeep.

To the north across the bay is Acre, of which we can trace records as far back as the Tel-el-Amarna Tablets, famous in Egyptology, its name being then Acca. In the Old Testament it is called Accho, and the Greeks knew it as Ace—St. Paul knew it as

Ptolomais. The present prison has cannon balls still embedded in its walls from the bombardment by the British, Austrian and Turkish Fleets in 1840.

Eastward along a good, if narrow, road, we approach Nazareth, well known as the place where Christ spent the first thirty years of His life. There still remains to be seen the Carpenter's shop where St. Joseph carried on his trade. Also, as the Arabs never lose sight of a water supply, the Well of the Virgin, as it is called, is certainly the source of the Holy Family's supply of water. Towards Lake Galilee we come to Kafi, Kanna, which is the Cana of Galilee where Christ wrought His first miracle. On the shores of Galilee is Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene.

Southward we come to Nablus, which is the home of the few remaining Samaritans. We will interrupt our imaginary journey here to find out exactly what Samaritans are and why they were so much hated by the Jews.

When the Babylonians overcame the the Israelites and carried them into captivity, by some oversight one of the twelve tribes was left behind. When this was discovered by the invaders, rather than go to the trouble of completing the job, they forced the remaining Jews to intermarry with their conquerors. When the Jews finally recovered their freedom, they immediately set about rebuilding the temple, with which every tribe helped. But when the Samaritans offered contribution it was refused because they had broken the law of the Jews in mixing with Gentiles. They immediately set up a rival religion on the basis of Judaism, and built a temple on Mount Gerizim, the remains of which may be seen to this day. There are, at the present time, exactly 207

Samaritans in the world, and before very long the tribe will be extinct.

Nablus is situated in the valley between Mount Gerizim and Ebal, both of which are mentioned in the Old Testament, the biblical name of Nablus being Shechem.

Jacob's Well is situated near here, and was the meeting place of Christ and the Woman of Samaria. Nearby, in a tree-grown enclosure, is the Tomb of Joseph. Also to be seen is the Plain of Megiddo, and it is here that the final conflict of Armageddon is pictured to be fought. Its present name is Esdraelon, and it is said to be drenched in the blood of centuries of battles.

We now move further south to Jerusalem, which is of most interest because of its association with the Life and Death of Christ.

Jerusalem is now composed of two main parts—Old and New. The old city is surrounded by a wall built by Sulciman the Magnificent in 1541 A.D. It follows, generally, the lines of Solomon's Wall, traces of which have been found. Within the Temple area, which is authenticated, is the Moslem Mosque of Omar, or Dome of the Rock. The Rock is that on which Abraham was about to sacrifice his son Isaac, and was also used by David as a place of sacrifice. There have actually been five temples on this spot, each of which has in turn been destroyed by the conquerors of Israel. There remains at present a part of the Walls of the Temple of Solomon, 52 yards long and 59 feet high—this is known as the Wailing Wall. Here the Jews come and bewail the lost glory of Israel and pray for its return.

A convent now stands on the sight of Pilate's Judgement Hall where Christ was condemned to death, and from here, through the Via Dolorosa, we can tread the way of the Cross, which is punctuated by tablets commemorating the Stations of the Cross, till we reach the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Here we can see the actual spot

where Christ was crucified between two thieves. An interesting item is seen here, namely, where the living rock was split by the earthquake which occurred at the time of our Lord's Death. From here we visit the Holy Sepulchre itself, whence Christ rose again on the third day after His death. A part of the stone which was used to seal the tomb still remains. The Greek Church has a peculiar ceremony at Easter, a fire being lit in the tomb, and through the holes in the walls, the people attempt to light tapers. It is a representation of their attaining spiritual life through Christ's Resurrection.

We leave the Old City and go through the New, which has some marvellous buildings; St. David's Hotel and the Y.M.C.A. buildings are wonderful examples of modern architecture. The whole town is studded with up-to-date buildings and theatres, but it is so similar to our own towns that we leave it and pass on to Bethlehem.

On the road we pass the well, known as King David's Well. This is associated with the story of that great king who, when sorely pressed in battle, cried out for water from the well of his youth. Three of his men fought their way through the enemy lines and brought back water from this well, but David, in his contrariness, cast it aside. Three times they did this, and finally the king was struck with remorse, and was inspired to write one of his famous psalms.

Further along we pass the Tomb of Rachel, the second wife of Jacob, who died giving birth to Benjamin. Another mile brings us to Bethlehem, the birthplace of Our Lord Himself. The Grotto is preserved under the Church of the Nativity, one of the three great Churches built by Constantine the Great in memory of his mother, St. Helena. The entrance to the church is no more than four feet high. The shape of the original door is visible still, and was filled in by the Crusaders because the Saracens were wont to charge in on the praying Christians and

cause much bloodshed. The main part of the church is hung with numerous lamps, and under the present floor is the original mosaic floor, which was only discovered in 1934, and is considered to be one of the finest examples of mosaic in the world. Under the main altar is the Grotto which is approached by very steep steps, worn as smooth as ice by the feet of countless pilgrims. In the Grotto a golden star marks the actual spot of the Birth.

The Church is maintained by the three great Christian Religions—Latin, Greek and Armenian, as are all the other important sites. As a point of interest, the roof of the church is composed of English Oak, supplied by Edward IV., in 1482.

The married women of Bethlehem wear a "Steeple Headdress," said to be derived from the "Whimble" of Crusader times. Nowhere else in Palestine is a similar adornment used.

We will now return to Jerusalem and visit the Garden of Gethsemane. The Olive trees in the Garden are so old that it can be said in all truth that they were there in Christ's time and witnessed the Agony in the Garden. A church has been built over the rock on which the Agony is said to have taken place, and is called the Church of Nations. The roof is composed of a series of domes which have been contributed by the various nations of the world, and are decorated with the arms and standard of the respective countries.

In the city wall, just opposite, is the Golden Gate which is identical with the gates through which our Lord made His entry into the city on the first Palm Sunday. It now forms one extremity of the area of the Dome of the Rock, and is blocked up because the Jews believe that their Messiah has not yet appeared, and when he does, he will come through the Golden Gate. As the latter is now under Moslem sway, the Moslems have

decided to stop Him by blocking up the Gate. To be seen from here are the Tombs of Zacharias, St. James and Absalom. In the last are holes through which the Jews throw stones, because, according to them, he was rather a "bad egg."

Speaking of Jews, we must visit the Tel Aviv on the coast. This is the town of the Jews, and was inaugurated as a town in 1922. It has grown wonderfully since then, and is typical of what a modern city should be. "Sunshine houses," with plenty of recreation space are the rule. The town is entirely Jewish, built for the Jews, by the Jews, with Jewish capital. It is certainly a fine example of modern town planning.

Palestine cannot be left without visiting the Dead Sea. The Jordan Valley in which it stands is 1290 feet below sea level, and is extremely hot all the year round. It is veritably a dead sea. No life of any description exists in it, and no birds fly over it. In its immediate vicinity also, the land is barren. There is no need to be able to swim, because the density of the water is such that one can float quite comfortably on it, as on an air cushion. The water, or rather, the salt, is very painful to the eyes, and to any scratches or bruises, but also has a good healing effect.

I have refrained from entering into any tedious descriptions because, in the first place, I would be unable to do full justice to those I might undertake, and secondly, to make a choice would be so difficult. I will just say that from almost any part of Palestine a glorious view of surrounding country can be obtained whether you are in a valley looking up, or on a hill looking down. There is no doubt that even without the Biblical and Religious significance of the place Palestine could really show sufficient variety of attractions to warrant a visit of, may we call it, exploration.

RICHARD SMERDON.

Annual Athletic Sports.

Saturday, June 12th, had been fixed for the sports, but the downpour, which continued till 3-30 p.m., forced their postponement. The following Monday was chosen and proved favourable. The arrangements were identical with those that had been made for Saturday, except that the events began at 4 p.m. in order to enable parents to be present for a part, at least, of the evening. A large number attended, and were pleased with the sports, the physical training display, the Birkenhead Silver Band, and the grounds, which looked their best in the evening sunshine.

Canon O'Connell had been advertised to give out the prizes, but owing to his being called away on business, Brother W. M. McCarthy, Assistant Superior General of the Christian Brothers who, fortunately, was with us on the occasion, did the needful. He congratulated the school and the boys on the acquisition of the fine grounds on which the sports were held. It was a historic occasion on which the first, of what would surely be a long series of Annual Sports, had taken place, and he expressed the hope that at the next meeting the New School would be nearing its completion.

SPORTS PRIZE FUND.

The School gratefully acknowledges the Receipt of Subscriptions and Prizes from the following:—

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RESULTS OF EVENTS.

Egg and Spoon—Div. A.—1, G. Butler; 2, P. Molyneaux; 3, P. Bligh.

100 Yards—Div. B.—1, A. Yates; 2, D. Dempsey; 3, D. Callaghan.

220 Yards—Div. C.—1, E. Rogers; 2, C. Brennan; 3, B. Ludden.

Obstacle—Div. D.—1, R. Joyce; 2, J. Anton.

100 Yards—Div. E.—1, L. Quinn; 2, F. Gilmore; 3, F. Taylor.

440 Yards—Div. F.—1, L. Smith; 2, T. McBeath; 3, S. Edge.

Variety Race—Div. A.—R. Winstanley; 2, P. Bligh; 3, G. Butler.

220 Yards—Div. B.—1, D. Dempsey; 2, J. White; 3, J. Hands.

Sack Race—Div. C.—1, S. Houldin; 2, J. Weston; 3, J. Redmond.

100 Yards—Div. D.—1, B. Keenan; 2, M. Lamb; 3, V. Bradley.

440 Yards—Div. E.—1, J. Ion; 2, F. Taylor; 3, L. Quinn.

100 Yards—Div. F.—1, L. Smith; 2, J. McNamara; 3, V. Jack.

Junior Relay—1, Sefton (J. Ion, V. Bradley, B. Keenan, T. Kennan).

80 Yards—Div. A.—1, G. Butler; 2, D. Winstanley; 3, J. Roose.

Sack Race—Div. B.—1, F. Burrowes; 2, J. Campbell; 3, J. Callander.

100 Yards—Div. C1.—1, S. Houldin; 2, J. Flatley; 3, E. Rogers.

100 Yards—Div. C2.—1, B. Ludden; 2, C. Brennan; 3, R. Brennan.

Hurdle Race—Div. D.—1, H. Buckley; 2, B. Keenan; 3, T. Horan.

Obstacle—Div. E.—1, W. Geeleher; 2, B. Manassie.

Hurdle Race—Div. F.—1, L. Smith; 2, J. Leonard; 3, V. Jack.

Junior Championship—1, V. Bradley.

Siamese Race—Div. B.—1, T. Kavanagh and D. Dempsey; 2, E. Levy and L. Walker.

Musical Chairs—Div. C.—1, J. Glynn; 2, F. Winstanley; 3, F. Keating.

440 Yards—Div. D.—1, V. Bradley; 2, T. Horan; 3, J. Mulhearn.

880 Yards—Div. E.—1, R. Smith; 2, L. Quinn; 3, G. Horan.

880 Yards—Div. F.—1, L. Smith; 2, M. Bryne; 3, M. P. Walsh.

440 Yards—Div. C.—1, C. Brennan; 2, G. Kelly; 3, B. Ludden.

High Jump—Div. D.—1, B. Keenan; 2, H. Buckley.

Hurdle Race—Div. E.—1, G. Horan; 2, J. Kinnane; 3, R. Smith.

Long Jump—Div. F.—1, L. Smith; 2, V. Jack.

Senior Relay—1, Sefton (G. Sinnott, K. McGuinness, J. Leonard); 2, Mersey; 3, Domingo; 4, Hope.

880 Yards—Old Boys' Race—1, L. Daly.

Obstacle Race—Div. C.—1, F. Ramos; 2, G. Kelly; 3, T. Maher.

Long Jump—Div. D.—1, T. Horan; 2, T. Bennett.

High Jump—Div. E.—1, W. Handley; 2, R. Smith.

Long Jump—Div. E.—1, W. Geeleher; 2, G. Horan.

High Jump—Div. F.—1, M. P. Walsh; 2, L. Smith.

Senior Championship—1, M. Byrne.

Slow Cycle Race—1, S. Moore; 2, P. Shaw.

Throwing the Javelin—Old Boys—1, J. Banks.

One Mile (Open)—1, M. P. Walsh; 2, M. Byrne; 3, W. Powell.

Junior Consolation Race—1, F. Manlond; 2, W. Beswick.

Senior Consolation Race—1, G. Pellegrini; 2, C. Wright.

Tug of War—Junior—Sefton.

Tug of War—Senior—Domingo.

Premier House—Sefton, 125 points; Domingo, 64 points; Mersey, 40 points.

Victor Ludorum—L. Smith, 19 points.

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Animadversions of Romance.

Reader, have you never reflected that you belong to a mighty host, that you serve as cog in an enormous wheel? The greater part of mankind is in this passive state. It is their function to digest the immense mass of writing poured forth by their more prolific neighbours to absorb it as a sponge absorbs water, and, what is more, to do so without protest. What a despicable, jelly-like wretch is the average reader—yourself excepted, of course! In fear and trembling he obeys the injunction, “Uncover, dog, and lap,” and laps to some purpose. Even the all-powerful author contemns him, speaks contemptuously of him as “My Public,” or perhaps, “my public.” You may see these invertebrate creatures thronging in their thousands to the free libraries, there to solace themselves with their accustomed opiate, to dull their already clouded intellects with the hazy outpourings of an even feebler mind. An opium smoker is less in thrall than they; better it were if they had never been taught to read! But the redemption, alas, would be neutralised by the cinema, that perverted discovery which presents in pictorial form what cannot be imbibed from the printed page.

Is it not disgusting to hear doddering

old men, one foot already deep in the tomb, raving about the inmates of Hollywood?

The average library-worm will stomach anything, provided it conforms to one condition—it must not be true. To expose life as it is, that is too crude, too horrible. No! all must be distorted till it becomes pleasant, till nothing jars, it must be covered with a glossy, hard veneer of cheap romance. And what happens when someone discovers the faults of the cheap novel? Does he decry it? Not at all, he merely tries to do better himself.

Thus we are changing gradually from a world of readers to a world of writers. What will happen then? When there were no writers there was no civilisation; when everyone is a writer will anarchy come? Let us hope that salvation is on its way. Perhaps the supply of themes will dry up—already a certain amount of duplication is evident—perhaps the writing world will develop writer's cramp, or be overwhelmed in a deluge of printer's ink, who knows. “But what a waste of good writing fluid.” I hear you cry. It is. Let us avert this dread calamity, let us save civilisation, let us boycott the cheap novelist and his works, noxious exhalations from the barathrum.

J.F.R.

CAERGWRLLE CASTLE.

Caergrwle, which I visited on one of my recent cycling trips into North Wales, is situated midway between Wrexham and Mold.

It is noted for its castle, which is built on Bryn-y-gaer (hill of the fortress), and overlooks the plain of Chester.

During the Roman occupation of Britain, the Roman legion, stationed at Chester, being compelled to skirt the great Saltney Marsh, forced a passage into Wales along the higher ground. They established on Bryn-y-gaer an outpost to secure them-

selves from attack, and these soldiers, probably the first to settle here permanently, gave the place its name, which means Gurle's Camp. Gurle is said to have been the general in command of the castle.

The Castle featured in many battles during the 13th century, but when the Welsh were subdued, Caergrwle became the centre of the woollen industry in North Wales.

Although only the walls of the Castle now stand, they serve as a grim reminder of the many battles which were fought there in early times.

G. VALENTINE.

“Links with the Past.”

(Old English customs still in practice).

Not far from Winchester, on the main Southampton road is the Institution, where even to-day a unique custom is still in practice; it is the ancient hospital of St. Cross, a church and almshouse, founded about 1136 to give lodging and keeping to thirteen poor men and a daily meal to a hundred needy wayfarers. The “Wayfarer’s Dole”—a horn of beer and a small bread-roll has been handed out daily to all who have asked for it since the time of King Stephen, and is still being handed out to the poor and destitute of the present day.

To-day, it seems strange that this custom of giving beer should be maintained, but stranger still is the fact that at the time of the Hospital’s foundation, and throughout the Middle-Ages, beer was commonplace among all classes, and an accepted beverage even in schools.

There is a city in Yorkshire called Ripon where, every night at nine o’clock, a Wakeman sounds the curfew on a long, curled horn. He is dressed in an ancient costume, and first sounds it under the Market-Cross, blowing four sharp blasts, then proceeding to the Mayor’s apartments where he sounds it again.

In olden times, if a house was burgled between the “Curfew” and the following morning, its owner could claim compensation from the Wakeman and his attendants for failing to preserve the peace of the city.

Ripon has other customs, one being its Saint’s Day, when a chosen citizen portrays the patron by riding round the streets dressed in quaint robes and mounted on a white horse; in conjunction with this, the new Mayor is conducted home by a merry

throng, who fix the “Official-Lamp” upon his front gate.

The subject of merriment cannot pass without reference to the Somerset orchards and the age-old custom of “wassailing” the apple trees, a jolly ritual that has survived the progress of time.

The celebrations begin with a feast at which cider is drunk, as a stimulant, until midnight, when a procession takes place. A group of farmhands then form a circle round the oldest tree in the orchard, where one of the party dips a piece of dry toast into a bucket of cider and places it in the branches as an offering to the birds. The oldest man then fires into the tree with an ancient musket while his companions stand round and cheer.

As a usual “finale” the local squire lavishly entertains the party until dawn.

Here is an old wassail song:—

“Wassail, wassail, all round the town.
The cider cup is white, but the cider is brown
Our cider is made from good apple-trees,
So now my fine fellows we’ll drink if you please,
Here’s one, and here’s two, and here’s three before we go,
We’re three jolly boys all in a row.”

Those care-free days of song and happy drinking company were part of an era, contented and unhurried, typical of an England that was, during the Middle-Ages, simple in her choice of pastime and pleasure. It contrasts vividly with our present-day existence, and comes like a breath of cool fresh air to sooth the burning pace of our modern “Speed-Mania.”

“O Tempora! O Mores.”

JOHN DELAMERE.

“The Paste Jewel.”

An inco-heroi-comedy, or bufonic idyll, in eight scenes.

“Sweet are the uses of adversity
 “Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous
 “Wears a precious jewel in his head.”

—AS YOU LIKE IT.

(N.B.—For students of literature this play teems with classical and other allusions.)

Dramatis Personae.

SHYLOCK BONES— A Defective Detective.
 BELFREIGH BATSIN, M.D.—His Aide de Camp.
 ARISTIDE, LORD TODE—A Belted Earl.
 DR. EMIL YUJEE—A Cosmopolitan Criminal.
 Footmen, Choruses, Corpses, etc.

SCENE I.

The apartment or rooms of Mr. Shylock Bones, the notorious detective, in Butler Street. Bones, a tall, scraggy man, attired in a dilapidated dressing-gown, is standing on his head playing a sonata in B flat (very flat) on a jew's harp. His old friend, Dr. Batsin, is posed before the fire reading “The Old Penton-Villain.”

Bones (reversing): Dear me!

Batsin (placing magazine behind his ear): Eh?

Bones (loudly, with annoyance): Dear me!!

Batsin (louder, with more annoyance): I heard it the first time!!!!

Bones (wearily): Drop the subject! (Plays a few batches of Snach's variations): I see you have yesterday's paper there!

Batsin: Bless my soul, how did you know?

Bones (proudly): I deduced it from the date!

Batsin (a master of interjection): Oh! (There is a pause, broken by the scuffling of rats).

Bones: The criminal world is too quiet altogether. It is suspicious.

Batsin: Mmmm—(he falls asleep).

(There is another pause, even the rats have stopped now. But suddenly the loud

(fortissime) popping of an exhaust is heard).

Batsin (waking): Aha! I deduce a car stopping outside (inflates).

Bones: Yes, an 1897 Ford. There are 301 different kinds of exhaust noise. I have written an exhaustive monograph on the subject.

Batsin (baffled and deflating, but still master of his subject): Really?

Bones from window): It is a client, too.

Batsin: How did you know?

Bones: He is knocking at our door.

Batsin: Bah! He might be coming to see me.

Bones: My dear Batsin!

Batsin (glowering): An insult, sir, which can only be wiped out in blood! Take that, and that, and that, and that!!!! (He hurls four inkpots at Bones, but misses).

Bones (suavely): There are 89 different ways of throwing an inkpot, and only one is effective. By the way, speaking of blood—(he produces a huge bowie-knife). (Here Batsin dives under the table. There is a knock at the door. Enter Tode, a small, sandy-haired man, with a face like a mandrill and inclined to corpulence. He is agitated and nervous, but announces himself pompously).

Tode: I am Lord Tode, 10th Earl du Marais. (He sees Batsin and dives beneath the table, whence he emerges, after a scuffle, leading Batsin by the ear).

Tode: Mr. Bones, Mr. Bones, look what I've found. A marauder, by gad, sir, a marauder! (Pats his back).

Batsin (in a muffled voice): Leggo, you're hurting!

Bones (rubbing his hands): My dear Lord Tode, pray be seated (pushes forward a soap box). Allow me to introduce my old friend, Dr. Batsin.

(Tode sits down, panting, Batsin retires, sulking).

Tode: Gad, sir, I was startled. But how did you know my name?

Bones (smirking): Everyone knows you Lord Tode.

Batsin (sotto voice): Hypocrite.

Tode (still agitated): I have heard of your excellent work in the case of the Mysterious Inscriptions, the case of Vassily Kutschuk Kainardji, and the disappearance of Schouwloff Schimmelpenninck (unknots his vocal chords), and I want you to come down to Tode Towers, where there has been a most remarkable series of incidents.

Bones: Indeed (looks suitably impressed).

Tode: Yes! Last week the butler was found dead in his pantry, surrounded by circumstances pointing to foul play. Since then three footmen, one chauffeur, and the cook have also been found in similar circumstances.

Batsin (a classical scholar): Eheu!

Bones (aghast): Tut tut! Any details?

Tode: Well, all their heads were dented as though they had been belaboured with malicious intent, and a heavy, blunt instrument (he smiles enigmatically). Even the guests are not immune. I found ten of them in the library last night, hanging from the chandelier. Poor Lord D—g, from whom I was hoping to raise a loan was one of them. Fortunately, he had some loose change, which I confiscated, but still . . . (sobs). (For a picture of the gory scene, vide *Histoire Illustree*, P.96).

Bones (impatiently): These things are immaterial. What I want are details.

Tode: I have told you everything.

Bones (finally): Then I cannot undertake the case!

Tode (thunderstruck): What!!!

Bones (sternly): I asked for details, and you have the utter impertinence to conceal something from me! Without your complete confidence I can do nothing.

Tode (stupified): But . . .

Bones (coldly): Come, sir, tell me all, or else—Batsin, open the door.

Tode (cowed): Patience, patience. I am a poor man, Mr. Bones. I will tell you, but remember, I do so under pressure (in a broken voice). My name is Aristide Pumblesnook Percival Tode! (he walks agitatedly up and down the room). Silence, broken by sobs from Tode, and a louder guffaw from Batsin).

Bones (at last): Good, now we can get on with the case. Did you notice any other peculiarity?

Tode: Oh! Each victim had a round, silver mark on his coat.

Bones (excitedly): The sign, the sign. Is it possible? Yes, everything points to one conclusion. The culprit is—

Bones and Batsin (in chorus): Yujee, the nefarious Yujee (they sing and dance).

Tode: Do you mean Dr. Emil Yujee, the maniacal medico of Mongolia?

Bones: The very man! I shall go down to Tode Towers to-morrow. Meanwhile, however, I must concentrate. (He takes a fill of tobacco from the Russian boot on the mantelpiece (EXIT TODE), and lights an enormous hookah. Batsin assumes a gas-mask. The chang of fire-bells is heard afar off).

CURTAIN.

(Enter a chorus of suspicious characters).

Isn't it an awful bore

To be sought for by the law,

Chivvied up and chivvied down,

Hunted from the smoky town?

SCENE II.

(The ancestral hall of Tode Towers. Enter Bones, obviously disguised, in a dog-robber hat, morning coat and plus fours.

He carries on his back, Batsin, who is disguised as a bag of golf-clubs).

Bones (producing lens): Aha! Yes I thought so. Very interesting.

ENTER TODE.

Was your late butler a fat man with an eyeglass, a wooden leg, and a hammer toe?

Tode (triumphantly): No.

Bones: No, I thought not. But did one of your guests wear scarlet socks, and were his trousers creased down the side?

Tode: Yes, the cad! (Reminiscently): If ever a man deserved to be hung from the chandelier . . .

Bones: Quite, quite. (Hunggrily) We will, I think, adjourn to the dining room. There is nothing more to be assimilated here.

Tode: of course! By the way, here is something on account. (Proffers a Mongolian stamp, rather shop-soiled). The gum has worn off, but no doubt a little condensed milk . . .

Bones (raising his hands in horror): My dear Lord Tode. I could not dream of accepting it. I hope I am above such things. (Confidently): I've got that one, anyway. (Here Batsin produces a stamp album, and swaps).

Bones (severely): You forget yourself, Batsin! (Batsin hastily resumes his disguise).

Tode: You will take nothing then?

Bones: A cup of Horlicks, possibly. I suffer severely from night-starvation.

Tode (sarcastically): Too bad! Why not try Crozzer's Corpse Capsules? You would never feel ill again. (Sniggers).

Bones (who has not been listening): Pray, what is this inscription over the hearth, Lord Tode?

Tode: Rubbish, sheer rubbish.

Batsin (reads): MEMENTOTE, ANSERES STULTISSIMI, USUM PASSIVUM IMPERSONALEM ESSE
Yes, just rubbish, I am afraid. Whoever wrote it was a bad Latin scholar!

Bones (irrelevantly): Did your ancestors leave any heirlooms?

Tode: Yes, but it was lost after my grandfather's death.

Bones (aside to Batsin): I see now where Yujee crawls in!

(Enter a gardener. Batsin is about to say something, but changes his mind and looks like an encyclopaedia—versatile).

Gardener: Eats is ready, gents.

(A scuffle ensues, in which Tode is knocked down. His voice is heard from the midst of the *mêlée*).

Tode (apologetically): All the other servants have been foully slain. I found them in the cellar this morning.

CURTAIN.

(Enter a chorus of spectral footmen). They chant mournfully.

All: In deep and dirty dungeon were we duly done to death.

Butler: With ball of twine the murderer deprived us of our breath.

Footmen: Me being dead he took his stance, and my corpse he bestrode.

All: The criminal, the dastard man, the murderer was—(they vanish).

SCENE III.

(The dining room. Batsin is eating, Bones is on the floor, retrieving his waistcoat buttons. Tode sits back, looking gorged).

Bones: The cellar, I presume, is underneath this room?

Tode: Yes. It opens into the butler's pantry and the library.

Bones: Ha! I see light, I see light!

Tode (sotto voice): What a detective! It was cut off in '84.

Bones (to Batsin): We shall mount guard in the cellar to-night. I hope you have your dark-lantern, jemmy, and set of skeleton keys.

Batsin (his mouth full): Of course! (Chokes).

CURTAIN.

(Enter a chorus of skeleton keys. Exit chorus again. (We hope your dramatic tension has been relieved.)

SCENE IV.

(The coal cellar. Dead silence, except for a subdued but continuous rattle from Batsin's knees. He and Bones, armed to the teeth, are disguised as coal-bags. So many things happen that we cannot describe them, and it is so dark that you cannot see them, so we will pass on).

SCENE V.

(The ancestral hall of Tode Towers, near the front door).

Enter Tode, Bones, and Batsin, the latter still covered with coal dust, and chewing something.

Bones: I think I will return to London now.

Tode (aghast): But what of the mystery, and . . . and Dr. Yujee? I know I shall get insomnia thinking about that dreadful man going about the house, murdering my servants. (He smiles a sinister smile).

Batsin (aside): There aren't any left.

Bones: Oh, the mystery? I have solved it. If you will come to my rooms to-night, I will explain all.

Tode (stupified): But how did you do it?

Bones (significantly): The butler had a gold tooth, and the moon is full!

Tode: But the butler was bald!

Bones: That's just it.

Batsin (magnificently): The affair presented no difficulties to us. (He sticks his thumbs in his waistcoat, which is now secured with a large safety pin).

Bones (with a meaning chuckle, administering a sly dig in the ribs): Of course not, eh, Batsin?

(Batsin produces his jemmy).

Bones (hastily): Goodbye, Lord Tode. Don't forget your cheque-book to-night. (EXIT, pursued by Batsin).

Tode (sniggering): The poor fish thinks he has solved the mystery—Ha Ha Ha, He He He. He will never outwit the great, the magnificent, the egregious Tode!

(Sings): "As for Mr. Bones, who's solved so many cases, I've nipped him in the bud, or rather, in the braces."

CURTAIN.

(What a wicked man! We wonder what will happen next).

(Enter a chorus of Civil Servants). They chant:—

What's a democracy, but a bureaucracy
Manned by the bureaucrats,

Thinly veiled autocrats

Forming, at last, a perfect plutocracy.

—EXEUNT.

SCENE VI.

(The same setting five minutes later. Bones sidles in, his hands in his pockets).

Bones (deprecatingly): Excuse me, Lord Tode, but I have inadvertently broken my braces—have you such a thing as a length of stout string?

(Batsin furtively removes his safety pin).

Tode (gleefully): Of course, of course, Mr. Bones, come up to the tower chamber with me, and I will procure the wherewithal. (Hums "Will you come into my parlour, said the spider to the fly").

By the way, how did you know your braces were broken?

Bones (with asperity): I deduced it. (They go out, Bones shuffling.)

CURTAIN.

(Enter chorus of Chinese pirates. As they sing in Chinese, you would not understand, and we have no time to translate).

SCENE VII.

(The tower chamber—a large, bare room, with a great, low-silled window on one side).

Tode (with a magnificent sweep of the arm): What a magnificent view there is from that window. You are now 100 feet from the

ground. Go and look at the countryside while I fetch some string. (Gives a sinister smirk as they go).

Batsin (a Philistine, looking out of the window). Not so hot!

Bones: You vandal, *Batsin*, I am ashamed of you.

(He takes a step to one side. *Tode*, who has been gathering velocity across the room, prior to defenestrating *Bones* and *Batsin*, is unable to save himself, and hurtles through the gap into the gaping void. He emits a heart rending scream when he realizes his fate. A short time later (Scientists will presumably be able to estimate the exact number of seconds), a dull thud is heard, far, far below. Later still, the now dented *Tode* appears on the rebound, and is struck forcibly with a jemmy by the exultant *Batsin*.)

Bones (losing his hauteur and giving way to a lyrical feeling). "He's dead, but he won't lie down."

Batsin (cheerfully): Oh, yes he will!
(*Tode* does).

CURTAIN.

(Enter a chorus of undertakers). They sing:—

"*Tode*, ah! who knows where, has gone,
Dead and buried, all in one!
Strew with flowers, his earthly bed;
Dead, and kicked the bucket, dead!"

SCENE VIII.

(Readers will learn with relief that this is the last scene).

(*Bone's* rooms in *Butler Street*. Enter *Bones* and *Batsin*, looking smug. *Bones* proceeds to perform a mysterious chemical experiment, which involves the heating of a test tube. *Batsin* proceeds to the pantry).

Batsin (returning with a tray): Well, we have finished off that mystery, anyway.

Bones (absorbed in experiment): Hmmm!

Batsin (vulgarly): Did you see *Tode's* face when I tapped him with the jemmy?

Bones: Yes. The ass was annoyed.

(The spectral face of *Tode* peers through window, scowling malevolently).

Batsin (with assumed indifference): There are one or two points I can't quite understand. Nothing important, you know, but still . . .

Bones: For instance?

Batsin: Well, where did *Dr. Emil Yujee* come in?

Bones (leaning back, and placing tips of fingers together). My investigations showed that *Tode* and *Dr. Yujee* were one and the same person. This is confirmed by my brother *Pyecruste*, whom I consulted.

Batsin (surprised, but trying to look as though he knew it). That's right. At any rate, he won't trouble us again.

(*Tode* re-appears and laughs an eery laugh—*Ho, Ho, Ho*).

Bones and Batsin (together, producing revolvers): What was that?

Batsin (lightly): I deduce a new species of exhaust.

Bones (not re-assured): Perhaps!

(They cross to window and look out. Immediately *Tode* comes in through the wall, obviously in a hurry. He is leering, and the light of vengeance gleams in his shifty eyes. He glides across the room, exuding a silvery, phosphorescent glow, and substitutes for *Bone's* test tube another, which he fills from a bottle labelled "*Nitro-Glycerine*." Just then a gaggle of minor red devils enter. They pursue *Tode* from the room, cackling hideously).

Batsin (all unconscious): Curious, there is a distinct smell of sulphur!

Bones: So there is. (Cogitates a low, humming noise—at last). It must be my experiment. Perhaps a little more heat is required. (Heats test-tube.)

Batsin: That's it. The explanation had already occurred to me. (Nonchalantly): By the way, how did you solve the mystery?

Bones: Quite simple, I assure you.

From my observations I deduced
(Unfortunately, he is interrupted by a
LOUD EXPLOSION.

Exit Bones, severally, accompanied by
Batsin, piecefully).

CURTAIN.

EPILOGUE.

(As the dust settles over the debris of
East London, enter a policeman, who pulls
out his notebook).

Policeman (licking his pencil): What's
all this 'ere? 'Oo did this?

(There is no answer except for a faint,
far-off cackling. A crowd begins to collect).

FINIS.

(With profuse apologies to the Unities,
Muses, the Brethren of the Coast, Old Uncle
Tom Cobley and all, and many thanks to
W. McG— for puerile criticism and use-
less advice, of which, unfortunately, we took
no notice).

J.F.R., H.G.J.

Form Notes.

Form Via Science.

By way of a change our form notes this
year are in the shape of a brief summary of
the activities (or inactivities) of each member
of the form. First, in alphabetical order
at least, is Brash. He has been striving
this term to gain a place in the first eleven,
and his well-known eloquence bids fair to
convince the captain, Ludden, of his worth.
The next is Byrne, who has devoted most
of the time to French, finishing the course
well in front of the rest of us, in fact so soon
that it has been suggested that he should work
alone in the library. However, he managed,
in addition, to pull off a few prizes in the sports.
We understand that Curran has been working
on a "very subtle" new invention to wit,
a case which can be moved or opened without
waking the Moderns in the library next door.

Our "swing music" enthusiast Kelly
has contrived to swing on to the first rung
of the Civil Service ladder by passing his
exam. at the end of last term. Ludden, now
famous as an organist, is captain of the
cricket team, and we notice that he is almost
on speaking terms with Brother Casey.
The writer has spent most of this term on
a walking tour of the Sixth Form passage,

and would like to inform his acquaintances
in VIB Science that he nearly knows the
correct key for their notorious cupboard.
Reilly, our "unemployed" member also
passed a Civil Service exam.

Rochford informs us that his long-awaited
lecture has now been indefinitely postponed
(thank heaven!). Most of you know that
Smith gained the Victor Ludorum, but
who could imagine his quoting Einstein
to support an excuse for being late, and
getting away with it. We are still wondering
why Mark Walsh did not win the mile
instead of Martin, since much of his time
is spent running along in front of the latter,
wearing a hunted look. Williams, another
lover of French, has now perfected his well-
known look of intelligence when translating.

In conclusion we would like to point
out to the Moderns that our reason for
sparing them Science lectures was the well-
known "technical hitch," and to remind the
school not to expect more than six state
scholarships from this form. We must leave
one or two for the Mods., you know, as a
last token of gratitude for their brilliant
French lectures during the past year.

T.J.L.



Form Via Mods.

Form VIB Science.

Fellow sufferers,

There comes a time in the life of everyone of us when we realize that we must leave school: some of us go to work; others become schoolmasters . . . Yet we must all—aye, e'en the best of us—become, by due course of nature's law, Old Boys. The shades of the prison house have begun to close around the growing boy—you know how it is with growing boys; or do you? Look at McCarthy for instance: there's a growing boy for you! 6 feet 1½ inches and still growing strong.

We feel we cannot depart from the scene of our activities (a very good word), without giving forth at some length upon our pet aversion, that emblem of respectability, the Bowler Hat. Eleven in all, we have solemnly sworn never to take to ourselves a bowler hat, or anything having the least resemblance thereto: a mortar-board, perhaps, a sleek and shining topper, maybe, even a "boater" at a push, but *never* a bowler.

As you may have remarked, reader, we are very dejected: we are cast down in spirit and sorely afflicted in our hearts. Not even the sight of a Scientist will raise a smile upon our lips. Mistake us not—we have no cause against science. Where would the world be without the patent cigarette lighter? It is the scientists we object to.

Finally, one of the collaborators in these notes wishes to assure everybody, for their edification and his own relief, that he has no connection whatever with a slightly more famous namesake in that milky way of film stars—Hollywood. He has his spiritual troubles—as who has not? But he had his adenoids extracted at an earlier age.

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



"Who goes home?" The question must ever arise in the higher forms in the last few days of the last school term of the year. Associations of ten years or more are about to be broken, and the stern realities of life about to be faced by some of us. Looking forward to the great adventure with hope and interest, we yet look back, and wonder, for the first time, whether after all the oft-repeated dictum of the older folk is right, that one's schooldays are the happiest. Maybe, maybe not, yet we *have* enjoyed our schooldays; but yet again we hope to enjoy the days to come. Shall we, in looking back, see our quondam masters through different eyes? Will they sometimes think of us—but still as the dunderheads they would have us think they regarded us at times? Said one the other day on shaking the hand of the writer's father, "I shall not shake hands with the boy until he has left school." Well, most of us will be glad to shake the hands of our ex-masters in after life—they have done their best for us in spite of any semblance of the contrary.

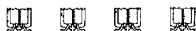
And who have got their Scholarships, their Higher School, or their Matriculation Certificates? And who are floored? Our congratulations or our commiserations, as may be appropriate, in advance. But what of the term? The term began with exercises on the first night. We have a number of experts in this class; Merrivale is the man to whom we refer all problems in etymology. Gaskin can tell anyone what inverse proportion means. R. Pope is the units expert, and Molyneux knows now that a square root can be plus or minus. Copple ("the first martyr to science") never fails to find the correct answer to any question so long as he is given three attempts.

We had a refreshing week's holiday for Coronation week, and another while Mr. R—— was absent, having sprained his ankle one Monday evening.

Gaskin and Molyneux, by a very curious coincidence, managed to discover a new formula in *Light* on the same night! It's queer how these things do happen. N'est-ce pas?

The annual French debate was held early in June, at which certain members of the A's tried to show off before the ignorant Upper V's.

Speaking of French reminds us that we consider ourselves excellent translators of French unseen in spite of what Mr. Mulhern says from time to time.



Form V**ib** Moderns.

Taking up the thread of our epic where we left off last term we find that exciting incidents, such as Alpine Climbing, happen but once in many moons.

However, the monotony of this term was to some measure relieved by the sports, and the authors, hitching up their olde schoole ties with self-satisfied smirks of unpardonable pride (N.B.—for Science-alliteration!), acknowledge, or rather, confess, that they were the only entrants from our noble ranks. However, the spirit of one of these may have been willing, but the flesh was indeed weak, and he did not survive the heats, but the other, Handley, our "junior" member, carried off the high jump, an event which he also won in the Inter-College Sports.

The classroom—"Here where men sit and hear each other groan. Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs, when youth grows pale, spectre-thin, and dies," has seen three more or less stalwar youths depart sorrowfully into the cold, hard world, "to put their feet down with a firm hand" on this grindstone of which we hear so much. John Banks and Harry Hellyer will become, probably, dyspeptic city men, one in the

Municipal Offices, and one in the not-too-Civil Service. But Jim Edwards, having entered a Rubber Works, may emerge as an Inner Tube, or even an Outer Cover.

Formerly, out of our class of eleven, we supplied four members of the School First Cricket XI, namely, Banks, Hellyer, Ludden and Handley, but now only two—the writers—(more maidenly blushes), remain.

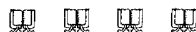
After a relapse last term, during which he did nearly all his homework, Bannon has now and finally left the straight and narrow way for the rose-strewn path of "I've forgotten it, I left it on the tram," etc., etc.

Bates, an ardent admirer of the Three Stooges, has already chosen his future career. He is to (*c*) produce masterpieces, (*b*) write masterpieces, (*c*) direct masterpieces, (*d*) act in masterpieces, or (*e*) do (*a*), (*b*), (*c*), and (*d*) simultaneously.

A lack of scenery, which was limited to two water-pipes and a desk, did not prevent us from giving vent to our theatrical temperaments by acting (Oh! true, true word!) Bill Shakespear's famous farce, "King Lear and his three daughters, Cordial Shennan, Regan Egan and Gongorilla Bates."

We are now completely versed in the meanings of Bill's cryptic messages such as "Tucker within," "Alarums and excursions without," "Sennett within," or "Ye tyme, gentles, an it please ye."

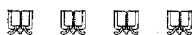
F.L., W.H.



Form Lower V Moderns.

On the first morning of the new term we woke up with a start to realize that the Easter vacation was ended. "Extra work" was cheerfully handed out to, but not so cheerfully received by defaulters in the matter of prep. Having made the acquaintance of Ovid, we found him quite as detestable

as Caesar, if not more so. R—Y, being an old conjuror, can eat sweets in class without moving his jaws, and his classmates have asked to be let into the secrets of the trade. Ju-Ju is our star historian, and has already forgotten more about history than we will ever know. We are afraid that the Moderns are tending towards "Democracy" more than ever, for we have neither prefect nor register, J. C. J.—s being self-appointed and constitutional prefect. We regard this as a very good measure (worthy of the Moderns) to counteract the tendency of the Sciences to Communism. Mr. Loughlin, our chemistry master, did, does, and always will make our chemistry lessons bright and interesting. Owing to the devotion to duty of J. C. Jones our May and June altars have been well tended. There seemed to be a competition in the class at present as to who can damage his right hand for some occult reason. Three have so far succeeded. We were very sorry to hear of the death of R. Stopforth's father, and we give him all our sympathies. We are also sorry to lose Robert himself as well as Bernard Slater.



Upper Va Science.

Much to our delight, and to the despair of our masters, this term has been broken up by numerous holidays.

The Reginald wave often rocks our class room at approximately 9-15 a.m. as its owner stalks into the room. G—t still sleeps in the front row, and one of the desks in the back row still supports P.G.

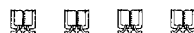
In the Annual Sports, which took place on Monday, June 14th, members of our class were rather unfortunate in not being rewarded for their valiant efforts. As far as cricket is concerned, our class is well represented in the School Second XI. by Dunphy, Forshaw, Mercer, Hawkins, and

O'Connor, while our form team, in conjunction with the A Moderns, soundly beat the B's.

Our examination is approaching fast, and like Burns—

We backward cast our e'es
On prospects dear!

An' forward, tho' we cannot see,
We guess . . . an' fear.



Upper Va Moderns.

Owing to the Archbishop's much-appreciated request on the occasion of our Prize Giving at the Picton Hall, our short Easter holidays were prolonged by one day, and accordingly we returned to school on April 4th to face the last lap of the arduous course. However, we received a pleasant surprise that this term was to be interspersed with frequent holidays—the Coronation, Whit, Corpus Christi, and others.

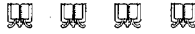
Overcoming these set-backs, with admirable courage and perseverance, our masters put their shoulders to the wheel and worked and shoved to finish our course for us. Occasionally (very occasionally) we lent them some small assistance in the way of preparation and revision.

Setting aside those distasteful scholastic subjects, we hasten to brighter things. Sports Day was arranged for June 12th, but the field was in a fitter condition for a Regatta than running events. However, after a regrettable postponement they were finally held on the following Monday, and they were a huge success. At first, of course, members of our form were a little backward in entering, but with some gentle persuasion they soon pressed forward.

About the middle of this term the Sixth Form kindly invited us to their Annual French Debate. We enjoyed it immensely; the mere fact that we didn't know what they

were talking about didn't worry us at all.

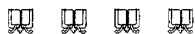
We're nearly surrounded by those corporation buildings now. It seems as if they rise at the rate of one floor per day.



Lower Va Science.

Summer, 1937.

During the recent months the word on the lips of many of the boys in our class is not the expected "cricket," but the little-thought of, little-known "baseball." The present popular method of praising one's athletic prowess is to shout "that's pitchin'." Our two only attempts at playing the aforementioned game met with disastrous results. It was referred to by some ignoramus as a mixture of skittles and rounders." In the School Sports our athletes did honour to the form, Geeleher in particular. He received three prizes, including a silver medal. Shakespeare was loudly cheered when we heard his words in "Macbeth"—"Throw physic(s) to the dogs. I'll none of it." Incidentally, our rendering of this famous play occasions so many laughs, that it can be practised only when the room next door is empty. Morpheus still amuses us with his little tricks and lapses of memory. We are proud of our "little man," Shaw, who is nearly six feet high though only thirteen years of age. This "little man" and Whitehurst of the B Class came respectively second and third in the Slow Bicycle Race. We are informed that they do not practise on the way to school. Our May and June altars were well kept up, thanks chiefly to Geeleher.



Lower Vb Science.

Summer, 1937.

We take this opportunity of publicly

welcoming to our exclusive and distinguished company a new member, G. Morris, late of Southampton. The hot, sultry weather which heralded this term was no inducement to hard work, and we were therefore doubly grateful for the week's holiday, occasioned by Whitsuntide and the Coronation. One Monday morning, W—— came into class and told the master that he had done no homework because his arms and back were sunburnt. He was excused. It seemed a good way of dodging an "ecker," but we came to the conclusion that it was better to do the exercise after seeing the plight of the aforesaid W——, or J——, when anyone slapped them on the back.

Half-way through the term we became somewhat "Americanized, and indulged in their national game, baseball. Authority, however, frowned upon our venture, and we reluctantly abandoned it. Cummins covered himself with glory this term at cricket. Our sub-prefect, Gannon, has acquired fame as a boxer, by defeating his recent opponent in four rounds. The proximity of the Summer Examinations has wrought a great change in us; we now listen to the master's words with rapt attention.



Form IVa Science.

The rumour of another week's holiday broke the ice on the first day of the Summer Term. Soon fiction became fact, and we were once more on holiday. Early on in this term a new lamb came into the fold in the form of "Pop" Gladwell.

Under the exquisite guidance of Mr. Maher we were soon practising very hard for the gym display. The display itself, we were told, (spectator's views only), was a great success. Of course that is because IVa Science were in it.

When asked for the Latin for a leg, "Oh," said Buckley, scratching his head, and then

he replied brightly "lego" — "legonis." Then we all sang the dead march, and Buckley swelled the ranks.

All was quiet afterwards until S. Houlding brought in a knife that he had won at the Sports. It had a deer-foot handle. The poor deer who lost part of his leg now goes about with a wooden one, and is called Peg-leg (according to H.B.).

The last bit of excitement was when T. Brennan (our star cricketer?) had a trial for the Tin Can Ally XI. In his vain attempts to score a century (his final score was 0 knocked out), a ball not liking his face struck him in the eye with disastrous results to the said eye. We all enjoyed asking him, "How is the other chap?"

We will now bid you Vale, Au Revoir, and Goodbye until next year.



Form IVb Science.

"I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys,
But polite I wish to be,
I'll flog each mother's only son,
If he does not work for me."

Such was our master's slogan as soon as our sleepy faces turned into the classroom. Our noble spirits withstood the strain of the dread onslaught, but our hearts beat fast when our "cute little youth" refused to do his Latin and was rewarded with a "B."

Sports Day came with a rush, but we managed to bring it off successfully. But alas! Men must work and women must weep is the motto, but this time it is reversed because our twin brother B, of the brother in IVa Science, was the only one who won a prize, whilst the men of the form only ran. How the choir of the Fourth Form rejoiced when Mr. Boraston said that our services were no longer required.

Shevlin made Sir Francis Drake do his voyage in one day. "He shot over the

Atlantic with such speed that the map on which his voyage was sketched, was one big steak," said Shevlin. The famous slogan, "small pockets hold the biggest surprises," has turned true, for our pugnacious youth has shed his last feather of daintiness, and has adopted an attitude towards us, far removed from affection.

The tenements are gradually taking shape much to the disgust of Brother Casey for he cannot view the sun, or see his famous "Sol."

"There's a breathless hush in the class to-day,
Geometry to learn, three Theorems to try.
A flash of black and a blinding streak,
Ten minutes to go and the last boy to die.
And it's not for the sake of a sweet to eat,
Or the master's praise for a hard night's swot,

But the master's hand to his pocket did stray,
For this is our usual Geometry day.

J. BRETHERTON.



Form IVa Moderns.

Since our last edition things have gone along pretty quietly. Preparation for the Annual Sports helped to withdraw our attention somewhat from French and Latin. We had several competitors representing our form in the various items. B. Ludden, B. Keenan, J. Mulhearn, M. Lambe and F. Gilmore were prominent in the prize list. We must congratulate our class mate, Bill Powell, on coming third in the mile. We are all proud of his feat.

We have quite a number of prominent cricketers in IVa Moderns. J. Redmond is developing into a stylish bat. T. Walsh and B. Ludden play for the Junior XI, and are prominent in their House teams.

We had two beautiful altars in the classroom during the months of May and June. We would like to thank all con-

tributors. We were sorry to hear of the removal to hospital of B. Ludden's father. We wish and pray that he may have a speedy recovery. Best wishes to all Moderns for a very enjoyable holiday.

P.S. and D.D.



Form IVb Moderns.

We started this term with a defeat at cricket by the "A Moderns," because of a want of batsmen. Since then we have had no opportunity of having our revenge. J. Crosbie has been absent from school owing to an accident. We wish him a speedy recovery. Naylor is an accomplished musician, obtaining full marks in the music examination. "Archie" and McClean are very interested in the "Limerick"—information will be gratefully received by either. Brother Casey says that Fennell can't keep his tongue still, and we all agree with him for once. The thrills of the English lesson are too much for S.M.—Go to "Steve" for the explanation. T. Horan would like to inform all members of IVb Moderns that the chief export of Park Road is "Perfume." Congratulations to Horan, Weston, J. D. Redmond and Keating on their success in the Sports. Naylor, Molyneux, Whelan, Horan and O'Neill are our "stars" on the cricket field.

J.F. and J.W.



Preparatory.

Listen in to the little "babies" in Prep. for a while. We all enjoyed this term very much.

We had our Annual Sports, and W—

and M— succeeded in winning prizes. S— thought he had won a prize when he went at about thirty miles an hour in the Slow Bicycle Race, and then he got off and walked back. We had an inspection (whatever that is), this term also. We learned from M— that elephants' tusks are made from calico. And now we are having examinations, and then we will break up for our summer holidays, which we hope everybody will enjoy.



Form I.

Hello! Hello! here is Form I waiting for the summer holidays which we deserve very much. Since the Easter holidays we have had a very good time. We have been up to Sandfield Park for the Sports, and we carried off four prizes. B—, who can run as well as sing, won three, while R— got a watch to make him be in time for school. It is a pity some of our high-jumpers were not on show. We are very proud of our June altar. And now to become more personal. Mr. Boraston calls B— Borgy Gutler. G— is so small that he is in danger of being trampled on, but he saves himself by squeaking. M— was walking backwards one day when he bumped into a lamp-post. But his head was harder than the post, so there was no damage done. W— was sitting in his desk one morning when all of a sudden the back fell off and he fell with it.

A JOKE.

Teacher—"If your dad earned £10 a week, and he gave your mother half, what would she have?"

Jimmie—"A fit!"

Wishing all a very jolly summer holiday.

Literary and Historical Society.

THE art of introduction is a subtle art, a rare art, an art requiring, above all things, the ability to conceal. The author must hint at his subject and immediately veil the hint in a cloud of irrelevancy, must seize the imagination of his reader, must whet his curiosity, so that he reads on and on until, suddenly, the veils are snatched apart, the real subject is revealed, and the surprised reader is forced into mental admiration at the unexpected development.

Pausing here, I sense the glimmering of a like curiosity—mingled, perhaps, with slight resentment—in the mind of him who peruses these scanty chronicles. Why this erudite exordium? Is there indeed some unexpected surprise, some strange development to be encountered? Alas, reader, there is! Climbing painfully from introduction to grand climax we discover, with a shock, there is no grand climax; we find, not a phantasm, not a conclusion which eludes us, but plainly and frankly—nothing; a flank; a gaping void. The reader has been fooled to the top of his bent and discovers that this term has been fruitless. Not a lecture; not a debate; not a twitch from the inert body of the Society; and, most wonderful of all, not even a protest against this overwhelming inertia! “Ah! the decadence of the School,” to quote an authority. We bridle. We attempt excuses. And, indeed, reader, there have been many grave and pressing affairs, many weighty problems effectively extinguishing our oratory, many recondite reasons for our public inactivity.

Let those mean-spirited ones, those dissatisfied and carping critics, those foiled and angry detractors refer to their well-thumbed volumes (bound, we presume), of past magazines; let them turn to the account of the activities of the Lent term

and re-read the glowing pages (yes, pages) enshrining those activities.

There they will find a noble rush of events. Lecture followed lecture, and debate, debate; the subjects ranged from pole to pole; the style remained fixed at the nadir. Our Science friends were dumb; yet flowed on our eloquent stream, but now, alas, it is dried up; we have exhausted ourselves, and we, too, are dumb. Yet this compelling justification is but a minor reason for our silence; there remains still another, reader, cogitate a little with me (if possible), or, at least, reflect: What is that air of intense gloom, that “*atra nubes*,” that spirit of brooding sadness, of resigned despair permeating the abode of the noble Moderns—that admixture of feverish activity and desperate striving against the impossible, in an atmosphere so lately given up to the gay and irresponsive pleasures of youth? Reader, if you have followed me thus far, you will perceive the inevitable conclusion; and if you do not, turn a few pages, read the notes of our form. There the solution lies ensconced.

This, then, is the cause, this mortal draught the death of the Society. The gathering gloom has dulled the brilliance of that interplay of intellects and of that prolonged sublimity of rhetoric that raised to the heights our debates and our lectures. We can go no further; we have jumped the future; speech deserts us.

And yet—with a final effort—we gather ourselves—and, after a few terse words contemning that other debate, that foreign harangue which strangled an incipient resurrection of the Society, and after one look of pity of that learned colleague, that erudite scholar, who *relinquished* his lecture half-prepared—we re-gather ourselves and go, a gallant little band, out and beyond.

H. G. JONES (*Hon. Sec.*).

French Society.

THE French Society opened its meetings this term with a paper by Pellegrini. His subject was Molière. After sketching his life and character, Pellegrini went on to give us an account of Molière's method of treating his works. He showed us the author's dramatic system, and went on to discuss the fantasy in the plays of Molière. With apt quotations the lecturer showed Molière's disdain for the usual dramatic intrigue. A large part of the paper was devoted to the author's characters, sometimes humorous, sometimes pathetic, but always human. Pellegrini finished his paper with an account of the comedy in Molière's plays, and the philosophy of Molière. M. Le Président, thanking Pellegrini for his lecture, which was well composed, had fault to find only with the low tone of voice in which it was read.

McGuinness delivered the second lecture, and chose as his subject "The atmosphere of France during the seventeenth century." To elucidate this abstruse and rather complicated theme, he adopted a systematic method, dividing the century into three parts, in all three of which he traced the political activity, literary developments, etc. The chief figures were thus placed in their correct setting as they appeared upon the scene. Le Brun, Bossuet, Racine, Corneille, Molière—all received concise treatment. With a final discourse of religious affairs, McGuinness completed quite a satisfactory résumé of his subject, which might otherwise have proved rather confusing. McGuinness was thanked by M. Le Président for his paper.

The third lecture of the term came from Rowe, who took as his subject "La Fontaine." As usual the lecturer began with a résumé of the lecturer's life and the chief points of

his character. Since the fables were the most important of La Fontaine's works, Rowe concentrated on these. He quoted them as being called the "livre de chez nous" because they expressed so well the French spirit. La Fontaine is accused of taking his fables from earlier writers, but Rowe showed that he added to them by his genius, and that the finished works were very different from the cold, emotionless fables of Esopé or Phèdre. From this the reader went on to detail La Fontaine's power of painting nature, but not as naturalist. As our critic says, "Il était poète, non pas savant." The next section of Rowe's lecture dealt with La Fontaine's personages, his representation of Louis XIV. by the lion, of the courtier by the fox, etc. In treating his style, Rowe said that he carried "l'art du récit à perfection," the help of his wide and varied vocabulary, his ease and flexibility, and the curious emphasis he gained by his mixture of long and short lines. M. Le Président thanked Rowe for his paper.

The last paper was read by Rooney, on "Saint Simon." After sketching the story of his life, Rooney showed the effect of the impoverishment of Saint Simon's family had on his life and character. Rooney declared that throughout his life Saint Simon was in constant conflict with the king, being one of the feudal nobles against whom Louis was fighting. Saint Simon had more success during the regency, but he never fulfilled his ambitions. After his retirement from public life, he wrote his memoirs, with the object of revenging himself upon his enemies. They became a classic unintentionally, and abound in word pictures of contemporaries—malicious, yet clearly cut. Rooney concluded by placing Saint Simon in the position to which he (according to the

lecturer) belonged—among the great literary host of the golden age. M. Le Président thanked Rooney for his paper, but at the same time found fault with the low, monotonous tone in which the paper was read.

The Annual French debate in the Hall, held this year at the beginning of June, with Brother Goulding in the chair, was on the proposition, "Que le système d'éducation français vaut mieux que le système d'éducation anglais." Jones, Lovelady, Smith and O'Brien supported the motion, whilst Crosby, McGeagh, Curran and McGuinness opposed them. Jones, opening the debate for the Pros., sketched briefly the history of French and English education, and showing several general advantages the French system had over the English. Lovelady, speaking second for the Pros, went into rhapsodies over the advantages the French children, their school hours, the discrimination in the choice of the various courses, etc. Smith backed him up well,

and brought the question of sport and physical training into the debate. O'Brien finishing the Pros. speeches, attacked the English system strongly. The public school in England was irremovable, and whilst this was so, the private "quack" schools run by "dear old souls" and society women could not be swept away.

Crosbie did the same for the Cons as Jones had done for the Pros. He compared the two systems, but this time to the advantage of the English system. McGeagh spoke of the French scholarship system as compared with the English, a point of view which Curran also treated. McGuinness concluded well for the Cons, and the adjudicators gave the latter the decision by 81 points to 75.

Thus another year ends in the French Society. Next year there will be new speakers and a new secretary, but let us hope that they will keep up the tradition as this year's society has done.

J. Rowe (*Hon. Sec.*).

MUSIC NOTES.

JULY, 1937, and the end of another school year. The time for saying "good-bye" in every department of school life. The time for many to wnet "finis" to the first chapter of the Book of Life, and a time for taking stock.

What have we accomplished during the past twelve months? The orchestra (numerically smaller than in 1935-36) has never played better than it is doing to-day.

The choir, too, is singing extremely well, and, on one occasion during the past year, sang, accompanied by the orchestra at a public performance, we believe, for the first time in the history of the school. This was on Speech Day. Is it well-known throughout the College that a violin class is held weekly under the able direction of Mr. Gerard McKey.

During the current term a boy expressed a wish to learn to play the guitar. In accordance with our custom of arranging for lessons on any musical instrument to be given at the college we secured for him the services of an excellent teacher—Mr. Norman Frank.

Mr. Frank, who has frequently broadcast, is willing to take a class of boys for the purpose of teaching them to play any legitimate instrument of the plucked string family (should sufficient present themselves) at a fee of one shilling a lesson.

Will boys please bear these two classes (the violin, and possible, plucked string class) in mind. The music master will be only too pleased to enrol boys in these, and arrange for single lessons and the formation of classes in other instruments.

In conclusion we desire to express our gratitude to all those who have helped so much in the music of the school—Masters, Old Boys and present Students.

Everyone feels more or less sad when the time comes for the "Adieu," perhaps because these earthly partings are foreshadowings of

that great parting which, sooner or later, must come to all of us. May those who are leaving us remember us kindly right through life as we hope to remember them, until the time comes when we shall all be re-united, to part again no more.

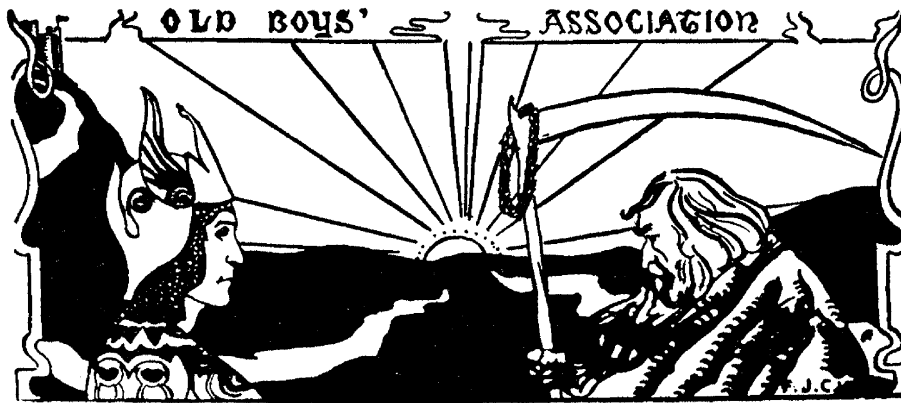


In Memoriam.

Towards the end of June we were all very sorry to hear that Lawrence Hugh Rooney was in a very critical, almost hopeless, condition, suffering from meningitis. We offered our Morning Prayers for him. On June 30th he died, giving up his pure soul into the hands of his Creator. We offered our prayers for the repose of his soul, and at the Requiem Mass at Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the College was represented by the boys of the First Year Sixth Form, with whom he had been in class till October last. The Certificate Examinations which began on that day prevented the Masters and a larger contingent of boys from being present at the Requiem.

Lawrence, who had not reached his seventeenth birthday (August 8th), was a most gentle boy who never consciously gave a moment's trouble to anyone. He had very good ability—he gained his School Certificate before he was sixteen—and would surely have done well had he lived; but God knows best, and while we regret his early death and sympathise most sincerely with his parents and family, we cannot but feel that he has been the recipient of a favour from Our Heavenly Father. He has already arrived whither we are all journeying, and in the enjoyment of eternal bliss will await our arrival. The thought makes it easier for us to say "Thy will be done."

May he rest in peace!



Old Boys' Notes and News.

THE EXECUTIVE C.I.E.A., 1937—1938.

President: Mr. PHILIP HAWE, F.R.C.S.

Vice-President: Mr. AUSTIN F. POWER.

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

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. HENRY T. LOUGHLIN,
8 Sandown Lane, Liverpool, 15.

Hon. Secretary: Mr. FRANK L. LOUGHLIN,
"Hill View," 29 Olive Lane, Liverpool, 15.
(Tel.: Wavertree 2335).

Executive Committee:

Messrs. J. Cunningham, J. Curtin, G.

Furlong, F. G. Harrington, G. M. Healey,
C. A. Kean, C. V. Monaghan, L. Murphy,
J. Ratchford.

Hon. Football Secretary: Mr. E. L. MOORE,
14 Anstey Road, Liverpool, 14.

Hon. Hiking Secretary: Mr. F. C. J. DAVIS,
14 Grange Road West, Birkenhead.

Hon. Athletics Secretary: Mr. G. E. LUNT,
8 Thornfield Road, Liverpool, 9.

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

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

A.F.C. Members are required to pay 1/- of their subscriptions not later than July 1st, in order to qualify for Membership of the Association. The balance of their sub-

scription 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.

A.F.C. and Junior members will receive the three issues of the magazine (post free) upon payment of 2/- per annum. Applications should be made to the Secretary.

It is once again my duty, on behalf of all members of the Association, to wish all Old Boys and present pupils of the College good fortune and success in the various examinations which fill the horizon at this time of the year. Those who have gone before us have shown what can be accomplished by real, downright hard work, and we trust that this year's results will bring fresh laurels to the college crown.

At the moment there is only one topic of conversation among Old Boys. Talk of the old school inevitably leads to enquiries about the new school! Most Old Boys have by now visited the wonderful estate at Sandfield Park, and all agree that it is finer than they ever imagined. They also confess to a slight envy of the present youngster whose school days will be spent in such delightful surroundings. Above all, they appreciate the enormous task which the Brothers have shouldered in the cause of Catholic Education, and their heartfelt wish is that the venture will be a smashing success. May the numbers be greater than ever, and the "victories in class and field" bigger and better!



ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

Owing to unavoidable circumstances, the Annual General Meeting could not be

held in May, but had to be postponed until Sunday, June 20th, and, as usual, the weather was absolutely perfect. As a result, the attendance was no better than last year's. One wonders if the numbers would improve if the weather were worse. Possibly not. "The weather was too bad" sounds an even better excuse than "the weather was too good."

There is, however, no lack of interest among members, and various suggestions were "aired" for increasing the attendance. Some thought the Annual General Meeting should be held during the winter months, and others suggested that the Meeting should be coupled with some sort of social function. An assurance was given that the ideas would be considered and that an attempt would be made to find a solution to the problem.



SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Mr. F. H. Loughlin described the general state of the Association as encouraging.

As befitted a Catholic Association, the spiritual side had not been neglected. A wreath had been laid on the Old Boy's War Memorial in the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and the usual Annual Masses for deceased Old Boys had been splendidly attended. The Secretary alluded to the untimely

deaths of Tom Banks and Lawrence Mulheirn, and asked all members to remember them in their prayers. The Annual Retreat at Loyola Hall had passed off very satisfactory, and the attendance at the Annual Benediction on St. Edward's Day had been decidedly better.

The Freshers' Social was as successful as ever, and was held as usual in the College Hall. The attendance at the Hot Pot was small, due largely to the inconvenience of the date, but the Bohemian had again attracted a splendid number of Old Boys and their friends. The experiment of holding the Annual Dinner at the Adelphi Hotel had been justified in the result. 79 had attended, and we had been robbed of our "century" by the virulence of the influenza epidemic. 167 copies of the Magazine had been sent out during the year, and we were now sending copies to America, Palestine, South Africa, and China. We could almost claim a world-wide circulation! Weekly Re-unions had been continued during the winter, and the Sub-Sections were catering for football, hiking and athletics.



MEMBERSHIP.

The total number of members who paid "subs" was 160—a decrease of 11 on the previous year's total. This was largely due to a fall-off in the number of Junior members who had paid up. The Secretary was of the opinion that a reminder would be sufficient to ensure that these younger folk took their obligations in this direction a trifle more seriously. They had not as yet formed the habit of paying a subscription, but, after a few year's practice, they should become perfect.

The Secretary takes this opportunity of reminding *all* Old Boys that subscriptions are now due, and payment should be made promptly to the Secretary or to the Treasurer.

No Old Boy need fear a rebuff! All subscriptions will be accepted with a good grace and acknowledged gratefully.



TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

Mr. Henry Loughlin presented an audited statement of the Association's Finances as at April 30th. Starting the year with a credit balance of 16/10, he had been able to close his books with a credit balance of £5/19/1. The usual monies were, of course, held in trust. All obligations had been met with the exception of the Essay Prize which would be paid over to Brother Roche. This would reduce the balance by something under £2, so that the profit on the year would still be substantial. He considered this a good performance in view of the increased expenditure on the Dinner, which cost us £40-7-8. In spite of this, the Dinner showed a profit of 16/8 to date. There was a loss of 9/6 on the Hot Pot, but the Bohemian had added £1/0/6 to the funds. A telephone had been installed at the Secretary's home for the convenience of Association members, and had already proved its usefulness. Part of the cost of this was borne by the Association. A substantial saving had been effected in the cost of printing. The balance would be greater by £2/4/- were it not for the fact that a donation of this amount had been made to the A.F.C., who were facing heavy expenditure in connection with the acquisition of a new ground at Gillmoss. The report was carried unanimously, the general opinion being that the position was highly satisfactory.



AMENDMENT TO CONSTITUTION.

It was decided, unanimously, to extend membership of the Association "to such members of the clergy as wish to join."

OLD CATHINIANS A.F.C.

Mr. Jack Ratchford described the accomplishments of the club as fair. There was plenty of enthusiasm, and four teams had been fielded. The First XI. had enjoyed a particularly good season. It was a great wrench to say good-bye to Fazakerley, but two pitches had been obtained at Gillmoss, and the outlook was promising to judge by the remarkably good attendance at the General Meetings of the Football Club. Mr. W. Smerdon reported a balance of about £26, and informed the meeting that the main concern of the A.F.C. was to find a means of doubling its income for the coming season. The dances had been most successful socially, but several of them had shown a loss. Fortunately, the Boxing Night Dance had shown a record profit.

**K.O. RA-JAHS.**

Mr. Leo Murphy, as Financial Secretary, gave an account of the affairs of the "Minstrels." A Management Committee had been formed, and, although the season had not been a busy one, nine shows had been given for various charitable objects, and the reputation of the troupe had been enhanced. The finances were in good shape, showing a credit balance of £14/0/6½. There had been thus a profit of about £4 on the year. Next season the K.O. Ra-Jahs hoped to be much busier.

It was proposed to give a show in aid of the A.F.C. and the Mukah Mission jointly. An appeal had been received from an Old Boy, Father O'Brien, who had charge of the Mukah Mission, and found it a great struggle to balance income and expenditure. This was a most worthy object, and Mr. Murphy urged all Old Boys to do their bit by attending the show and circulating tickets as widely as possible. Mr. T. Murray publicly thanked the K.O. Ra-Jahs for the very excellent performance they gave in aid of the Lourdes Sick Fund—a charity in

which he himself was very much interested.

**ATHLETIC SECTION.**

This is the newest of the Association's activities, and Mr. George Lunt outlined his efforts to get things moving. In response to a circular letter, five enthusiasts had attended the inaugural meeting. Undeterred by the meagre attendance they had formed a Committee under the Chairmanship of Mr. Charlie Rice, who was an accredited coach to the A.A.A. A Constitution had been drawn up and training had been started in the College Gymnasium with Mr. A. Cunningham as Physical Instructor. Cross country running had been tried, but the support was poor. It was then decided to join the Field Events League, and at the present moment the Old Edwardians occupied third place to Port Sunlight and Liverpool Harriers.

Several promising athletes had been discovered, and the Old Boys' Race at the School Sports had proved to be a real race with an exciting finish. The Javelin Throwing Contest had also been well received, and Mr. Lunt expressed his gratitude to Brother Roche for the opportunity to bring the Athletic Section before the public eye. In future the members would wear the Old School colours, and it is hoped that the Section would reflect great credit on the school and the Association.

In conclusion, Mr. Lunt appealed for more support. He was on the lookout for a Pole Jumper, and would even try the cross-country again if he could be sure of twenty members.

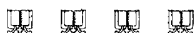
Great satisfaction was expressed at the progress already made, and there were many good wishes for the future success of the Athletic Section. However, goodwill is all very well, but, as George says, "I want twenty members."



CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Austin Power, our genial President, who has so conscientiously and successfully piloted our affairs for the past two years, informed the meeting that he was not seeking re-election this year. He regarded it as a great privilege to be president of the C. I. Edwardian Association, and was of the opinion that the honour should "go the rounds." He was happy to announce that Mr. Philip Hawe, whose brilliance as a surgeon was well known, had consented to accept the Presidency for the coming year. As Vice-President, Mr. Power would still be able to "do his bit" for the Association.

Once again Mr. Power mentioned the aims and objects of our organisation. We are an important and influential section of the community, and we must make our presence felt. This can only be done properly if *all* our Old Boys decide to join and take an active interest in the Association. A glance around the tables at our Annual Dinner provides evidence of the part our Old Boys are playing in the life of the city. There we see men who have made their mark in various walks of life. We are also reminded of so many others who, unfortunately, are not present. It was his ambition to see one day a full representative gathering. Association members could do much useful work in this direction by urging their Old Boy friends to join up—he trusted they would make a very serious effort.



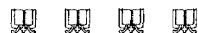
ELECTIONS.

As last year the election was not competitive. The personnel is given at the commencement of these notes. Mr. Power remarked that he would welcome nominations from the body of the Association. This year these had been invited, but none had been received. He was himself quite

satisfied with the Committee who had been most hard working and self-sacrificing, and, in wishing them success for the coming year, he expressed his gratitude to them for their past services.

Brother Roche wished to associate himself with Mr. Power's sentiments, and referred particularly to the difficulties which faced various sections of the Association. He advised the A.F.C. not to worry about clouds on the horizon, but to show their grit by forging ahead. "Difficulties have a habit of disappearing when they are met courageously" (and surely Brother Roche can speak with authority on this point). No sub-section should be discouraged at an apparent lack of interest; he was sure the interest was there and that the spirit was good.

The applause which greeted Brother Roche's remarks bore evidence of the gratitude we owe him, and the encouragement we derived from his cheery optimism.



CRICKET CLUB.

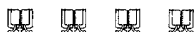
No arrangements had been made for the season 1937-38 owing to the ground difficulty. Mr. Furlong assured us, however, that a meeting would be called shortly to decide on the programme for next year, when it was hoped that a pitch would be available at Gillmoss.



OLD BOYS' TIE.

The available stock of ties being exhausted, it was decided to submit various specimen designs to the meeting. Certain criticisms of the colour scheme of the previous ties had been received and designs had been prepared to incorporate the Cross and Crown of our crest with the usual club bars. A vote was taken and a design was chosen.

Enquiries made since the Annual General Meeting, however, show that this design will not be practicable just at present. Expensive machinery would be required to make the proposed design, and the cost of the ties would be rather high. Under the circumstances it is likely that ties will be purchased somewhat similar to the old ones, but in the newly chosen colours. The price will be about the same as last time (3/- each), and delivery will be made as soon as possible.



FAREWELL FAZAKERLEY— GREETINGS GILLMOSS.

It is with very deep regret that the Old Cathinians bid farewell to Fazakerley—the scene of so many hard fought battles on the football field, and, recently, on the cricket pitch. The football season ended in a blaze of glory when our First XI. scored a victory over the Police. On that day it became apparent that something was afoot for three figures could be discerned, perched precariously on the roof of the pavilion, and industriously removing screws from the positions they had occupied so long. The exodus had begun!

Two pitches had been secured at Gillmoss, and Brother Roche had overcome one tremendous obstacle by presenting us with the pavilion! A stupendous gift—stupendous alike in munificence, and in size. And now we were facing the task of dismantling it prior to its removal and erection at its new home. By herculean efforts the structure was laid low in about a fortnight, and presented all the appearances of a mammoth jig-saw puzzle. Never mind! We'll worry about that when we have to put it together again.

On May 22nd four gigantic lorry loads were transferred to Gillmoss. Those who helped in the removal worked like supermen—they had to! It's a mercy there were no

serious casualties! And on a fast day, too!! Thanks, Mrs. Kenyon, for those very welcome cups of tea which put new life into us. The job was finally accomplished at midnight and we retired with inspiring thoughts of noble deeds nobly done.

Monday, May 24th, saw the laying of the foundations on the banks of the River Alt, and from that day forward the work of erection proceeded surely if somewhat slowly. "Rome wasn't built in a day!" Who were we to teach the Romans tricks?

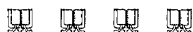
Saturday, June 26th. All's well, and one room stands four square to the elements. It's a glorious day, and we are prepared to get in a good afternoon's work when, suddenly—the blow falls! The River Alt has flowed (for centuries for all we know to the contrary), quietly and uncomplainingly in its present course. But now all that is to be altered—that is "the Alt is to be Altered," and will one day ripple placidly just where our fragment of pavilion stands. We quickly recover our equilibrium and commence the work of demolition again. There's no hope of moving it in one piece so—down it must come (and we had put it up to stay, I assure you). A few more visits to Gillmoss and the foundations are laid well and truly on a new site a few yards from the previous one. Now the Alt can be moved without let or hindrance!

Thursday, July 1st. Our attention is drawn to a further trifling detail. We have omitted to notify the proper authorities of our intention to erect the pavilion in its new position and this must be done, accompanied by plans, etc., before we can start building. So, where are we? Elementary, my dear Watson!

We have a portion of pavilion erected which has got to come down. In addition we have a portion of foundations down which must come up. Apart from that everything is going splendidly. What was it Brother Roche said at the Annual General

Meeting. "Never mind difficulties: face them and overcome them." Well! We haven't turned our backs yet.

P.S.—The football season commences in September, and we play at Gillmoss.



CONGRATULATORY AND GENERAL.

We credited Joe Kirwan with "a fine healthy daughter" in the last issue of the Magazine. Except for the fact that it's a son, the report was correct. Sorry Joe—but congratulations just the same.

Joe Le Roi, Tom Donleavy and Charlie Monaghan have all recently become proud fathers of sturdy sons. Business should be brisk at Sandfield Park! We trust they will grow to be fine loyal Old Boys—like their fathers.

Gerry Melia and Reg Ripley are now colleagues on the staff of a newly opened school on the outskirts of Liverpool. We wish them success in their new posts.

Michael Brosman has also been appointed to a school, but is so much further afield. He should have a good influence on the youngsters of Runcorn.

Vincent Abbey writes from Ruislip, in Middlesex. He has joined the Air Force as a Clerk.

Arthur Maginnis has become a Corresponding Member. He's at Metropolitan Vickers, in Manchester and speaks most highly of their system. He will soon be ready to start as Junior Engineer after four years training in all branches of the trade. He would welcome the arrival of some Old Edwardians in his part of the world.

Another recent recruit to the Corresponding Members is Stephen Wood, who is in the Civil Service (Waterguard), and is stationed at Hull. He also likes his job and reckons it a good one, but—he doesn't think much of Hull. The odour of the Fish Dock offends his nostrils for one thing.

We saw Eddie Lunnion at the Annual General Meeting. He is at present employed in the Analytical Chemists in Liverpool, but has recently passed for the Clerical Classes of the Civil Service.

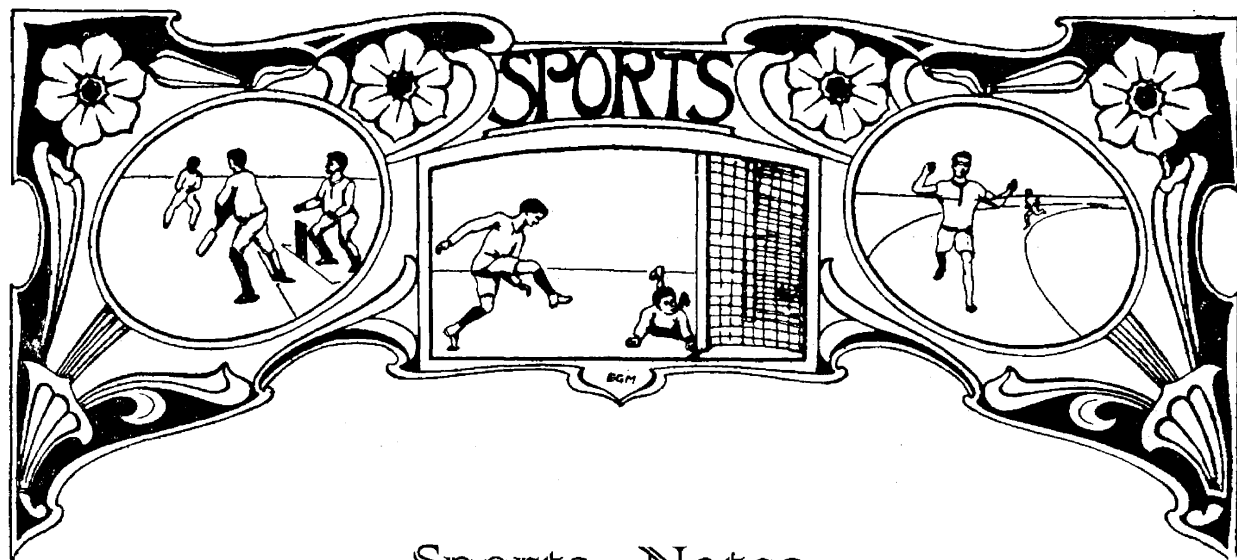
We were very sorry to hear of the loss sustained by Noel Buckels recently. His father died after a somewhat prolonged illness. We tender to him and to his family our very deep sympathy.

John McAllister speaks very highly of Nottingham of which he sent some highly interesting photographs. Since leaving school he has tried his hand at Lace Curtain Designing, Commercial Photography, and is at present in the A. A. Offices.

We have just heard that Desmond Broderick has been in the R.A.F. for the past two years, and is now stationed at Cranwell.

Leo Waring sets an example that our budding engineers would do well to follow. Not content with a mere Engineering Degree and a post which entails much hard work, Leo joined up in the Faculty of Arts in order to have something to do in his spare time. As a result he has just gained a First Class Certificate in Civic Design! We congratulate him heartily on his magnificent achievement.

We congratulate Fathers Gerard Walsh and William Briscoe on their ordination to the Priesthood—the former on 4th April, 1937, the latter on the 6th June.



Sports Notes.

CRICKET.

THE first eleven had a very successful season; of the eleven matches played, we won nine, drew one and lost one. We were unfortunate to lose J. Banks, one of our most promising players, at the start of the season. His place was filled by a recruit from the second eleven, and under

the expert captaincy of J. Ludden, we developed into a strong combination. H. Hellyer and J. Ludden were the most successful of the bowlers. The fielding was good on most occasions, while in batting practically the whole side could be relied upon to get runs.

St. Edward's v. Quarry Bank.

28th April, at Sandfield Park.

Quarry Bank H.S.					S.E.C.				
Pettit, c. McNamara, b. Ludden, J.	1	Banks, b. Hyde	7
Hyde, b. Hellyer	8	Leonard, b. Colvin	30
Jones, c. Hellyer, b. Ludden, J.	0	Jack, c-b. Colvin	1
Cooke, b. Ludden	0	Crosbie, l.b.w., b. Hyde	1
Colvin, c. Hellyer, b. Ludden	0	Ludden, F., b. Colvin	0
Stanton, b. Hellyer	6	Ludden, J., b. Richardson	4
Price, b. Ludden	0	Hellyer, b. Richardson	8
Levy, b. Ludden	0	Kelly, c-b. Price	0
Allen, not out	0	Smith, not out	4
Extras	4	McNamara, b. Richardson	0
				—	McGheagh, b. Richardson	0
Total	19	Extras	2
<i>S.E.C. Bowling</i>									
Ludden	O.	M.	R.	W.	Total	...	57
Hellyer	5	0	8	6			
	4	2	7	2			

St. Edward's v. Birkenhead Institute.

1st May, at Sandfield Park.

S.E.C.					Birkenhead Institute.				
Banks, l.b.w., b. Macklin	0	Macklin, l.b.w., Hellyer	0
Jack, b. Hill	10	Ceba, b. Hellyer	2
Crosbie, c-b. Macklin	8	Williams, b. Hellyer	4
Ludden, b. Hill	49	King, b. Ludden	4
Hellyer, c-b. Hill	1	Hill, b. Ludden	0
Pellegrini, c. King, b. Hill	0	Bawden, b. Hellyer	2
Smith, l.b.w., b. Bolton	0	Sandland, c. Smith, b. Hellyer	0
Handley, b. Macklin	10	Bell, c. Banks, b. Hellyer	4
Kelly, b. Hill	2	Tomlinson, b. Hellyer	0
McNamara, not out	8	Bolton, not out	0
McGeagh, c. Sandland, b. Hill	0	Pearson, run out, b. Jack	0
Extras	9	Extras	7
Total	97	Total	23

S.E.C. Bowling				
	O.	M.	R.	W.
Hellyer	8	2	9	7
Ludden	7	3	7	2

St. Edward's v. St. Mary's, Crosby.

St. Mary's, Crosby.

S.E.C.					St. Mary's, Crosby.				
Crosby, b. Dwyer	5	Ryan, c. Banks, b. Jack	15
Jack, b. Smith	4	Dwyer, b. Hellyer	10
Banks, b. Dwyer	22	Smith, b. Hellyer	4
Ludden, J., c. Ryan, b. Carney	42	Cain, run out	4
Hellyer, b. Dwyer	2	Ryan, A., not out	5
Ludden, F., b. Dwyer	0	Killick, not out	5
Handley, b. Dwyer	0	Carney, did not bat	
Smith, not out	6	Norman, " " "	
Kelly, b. Carney	0	McArdle, " " "	
McNamara, b. Carney	5	Magee " " "	
McGeagh, c. Norman, b. Carney	5	Extras	6
Extras	0	Total	49
Total	91					

S.E.C. Bowling				
	O.	M.	R.	W.
Ludden	7	4	7	0
Hellyer	8	1	25	2
Banks	5	3	7	0
Jack	3	2	4	1

St. Edward's v. St. Mary's, Crosby.

18th May, at Crosby.

S.E.C.					St. Mary's.				
Jack, b. Cain	0	Ryan, run out	17
Crosbie, c. Ryan, b. Cain	7	Dwyer, c. Handley, b. Ludden	8
Smith, b. Cain	0	Smith, c. Pelligrini, b. Ludden	0
Ludden, c. McVeigh, b. Cain	0	Cain, c. Hellyer, b. Ludden	2
Hellyer, b. Cain	36	Hyland, c. Handley, b. Hellyer...	8
McNamara, b. Cain	6	Killick, b. Hellyer	4
Handley, c. Dwyer, b. Hyland	2	Drury, b. Hellyer	14
Pelligrini, b. Cain	4	McVeigh, not out	6
Wright, c. Drury, b. Hyland	0	Breen, run out	0
Kelly, b. Hyland	2	Kearney, b. Kelly	0
McGeagh, not out	0	Lawler, l.b.w., b. Kelly	0
Extras	1	Extras	16
Total	58	Total	75

S.E.C. Bowling				
	O.	M.	R.	W.
Hellyer	21	16	10	3
Ludden	14	8	22	3
Jack	5	1	14	0
Kelly	4	2	4	2

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

29th May, at Sandfield Park.

S.E.C.				
Jack, l.b.w., b. Wren	1
Crosbie, hit wicket, b. Wren	0
Hellyer, b. Wren	5
Ludden, J., c. Wren, b. Wren	15
Smith, b. Kelly	9
McGeagh, b. Wren	0
Kelly, c-b. Kelly	7
McNamara, b. Mulholland	1
Handley, b. Kelly	6
Ludden, F., b. Mulholland	0
Smerdon, not out	1
Extras	5
Total	50

St. Francis Xavier's.				
Louchrey, c. Smerdon, b. Ludden	0
Yoxon, b. Hellyer	1
Wren, W., b. Hellyer	6
Fanshaw, b. Ludden	0
Hart, not out	12
Larrissey, c. McNamara, b. Hellyer	0
Kelly, b. Ludden	0
Wren, R., b. Ludden	0
Roscoe, b. Ludden	11
Maybury, b. Ludden	0
Mulholland, l.b.w., b. Ludden	0
Extras	1
Total	31

S.E.C. Bowling				
	O.	M.	R.	W.
Ludden, J.	10	6	10	7
Hellyer, H.	10	4	20	3

St. Edward's v. Collegiate.

June 9th, at Sandfield Park.

Collegiate.				
Jones, l.b.w., b. Hellyer	3
Thomas, b. Kelly	30
Dickenson, b. Hellyer	13
Bale, b. Hellyer	0
Wright, b. Hellyer	3
Clark, b. Kelly	32
Ranscombe, b. Kelly	11
Shaw, b. Kelly	0
Revell, not out	9
Clayton, c. Smith, b. Kelly	0
Barnes
Extras	15
Total	116

S.E.C.				
Crosbie, c. Jones, b. Dickenson	0
Smith, b. Dickenson	6
Jack, c. Clayton, b. Bale	0
Hellyer, b. Bale	0
Worthington, b. Dickenson	1
Ludden, J., l.b.w., b. Dickenson	0
Handley, c. Thomas, b. Bale	4
McNamara, b. Dickenson	0
Kelly, c. Thomas, b. Dickenson	0
McGeagh, not out	0
Edge, c-b. Dickenson	1
Extras	4
Total	16

S.E.C. Bowling				
	O.	M.	R.	W.
Hellyer, H.	12	3	37	4
Ludden, J.	10	4	23	0
Kelly, J.	10	0	40	5

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

19th June, at Waterloo.

Waterloo G.S.				
Green, l.b.w., b. Ludden	1
Williams, l.b.w., b. Hellyer	8
Brook, l.b.w., b. Kelly	33
Barrett, b. Hellyer	3
Hartley, b. Hellyer	0
Capleton, not out	0
Rhind, l.b.w., b. Hellyer	2
Maddocks, b. Hellyer	0
Webb, b. Kelly	2
Parker, b. Hellyer	0
Dowd, hit wicket, b. Kelly	0
Extras	5
Total	54

S.E.C.				
Smith, b. Barrett	20
Jack, c. Parker, b. Williams	0
Crosbie, not out	53
Hellyer, c. Hartley, b. Parker	2
Hawkins, not out	4
Worthington, did not bat
Ludden, J.	''	''	''	...
Kelly	''	''	''	...
Handley	''	''	''	...
McGeagh	''	''	''	...
Edwards	''	''	''	...
Extras	4
Total for 3 wkts	83

S.E.C. Bowling				
	O.	M.	R.	W.
Ludden, J.	8	0	22	1
Hellyer, H.	12	4	15	6
Kelly, J.	4	0	12	3

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

June 23rd, at Melwood.

St. Francis Xavier's.				
Louchrey, l.b.w., b. Hellyer	5
Wren, W., b. Hellyer	7
Larrissey, b. Hellyer	5
Roscoe, b. Hellyer	0
Fanshaw, b. Hellyer	0
Hart, not out	17
Wren, R., c. McNamara, b. Hellyer	2
Kelly, c. McNamara, b. Hellyer	13
Pugh, not out	5
Kenny, did not bat				
Mulholland, did not bat				
Extras	14
Total for 7 wkts.	68

S.E.C.				
Smith, b. Hart	5
Jack, b. Wren	5
Crosbie, b. Wren	14
Hellyer, b. Roscoe	23
Ludden, J., c. Hart, b. Wren	12
Hawkins, c. Hart, b. Wren	5
Worthington, not out	1
Handley, not out	6
McNamara, did not bat				
Kelly	"	"	"	
McGeagh	"	"	"	
Extras	3
Total for 6 wkts.	74

S.E.C. Bowling				
	O.	M.	R.	W.
Ludden, J.	11	4	24	0
Hellyer, H.	18	7	22	7
Kelly, J.	6	3	8	0
Jack, V.	2	0	2	0

St. Edward's v. Birkenhead Institute.

June 27th, at Birkenhead.

S.E.C.				
Smith, c. Macklin, b. Pearson	0
Jack, b. Pearson	0
Crosbie, b. Pearson	12
Ludden, J., c. Milne, b. Hill	31
Hellyer, b. Sandland	0
Handley, c. King, b. Pearson	0
Kelly, b. Pearson	0
McNamara, c. Pearson, b. Sandland	7
Smith, R., run out	0
McGeagh, c. King, b. Sandland	0
Ludden, F., not out	1
Extras	6
Total	57

Birkenhead Institute.				
Lawless, b. Ludden	4
Milne, c. Ludden, J., b. Hellyer	2
Jones, c. Ludden, J., b. Hellyer	10
Ceha, c. Kelly, b. Ludden	0
King, c. Kelly, b. Ludden	6
Hill, c. Smith, b. Hellyer	0
Macklin, not out	5
Bawden, b. Hellyer	12
Bell, b. Kelly	5
Sandland, c. Ludden, F., b. Kelly	0
Pearson, c. Handley, b. Hellyer	4
Extras	7
Total	55

S.E.C. Bowling				
	O.	M.	R.	W.
Ludden, J.	10	5	14	3
Hellyer, H.	14	7	24	5
Kelly, J.	5	2	10	2

St. Edward's v. Old Boys'.

June 29th, at Sandfield Park.

S.E.C.				
Smith, b. Ford	8
Jack, c-b. Reid	14
Crosbie, hit wicket, b. Forde	0
Hellyer, c. Smerdon	6
Ludden, c. Alston, b. Smerdon	8
Worthington, c. Reid, b. Smerdon	0
Hawkins, b. Smerdon	4
Handley, b. Smerdon	6
Kelly, c. Byrne, b. Smerdon	0
Byrne, c. Byrne, b. Forde	2
McGeagh, not out	0
Extras	15
Total	63

Old Boys.				
Reid, c. Ludden, b. Hellyer	2
Byrne, c. Jack, b. Hellyer	0
Smerdon, b. Ludden	10
G. Alston, b. Ludden	1
Curtin, b. Ludden	14
Forde, c. Jack, b. Ludden	1
R. Alston, c-b. Ludden	3
Faherty, not out	4
Ratchford, b. Ludden	0
Bonney, b. Ludden	3
Thomas, run out	8
Extras	10
Total	56

S.E.C. Bowling				
	O.	M.	R.	W.
Hellyer, H.	9	1	28	2
Ludden, J.	9	4	18	7

First Eleven—Batting.

	Innings	Not		Most in		Avg.
		Out	Runs	Innings		
J. Ludden ...	10	—	173	49	17.3	
T. Crosbie ...	11	1	107	53	10.7	
H. Hellyer ...	11	—	107	36	9.8	
L. Smith ...	11	2	59	20	6.6	
J. Hawkins ...	9	1	51	35	6.4	
J. McNamara ...	8	1	34	8	4.9	
W. Handley ...	10	1	42	10	4.7	
F. Ludden ...	8	1	29	16	4.1	
V. Jack ...	11	—	39	14	3.6	
J. McGeagh ...	9	4	11	6	2.2	
J. Kelly ...	9	—	12	7	1.2	

Bowling.

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Avg.		
H. Hellyer ...	124	51	216	45	4.8		
J. Ludden ...	99	43	160	32	5		
J. Kelly ...	30	8	74	12	6.2		
V. Jack ...	10	3	20	1	20		



The second eleven lacked that combination which is essential to a really good cricket side. The chief weakness was indifferent fielding. More alertness on the part of some would have turned defeat into victory on more than one occasion. The most successful bowlers were B. Forshaw and C. Mercer, while the most consistent bats were C. Gaskin, G. Pellegrini and C. Wright.

Results.

April 28—S.E.C.	41	Quarry Bank, 57 (for 6)
May 1—	31	B'head Inst., 121 (for 8)
" 8—	39	St. Mary's ... 48
June 2—	30	Bootle Sec. ... 42
" 9—	104	Collegiate, 110 (for 4)
" 19—	64	Waterloo ... 111
" 23—	26	S.F.X. College, 72 (for 5)
" 26—	43	B'head Inst. ... 75

House Shield.

FOOTBALL.—Winners: Sefton.

Seniors: 1, Sefton; 2, Mersey; 3, Hope.

Juniors: 1, Sefton; 2, Hope; 3, Domingo.

CRICKET.—Winners: Mersey.

Seniors: 1, Sefton; 2, Domingo; 3, Mersey.

Juniors: 1, Mersey; 2, Hope; 3, Sefton.

SPORTS.—Winners: Sefton.

1, Sefton; 2, Domingo; 3, Hope.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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