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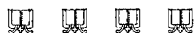
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School Notes.

20th August, 1938. On that date the keys of the old St. Edward's, Saint Domingo Road, were handed over to the Corporation of Liverpool, and the long possession of the site by the Seminary and the School came to an end. A busy few weeks of transferring our belongings to Sandfield Park had also come to an end and busy months followed finding suitable places for these same belongings.



On **19th September**, a week later than the appointed day for beginning of term, Sandfield Park—the new St. Edward's—opened its gates—or what served for gates—to a big crowd of us full of interest and curiosity: and disappointment that still another week or two had not been found necessary for getting the School into "tolerable" working

order—and the order was barely tolerable; but in truth the Masters were more inconvenienced than the boys, for who ever heard of a boy that was not happy in the midst of a mess!



By that time the old School buildings were being demolished and now, like Jerusalem of old (but let us hope, for a different reason) not a stone is left standing on a stone. We can picture to our imagination some Old Boy in years to come wandering through the mazes of "Sir Thomas White Gardens" with an ancient map in hand trying to discover the very spot where Mr. Jenkins used to traffic in "pop" and Mrs. Dolan doled out tea and cakes!



As the workmen will not be finished at Sandfield Park till well into the New Year, the Official Opening has of necessity to be postponed.



At the recent Examination in Religious Knowledge for Prospective Teachers the following names appeared on the list of successful candidates: J. Kinnane, E. M. Brash, W. McGrail, S. Gormley, F. Egan, F. Navein, P. Reilly, H. Merrivale. Also on the list were W. F. Byrne, G. McDonald, E. Penlington, W. J. Timmons, W. L. Smerdon and A. J. Benson, who had been pupils at the School. Their names will be familiar to many of the present generation.



We were very pleased to read in the *Liverpool Daily Post* that William Carr (1926-1933) was awarded the Degree of D.Ph. in the Faculty of Science. We offer him our heartiest congratulations.



We regret that in the last issue of the Magazine by an oversight we omitted from the list of those recently ordained priests the name of Frank Graham, now Rev. Father

Aelred, O.S.B. He was ordained, July 17th, 1938, at Ampleforth. Michael Barry was also ordained for the Chinese Missions and is now in Burma. We congratulate them and wish them *ad multos annos* in their respective spheres of the Lord's vineyard.



Since the last issue of the Magazine, Kevin Donegan, E. Redmond, A. Reilly, J. Shennan, J. P. Bourke, and G. Murphy have been successful in the Civil Service (Clerical Classes) Examinations. This makes a total of thirteen boys for the clerical classes and two for the executive classes from the College in year 1938.



J. E. Curran (Bartlett Scholarship), W. A. Handley, K. M. Guinness, and F. Clarkson went to Liverpool University; J. B. Ludden, F. Ludden, J. Bannon, D. McPherson to Strawberry Hill; and J. Supple and T. McGowan to the Liverpool Municipal Offices.



Thus 24 members of Sixth Form were well placed during the year 1937-8. This is a remarkable and creditable result.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Holt Hill Chronicle, Esmeduna, Oscotian, Alsop Magazine, Venerabile, Pretoria Annual, Carmel College Magazine, Oultonia, Holt School Magazine, Preston Catholic College Magazine, Baeda, St. Francis Xavier's College Magazine, African Missions, Upholland Magazine, The Quarry, Waterloo SS. Magazine, Kimberley C.B.C. Annual, Nudgee Annual (Australia), Perth College Magazine, Prior Park College Magazine.

Interesting Surroundings.

SOME notes of the History of the lands and buildings in the vicinity of Sandfield Park may be topically interesting.

St. Edward's College is now situated in such pleasant surroundings, that it is difficult for us to realise that there used to be a large number of stone quarries round about. Most of these have now been filled in, but it was not a long time ago since each quarry gave an aspect of bustling activity.

The approximate positions of them were: two in Moscow Drive, one in the old asylum grounds in Green Lane, one at the top of Woburn Hill, one at the top of Derwent Road, one in Quarry Road, one in Queens Drive opposite Alder Road, one by the present Quarry Bank School, and one in the grounds of Quarry Bank (big house opposite park gates in Queens Drive). This last one has not yet been filled in. I know the old gentleman who lives there, and I have recently been down the quarry. This gentleman, by the way, will be a hundred and four years old next January. The house itself, together with its high tower, was built with stone from the quarry. The present houses of St. Clare and Runnymede were probably built with local stone (Runnymede is a brick-built house! ED.). Stoneycroft derives its name from these quarries, as do also "Sandstone Road" and "Quarry Road." West Derby Church is an old building and a fine example of local stonework.

St. Oswald's Church has a very interesting history. It is the first Catholic Church with a spire to be built in the North of England since the Reformation—a tower

might be built, but not a spire. It is called after Oswald, King and Martyr, and at the time of building there were no other Catholic Churches between it and Gilmoss. Other churches in the vicinity, St. Cuthbert's, Christ the King, St. Cecilia's, are all off-springs of the mother church, St. Oswald.

Not far away from the School, on the corner of Honeysgreen Lane, there was once a Monastery. The proof of this was discovered a few months ago in the building of some shops. When laying the foundations, the workmen came across the remains of the cells, and also some human bones. Nobody seemed to have heard about it till then. Probably it was destroyed during the Reformation.

Another point of interest is the old house in West Derby Road, opposite Bankfield Road. It is said that priests used to hide in it during the Reformation. Not long ago it was to be demolished but someone, knowing its historical importance, bought it from the Corporation, and hence it is still standing.

In the heart of West Derby village stand the old stocks. These are fully four hundred years old, and have held many a prisoner.

May Place, which is now a Catholic hospice for the dying, was once an old manor house used for slave traffic. Some slaves were hidden in the dungeons which still exist.

Underneath Green Lane flows the old Tue Brook. This is actually a tributary of the Mersey and cannot be filled in. It flows eventually into the River Alt.

G. ROBINSON, L.Vb. Mods.

Literary and Historical Society.

AUTUMN NOTES.

IF new wine needs new bottles, there follows a corollary—a new bottle should have new wine.

So, reasoning on these lines, the Society has felt that in a new school-building, its work should be met in a new spirit. Hitherto, many of our lectures, useful as they have been, have too often followed the same lines in choice of subject. Rigidly keeping to a set curriculum is bound to lead to a certain monotony, and even aridity. When, however, breadth is permitted in choice of subject, a lecture becomes less of a duty, and more a pleasure for both the lecturer and the audience.

Thus, partly as a symbolic act on entering new premises, and partly to develop the liberal side of our studies, the Society invited Mr. Adamson to deliver the first lecture of the term on "Art." Mr. Adamson is, of course, well qualified to speak on such a subject, and consequently the resulting lecture was extremely interesting.

The first part of it was read on November 7th. As an introduction, the lecturer spoke of the different spheres and applications of Art, which he defined as "anything made by man to please anyone of the five senses." Thus music, which pleases the ear, carving designed to gratify the sense of touch, and poetry, which is also orally pleasing, are all manifestations of Art. Even cooking, which satisfies the sense of taste, is a minor art. The art with which we were most concerned was that which pleased the eye.

In the second part of his lecture (delivered on November 14th) Mr. Adamson spoke of the relation between Art and Nature. He went on to state that the real task of the artist was to cultivate vision. Then, in expressing what he saw through the eyes of an artist, he used three means—line, form

and colour—to convey the correct impression.

Line he defined as "the direction and type of movement of shapes." The lecturer illustrated this by two sketches—one of a poplar, the sweeping upward lines of which gave a sense of elevation; the other of a willow, whose lines, moving in the opposite direction, conveyed a feeling of depression. Line, stated Mr. Adamson, varied. It directed the movement of the eye, and different movements give different effects. For instance slanting lines give a sense of action; crossed ones a sense of confusion and frustration. The lecturer illustrated his meaning by showing a sketch of a baboon, in which the sweep of the lines conveyed a sense of swagger and freedom.

In speaking of form, Mr. Adamson remarked that simple shapes are more easily assimilated than complex ones. That was why the best pottery was not rococo. Form could be used, just as line, to convey a desired impression. For instance, the triangle and the pyramid give a sense of stability. A long, horizontal rectangle is depressing, but a vertical one conveys elation (for instance, take the skyline of New York).

To finish this section of his lecture, Mr. Adamson discussed colour. This, he said, could also direct the movement of the eye. Moreover, different colours produced different effects. Purple and dark green seem sinister and ominous. White suggests purity. The changes of atmosphere which colour can depict were well illustrated by four of Mr. Adamson's water-colours which depicted the same scene in each of the four seasons.

In part III, the use of Nature in Art was discussed more fully. There were, it was stated, two views as to medium and approach. The first view, that Art is the mirror of Nature, Mr. Adamson rejected, on the grounds that mere imitation was

feeble. A work of Art, he asserted, should not reflect Nature—it should radiate it. The second view, which totally excluded Nature from Art, he also criticised. Such exclusion produced introspection—the product had only a private meaning for the artist, whereas great art is universal, both as regards time and space. In the lecturer's opinion, the best art lay between these two conceptions. The artist should use Nature as a dictionary, picking out a theme and developing it in his own *personal* way. The hardest part of the development is knowing what to exclude. Great art should be simple, not complex.

To conclude this lecture, Mr. Adamson read an extremely interesting paper on "Etching," on Monday, 28th November. He first gave an explanation of the craft, and then demonstrated the results achieved during the various stages. The subject he had chosen for the etching in question was a negro. Mr. Adamson explained how, after trial, he placed the subject in the most suitable environment. Having obtained a good idea of the subject, the next step was to trace it on a copper plate covered with a special wax. The plate was then immersed in the "mordant liquid" which bit into the bare copper. Thus, the outline was obtained on the plate. Then Mr. Adamson explained the complicated process of toning, using the aquatint method. He stressed the arduous nature of the task. Replying to a question, he said that the process involved a full fortnight's work, twelve hours a day. He also corrected the popular fallacy that an original etching is the one which is printed first. All prints from the same plate, he stated, had the same value.

At the end of the lecture, a vote of thanks was proposed, which conveyed to Mr. Adamson the Society's appreciation for his really excellent lecture.

Though this lecture occupied most of the time allotted to us, a History debate was also held on Tuesday, the 29th November.

Via Mods. also possesses an unofficial debating society which discusses every topic from Fascism to Football Pools. Yet so paradoxical is human nature that Bates, most vociferous of unofficial debaters, hastily back-pedalled when asked to show his talents in an official debate. The proposition: "that, in British foreign affairs, a policy of isolation is preferable to one of collective security," was upheld by Messrs. Egan and Grant, while Messrs. Quinn and Ryan put the case for collective security. Mr. Barter was in the chair.

Opening the debate, Mr. Egan declared that Isolation meant alliance with the colonies, while collective security meant alliance in Europe, usually against some power. He then quoted a number of examples from history as a proof that collective security has always been detrimental to Britain. He instanced our isolation during the Napoleonic wars, when our industries increased abnormally.

Mr. Quinn took the floor for the opposition. Referring to Salisbury's "splendid isolation" before the war, he asserted that it was such a failure that his successors made alliances with anyone—even the Japanese. The League of Nations, he agreed, had failed, but not through any fault of the principles of collective security. It had failed because of British and French domination.

Mr. Grant, speaking for Isolation, confined his argument to three points: that having an Empire to defend which covered one-fourth of the world's surface was one good reason for not defending the other three-fourths; that as Europe was in armed camps the chances of conflict were great, and "collective security" might bring us into any one of them; and that isolation gave politicians less scope for international intrigue.

In reply, Mr. Ryan (con.) suggested that isolation meant jingoism and international jealousies. Britain could not live without

the rest of the world. We needed oil for our 'planes and ships. Even America, which was far more suited for isolation than Great Britain, had failed to maintain it. Her recent trade pact with Great Britain proved it. The only way to maintain the peace and security of our Empire was to gain new friendships abroad.

After Mr. Bates and Mr. Rochford had joined in the discussion, the Chairman announced that he awarded the decision to the "Isolationists." He congratulated all the participants on an "excellent debate."

Perhaps the best feature of this debate was that all the speeches were well-delivered, and not merely read.

After the success of Mr. Adamson's lecture, the Society looks forward to a similar one next term from Mr. Boraston on "Music." One can already measure the effect of these lectures even on the Scientists, whose aesthetic intellect has never before advanced beyond the contemplation of isosceles triangles and regular polyhedrons.

T. GRANT (*Secretary*).

French Society Notes.

AFTER an unavoidable delay the Society held its first meeting, in the new Lecture Room, on the 14th October, when Connolly, Bourke and Brash defended "La raison des plus forts réussit toujours" against Burke, Byrne and Coleman. Connolly, speaking first, showed how Napoleon had held down Europe but in the end he was defeated because his position had brought greater powers than himself into the fray. Burke then showed how weaker powers had defeated more powerful enemies because of their better legal case, like the American colonies and Britain. Undismayed, Bourke arose and gave us the hoary dictum of the survival of the fittest, and showed how the Romans and Prussians had won their empires by force. Against this, Byrne put forward the example of the Christian Church, and showed how it had survived endless persecution and yet had achieved all this by passive resistance. The recent crisis seems to have fascinated some of this term's debaters, including Brash, who attributed the solution to the efficacy of adopting a bullying tone by certain parties concerned therein. Coleman, the last speaker, gave us the illuminating example of how patriotism overcame force when the Scotch obtained their independence

under Bruce, and the French revolutionaries their victory over the rest of Europe. M. le Président gave the Cons. the decision by 19 points to 18. This debate was marred by faulty grammar and pronunciation, caused, no doubt, by a lack of practice in the long summer holiday!

The next debate was held on the 28th October, the subject being, "Que les opportunités font les grands hommes." It was supported by Grant senior, Kinnane and Connors, against Harding, Grant and Howard. In this debate we had two brothers on opposite sides. Grant opened for the pros. He showed how Napoleon, Savonarola and Hitler had used their opportunities, and, though denied wealth and rank, had become famous. Against this Harding said great men were born, not made, and in support of his point showed the perseverance of Demosthenes and Dr. Johnson who by sheer effort made a name for themselves. Kinnane then developed Grant's arguments and explained Napoleon's case in greater detail. Grant junior, however, kept to Harding's view and showed us how Faraday had overcome seemingly insuperable difficulties through his inherent greatness. Connors took examples from modern history, like Hitler and Musso-

lini, to illustrate his views, and showed that the successes of these two men were entirely due to a good use of opportunities. Time prevented us from hearing Howard's arguments, and after giving him points for what he had said the President closed the debate by giving the pros. the decision by 20 points to 17. If the French had been a little better, this debate would have attained a fair standard.

On October 4th, Lavan read a paper on Racine. After giving us an account of his life and quarrels with Port-Royal, he went on to discuss his dramatic and literary theories, illustrating them with numerous quotations. M. le Président congratulated him and thanked him for his efforts.

The next debate took place on the 11th, when the motion was "Que le développement de la terre est plus important que celui de l'industrie." Mercer, Lavan and McFarland defended it against Navein, Merrivale and Molyneux. Navein showed how England had become great under industrialism and that in future the dependence on the land might be removed by chemical food. Lavan opposed this and said that we are always dependent on the land, especially since an effective blockade would force us to our knees through starvation. Merrivale showed the dependence of agriculture on industry and gave us the example of Germany, where artificial foods were being prepared. Against this, McFarland upheld the advantages of having a large, healthy agricultural population for the land was man's natural source of food and wealth. Molyneux on the other hand thought land was overdeveloped, and that industry could still be developed. With this the debate closed, the cons. gaining 17 points to the pros'. 16.

On the 18th, Reilly delivered a lecture on Molière. He described Molière's life,

works, literary theories, and gave us a short sketch of the conditions of his time. These subjects could fill many volumes, but his remarks were brief, and he managed to give us a concise but full account in the time allotted to him.

This term's proceedings closed with a debate on the 25th November. The subject was: "Qu'on devrait transformer l'Europe en états unis," which Egan, Rochford and Quinn defended against Pope, Richardson and Reilly. Egan pointed out the advantages of such a union, for the money spent on armaments could be turned to good use in social activities. Pope argued on the confusion of the united states, and the difficulty of finding a suitable ruler and form of government. Rochford arose and, in a fiery speech in which he seemed to emit both heat and light, developed Egan's points, and explained that the difficulties could be settled if everyone had good intentions. We were then treated to a lengthy speech by Richardson who maintained that the union would be artificial, and would lead to war. Even the United States, which was united by ties of blood and language, had failed to keep united without a devastating war. Quinn then spoke in glowing terms of the advantages of such a union, the desirability of which would appeal to all. The last "con." speaker was Reilly, who dealt mainly with the differences not merely of government but of outlook of the various peoples, and said that such a union would be chaotic and disastrous. The debate closed with a victory for the pros. by 21 points to 19. There was a marked improvement in this debate as regards pronunciation and grammar, especially in the case of Rochford and Egan. The scores for this debate were the highest this term.

J. D. BATES (*Hon. Sec.*).

S. V. P. Society.

WE should like to commence these notes by thanking Brother MacNamara for his much-appreciated interest in the Society. We have always found him helpful in the past, and it is largely due to him that the membership of the Aspirant Conference is now thirty-three, as compared with the original twelve.

Despite this relatively large membership the average attendance at the nine meetings held since the commencement of term was thirty, a fact which augurs well for the future of the Society. In the matter of literature, the Conference has distributed some ninety C.T.S. pamphlets and fifteen other Catholic periodicals. Perhaps it would be opportune

at this point to remind you of our appeal made last year for Catholic newspapers and periodicals; we repeat that appeal and any copies may be handed to members of the Society.

One final thing before we close these notes—our Christmas Collection. For the benefit of newcomers we would just say that this appeal is for the Poor at Christmastide, and surely none of us would begrudge a helping hand to our less fortunate friends at such a time. As the Collection will have been made by the time you read these notes we can only rely on your generosity in the past, and hope for a record response to this appeal for our Catholic poor.

F. ROCHFORD (*President*).

Scientific Society.

IT must be unique for two consecutive reports of the Society to commence with an apology—for our lack of activity since last we went to print. But, not too fast O hasty Moderns! This term we have been lacking a medium by which we might elucidate those worthy principles of Science for you, our misguided friends. And we are too humane (yes, even Scientists can be humane!) to invite you to a “spoken” lecture.

So much for our introduction, and now we must report on a much-appreciated lecture at which we were privileged to attend. We refer to “The contributions of Engineering to Physics,” delivered by Prof. Oliphant, F.R.S., in the George Holt Physics Laboratory on Friday, October 21st.

The lecturer commenced by recalling how Faraday used calico and string in making his own insulated wire for his experiments on induced currents. How many of us think

of the reason why we have such excellent insulating wire in our laboratories to-day? It is solely because the electrical engineer had need of it and set out to obtain it.

Prof. Oliphant then instanced an everyday example of the contributions of the electrical engineer, namely, wireless condensers and valves. We all know the high performance and relative cheapness of these instruments to-day; but it was not until the electrical engineer had need of some type of rectifier, for changing A.C. to D.C., that improvements in this direction came about. We must also give credit to the engineer for that remarkable advancement from the simple valve to the cathode ray oscillograph, an instrument so highly valuable in Science and Industry alike. It was with the aid of this instrument that the lecturer and the late Lord Rutherford made such great advancements in nuclea-physics, including the discovery of neutrons.

Another interesting line of research, which has resulted in many contributions by engineers to Physics, is the gradual change from one type of burner or lamp to another. Thus we have the old bat-tail gas burner giving place to the incandescent gas burner which itself is gradually being ousted by the electric lamp. Here we commence with the single filament lamp, then the carbon filament, the tungsten filament, and finally the gas-filled lamp. Even then we have a further advance resulting in the discharge lamps containing mercury vapour at medium pressure, which in turn lead us to discharges at high voltages and the apparatus necessary

for the production of these enormously high P.D's. These discharge lamps do not, however, always emit the light demanded by some particular work and so we find the use of coatings of certain substances on these lamps to correct the light emitted; which brings us to the phosphorescence of certain substances in ultra-violet light and the extension of the phenomenon to many other substances at low temperatures.

And so we may continue; finding that the engineer has made, and is making, very definite contributions to Physics.

F. ROCHFORD (*Sec.*).

Music Notes.

THE following members of the Orchestra left the School at the end of last term: Frank Ludden (pianist) and Kevin Donegan (violinist). Ludden has gone to St. Mary's College, Twickenham, of which college James Ludden (who has also just left School) has been appointed Assistant Organist.

Donegan, who holds a Civil Service appointment in London, is joining the London Junior Orchestra. This organization is intended for boys who have just left School. We strongly recommend it to boys in London who wish to continue their music. Particulars may be obtained from the Music Master. We fervently hope that every boy who has learned to play a musical instrument in his early boyhood will feel the urge to continue his studies right through life.

Culture means so very much—much more than any boy is capable of appreciating. If our School Choir and Orchestra succeed in planting a real love of music in the breasts of their respective members, and a desire to progress in that art, our work will not have been in vain.

Owing to the unfinished state of the

College, we have been unable to resume our Orchestral rehearsals this term. We hope, however, to conduct the first practice on Friday, December 2nd.

We are in need of a pianist, and shall be glad to give an audition to any boy in the School who would enjoy holding that position.

After some years' absence, Tom Harding is returning to the Orchestra. We remember him as a capable violinist, and give him a hearty welcome.

We also welcome V. Burrows and R. Stanley (two new boys) and J. Finnerty to our ranks, and shall be delighted to see any others who would wish to join.

The first Choir practice was held in the Music Room on Tuesday, November 29th. We finished the Requiem Mass, and are now about to commence rehearsing the "Te Deum," which we hope to sing at the official opening of our new building.

We hope to resume rehearsals with the Old Boys' Orchestra at the beginning of the forthcoming term. These rehearsals will be held in "Bishopscourt." We hope to see as many Old Boys as possible.

Will Old Boys wishing to join kindly

inform Mr. Boraston. Members will be advised of the date of the opening rehearsal by post.

We wish to correct an error which crept

into these notes in last term's Magazine. We stated that our final rehearsal in the old St. Edward's was held on Friday, July 15th. The date should have been June 17th.

The "Unknown Soldier" is alive.

WE have just paid fresh homage to the Unknown Warrior, symbol of the deathless courage of the men who laid down their lives in the carnage of 1914-18.

In every European capital lies an unknown soldier, enshrined in the honour of his nation. But in France is another unknown soldier. He is alive—an even grimmer memorial to the savagery of war.

The story begins in the summer of 1918. The Germans were making their last advance on the Western Front. A French front-line trench had received orders to advance and silence several machine-gun nests. One or two of the men fingered their crucifixes, and then they went over the top.

They never reached their goal. The vicious stutter of the machine-guns increased. Men flung up their arms and died. The broken line still advanced. Then the heavy guns opened up. Great craters spouted mud and soil. No men could pass the barrage.

One soldier alone survived. A tall, dark man; he staggered on until the blast of a shell hurled him into a shell-hole. The pain of a broken leg and shattered face was more than he could bear.

A few minutes later the Germans advanced and took the French trench. They did not see the unconscious man. He lay there for three days. He became delirious, ripped off his uniform and threw away his identity tag.

Then the French again advanced and finally took the German position. The night

of their advance, a naked man staggered into their new trench. He had climbed from his shell-hole, and was too ill to do more than gasp out a few broken sentences. Then he collapsed.

For a month he lay in Hospital. His leg had to be amputated. Reason came back to him. But he had lost his memory. He knew nothing, neither his age, name or his home town. Doctors used all their skill to patch up his face.

When he had been nursed back to health, an identification parade was held. Hundreds of troops were paraded past the man. Each soldier shook his head. Not one recognised him. In a fortnight 50,000 mothers (each of whom had lost a son) interviewed him, but his face bore little resemblance to the one his mother knew. Eventually, fifty of the 50,000 mothers claimed him as their son and each November as many of them as can visit him. This year only six mothers visited him.

They are old now, but not too old to come and sit with him on the Day of Remembrance. He is happy; the French Government has allowed him a generous pension. Nearly every post brings him gifts.

But he is lonely. He is now forty-two. His hair is growing grey. There are dark hours in his life when he sits and broods, trying to pierce the darkness that enshrouds his youth and early manhood.

He is Europe's living unknown warrior.

J. McQUIGGAN,

Vib Science.

The Difference of a Letter.

IN modern times, when advertising is so general, and advertisements so common, the ordinary person has become used to seeing them, and consequently ignores them on every occasion. However, if they are carefully examined, one can find many mistakes in them, which are usually the fault of the printer, but which make even the serious advertisement lighthearted. Here are just a few of these faulty sayings, which have occurred during the past few years.

An advertisement for a drapery sale reads—"Wonderful bargains can be *fought* at very low prices." The report of the inquest on a railway shunter declared that he met his death by coming into contact with a live *wife*. Another report confirms that "when the gale was at its height, one of the boats in the harbour was blown out to *tea*."

An advertisement outside a bootmaker's reads—"Boots and shoes neatly soled and *healed*." A headline in a morning newspaper refers to the *meat* wave in America. A Welsh paper announces that "Peace was *singed*." A temperance advocate declares that a great burden had *beer* lifted from his shoulders; and a composing-room overseer, who had just retired, has been presented with a *curse* of money. Another overseer has received a *mallet* of treasury notes. A bazaar programme announces: "Stall-holders—Mrs. Brown, cake *stale*." In a report of deer-stalking in a certain duke's park, it was stated that the park was well stocked with *beer*. Finally, a business announcement reads: "A new surveyor has been appointed at a *startling* salary of £120 per annum."

P. PILLING, VIb Science.

Midgets of the Air.

THE Pou de Ciel," known as the "Flying Flea," is a marvellous box of tricks. As the former name suggests, it is the invention of a Frenchman, Henri Mignet. The engine is only about 20 h.p., the wing span of such small machines being usually between fourteen and twenty feet.

The inventor crossed the English Channel in his home-made flea in 1935.

Another midget is the "Aeronca." This little monoplane was designed in America, but is constructed in this country. It is a two-seater and can travel at 93 m.p.h. with an engine of about 36 h.p.

The B.A.C. "Drone" is a midget 'plane of only 18 h.p., and has a cruising speed of

60 m.p.h. A famous gliding expert made the trip from London to Rotterdam in a "Drone." His petrol cost only five shillings!

A Czechoslovakian 'plane, the "Praga" or "Air Baby," ranks high among the midget aeroplanes. It is a monoplane fitted with a 40 h.p. flat twin engine. The "Praga" has a cruising speed of 80 m.p.h.

Such machines as these may in time become serious rivals to the motor-car, as is proved by the fact that more and more of them are bought each year. In many cases these small 'planes are much cheaper than cars, and often cost less to run. So, motor-cars, look out—the midgets of the air are on your trail!!

S. MOORE, VIb Mods.

How I earned a Sixpence—and more.

IT had just struck twelve o'clock noon by the clock outside Russell's, the watchmakers, and I was walking to the Turnover Hotel in Handover Street for lunch. I seated myself at a table and I ordered a meal. This, although very meagre, and only enough to appease my hunger, took away my whole money. The next table to me was occupied by a young man who possessed a very sour-looking countenance. I noticed that he watched me all the time I was eating. His watching me made me embarrassed as I thought he was looking at my miserly lunch.

After I had finished my meal I rose to go out, but on seeing my watcher of the next table beckoning to me to come to him, I decided to do so. When I went over to him, he asked me in a polite manner to take a seat with him. I did so. He then asked me if I wished to earn a sixpence. I told him I would be only too pleased to do so. At this he smiled, and he told me that he was a member of the Liverpool C.I.D., and that he had to deliver to another detective a certain package. He showed me the package and he asked me to take it to a certain man.

After this, he started to give me proper instructions. The first thing I had to do was to board a car going away from the city. When I was a good distance away, I was to board a car travelling in the opposite direction and I was to dismount at Duke Street. I then had to go to a street off Duke Street and walk up it. I would see, as I was walking up the street, a man playing a mouth-organ. The tune he would be playing would be "Auld Lang Syne." I was to go up to him and say "What make is your mouth-organ?" He would answer "It's a 'Small Package' mouth-organ." As soon as he said this, I was to give him the small package. This done, I would receive from the musician a sixpence. After he told me all this, I thought

he was trying to make a fool of me. My reason was, "Why should he send me on two cars going in opposite directions?" I asked him this. He said it was to throw any crooks, who were interested in the package, off the scent. This explanation satisfied me.

After leaving the hotel, with the package tucked safely away in an inside pocket, I boarded a car going out from the city. When I reached the terminus, at Woolton, I immediately boarded a 4w car inwards. I alighted at Duke Street and walked up it. I found the street I was looking for and I walked up to the second lamp-post in the street, where a big man was playing "Auld Lang Syne" on a mouth-organ. I asked him what make was his mouth-organ, and he gave me back the required answer. I then gave him the small package and waited for my reward. I had just taken it into my hand when two strong hands gripped my shoulders. The same happened to the street musician. I was amazed, and I asked one of the men escorting us what was the matter. He said he was bringing us to Dale Street Police Station.

Here I was questioned by a very pompous looking station-sergeant. He believed me to be innocent after I had answered his quizzing satisfactorily. He asked my description of my hotel friend and I gave it. After about thirty minutes, I saw a man being brought in. I instantly recognised him as the man that sat at the next table to me. But however, he had a good alibi. This almost made me cry, but the station-sergeant asked for the waiters of the Turnover Hotel to come to him for a short time. They came, and the waiter that served me recognised him and said that he was at the hotel at the same time as I was.

At the trial, my evidence and that of the waiter's convicted him and his gang. I was

compensated by the Police for unlawful arrest by a fair amount of money. I also found out that the Small Package contained

a priceless brooch, which was stolen two weeks before my episode.

CHARLES McKEON, L.Va Mods.

Nature's Beauty.

HOW many of us in our spare time resort to the natural pleasures of life? One of the most interesting of these pleasures I have had the opportunity to enjoy is the study of Nature.

Let us take a walk in the country on a summer day, along a shady sunlight-dappled lane. Starting from the small village, our steps are addressed along the meandering way which winds lazily up a green-covered hillside. What are the scents and sounds which assail you? The busy hum of the bee and wasp in the blossom-decked hedge by our side: the steady crunch of the jaws of a sleepy cow as it lies basking in the sun, its tail for ever flipping the flies from its back.

The scent of the new-mown hay diverts our attention to the haymakers, who, with a cheery smile and a wave of their tanned arms, greet us and we stop to talk for a minute. The shady trees are now lessening and the travelling is a little more strenuous. We stop at a clear spring to alleviate our thirst, and then continue on. Now again the scenery changes and we are passing by fields in which flocks of sheep nibble at the short, sweet grass, or lie 'neath the shade of a large oak in the centre of the meadow. The picture is perfect.

As we ascend, the heat lessens and the cool mountain breeze fans our hot faces and freshens us. Once we met a farmer with a cart of hay conveying it to the barn. One point of great interest is the quaint white-washed farmhouse, surrounded by the farm-yard, in which a fat pig rolls and the hen struts proudly before her brood of chickens. As the top of the hillside is neared the land lies below us, mapped out, the various fields of crops contrasting in the different shades

of green: A true summer scene. The glories of Nature are not confined to the country alone.

Let your steps traverse a sandy beach, a background of white cliffs, and a calm sea in which the clear blue sky is reflected. Nothing but a brown-sailed smack and the smoke of a far-away steamer herald the presence of man, while on a set of dangerous rocks rises a lighthouse. The gentle roll of the breakers is heard, and now a seagull wheels from its home in the cliffs into the turquoise blue of the water.

Summer is not the only time when Nature can show forth its glories. Let us return to the country in a different aspect. A heavy snow is falling and the wind whistles with an eerie tone through the bare branches of the trees. No longer are the cows lying contentedly, but the cold snow—Nature's blanket—holds the meadows in its embrace, preserving them, until once again the sun will bathe them in its warm rays. Up on the hillside the lamb bleats for its dam, while on the wind-swept moorlands all is bleak and frosty.

The shore is also disturbed by the powerful arm of Nature. The beach is covered in a seething mass of foam, while from the lighthouse is sent the danger signal to many ships struggling in the embrace of the hungry, mountainous seas. The once calm sea is whipped to a raging inferno, while the grey sky is a mass of racing clouds.

Yet in the bleakness there is yet the glory of Nature. Pictures, unportrayed, of the noble forces of Nature which govern the earth, and whose castles are spread to the utmost bounds of the Universe.

F. RAMOS, L.Vb Mods.

Examination Results, 1938.

Higher School Certificate.

Bates, J. P. D.	McGuinness, K.
Brash, E.	Pope, R.
Curran, J.	Quinn, J.
Egan, F.	Rochford, F.
Handley, W. A.	Rooney, J. F.
Ludden, F.	Ryan, T.
Merivale, H.	Shennan, J.
Molyneux, P.	Supple, J.

Distinction: History—J. P. D. Bates.

School Certificate.

Beswick, W.	Jones, P.
Burke, H.	Keating, J. R.
Burns, E. J.	Ludden, J.
Carey, F. J.	McCoy, A.
Carroll, W. T.	McGrail, W.
Clark, J. C.	McQuiggan, J.
Clensy, R.	McQuade, J. E.
Davies, D.	Moore, S. J.
Delamere, H.	O'Carroll, Brendan
Edwards, W. E.	O'Hanlon, M.
Ferguson, J.	O'Keefe, T.
Fives, W. C.	O'Reilly, J. B.
Gallagher, J.	Pilling, P.
Gleeson, J. A.	Prendergast, A.
Gormley, S.	Reddy, J.
Hendry, J. K.	Shaw, P.
Jack, V.	Whitehurst, S.
Jenkins, R.	Worthington, R.
Jones, J. C.	

Form Examinations.

VIa—*Religion:* J. P. D. Bates.

VIb Sc.—*Religion:* W. Byrne. 1, W. Byrne ;
2, L. Smith ; 3, L. Connors.

VIb Mods.—*Religion:* B. Lavan. 1, W.
Simpson; 2, E. Doolittle; 3, D. MacPherson.

L.Va Sc.—*Religion:* F. Winstanley. 1, F.
Winstanley ; 2, F. Irving ; 3, E. Smith.

L.Va Mod.—*Religion:* P. Connolly. 1, J.
Rigby ; 2, S. Houldin ; 3, T. Walsh.

L.Vb Mod.—*Religion:* J. Fennell. 1, T.
Brennan ; 2, D. Donegan ; 3, J. Fennell.

IVa Sc.—*Religion:* J. Donegan. 1, E. Shield ;
2, J. Callander ; 3, D. Welsh.

IVb Sc.—*Religion:* A. Ball. 1, H. C. Dunn ;
2, J. Glynn ; 3, R. Browne.

IVa Mod.—*Religion:* F. Ramos. 1, J. Rice ;
2, W. Vose ; 3, F. Ramos.

IVb Mod.—*Religion:* A. Ramsbottom. 1, D.
Dempsey ; 2, W. Hughes ; 3, P. Carroll.

III Alpha—*Religion:* P. Clementson. 1, D.
Healey and G. O'Neill ; 2, P. Lynch ;
3, W. Parry.

III Beta—*Religion:* J. Murdock. 1, J.
Brown ; 2, F. Gill ; 3, J. Weston.

IIIa—*Religion:* T. McCabe. 1, P. Ryan ;
2, A. Cunningham ; 3, W. Rodgers.

IIIb—*Religion:* J. Brown. 1, T. Ambrose ;
2, A. Woods ; 3, W. McLoughlin and V.
Rafter.

II—*Religion:* J. O'Brien. 1, P. Broadbridge ;
2, C. Callaghan ; 3, J. O'Brien.

I—*Religion:* S. Jones. 1, S. Jones ; 2, R.
Winstanley ; 3, P. Molyneux.

Prep.—*Religion:* D. Hughes. 1, D. Hughes ;
2, R. Riley ; 3, J. Dolan.

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Form Notes.

Form VIa Science.

HERE is the first news bulletin (copyright reserved). First we give the weather forecast. There will be rain on Wednesdays, unless Hope are playing Domingo. If it stops, matches will be abandoned anyway. Every Thursday in the yard we perform intricate manoeuvres to an audience of two painters, such workmen as are "busy" on the back of the School, and several juniors. We wheel and turn skilfully and, on occasion, even manage to form fours. In the process, however, we inevitably tend towards the centre of the yard (not to infinity). At "swinging it" we are as yet failures, but we console ourselves with the thought that if we succeeded the juniors might mistake the manoeuvre for the goose-step and might panic.

At the time of the Crisis public spiritedness quite overcame us and we volunteered in a body to help to defend the hospitals. (Who said playing with sand?). We look with scorn on those who suggest baser motives for our action. For two days we toiled heroically to fit up the physics lab., and personally we considered it a quick job. See how helpful we have become. Big-hearted scientists, that's us!

A new spirit of tolerance is distinctly perceptible in the Sixth-form passage. Two upper fives are in permanent occupation of one end of it and we have even lent them a master. The chief sufferers from this invasion are the B.Sc., whose room seems to have done its best to tend to zero. Gone is our former splendid isolation, for now we are next door to the Mods. No longer have we the library to act as a buffer state, and hence we no longer hear the once familiar sounds of the Mods. at private studies.

In former days, when we looked around us, our gaze fell upon what we believed to be portraits of poets and the like. To our great relief these atrocities were not transported to our new abode. Instead, we now have a fine view of the turfing of the quadrangle and several members of the form have shown a great interest in this. Perhaps they listen to Mr. Middleton. Once more we ask, where are our once famous experts? This fine old A.Science tradition seems to be deader than the Scientific Society which will, however, be revived as soon as possible. Only the French numeral expert still survives but, compared with the others, this post is insignificant.

We now do "Romeo and Juliet," much to the amusement of a certain master, but we notice that we are not the only ones to read it. Some would have it that our French lessons bear a striking resemblance to "Much Ado About Nothing." They are certainly not "As we like it." In the sphere of French debates it has happened at last that a side with two Scientists on it has gained the decision. Amazing! What is more, one of the said Scientists was actually congratulated on his delivery. Truly, times are changing. Whilst talking of societies, we must go against all tradition and actually congratulate the Mods. We do so on their arranging Mr. Adamson's lecture. This lecture, besides being out of the ordinary, was most enjoyable. Certainly the best thing the Mods. have presented in our time. In conclusion, we would like to point out that we can claim to be the senior form of the School since we have four members in their eighth year. That is the end of the news.

E.B.



Form VIa Modern.

The first term at the new School opened amid the singing and whistling of industrious workmen, the buzzing of saws, the noise of the sandpapering machine, and the odour of hot tar. But the surrounding grounds offered a pleasant contrast to the former ones at Everton.

As our classroom was not completed, we were fated to meander from one room to another until we could be permanently settled. The library was our first place of study, where we remained for about a week. On returning one Monday morning, we were conducted to the Art Room. We stayed here quite a long time, having by now settled down to serious work. During this time we created what we consider is a record, by occupying in turn three different classrooms.

On the Friday during the Crisis, the members of the Form rendered valuable aid by volunteering to fill sandbags at the City hospitals. The majority concentrated at "Alder Hey," where, in spite of rain, they gave great assistance. As an order to cease precautions was received on Friday night, the Saturday morning was a holiday.

One of the class, while watching the men laying turf in the quadrangle, remarked thus on their choral efforts:

"It was the turfman's song, and not the lark,

That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear."

[Choral efforts of Mr. Gaunt and P. Corcoran. Ed.]

Inspired by the military feeling which arose from the recent mobilisation, the class underwent manoeuvres in the yard, in preparation, according to one of our pessimistic members, for a general conscription. The well-meant but rather feeble efforts provoked some caustic remarks from a very bored spectator.

The class Demosthenes, whose cheeks

glow with healthy colour, produced no doubt by his nearness to the radiator, has been appointed Secretary to the Literary and Historical Debating Society. He is also undergoing his apprenticeship as deputy bellringer, his efforts so far being very cacophonous.

Two members of the class in a Historical debate were praised for their oratorical persuasiveness. They astounded the newcomers in the VIB's with their "jewels five words long."

In conclusion we offer our best wishes to Lavan and McFarlane for their success in the Civil Service Examination next January.

W. BURKE.



Form VIb Science.

The most outstanding feature of this last term is that it was our first in the new School buildings. On our arrival, we found ourselves placed in the library until our classrooms were ready. The B.Mods. were also put in the library with us, and as our classes were only separated by bookcases we found it difficult to concentrate on our lessons. We would forget about the maths. and listen to the Moderns' English lesson. Needless to say, we were soon drastically brought back to our senses.

However, after two or three weeks, we were moved to our classroom, which resembled a refrigerator temperature. But we soon accustomed ourselves to this, and then one morning something went wrong. The radiator was actually working!

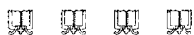
We will now give you the opinions of our various masters upon us. Mr. Rowe thinks we are the worst VIB's he has ever taken in his long experience of teaching. Mr. Loughlin says he would not like to tell us what he thinks of our knowledge of Chemistry.

Mr. Mullen's comments are much too long to be included here in detail. Our vocabulary, is practically nil.

Of late, Debates and Lectures, French, English and History have been the order of the day, and the fluent rhetoric of the French debates has been very edifying! There was quite a conflict in the History debate, and Mr. Adamson's Art lectures have been well appreciated.

We have entered wholeheartedly into Higher Mathematics, and if by any chance you come into our classroom during a Solid Geometry lesson, you will see a curious sight. The waving of arms, juggling of pencils, strange cardboard figures on desks, all seem to indicate that we have passed the border which lies between intelligence and madness. But no, we are not mad; we are not doing our daily dozen; we are merely attempting to point out the many geometrical figures which make up the classroom. If we make an error in our slight exercise, we merely say that the error is negligible, or that it is smaller than anything you like to state. Apart from the fact that we don't know much about Quadratics, Conics, Calculus, and the Binomial Theorem, we are very good mathematicians.

And so we conclude with best wishes to everybody



Form VIb Modern.

After spending a roving commission about the School for the first few weeks of the term, we were kindly given a classroom; the only difference between this and a refrigerator being that the former contains no thermometer. The timeworn proverb, "He who laughs last laughs best," was proven to the hilt on the receipt of a week's extra holiday, with a couple of days thrown in, for we "Certificates." The widely

proclaimed opinions of the pessimists were cut down, but they shed no tears!

Seated close to the window (of our own room, of course), we have an aspiring gardener who is taking a special course in "How to Lay Sod." The temptation was removed when a stool was thoughtfully provided for this disillusioned horticulturist so that he might study his French within loving reach of the "fount of all knowledge."

As if we had not enough wetness to last us the year, one mechanically-minded member of this "haven of rest" tried to flood us out by means of the radiator. An ingenious plan, mind you, but authority did not think so. Lately, the same authority has judged us unfit for the worthy Cicero, and we are therefore forced to endure "Caesar, Book VII," from which we are supposed to largely "increase our vocabulary."

The French Debating Society is very popular in our form, the only drawback being that we have still to give our debates. Several lectures on "Art," given during the term by Mr. Adamson, proved very interesting, and we are looking forward to many more.



Form Upper Va Science.

When we returned to our new College in Sandfield Park, after being granted an extra ten days' holiday, most of us were of the opinion that we were viewing the Gallic fortifications at Avaricum, as on all sides beams at right angles to the walls, and mounds covered with much debris, could be seen (Caesar, Book 7, Chapter 23). However, we were soon informed that this was to be our new seat of learning. We took up temporary winter quarters at Runnymede, but after three weeks' foraging, we made a forced march into the territory of work and pitched our camps in our present abode.

It is said that "Variety is the Spice of

Life," and this is certainly exemplified on Friday afternoons, when after a few funny stories, told under extenuating circumstances by our "guest comedian," Mr. C., we are given a lesson, quite unintentionally, in the correct manner of drawing a revolver from one's shoulder holster. After this dramatic interlude, we are treated to a little light music by the Male Voice Choir below, and, as we are often engaged in a little serious work at this period, we think that this is "pushing" it a bit too far. We were all very surprised to find that when our "hot" water pipe commenced to leak the pool of water formed on the floor remained a liquid and did not turn into solid ice.

At the commencement of the term we possessed four pairs of doubles, but this soon became three when Murphy senior was promoted to the Sixth Form, and as one of the Irving clan has not shown up Mr. C.— has christened the other with *noms de plume*.

We have Potts in our form but no pans, though Mr. M—— certainly can dish out impositions. In French we have expert advice, free, from "Skelly and Hosey, Ltd." Donegan enlightened us when he said that Victor Hugo was King of Sardinia during the Crimean War.

A popular catchword, coined by Mr. R—— is illustrated below.

1. Our French Master longs for a "Telescopic Arm." Don't ask why; it's a fact.
2. One of our number arrives late every morning with the same excuse. Don't ask why; it's a fact.
3. Our "actor" Master practices what he preaches; he says "Style is the man." We all admire his style. Don't ask why; it's a fact.

We wish to pass a vote of thanks to the collectors of the Foreign Mission Fund, namely S. Murphy, F. Bretherton and W. Hosey. After testing the new School, we find that it is far superior to the old one; a

change all greatly appreciate.

J.F.; T.B.



Form Upper Va Modern.

The summer holidays terminated with a well-faded glory, and the collection of caps moving along the Park only emphasised the fact. Alas! some boys returned with hearts heavy with the dismal prospects but others came back optimistically and were the very symbol of merriness, probably at the novelty of entering a new scholastic seat. Work had not yet ceased on the building of the School and workmen could be seen dexterously flitting from roof to roof, looking none too pleased at the mass invasion of their year's work. After the announcing of an extra holiday, there were scattered cheers for what were two days compared to fifty days of perfect oblivion.

At present we are settled down, and have taken stock of ourselves. We find a new habit proceeding from the class register which is becoming rife amongst us. It is to call each other by our first names, and the result is that the class rings with "Henry Charles's" and "John Patrick's." This habit was provoked by a master who could not resist, when looking at the register, to make known our secrets, some of which have survived this far. Imagine the surprise when one bright morning a certain spirited youth entered into our realm sporting a gaudy badge, but after some excitement he was recognised by a familiar ginger tinge of hair which hitherto had been dulled by the badge.

It is said that the crisis in a youth's life is when his vocal chords mutiny. If this be so, then Form Upper Va Mods. is in a very disturbing state of turmoil, as the harsh, reed-like sounds proceeding from stretched mouths change into high pitched shrieks, then like a spent gale return to their former state.

Thus, after a most hectic term, the unavoidable finish comes in the shape of exams, as already they have stretched like a dark cloud over us and are preparing to drop their deluge. Nevertheless, every cloud has its silver lining, this one being a vision of festivities. "Peace on Earth to men of good will." F.H.



Form Upper Vb Modern.

After a record summer holiday, we did at last return to School, but not as C. Manlond would have us believe "with curious faces"—at least not all of us. After being sent home for an extra three days, because our classroom was not ready, we returned full of hope and anticipating at least another week's holiday—you never can tell!

The new School at Sandfield Park is a wonderful improvement on St. Domingo Road, but school is school "for a' that."

For the first few weeks we led a somewhat nomadic existence, wandering from classroom to classroom and being moved from desk to desk. We are now more or less settled down, but even still we are never quite sure of finishing the English lesson at the same desk where we started it. Pretty well the only defect in our room is that there is not enough of it, and occasionally we are frozen by the hot water pipes. Now that the lights have been installed, nobody can talk any more about the "darkness visible."

B. Trafford is easily holder of the late-comers' record—in fact he has been provided with a special desk near the door so that he won't disturb the Geography class about 9-15. Oh, Mr. Mercury!

C. Manlond's "bike" has broken down so many times between 1-30 and 2 p.m. that someone ought to tell him the Government is looking for scrap-iron to help re-armament.

We were all indignant when told by Mr. Meldon that "Rip Van" Brennan was the most intelligent boy in the class; all except Brennan, of course.

K. Dunne (genuine antique, solid ivory!) and V. Hull are highly respected members of the class. We are all fully alive to the veneration due to old age. In fact, a glance round the back of the class might lead you to suppose the old hands

"have chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Their wearied virtue, for the ease they find
To slumber here."

We have no Sports records to go down in the annals because every Wednesday, when we are due to show our prowess, the heavens open and down comes the rain. (Lucky for the Upper Va's, perhaps!). However, we have made some notable contributions to the School teams—Buckley, K. Keith, G. Morris and Flynn.

Some of us find History the favourite subject. The most learned boy in this subject is K. Dunne. His favourite historical characters are Vercingetorix Palmerston, Satan, and Beelzebub. The way he knows his dates is marvellous. In fact, he was warned recently not to overstudy!

Latin is another favourite lesson. Rolling Caesar is the best part of the lesson. But didn't the crowd "burn his body in the market place"? Someone was recently looking for examples of wit, humour, satire, sarcasm, irony, invective and the sardonic. He should just drop into any Latin lesson.

Another important subject is Physical Training. Everyone in the class looks forward to the next lecture from the Gymnastic Professor. Every Tuesday and Friday we provide amusement for the birds and sundry field-mice by running a few times round the yard.



Form Lower Va Science.

Once again we meet, tired and worn after a hard term's "work." Towards the beginning of the term there was much chopping and changing as regards our warden, but eventually our fate was settled and we had to grin and bear it. L——, our lazy boy, is taking nourishment and has now the energy to laugh. As the Gym. was not yet ready, we have had to go into the playground, where we have gained the reputation of being the noisiest class of the School. Fireworks occur between lessons, and many are the threats we have received of extra homework and impositions, but so far we have managed to evade these.

Deadwidge Dick has just wakened up from a coma, and is wondering where he is. The class send out their heartfelt sympathies (?) to K. N——, who is suffering from his "Uvala." Nevertheless he still holds his position as "Noisemaker-in-Chief" against strong opposition. Mr. O'B—— is beginning to think we are a class of "Yes Men" (or is it "No"?). "Toma" is so good at Latin that he has to stop and wait for us. Hu——, the curly-haired, blue-eyed beauty of the class, is still the envy of the local barbers. Kee——, our mathematician, has after many experiments come to the conclusion that five per cent. of £1 is 1/- (or is it?). But, with all his brilliance, he is but a humble, poverty-stricken student whose pockets never jingle during Latin. We are told that the School will be completed shortly, and then we *may* settle down to some work (?).

We wish to thank those who contributed to the Foreign Missions. We will have to do some serious study (?) now, as the exams. will be on us in no time, and then those long-earned holidays. So, till then—

Valete Amici Mei.

S.E. ; L.D.



Form Lower Va Modern.

When Julius Caesar decided to "Rome,"
He made up his mind to make Britain his
home.

On reaching her shores he was heard to cry :
"She's a fine country to live in ; I'll
'Caesar'."

Canute was the first king to paddle when he
Paid twopence to hire a deck-chair by the sea,
The incoming tide flowed all over one boot,
He cried to his courtiers : "Ain't that
Canute."

Duke William gave Harold ten-sixty-six
"pastings,"

When playing at "Conkers" with him down
at Hastings,

He was crowned king of England, and put
out the light,

Commanding that "Curfew" shall not ring
to-night.

King John thought the Barons had made him
a martyr,

By sending him packing with "Magna the
Carter."

He went to the Broads and on hearing a
"splosh,"

Discovered his laundry was lost in the
"Wash."

King Henry the Eighth had a beard that
was red,

He married six wives—but each one lost
her head

Because Bluff King Hal was a little too
rough,

When playing that capital game, blind man's
"Bluff." (*With a hatchet*).

The sailors who lived in Elizabeth's reign,
Delighted in singeing the Spanish king's
mane,

And when she was told they had sunk the
Armada,
Queen Bess gave those sea-dogs a bone from
her larder.

King Charles was an elegant monarch who
found
That Cromwell's impertinent head was too
round.
They quarrelled, and Cromwell remarked :
" Though a ' toff,'
You're only a blockhead," and cut it clean
off.

At Waterloo, Wellington stepped into a train
And set off to look for old " Boney " again.
But Bonaparte, seing his " ironic demeanoir,"
And sailed in his cocked hat to far St.
" Helena."

FINISH.

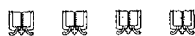


Form Lower Vb Modern.

First in our class is Brennan Pete,
A little lad who is quite neat ;
Next comes O'Reilly Jack,
Good at Latin, does not slack ;
After him comes McCulla Phil,
A lad who in his desk is still ;
Then come Mayers, Cull and Hand,
Who form themselves in one bright band.
Next comes Peters, brave and bold,
Who never does a thing he's told ;
In front of him comes Keegan Bob,
Cannot do a decent job ;
Then comes Moore, a lad who's fat,
Often likes to have a chat ;
Following him is Burrowes Frank,
For " Foreign Missions " holds the bank.
Next comes Jones, a red-head boy,
He thinks that homework is a joy ;
After him sits Robinson Ged,
A bright lad, who is not misled ;
Behind him then sits McIntosh Will,

Cannot keep his school desk still ;
After him comes Kevin Doyle,
Cannot do a hard day's toil.
Then comes Mulhern, a book he borrows—
The brother finds out—Mulhern has sorrows.
White, Black and Green, the colour boys,
Think maths. and homework are their joys.
Shortly after Kelly is found,
He sits still and makes no sound ;
After him comes Carew Denis,
To the brother he's a menace.
Then comes little Dolan Kevin,
Seems to wake up at eleven ;
Following him is Kinsella sent,
Seldom seen and often absent ;
After him appears James O'Brien,
A hard worker, fond o' tryin' ;
Following him Ramos shows up,
He's been shifted from back to top.
At top of next row sits John Glynn,
He seems so quiet, makes no din ;
Then comes brave O'Grady Chris.,
Who by no one is led amiss ;
A desk behind sits Daly John,
Seems somehow to get along.
Last but not least is Dempsey Denis,
To the Brother he's no menace.
This is my version of our class,
And how the time we seem to pass ;
It's not so jolly as it looks,
For then we have to study books ;
And so I must here end my story,
Signed and stamped by

JAMES McGRORY.



Form IVa Science.

Arriving at the new School after an extra
week's holiday, we were placed in this form.
We consider our class a real home, having
three new paternal (!) masters—Messrs. F.,
O'D., and M.—as well as a new form-master.
We suppose the size of the School was
responsible for the time the hot water took
to reach our end of the corridor.

We now spend (or waste) time learning a "dead" language—it seems that you can learn this awful stuff sideways and downwards. Early in the term, when we began Chemistry, we were supplied with gas-masks. Our form has the distinction of being the worst in the School as regards vocal productions. We don't, however, heed Mr. B.'s war-cries. If he said otherwise, he might (?) give us swelled heads.

J.R., our star footballer, has been picked for the Junior XI, and J.I., our prefect, for the "Chicks." We cannot boast of many soccer victories against the other forms, but we do claim to have done plenty of work in the past term. J.C. actually considered it a sin to do the amount of work we got on Sundays. Having failed at music we have tried rhyme :

A boy stood in the music room,
His plain-chant in his hand,
"Now, sing the Offertorium,"
The master did command.
He had a pushing way, my boys,
He had a pushing way,
And through the open window
Came the strains of "Domine"
"Nothing like it," said Mr. B——
"It's just a fearful row,
You'll do it at four o'clock, my boy,
If you don't do it now."
The boy stayed in at four o'clock,
On singing he was bent ;
This time he was successful,
Oh, sweet, oh sweet content!
F.T.R. and T.A.



Form IVb Science.

After the summer holidays we returned to a new School, a new form, and a new form-master. During the first term we have distinguished ourselves at soccer and music. The A's rash challenge was accepted and

they were defeated 17-4 and 13-2. Mr. Boraston says we are the best form in the School (yet, if "great minds think alike," why does Mr. O'D. say quite the contrary?).

We took it as a compliment to our earnestness in acquiring knowledge, that our class was the first to have lights installed. You might like a detailed acquaintance with such a form: W.E. and F.G. are budding poets (the former will be able to take up book-keeping when he has finished marking the prefect's register). D.M. is our break-down artist. T.B. and C.C. would make good politicians—they are great at giving speeches. J. Ben. looks like a little cupid, but he sure can use his fists. B.O. has a heart of oak. Our army officer is R.S., who, moreover, has a passion for history. Our bright boy is E.H., who sits in the front row and continually puts up his hand (why?—we often wonder). We must not forget to mention the two best soccer captains in the Junior School—K.R. and T.O'N. Both are in IVb Science.



Form IVa Moderns.

Now that we have settled down in our modern new School (don't you think 'modern' sounds well), the only real objection that we have got to it is the fact that it is a school.

Two new subjects have been added to our time-table, viz., Latin and Chemistry, but like all intelligent boys we fail to see what on earth is the use of learning Latin. Chemistry we tolerate and enjoy as there is always a chance that something may go wrong. I almost forgot to mention the fact that we have also been introduced to a Shakespearean play, "The Merchant of Venice," and already some of us have a sneaking regard for Shylock (perhaps it is because we read the daily newspapers). Of course we know that we are the worst form

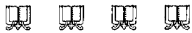
in the School when it comes to music, and the only thing that we enjoy about it is when Mr. B— “embraces the occasion to depart.”

We wish to welcome through these notes a new boy who has joined the ranks of the Mods., M.T., and the strange thing about him is that he simply thrives on French and Latin.

That old epidemic, weekenditis, broke out rather suddenly in our form, but, thanks to the doctor in charge, it was soon cured by an extra dose of a “tasteless medicine.”

The following joke you may, or again you may not, have heard or read: An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman went into a restaurant and had dinner. The Scotchman said that he would pay for the meal. Next day an Irish ventriloquist was found dead.

Now just before we come to an abrupt conclusion, it may be of interest to the Form IV Sciences to hear that five members of the Moderns play for the “Chicks,” and two for the Juniors.



Form IVb Moderns.

By the time all readers arrive at the perusal of these modest notes, we (i.e., the members of the above-named form) are sure that all patient readers are heartily sick and tired of reading about the new St. Edward's, so we (as stated above) refuse to prolong the agony by completely cutting out of our notes all further reference to the old (please excuse us, we mean the new) School.

The opening of the new School year (how that word “new” will keep bobbing up) did not fill our youthful hearts with glee, or any other select word, because we knew only too well what was in store for us, and our predictions only turned out to be too true. The first and last sensation was created when

we noticed that three form-masters were fighting for that glorious privilege of “boss” of the Moderns; we managed to break the spirit of two, and are still endeavouring to conquer the indomitable spirit of the third—but time will tell.

As most of the members of this form belong to “Mersey,” the prospective junior house football champions, it can be taken for granted that we have an excellent form team. We should just love to play the Sciences, but unfortunately, as we have a “full” fixture list, it is rather awkward to arrange for a suitable day.

Under the watchful supervision of D.H. and J.L., respectively our Prefect and Sub-Prefect, we find it extremely difficult to dodge the handing up of our homework, and when it comes to the examining of our Catechism—just ask any member of the Mods.

We were all rather startled one morning when it was noticed that water was simply pouring down from the ceiling; we gallantly tried to inform the master of the fact, whilst one bright youth suggested that we should temporarily abandon our room (base coward); it was only another dodge to avoid the Latin class, but as usual it met with no success.

A very jealous critic of our form is reported to have said, after hearing us sing, that—

“Swans sing before they die, 'twere no bad thing

Should certain persons die before they sing.”

But this may be *pushing* things too far.



Form III Alpha.

Only very few of us can boast that we went to the old St. Edward's College in Everton, for most of our class are new boys who are just beginning their course in a Secondary School. Hence we cannot wax

eloquent on the advantages and disadvantages of the old and the new.

As the building was not quite ready, we were granted an additional week's holiday, which nobody disagreed with.

After a week or two, we got to know the lie of the land, and then commenced to make ourselves seen and heard. However, this usurped liberty was soon terminated, so that of late we have been held up as, well, just "it."

Of celebrities we have got quite a number, who seem to vie with one another in making life snappy.

Hu—es is forever on the move, just like something (?) on the roof of the Assembly Hall. Then Lud—n finds it difficult to catch a train—we don't disagree, but we have not yet heard of him failing to catch the homeward one. We never said that H—n and Wh—d were decendants of the Cyclopedes.

We wish to warn the Betas to bring along a blackboard to our next football match, for no referee could be expected to record all the goals which they have determined to shoot.



Form III Beta.

For a few days at the beginning of the term, we had to do without desks and use chairs which, no doubt, helped to lessen that sinking feeling some of us got on finding that holidays had ceased. In a short time, we got to business which has been pressing ever since.

In due course the desks arrived, were put in position, and so were we. Then followed a clock, and oh! how it chimes—well, ask P—l, but remember we did not say that he looked at it.

Our Prefects are Wat—s and Br—ge, and that's just the long and short of it. Denise

did not bring along that big dog which came to look around the School recently, nor did McG—n cause the depression in the dining room.

Of footballers, well, we have none of outstanding merit; still some of them managed to reach the first eleven in certain houses. Of course football must still have its flukes.

The weather has been so bad of late, that we could not get a chance of beating our next-door neighbours; poor fellows, we do pity them, but they are still hoping, and 'tis there they will remain, of beating us.

We congratulate all for their fine effort in the Foreign Missions Collection, and, when all seemed lost, then did our team spirit shine and we added one more laurel to those of our predecessors.



Form IIIa.

We find Physics good, experimenting with instruments, officially and unofficially. Wait until we have an explosion. Our final decision is that school life is going to be interesting, and perhaps exciting. Now for a few jokes!

Butcher (to new assistant): "If you hang all the meat up you may go home." Next morning the butcher returned to find the boy still there. "What's wrong," he asked. The boy replied: "It was all right till I came to the mincemeat."

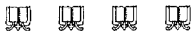
Two boys wanted to get some milk free, so they went into a shop and said to the manager: "Are there two pints in a quart?" "Yes," said the manager. They then went to the end of the counter and said to the assistant: "Two pints of milk, free, please," but the man would not believe them. They shouted to the manager: "Hey, mister, you said two pints, didn't you?" "Yes," said the manager.

This is our first attempt to write Form Notes, so much need not be expected. We are all settled down to our new School life and, as far as the building and surroundings are concerned, we are quite pleased. But the lessons!

We like Gym. and a few other lessons. When we got our "houses," we spent much of our time criticising and deprecating every other house. The majority of us decided that Music was not very good. (Our vocal attempts were usually like people suffering from excruciating mental pains). French wasn't so good, either. The man who invented Algebra must have been mentally deficient.

But Homework! Absolutely unnecessary! Still, it has to be done until one of us becomes an M.P. Then it will be abolished.

There is a cinematograph apparatus in the Assembly Hall, and the Optimists look forward to a "show." There is also an organ, but we are not interested. A "Jew's Harp" appeals more.



Form IIIb.

Here are the Busy Bees (B's). We have a few rare specimens in our form. E. W—— is the hero of the form; he is always throwing his weight about, but he eats too much quaker oats.

Mc—— is the comic and amuses us in dull lessons. J. T—— is our prize footballer, while our giant goalie is G——. Then we have a wonder genius, S——, who comes "first" in everything, even French. There are some peculiar names—(water) Butt, (broken) Potts, (coal) Byrnes.

We did not yet succeed in beating the A's in football, but time will tell.

Gym. is our favourite subject. We do not like Geometry, because it "gets us in many tangles," as the King of Scotland, "Robert Bruce," said.

Now for some schoolboy howlers which, of course, we do not attribute to our form.

Ali Baba means that you were somewhere else when the crime was committed.

Chicago is almost at the bottom of Lake Michigan.

The Equator is a menagerie lion running around the world.

The population of London is very dense.

Joan of Arc was the wife of Noah.

Caesar extinguished himself in battle.

JOKES.

A police inspector in North of Scotland said to the new recruit: "Do you see that red light over there? Well, that is the end of your beat." After a week, the new recruit came back. "Oh! there you are. Where have you been?" asked the inspector. "Well, you see, that light was a 'bus and it took me to Glasgow," replied the recruit.

A grocer received his bill back, with the following letter:—"Dear Sir—I never ordered your goods; if I did, you never sent them. If you sent them, I never got them; and if I did get them, I paid for them. If I did not, I wont. Yours truly, Bill Sn——."



Form II.

Form II calling! Here we are, in our new School at last. And so important are we that we actually have a big building all to ourselves.

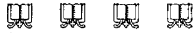
We all hope to do credit to our new School by working hard.

We are a queer mixture. Some of us came from Form I, some from Form II, some are from Form III, and some new. But we are all a happy crowd. We like Gym. and Nature Study best. We are all looking forward, of course, to holidays when, instead of adding up sums about sweets, we will be eating them. Wishing all a happy holiday,

and hoping no one will be the little boy in the joke we are now going to tell :—

Billy (to his dad): "Yes, dad, I am one of the great guns at our school. Yes, I am."

Dad: "Well, why do we not hear your *reports* then?"



Forms I and Prep.

Here we are, just one-third of the year gone—and how long it seemed. We hope the rest of the School year may pass much quicker.

A few notes about the past—or nearly past—term may not be out of place. Well, we started last year for a "tough" year's work. September went fast and easily. Time flew for us. We were busy starting our classes. To our great relief—or grief—our form-master, Br. O'C—— was changed. We thought we were lucky in getting a new form-master—but, what a surprise! This form-master, Br. M——, is all out for work. However, we like work fairly well, therefore we do not altogether dislike Br. M——.

T.P. is our "biggest" boy and is

coming on very well at studies, football, etc. He does not cry so much for his —— now. Some of our little boys spend all day drinking milk—they did not learn this from Br. ——.

As regards our studies. We in Form I are fairly advanced now—at least we think so. We are doing Long ——? (I forget what the word is). In Prep. they boast because they are now at simple addition, and are pretty good at it. We like drawing—not drawing, but "Art"!?? very well. We do not like Penmanship, because there are too many tails, etc., about it.

We like Music—ahem! Our music teacher—Mr. Bore-us-down, or something like that—is wonderful at French. He is teaching us a French song with nothing in it but "chacun."

We intend *playing* Form II in football as soon as they decide to take Br. Q—— out of goals. Our football team is simply a wonderful one. If D.H. would only wake up, he would make a fine full-back. B.R. is a very good "left outside."

We have now got a greenhouse and, as J.H. says, when we have fixed up our "antiquarian" we shall be able to keep gold-fish there. Good-bye for the present; we shall have notes galore for the next Magazine.

The Future—and a Club.

At Runnymede—
That Thames-side field,
Close by
The great
Metropolis—
Man has raised,
With puny hands,
In memory of
A grand ideal—
Magna Carta House.

But, near at hand
There lies another,

Closer
Runnymede,
Where now there stands
A new
Alma Mater, fair and true—
A training ground
Of Catholic youth.

Within its shadow,
Warmed by the same sun
And washed by the same
Soft falling,
Soot-stained rain

There stands
A new
And glorious
Enterprise.

A dream come true,
A Club for *you*
A Bishop's Court!

Gold can buy
Bricks and paint
But cannot
Light
That inner flame,
That heartfelt, burning fire of hope,
That lights the way
To faith and strength
For our Association.

Old Cathinians all united,
Marching strongly
Down the road—
To the future,
To the darkness
Of the unknown!

Softly I hear
A whisper of wind
Shyly saying—
What?
What do these sounds
In that age-old dialect
Seem to say?

“ Realisation! ”

And a sudden flash
Lights the dark in front—
The future!

“ Realisation! ”
Turn softly the word
On the tongue!

“ Realisation! ”
Shout loudly the word
On the wind!

Realisation—of the future.

A mountain of arms
And gas
And bombs
Exploding?

A mountain of arms
And gas
And bombs
Corroding?

War?

Peace?

I do not know,
I cannot tell,
My lips are sealed.

Armaments—Death!

Disarmament—Slump!

And yet the Club goes on
And *will* go on—
Deo volente.

Deo,
Deo, Deo,
Echo out on the air
“ Pax ”—“ pax ”!

“ Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum.”

If it be Thy Will
We *can* succeed!

J. AMMUNDSON.
29-11-38.

Old Boys' Letters.

'VARSITY LETTER.

Autumn Term, 1938.

Dear Mr. Editor,

"Once more we silence the roar of University life," to write about one of the most eventful terms which most of us has yet experienced. The end of the Summer term saw the "going down" of several who have been our associates over a period of years and we looked forward to reinforcements to our ranks from St. Edward's. But as we all know the tide of events did not proceed tranquilly, as it had done during other Summer vac.'s, and a week before term should have commenced, such of us who were already at work received the call to forsake books for shovels and to make sandbags. St. Edward's men were well to the fore in the call for volunteers and they did their bit during a very strange and seemingly abstract week.

But our work was not needed (D.G.) and the Freshers received two days' addition to their holidays, and then when they did arrive they probably thought that they were still at the seaside, Mr. Editor, as we had more sand in the "quad." and in the various buildings than on the beach at New Brighton!!

It took quite a while to settle down again to study after such a disturbance to the normal course of life; then we found that Curran had managed to "engineer" his way into the Faculty of white and blue overalls. We must also record the trip of Bill Johnson, from the same Faculty, to the Gold Coast, during the Summer vac. He spent six weeks on board the "Acra," looking after the engines—at least so he said!! We were promised monkeys, as presents, on his return, but they were found too expensive, and so in order not to disappoint us he brought us the next best thing—a mirror!!

We see little of Bill Smerdon, Frank Byrne, and Joe Nolan, who are now taking education, and our numbers seem to be less than last year. Still what we lack in quantity we have in quality!! Did we hear somebody say something about "conceited blighters"? NO! we knew you would not say that!!

Now that the School has been transferred to Sandfield Park, and has become more or less cemented into its new surroundings, we should like to offer our congratulations to the responsible authorities on their magnificent achievements and send all our best wishes for success in the future.

Mention of the new School reminds us that we too are having new buildings; a new organic chemistry building is being erected, much to the delight of the mad chemists!! While the new Harold Cohen Library is a most wonderful building, usefully as well as artistically. And that reminds us, Mr. Editor, we have been thinking about the use to which the College Testimonial Fund might be put. While we realise that it would not provide you with a "Cohen," it might provide a supply of books for the new School library, and so supply a means by which the greatest possible number could benefit.

Now we must bid you a reluctant farewell until next term.

Yours as ever,

'VARSITY.



UPHOLLAND.

28th November.

Dear Sir,

We conceive it as one of the minor pleasures in life when one on hearing the imperious summons of a frantic Editor for "copy," a summons usually as startling as a thunderclap, is in the happy position of

dispensing with the customary invocations to a muse invariably of an exasperatingly wraith-like character, and is able to take up pen and paper cheerfully, elated by the fact that one has definitely something to say and that something, at once cheerful and to the point. In other words we Edwardians at Upholland (incidentally a strong compact body) congratulate you sincerely in having now at Sandfield Park an educational establishment second to none in the country. Some of us were fortunate enough to be able to visit it during the last Summer vacation, and from the glowing accounts with which we were regaled, accounts full of the splendour of spacious grounds and magnificent equipment, it is difficult to resist that little pang of regret that these days are not our days and that we were characters who figured a little too early in the history of Saint Edward's College. A natural sentiment to feel perhaps, but one which must give way to one of admiration as the story gradually unfolds itself.

And now, Mr. Editor, that line of thought prompts me to record, that during the term we received a team of Liverpool Simmarians, in which we were glad to renew acquaintanceship with several Old Edwardians. We are always glad to see such stalwarts of the past as "Pop" Doyle and "Teeny" O'Reilly, even though their undoubted prowess on the football field did not prevent the Josephians recording a comfortable victory. Perhaps the Old Cathinians will meet with better fortune when we play them again.

The day before the game, the weather had been atrocious, but it seems to have been a case of "coming events casting their shadows before," for recently Upholland has only too closely renewed acquaintanceship with two strong, breezy personalities—heavy rain and shall I say howling gale. Trotting forth briskly one morning after breakfast, full of zest and as energetic as usual, we discovered with something of a shock that the lower lake,

sullenly turbulent and swollen of aspect, had actually encroached upon the path, sacred to Philosophers and Divines, a phenomenon indeed but not entirely unexpected when one considers that the very grounds of the College seem to wink at you pathetically, as now and then a shaft of sunlight catches one of the many puddles which constitute their main adornment nowadays.

The weather, however, did not in the least interfere with our enjoyment of a welcome visit from Fr. Vernon Johnson, who spoke to us on "The Mission of the Little Flower." Fr. Vernon, as he was called in his Anglican days, established a fine reputation for himself as a preacher of distinction and we can appreciate now how well deserved that title really is. The subject of the Little Flower is of course his favourite topic, and he outlined for us in clear fashion the importance she has for priests. Altogether his talk was a memorable one.

At the beginning of term two old boys, Revs. H. Kean and T. Frayne, received the Diaconate from the hands of His Grace, whilst P. McCartney and S. Baker received the Tonsure. We have not yet to hand the names of any new boys who may have come to us this year from Saint Edward's, but if there are any, we shall record their presence in our next letter. And now, Sir, with duty accomplished we can lay down our pen, but not before wishing you and all your readers many successes both scholastic and otherwise to follow in the New Year.

Yours, etc.,

UPHOLLAND.



SIMMARIES.

November 28th, 1938.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Here's our usual "hello" from Simmariies, repeating the earnest wish that the glories in "class and field" of St. Domingo Road

will be continued at Sandfield Park.

This greeting comes from what must be a record number of Old Edwardians. Proudly, at the head of the list, stand five "Third year" (all certified — sorry, certificated) Teachers, Messrs. McDonough, Logan, Lawler, Carroll, and McGreal, the "blue-bloods" of Simmaries, all of whom, it is hoped, will carry on the 100 per cent. success of Inter in their finals of next summer.

Kevin Hickman, amongst the Seniors, has the enviable position of "Third Nark," and has turned his efforts, in the realm of sport, from soccer to rigger, with marked success. A vicious black eye at the time of writing bears eloquent testimony of his whole-hearted endeavours. Bill Owens still wields his cunning hockey-stick. With Martin Walsh, Tom O'Brien is one of the big noises in the "S" room, and with I. McGreal has represented St. Edward's in the 1st XI, with some very useful appearances.

The newcomers were welcomed in the traditional Simmarian fashion. No matter who the individual may be, he feels always the warmth so generously imparted. Fortune, Lovelady, Ludden (both of them), Bannon and McPherson are now established Juniors. The first on the list has already made his presence felt in the sphere of dramatics.

The usual cold spell and swotting for Christmas terminals threaten to end this letter on a dismal note. But the magic word "Christmas" works its wonders. Although rather late, our wishes to staff and pupils for a prosperous and successful New Year are none the less sincere. And now, cheerio, till the next edition. "SIMMARIES."



CATHOLIC MISSION,

BINATANG,

SARAWAK, BORNEO.

November 12th, 1938.

Dear Mr. Editor,

A Happy Christmas to you all, and may

the new St. Edward's enjoy the success and prosperity of its ancestors.

Well, I suppose you want news from this part of the world. Last February, there was a big fire in Binatang and more than half the bazaar was burnt down. In fact the whole of the old bazaar, thirty-eight shops in all, I think, was completely burnt, and not only the shops were finished but also the wooden road in front of them and most of the wharfs as well. The fire broke out at about nine at night, and within an hour or so the whole of the bazaar was ablaze. The Mission is about half a mile away from the bazaar site, so escaped, but it made a difference to the finances, for the monthly contribution we received from the shopkeepers of course ceased. The people lost heavily for many of them were not insured.

About a month or so later, there was another fire, and this time Mission property was affected. A couple of miles down river was a large Dayak house, and next to it we had a little chapel and rest house. One afternoon some firewood, which was drying above an open fire in one of the rooms, caught fire unnoticed and within a few minutes the flames spread to the roof. That was the end of the Long House, and before anyone was aware sparks from the house set fire to the roof of the church. Now, if you go to Slidap, you find a wretched temporary Dayak house standing in the midst of a few charred beams. The Dayaks there think they will be able to rebuild properly within the next two years—it all depends on whether they get a good harvest of rice or not.

A Dayak house must be almost unique. It consists of three parts: the rooms, the covered verandah which is like a wide corridor running the whole length of the house and on to which the rooms open, and the outside verandah. Each room houses one family and the verandah outside the room serves as its sitting-room. Inside the room they keep all their pots and pans, they cook and eat

and sleep, though a few of the more wealthy have a little annex at the back for cooking. The whole affair is raised high above the ground and underneath the house are wooden fences enclosing the pigs, and other enclosures again for the fowls. The house at Slidap contained forty doors, or rooms, so it was quite a large house.

A few weeks ago I went to another Dayak house, about two hours' journey from here (we use a small outboard for travelling). On the Sunday morning, just as I was ready to set out for Binatang, word was brought that there was a child very sick in a house not far away. Off we went to the house, and the child was very ill indeed. The room in which the sick child lay was packed with people and round about the walls and on the door were hanging leaves with "mystic" signs upon them, the work of the local witch doctor. The father of the child was a Catholic, the mother was not, but what was more unfortunate was that the couple had forgotten to get married, and had been forgetting for five years. However, as the child was so ill, I asked them if they wished it to be baptized. The parents were not only willing but wanted it, so I called all the people present to be witnesses and made the couple promise that they would come down to the Mission within a fortnight and "put things straight." A boy then cut down all the witch doctor's work, and after blessing the room I baptized the child. Since then there has been no sign of the people, so I suppose it means a trip to the house very soon. Incidentally, in this house I saw a basket full of skulls, a relic of the old days when the Dayaks still practised head-hunting.

Ever best wishes to you all,

Yours sincerely,

HENRY C. O'BRIEN.



PINNER,

MIDDLESEX.

28th November, 1938.

Dear Mr. Editor,

The first heavy frost of the season reminds me that your winter letter is now due. As usual I've got to start racking my brains for memories of any news or new contacts since last writing to you. It is a feature of London life how little social contact one is able to make. The size of London, together with its entirely inadequate and incompetent public transport, contributes largely to this difficulty.

Whilst on the subject of London transport I can recall that some time ago, about ten years, Liverpool trams aroused comments that blistered their paint. Such remarks are like kind thoughts to what we say about our transport here. It is now unusual not to read in your newspaper each evening mention of a breakdown or delay on some part of our suburban services; and even then the official statement inevitably minimizes the delay. In my own experience one particular train has not run to schedule once in three weeks, and on one celebrated occasion was 90 minutes late on a 25-minute run. The official statement gave the maximum delay as 40 minutes. And now we're threatened with an increase in fares and will have to pay more for our inconvenience. So rest content, my provincial readers, that you travel better than we do.

However, that's just a side-light on London traffic—it's much worse than I've painted it. I was talking of social contacts and the difficulties thereof. They, the contacts, are few and one has not the opportunity of dropping in somewhere of an evening—incidentally the Londoner is an unsocial animal in many ways—and meeting old friends. Still, when lunching in the Strand recently (it sounds like Simpson's if I put it that way), I met Bill Delaney, Bill Kavanagh and Lawrence Murphy whom I've

not mentioned before, chiefly because I had not met him before, but who has been in London some time. Lawrence—he was at the old C.I. about 1916 I believe—tells me his brother William (circa 1918-22) is now with the foreign missions in Kenya. He did tell me the actual place-name but at the time I thought it was something on the menu, and anyhow I can't spell it. Through Laurence I also hear that Jack Mullen and Jack McGrath are still flourishing.

Talking of McGraths reminds me that Hughie McGrath recently was wedded at Ilford. Supporting him were his brothers, Bill and Terry (down from Coventry), Charlie and Alf. Kieran, and Joe and Maurice Crosby. Quite a goodly collection of O.B.'s.

From Bill Delaney I hear of another Old Boy who has been down here about twelve months. This is D. J. Sessions, who is I understand very prominent in Catholic Scout affairs. From the same source I heard that Bill Cooke paid his usual annual visit to England this summer, but unfortunately has no news for us in this letter.

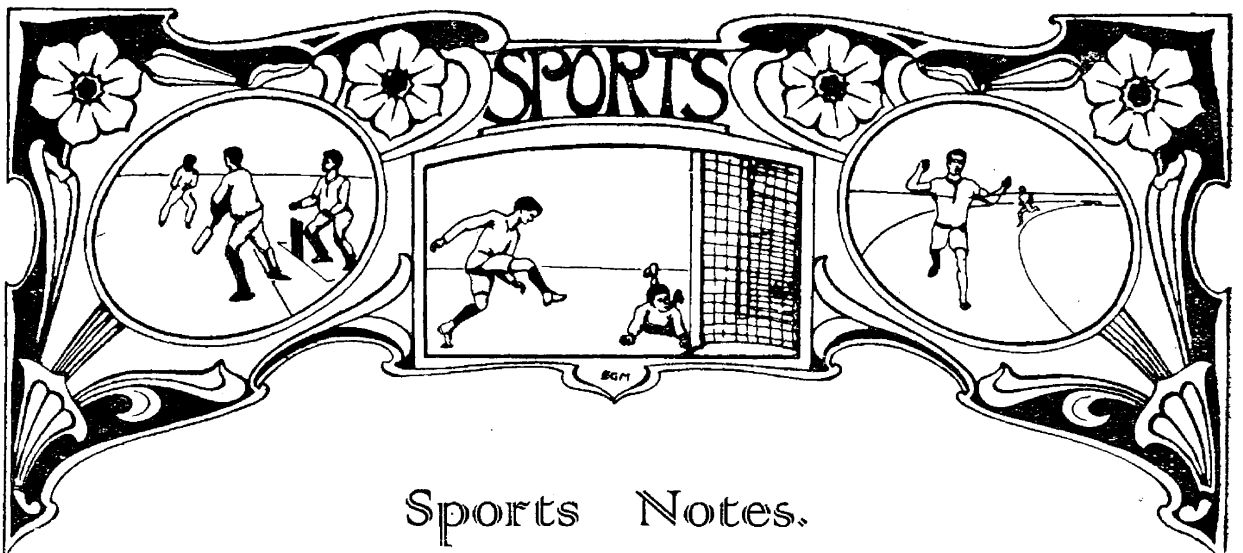
Alf. Kieran mentions that at the recent Silent March he met Arthur Daly, and has also come across Brian Cowhey. Charlie Kieran, on a recent business trip to Newcastle, came across Edwin Kirby.

So one way and another I've been able to introduce you, or re-introduce you, to quite a few O.B.'s.

Reading in the last Magazine of the S.V.P. Aspirant Conference at the College reminded me that the London conferences frequently provide a meeting for O.B.'s down here. And speaking of College affairs, I'm wondering how you fared in the move. I hope to read about it when I see this letter in print.

I don't think that there is much in general news of London affairs to interest you. And so, Mr. Editor, may we, down here, take this early opportunity of wishing you seasonable greetings and prosperity to you all and the "new" St. Edward's in 1939.

Au revoir,
THE USUAL OLD BOY IN LONDON.



Sports Notes.

FIRST ELEVEN.

The team this year has been rather poorer in talent than usual. The forwards have been weak with not one good shooter. In the defence Jack has been outstanding, well supported by Mercer and, in

the later matches, by Keith. The full-backs are steady, while for most of the time we were well served in goal by Smerdon. The team has pulled well together, but the combination which is so essential among the forwards has been lacking. However, a vast improvement has shown itself as the term pro-

gressed, and with further practice the team should give a good account of itself in the Shield games.

A word of thanks is due to Mr. Faherty for devoting so much of his time to coaching and following the team.

Also we must thank our recorder, T. Brennan, to whom we are indebted for the following accounts.

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

At Sandfield Park, September 21st.

Team:—Smerdon, Supple, Bradley, Wood, Jack, Mercer, Ferguson, Hendry, Buckley, Connors, Bannon.

The opening match of the season again saw us with a much smaller team than our opponents. Quarry won the toss and at the kick-off it looked like being a good game. We should have taken the lead straight away, but very soon it appeared as though we were going to be in arrears. However, all spark soon faded out of the game which became very dry except for some good saves by the visiting 'keeper. But for Jack, our defence was rather inclined to be panicky. However, it held out and at half-time there was no score.

Half-time: S.E.C., 0; Quarry Bank, 0.

On the resumption Quarry attacked strongly. Their centre-forward hit the post with a good attempt and then just headed over the bar from a corner. Then they reaped their reward when Smerdon half-saved a shot from our opponents' inside-right. The ball went to their outside-left who only had to shoot into an empty net. Quarry were now definitely the superior team. Our team rallied well in an attempt to score, but still several chances went astray. Hendry scored with a header, which the goalie half held but allowed to pass on upon being challenged for possession. Both teams were fighting hard for victory and Quarry were very unlucky when their outside-right hit the crossbar in the last minute.

Final: S.E.C., 1; Quarry Bank, 1.

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

At Sandfield Park, October 5th.

Team:—Smerdon, White, Bradley, Wood, Jack, Mercer, Buckley, Gilmore, Richardson, Connors, Ferguson.

S.F.X. opened brightly and in the first few minutes were dangerous, but many good movements by both sides were spoilt by a strong cross-wind. Our team showed more understanding than in the previous match, with the result that raids on the visitors' goal were more numerous and more dangerous. At this stage of play St. Edward's took control and our half-backs held up many S.F.X. raids with comfortable ease. St. Francis', however, took immediate advantage of their first break through our defence. After a misunderstanding in our goalmouth, the visitors took the lead with a simple looking goal. This incident was followed by some good play in which S.F.X. forwards tried hard to increase their lead. The visitors' defence could not hold our forwards back, but when we got near goal the forwards did not know how to shoot. But for very poor finishing by them we should have led comfortably at half-time.

Half-time: S.E.C., 0; S.F.X., 1.

When play resumed our defence was immediately tested. S.F.X. missed some good opportunities but their lead was increased when Jack,

our centre-half, deflected a ball in the opposite direction to that in which it was going. A third goal was scored immediately afterwards when Smerdon half stopped a shot which was speedily put in the back of the net. Then our right wing broke away, and after much fumbling on the goal-line the ball was centred for Richardson to drive home the best goal of the match. It was a good shot which gave the goalkeeper no chance and was, incidentally, the first shot seen from any of our forwards. For some time our side pressed strongly, but the visiting 'keeper played superbly and but for him the arrears would have soon been knocked off. Once again S.F.X. forwards came into action and Smerdon turned a shot from the outside-right, but not sufficiently and so S.F.X. got their fourth goal. This was just on full-time and a few minutes later the final whistle blew.

Final: S.E.C., 1; S.F.X., 4.

St. Edward's College v. Bootle Secondary School

At Bootle, October 12th.

Team:—Smerdon, Bradley, Mercer, Quinn, Jack, Wood, Hendry, Buckley, Connors, Ferguson.

The game looked like being cancelled owing to atrocious weather conditions and the kick-off was delayed about ten minutes, waiting for the rain to stop. When the match finally did start the pitch was water-logged, we had but ten men as White the right-back had not turned up, and it looked as though play would be ruined by the bad state of the ground. Bootle very soon scored when the ball stuck in a pool and Smerdon, running out, kicked it onto a Bootle man after which it shot off at a tangent into the goal. We pressed, but once again the forwards were very ineffective and wasted some good opportunities. Conditions were completely against good football, yet the Bootle team showed more enterprise. Just on half-time Jack received a loose ball on the half-way line and shot. To the surprise of all, the ball went straight to the goalkeeper who was not expecting a shot and allowed the ball to pass him.

Half-time: Bootle S.S., 1; S.E.C., 1.

Immediately on the resumption Bootle regained their lead. Our team was giving way under the strain of being a man short and Bootle were pressing continually. Several times shots went just wide, and once or twice over the bar. Then Bootle scored two quick goals and our task was hopeless. Though we tried hard, our men could not score, and Bootle thoroughly deserved their win.

Final: Bootle S.S., 4; St. Edward's, 1.

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

At Childwall Five Ways, October 15th.

Team:—Smerdon, Bradley, White, Quinn, Jack, Mercer, Wood, Hendry, Buckley, Connors, Ferguson.

The day was very fine in strong contrast to the previous match. Losing the toss, we had to face the sun. Holt's goalkeeper made two good saves when our team began playing very good football. Hendry, who received the ball down the middle, shot before it bounced and scored a very good goal. Holt's right-half was hurt but after a few minutes was able to continue playing. Connors had the ball in the middle but, being unable to break through a mass of players, passed to Ferguson who scored with a grand shot. Then Buckley fought his way past two defenders and

shot well into the corner of the net. Then Hendry scored a surprise goal. The ball was almost over the goal-line when he centred and the home 'keeper turned the ball into his own goal. Then for a spell Holt pressed very hard and by long passes managed to keep our defence very busy. Then our forwards got away and a Holt back attempted to pass back to his goalkeeper; the ball did not go far enough and Buckley nipped in to make the score 5-0. A similar goal occurred soon after, when a bouncing ball beat the 'keeper and once again Buckley scored. Buckley was extremely unfortunate not to complete his hat-trick with a powerful shot which struck the upright, but from the rebound Hendry scored his third goal, making our total seven. We had the monopoly of the play, but when Holt did break away they were a great danger.

Half-time: Holt, 0; S.E.C., 7.

Straight after the interval Ferguson hurt his ankle and had to leave the field. Mercer moved up and once more Buckley scored with a cannon-ball shot which flew into the top of the net. Then Holt completely dominated the play. On two occasions they were unfortunate. Owing to unfair charging by Jack, they received a penalty, which was missed. Ferguson was able to come back and immediately after this Buckley, receiving the ball up the middle, shot on the run into an open goal. Smerdon did not have very much to do, but what he did was well done. Buckley completed his hat-trick by scoring his sixth goal, and then Holt came very much into the picture. Smerdon saved two good attempts and then Holt's outside-right had a shot deflected on to the crossbar. Holt were pressing at the end.

Final: Holt, 0; S.E.C., 10.

St. Edward's College v. Collegiate School.

At Sandfield Park, October 22nd.

Team:—Smerdon, Brennan, White, Quinn, Keith, Mercer, Wood, Moore, Buckley, Connors, Ferguson.

For this game we had three changes: Brennan playing for Bradley, Keith for Jack who was injured, and Moore succeeded Hendry at inside-right. Our team played in white owing to clashing colours, and Mercer acted as captain. Collegiate kicked off with ten men. Soon their centre-forward broke away and, keeping the ball till he was right up on the goal, he shot into the corner giving Smerdon no chance. St. Edward's played the best game so far this season, and in defence Mercer was outstanding. Several raids from the visitors were dangerous, but play was fairly even and our deputies did not let the team down. Half-time came with no further score.

Half-time: S.E.C., 0; Collegiate School, 1.

The arrears were wiped off immediately after the interval. Wood getting a loose ball on the wing banged it up the middle for Buckley to rush up and shoot. The visiting 'keeper saved, and Ferguson shot only to have his attempt foiled. Buckley was "third time lucky," however, because the goalie was flat on the ground after his second save. Then Collegiate began some clever football and pressed hard for some time. Shots came to Smerdon from all angles. Collegiate's outside-left was very unlucky on several occasions when he might have scored. He scored, however, later on, which goal could have been saved by Smerdon if he had been taller. Smerdon saved very well on numerous occasions, but very soon Collegiate's total

was three. Then, from a poor kick-out by Smerdon, a Collegiate man gained possession and shot into an empty net, making the score four. Before full-time Smerdon was once more beaten. After a good start our side had faded out. The visitors were decidedly superior, yet the score hardly does justice to our display.

Full-time: S.E.C., 1; Collegiate, 5.

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

At Mather Avenue, November 5th.

Team:—Smerdon, Brennan, White, Keith, Jack, Mercer, Wood, Moore, Buckley, Connors, Bannon.

We won the toss with the result that the 'Varsity had to face the sun which was brilliant. Five minutes after the kick-off they went ahead through their right winger. He shot from out on the wing and the ball just managed to scrape under the crossbar. Then our forwards woke up and showed great combination ideas for about twenty minutes. However, their attempts at shooting were hopeless and their chances of scoring were numerous, but still no goals were scored. Eventually the half-backs came down to show the forward's how to shoot. Keith went quite near with three good shots, Jack followed his example, and Mercer tried to get the left wing moving, only to see many good moves come to nothing. The backs played very well and as a result Smerdon had nothing at all to do. The forwards still were incapable of shooting and so half-time came with no further score, but our side should have led by about six or seven goals.

Half-time: University, 1; S.E.C., 0.

The second half started in much the same manner as the first half had finished. Our forwards still had numerous opportunities to score but continued to waste their chances. Soon we scored a goal which was typical of the display given by our forwards. After about six attempts had been made to score, Buckley managed to get the ball and just put it over the line. The 'Varsity team never had a look-in as our half-back line was playing like a machine. Our forwards still could not shoot, and it was pitiful to see some of the chances which went astray. Of a poor set of forwards, Moore was the best, and all the defence played a good game. Full-time came with no further score.

Full-time: University, 1; S.E.C., 1.

St. Edward's College v. Prescott Gr. School.

At Sandfield Park, November 12th.

Team:—Smerdon, Brennan, White, Keith, Jack, Mercer, Buckley, Moore, Ferguson, Connors, Bannon.

The game was played in a slight drizzle of rain. During the first half, St. Edward's did the most of the attacking but many good chances were missed. P. Bannon gave us the lead and this was the only goal scored during the first forty-five minutes. Our defence played well, holding up any of the visitors' attacks. Smerdon did not have very much to do. The forwards as usual wasted chances, but this week they tried harder than in the previous match.

Half-time: S.E.C., 1; Prescott G.S., 0.

Soon after the resumption our lead was increased. From a foul kick just outside the penalty area, V. Jack scored. Then Prescott pressed hard and they scored, also from a foul. This livened play up a bit and it

was evident that more goals were to come. Prescott were all the time attacking, but our defenders stood the test well. Then the game took an unexpected turn. Our forwards went away and the score was rapidly changed from 2-1 to 5-1 by means of a hat-trick on the part of Ferguson. However, Prescott were not downhearted and they scored again soon afterwards. For the remainder of the game they attacked, but our defence worked very hard in keeping the visiting forwards out. In the first half we had attacked and scored one goal, but in the second we defended more and scored four goals. Our second victory!

Full-time : S.E.C., 5 ; Prescott G.S., 2.

St. Edward's College v. Waterloo Gr. School.

At Sandfield Park, November 19th.

Team :—Ramos, Brennan, White, Keith, Jack, Mercer, Quinn, Moore, Ferguson, Connors, Bannon.

For this game there were several changes, Ramos being tried in goal in place of Smerdon, and several changes were made among the forwards. It appeared that these moves were for the better as several nice attacks by the forwards bore more punch than usual. After about five minutes, Ferguson scored a fine goal. The ball appeared to be over the goal-line when he hooked it in left-footed and opened our score. Soon we were two up, when from a corner Mercer shot true and hard, giving the visiting goalie no chance. Play became more even, but our forwards once more lapsed and no more movements worthy of note occurred for some time. Ferguson scored a third with a cannon-ball shot which the 'keeper handled but allowed to pass through his hands. Then for the remainder of the first half Waterloo put on pressure. Their kicking was very good, but on many occasions Quinn and the other forwards should have increased the lead. Their goalie was injured but continued. Ferguson was playing a great game and many times he was unlucky. However, just on half-time Ferguson scored with his head and regained our three goals lead.

Half-time : S.E.C., 4 ; Waterloo G.S., 1.

The second half was very poor as regards constructive play by our forwards. Quinn missed on several occasions, and then P. Bannon made our total five. The rest of the match was a succession of lost opportunities. Our forwards could have made their total ten, but still no shots worthy of mention were produced. Our defence played as usual a steadfast game ; Ramos was not often called upon but made one or two notable saves.

Full-time : S.E.C., 5 ; Waterloo G.S., 1.

RESULTS.

St. Edward's 1st XI v.

Quarry Bank High School ...	H	1-1	Draw
St. Francis Xavier's College ...	H	1-4	Lost
Bootle Secondary School ...	A	1-4	Lost
Holt High School ...	A	10-0	Won
Collegiate High School... ..	H	1-5	Lost
University 3rd XI	A	1-1	Draw
Prescot Grammar School ...	H	5-1	Won
Waterloo Grammar School ...	H	5-1	Won
Alsop High School	H	4-2	Won

St. Edward's 2nd XI v.

St. Francis Xavier's College ...	A	5-5	Draw
Bootle Secondary School ...	H	6-4	Won
Collegiate High School... ..	A	2-5	Lost
Alsop High School	A	2-2	Draw

JUNIOR ELEVEN.

Considering that there are only two of last year's team eligible for this season, the present Junior XI have done extremely well. At the beginning of the term the team was naturally raw and placings were not definite. As time goes on, however, the results of careful coaching can be seen—especially in the improvement in combination and team-work. The team possesses a good blend of weight, height and speed and, on the whole, is very promising.

The defence is the soundest section of the team. Smerdon usually plays for the First XI, but his presence in goal should inspire the Junior team with confidence. Rigby, the captain, is a tower of strength at left full-back and possesses a good drive with either foot. Ludden is sound, but not brilliant. The wing halves, Sloan and Keogh, are quite good, follow-up and cover-up excellently. Houldin at centre-half does a lot of honest work, but is inclined to wander too much.

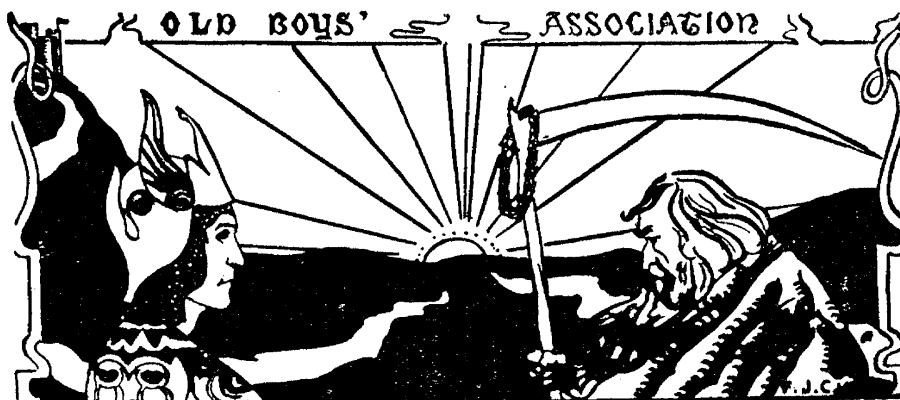
The forward section is hopeful. When some have rid themselves of the idea of ornaments, then goals will come. The line lacks that punch and forcefulness which are essential for goals. Flynn at outside-right is quick off the mark and sends across good centres, while Carroll on the opposite wing has a good forceful drive. Hands is the cleverest forward but his passes frequently do not reach his man. Cunningham at centre is a strong robust player, gets goals, but takes matters too easily. Lynch will develop into a good forward as time goes on.

Here we must express our gratitude to Mr. Meldon for his coaching and keen interest in the team.

RESULTS.

St. Edward's Junior XI v.

Quarry Bank High School ...	H	4-1	Won
St. Francis Xavier's College ...	H	4-0	Won
Holt High School	H	9-0	Won
Collegiate High School... ..	H	6-1	Won
Prescot Grammar School	A	6-6	Draw
Waterloo Grammar School ...	A	1-2	Lost
Alsop High School	H	11-0	Won



Old Boys' Notes and News.

THE EXECUTIVE C.I.E.A., 1938—1939.

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 H. LOUGHLIN,
29 Olive Lane, Liverpool, 15.

(Tel. No. : Wavertree 2335).

Club Financial Secretary: Mr. A. C. BURKE,
422 Queens Drive, Liverpool, 4.

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, G. J. Alston.

Hon. Football Secretary: Mr. G. FURLONG,
112 Anfield Road, Liverpool, 4.

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

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

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

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



OUR first duty at this time of the year is to wish to all Old Boys, to the Christian Brothers, and to all pupils of the College success and prosperity for the New Year, 1939.

As we look back on the year which has just passed, we recognise that it has been one of great activity, and we heartily congratulate the College authorities on the happy realisation of their determination to provide for their pupils a scholastic establishment second to none on Merseyside. We are all looking forward to the "Official Opening" of the new St. Edward's College so that we may have the opportunity of seeing the surroundings in which our future Old Boys will spend "the happiest days of their lifetimes." It is needless to say that the Christian Brothers have our sincerest good wishes for the success of their great venture.

Inspired by the example of the Brothers and their determination to overcome all obstacles, the Executive Committee, under the courageous lead of their President, have also taken the bull by the horns and have established a Headquarters and Club Rooms of their own at Bishops Court in Sandfield Park—right opposite the new College premises. No one will deny that the project is an ambitious one—least of all those who have been concerned with the business of giving the venture a start. We quite realise that we have "taken a risk," but we have sufficient faith in the loyalty and enthusiasm of our Old Boys to consider that we are justified. We would, however, like to stress

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.

one important fact—we have very definitely put all our eggs in one basket. The eggs are undoubtedly good eggs: the basket is also a good basket, and a rather expensive one at that! We rely on our members to provide, by their support, sufficient warmth to hatch out a brood of real fighting cocks who will never permit our Headquarters to be taken from us! We have made a good start, but the first twelve months will certainly be a critical period. We appeal to all Old Boys to show us during this time, by their enthusiasm, that our faith and confidence have not been misplaced.



ASSOCIATION HEADQUARTERS AT BISHOPS COURT.

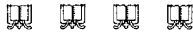
Acting upon the mandate given to them by the members at the Annual General Meeting, the Executive Committee opened negotiations with the Cheshire Lines Committee for the tenancy of a fine, detached house in Sandfield Park. Before long, a difficulty arose due to the decision of the owners to sell the place by auction. This would have put us quite out of the running, but we were fortunate in persuading them to reconsider the matter, and finally we succeeded in getting the premises at a reduced rental.

The next step was to persuade the Rating Authorities to reduce the Assessment—and here again we were successful. Our next decision was to instal electric light and this

delayed matters for a month or so. Ultimately, however, we had light on the scene and it then became obvious that decorations on a large scale were necessary. The upshot of it all was that, through the hard work of a devoted band of Old Boys, the place was redecorated and repainted from top to bottom.

An enthusiastic "House Committee" was meeting regularly and directing operations. Everything was left in their hands and there can be no doubt that they have made a great success of their job. A fine billiard table was obtained, two rooms were fitted up for table tennis, a canteen was stocked, the lounge was comfortably furnished complete with radio-gram., one room was set aside for cards and music, another as a library, a telephone was installed (Old Swan 2277), and so on.

All this entailed heavy expenditure, but this was very much less than might have been anticipated owing to the generosity of many Old Boys and other well-wishers who donated various items of furniture and fittings. To these good friends we are sincerely grateful and heavily indebted—they will be pleased to know that our task was considerably lightened by their many kindnesses. Incidentally, our excursions to various second-hand shops in Liverpool and district were not without useful result!



OFFICIAL OPENING OF BISHOPS COURT.

At last, December 2nd, 1938, dawned—and there were even a few of our little band of "volunteer decorators" who saw it dawn as they applied the finishing touches! We claim quite confidently that this is one of the most important dates in the history of the Association, for on this day we had the unique pleasure of welcoming Colonel Sir John J. Shute to our midst to open our new

Club Rooms. Even the heavens wept tears of joy at the fulfilment of our long deferred ambition!

At 8 p.m., between 200 and 300 Old Boys gathered together in the drive and heard our President, Mr. Philip Hawe, formally invite Sir John to declare open our new Headquarters. After accepting a presentation key, suitably inscribed and bearing the School crest in gold, Sir John opened the door and passed inside, at the same time declaring the Club open to all Old Boys.

Our Chaplain, Fr. John Kieran, then proceeded at once with the blessing of the statue of the Sacred Heart (the gift of an anonymous well-wisher) and the consecration of the house to the Sacred Heart. Our President, as Head of the House, then solemnly installed the statue in its permanent resting place where it will remain as long as the Club is in being.

Sir John then led the way to the billiard room at the top of the house, followed by as many as could find room. The rest, and in fact the majority, of the company distributed themselves throughout the other rooms of the establishment and were able to hear, if not to see, the remainder of the proceedings through the medium of a microphone and loud speakers placed at strategic points.

Mr. Hawe thanked Sir John for his great kindness in performing the opening ceremony and pointed out that we had all seen on that evening the happy fulfilment of an ideal which had been cherished for upwards of twenty-five years. The presentation of a key to Sir John was no empty gesture on our part, but symbolised our earnest desire that he would always regard the C.I.-Edwardian Headquarters as a second home where he would always be assured of a very hearty welcome.

In reply, Sir John assured us that he was highly delighted to have the opportunity of performing the ceremony. He was one

of those who had always believed that an Association such as ours should have a Headquarters of its own where Old Boys should have the opportunity to meet their School friends and to make new ones among young men of the same faith and who owed a deep debt to their Alma Mater. He frequently reminded himself that he owed much of whatever success he had attained in life to the principles instilled by the Christian Brothers during his schooldays. He congratulated the Old Boys on the magnificent Club Rooms which they had secured and asked them to use them to the full and to take advantage of the amenities at their disposal. He further appealed to all Old Boys to think occasionally of the many thousands of young men and adolescents who were deprived of the material benefits which most of our Old Boys enjoy. Club Rooms for such boys, and even the essential finance, were not difficult to come by, but there was a sad lack of young men who were prepared to make some sacrifice of their time in the service of these young and deserving people. He hoped that there would be found among the ranks of our members some few at least who would volunteer their aid in this most necessary undertaking.

Rev. Br. MacNamara, the Superior of St. Edward's College, expressed great pleasure that the Association had secured such splendid Club Rooms in close proximity to the College. The fact that we were now "near neighbours" must tend to strengthen the bonds between the Association and the School. He mentioned that this is not the first occasion that Bishops Court has been in Catholic hands, as the late Bishop O'Reilly resided there for some time.

Br. MacNamara continued: "This evening's ceremony commenced, as was proper, with a Religious service and such a beginning is the surest guarantee of the ultimate success of the *main* objects of the Association. The members of the Executive

regard the religious aspect of the work of the Association as the most important. Whilst we at St. Edward's College hope that every Old Boy will make the most of his opportunities to advance himself materially, this need not be inconsistent with his endeavour to lead the higher life, which his Catholic training at the College has taught him to be the end and aim of his existence." Br. MacNamara concluded by assuring us that the College authorities would always be very willing to further the Association's objects in every possible way.

Mr. Austin Power proposed a very hearty vote of thanks to Sir John, to the College authorities, to all those kind people who had helped to make the venture possible, and to all who had devoted their time and energies to the preparation of the premises. Everyone would agree that it had been worth it, for we now had a Club such as no other Association such as ours had the good fortune to possess.

Mr. G. J. Alston, Chairman of the House Committee, seconded the votes of thanks and furnished details of the obstacles which had been surmounted and of the amenities which were offered. A start had been made—and a marvellously good start! Support must be forthcoming if we were to carry on. He confidently appealed for that support.

The formal business of the evening was now at an end and Sir John played the first shot on our new billiard table. Mr. Jimmie Bowers, the Junior Professional Champion, then treated us to an exhibition of trick billiard shots and gave an exhibition match of billiards and snooker with Fr. Clayton as his opponent (or should it be confederate? For one won the billiards match and the other the snooker!).

Sir John was determined to sample everything and, after casting the first darts at our unoffending dart board (real bristle, you know; really expensive!), he found his way to one of the table tennis rooms and

challenged the President to the first game. This was evidently to his liking, for he next accepted a challenge from Dr. Marsh.

Everything was now in full swing and exhibition matches of table tennis were soon in progress in both table tennis rooms. In one room we had Freddy Bamford, the Welsh International, opposed to Peter Rumjahn the English International, and in the other we saw exciting battles between Len Carter, Bobby Roberts and Ronnie Rumjahn (one of the youngest and most promising table tennis exponents).

The music and card room was much to Sir John's liking, but he was rather surprised at the bare look of our "Library." He suggested that we should push ahead at once with the task of making it a library in actual fact and offered to help us financially in the fitting of shelves and book-cases. The evening terminated most enjoyably with everyone helping himself, and his neighbour, to the refreshments provided. Altogether, it was a memorable occasion and everything went, so far as one can gather, without a hitch. This is a great tribute to the organizing capacity of the House Committee and bodes well for the future.

Well now! At last the Executive Committee have made a supreme effort and have tackled a job whose magnitude they can appreciate much better than can the members at whose behest it has been undertaken. The C.I.-Edwardian Association has now a Headquarters and Club Rooms of its own which will bear comparison with the best, but—it's not an ornament! Every Old Boy must use it, and use it often. It is unthinkable that we should be forced to close our doors for lack of support. Once closed, it might be impossible to find again the "golden key" to unlock its doors!



ANNUAL MASSES.

Our preoccupation with Headquarters' arrangements did not cause us to lose sight of our obligations to our deceased Old Boys, and a wreath was laid as usual on the Old Boys' War Memorial at St. Philip Neri's on Armistice Day. This was followed by a Requiem Mass for the repose of the souls of our Old Boys who lost their lives during the Great War. On November 20th, *all* deceased Old Boys were remembered at a Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Canon O'Connell at the Pro-Cathedral.

On both occasions the attendance was excellent. There can be nothing seriously wrong with our Association whilst we can foregather in such numbers to pray for the eternal repose of our old school-fellows. We thank Dr. Vincent Marsh for the inspiring address he gave us at the Pro-Cathedral.



ANNUAL DINNER.

This will be held at the Adelphi Hotel, at 7-30 p.m., on Tuesday, 24th January, 1939.

This time it is a "Celebration Dinner." We have two events of great importance to celebrate on this occasion. First, we rejoice with the Christian Brothers in the successful transfer of the College to its magnificent new premises in Sandfield Park, and, secondly, we celebrate the recent opening of the Association's Headquarters at Bishops Court.

His Grace the Archbishop fully appreciates the importance of these two happenings and has consented in consequence to honour us with his presence. We trust that all Old Boys will be equally appreciative and will show their interest by attending the Dinner. Tickets are, as usual, 10/6 each, and may be had on application to Mr. F. H. Loughlin.



COLLEGE TESTIMONIAL FUND.

This closes on 31st December, 1938, and we are assured that we shall have a handsome cheque to present to the College authorities on the occasion of the formal opening of the new St. Edward's College. The response has been most gratifying and we tender our sincere thanks to all Old Boys who have made a donation as an expression of their appreciation of the debt they owe to the Christian Brothers. We shall publish the amount collected in the next Magazine.

Although the fund is "officially" closed, we do not intend to refuse any further contributions which may materialise before the official opening date. So—if this notice acts as a gentle reminder—please sign your cheque and forward it immediately.



K.O. RA - JAHs.

Mr. Leo Murphy assures us that the "Troupe" is still going strong and that shows are still given for any deserving charity. It must be three or four years since the "Minstrels" came into the "limelight," but they have not yet encountered an unappreciative audience. Quite recently they had the unique honour of giving their performance at the Annual Reunion of the Old Xaverians. Interviewed by our special correspondent after the show, the boys said: "Now we know what Daniel felt like!"

Incidentally, any Old Boy who wishes to join the Troupe should make arrangements for an audition at Bishops Court. A new show must now be prepared and new talent would be welcomed.



CONGRATULATORY AND GENERAL.

We heartily congratulate Dick Smerdon

on his very recent marriage and wish him and the new Mrs. Smerdon many years of happiness together.

Three Old Boys, Les. Moore, Joe Donnelly and Gerry Williams have all celebrated their Engagements recently. We offer our sincere congratulations to them all and hope soon to have the pleasure of recording that they have "taken the plunge."

We hear that Charlie Monaghan has been blessed with a second addition to his family. Congratulations, Charlie!

From Egypt comes news of James Glynn, who is a Radiographer at the Military Hospital in Ismailia. He has promised to send along an article for the Magazine and is very pleased with his Old Boys' Tie. We are looking forward to that article, Jim.

Reg. Bramwell writes from India, where he is on Service. He likes his job and, from the account he sends, it would suit me nicely. When not on leave, he seems to be "going to the hills." I'm sure there's a snag in it somewhere, though! I'll bet he has to do some work occasionally.

Hubert Moore dropped in at the Club a few days ago. He is in the Air Force and is very keen on his job. Good luck to you, Hubert—it's a man's life.

Ned Duff was home from Ireland some time ago, but there seems little prospect of his settling down in England. He's started a home of his own, aided and abetted by Mrs. Ned Duff. Long life and happiness to you both!

We had a long and very interesting letter from F. J. Tindall a short time ago. F.J. was one of our stalwarts some years ago, but lost touch when he went to Southsea. He knows lots of things about mines and why they explode when you run your ship into them. We are looking forward to seeing him soon, for he has promised to come all the way from Southsea to our Dinner in January. (And some of us think it's too far to come from Seaforth or Seacombe!!!).

We are gradually establishing an Old

Boys' Section at Speke, making aircraft. Les. Fallon, Frank Reid, Jack Scanlon and Bernard Murray are all there. They complain that they are earning too much money and haven't time to spend it!

Ned Byrne brought his family home to Liverpool for Christmas and took the opportunity of renewing some old friendships. He likes Bristol, but cannot find a single Old Boy there to comfort him in his exile. Have we any other Old Boys in Bristol?

Mark O'Neill also spent Christmas in Liverpool. He found his way to Bishops Court and found everything very much to his liking. You've good taste, Mark!

From Upholland comes the suggestion that there should appear once a year in the College Magazine a list of the names and

addresses of all Old Boys who are members of the Association. We have referred the idea to the Editor.

We hear from Jack Wilson (Patent Agent) that his brother Leo, who sustained a compound fracture of his leg as the result of a motor accident, is now well on the road to complete recovery.

From "Far East," the organ of the "Chinese Mission," we have learnt that Rev. Michael Barry, ordained recently, sailed in October for Burma. May God bless his work.

Joshua M. Smith writes from Standard Oil Development Co., N.Y., to say that he has to go to a University to study law as his work is in the legal department of his firm.