

# St. Edward's College

## MAGAZINE.

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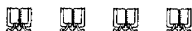
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## School Notes.

 WING to the conditions consequent upon air-raids, Saturday morning school has been temporarily suspended and school remains open on Wednesday afternoon. Games are on Saturdays—in the morning for the Junior School; for the Seniors in the afternoon.



During the holidays 35 boys responded to the appeal of the Minister of Agriculture for schoolboy work on farms. We hope they all benefited from a work which was both healthy and interesting, and at the same time of vital importance to the country.

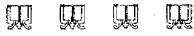


On November 4th, the College staff and pupils were solemnly consecrated to the Sacred Heart. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Father Murphy, O.M.I. We are sure that this solemn act will bring down many graces on those taking part in it, and that it will secure for them the special protection of the Sacred Heart in these perilous times.



Portion of the space in front of the College is being planted with several varieties of trees and shrubs. These include Birch, Ash, Laburnum, False Acacia, Cherry, Rhododendron, Laurel, Skimmia, Holly and Aucuba. They will prove an additional

embellishment to the present beautiful surroundings of the College.



We learned with regret, on our return from holidays, that Brothers Gibbons, Taylor and Mr. Faherty were no longer on the staff. Br. Gibbons has been transferred to St. Joseph's College, Blackpool, Br. Taylor to St. Anselm's College, Birkenhead, and Mr. Faherty has returned to Ireland. We wish them every success in their new spheres, and we extend a cordial welcome to their successors.



We desire to express our thanks to the following who, since the last issue of the Magazine, have given generous donations to the Library or have presented valuable and useful books:—

Archibald Dey	William McGrail
Maurice Dillon	Anthony Murphy
Brendan O'Carroll.	

Quite a number of the boys of the College each year join Religious Orders, or commence their studies for the secular priesthood. Last September, four entered Upholland College — Vincent Burrowes, Dennis Gaskin, Kevin Mullen and John O'Brien. Francis Gibbons has joined the Redemptorists, Francis Green the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and Patrick O'Carroll the African Missioners.



We all regretted to learn that we were to lose our popular and successful Art Master, who has joined the gallant R.A.F. We wish him God-speed, and we will not fail to pray for his safety.



The Autumn Term ends on December 14th. Spring Term commences on Wednesday, January 8th.

## Why do we love Art.

**I** HAVE never been asked this question, and perhaps for the reasons I have tried to explain below. But I imagine that occasionally boys (and Art Masters) must come near to asking it.

That "man does not live by bread alone" becomes ever more obvious to us as we grow older. For besides food and finance, and the less satisfying aspects of existence, there are greater things—not as great as Religion, but as inherent in the nature of man—the spiritual and emotional qualities which, rightly used, envelop Art. So that a full human existence—"the preparation for complete living"—which

education should effect, must include means of developing and making more sensitive, these innate qualities.

This is usually done in two ways. The first—very definite and real—training in how to see intelligently, in the *use* of some media like pencil, paint, lino; training in the analysis and selection of thoughts and feelings as in "design" and "illustration"; and training in the appreciation of the works of the great artists. The second—a subtle and slow process of allowing an art sense, or taste, to develop through the gradual absorption of a beautiful environment; the "tone" of the class-room, the beauty of the school and its

surroundings. But the former is difficult, like all things worth having—and the latter wanting in force.

At the end of a training period on these lines, most boys go out into the world, where all their lives, in a thousand daily contacts, they have to make a choice between good and bad—in design, colour, shape, and so on—good and bad in the examples of the visual arts. It may be the choice of a tie, a photo frame, a chair, a picture, or a colour of paint; the happy satisfaction and rightness of choice will depend very much on the degree

of development reached by the boy in his school days.

A small number of boys may take employment in work where they have a chance, not only as youths and men, to exercise such choice and application, but also as "artists" to create designs. The poster writer, window dresser, painter, architect, furniture designer—these and many others will always look back on the foundations, moulded by their art training, of their ever-growing understanding and appreciation of Art.

G. W. ADAMSON.

## The Wonder of Wireless.

IS there any marvel of Science more astonishing than the invention that brings music and the voices of speakers and singers from anywhere on Earth right into our homes? Thoreau, the poet, wrote his lines:

"I hear beyond the range of sound,

I see beyond the range of sight,"

with no idea of wireless in his mind. It had not so much as been thought of, at the time of his death, in 1862. Yet the wireless has already turned the first of his imaginings into actual fact, and is in a fair way to do so with the other.

You yourself may have sat at home and listened to Big Ben striking the hour in London and have known that many a person in Asia and Africa and Australia was listening to the sound of the same bell at the very same moment. The first scientist to take out a patent for sending signals through atmospheric space by means of electric waves was Guglielmo Marconi (1896). On March 3rd, 1899, the first wireless report of an accident to a ship at sea brought prompt rescue from lifeboats that put out from the shore. The case was unique. In the first the vessel that was in difficulties was a lightship—the

East Goodwin Lightship, marking the dangerous Goodwin Sands off the coast of Kent; she had been run down by a steamer. And in the second, it so happened that this very vessel had been chosen by Marconi for one of his first experiments in communication across the sea; it was only a few months before that she had been fitted with apparatus capable of carrying messages over the twelve miles that separated her from the South Foreland lighthouse on the mainland.

Such is the history of the early days of the wireless telegraph, a marvel a few years ago but now taken as a matter of course. Once men knew that electric waves could be sent out into space, it was only a matter of time before someone would find out how to capture the waves and make them register their beats. The beats would spell out a message. As soon as Marconi had solved this puzzle, it became a simple matter to send the first messages or Marconigrams, as the first radiograms were called. The transmitter was just an Induction Coil with the spark gap connected with an aerial or an insulated wire suspended in the air. An Induction Coil is an arrangement for making a very small but energetic current jump in

a spark across a gap.

When the circuit was closed and the gap was sparking brightly, a continuous series of waves was shot out into space from the aerial—in the same general way in which a series of waves is sent rippling from a stone you may drop into the still water of a pond. With the Morse Code to go by, a short series of waves would mean a dot and a longer series would stand for a dash. At the receiving end, the waves reaching the aerial would start a current in it which would be detected by Marconi's wave-detector. Through a head-phone, the buzz of dots and dashes could be heard and so the message could be intelligibly read. Soon after 1899, Marconi was trying the great experiment of sending messages across the Atlantic. It was a great day when man first reached out through the air to send a message over thousands of miles of ocean. A station was set up at Poldhu in Cornwall, on the West coast, to create the waves. It had a far greater power than any other station had ever had before; but, even so, some of the engineers were afraid that the waves would not travel around the curved surface of the earth, while others thought they would always be too feeble to be detected.

But Marconi was confident. When the station in England was ready, he went to St. John's, Newfoundland. In a little time

he had his receiver in order and was ready to listen. He had told the people in England to send out the letter "S" at a certain time every day. On December 12th, 1901, he first heard the three clicks that stand for the letter "S" in the Morse Code. He had heard the first message through the air over the Atlantic. The new thing was at once another wonder of the world. The warships of all nations began to be supplied with wireless, and the Russo-Japanese War in 1904 showed the great value of wireless communication in naval strategy.

The step that brought the wireless to all our houses was the change over from telegraphic to telephonic methods. As soon as that change was made, any sound could be brought from anywhere. By 1914, Marconi had conversed by wireless telephony over a distance of fifty miles, and in the next few years the distance was to be rapidly increased as the instruments were improved. In 1915, speech was transmitted between Arlington, Virginia, U.S.A., and the Eiffel Tower in Paris, and to Honolulu in the North Pacific islands of Hawaii.

We have come to "hear beyond the range of sound," and by means of television we are beginning to "see beyond the range of sight."

J. CALLANDER, VIB Mods

## Poets' Corner.

### KING BEE.

I'm Buzzer, the king of the bees,  
Lord of the hives am I,  
With quite ridiculous ease  
O'er mountains and valleys I fly.

My wings always glitter like ice,  
My sting's just as deadly can be,  
So just take a word of advice  
And don't you get funny with me.

FRANCIS BALL, III Alpha.

### THE GIPSY.

The rolling clouds, the setting sun,  
The lonely wanderer's plaintive cry,  
Tell to the world the Gipsy's life,  
Of plodding, steady, 'neath the sky.

Oh! How enchanting, thrilling, dear,  
Is the thought of freedom grand  
To all poor Gipsies wandering now,  
When flowers are blooming through the lar

The trees, the birds, the shining sun,  
Glistening on dewy tufts of grass!  
Oh! What wonder meets their eyes,  
When on their way the gipsies pass!

Wandering amid the winter snows,  
Amid the blooming meadow flowers,  
The Gipsy goes his airy way  
Under shine or 'neath the showers.

Think of the Gipsy and his kind,  
The wandering, homeless and the weak.  
Give them aid against all foes  
And let them go on their way so meek.  
W. RODGERS, U.VA.

### THE SEASONS.

In Winter the winds do fret and blow,  
And bring along the frost and snow ;  
'Tis then we wish for the herald, Spring,  
To bring new life to everything.

The crocus raises its tiny head,  
Up from beneath the earthly bed,  
To give us all forewarning  
Of the coming of the season of Spring.

In Summer, the gentle zephyrs blow  
The golden corn-heads to and fro,  
The warm sun brings out the colours bright  
Of flowers that are always people's delight.

Autumn now begins to frown,  
Making all green turn to brown,  
The leaves already start to fall  
And sternly remind us of Winter's pall.  
JOSEPH BURNS, III Alpha.

### MY EFFORT.

I have been asked to write a poem,  
My goodness! what a chance.  
When the folk around are singing,  
It nearly makes me prance.  
I cannot write a poem for you,  
No matter how I try ;  
It simply will not come to me,  
And so I'll pass it by.

PAUL FREYNE, IIIA.

### MY RABBIT.

I once had a rabbit,  
So fluffy and white,  
I built it a hutch,  
To make "comfy" at night.

Each morning so early,  
My rabbit I'd visit,  
To give it some breakfast,  
And gambol with it.

My rabbit grew big,  
'Twas my pride and my joy,  
My very first pet,  
How I loved it, oh my!

But, alas, for my rabbit,  
Through mischief it wrought,  
It had to depart,  
Though so dearly bought.

LAURENCE DEANE, IIIB.

### THE DAY IN RHYME.

Another term is nearly past,  
And once again the class is asked—  
Contributions for the "Mag" to make—  
And so this chance I gladly take  
To tell, as best I can, in rhyme,  
How we "carry on" here in wartime.  
When the sirens wail the alert,  
All get ready to make a spurt :  
"Books and pencils," the master asks,  
"Have all you boys got your gas-masks?"  
Then off we go helter-skelter,  
To get a place in the shelter.  
When we arrive there, we say a Prayer,  
And then for lessons we prepare . . .  
Except the boys who come from gym,  
Clad only in togs so terribly thin,  
Who shiver and shake—not from fear.  
The stove is lit : we're full of cheer.  
We quickly dress, and Mr. M . . . r  
Recounts true (?) tales of near and far.  
But are we downhearted? You bet!  
Just think of all the breaks we get,  
And awkward spells oft we've missed,  
And Penalties, too, that we've risked.  
You think that I have had my say,  
So here I sign, FRANCIS LEY, Lower Five A.

# Examination Results, 1940.

## University Scholarships.

WALLASEY UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP :

Brendan J. Carroll.

TATE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIP :

Richard J. Pope.

JOHN BURY UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP :

Brendan J. Carroll.

UNIVERSITY STUDENTSHIP :

Richard J. Pope.

## Higher School Certificate.

Carroll, B. J. McGrail, W.

McCoy, A. P. Pope, R. J.

Simpson, W. S.

*Subsidiary*—Beswick, W. F.

Gleeson, J. A.

## School Certificate.

Ball, A. G.	McCulla, P. A.
Brennan, P.	McGrory, J. M.
Breslin, J.	McKeon, C. J.
Browne, R. C.	Minards, G. T.
Callander, J. F.	Moore, J. L.
Carew, D.	Moore, S. J.
Carroll, P. J.	Nolan, J. K.
Crosbie, J.	O'Brien, J.
Dempsey, D.	O'Grady, C.
Donegan, J. A.	O'Reilly, J. G.
Drew, P.	O'Shaughnessy, C.
Dunn, H. C.	Peters, T. J.
Flynn, T. J.	Quinn, B. G.
Gaskin, H. A.	Ramos, F. D.
Gibbons, F.	Rogers, E. W.
Glynn, J.	Shield, E. A.
Green, E.	Smith, E. A.
Hands, J. E.	Timoney, J.
Heaton, G. W.	Tinsley, G. R.
Hughes, W. E.	Tyson, T. W.
Joyce, P.	Vose, W. J.
Kavanagh, T. E.	Walsh, T. G.
Keith, K. J.	Welch, D. P.
Lane, R. W.	White, J. P.
Ley, E. C.	Winstanley, F. J.
Ludden, J.	

## Form Examinations.

VIB Sc.—1, T. Walsh ; 2, D. Donegan ;  
3, T. Brennan.

VIB Mod.—1, W. Harte ; 2, J. Lynch ;  
3, P. Connolly.

L.V Alpha.—1, J. Brown ; 2, A. Yates ;  
3, B. Gloyne.

L.V Beta.—1, P. Lynch ; 2, B. Burke ;  
3, P. Ryan.

L.VA.—1, W. Edwards ; 2, F. Prendergast ;  
3, F. Gill.

IV Alpha.—1, J. Cunningham ; 2, E. O'Leary  
and J. Bolger ; 3, E. Williams.

IV Beta.—1, F. Brennan ; 2, F. Finetty ;  
3, M. Kelly.

IVA.—1, J. O'Brien ; 2, D. Peel ; 3, L.  
Ludden.

IVB.—1, P. Broadbridge ; 2, T. Murphy ;  
3, R. Bruce.

III Alpha.—1, R. Crawford ; 2, D. McIntyre ;  
3, P. Jordan.

III Beta.—1, F. Owens ; 2, T. Merivale ;  
3, J. Pennington.

IIIA.—1, L. Gould ; 2, D. Martin ; 3, J.  
Loughe.

IIIB.—1, D. Ryan ; 2, J. Walsh ; 3, D.  
Gleeson and T. Ireland.

II.—1, L. Deane ; 2, J. Fagan ; 3, R.  
Sumner.

I.—1, B. McFeely ; 2, G. Purvis ; 3, F.  
Green.

Preparatory.—1, A. Ferrigno ; 2, F. Hunt ;  
3, S. Ugalde.

## Gerald Griffin,

POET, DRAMATIST, AND NOVELIST.

**T**HIS year marks the Centenary of the death of Gerald Griffin, and it is hoped that the following sketch of his life may be of interest to the readers of the Magazine.

Gerald Griffin was born in the city of Limerick on 12th December, 1803. He received his early education in his native city. Later on, his family removed to Fairy Lawn, a romantic spot beautifully situated on the banks of the Shannon, about twenty-eight miles below Limerick. Here Gerald cultivated that love of nature and acquired those deep impressions of natural beauty which are so prominently displayed in his works. His education was continued under a private tutor.

His parents intended that Gerald should adopt the medical profession, to which his brother belonged, and so he was placed with him, and under the doctor's guidance he made some progress in his medical studies. A strong bias for literary pursuit led him to abandon medicine, and he determined to devote himself to a life of letters. He still continued to live with his brother in Adare. Here he wrote a good deal, and while his brother thought he was merely copying others, he was engaged in original composition. Here he wrote a tragedy, "Aguire," founded on a Spanish legend, and though it was with many of his literary compositions destroyed before he entered religion, competent judges spoke of it as possessing great dramatic excellence and poetic power.

The favourable reception this met with at the hands of his literary friends in Ireland led Gerald, in spite of the opposition of his relatives, to try his fortune in London. In 1823, full of ardour and ambition, he set out for the English metropolis, and there found himself, like his countryman Goldsmith, poor,

friendless and unknown, with only his indomitable resolution to bear him up. He had gone to London, he tells us, with the modest project of "rivalling Shakespeare and throwing Scott into the shade." But of this fair dream the Irish youth was soon to be disillusioned. His lot was that which was the fate of many a struggling genius. The publishers and theatre managers failed to appreciate the literary merit and high moral tone of his writings, and they did not appeal to the vitiated tastes of the day, which demanded the sensational in the fullest sense. Still he worked on. "Failure?" he wrote to a sister in America. "No; death first."

His tragedy, "Gissipus," he had completed before reaching his twentieth year. This was highly praised by the eminent tragedian, Kean, for its construction and beauty. Griffin failed to have it staged, but it was later produced both in London and in Dublin to large audiences, Macready playing the leading part.

Griffin now turned to the writing of novels. In the intervals of hack-writing and Parliamentary reporting, he composed "Hollandtide," a series of short stories, evincing great power, and on its publication, in 1827, it met with such a success as to induce Griffin to pursue this line of literature.

He next produced "The Invasion" and "Tales of the Munster Festivals." The "Tales" were pronounced "to be equalled only by the author of "Waverley" in their national portraiture and sketches of manners."

A little later he published "The Collegians," the novel on which his fame mainly rests. It is a well-constructed and interesting tale, and though thrown off from hour to hour, often to meet the demands of the printer, yet it bears no marks of haste or want of uniformity and completeness,

being in truth "the rapid transmission to paper of thoughts overflowing from a mind in which they were well matured." The tale was deservedly appreciated by both the Press and the public. It was later dramatised by Boucicault, and on it was also founded the opera, "The Lily of Killarney." He wrote other novels in quick succession, but none of them shows the same power and finish as "The Collegians." At intervals between the appearance of his various novels, Griffin composed many beautiful poems which have held and will doubtless long hold a place in English Literature.

A marked change came over Griffin's mind in his thirty-fourth year; a feeling began to grow on him that he might be mispending his time, that the pursuit of literature was but a transitory and unsatisfying passion, and that all his dreams of fame, now that they were realised, were but "vanity of vanities." Religious impressions were becoming deeper, and though he had never previously shown any inclination for the religious state, he now announced to his family his determination to leave the world and enter religion. He collected all his unpublished manuscripts and committed them to the flames, and, on the 8th September, 1838, he joined the Congregation of Christian Brothers, whose ideals appealed to the sympathetic and scholarly author. His biographer tells us that "his habits of piety were even then found to be of so fixed a character that he was admitted to the Religious Habit on the feast of St. Teresa, on the 15th of the following October." He then assumed the name of Brother Joseph. As to the happiness he found in religion, he wrote to his brother soon after his entrance: "Nothing, indeed, could equal the degree of content and even felicity I enjoy in my present state. Those miserable years I spent in London, whatever they may prove for the next world, have been to me, through God's infinite mercy, a complete specific for this; nor would I

exchange the peace of heart they have procured for me for all the fame of all the Scotts and Shakespeares who have ever strutted their hour upon the stage of this brief little play which they call life." During his novitiate, in Dublin, we are told that he made a deep impression on his confrères by his unostentatious piety and by the exact discharge of every duty.

His novitiate and training completed, he was sent to teach in the Brothers' establishment in Cork. In his work of teaching he took the greatest interest, and his success as a teacher is amply attested to by his companions.

Of the happiness that was his in the religious life, he writes as follows to a friend in London, some months after his transfer to Cork: "I find a great deal happier in the practice of my daily routine than I did while I was roving about your great city absorbed in the modest project of rivalling Shakespeare and throwing Scott into the shade."

Soon after his arrival in Cork, a friend wrote to him expressing the strong conviction that he ought to give the Catholic world the benefit of his talents, and employ at least a portion of his time in the production of moral tales. He submitted the proposal to his Superiors, who warmly approved of the suggestion and afforded him every facility for carrying out his design. He immediately set to work, and the result was the unfinished tale "Hollandtide," the original MS. of which is still preserved in the Christian Brothers' house in Cork. The tale, as far as it goes, is interesting, and the final words are remarkable: "On other subjects connected with the business of this world, they (the Druids) are learned enough, but of the abyss that lies beyond—." While writing this, the bell rang for some community exercise; he laid down his pen immediately, and as his fatal illness soon came on, the word "beyond" remained unfinished for ever. This was early in June, 1840, and next day



he was attacked with typhus fever, gradually grew worse, and on the 12th June, 1840, he passed peacefully to his reward, after having received the last rites of the Church with the utmost fervour and devotion. He was buried in the quiet little cemetery in the monastery grounds. A simple headstone bearing his name and date of birth marks his grave.


As a poet, Griffin is true to nature, tender, melodious and lyrical, and portrays the affections with a master hand. But it is as a novelist that he excels. "The Collegians" is his masterpiece. His contemporary, Carleton, gives it the first place in the annals of Irish, if not of European fiction. Justin McCarthy, himself a charming novelist, thus writes of it: "I have always felt convinced that 'The Collegians' is on the whole the greatest novel that Ireland has brought forth. It is rich in native humour, and it is at the

same time suffused with that peculiar and poetic melody which seems to belong to the atmosphere and music of Ireland. There are characters in it which for rich and genuine Irish humour are equal to anything ever created . . . . In no other Irish novel are the different accents, phrases and other oral peculiarities of the Irish provinces so clearly and correctly illustrated . . . . Then there are scattered through the novel songs and ballads of the most exquisite poetic feeling, which speak out the heart of the Gaelic race to carry music in their very words."

Griffin died young, but so do the great proportion of men of genius. It is now one hundred years since he breathed his pure soul into the hands of his Creator; yet his works are as much admired to-day as when first given to the world.

## Form Notes.

### Form Via Science.

 UR surprise can better be imagined than described when we found that we had to return in September, instead of a month or two later. We settled down more or less quickly, since we could not drag up the time-honoured excuse of not being able to get books. Such are the advantages (?) of the Sixth Form.

Some of our maths. lessons have been described as "divertissements mathematiques" conducted by the "corps de ballet" led by Fennell. Incidentally, our ranks already thinned, were still further reduced when Fennell, with tears in his eyes, bade us farewell.

Two lectures have been given so far this term, one by J. Connolly on "The Rare Gases" and another by Cunningham on "Hydrogen." The latter was very elevating.

Meanwhile, there is an English debate

on a somewhat scientific subject to be faced.



### Form Via Modern.

Personally, we consider Form Notes a waste of time, paper, etc., etc., but the Magazine would be devoid of all interest if VIA Mod. did not furnish some specimen of its literary abilities. Commenting on air raids, it suffices to say that the Sciences ought to practise some manners, and leave the couch in the air-raid shelter free for the use of their superiors.

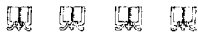
Halfway through the term a catastrophe occurred, which cast a shadow of despondency over us—Dillon left us to take up a new position in the Ministry of Supply. While mourning his loss, we extend to him our sincerest wishes for every success in his new walk of life. Contrary to last year, politics

have ceased to be the dominant pastime of our Form, though our studies of Livy have thrown much light on the ideal conduct of this war.

So far, both the Historical and Literary Debating Societies have been non-existent; however, they are now beginning to show some signs of activity. Owing to the inability of the Sciences to produce interesting scientific lectures for Moderns, a special request was made to the Moderns to help them out of their predicament. We are considering our attitude to this appeal. One cause of our depression (or should we write, exhilaration) is the fact that, up to the present, we have been unable to demonstrate our highly (!) developed powers of French rhetoric. We are sure, however, that its speedy commencement will act as a stimulant on our too precocious Scientific friends.

With these brief remarks we feel we must end.

Wishing all who have the patience to read these notes a very happy Christmas.



#### Form VIIb Science.

This being our first term in the VI's, we are now glad to be settled in the new fields of knowledge opened to us. We find the subjects as they unfold themselves becoming of greater interest, and we are discovering the value of the previous studies leading up to this standard. An innovation to us was the introduction to the Library. This spacious and comfortable room, with the keys of knowledge at our disposal, left us greatly impressed with the importance of the studies lying ahead; for instance, where would we be were it not for Calculus? (most likely in bed). We are now on the road to the debating and lecturing stage; and in Geometry we learn to see things from every angle, a good point to work on. In Mathe-

matics we have at last passed the Binomial stage (a nightmare!), and feeling pleased with ourselves take a jump in the dark into Solid Geometry, finding that we are up to our necks in it.

French we speak fluently, and are "Masters" of the language. If we spend time at home preparing French, we miss . . . ! If we don't prepare it, we miss. Which would you do??

In English, we appreciate the value of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and relax from our Scientific studies. To all readers of the Magazine, a happy Christmas from the members of the Form.



#### Form VIIb Modern.

We were beginning to think that holidays are not all that schoolboys pretend they are, and we had begun to put some faith in the saying that "an idle mind is the workshop of the devil," when the School was again re-opened. When we had gained consciousness, after hearing a few choice Miltonic words like "Areopagitica" and "Samson Agonistes," we quickly adapted ourselves to the art of sonneteering, and many of us are highly proficient in this form of poetry. Whenever any boy looks out of the window with a vacant stare, he is left undisturbed as it is thought he is receiving poetic inspiration from his "Heavenly Muse."

After a long time spent arguing that "ma chère bonne" meant "my dear good" we accepted with resignation its true meaning, viz., "my good dear." Owing to air-raids we are somewhat behind in our Mme. de Sévigné, but we hope to have finished the book soon.

Gradually, Rugby is becoming familiar to us, but the memory of the fine reputation we had at Soccer will never be forgotten. The attendance at Rugby has not been too

good this term, and the weather has been inclined to be unfavourable.

Certain members of our class prick up their ears at the Latin master's mention of "the longed-for couch," but settle down again to sleep on discovering that it is merely the dream of a "barbarous aborigine."

We are looking forward to the History and Literary debates; already we can see budding orators in our midst.



### Form Upper V Alpha.

These notes have, of course, been written under the shadow of the impending exams., though by the time they are read our feelings of mirth and joy will have returned. May we remind all intending transcribers that these notes, like the B.B.C. news, are copyright.

Our views on most subjects are still as they used to be in the L.V's, though somewhat stronger.

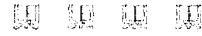
As yet, we have not had the opportunity of showing our superiority over the A's and B's in the sphere, or more correctly field, of Rugby. What philosopher on breaking the scrum remarked that he never realised how many bony parts other fellows have?

Many of us would be pleased to deliver a talk on "The Schoolboy's Homework and the War," but we fear our scripts would be returned with many "Blue Pencils" and so would the masters'.

We have now come to the stage when we choose our occupations for future life. A.J., we think, would be most suitable as an impersonator, for his facial contortions aping a man trying to think are beyond compare. We have chosen as our Mascot's occupation, globe-trotting, as he is accustomed to travelling between 3-44 p.m. and 3-46 p.m. each day. J.B. would be also eligible as an actor, particularly when (or if) he should receive encores.

Mr. O'B—— said that F. F—— was a "good lad," and we hope our parents' remarks will be in a similar strain when they read our Christmas reports.

J.B.B. and W.P.



### Form Lower Va.

Under various masters we have lived and existed. Now we merely exist! Masters seem a rationed commodity and thus we are hoping occasionally to see a new face. We are told that you can't have too much of a good thing. Anyway, we suppose that the devil you know is better than the devil you don't know!

Such a selection of books, from the modern thriller, "Voleurs d'Enfants," to the classic "De Bello Gallico"! Trigonometry we gain, to lose music. Mr. Boraston, no doubt, looks very glum at losing us—no wonder he's so keen on our singing in the Hall! Time was when we had two exercises a night; now, it seems that someone is falling to it, we have only one. But even that, says K. McD——, is too much for me. I'll get T. Pr—— to do mine!

Work! Work! Work! Let the sirens wail, still we work—in the shelters—and overtime, too! And where are we? Chapter VIII of Caesar. Good Heavens, only thirty more!

Exams., and during Wartime? What about our nerves? It just shows how high our morale is.

We wish emphatically to deny the rumour that two of our most conspicuous classmates have been asked to act as balloon barrages on the score of the little need for inflation. Several times, however, we have started at the peculiar "warbling" from the music room. It can't be the piano, as that was tuned, so . . . . .

We want to thank all those who con-

tributed to our still unpublished "Trivia," the work of our Voluntary School Course. Obviously we could not amalgamate with the School Magazine Committee; there's still such a thing as self-respect.

(N.B.: We have been urged by the Committee to contribute, as they find it hard to get articles. What an admission!).

Every best wish for a happy Christmas-time. With Tiny Tim, an old friend, we conclude:

"God Bless Us, Every One."

G.O.M.



#### Forms IVa and IVb.

Form Notes! Fortunately, they come but thrice a year, but when they come—Do they bring good cheer? Readers of these notes will notice that the A's and B's have amalgamated in order to commit to printer's ink their everyday trials, all on account of the National effort to economise on paper.

Is there really a war on? We ask this apparently trivial question because from our point of view schoolwork, homework (that bugbear), all proceed just as usual. Surely the Government ought to do something about it! Here are sixty hefty youths (average age 12 years, 0 days, 6 hours) all anxious to do their bit, but forced to slave at Latin, French, and innumerable other tasks. This is positively our last request; either those in power accede to our demand, or else—well, we shall just continue on committing to memory such stirring lines as:

"Was there a boy dismayed?

Not tho' the Fourth Form knew

Someone had blundered."

Yes, we still play Rugby, and enjoy it. You should just see the Seftonites revel in their game; incidentally, we may write that *ten* of the Seftonites grace *our* combined

Forms. A thrilling game is soon to be played, when the redoubtable Seftonites meet the doughty Hopeites in the final of the Junior House Shield—our Stop Press may publish the inevitable result.

We were sorry to part with G. Ugalde, who has returned to sunny Spain—he was a universal favourite; whilst his loss to the Hopeites we know to be irreplaceable, accordingly we tender to the Hope team and to its supporters our deepest regrets.

Accommodation in our A.R.S. is shared with the Alphas and Betas, hospitality being our weakness. But must they disturb our earnest endeavours to acquire knowledge by their wide wondered stares, open mouths, and audible sighs, when they *hear* us grappling with French Grammar and naughty Latin Verbs!

N.B. These notes have been curtailed as the mighty "men" of the Sixth Form Committee have informed us that all contributions to the Magazine must be handed in by Tuesday, November 5th (such a day!), although the formal notice on the School Board definitely states, after the customary warning, that all articles, etc., etc. . . . . be handed in by *November 9th*. So what, gentle reader, can we do about it?

Wishing all the Brothers, Masters, Old Boys (on land, on sea, or in the air), and ourselves, a very happy and *peaceful* Christmas, we subside to the general applause.

A.N.; P.T.O.



#### Form IV Alpha.

In spite of the difficulties of the times, we carry on. Being patriotic, we are carrying out the advice of the Minister for Supply, "go to it" (many boys wish we wouldn't). Life in the shelters under Runnymede is now rather nerve-racking—for us boys—with four classes on in one room. Before, the

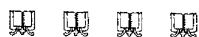
noise was very nearly the cause of the supports giving way—now, our vocalists have had to change their tune.

This year, we are well up in invasion plans. First there was Adolf's, now we have Caesar's. If Adolf had our task—learning how Caesar tried to do it—he would have given it up long since as a bad job, and without the R.A.F. to help him change his mind either. Why did Caesar write his book? Was it to tempt others to follow him to Britain (or to tempt schoolboys with harsh thoughts about cruel masters)?

N—t turned out to be a real Shylock. There was no great rivalry for the characters of Portia and Nerissa, even though there were some very suitable personages (!) If learning the "Merchant of Venice" was as easy as drawing Spitfires or learning about Blenheims, the play would be known by rote very quickly. Oh, the perversity of human nature!

So far we have had little opportunity for showing our prowess on the Rugby field. We have yet to play the Beta's (someone whispered that we must spare them for the exams.). J. Beary, J. Hosey, V. Edwards and A. Crossley are our shining stars. These are among the "Possibles" for the School's first Bantam team. Let's hope they "go low" and "run straight."

Our sympathies go to John Cooper, who, after a bout of illness, now finds himself "laid up" with a broken arm. A real accident—and not a dodge to get off work; therefore an unpleasant business. Also to Tony Devereux, likewise a casualty. God give them patience to bear up. Cheer up, there's some L . . . n to be learnt yet! So farewell. Happy Christmas; happy dreams!



#### Form IV Beta.

This is the class of the vanishing faces ;

sometimes in, sometimes out, sometimes neither in nor out. There are some stalwarts who are in every day, and others—well, they do put in an occasional appearance. McG—n is in one week, not the next. But, then, allowance must be made for his health's sake (who hummed "Roll out the barrel"?). Still, all said and done, we are getting on quite nicely even though we are upset by the Nasties.

We have become very tired of the "sheltered life"; it means no rest for the wicked: more uncomfortable benches, no place to lean our heads on, and the masters are not always considerate. Now if barley sugar were provided and we could romp, it might be tolerable, but as it is . . . . . Especially when the evil one comes at five to four, or, worse still, during dinner!

This year we have established a record: Mr. B. has publicly testified to our abilities of the vocal nature. As for the Alpha's, we're likely to crown our achievements by singing their "Requiem." Chemistry is our pet subject: it is so interesting. Further, we now can do things for ourselves in the lab. Let's hope nothing happens to it as a consequence. Latin has yet to win us by its charms. Still, while there's life there's hope.

So far, we have had no real chance to show the Alpha's our heels on the Rugby field. This is due to a request by the authorities to collect litter—not to spread it. Then there is the salvage campaign to remember. The opportunity must come in the near future, but at present the excitement is all about the School's Rugby Bantam team. F. Kirkwood, F. Taylor, N. McNally and J. McQuade are among the "possibles." Those that can't play can cheer. Each must do his part for the success of this new venture.

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all.



## Form II.

Since our return to School, we have been obliged not infrequently to go to the shelters, but, unfortunately, lessons are carried on as usual underground. There is even a black-board in our shelter! We think we ought to have our gym. lesson there also. This is our favourite one, and the only one which we generally lose.

When this term began, we had a half-day for games on Thursday afternoon. This has now been changed, and we spend the hour 3 p.m. to 4 p.m. on Thursday at football. In spite of the wet weather, we have had

some very exciting games. It seems strange that the weaker side should nearly always win. We are looking forward to playing Rugby when we go into the Senior School.

We have started a collection in aid of the foreign missions, and our pennies are steadily mounting up. Form I had started collecting before us, but we are going to be just as generous as they.

We are now looking forward to our Christmas holidays, though not without some misgiving at the prospect of Christmas exams, and, worst of all, Christmas reports.

A.M.

## Books to read and Books to burn.

**T**HIS is specially written and addressed to all young book-lovers of St. Edward's College. I hope—nay, I'm quite sure—they're numbered by hundreds. A love for books is a gift from God, one that gives us power to spread the wings of our imagination, leave the drab grey world about us, its wars, its bombs, sorrows, worries, and soar straight off into—Utopia. We may seem to the casual eye cribbed and cabined on a hard bench in the schoolroom or among hundreds in the Assembly Hall, but we're not really. As a matter of sober fact, we're off in the tropical African forests, or exploring in the Arctic snows, or fighting pirates in the Spanish main, or spurring with the Templars in the Crusades, or fighting England's battles o'er again. Our body may indeed be confined in the narrow limits of a small room, but our soul is free of time and space. The past is ours as well as the present, and the world from pole to pole is our inheritance. Oh, yes!—thank God for the taste for reading that opens to us a magic door into the world of gramarye, when the rough realities of life press too hard upon us.

'Tis a glorious gift but it is, unhappily,

open to abuse. We must be careful to "separate the precious from what is vile." Nor is the discrimination difficult. The test is the simplest. We know very well, ourselves, whether a book leaves us better or worse. Does it appeal to what is highest and noblest, and best in us, and make us strive to be upright honourable men? Or does it call even ever so little to our lower nature, and stir into wakefulness the beast that is within us since Adam's fall—the beast that must be crushed and conquered, or it will conquer us, and trample us in the mire and drag down all our moral nature in ruin? If you find that a book like that is getting a grip of you, and calling on the evil within you, put it away at once, as you value your immortal soul. The downfall of a boy's whole moral character has often sprung from even smaller beginnings.

A great many books, however, have no direct moral tendency either way. Here we are to some extent free to choose, but here, nevertheless, there is plenty of room and plenty of need for discrimination—some books are the veriest trash. Not only that, but they do positive harm by filling silly little

heads with false ideas of life. Perhaps you may know the kind of stuff I mean—the yellow-backed thing that tells how Lord Percy Fitznoodle (like another King Cophetua) married the servant maid—or the kind with the gorgeous cover displaying a wild tangle of bowie knives, and revolvers where Deadwood Dick holds up the “gang”—or where “Hawkeye, the prince of detectives,” having the unusual advantage of being in three places (or so) at the same time, bewilders and confounds the bold bad man who did the foul and awful deed (whatever it was), etc., etc. I really don't know how anyone with sense in his head, or the merest glimmer of humour in him, could sit down to read clotted rubbish of that kind.

And there are so many useful thrillingly interesting things to learn about God's great and grand world that He has made for us—tales of travel and adventure in distant and wonderful lands, romances of science that give us a little peep into a few of the marvels and mysteries that God has strewn so thickly around us, and which many of us go through life and out of it without opening our eyes to see—stories that make us live once more through the most thrilling events of history, and give us the friendship and confidence of the world's greatest, and noblest, and best.

Then there are other books of adventure—big adventure—that boys are inclined

to fight shy of—I mean the lives of the saints. Some boys have the idea that religion is a goody goody sort of thing, and that adventures are only to be had in pirate ships, and among the redskins. Nothing of the kind. The stories of the saints, especially the missionary saints, leave fiction nowhere in the way of thrills. For they are Christ's pioneers who bear His standard into the unknown, tramping through trackless tropical forests, or toiling in cold and pain amid Arctic snows in the white silence of the North, facing danger and suffering and death in the Master's service. But they never see the obstacles in their way, and never count the cost, for they burn with the sacred thirst for souls, and yearn to tell to all the world the sweet sublime story of Christ, of His Blessed Mother Mary, and of the God of the Christians Who so loved the world as to give up for our redemption His own beloved Son. Christ's knight-errants are they all who go forth with the lance and shield of the spirit to slay the twin dragons of ignorance and unbelief.

Those who love the books must be sure, then, to choose good books—books that will make them wiser and happier men, fill their minds with useful knowledge, with noble thoughts and aspirations, and bring a blessing from God upon their lives. As for the other type of book—well, drop it into the nearest fire.

A.C.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We beg to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the following magazines:—Prior Park College Magazine, Upholland College Magazine, The Oscotian, St. Francis Xavier's College Magazine, Preston Catholic College Magazine, St. Bede's College Magazine, The Edmundian (Shillong), Esmeduna, Alsop High School Magazine, Oulton, The Quarry Magazine of Christian Brothers' College, Pretoria, and Cottonian.

## S.V.P. Society.

**T**HE first meeting of the Session was held on September 23rd, at which the new officers were elected. Fifteen new members from the Upper V's have been enrolled, bringing our total membership to thirty-four. We have held six meetings since, with an average attendance of twenty-eight. A number of pamphlets and Catholic papers have been received and distributed, but the number falls far below our needs, as one of our duties is distributing pamphlets. Therefore, we must appeal to all our readers to do their best to supply us with any Catholic Literature for which they may have no more use. In connection with this, F. Irving

(VIA.Sc.) has been appointed Librarian, and any pamphlets should be given to him.

We are still in a good financial position, but this money may be necessary to make up any deficit which may occur in the Christmas collection, owing to the War. At the beginning of the term our balance was £1 12s. Od. and our secret collections have amounted to 8s. 6d. Our expenditure was fairly light, being only 3s. 4d.; consequently, we now have £1 17s. 2d. in hand.

Any boy in Upper V's or VI's who is interested in the Society and desires to join, may obtain all information from the President or Secretary.

P. CONNOLLY (*President*).

## Literary and Historical Society.

**O**N November 7th was held the first meeting of the Society. Disregarding tradition, the chairman called upon the B's—not the A's—to open the proceedings. Mr. Ramos, who spoke first, gave a lecture on a "Comparison between some Elizabethan and Modern Authors." He commenced by giving a comprehensive survey of the characteristics and surroundings of the Elizabethan authors. Naturally, he first dealt with Shakespeare, commenting on the belief that as a boy Shakespeare had the habit of wandering in his native woods, from which he derived the knowledge of scenery needed for the Romantic Plays. Unlike our modern authors, who utilise their plays principally as a means of propaganda, he did not preach a set philosophy but allowed the moral to develop naturally from incidents and persons. From Shakespeare the speaker passed on to Johnson, a playwright inferior only to Shakespeare, comparing him to G. B. Shaw in that both have the fault of self-imposure:

they are both unable to create characters not of their own substance. Of Galsworthy, the morals in his plays are always open and never disguised.

Following this, Mr. Donegan delivered his lecture on the "Comparison between some Elizabethan and Modern Plays." One of the main differences, he asserted, was that while Elizabethan plays were poetical, modern ones are prosaic both in medium and plot. In Shakespeare's day very little costume and scenery were used, which tested the imagination of the audiences and the skill of actors, while our modern playwrights on the contrary make full use of scenery and costume. A point of similarity between the two ages is that the playwright of both ages established a new type of play; the Elizabethans under Marlowe's leadership established the Blank Verse play while the modern authors have constructed the Prose play. In contrast to the three Elizabethan types, Tragedy, Comedy and Romance, are the modern plays which



cannot be classified into a definite number of simple groups.

Both the speakers were congratulated by the chairman for their clear and concise discourses. A series of "impromptu" debates followed: the motion of the first was "That Homework, oral and written, should be abolished." As the B's were rather shy when called on to speak, two seasoned veterans, Mr. Shaw and Mr. P. Connolly, were chosen in their place. Mr. Shaw vigorously denied the need for homework; in these days of frequent air raids, little concentration can be given to work. His solution to the problem was that school hours should be lengthened, so as to enable the pupils to do their homework at school. Mr. Connolly (con.) declared homework to be an absolute necessity of school life and if it was not given, knowing the weakness of

human nature he was sure that little work would be done on the boy's own initiative.

The next motion was that "Rugby is more popular than Soccer." For the Association football enthusiast, Mr. Callander endeavoured to prove that Soccer was more popular since the majority of schools played it. Mr. Drew (pro.) eagerly contradicted Mr. Callander, saying that, in his opinion, Rugby was played by more schools, especially in the South. The chairman, commenting on the debate, said that both speakers had tended to show the virtues of the games rather than their popularity. The meeting was then closed.

The red-letter day in the Calendar of the Society is eagerly awaited: "A Christmas Anthology," arranged by the VIA Moderns. This will close this Session's meetings.

A. MURPHY (*Secretary*).

## Scientific Society.

THE first lecture was given on Thursday, 31st October, by Mr. J. Connolly, on "The Rare Gases." He considered the history of argon in great detail and showed how it was that the discovery of argon, by Professor Sir W. Ramsay in 1894, led to the preparation of helium from cleveite in 1896, the separation of krypton and xenon from liquid air in 1898, and the preparation of radon from radium. Mr. Connolly then gave the chief physical properties of the gases, and described their uses.

The second lecture, on "Hydrogen," was given by Mr. Cunningham. He began by considering first the history, the occurrence and the preparation of hydrogen. Mr. Cunningham gave three processes for manufacturing hydrogen, the first of which, the Bosch process, he regarded as the most important. He then dealt with the applications of hydrogen in industry, e.g., the

synthesis of ammonia and the manufacture of solid fats from unsaturated oils; and mentioned some of the chief inorganic compounds of hydrogen. He discussed "nascent" and "atomic" hydrogen, and pointed out the use of the latter in the atomic hydrogen blowpipe. He also dealt with isotopic forms of hydrogen.

A third lecture was delivered by Mr. Brennan. He chose as his subject "Nitrogen" and began by giving its preparation and properties, and then its uses. The chief methods of preparation are the fractional distillation of air and the action of steam on producer gas. Nitrogen is chiefly used in manufacturing ammonia, which in turn is used in fertilizers and as a refrigerating agent. Mr. Brennan explained the nitrogen cycle in some detail. The range covered by Mr. Brennan in such a short time was great, and it was suggested that future lecturers should confine their subjects so that the audience

(especially the Moderns) should not be overwhelmed and confounded with knowledge.

We hope that this series of interesting lectures will continue, and that some of our

colleagues in VIB Science will give us an opportunity of appreciating their scientific interests in the near future.

D. DONEGAN (*Secretary*).

## Music Notes.

**W**E are pleased to welcome to the Orchestra: Sean McNamara, Stephen Lowe, and Kenneth Roche.

During this term rehearsals have been held on Saturday mornings at 11-0.

The Choir is rehearsing the "Proper" of the Requiem Mass. The "Common" is being learnt by the whole of the Junior School.

Before the 1939 Evacuation, the whole School was able to sing this noble Prayer, but the War completely upset this, as it did so many other activities.

Geoffrey Pellegrini (pianist) and Frank Clarkson ('cellist) are both making reputations for themselves, and also for their School, as

musicians. They are both in the Army—Pellegrini somewhere in Scotland and Clarkson somewhere in Wales.

Frank Clarke, who played the flute in the Orchestra some ten or twelve years ago and who became an Army Schoolmaster at the age of eighteen with the rank of Sergeant (incidentally he was then, we believe, the youngest Sergeant in the British Army), is now a Commissioned Officer on the Staff of Sir Samuel Hoare, British Ambassador to Spain. He is an expert linguist, and among other languages speaks Moorish.

We conclude these notes by wishing everyone as happy a Christmas as possible, under the present circumstances.

## Old Boys' Letters.

### VARSITY LETTER.

Autumn Term, 1940.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Once more your Scribe takes up the pen and, amid much confusion of thought and events, endeavours to present a coherent and interesting picture of the rapidly fading term.

With the intensification of the War on the home front, and consequent serious curtailment of social functions, it is becoming increasingly difficult to keep track of Old Edwardians up here. And so if this letter presents a somewhat "scrappy" aspect, we would humbly beg your forbearance.

It gives us great pleasure to welcome to our midst three "Freshers." They are Richard Pope, who with the now veteran

John Curran represents us in the Faculty of Engineering, Brendan O'Carroll who lives in "splendid isolation" at the School of Commerce in Abercromby Square, and John Kinnane in Education. We would like to take this opportunity of wishing them every success in their new surroundings.

About "old hands" there is little news. Bill Johnson graduated at summer with the degree of B.Eng., and is now with the Navy, while Gerry Growney is working for Unilevers, "Somewhere in England."

Although we cannot claim John Bligh as an Old Edwardian in the strict sense of the word—he spent only a few years at St. Domingo Road before going to St. Joseph's, Blackpool—yet we are proud to see him

occupying the position of the President of the Men's Guild of Undergraduates for the current session.

Much more of interest might be written, but with the injunction about careless talk helping the enemy fresh in our minds, we refrain for the moment from doing so.

And thus, with a final apology for our brevity, we wish you all *Au Revoir* until next term.

Yours as ever,  
'VARSITY.



## SIMMARIES LETTER.

SIMMARIES.

LIVERPOOL (*pro. tem.*).

Dear Mr. Editor,

As you see by the address, Simmaries is, by the grace and virtue of Hitler, at present rustivating. All the present Simmarians are working hard for that dreadful day of our return. We all expect to be able to get back to Alma Mater in the New Year, when with the greatest of pleasure we hope to welcome S. Simpson, W. McGrail, P. Sands, and H. Delamere. Of course, the welcome will include an initiation into the mysteries and traditions which have lived in Simmaries for so many years.

As regards our own year, all who are now left to carry on the good work are: F. Navein, P. Reilly and E. Brash, and the first two will probably have registered for H.M. Forces before the Magazine goes to print. Of the others, T. Harding, at present serving with the South Staffs, is trying to transfer to the R.A.F., T. Ryan is with the R.A.F., P. Richardson with the R.A.P.C. (Pay-Corps for the ignoramuses or—"i") and H. Merrivale with the Ordnance Corps. I think, actually, that Simmaries will eventually control the R.A.F. as so many of her sons have joined this branch, and many of these are also Edwardians.

We are looking forward to obtaining some evidence of athletic abilities from the future Simmarians as the College again defeated Boro' Road, our keenest rival in the inter-college athletics. This is our ninth successive victory (newcomers please note and emulate), so the Shield is still in Simmaries and there it must stay.

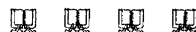
No definite news can be given for Committee appointments, save F. Navein in the Photographic section. With the possibility of a speedy return, however, we look to E. Brash for Soccer and P. Reilly for Hockey. Both represented the College during last season and we expect them to get their Colours this year. Liverpool has ceded her place as "ruler of the roost" to Newcastle but only, we hope, for a very brief period. Edwardians are still the largest number from any one school and, whatever the position of Liverpool, this honour and privilege must not be lost; so look to it, St. Edward's.

At summer we said "Au revoir" to those illustrious Second and Third Year Edwardians who were, at the time, in the throes of Certif. and Degrees. We can now offer them our congratulations.

Well, to all Edwardians we wish every success in forthcoming exams. and we welcome all future Simmarians with an open hand. (Ask the Simmarians what that one means as only they know the tradition of the ceremonial "laying of hands").

Best wishes to all Edwardians everywhere.

"SIMMARIES."



## LONDON LETTER.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Though it is with pleasure one hears that you are carrying on with publication of the Magazine, it is with regret that I write this short note: regret because I can tell you nothing of our activities.

Always is there difficulty in gathering

some news for you, since we are normally so widely spread out in this Metropolis. Nowadays this difficulty, as you can well imagine, is considerably greater. Personal contact is almost impossible and telephonic communication not always possible, even if you knew where to find your men.

I have been able to get in touch with one or two Old Boys and I can record that, so far as my enquiries go, none of our number here in London has fallen a victim to the murdering marauders. All can tell, however, of very near things.

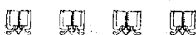
I have no need to tell your readers of experiences that befall us here. You know them for yourself, and I have no desire to be a "bomb bore." In addition, there is always the risk of giving away some slight piece of information quite unintentionally.

Despite the nightly, and daily for that matter, "blitz," we go about our jobs much as usual, certainly as cheerful as usual.

Again expressing regret for my inability to give you any further information and wishing you all safety at all times as part of our Christmas wishes.

Yours as ever,

AN OLD BOY IN LONDON.



## UPHOLLAND LETTER.

UPHOLLAND COLLEGE,  
WIGAN.

27th November, 1940.

Dear Mr. Editor,

It suddenly occurred to me to-day that Christmas is coming and my thoughts flew to the Editor of the St. Edward's College Magazine, waiting patiently for his Christmas letter. The call of duty was loud and insistent, and thus it is that in response to the summons I take up my pen and write.

Let me first of all begin by wishing you all at St. Edward's a very happy Christmas, and may health and prosperity be yours during

the coming year. We are glad to record that four new students arrived this year from St. Edward's. They are Vincent Burrowes, Denis Gaskin, Kevin Mullen and John O'Brien. We wish them every success in their studies, and hope that one day will see the achievement of their holy desire.

Not long ago, on the 13th October, occurred the feast of St. Edward, and we at Upholland celebrated the feast in the usual way by having a "free" day. At night we had a concert, and if you had paid us a visit that night, and paused outside our Common Room door, you would perhaps have heard strange sounds proceeding therefrom. You would have been forgiven for thinking it was the Air Raid warning, but on closer inspection you would have discovered the be-cassocked forms of five Old Edwardians, struggling valiantly to render, to an appreciative audience the Old School Song. The song had rather a stormy opening, due to the existence of various schools of thought. It was a case of every man for himself. However, I am glad to record that it ended on a note of triumph, with everybody in perfect harmony. The full-throated "Kia Ora" which followed must surely have been heard all over Upholland, and it would have gladdened Mr. Curtin's heart to hear it. The training we used to undergo in the schoolyard before Shield matches certainly stood us in good stead.

I sincerely hope that the College at Sandfield Park is still standing four square to all the winds, and has not suffered any damage from air raids. We ourselves have had one or two narrow escapes. One bomb fell near here, and the noise of the explosion was so great that it actually got us all out of bed! However, it became known later that the bomb had fallen at least one mile away.

We have started a National Savings Group in the College, with the object of aiding the War effort. Some of us are going to buy Spitfires, whilst others prefer to do something in the Torpedo line. One or two,

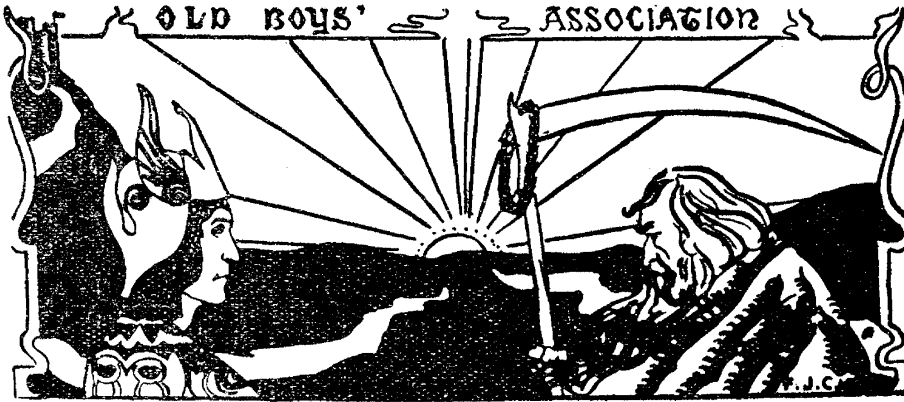
indeed, are thinking wistfully of a Battleship. Whatever happens, history will one day record that, when England called, Upholland was not found wanting.

I will conclude this letter by bringing to your notice the fact that two Old Edwardians

received the Diaconite last September. They are E. Geoghegan and W. Doyle. I am sure you will share in the joy which is theirs.

Yours sincerely,

UPHOLLAND.



## Old Boys' Notes and News.

### THE EMERGENCY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, 1939-1940.

*President:* Mr. A. CUNNINGHAM.

*Vice-President:* Mr. G. J. ALSTON.

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

*Hon. Treasurer:* Mr. FRANK H. LOUGHLIN.

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(Tel. No.: Childwall 2335).

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112, Anfield Road, Liverpool, 4.

*Executive Committee:*

Messrs. J. CUNNINGHAM, H. KERSHAW, G. M.

HEALY, E. J. MCGUINNESS, H. FIELD.

*House Secretary:* Mr. E. J. MCGUINNESS,

30 Glenconner Road, Liverpool, 16.

*Hon. Publicity Secretary:* Mr. J. LE ROI,

8 Ballantyne Grove, Liverpool, 13.

### Subscription Rates.

Life Membership (including  
Magazines) ... .. £3 3 0

Ordinary and Associate Member- ship (with Magazines) ...	0 6 0
Ordinary and Associate Member- ship (no Magazines) ... ..	0 5 0
Junior Membership ... ..	0 2 6
Corresponding Membership (with Magazines) ... ..	0 2 6

Members subscribing at the rate of 6d. per week, or Junior Members at 3d. per week, to the Club Headquarters shall be entitled thereby to Membership of the Association and of any Sub-Section thereof. These Members shall be supplied free with the College Magazine.

Subscriptions become due on 30th April of each year. Failure to renew by 1st July shall entail loss of Membership. Corresponding Membership falls due one year from the date of enrollment.

**A**S the War enters upon its second year, its effects upon our ordinary, everyday lives become more and more evident. The Association has not escaped—in fact, as the months roll by, it becomes more apparent that we must content ourselves with a pale shadow of our usual activities. The Old Cathinians no longer battle in the football sphere; the K.O. Ra-Jahs no longer black their faces to hide their blushes as they endeavour to amuse their audiences; the Hikers no longer make their leisurely excursions to local beauty spots; the Dancers no longer gather together on the last Saturday of each month to enjoy themselves; Bulletins are no longer distributed monthly to our Old Boys; Bishop's Court no longer blazes with light each evening as our members foregather for keen tussles in the table-tennis room or on the billiard table; the Treasurer no longer meets dozens of Old Boys and "duns" them for their subscriptions! All is changed and our Old Boys are now scattered almost to the four corners of the world. They have the satisfaction of knowing that they are doing their bit to help their country and we, at home, are proud of them.

Under such changed circumstances, the most we can hope to do is to keep things going until they return and can give us once more their wholehearted support. This we have so far succeeded in doing and we can still call our Club Headquarters our own. Nevertheless, it's a heartbreaking task, and we can do with all the assistance that we can get.

Nobody is anxious to be far away from home these nights and many, still in Liverpool, are busily occupied with work of National importance, or take their turn of duty with the Home Guard or the A.R.P. Services. It is difficult to imagine how the Club can carry on in face of these obstacles to its *normal* functioning. There's only one thing for it! The Club must function *abnormally* for the duration. For the time being we hope to carry on in the following way:—

Socials are to be held fortnightly at Bishop's Court, on Sunday afternoons at 3 p.m. (instead of at night as hitherto).

Old Boys are urged to make a real effort to patronise the Club Rooms on Saturday afternoons and Sunday afternoons (instead of attending at night).

Those who cannot attend the Club are requested to send along their subscriptions or donations to the Treasurer—it seems to be a fact that *most* people have more money to spend in wartime than in peacetime. We could use some of this money—in fact, we cannot continue without financial support and we are determined to keep our Headquarters until the War is over. Please don't overlook this method of doing your bit!

These Notes are necessarily short and the censorship restrictions will not permit the usual reports of the movements of Old Boys, but we are appending here a list of Old Boys who are on Active Service. We know that the list is far from complete, and we appeal to all our readers to assist us by sending along the name and unit of any Old Boy who has been omitted from the list. Just send it along to the Editor of the Magazine at St. Edward's College and it will reach the proper quarter.



### OLD BOYS SERVING IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

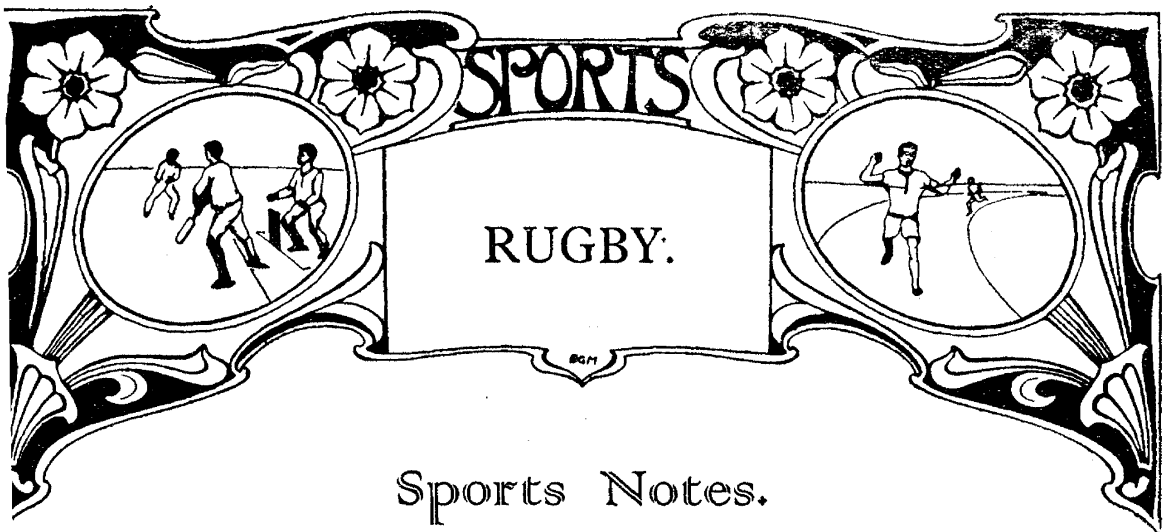
<i>Name.</i>	<i>Unit.</i>
ADAMSON, G. W. ...	Royal Air Force.
ADDERLEY, J. ...	Royal Air Force.
AINSWORTH, Rev. Fr.	Army Chaplain.
ATKINS, J. ...	Royal Engineers.
ATHERTON, G. ...	King's Liverpool Regt.
BANKS, J. ...	Royal Air Force.
BANNON, J. ...	Royal Engineers.
BASLEY, J. ...	Fleet Air Arm.
BEAUMONT, H. ...	Royal Army Pay Corps.
BERRY, J. ...	—
BRAMWELL, R. ...	Royal Air Force.

BRENNAN, J. ... ..	R'l Army Med. Corps.	DUNPHY, J. ... ..	R'l Army Med. Corps.
BRETHERTON, J. ...	Royal Air Force.	EDWARDS, J. J. ...	Royal Artillery.
BROSNAN, P. ... ..	Royal Air Force.	EGERTON, O. F. ...	—
BRYSON, F. ... ..	—	ENNIS, J. ... ..	Irish Guards.
BRYSON, J. G. ... ..	H. A/A Royal Artillery	FAY, J. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
BRYSON, K. ... ..	Royal Artillery.	FIELD, H. ... ..	Merchant Service.
BURKE, A. C. ... ..	R'l Army Serv. Corps.	FIELD, J. ... ..	Royal Field Artillery.
BURKE, L. ... ..	Royal Air Force.	FENNELL, R. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
BURKE, E. P. ... ..	Royal Air Force.	FENNELL, W. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
BURKE, J. ... ..	R'l Army Ord. Corps.	FLYNN, M. F. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
BURROWES, J. E. ...	Royal Corps of Signals.	FORTUNE, M. F. ...	King's Liverpool Regt.
BUSHELL, F. ... ..	Royal Air Force.	FITZSIMMONS, M. ...	Scots Guards.
BYRNE, J. ... ..	Cheshire Regiment.	FITZGERALD, A. ...	Royal Air Force.
BYRNE, J. ... ..	R'l Army Serv. Corps.	FORD, M. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
BEGGS, J. ... ..	Royal Air Force.	GANNON ... ..	Cheshire Regiment.
CALENDER, W. F. ...	Royal Corps of Signals.	GAVIN, J. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
CALLAGHAN, H. ...	Royal Air Force.	GILES, E. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
CARROLL, P. ... ..	R'l Army Ord. Corps.	GILLOW, Rev. Fr. Leo	Army Chaplain.
CARTY, J. G. ... ..	—	GLYNN, J. ... ..	R'l Army Med. Corps.
CLARK, J. ... ..	R'l Army Ord. Corps.	GOODALL, P. J. ...	Royal Corps of Signals.
CLARKE, F. ... ..	—	GRANT, T. ... ..	Royal Artillery.
CLINTON, C. ... ..	King's Liverpool Regt.	GRANT, T. ... ..	Royal Corps of Signals.
COGGAR, J. ... ..	Scots Guards.	HAGEDORN, J. ... ..	K.O. Royal Lancasters.
COLE, J. F. ... ..	— B.E.F.	HARDING, T. ... ..	R'l Staffordshire Regt.
COLLEY, J. ... ..	Liverpool Scottish.	HARRINGTON, F. ...	Royal Artillery.
CONNOLLY, G. ... ..	Royal Air Force.	HAWE, P. R. ... ..	R'l Army Med. Corps.
COWAN, J. ... ..	R'l Army Med. Corps.	HAWKINS, G. ... ..	—
COLLINS, C. T. ... ..	Liverpool Scottish.	HEALEY, G. M. ... ..	R'l Army Serv. Corps.
COLLINS, F. J. ... ..	Liverpool Scottish.	HEALY, Rev. Fr. T.B.	Army Chaplain.
CRAVEN, T. ... ..	Royal Air Force.	HELLYER, H. ... ..	Royal Field Artillery.
CROSBIE, T. ... ..	Royal Marines.	HENDRY, D. ... ..	R'l Army Serv. Corps.
CULLITY, M. J. ... ..	H. A/A Royal Artillery	HENRY, T. ... ..	A/A Royal Artillery.
CULLITY, N. P. ... ..	Cheshire Regiment (Prisoner of War).	HESSON, G. L. ... ..	R'l Army Serv. Corps.
CULLITY, P. J. ... ..	Royal Horse Artillery.	HICKMAN ... ..	Lancashire Fusiliers.
CULLITY, R. D. ... ..	H. A/A Royal Artillery	HOGAN, L. ... ..	King's O. Royal Regt.
CUNNINGHAM, J. ...	—	HOLLINGSWORTH, R.	Royal Air Force.
DAKE, M. J. ... ..	Liverpool-Scottish.	HOSKINSON, E. ...	—
DALY, R. ... ..	Cheshire Regiment.	HOWARD, B. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
DARCY, J. ... ..	—	HURLEY, M. ... ..	Royal Corps of Signals.
DENSON, F. ... ..	Royal Corps of Signals.	HYLAND, R. ... ..	Fleet Air Arm. R.I.P.
DE POLO, J. ... ..	Royal Tank Corps.	ION, J. B. ... ..	Cheshire Regiment.
DERBYSHIRE, W. ...	R'l Army Serv. Corps.	ION, J. P. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
DEVINE, G. ... ..	Royal Air Force.	JACK, V. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
DONNELLY, B. ... ..	—	JONES, H. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
DOYLE, J. F. ... ..	Royal Air Force.	JONES, T. ... ..	Royal Tank Corps.
DUDMAN, N. ... ..	L. A/A Royal Artillery	KEAN, C. A. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
		KELLY, J. ... ..	Royal Air Force.

KELLY, J. ....	Royal Corps of Signals.	MOLYNEUX, A. ...	R'l Army Med. Corps.
KELLY, R. ....	Royal Navy.	MOONAN, F. ...	—
KERR, J. ....	Merchant Service.	MOORE, E. L. ...	Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps.
KERRIGAN, A. ....	Royal Air Force.	MOORE, J. ...	Royal Engineers.
KERSHAW, H. ....	Royal Artillery.	MORGAN, V. ...	Royal Corps of Signals.
KERSHAW, R. J. ...	Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps.	MORGAN ...	Liverpool Scottish.
KIRWAN, J. ....	Royal Army Pay Corps.	MORRIS, A. R. ...	Royal Air Force.
KNOX, A. ....	R'l Suffolk Yeomanry.	MCQUADE, T. ...	King's Liverpool Regt.
LARKIN, E. ....	Merchant Service.	MORRIS, G. ...	Royal Air Force.
LAWLER, W. A. ...	King's O. Royal Regt.	MURPHY, Rev. Fr. C.	Army Chaplain.
LE BRUN, V. ....	—	NELSON, W. P. ...	Royal Corps of Signals.
LINDON, P. ....	Royal Artillery.	NOONAN, D. ...	Royal Tank Corps.
LITOLEF, B. ....	Royal Air Force.	O'BRIEN, B. ...	Royal Air Force.
LOUGHLIN, H. T. ...	L. A/A Royal Artillery	O'BRIEN, N. ...	Royal Army Pay Corps.
LOVELADY, L. ....	Royal Artillery.	O'CALLAGHAN, J. ...	Cheshire Regiment.
LUDDEN, J. ....	R'l Army Serv. Corps.	O'NEILL, H. ...	Royal Air Force.
LUNT, G. E. ....	Royal Field Artillery.	ORMOND, G. ...	R'l Army Serv. Corps.
LEONARD, J. ....	Royal Air Force.	PELLEGRINI, G. ...	R'l Army Med. Corps.
MABBS, F. ....	—	PENLINGTON ...	Royal Air Force.
MACNAMARA, J. ...	R'l Army Ord. Corps.	POWER, F. R. ...	Merchant Service.
MAHER, J. ....	Merchant Service.	PRATT, G. F. ...	King's Liverpool Regt.
MARTIN, C. ....	—	PRATT, L. A. ...	King's Liverpool Regt.
MAXWELL, A. ....	Royal Corps of Signals.	PRATT, R. ...	R.N. Volunteer Reserve
McALISTER, J. ....	Liverpool Scottish.	PURICELLI, J. ...	Merchant Service.
McBRIDE, G. ....	Royal Air Force.	QUINN, L. ...	Royal Air Force.
McCAFFREY, J. ...	Cameronians.	ROBERTS, J. ...	Royal Navy.
McDONALD, L. ...	South Lancs. Fusiliers.	ROBERTS, F. ...	Royal Corps of Signals.
McDONNELL, F. ...	Royal Air Force.	RICHARDSON, P. F. ...	Royal Air Force.
McDOWELL, Rev. ...	Fr. J. Army Chaplain.	RICHARDSON, W. ...	Royal Air Force.
McGOWAN ...	5th King's (Infantry).	RICHMOND, F. ...	Royal Engineers.
McGUINNESS, E. J.	Royal Army Pay Corps.	RILEY, T. ...	Royal Air Force.
McGIRR, S. ....	Royal Navy.	ROBINSON, A. ...	—
McKEOWN, F. ...	Royal Navy.	ROBINSON, D. ...	R.A.F. Medical Corps.
McVEY, A. ....	—	ROBINSON, H. ...	Royal Engineers.
McWADE, J. ...	Liverpool Scottish.	ROGERS, H. ...	—
MORAN, T. ....	Royal Engineers.	ROSSITER, J. ...	Royal Air Force.
MORAN, F. ....	Royal Air Force.	ROWE, J. ...	Royal Air Force.
McFARLAND, E. ...	Royal Navy.	RYAN, J. A. ...	Royal Engineers.
McGUINNESS, K. ....	Royal Artillery.	RYAN, T. ...	Royal Air Force.
MORRIS, A. ....	Royal Air Force.	SHACKLADY ...	Royal Army Pay Corps.
MURPHY, T. ....	Liverpool Irish.	SINNOTT, F. ...	Royal Air Force.
MERIVALE, H. ...	R'l Army Ord. Corps.	SINNOTT, G. ...	Royal Navy.
MEYER, V. G. ....	Royal Navy.	SAUNDERS, R. H. ...	R'l Army Serv. Corps.
MOLONEY, B. ....	Royal Navy.	SHANNON, W. ...	Durham Lt. Infantry.
MOLONEY, T. ....	Royal Engineers. R.I.P.	SHENNAN, J. ...	Royal Air Force.
		SHIPLEY, T. ...	Royal Artillery.



SLOAN, F. ... ..	O.C.T.U.	TURNER, G. ... ..	A/A Royal Artillery.
SMITH, L. ... ..	Fleet Air Arm.	THOMAS, A. ... ..	A/A Royal Artillery.
SMERDON, J. ... ..	Royal Air Force.	THOMAS, A. ... ..	Royal Corps of Signals.
SMERDON, R. ... ..	Scots Guards.	WAFER, E. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
SMERDON, W. L. ... ..	Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps.	WHELAN, J. ... ..	—
STACK, J. ... ..	Royal Air Force.	WILLIAMS, A. T. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
STOPFORTH, R. ... ..	Royal Corps of Signals.	WORTHINGTON, R. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
THOMAS, W. ... ..	Royal Air Force.	WOLFE, S. ... ..	Cameron Highlanders.
TIMMONS, W. J. ... ..	Royal Armoured Corps.	WELCH, A. G. ... ..	Royal Corps of Signals.
TURNER, A. J. ... ..	R'l Army Med. Corps.	WHITTY, R. ... ..	Royal Air Force.
		YATES, F. ... ..	Royal Artillery.



## Sports Notes.

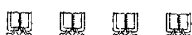
### HOUSE NOTES.

Owing to Evacuation and other conditions resulting from the War, it was not possible to hold the House Competitions in Rugby and in Athletics. The only result engraved on the House Shield for 1939-40 has been that for Cricket, of which Hope House was the winner.

The points gained by each House at Cricket were as follows:—

Domingo 12	Mersey 22
Hope ... 48	Sefton 46

This Term, only two Rugby House matches have been played; Sefton were the winners of one, Hope of the other.

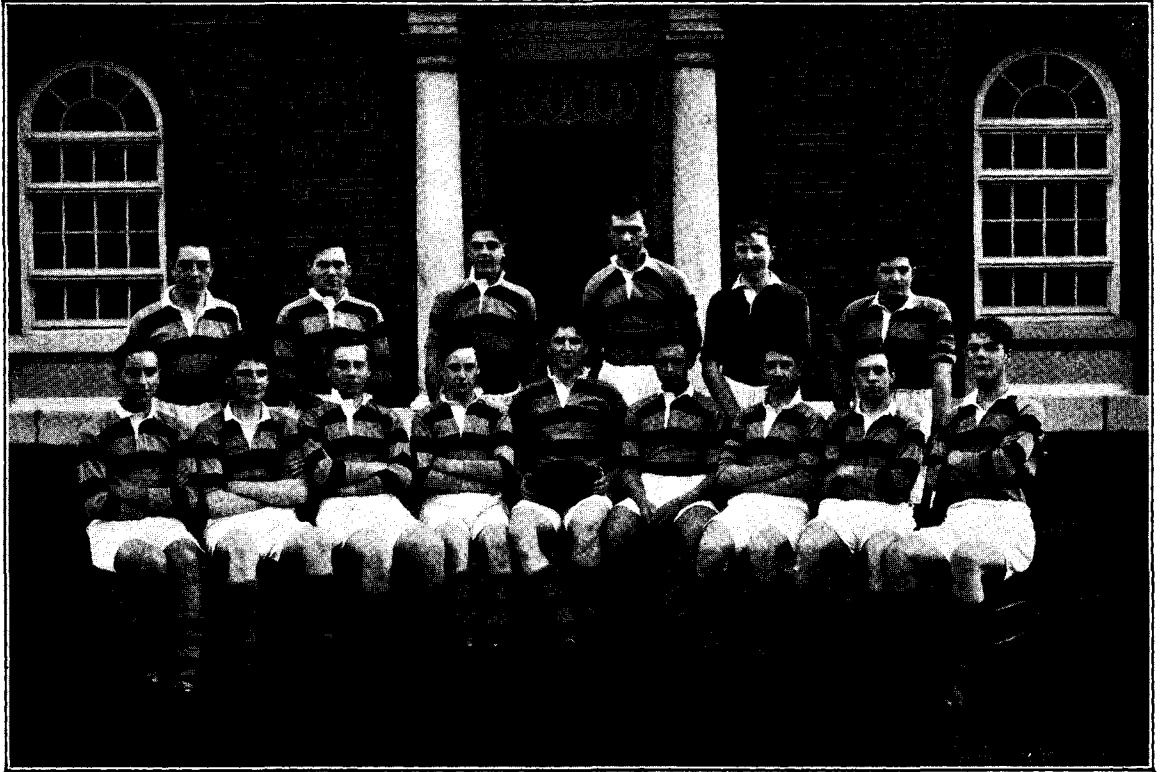


### RUGBY.

Rugby is entering upon its second season at Sandfield Park and, despite several setbacks, is progressing favourably. The best use has been made of weekly practices and a strong set of teams is beginning to form. The Juniors are particularly enthusiastic, and are the makings of a really first-class team.

At present, we have two strong Senior "Fifteens" which, having practised diligently, despite their inexperience are very anxious to test their mettle against other colleges. We had hoped to match St. Anselm's on Saturday, 2nd November, but owing to bad weather the match had to be cancelled. However, on Saturday, 9th November, we played the

FIRST FIFTEEN, 1940-41.



*Standing:* B. LUDDEN, B. CUNNINGHAM, D. CALLAGHAN, F. S. MURPHY, K. J. MULHEARN, J. L. MOORE.

*Seated:* P. McCULLA, J. J. TIERNAN, P. H. MEADE, J. J. PETERS, J. R. O'DONNELL, R. J. SLOAN, R. W. LANE, K. J. KEITH, F. D. RAMOS

Collegiate in two games. The Bantams, playing at Holly Lodge, gave a good account of themselves and brought off their first victory. The 1st XV benefited by weather conditions and managed to hold their opponents to a draw. A fuller account of each game will be found later on in these notes.

The First XV is greatly strengthened by the addition of R. O'Donnell, whose previous experience, coupled with his unusual height, has improved the efficiency of the team. Callaghan, our wiry three-quarter, shows an amazing burst of speed; ably assisted by R. Sloan. The forwards, in general, are a persevering pack both in the scrum and in the loose.

Finally, we must thank sincerely the Brothers and Masters for the great assistance and encouragement they have afforded the teams, and are confident for the successful future of Rugby at Sandfield Park.

R.L. and F.R.

#### S.E.C. v. Collegiate. At Sandfield Park 9th November.

S.E.C. Team: Ramos, Roberts, O'Donnell, Callaghan, McCulla, Sloan, Peters, Lane, Murphy, Ludden, Moore, Roache, Meade, Cunningham, Mulhearn.

The weather was as bad as could possibly be imagined, and the match began in pouring rain. St. Edward's won the toss and decided to play against a very slight breeze. From the start, it was evident that it was to be a forwards' game. Our forwards rushed upon the opposing pack and gained possession of the ball which was passed out to the three-quarters, who began a promising forward movement. On the Collegiate 25, Callaghan, our wing three-quarter, gained possession of the ball and with a great effort beat the opposing full-back and touched-down between the posts. Sloan failed to convert. This early success heartened S.E.C. whose forwards entered into the game with great enthusiasm, and for a time we pressed the Collegiate very hard. Had it not been for several offside offences, S.E.C. might have crossed the line more than once in the first half. After one of these offside offences, Collegiate found touch on our 25-yd. line. In the ensuing line-out the Collegiate gained the ball and attacked on our blind-side, and, despite strong tackling, managed to touch-down near the corner flag. The try was unconverted. The remainder of the first half was confined to scrums in mid-field.

Half-time: S.E.C. 3 pts., Collegiate 3 pts.

The second half saw a great improvement in the S.E.C. methods. They realised it was impossible to use passing tactics, and so concentrated their efforts in kicking for touch and hustling the Collegiate pack by concerted forward rushes. Half-way through the second half, one of these rushes took us right up to the Collegiate goal-line, and in the struggle it was anybody's ball. One of the Collegiate players,

however, managed to touch down and saved the situation.

Collegiate had the best of the scrums and line-outs, but St. Edward's took the merits in the loose, where O'Donnell proved himself an able captain, his strong tackling and forceful play giving great encouragement and example to the rest of the team. Although Collegiate displayed the greater polish, St. Edward's held them, with more direct play, and when the final whistle went the score was still:

St. Edward's 3 pts., Collegiate 3 pts. R.L.

#### S.E.C. Bantams v. Collegiate Bantams.

At Holly Lodge, November 9th.

This was the first game to be played against another school since the introduction of Rugby. The weather had been very unsettled before the match began. Then it made up its mind and rain came to stay for the day. The teams were not very evenly matched, Collegiate having a heavier scrum and much stronger backs. This had its inevitable result in the beginning of the game. The first ten minutes it was all Collegiate—they did everything but score. Slowly the St. Edward's team found its feet and the play was veering towards midfield, at least away from our goal line, and then one of the backs took three of our boys over the line with himself for an unconverted try. This put us back to half-way! For the first time we advanced into enemy territory, only to be repulsed. The slope and rain were against us, and the opponents returned to the attack. Another unconverted try was added to the Collegiate total, to make the half-time score:

St. Edward's College Bantams, nil.

Collegiate Bantams, 6 pts.

The second half saw a gradual swing round in our favour. St. Edward's forwards, though smaller, were now heeling the ball regularly and pushing the opposing pack off the ball. This gave us the great advantage of possession—after all, one cannot score if the other side has the ball! Then, the rain was behind us. By abandoning futile attempts to handle the greasy ball, by kicking to touch or ahead and then following up play was now kept in the Collegiate half. From a loose scrum, N. McNally went over for a try near the posts. K. Roberts added the extra points. With hopes raised we began attacking again, only to fall back before a good forward charge. A miskick by the left wing three-quarter led to a five-yds. scrum. We heeled, as usual, but their scrum half got it—not ours—another unconverted try, 5-9. From the kick-off we pressed and were rewarded by an unconverted try by J. Cunningham. The kick failed, leaving us down a point—and four minutes to go. From the restart, play developed into a mid-field scramble. Then, A. Johnson followed up a kick ahead, took the ball cleanly, and made a fine run of 40-yds. to the corner flag; when sweeping in, he put the ball behind the posts. The kick hit the upright and rebounded. What matter! The final whistle followed, to give us our first victory.

S.E.C. Bantams (1 goal, 2 tries), 11 pts.

Collegiate Bantams (3 tries), 9 pts.

To summarise: Collegiate showed a much better knowledge of the game, and had the advantage in weight. St. Edward's had plenty of enthusiasm and go, never shirked a tackle, pushed and heeled very well in the scrum, but often fell into an offside position. Our three-quarters as a line could not compare with their opponents. This can come by hard and regular practice. Meanwhile let us rejoice at the first success of the School on its new venture.