

# St. Edward's College

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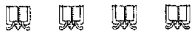
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## School Notes.

**A**T first there were fears that this issue of the School Magazine would not appear on account of the paper shortage, unusual circumstances, etc., but where there's a will there's a way.



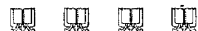
The report of this Term's happenings can be summed up in the now familiar communiqué: "Nothing of importance to report." In mid-term we suffered from the inclemency of the weather, and had to close for some days as a result. However, nature soon righted herself and a week saw the College back to normal.



The playing field, at the beginning of this term, was equipped with the new Rugby tackle, and every Wednesday and Saturday (weather permitting) the Edwardians can be seen mastering the rudiments of the game. One could hardly tell that once we were a "soccer" school.



It is with pleasure we hear that W. McGrail, P. Sands J. Kinnane and W. Simpson have been accepted as entrants to Hammersmith Training College this coming September.



The Editorial Committee wish to take

the opportunity here to thank the School, for the generous response to our request for more articles. The response was a favourable indication that the School is not lacking in literary talent, and so many articles were received that we have had to hold some in

reserve for future use. This is why some of your articles may not appear in this issue. Do not despair if your effort is not accepted, but try again and look on your first attempt as practice. Whether big or small, do not be afraid to send us your contribution.

## Photography.

**T**HERE is quite a large choice of very interesting pastimes from which one can choose according to one's taste. Photography, so very popular in these days, is a very enjoyable hobby. Although quite inexpensive when we think of the magnificent results to be obtained from it, yet many people think that the cost of this hobby is prohibitive. Such an opinion, however, is quite mistaken, nor do facts bear it out. Modern science has so far improved photographic technique, and at the same time lessened its cost, that photography is now within the reach of all. There is nothing unduly technical in this hobby, and even a child can manipulate a modern camera.

Really successful photographs may be taken with a few simple accessories, and although photographic firms recommend quite a number of such accessories they are by no means a necessity. All one needs is a fairly good camera with a moderately "fast" lens coupled with a plate, or roll, film on which a sharp image can be secured. With these clear and well-defined photographs can almost always be obtained. In taking photographs a camera with a fixed focus lens and a uniform shutter speed will be found the most practical for amateurs. Such a camera will give clear and sharp pictures of any object at from eight to one hundred feet away. The best results in snapshot photographs are obtained on bright sunny days; in dull weather exposures will, of course, be found necessary.

For normal photographic work the ordinary film is sufficient. Such films, being,

of course, or tho-chromatic, that is to say, making the objects photographed appear in their correct tone value in black and white, are sensitive only to blue, yellow and very faintly to green. For better class work chromatic films should be used, that is to say, films whose silver emulsion coating is sensitive to a wider range of colours.

For really special work, however, involving high colour sensitivity, Panchromatic films should be used. This type of film is not only orthochromatic, but is sensitive to all colours, and for this reason can only be developed in complete darkness, precluding even the use of the usual ruby light. Naturally ordinary inexpensive cameras make the use of these films uneconomic, and in any case the results obtained, at least in the cheaper cameras, hardly differ at all from those given by the ordinary film. Any photographic firm will readily advise on the type of camera suitable for the Panchromatic film. It will be seen then that the selection of film, lens and camera all play an important part in this fascinating hobby. A little experience enables the amateur to gauge correctly his requirements in photographic appliances.

What has been said so far deals with ordinary photography. Scientific advance in the processes necessary for colour photography have now made possible the taking of pictures in their natural colours. This has, of course, enormously enhanced the pleasure to be obtained from the hobby, and its possibilities are indeed, to-day, unlimited. Sea and landscapes, the beauties of glen,

woodland and lake scenery are, thanks to the introduction of colour photography, no longer subjects too ambitious for those who take up this hobby. Even views by moonlight, as well as indoor pictures are now within the reach of the average photographer, and to-day it is quite possible to reproduce photographically and in their natural colours, such happy domestic pictures as children at play, and family gatherings around the festive board.

Within the scope of a simple article dealing with photography as a hobby one cannot go into detail about Cinematography,

but its wonderful possibilities will suggest themselves to the reader. To-day, indeed, an increasing number of holiday makers, tourists, hikers and travellers of every kind possess a Cine camera. Even the marvellous advance made by cinematography on the photography of some decades back is itself to-day being gradually overtaken by television photography. So, applying the words of the poet to the pictorial records of our daily life and its scenes, we can say:—

“Forsitan et haec, meminisse juvabit.”

P. CONNOLLY. VIB Mods.

## Trees and Shrubs in the Grounds of St. Edward's College, Sandfield Park.

(Continued).

### PINES.

There are over seventy varieties of Pines, of which about a dozen varieties grow in the College grounds, the commonest being the Scots pine—frequently, but incorrectly styled the Scotch fir. This tree is found throughout northern Europe where it constitutes huge forests. It is widely distributed over England; it grows wild in Yorkshire and other northern counties, and in Ireland. As its name implies it is very common in Scotland, especially on the slopes of the Grampians.

The tree attains a height of from sixty to eighty feet. When young the form is roughly conical, but the lower branches die off early, leaving the trunk bare, and the upper portion a mass of foliage. This gives the tree the gaunt weather-beaten appearance so characteristic of it. Such is the one growing in the plot between the Junior playground and the College.

The bark is reddish brown, deeply furrowed on the trunk, but smooth on the smaller branches. The leaves (“needles”) are about two inches long, narrow and either

awl-shaped or with parallel edges. In the first year of growth they are blue-green; they become dark green in the second year, and they fall in the third. As there is a succession of new leaves the tree is evergreen. The scaly, woody cones are roughly egg-shaped, but tapering to a point. The seeds are contained beneath the scales. When ripe the scales fall back, and as the cones point downward the winged seeds fall out and are carried great distances by the wind. The tree yields resin and turpentine. The wood is much used for telegraph poles and by builders, but the material generally employed is imported from Sweden, Norway and Canada. Specimens are common throughout the grounds, the best ones being near Form II. class-room in Runnymede and in the St. Clare grounds near the tennis courts.

### PLANE.

The Plane, is not known anywhere in the wild state. It was introduced into this country from North America about the middle of the sixteenth century. It attains

a height of from seventy to ninety feet. The bark is in the form of plates or shields which scale off under pressure of growth from beneath. This leaves patches of the trunk a yellowish green, giving the tree a curious speckled appearance and making it easy of identification. The leaves are large, broad and five-lobed, the lobes being produced into a number of sharp points. Instead of being attached to the stem in pairs as in the case of the Sycamore and the Maple, the leaves of the Plane are alternate on opposite sides of the shoot. They are gathered in heavy masses with broad spaces between, rather than equally distributed over the head. This is due to the way in which the crooked branches are flung about, giving the tree its irregular outline. The leaves are very smooth, hence the rain easily washes smoke and soot off them. The Plane tree is consequently often planted in the smoky streets of towns where other trees with crinkled or hairy leaves would perish.

The fruit is in the form of rough balls containing a large number of triangular nuts. The wood is fine-grained, tough and hard, and is extensively used by coach-builders, cabinet makers, etc. There is a very fine specimen in front of St. Clare, near the orchard gate. Others are in the belt of trees surrounding the grounds.

#### POPLAR.

There are five varieties of Poplar, the Lombardy Poplar being the most common in the grounds. It is so called because it was introduced from that district of Italy into England about the middle of the eighteenth century. It attains a height of from sixty to eighty feet. In form the tree is spiral or spindle-shaped, the branches all growing vertically upward—there are no horizontal branches. It thus forms a striking landmark, as does the one on the main College drive. Although it looks well singly the tree is much more attractive when planted in rows. Such

is the row at the end of Runnymede garden. Its form, height and rapidity of growth have led to its extensive use as an ornamental tree.

The bark is rough and deeply furrowed. The dark green leaves are roughly triangular in shape, with serrated edges. The wood, as is the case of most quick growing trees is not very durable, and the tree does not reach sufficient girth as the trunk tapers rapidly. It is sometimes used for making boxes and packing cases, and is largely used for making children's toys, as it does not readily split when nails are driven into it. Besides the trees already alluded to there are many Poplars in front of the College and St. Clare.

#### PRIVET.

The Privet is the most universally employed of all shrubs both for garden hedges and for ornamental purposes. It grows erect and bears trimming well. It is usually kept clipped, but may attain a height of twelve to fifteen feet. The leaves are oval and persist throughout most of the winter unless it is exceptionally severe or that the shrubs are in an exposed position. The flowers are dense, small, white and fragrant, and are succeeded by small black berries. A privet hedge surrounds the grounds of St. Clare, and one was recently planted near the south wing of the College. There are many specimens, both of the common variety and of the golden privet, throughout the grounds.

#### PYRUS (Japonica).

There are a few specimens of this very beautiful shrub in the grounds of St. Clare, the best one being opposite the covered way. The bark is smooth, shiny and of a reddish colour. The leaves are roughly oval and olive-green in colour. The flowers are beautiful clusters of creamy white blossoms. While extremely pretty they last only for a short time. They are followed by round

scarlet berries, which are eagerly eaten by the birds.

#### RHODODENDRONS.

The Rhododendrons, of which almost three hundred varieties are known, are flowering evergreen shrubs reaching a height of from twelve to fifteen feet. They are found wild in Southern Europe and Western Asia, but are not native to these islands. The leaves resemble somewhat those of the laurel, but are usually smaller and a darker green. The flowers are large closely packed globular clusters. The individual flowers are trumpet-shaped. There are many specimens in the grounds both of St. Clare and Runnymede bearing great varieties of flowers—Scarlet, Pink, Mauve, pure White, spotted White and Purple. Many others have recently been planted in the space between the south wing of the College and St. Clare.

#### SYCAMORE.

The Sycamore is found throughout Europe and Western Asia, and was introduced into England at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is a hardy tree which flourishes in almost any soil. It grows evenly all round, with massive branches, the lower ones almost reaching the ground.

The bark is fairly smooth, ashen-gray in colour and cracked into irregular flakes. The leaves are large, from four to eight inches across, and are roughly an irregular pentagon. They are divided into five evenly toothed lobes. The seeds are roughly the shape of an inverted U. The sides are thin membranes about one and a half inches long. They are carried long distances by the wind. They take root almost anywhere, and the numerous young plants often prove a nuisance. They do so in the College grounds. The wood of the Sycamore is not highly esteemed. It is, however, useful for mangle rollers, draining boards, etc., as besides keeping

white it is unaffected by alternate wet and dry. There are Sycamores in various parts of the grounds, a good many being in the belt of trees.

#### SKIMMIA.

The Skimmia is an evergreen shrub, varying from two to five feet in height. The leaves are oval-shaped, a bright green colour and of a somewhat leathery texture. When crushed they emit a not unpleasant "lemony" odour. The flowers are small trusses of white blossoms. These are succeeded by bright scarlet berries, and as they are not acceptable to the birds they remain on the shrub throughout the winter. There are good specimens of the Skimmia on the St. Clare drive, and some were recently planted near the south wing of the College.

#### SYRINGA.

The Syringa or mock-orange is a native of the north temperate zone. It grows in a somewhat straggling fashion to a height of twelve or fifteen feet. When in bloom it is a beautiful sight with its masses of strongly-scented white flowers. There are many specimens in the grounds of both St. Clare and Runnymede. There is a very fine one near the front corner of St. Clare house and other good ones on Runnymede drive, and near the College entrance gate.

#### TULIP TREE.

The Tulip tree is a native of North America, and was introduced into England towards the end of the seventeenth century. Even up to the present it is comparatively rare in this country. The tree is here always planted for ornament, and is much valued for its beautiful form and its fine straight bole. It reaches a height of from sixty to eighty feet.

The leaves are three-lobed and saddle-shaped, with a slender leaf-stalk from two

to four inches long. The flowers resemble tulips, and it is this which gives the tree its name. They are about two inches in depth, greenish yellow in colour, with various coloured spots and very fragrant. The flowering season is in June and July. There are two Tulip trees in the College grounds, the larger one—a splendid tree—being in front of St. Clare; the other, a younger one, near the pavilions in Runnymede grounds.

#### WILLOW.

The Willows are among the most numerous of British trees—almost one hundred varieties are known. The commonest in the grounds is the Crack Willow, so called because its shoots are easily snapped off at the base. It grows to a height of eighty or ninety feet. The trunk and large branches are deeply fissured; the smaller branches are smooth. The leaves are lance-shaped, from three to five inches long and with serrated margins. The wood is tough, light and of a lasting quality. There are specimens in Runnymede grounds near the north wing of the College.

#### WHITEBEAM.

The Whitebeam is widely distributed throughout England. It is not a large tree, seldom attaining a height of more than forty feet. The bark is a brownish colour and fairly smooth. The branches all have an upward tendency, giving the tree a graceful form. The leaves are a broad oval with the margins somewhat coarsely indented. The upper surface of the leaves is smooth, but the underside is covered with a white cottony down. Hence the name—Beam being the Saxon word for tree. When the summer breezes stir the leaves and show the silvery whiteness of the underside the effect is very striking. The autumn tints of the leaves are varied and beautiful.

The flowers, which appear in May or June, are large white clusters, the separate

flowers being about half-an-inch across. They are succeeded by small, oval, scarlet berries which, like the fruit of the Medlar, are not unpleasant to eat when over-ripe. The wood is close-grained and hard and takes a high polish. Cog wheels, as well as small objects such as wooden spoons are made from it. There are some Whitebeam in the belt of trees surrounding the grounds; a particularly good one being near the First XI. cricket pitch.

#### YEW.

The Yew is indigenous to this country. It is reputed the longest lived of all trees, exceeding even the Oak in age. It grows very slowly and having reached maturity it retains its vigour for many years. It is an evergreen, dark and sombre. It never grows very tall, ranging in height from twenty to forty feet. The trunk is short and thick, giving the impression of clustered columns, due to the fact that the tree pushes out shoots from the base of the trunk; these grow upward and become fused together, thus producing the columnar effect.

The bark is thin and reddish, and the old bark falls off in flakes. The branches spread horizontally, but have a downward tendency at the ends. The leaves are needle-shaped, dark green and of a leathery texture. They grow in irregular rows on the branches. They are poisonous to horses and cattle, but rabbits feed on them with impunity. The Yew is often planted in cemeteries.

The slow growth of the Yew produces the hard, elastic and compact wood that in the past was so highly esteemed for the English long-bows. The wood of the Yew is also extremely durable so that it is said that "A post of Yew will outlast a post of iron."

#### IRISH YEW.

The Irish Yew differs from the usual

type in having its branches growing erectly, after the manner of the Lombardy Poplar, and also in having its leaves scattered promiscuously over the branches. There are many

specimens of both kinds of Yew in the College grounds; large numbers of Irish Yew surround Runnymede house.

M.C.R.

## Some Interesting Facts about Stoneycroft, Old Swan and West Derby.

THE word Stoneycroft is formed out of two words: "stoney" and "croft." These two words were once the description of the land now called Stoneycroft. This land, which comes under the name of Stoneycroft, was once the property of a farmer. When this farmer died he bequeathed this land to his son. The land at that time was stony ground and useless. But the son, who had become the owner decided to make the stoney croft a reformed croft. This he did with hard work, and the reformed croft was the talk of the countryside. That is how Stoneycroft was named.

Stoneycroft has a sandstone foundation, that is why most of its houses and walls are built of sandstone. The Green Lane car sheds stand on a site which was once occupied by an old country inn called "The Traveller's Rest." This inn possessed a turnpike which was one of the four turnpikes from which toll could be demanded on the Liverpool to Manchester road. The other turnpikes were at Freshfield, Stanley and Huyton. In front of the inn flowed a small stream which had its source somewhere in Wavertree and had the name of the Tue Brook. This stream flowed the full length of Green Lane, which, at the time, was a mile long. This lane was converted into a main transport road by the West Derby Council and proved to be a costly piece of work.

Old Swan, which was once a separate district from Stoneycroft, and had its own boundaries, is also of sandstone foundation. The name Old Swan came from the shield

of the lord of the manor which had three white swans on it, and at one time each swan represented part of the district now known as Old Swan. At one time it was thought that Old Swan would become famous for its glass making industry. The promoters of this business hired a number of French glass workers to come over from France and work in the factory. But owing to an official of the factory making alterations in the books that should not have been made and causing a scandal the Government ordered the factory to be closed. The dome of the factory was one of the original landmarks of Old Swan. West Derby was recorded in the Domesday Book as being the most important piece of land between the Mersey and the Ribble. One of the most important landmarks of West Derby are the stocks. These stocks were erected in 1800 in place of the previous wooden stocks which had rotted away.

Another well known part of West Derby is Sandfield Park. This land derived its name from the Old Hall, Sandfield Park. These buildings, two hundred years ago, were called Sandfield, are still remaining and have had their names changed three times during the last two centuries. The oldest date in which Sandfield Park is mentioned is in sixteen hundred and sixty-two when a law case arose over a piece of land called Sandfield in the Manor of West Derby, nineteen and a half acres in area. The remaining Old Hall has a stone showing an even older date.

M.B. (Lower V)

## A Rainy Evening.

I love to lie in bed  
 And listen to the rain  
 Go pitter, pitter, patter  
 Upon my window pane.  
 I often think of the people  
 As they pass along the street,

The clerks and the busy postman  
 With tired and weary feet.  
 I go to bed quite early,  
 And lie awake for hours;  
 That's when I like to listen  
 To the pelting rain and showers.

HERBERT DAVIES (IIIa).

## Caught in the Whirligig of Posters.

**G**OING home from school on the bus a few evenings ago I decided to look at the advertisements on the hoardings instead of reading a book. Mile after mile I gazed through the window at innumerable posters, big posters, small posters, coloured posters, plain posters, until eventually I was caught in some kind of whirligig and I dozed.

I was entering a school which looked like ours yet which was different—different because there, confronting me, was a large sign bearing the words, "The King of Soaps—the Soap of Kings. Come clean to school after a wash with Soap." It seemed quite familiar to me, and I passed on into school. The bell was ringing so I took my place in the Assembly Hall. I remember the number of my place distinctly; it was 433, and I was sitting next to a tall chap with spectacles. We were waiting for somebody. Fully five minutes must have passed before four rather overgrown schoolboys came out on the stage. One of these began to read in a strident voice: "Fellows, we are here to-day to learn personality, magnetism, efficiency, dynamic potency, the science of power, and the essentials of leadership. It is a hard task. Are you able for it? Of course you are, if you have taken your daily Kruschen. As you all know, Kruschen gives you magnetism, and magnetism makes money; Kruschen gives you personality, and

personality is power; Kruschen gives you optimism, and optimism opens opportunity.

Amidst cries of "Not likely," we all trooped out of the hall. My spectacled companion told me that the school was being conducted by four schoolboys. "If you like," said he, "I'll introduce you and they can show you around." I thanked him and we approached the "big four." Their names, I learnt, were Messrs. Ed. Scaulds, Buff Johnson, Norman Nesbitt, and Benbow. Preliminaries over, my companion remarked, "Well, chaps, its five past nine by my H. Samuel Ever-right watch, so if you will excuse me, I'll be off." When he was gone we started our tour of the school.

Walking along a corridor, whose walls were covered with advertisements, I asked them what the idea was. "Well," said Norman, "since we have realised that 'The man who on his trade relies, must either bust or advertise,' we have made the sphere of advertising our own." At this juncture Mr. Buff Johnson interrupted with the remark, "In this new system of ours we don't tell a chap not to eat peas with a knife, but we tell him not to eat his Perkins' peas with his Sheffield stainless steel knife. The alliteration and the familiarity of 'Perkins' and 'Sheffield' seems to stick, you see." "Of course he sees," interrupted Ed. Scaulds, "so let us go to the gym."



Well, we went to the gym. where Benbow quite needlessly pointed out this large mural advertisement. "It's intended for boys who feel cold when changing," he informed me. "Was Shakespeare aware that the cloak or mantle which Julius Caesar wore on the day of his assassination was a Wolsey garment? Wolsey has a great past. Wolsey stands for warmth."

Very amusing, I thought, as, a few minutes later, I stood before a mirror in the washroom on one side of which was, "Did you Maclean your teeth to-day?"—and on the other, "Hair Power is Brain Power—insist on cream and make sure of School Certificate." I think, but I am not quite sure, that Buff Johnson murmured something about "corporation" hair oil as he locked the door behind us with his patent "Sure and Safe" key. However, we made our way back from the gym. and past the notice board, above which was printed in large red letters, "Tutankhamen is a Dead One. What are you? Turn up for Rugby each Wednesday, play with a Jack Sharp football and you can answer this question with confidence."

I must admit I was slightly put out by the novelty of it all, and I had scarcely collected my wits when we entered a science classroom. Directly across the room was this violent advice in black and white: "Did you have for breakfast 100 calories of nitrogen

dioxide, 100 calories of popcorn, and 100 calories of bird seed? If so, your diet is unbalanced. Change quickly to Quick-Quaker. It cooks in five minutes." I am afraid I withdrew rather rapidly for I had just caught a glimpse of "Worth a guinea a box," and I was not suffering from back-ache. Head-ache was my trouble as I entered the next room where "Missionaries" was the subject and this was written on the board: "Washington suggests washing, Washings suggests laundry, Laundry suggests the Chinese, The Chinese suggest missionaries, Missionaries suggest a subscription."

I suggested it was time to be going since it was gone 11 a.m., and Norman Nesbitt offered to see me out. Something of a poet was Norman, for, as we reached the door he remarked: "We know that walls have ears. We gave them tongues—And they were eloquent with promises." "So I see," said I, "Promise, large promise is the soul of an advertisement." "Nevertheless," said Norman—but here I interrupted him to say I really must be going and started up the engine of the Ford.

The roar of the engine woke me up, but it was really the engine of the bus carrying me far beyond my destination, so with throbbing brow I hastened to alight.

J. F. KINNANE (VIa Mods).

## The Game that is called Rugby.

(BEING IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM).

**A**S I walked through the wilderness of this School I lighted on a certain room where there was a den, and I sat me down in that place for "private study," and as I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and, behold, methinks I saw a wide fertile plain whereon a power of comely youths did disport themselves. And on the plain which was the "Feelde," I heard an uproar in

everybody's mouth, and it made the hair of my head stand; some cried, "Ackie! Ackie!" other some "Koom-a-shee!" and yet others—"Edwardians." Then did I perceive that some youths did play and some did not, but they that did, kicked at an elongated object of a hard substance in shape of an almond only much enlarged and I wot not, but it did grievous hurt to their feet. As I approached

I saw that some rash youths were held greatly in derision for that they sottishly placed themselves "Offside." All could gather the ball into their grasp, but one wide but stunted fellow whose eke-name was "Dicky" who was but a rush and a kick. Anon, a great child, one "Merfy" did grasp the ball and did chase along, hotly pursued by a cry of hectoring fellows, and I did bewail his plight for he was one against many. One — did, peradventure, grapple with him and did cast him on the plain and I grieved the more for "Merfy" had done him no ill. But the adventurous youth did retain the ball, and they who stood by did shriek, "try" and did strike their palms lustily together. Another pretty youth, "Paddy," did essay to propel the ball between two high posts, but did fail by some miscarriage, and he turned red even unto the back of his crown.

Anon, the youths did scramble together

and pushed amain to possess the ball, and I did notice that two puissant fellows who were "Mac" and "O-ee" did always retrieve it and the others were sore amazed. For above an hour, methinks, they did struggle and then a burly man did shrill his whistle, and the youths did straightway quit the field which were ere now a miry slough, and the youths were in sore distress by reason of the great effort which had been put upon them, and the crowd did gather up close and did strike them upon the back, I trow not wherefore. I did hear a child say in a strange tongue, "It's a fine game, Rugby," and presently I did apprehend that the sport was Rugby, but I did wonder that trusty men outside of Bedlam wished to play at it for it did seem to me that it was but tush and frivolity. Withal, I wot on I was correct.

So I awoke and, behold, it was a dream.

B. O'CARROLL (VIa Mods).

## In Future.

**W**ELL, if this war goes on much longer I expect the B.B.C. will adapt themselves to the conditions as they always do, more or less. They already give history lessons and talks for schools, and what talks! Still, I suppose we've got to put up with it. Don't be surprised then, if they start giving helpful(?) talks for schoolboys like the following:—

First of all tune in. No, not to Station Bremen or DXB, but to North Regional. Got the Station? Right! Settle yourselves down comfortably, take your boots off and put your feet on the mantel-piece and lets begin. "And now, Upper Five, I dare say you've heard your parents talking at breakfast and that you know England is at war. This morning I want to speak of the part you can play in winning this war. Eating your stewed prunes is going to count, Willy Whatnot, and I hope you are all going to play the

game when it comes to Monday morning's pudding-cake.

Then there is the question of your gas-masks. Don't leave them about carelessly. Two have been found in the cricket pavilion already. There is no reason whatsoever to keep your gas-mask on after the raid even though you may look better with it than without it. Then again, you all know that you must "obey your parents in all that is not sin"; well, abuse of your gas-mask in war-time is a sin and if your mother has lost her utensils and wants to make the pudding or roast the Sunday joint in your gas-mask you must decline politely but firmly. As for the boy who has on his gas-mask in church, I can only say that I shall leave Mr. Hoarhound to deal with him. It's that sort of irresponsible behaviour that lowers the whole tone of the Form and may even end in losing us the war.

I shall expect punctual attendance at air-raid practices. Boys and portable gramophones, cheese cakes and "ecker" books are not going to be allowed in the shelters. But I think that a little community singing would help to pass the time, and at choir-practice to-day we're going to make a special effort to get up "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "Early One Morning."

Monsieur Manger, a boy who chooses a time like this to eat nut-milk chocolate and banana sandwiches is deliberately playing into Hitler's hands.

I shan't say this again, Upper Five, so I

hope you've been giving me your full attention—instead of trying to catch a perfectly harmless wasp, Peter Palooka, and it'll be your own fault if you get badly stung—and that the international situation lies, to all intents and purposes, in your hands. I only hope you'll all keep it in mind and go quietly and in single file to the tuck-shop at half-past ten.

Well, as "our friend" and the world's greatest comedian would say, "Good night and thank you for your attention."

EDWARD BURNS.

## Form Notes.

### Form Via Science.

**A**S a consequence of our depleted numbers we are obliged to take our French lessons in combination with the A Mods., thus giving us an opportunity to show them how French (that despised subsidiary subject) should be done.

The latest communiqué reads as follows: Great activity in the Good Shepherd Collection. Another penny was given yesterday. (Talk about frenzied buying on Wall Street). Our collector, by the way, is a good collector as far as collectors go, and as far as collectors go, he's gone (and the penny, too).

Well, the Easter terminals are not far off now, and after our well-earned rest of 10 days we hope to start work in a firm endeavour to settle that little matter of H.S.C. in July.

N.B.—I hope nobody is deceived into returning to School on All Fool's Day.

R. POPE.



### Form Via Mods.

Few boys are born with talents that excel But all are capable of living well.

These are the words of some forgotten sage,  
A distant echo from the Augustan age,  
But an echo, which, to us, brought consolation,

Solace, indeed, in the midst of desolation.  
For H.S.C. looming both dark and dread,  
Has driven many a schoolboy off his head.  
(Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day,  
Lived till to-morrow will have passed away).  
But 'tis not H.S.C. that worries us;  
It is the crime of missing the last bus.  
For woe to those who heedless of their fate,  
Find to their horror they have thrice been late.

Our G.B.S., who rarely comes on time,  
Has topped our collection with a sum sublime.  
Six shillings did he give to the Good Shepherd,

Truly, you must agree, a noble effort.  
And THOSE of six A Mods. have now of late  
Organised an occasional debate,  
And they prove to Scientists in open fight  
That noisy men are rarely in the right.  
For science never can compete with art,  
Since originality beats it from the start.  
They find, to follow precedent and wink  
With both their eyes is easier than to think.  
Their arguments are very weak and trite,  
And of no use in honest, open fight.

But humble we must be content to bide  
 Since the proud are always most provoked  
 by pride.

Murphy enlivens French and History  
 With sudden sallies, questions bold and free,  
 For with startling suddenness he now exclaims,  
 "What do you think were Hore Belisha's  
 aims?"

Then, Mr. Barter, unimpressed, replies:  
 "Each man's belief is right in his own eyes."  
 McGrail, of late, has found some things  
 amiss

(What obvious truths the wisest heads may  
 miss)

In "Hamlet," and we hear him oft express  
 Grave doubts as to the cut of Hamlet's dress  
 To certain "slacks" we here address the plea  
 That he is the free man whom truth sets free.  
 This rules out many punctures, colds in the  
 head,

Fogs on the River Mersey, grandmother dead.  
 But there is one fact that we accept as such,  
 Pleasure is labour, too, and tires as much.

J. F. KINNANE.



### Form Via Moderns.

(Llanelli).

"Mae gwythio yn gaeled." Come on ye fervent students of Liverpoolese, try and work out this simple piece of Welsh! See what an education you're missing by not being down here! By the way, I couldn't even understand it myself till I was told what it meant, so don't blame me if it means something entirely different.

At the end of last term we came back to "hen anwyl Llanelli," our numbers sadly diminished by the return of those who preferred the "fish and chips" atmosphere of Liverpool to the rolling countryside situated round this important centre. The majesty of the VI Form, though, remained firmly undiminished since the

loss of our bosom friend was replaced by the sole surviving member of the VIB's. After long discussions we decided to accept him "on trial."

It must again be announced that we are still "residing" in our Lilliputian quarters which we had come to regard as a haven of rest and quiet, wherein we could secrete ourselves from the busy industry of the rest of the School. This Term, however, our dreams have had a rude awakening. What was formerly a sanatorium has now become a veritable hive of overworked "bees."

The R.S.P.H.B. (The Royal Society for the Prevention of Homework for Boys) has been appealed to, since we are now making up for all the homework we weren't supposed to have done last term. A suitable place has been provided for this burst of activity. We hasten there at 5-30 p.m., and drag ourselves home at 8-30 p.m. having spent the three hours roughly divided between homework and games in the club.

At four o'clock we down our tools,  
 To hurry from the care of schools.  
 And then our homeward way we wend,  
 And to the joys of tea attend.  
 After this an earned respite,  
 Which is followed by a tight  
 Rush to get up to the class,  
 At which we soon arrive en masse.  
 Down to homework then we set,  
 The first out is the first to get,  
 A game of table-tennis.

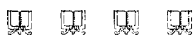
This is a typical night as spent by most of the school—all, in fact, except the III's.

Rugby still reigns supreme down here even though we have only had two games since we returned after Christmas. One event that would be looked forward to by all would be a challenge match between St. Edward's evacuees and the Sandfield Parkites.

This is probably quite enough trash to devour at one sitting, so until January we

will bid you "Au Revoir."

W. SIMPSON.



### Form Vīb Moderns.

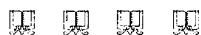
Like the proverbial bad penny we turn up once more to tell of our adventures during the past few months. A certain member of our form (I cannot disclose his name—Official Secrets Act), has been described as "très rusé," behind his back (calumny). However, we are proud of the fact that we have a cunning person in our class, as he should be an example (a good one) to the rest. There is a touch of Eire about the classroom, even to the solitary shamrock cheerfully sprouting in the quad, and although this is not the land of Saints and Scholars we are right proud to have several living embodiments of both here.

When we think of the calculus and conics we are missing; we would like to express our heartfelt sorrow to our infamous enemies in Vīb Science, that interior darkness where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

The intellectuals, Redmond and Hendry, believe in going through life a mixed philosophy of Stoicism and Epicurism; translated into English the first means "grin and bear it," and the second "the more you eat the more you want." Virginal snow gave us a much needed holiday of several (semi-official) days, and when there was no football to be had we resorted to "shove ha'penny." Literary and Historical debates during the term have proved very interesting, and we have listened in awe to the VIa French debates, although their noble efforts were aptly described as "effroyable, terrible et exécration."

We were spared the torments of Christmas exams., and on our arrival we were strengthened by the conversion of four, should I say, stalwart Scientists, viz., Ludden,

Leece, Begley and Hayes. We wish everybody a very happy Easter.



### Form Upper Va Moderns.

Here we are again, the indomitable Upper Va Moderns. These notes have been written at the cost of a few well-bitten pencils, but we do not mind.

Class happenings during the term are too numerous to mention so we, through wishing to do a valuable national service by economising paper, will write down a few only.

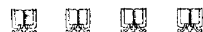
It is a bad thing to take holidays during the term (we are told), but some do not believe in this. One of us can do a French exercise without a text book; it must be wonderful to have such a memory. These, however, are only thoughts, as no definite opinion has as yet been formed.

Our sanctity is well known, and is proved by the number in the K.B.S. and S.V.P.

A large number of holidays occurred during the term due to the unfavourable elements.

Matter has now run short, and keeping our duty towards national service in front of us, we feel it is time to say "goodbye" until next term.

J.T. and T.K.



### Form Upper Va Science.

Once again it is time to get our pens and think! Form notes—the curse of all forms. After a prolonged holiday we returned (unfortunately), last November. The class then only numbered about seventeen, but when the evacuees learnt of the free rest-cure to be had up here we had an invasion of some ten boys thirsting for knowledge.

Rugby was the order of the day when we returned, and we are glad to say that it seems to be very popular considering that we have always been a soccer school.

Our favourite lesson (when we have it) is gym. Some boys make a hobby of pointing out mistakes in physics and chemistry. Our poetry book—Poets of our Time—is, we think, fit for the most mental or sentimental people.

It gives us great pleasure to say that all are working hard for the School Certificate at the end of the year. I think we can safely recommend Gaskin and Crosbie to any dance band. "Bing Crosby" has nothing on them when it comes to crooning.

Having run short of material we must now close down and wish you "au revoir" until next term.

F.G. and E.S.



### Form Lower V. (Llanelly).

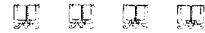
Since last term the Lower V has decreased by more than half, and now the remains of the two forms have been amalgamated into one distinguished company, so that I have the honour of representing the whole of the Lower V. We have evacuated our classroom in the main part of the County School, and, at present, occupy a detached section.

We have had a very bad season in which to exercise our knowledge of Rugby, for, if it was not raining it was sure to be snowing. Also we have missed that exhilarating rivalry which existed between the A's and the B's. Nevertheless, the elements allowed us the pleasure of two exciting games. In these we matched our puny strength against the superior (?) Upper V with disastrous results to the afore mentioned.

Well, we must now say, "Da Byddoch" (goodbye), as they say in Welsh, and the

Lower V wish you plenty of Easter eggs and themselves home in Liverpool.

PAUL RYAN.



### Form Lower Va.

Ex-evacuees calling! Here are the Reichsender H—, Station B— and Station L.V.A. on the thirty-one metre band. You are about to hear our news in Mag-lingo. Secutae sunt continuos dies tempestates quae et nos in castris continerent et hostem a pugna prohiberent—not having much time to waste (sorry, should have said "spend") writing form notes, we have borrowed from Caesar's delightful commentary on the Gallic War, in order to ("ut" plus the subjunctive), sum up the first part of the term. The interruption of the allegory—see Clay, page 180—is appended for the sake of the less intelligent: the snowstorms kept us at home and prevented the public enemy (guess who?) from fighting (guess with what and against whom?) Anyway that heavenly time came to an end, and we have since put in some weeks studying the rule of military dictators, Caesar, Napoleon and Br.—.

We do miss our music this year; it was formerly the brightest spot in the syllabus. However, we still spend a quiet, peaceful period in the art studio every week—but what a price we have to fork out for this!

Lower Va consists of those who returned from Llanelly at Christmas. Our prefect is J.B., a most conscientious and satisfactory boy who would not dream of allowing a master to forget to give an exercise. Wherefore we now thank him and beseech him to continue the good work. That is the end of our news in Mag-lingo.

E.H. and F.B.



### Lower V Alpha.

The 8th of January saw the boys of St. Edward's College, also some boys from Llanelly at School again.

The first few days we, who stayed at Liverpool, heard all the adventures of these Welsh tourists; after these few days we got down to brass tacks, or, rather, work.

We were so interested in our lessons, I must say! The two new lessons, Trigonometry and Physics, or, rather, the latter, we had not studied for twelve months.

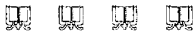
Perhaps this little joke will alternate with this review of the term.

Old lady: "What do you do with the submarines when you capture them?"

Naval Officer: "Oh! We keep the big ones and throw the little ones back."

We have had a fine term, with some of the masters being away ill, and the inclemency of the weather. All were away for a week, and some of us had to be away for two weeks. This was a pleasant break in the middle of the term.

T.G.S.



### Form Lower Vb.

After Christmas we were overcrowded with a host of evacuees who, thank goodness, were soon ejected into a torture chamber lower down the corridor which has been named Lower Va. There was a brief interlude of one week owing to the inclemency of the weather, or, as ordinary people are wont to say, "because of the snow."

Br.—'s New Year Resolution was to arrange for several lectures to be delivered by the boys of our form during the term. They were hailed with great joy, but the "Devil's Advocate,"—was feared by all at question time which took place after each lecture. He had the habit of pointing a

declamatory finger at the poor wretch delivering the lecture and saying, "You said such a thing. Explain it!" If the wretch could not, the "Devil's Advocate" would pull him to pieces with words.

The most interesting of these lectures was —'s, which was on "The Methods and Weapons of Warfare."

We, the B's, pride ourselves on being able to beat the Alphas in anything. Take, for instance, these items: We are beating them so far in the "Good Shepherd" collection. There are two representatives of the "possibles" Rugby XV. in our form, and none in the Alphas. We could go on like this for pages, but as we are a modest class we will stop here. That is about all the news this term, but we will have plenty more for next time.

We'll meet again,

Don't know where, don't know when,  
But here we sign off.

Cheerio! Amen!

W.P. and J.G.



### Form IV (Llanelly).

"This is Llanelly calling. You are about to hear our news in English. On the School front there was renewed activity in Maths. Local patrols advanced west of the Loci fortifications and brought back useful information. No opposition was encountered. Lively machine-gun fire in the form of Irregular Verbs took place in the Moselle sector, but nothing of importance was accomplished. Reconnaissance flights penetrated deeply into India and dropped geography exercises into the Ganges. Some of our aircraft did not return."

It may interest the brave boys at home to know what has been happening in Form IV, Llanelly, since Christmas. Our first

jolt was when the A's and B's had to join together in the interest of national security. Though the union was not too happy at first, we decided to bury the hatchet when it became known that our quarrels were being used by the enemy as propaganda.

We thought the next decree worse. A school was "requisitioned" to serve as a homework centre. This looked like putting a stop to all the tricks of the trade, and would put us to the trouble of finding new ways and means to avoid our everlasting hobby. But homework is a pleasure now. We have a study room and a large hall with big fires burning merrily in each. While the "wise guys" of the Upper V's are working we enjoy table tennis, darts, draughts, etc., and after about an hour or so take on the extra lessons.

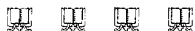
We enjoyed the snow down here, but we want to know why we did not have a week off when there were heavy snowfalls in Liverpool? As there was no hope of ten feet of snow here, we got the "flu and stayed in bed."

Our collection for the Waifs and Strays is the highest in the School.

Sport! Only one game this term. 'Flu, snow and frost did not give us a chance. Table tennis became popular, and in the championship C. Callaghan was defeated by F. Ley 2—1. Some of the boys turned to knitting, but did not get beyond the first stitch.

Well, we're tired, and we hope to see you all in a very short time. So till then, cheerio, everybody.

P.S.—We do not forget our friend, Freddy Miller, who is in hospital in Denbigh. Freddy, we hope to see you soon in the best of health, and will not forget you in our prayers.

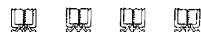


#### Form IV Beta.

We reject the rumours circulated by our advesaries that our notes did not appear in the last issue of the Magazine because they had been heavily censored. No, we had no activities on the home front to report, and as there is a shortage of paper . . . well, you can guess the rest. We thought it quite patriotic to approach our Form Master with a view to cut down the unnecessary use of paper by doing away with homework. Quite strangely enough our self-sacrificing offer was not accepted.

A few of the IV A's asked admittance to our class. Poor little fellows, we had not the heart to refuse them shelter. It was a sorry sight to see the IV A's standing looking at us enjoying ourselves in the yard during the snow period. There we were, the picture of health, they, puny creatures, shivering, so we invited them to join us on our slide. With terror written on their faces they refused, but a few bolder ones did join us, and with little shrieks of joy they slithered up and down.

The remark that some of the fours had "lean and hungry looks" could not possibly refer to us. For we are sure that no one has ever seen a healthier set of boys. Modesty, always the keyword of the IV Sciences, in whose footsteps we are following prevents us from going into further details about our appearances. According to statistics published by our Ministry of Information, gym. is our most popular subject. That is our answer to "Keep Fit."



#### Form III

(Llanelly).

We are the babies of the College in Llanelly, but we do not desire to be treated as such. We are young in years, certainly, but we carry old heads on young shoulders. There are no limits to our wisdom and desire



for work. The masters cannot give us sufficient homework, and they seem astonished at the success of our efforts.

We like every lesson except the next one, but sometimes we are more interested in Form IV. Their work seems to be so much easier than ours.

Talking about rations. Why don't they ration homework and books? Food, which every young boy likes to see and feel and munch is cut down to a miserable allowance. It's just like pocket money. A growing boy cannot be expected to grow up and grow out and go to the pictures on four ounces of butter and twelve ounces of sugar a week.

As our number is small we cannot give as many pounds as usual to the Waifs and Strays. The collectors are doing their best to draw money from us. They are going to use force for the rest of the term.

We are thinking of going back to Liverpool for Easter. Now that the snow is over, there should be no danger. We hope to see brothers, masters and boys in as good a condition as we are ourselves. We'll be sorry to leave our "Aunties" here, and we will ever remember them with gratitude.



### Form III Alpha.

This is the first time this year we have appeared in print, and so we introduce ourselves.

We began secondary school life last November (at least most of us did), and for the most part found it rather enjoyable. We tasted Algebra, Geometry, Physics, French and Woodwork for the first time and found them quite interesting. There has been some mention of starting Greek, but it seems no one is willing to take us.

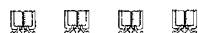
We have found Rugby a very interesting and enjoyable game. We are sorry to have abandoned it on account of the weather.

Now that the fields are playable we are ready to challenge either IIIb or IIIa (or both).

All our pennies and halfpennies are now being given to support the Good Shepherd Fund.

We hope to show ourselves the best form at the Easter exams.

We now wish everyone a very holy and happy Easter.



### Form IIIb.

This is Form IIIb calling. Well, what have we been doing since we came to St. Edward's? We have been introduced to a number of new subjects which, of course, we found strange at first, but now they are quite ordinary. We have found Gym., Art and Woodwork most interesting subjects.

We are all very keen on rugby, and we expect each of the other III's to give us at least a good game, but that is all. We have shown ourselves the best collectors for the Good Shepherd Fund.

We offer our best wishes for a happy Easter to all and hope to see everyone bright and smiling after the holidays.



### Form IIIa.

We have been in existence only since Christmas, at least in St. Edward's.

Some of us are returned evacuees, more are evacuees from III Alpha and IIIb., and still more are new boys. So we are a mixture, but a very happy mixture, for we have formed ourselves into a good, hard-working class. We hold the record for being the best attenders in school. We have some budding orators in our form; perhaps twenty years more may see them in the House of Commons.

A few simple questions: Who is the sharpest boy in our form? Who has the most coal? Who does not need a tie? Who does not need to be punished? Who is Goering?

We have not yet shown how we can play Rugby, but we are quite ready to accept any challenges that may be sent to us. In spite of the rations we are still as sturdy and vigorous as ever.

We wish all a very happy Easter and health and success in the coming term, especially to those who will sit for public examinations.

#### HEARD IN IIIA.

Park-keeper—Hey, you! No swimming allowed here.

Boy—I'm not swimming, I'm drowning!

Park-keeper—Oh! That's all right.

Said a teacher to his pupil—You're no earthly good.

I'll have to be an airman then, replied little Johnny Wood.



#### Form I and Prep.

"You will have to write some notes for the Easter Mag.," said the Brother to two of us a few days ago. One of us replied, "Notes, indeed! last time we tried the Sixes, the Fives, and even the Fours in Runnymede were saying you helped us." "No matter," he said, "Try again, you are both well under twenty, and the big fellows won't mind if only the headings of the news are supplied; then you can supply the details."

So here are the headings—"The Christ-

mas"—"The Crib"—"New Kids"—"Old Kids"—"The Snow"—"The Aquarium"—"Variety Masters"—and now for the details. There was no School at Christmas-time, of course, and that was great fun indeed. All the fun in the world is no fun if you have to go to school. Didn't we enjoy Christmas! We did tuck into the Christmas dinner. Then after Christmas we had the pantomimes to amuse us. "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," "Robinson Crusoe" and "Aladdin." The pantomimes were fine fun for us.

When we came back to Runnymede after the holidays we looked at each other and we noticed that we all had sad faces. But the Brother was happy to see us all back again. He showed us the Brothers' Chapel, and the lovely crib there.

There were four or five new kids—hope the Brother will not see this till 'tis printed—and they looked lonely—most new kids are. They were very quiet, too, but now they shout and scamper just like the old hands.

The aquarium in the Conservatory was fitted out, and Brother told us that any gold fish we had might be placed in it. So next day Eric Constantinedes took up two; now there are twelve little swimmers, and best of all there is no rent to be paid for their lodgings. Because one of the teachers in Runnymede was ill lately we had a variety of other masters taking his place. They were all very nice indeed, but one of the fellows—a cute lad he must be—said that they would not be so nice perhaps if they had remained teaching all day. Maybe the cute boy was right, maybe he was wrong.

BRIAN McFEELY.

GERARD PURVIS.

## S. V. P. Society.

(LLANELLY).

**S**INCE Christmas the Llanelly branch of St. Edward's Aspirant Conference has continued its weekly meetings even though many of our members have left. Soon, however, new members were obtained. The number in the Conference is accordingly now 14. New officers were elected to fill the place of those who have left.

A collection for the S.V.P. was held throughout the School during the last week before the Christmas break. The total obtained was really magnificent considering the difficulties incurred by being away from home. I would like to make especial mention of the fine response of Forms IVb and III, who between them gave over half the total. The total was given to the parish priest, Fr. Moran, with a request that it might be distributed among the poor of the parish. Fr. Moran agreed to give it to the poor families which he visited.

These will probably be the last S.V.P. notes written from Llanelly. Next term we will be united, in fact, with the Sandfield Park Conference, with whom at present we are united in spirit.

W. SIMPSON, *President*.

(SANDFIELD PARK).

Our first duty must be to thank the

School for their generous response to the annual collection. It was a splendid effort considering that a considerable portion of the School was in South Wales.

Secondly, with regard to pamphlets, 147 have been received and all have been distributed. The Society has made this distribution of Catholic literature one of its principal works so it is to be hoped that next term more Catholic newspapers and pamphlets will be forthcoming.

The Society has held nine meetings this term with an average attendance of 19 brothers. Many of these brothers offered their services to the Catholic Deaf and Dumb Club, 99 Shaw Street, and also to the Apostleship of the Sea. Unfortunately, the latter Society finds it impossible at present to accept aspirant members, but they may be accepted at a later date. Efforts were also made to ensure that every Brother should join his Parish Conference. This is of primary importance since it is the principal work of an aspirant society.

Finally, we should like, once more, to appeal to the School in general for Catholic newspapers. Bring them in before they become out of date, and give them to any member of the S.V.P. We shall be very grateful for them.

J. F. KINNANE (*President*).

## Scientific Society.

**T**HE inaugural lecture of this term—in fact the first of the School year—was given by Mr. Pope on February 22nd on the subject of "Glass." He commenced by giving a definition of glass and went on to give a short account of the history of glass, dating back to the predynastic period

(before 3400 B.G.), and mentioned that remains of glass furnaces of the Roman period were found near Warrington. Mr. Pope then briefly described the manufacture of glass, and as an illustration of the automatic machine production he described the Corning machine for the continuous production of electric

light bulbs, which has a daily capacity of 622,000 blue pencil "bulbs." Mr. Pope next discussed the annealing of glass and also the composition of many kinds of glasses, including Pyrex, lead and crown types. The remainder of his lecture consisted in describing the weathering of glass, elasticity, its hardness and colour, etc.

The next lecture was delivered the following week, when, on February 29th, Mr. Gleeson lectured on the burning question of "Explosives." He opened with a quotation from Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, in which Henry Hotspur says:—

"... And it was a great pity so it was  
That this villainous saltpetre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
so cowardly:

And but for these vile guns he would himself  
have been a soldier."

He then gave a brief description of the history of explosives, saying that the invention of gunpowder was attributed by some to the Chinese and by some to the Englishman Roger Bacon. A brief description of the lay-out of a munition factory and of the dangerous work of preparing gun-cotton next came within the scope of the lecture. He also included a description of nitroglycerine

and its derivative dynamite, cordite, the drying of which takes about two months, Trinitrophenol or Picric Acid, which forms the basis of Lyddite, Trinitrotoluene Dinitrobenzene or Rock-a-Rock, and Trinitrocresol. The most powerful explosive, he explained, was tetra-nitro-aniline. Mr. Gleeson then described the various types of shells such as shrapnel and high-explosive shells, and he explained the action of a bomb, taking the Martin Hale as his example, and also incendiary bombs. Mr. Gleeson concluded by saying that he thought the subject of peace-time applications of explosives would need a separate lecture. An interesting feature of this lecture was the wide range of questions which Mr. Gleeson was called upon to answer upon request of a very interested audience consisting mainly of some likely lads from our Modern friends. The speaker had to answer questions on life-saving rockets, the magnetic mine, the preparation of mercury fulminate, depth charges, etc.

The members of the Society would like to express their thanks to Brother Wall and Mr. Rowe for the interest and attention they have shown in the activities of the Society.

R. POPE (*Secretary*).

## French Debating Society.

**W**ALL, at long last, we have been able to function. The first debate of the 1939—1940 season was held on the 19th January, 1940, immediately we had returned from the Christmas vacation. McGrail, Burns and Gleeson defended the motion: "Qu'en temps de guerre toutes les ressources d'un pays devraient être nationalisées," and Kinnane, Beswick and Molyneux undertook to oppose it.

McGrail opened the debate for the Pros. He declared that in war unity means

strength, and that unity can only come about by nationalisation of a nation's resources. Modern war demands the entire energies and efforts of every citizen, but to secure the real accomplishment of this a national control is only too necessary to avoid the inevitable chaos if every citizen was allowed to contribute his share how and when he liked.

Kinnane, first speaker for the opposition, dwelt at great length on the injustice of government interference in private enterprise,

as a violation of our conception of democracy. To take away private control would mean an attempt at setting up a totalitarian or socialist system, a deliberate blow at liberty.

Burns now spoke in favour of the motion. He supported McGrail's contention that war is an affair between nations and not between individuals, and so no individual should be allowed to shirk the obligations he owed to his fellow-men. In a question concerning the well-being of the State the private interests of the citizen must be overlooked to secure the general safety or destruction would be sure and swift.

Beswick, for the opposition, ridiculed the proposal that the State should take over the industries and workshops of a nation for the simple reason that this, without the necessary experience and knowledge, would cause a breakdown and ultimate chaos. This, more than anything else, would lead to disaster in war for the man in "the front line" could not carry on if the arteries of supply were cut.

Gleeson wound up the arguments for nationalisation in a lucid, concise fashion. He pointed out the obvious need for the nationalisation of food stuffs, petrol, coal, and all the other necessities of life, remarking that the Government held the same views as their rationing schemes evidenced. In war, we must share and share alike. He proposed that the wealth of the nation should be utilised in the struggle against the common foe.

Molyneux wound up the debate for the opposition. He expressed his horror at

the callous suggestions of his opponents to appropriate the fruits of the hard work of individuals who had slaved to build up their businesses. A Government official would not be able to run a business like the men who had grown with it. Private enterprise would be destroyed in this way, and to hand the control of industry to the Government would create a dangerous precedent.

Mr. le President, in summing up, found that the pros. had won the day by 16 points to 14. He congratulated the debators on the matter they had collected, but asked that they should pay more attention to grammar, agreement of adjectives, syntax and pronunciation. He reminded future debators that speeches were to be spoken, not read, a rule that would have to be enforced.

On 18th of February, Mr. McGrail read us a paper on "Le Sicle de Louis le grand." He gave us an extensive survey of this great epoch of French history and literature, giving us the testament of contemporary writers to supplement his own statements and judgments. He dealt in turn with the most important aspects of the reign, the King, his theories, the court, the church, social conditions, the literature, and the history. To finish up he gave us his own individual judgment on the subject.

A vote of thanks was moved by Mr. O'Carroll and seconded by Mr. Pope. The President himself wound up the sitting by congratulating Mr. McGrail on his interesting discourse, and endorsing the vote of thanks.

W. McGRAIL (*Hon. Sec.*).

## Literary and Historical Society.

**L**AST term was a very inactive one for the Society so we redoubled our activities this term to make up lost ground. The subjects were of a general nature, so that Science men would be at no

disadvantage, and matters were further evened up by the fact, so frequently stressed by Mr. Faherty and Mr. Barter, that a good delivery is of primary importance.

The first debate was held on January

18th, and the motion was:—"That a Modern course is more profitable generally in after life than a Science course." With such a provocative subject no little heat was aroused. Mr. Molyneux strongly objected to Mr. Kinnane's suggestion that Science men constantly run the risk of becoming uncultured since they know little or nothing of the beauties of literature. He said he preferred to live on bread than on Shakespeare. Of course he was immediately branded as "a philosopher of bread and cheese," and was once more warned by the Modern speaker of the danger of science sapping the imagination and sending forth a Mr. Dry-as-Dust into the world. Mr. Pope, in reply, said that mathematics and science were essential in the world to-day, since they developed the sense of accuracy. The Moderns, now on the defensive, held Latin forth as the only producer of a thoroughly disciplined mind. Mr. O'Carroll followed this up by accusing scientists of being responsible for the horrors of war which destroyed the work of the artist. Mr. Molyneux, not in the least looking like the automaton his opponent had just accused him of being, said that Moderns had started all wars and would continue to do so. Things were developing when, in best "Stadium" style, the bell went and the decision was given to the Modern side.

After an interval of five days we held our second debate, this time an historical one. Once more the subject was general, and once more it was provocative. It was "That the sale of alcoholic liquor should be strictly limited." The principal speakers were Mr. Murphy (Pro.), and Mr. McGrail (Con.).

As might be expected the first point raised by Mr. Murphy was the question of liberty. He maintained that the proposed limitation would not interfere with men's liberty, but would simply assist them. He was vigorously contradicted by his opponent

who condemned any such limitation as a gross interference in the private affairs of 90 per cent. of the population. But apart from this aspect there is the established fact that all limitations are unsuccessful. It would be particularly a failure in England on account of the immense losses in revenue and the vast increase in unemployment such a change would occasion.

The debate then became general when Mr. Kinnane rose to oppose the motion. He dealt with the religious aspect of the question, touched on by Mr. Murphy, pointing out its unworthy advocates in former centuries and concluding with the question of free will. To even up matters Mr. Donegan supported the motion by suggesting a time limit. This, the Chairman agreed, was a good suggestion. The pros. were evidently taking the lead when Mr. O'Carroll rose to deplore the fact that 90 per cent. of the farmers in England are engaged in some way in the beer industry. Beer is a luxury, there is a war on, and such a state of affairs is allowed to continue. Mr. McGrail was not to be brow-beaten, however, and retaliated strongly to win the day for the cons.

Mr. Barter, in giving his decision, said the debate had been very successful and encouraged Science men to speak up. The next debate was to show the good effect of this encouragement.

It was held on February 15th, and the motion, "That Shakespeare is very much over-rated," once more brought Science and Modern into conflict. Inevitably, the pros. fell to a depreciation of Shakespeare. Mr. Donegan pointed out that his heroes are all good and his villains all bad, that he had no proper style in his early plays, that he borrowed his plots, that he was superstitious, and so forth. The Moderns were shocked at the heresy, and Mr. Shaw pointed out in a restrained voice that Shakespeare's heroes are not all good, but have one fault

which causes their downfall. Nor are there any thorough villains in Shakspeare. Mr. Donegan was labouring under a misapprehension. He should read Shakspeare and find out that he never slips up on law, medicine, botany, etc. He should take stock of the 10,000 different words he uses and also the great economy in words. He should not find it difficult to understand because Shakspeare wrote for the common man and not for the specialist in literature. This flow of oratory was checked by Mr. O'Carroll who, speaking impromptu, deplored the insularity of the critic who could seriously say, "There is enough left in our English classics if all Greek and Latin books were destroyed." The English are too wrapt up in their "myriad-minded." Shakspeare, who "out-tops knowledge," who "knew the world by intuition," etc., to realise how great Dante, Racine and Molière are. The Englishman, Mr. O'Carroll concluded, cannot see beyond his nose and prefers his inferior English poets to the immortal foreign artists. Mr. Burns, retaliating for the Moderns, said that Shakspeare wrote for the common people and not for the literary critics which Mr. O'Carroll had quoted. This is proved by the common occurrence of "Hamlet" being produced for charity. It is his popularity with "the man in the street" that has made him live through the centuries. At this juncture the debate was terminated by the bell, and Mr. Faherty gave his decision to the cons. He complimented Mr. Shaw on his delivery.

Finally, on January 27th, by way of a change, we held "Sharp Practices." It was quite a pleasant innovation, and the subjects were often very topical. For the first one, "That the Government is to be congratulated on the evacuation scheme," Mr. O'Carroll was drawn to speak pro. He pointed out the vastness of the work (millions were evacuated), and the necessity of it if this war was going to bear any resemblance to the German—

Polish conflict. Further, the scheme was justified since the Government was following the precedent of the last war. "The same thing might easily have happened again," concluded Mr. O'Carroll. Mr. Kinnane, drawn to speak con., was suffering from a heavy cold, "a typical result of evacuation," he declared. Three friends of his took ill in Chester, their place of safety, and whilst one developed pneumonia, the other two had to be content with influenza. This is what we must congratulate the Government on. "Of course," said he, "Hitler did not oblige with massed air-raids to make the scheme a success."

The next subject was "That films are a menace to morality." Mr. Murphy upheld the motion in Spartan fashion by pointing out how gangsterism is glorified by James Cagney & Co., how divorce is made "quite the thing," and how week-end "sprees" are advocated as an antidote for boredom. Mr. Connolly, drawn to speak con., after creating a mild sensation by admitting he had never been to the films, made the slight mistake of supporting Mr. Murphy. This he did, however, quite well, elaborating on the points made by Mr. Murphy and stressing the Catholic aspect.

The third motion was "that the study of history has no practical value." Mr. Donegan supported it by blindly asserting that history saps the brains of the Moderns. Mr. Dey contradicted him in quiet style, maintaining that even in debates in the home, parallel events in past history are constantly recalled. History repeats itself so it is good to know what has gone before.

And now the last motion which brought us right up-to-date: "That we were not justified in violating Norwegian neutrality in the Altmark incident." The pro. speaker, Mr. Gleeson, whilst admitting we could not take their word for it, still accused H.M.S. "Cossack" of violating International Law. Mr. Fennell, taking a humane and patriotic

stand, declared the prisoners on the "Altmark" deserved first consideration. We knew they were there, we did not trust Norway, so we proceeded in all justice to free them. Then, once more, the bell came to interrupt what was a very pleasant session of the Society. An edge was given to the proceedings by the impromptu nature of the discussion, and Mr. Barter promised us more in the future.

And now, in conclusion, I should like

to account for the suddenness with which the debates conclude. All who have seen the film, "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," will realise the power of the School bell. It waits for no man, and hence many members are left with a grievance which they vent afterwards in the classroom. This is unavoidable unless we decide to have them at 4 p.m., a suggestion, I am sure, to which all members will agree—perhaps!

J. KINNANE (*Hon. Sec.*).

## MUSIC NOTES.

**W**E are pleased to welcome to the Orchestra J. Chibber and F. Finnerty (Violinists), L. McGreal (Cornet), and J. Dunn (Tenor Horn). We wish to thank Mr. Finnerty (father of F. Finnerty), for his great kindness in attending each rehearsal, and for his invaluable help with our young violinists. Owing to the war the Old Boys' Orchestra is not now functioning. We hope to resume rehearsals when peace returns—may it be soon.

The Choir meets as usual on Tuesdays. At the present time we are preparing liturgical music.

We are constantly hearing of Mr. Eugene Genin. He is one of our Old Boys who is making a name for himself in the Musical World. Amongst other appointments he holds the following:—Musical Adviser to the David Lewis Club and Conductor of the Junior and Advanced Orchestras at that Institution.

We quote the following from the *Liverpool Daily Post*:—"The membership of the David Lewis Orchestra, reorganised in 1935, with Mr. Eugene Genin as conductor, under the auspices of the Liverpool Education Committee, grew from twenty-five to fifty-five during the first season. Owing to the number of new players anxious to join an overflow orchestra was formed the following

season which has a membership of fifty. . . . The standard of playing of the Advanced Orchestra has made rapid strides. Among works successfully performed last season was the Beethoven Symphony No. 1, and a Mendelssohn Pianoforte Concerto ("No. 1 in G Minor") with Mr. Frederick W. Evans as soloist."

Items are to be played, amongst others, "Cappiccio Italia"—Tschai Kowski. "Pomp and Circumstance" March No. 1—Elgar, and a selection from the opera "Prince Igor"—Borodini.

In addition to his appointment at the "David Lewis" Mr. Genin has been appointed by the Liverpool Education Committee Conductor of the String Orchestra and Violin Class at the Highfield School, Queen's Drive, Broad Green. This Class and Orchestra are for the benefit of those who have left School, and supplements the work already begun in School Orchestras.

Mr. Genin also holds the position of Orchestral trainer at St. Anselm's College, Birkenhead.

(LLANELLY).

All, but particularly the members of the choir and orchestra, were sorely disappointed that Mr. Boraston was not evacuated with us last September. It looked as if the war was



going to put an end not only to our gymnasium lessons, but also to our musical abilities.

Fortunately, and thanks to Mr. Boraston's careful and patient training, our voices were discovered. The parish priest, Rev. Fr. Moran, M.C., and Rev. Fr. Crowley took an interest in our Plain Chant and invited the choir to practise in the Church on two evenings a week.

We gratefully accepted the invitation and brought together all the members of the choir in the Fours and Lower Fives. Under the direction of the choirmaster, Mr. Williams, our knowledge of Plain Chant increased, and we learned the technique of singing in a large Church.

Our appearances in public were not few. It was the custom for us to sing at the Solemn Mass every other Sunday, and on

occasions we sang the Benediction Service in Plain Chant. Our most notable achievements were the singing of the Mass on the Feast of Christ the King, of the Solemn Requiem Mass on Armistice Day and the honour of being included in the choir when His Lordship the Bishop made the visitation of the parish and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation.

It has not been possible to do much this term, as the majority of the members of the choir failed to return after Christmas. We cannot sing now as a separate unit, but we join our voices with those of the congregation in praising the Lord.

In conclusion we express our thanks in the name of the Edwardian Music Society to the Rev. Fr. Moran and Fr. Crowley and to the choirmaster, Mr. Williams, for their kindness and assistance.

## Old Boys' Letters.

### UPHOLLAND LETTER.

UPHOLLAND,  
22nd February, 1940.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I was accosted the other morning by a fellow ex-Edwardian who handed me a letter and bade me read. And in that letter, newly borne across the snowy wastes that lie between here and Liverpool I read that the Magazine was in preparation and that an Upholland letter was requested as soon as might be. So placing the ink bottle upon the radiator to the end that it might thaw, I set to work with a pencil and endeavoured to hark back over those past few weeks since the Arctic Circle, abandoning its "true, fixed and resting quality" has included us within its icy boundaries.

The cold snap that called the plumbers to arms when the New Year came, relented, and a wintry sun smiled on us as we returned to College. No sooner had we taken up our

position (to use military parlance), than the forces of the weather returned to the attack and the day after our return the ice was holding. That meant skating, and our benedictions went out upon the friendly East wind and upon the falling mercury.

Then followed days ever to be remembered. Skates slung over the shoulder, Upholland strode along the icebound lanes to where, in the crisp air, a clear sun shone on the gleaming ice. And so we skated and the weather grew colder and the wind keener, and though we thought to ourselves that January was behaving rather fiercely, even for January, yet we little guessed what was in store.

On a whistling wind the snow came. Driving along, blowing in white, smoky clouds from the rooftops and piling into drifts. Upholland was transformed overnight, and when we made our way outside we could hardly believe our eyes. The Drive

seemed to have been subjected to an aerial bombardment. Trees had crashed down under the weight of snow and lay prone, buried deep, blocking the way. Roads were buried some six or seven feet deep and we enjoyed the thrill of walking along the tops of high hedges and of towering over the tops of buried signposts. We could show you photographs, Mr. Editor, that would appear to have been taken in the High Alps or the Karelian Isthmus, but which in reality were taken in such homely spots as the "Top Road" or "Stony Brow."

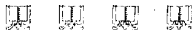
Gangs of students worked like Trojans cutting passages and clearing roofs, and many and strange are the tales they have to tell.

Now at last things are getting back to normal, and most of the snow has gone, though the bedraggled remnants of the bigger drifts remain—a witness to their former glory.

With that, Mr. Editor, I will say goodbye, wishing you and all Edwardian's a happy Easter.

Yours sincerely,

UPHOLLAND.



### 'VARSITY LETTER.

Lent Term, 1940.

Dear Mr. Editor,

We must commence this letter with apologies to our readers for the brevity of that which is to follow. This is due, however, to reasons entirely beyond our control. Firstly, the war has so dislocated social life up here that we see very little of our fellow Edwardians and news of them is consequently scarce and difficult to obtain. Secondly, we are urged, in the national interest, to economise in the use of paper, and although the Government would never notice the saving caused by the shortening of our meanderings we eagerly seize upon any straw which will allow us to write less and get away with it!!

There were no terminals before the

Christmas vac., this year, due to the shortening of the Autumn term, on account of the black-out, but that is only half the story. They were held immediately upon our return!! A fact which was the subject of wide publicity before finishing for the festive season. The general prevalence of nightmares during the vac. was thus attributable, not to the Christmas fare, but rather to the prospect of exams., following upon five weeks of holiday.

We met Bates a short while ago; he appears to be enjoying his medical career; and after being a Modern at School he is now re-learning chemistry and physics for the first M.B.!!

Kevin McGuinness and Bill Handley are still representing us in their Faculty of Arts, while Gerry Growney continues his research work in the Physical Chemistry Department and plays soccer in the 'Varsity eleven.

Bill Smerdon is quite a stranger these days, but we came across him about two months ago when he informed us that he was teaching at S.F.X. Good luck, Bill!

Tom Kenny left us at Christmas, after completing his Ph.D. course, to take up an appointment with Imperial Chemical Industries in Manchester. Best wishes from us all!

Well, Mr. Editor, have you had the flu? Everyone here has had it; in fact some of us still have it now. So if you have not been a victim to it yet remember "Hodie mihi, cras tibi," and in anticipation we wish you a speedy recovery!!

It is good to hear that the School is now running more or less normally again, and we close by wishing you all good luck in the terminals, and a happy Easter.

Yours as ever,

'VARSITY.



**LONDON LETTER.**

SOMEWHERE IN LONDON,  
February 25th, 1940.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Being wartime I am unable to let you know of my address completely. It might give some information away, particularly as I have read that in the last war the enemy were in the habit of reading school magazines to obtain information from them.

I've also lost the substance of another paragraph since I must not talk about the weather. At any rate I must not mention the present weather (who wants to?—Ed.!) Furthermore, who wants to record a list of burst pipes, boilers, tanks, etc.; it would probably be unwise for me to do so since my feelings might get the better of my discretion. (I worked a paragraph out of it, anyhow!)

Since last writing to you I have seen a bit more of some of our coterie than I do in normal circumstances. With the natural desire of having our wives and children in places of safety the early days of the war saw a number of us congregated in the one establishment. Despite this the digestions of this group survived the combined culinary efforts. It would be unwise, however, for you to offer to visitors from London stewed apples by way of nourishment. With the imagination frequently thinking of Mrs. Beeton, but the dictates of wisdom and caution demanding the production of a known edible commodity a certain similarity crept into the menu. It is therefore perhaps an understatement to say that wives will be a little more appreciated on return to normal conditions. It would also be churlish to those concerned not to say that the whole period was enjoyed by all.

The post-Christmas period has brought a return to nearly normal conditions, but even so I know some O.B.'s who owe much to the kindness and hospitality of another O.B. and his family.

I have been made aware of the marked

increase in the friendship and kindness shown by people to each other in the trying conditions of this last winter. Having had occasion to do a fair amount of main-line journeys it has been really remarkable how friendly conversation soon starts, and long hours in a dimly blue-lit railway carriage compartment pass almost unnoticed. The air becomes thick with tobacco smoke, but the yarns of men who are just returning home after being torpedoed, of troops moving from one town to another, of men from minesweepers going home on leave, and of the ordinary man-in-the-street, all so friendly is in marked contrast with the glum looks and deadly silence which formerly seemed characteristic of the railway journey through England.

My circle of acquaintances falls into the older age groups, and so we are still carrying on as usual. Although we find our offices now in country houses, and more inconvenient journeys are required to get there.

I can report from personal contact that Lawrence Murphy, Charlie Kieran, Bill Kavanagh, Bill Delaney and Jack Wilson are still carrying on, but not yet "digging for victory" as the ground is still a bit damp.

We hope that St. Edward's is now substantially back to normal and hope to see you again some day.

With greetings to all in Liverpool and any left in South Wales.

FROM AN OLD BOY IN LONDON.

**SIMMARIES LETTER.**

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,  
STRAWBERRY HILL.

Greetings Edwardians,

Sorry my letter for the Christmas number arrived late for publication.

The same "spirit" is here amongst us. We follow with keen enthusiasm everything

that happens in Liverpool. Simmarians' we may be—but we'll always remain true Edwardians at heart.

Already the Juniors have become acquainted with our customs. Some were unable to find out for themselves—they *know* now.

During the first term, Richardson, Harding, Ryan, Reilly and Simmons "tried their hand" at hockey, and made an excellent job of it.

Penlington, inside right for the 1st XI soccer, is very popular with the majority of the Senior body. He's always making arrangements to "go places and do things."

In one of our many shows last term Harding and Navein gave an admirable performance. They, and "Old Man Simmons," contributed in four-part harmony (with a personnel of thirty)—attributed as the best, seen and heard in Simmaries.

Merrivale and Brash "potter about"—oblivious to all. They have nothing to report, but nevertheless are real good lads.

"Jimmy" Ludden, proved himself to be an excellent prefect—sympathetic and understanding. Unfortunately he was "called-up," and is now serving in His Majesty's Forces at ———. We certainly do miss him, but were delighted, when he suddenly appeared in our midst one day—a handsome soldier. Best of luck wherever you may be, Jimmy.

"Ned" Ludden is managing the Magazine exceptionally well, and his printing is

first rate. As "effects-man" in Radio Plays he's second to none.

Mark Walsh "paddles along"—a friend of everyone. He's extremely popular as "Old Marco."

"Jimmy" Bannon, "big-chief-throw-'em out," Chairman of the Billiards Committee, organised a band this term, and in co-operation with the Smoke Room Committee a fine Variety Dance was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Incidentally, all Senior Edwardians, without a single exception, did extremely well in their Religious lessons this term.

We're all shortly to go out teaching in the London Schools for our Final Practice. Things are bound to be a little hard, but we're all hoping for good results.

Martin Walsh, "Mick" Byrne and "Billy" Owen, all go into a huddle now and then. They retire to their "dens," like Squirrels in the winter—and vanish—to return—the same as ever.

Maurice Fortune has had enormous success in his Smoke Room Activities throughout his term of office. "Ned" and "Marco" are invaluable on the Committee. With three variety shows, each and every one of them reputed to have surpassed anything seen in Simmaries—it has turned out a record season.

We're all finishing our course, and will not be effected by Registration—but I should imagine that most of us will be "called-up" as soon as "Certif." is "in the bag."

EDWARDIANS IN SIMMARIES.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Esmeduna, Alsop Magazine, Oulton, Preston Catholic College Magazine, Oscotian, St. Francis Xavier's College Magazine, Upholland Magazine, The Quarry, Prior Park College Magazine, Edmundian (Shillong), Holt Hill Chronicle.

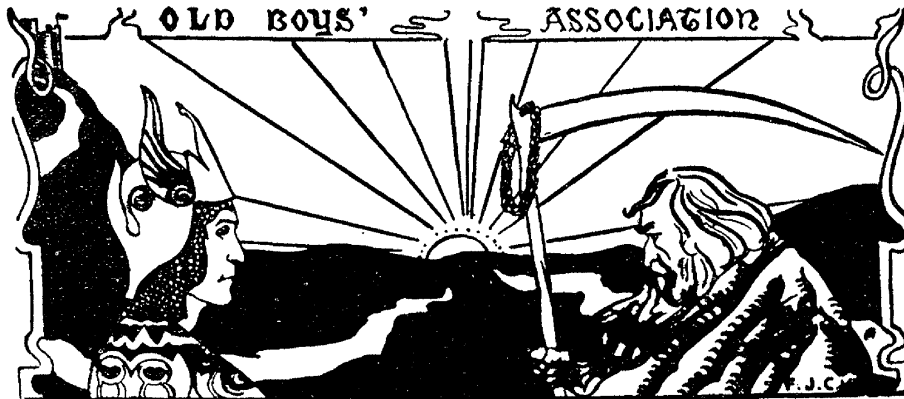
## Sports Notes : Rugby.

**R**UGBY has had a somewhat disappointing season. The weather for a long while hindered the House matches that all were looking forward to with such eagerness. Nevertheless, Form matches have been played and much valuable practice obtained. Amongst the Seniors tackling and passing are still weak, though no doubt much good work has been done. There is still too much reliance on the tricks of a soccer player, e.g., the method of dodging a man while dribbling instead of kicking the ball past your opponent and trying to overtake it. A little more generosity in getting into the game would make many a mediocre player a success. K. Nolan has proved his mettle as a three-quarter. B. O'Carroll as a strong forward and J. Kinnane as a trustworthy back have come to the fore this term. Amongst others who have shown

considerable improvement through hard practice are T. Walsh, R. Lane, F. Stewart and P. Drew.

Passing over to the Juniors no one who has seen the IV's, and especially the III's in action can have any doubt as to the future of Rugby in St. Edwards. The spirit that won the much coveted Junior Shield still lives on. Here much progress has been made. No longer are they shy of the Scrum. Fearless in their tackles and dashing in the loose—these are our "hopes" for the future. Amongst others, P. Foran, D. Smerdon, A. Crossley and K. Furlong should be mentioned for their good play. It should be noted that a very encouraging feature is the characteristic good spirit in which all the tosses and tackles incidental to the game are taken.

To Mr. Faherty goes our thanks for his continued enthusiastic support.



## 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.  
29, Olive Lane, Liverpool, 15.  
(Tel. No.: Childwall 2335).

*Hon. Secretary:* Mr. G. FURLONG,  
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,  
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Junior Membership ... ..	0	2	6
Corresponding Membership (with Magazines) ... ..	0	2	6
Members subscribing at the rate of 6d.			

*Club Headquarters:—*

BISHOP'S COURT, SANDFIELD PARK,  
LIVERPOOL, 12.

(Phone: Old Swan 2277).

**F**IRST of all we send our cordial good wishes to all our Old Boys who are "doing their bit." It is our earnest prayer that they may soon be safe home once more and free to join in with their old Schoolfellows to build up a powerful and successful Association. In the meantime, they may be quite sure that those of us who are still left in Liverpool are making every possible effort to carry on—under difficulties, of course. Still, it won't be our fault if they come home to find the Association a thing of the past.

After six months of war we are in a position to take stock of the Association. Every day we receive news of more and more Old Boys who have joined up and odd scraps of information as to their whereabouts. As the censorship rules are very strict we cannot print any details, and it must suffice to say that we now have more Old Boys in all parts of the world than ever before. Our second source of leakage is that we lose our Members steadily as each group is called up. Hence, we are faced with a steadily diminishing number of Old Boys who are free to support us. Under these circumstances it might seem that we should be forced to close down at Bishop's Court.

We must face the fact that all Old Boys

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.

of military age will be mobilised sooner or later. This leaves the others who are either below or above military age. It's up to them, and we know they won't let us down. We intend to make a great effort to keep in touch with all Old Boys from the very year they leave College. Such "new" Old Boys should be in a position to give us their support for two or three years at least. If they will do this by joining the Association and attending regularly at Bishop's Court they will be doing a very important job of work—one might almost call it a duty. They will have the satisfaction of meeting their old friends in pleasant surroundings with plenty to amuse them, and, in addition they will hold the Association's greatest asset—namely, the Club Headquarters—safe for those Members who value it, but are at present unable to help to support it.

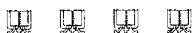
We, of the Emergency Executive Committee regard it as a sacred trust to keep going at Bishop's Court "for the duration." We appeal to all who read these Notes to act upon our suggestion if they are able and, also to pass on the message to all Old Boys who are not of military age. Let us regard it as a small effort towards winning this war—the fact that we are at war is no justification for sacrificing everything we hold dear!



## ROLL OF HONOUR

(To be displayed prominently at  
Bishop's Court).

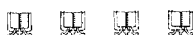
We have made arrangements to prepare a list of all Old Boys who are serving with His Majesty's Forces. Already this is assuming almost astronomical proportions, but we are anxious to make it complete. There are many more names still to come—even at present. Will you please help us in our task by sending to Mr. F. H. Loughlin, the Rank, Name and Unit of each Old Boy whom you know to be in the Army or Navy? Thank you.



## DANCES.

We held a very enjoyable Dance on Boxing night, which was successful both socially and financially. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of our January Dance which was due to take place on the night of the "Great Blizzard." This was a total loss as transport became impossible just before the Dance was due to start—hence there was no income. If only we could say the same with regard to the expenditure! Luckily, the clerk of the weather was kinder to us for our February Dance, and we got back to normal.

By the way, we now hold our Dances at St. Margaret's Hall, Park Way—the cradle of the Old Cathinians' Dances. Our next will be held on Saturday, 23rd March, from 7-45 to 11-45 p.m. We hope to see you there. Mr. H. Field, of 10, Eskdale Road, Liverpool, 9, will be pleased to send you tickets.



## FRESHERS' SOCIAL.

For various reasons beyond our control

there was no Freshers' Social last year, but we have made arrangements to have one at the end of this month. We hope to see all our "Freshers" on this occasion as well as a goodly gathering of the "old hands" to welcome them to Bishop's Court and the Association. The future of the Association is in the hands of these young men to a large extent. They need encouragement, and we expect great things of them. Here's hoping the night will be a great success.



## HOT POT SUPPER.

On Saturday, 10th February, we tried an experiment which proved to be most successful. We had a Hot Pot Supper at our own Headquarters, and nobody received more than a week's notice of the function. The hasty arrangement was necessary to anticipate the date of meat rationing, but the response was amazing. It was a regular reunion, and we all had the pleasure of meeting old friends who have been scattered to some extent since the outbreak of war.

More than 60 were present, and the evening was a masterpiece of team work! There was not a single hitch, even though it must be the most ambitious venture we have ever tackled. It's one thing to order so many Hot Pots at a catering establishment and quite another to prepare, cook and serve them at Bishop's Court.

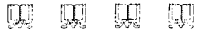
We hope to have another Supper of some sort before the Summer arrives. Due notice will, of course, be given to our members—we are quite looking forward to the next.



## SOCIALS.

Throughout the winter season we have had socials at Bishop's Court at regular

intervals of ten days—held alternately on Wednesdays and Sundays. These are always jolly affairs, and we always have something new to amuse our visitors.



### NOTES AND NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

Pride of place must be given in these Notes to the magnificent achievement of Lieutenant-Commander B. Moloney who was recently awarded the D.S.O. for "cheerful devotion to duty." We congratulate you, Bernard, most heartily, and we take great pride in the fact that it was our Alma Mater that reared you. We hardly dared hope that one of our Old Boys would be decorated so early in the war. Good luck and God Speed!

We congratulate Dom. W. T. Loughlin, O.S.B., who was ordained Priest at Ampleforth Abbey on 7th January. We wish you many happy and profitable years to labour in the vineyard, Father Thomas!

We also congratulate Arthur Maguire, who was recently ordained Sub-Deacon at Upholland, where he has settled down after leaving the Beda College in Rome.

Garry Ormond has just been home on leave from France, and, like all our Old Boys in the Forces, he looks marvellously fit. Private James F. Cole is also in France and is very happy.

Henry Loughlin (Lance Bombadier), and Sapper Jack Ryan were home on leave recently. They both feel the loss of their football with the Old Caths. Henry has gained almost two stone!

Driver Jim Ludden called at the College to see us. He has deserted Simmaries for the R.A.S.C., and likes it very well.

Both Lawrence and Gordon Pratt are 2nd Lieutenants in the King's Liverpool

Regiment, and Raymond has been made a Sub-Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. They were all at our last Dance.

J. Graeme Bryson is a Captain in the R.A., and wrote to us recently from his service station. We were very sorry to hear that he has lost his baby son recently, and we offer our deep sympathy to himself and his wife. Kenneth and Frank are also in khaki.

Tony Molyneux is in the R.A.M.C. and has just been sent abroad. Denis Robinson is also in the R.A.M.C. and is attached to the R.A.F. Quite a number of our old friends are serving in the Air Force, including Flying Officer E. P. Burke, Corporal John Gavin, AC./2 Bernard Howard, Jim Smerdon, Reg. Bramwell, Frank McDonnell, Roy Worthington and Joe Ion.

Cyril Collins and Michael Dake are both in the Liverpool Scottish, whilst the Cheshire Regiment has absorbed Lance Corporal John Byrne, Dick Cullity, Jack O'Callaghan and Bernard Gannon.

Harry Saunders, Vin Morgan, Willie Nelson and Frank Denson are all in the Signals, whilst John Moore, Fred Richmond and J. Atkins have become "Sappers."

F. R. Power is a Merchant Service Cadet, and would like to get in touch with any other Old Boy in the Merchant Service. Contact may be established through the College.

We congratulate Jack and Mrs. Wilson most heartily for they have just been blessed with the gift of a bonny son. May he grow to be a real "chip of the old block." There should be no danger that *he* will be called up for some time!

Jim Hagedorn is in the King's Own Royal Lancasters, William Shannon is a Trooper in the Duke of Lancasters' Yeomanry, Andrew Knox is in the Royal Suffolk Yeomanry, G. Atherton is a Private in the King's Regiment, and Joe McNamara is in the Royal Ordnance Corps.