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School Notes

THE following boys from the College entered Upholland to commence their studies for the Priesthood : Robert Flynn, Denis Furlong and Leonard Hinchcliffe. Anthony Carroll has entered the Juniorate of the Oblate Fathers, and Joseph Keaveney the English College, Lisbon.

The following have entered Liverpool University : F. X. Brennan, R. V. Crawford, A. Duggan, F. Ford, J. Loughe, T. D. Murphy, J. Occleshaw, J. D. Peel and A. Thomas. Eric Daynes began his Medical Studies at the National University of Ireland. The following entered Training Colleges for Teachers : L. Bruen, F. Frayne, T. Merivale, J. Pinnington and P. Tighe.

* * *

We were all pleased to learn that a Governor of the College—Alderman L. Hogan, O.B.E.—had been elected Lord Mayor and we wish him every success during his year of office. Ald. Hogan has always interested himself in the school and its activities and has attended many school functions and Old Boys' Dinners. Speaking at

one of these some time ago, he said he "regretted that he could not claim St. Edward's as his Alma Mater, but he had endeavoured to remedy that defect by becoming a Governor of the College and by sending his three sons to the school."

* * *

It was with feelings of deep regret we learned of the death of Br. D. F. Greenish which took place on September 16th, 1945, at Prior Park College, Bath. He was on the staff of St. Edward's for over six years ; all his pupils have now passed out of the school but Old Boys will have kindly memories of him and of the interest he took in their welfare.

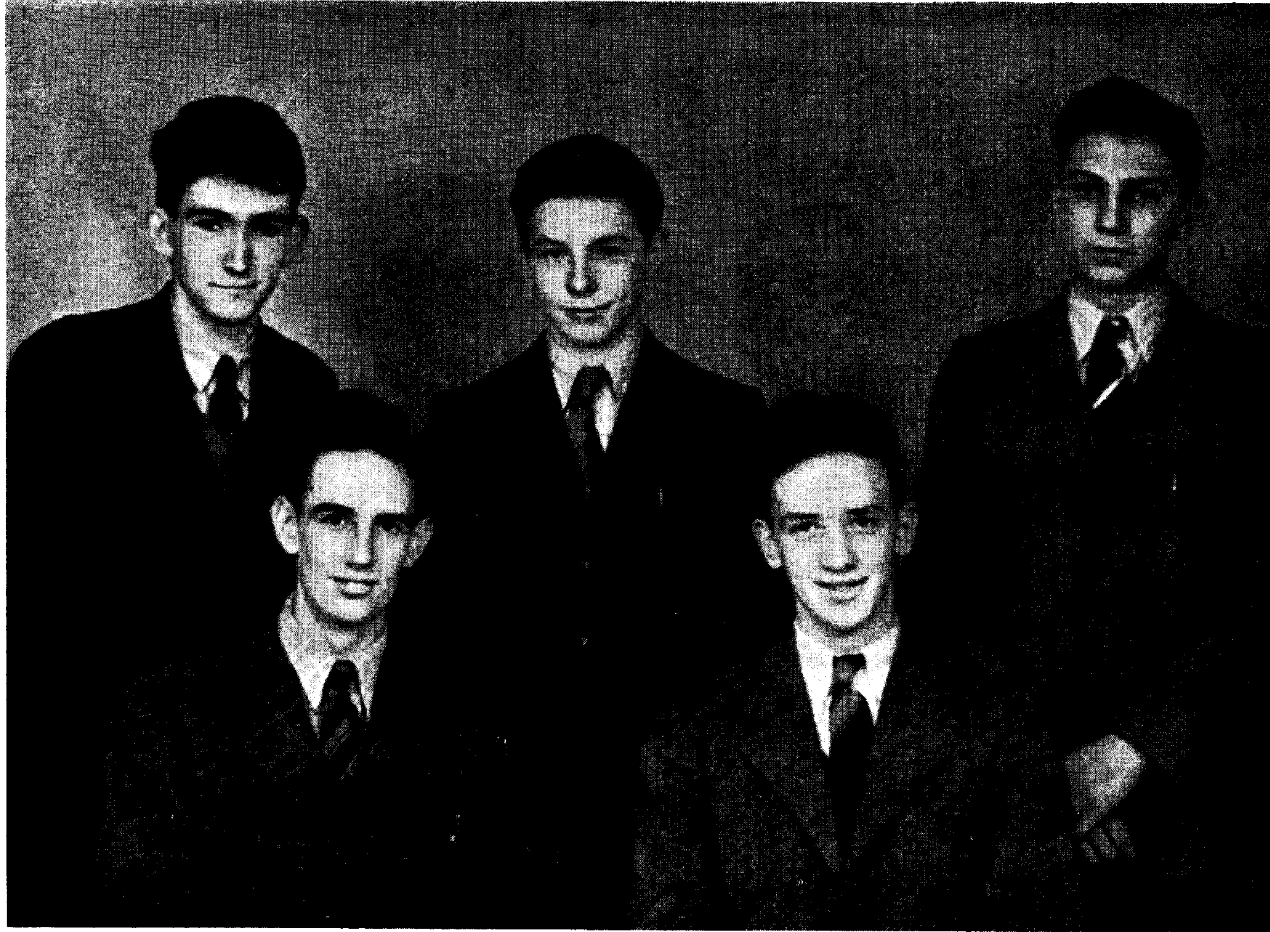
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Congratulations to Dr. Basil Whalley on being appointed Lecturer in Organic Chemistry at Liverpool University. He has had a brilliant school and university course, and in his present congenial position we are confident that he will achieve even more noteworthy success.

* * *

We were sorry to lose the services of Major Neville, O.B.E., as a member of the Governing

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS, 1945



F. A. FORD

R. V. CRAWFORD

L.V. GOULD

F. X. BRENNAN

J. D. PEEL

Absent : T. MURPHY

Body, but advancing years as well as pressure of business forced him to resign. We thank him for the interest he has always shown in St. Edward's.

* * *

The Reference Library has had many benefactors since the last issue of the Magazine. Outstanding is the loan of the new edition of Grove's Dictionary of Music by Mr. Boraston, whose efforts on behalf of culture are indefatigable.

Others have donated books, or money to be expended on books. Despite the generosity of many friends there are still shelves not quite filled and we should welcome every gift. Amongst recent benefactors are : F. X. Brennan, A. Carroll, S. Collier, F. Hewitt, S. Jones, F. Ley, D. A. Ryan, P. Tighe, M. A. Wren and VIA Moderns ('44-'45).

The Dream of Gerontius

THE centenary of Newman's conversion has passed : the religious services commemorative of that event which influenced his successors no less than his contemporaries have been held throughout the country. Cardinal Newman's name will always be a household name amongst us. His *Apologia* which so clearly shows his horror for untruthfulness is a standard title ; and *The Dream of Gerontius* even if it had not been set so superbly to music by Elgar would still hold us enthralled.

Often have we heard it broadcast, often, too, have we heard it in our own Philharmonic Hall ; in fact in our own College many of us have heard Mr. Boraston, our Music Master, lecture on it, illustrating his series of talks with records and often by securing the services of well-known soloists whom he has accompanied. It is, then, a popular work. It may, however, be questioned whether we do not appreciate it for reasons which if not mischievous in their consequences are at least insufficient and at times irrelevant. The poem was not written specifically to be set to music. Its beauty is none the less apparent even if it is merely read without the advantages which soloists, a choir and a full orchestra bring.

The poem is fundamentally Catholic ; it demands a knowledge of Catholic belief in Purgatory and of the truths implicit in that dogma : the Particular Judgment, to mention merely one. The Catechism defines "Purgatory" as "a place where souls suffer for a time after death on account of their sins." The poem is

based on that statement : it does not postulate the opinion of one school of theologians and reject thus implicitly tenets of another. Newman concerned only with the process of purification a soul may undergo before meeting its God is content to dramatise the passage of the soul at death to the judgment seat of God, and in so doing he utilizes the liturgy of the Church to the full.

There is described the bedside of a dying man. Characteristically Catholic in spirit as is that description, at the bedside are not merely friends and relations but a Catholic priest. With that solicitude peculiar to the Bride of Christ (for was it not He who imperatively in no unmeasured terms demanded of us to be meek and humble of heart ?) the priest pleads before the throne of the living God on behalf of the dying man. It is worthy of note that the name given to this Christian, Gerontius, is a name held in particular veneration in the Roman Martyrology as being the name of two Martyrs. With their prayers the bystanders intercede with God for one who is so quickly to hear that doom, which will echo eternally in his ears.

No other poet has attempted so successfully to portray that passage which all of us individually must some day make. With acute perception Newman delineates the feelings which it is felt must well up in the soul in that moment which elapses before its flight to God is winged. The feeling of utter helplessness, the dread fear of the unknown, the awful anxiety—those emotions

peculiar to the moment of dissolution are our own when we read *The Dream of Gerontius*.

“ I can no more ; for now it comes again
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man

.
O Jesu, help ! pray for me Mary, pray !
Some Angel, Jesu ! such as came to Thee
In thine own agony”

Long had Newman felt that he would suffer paralysis : the haunting fear of the immobility of limbs that this affliction causes gives conviction to the poignant lament of Gerontius quoted above.

Gerontius dies with a profession of Faith made in accents strong and unwavering :

“ And I hold in veneration
For the love of Him alone
Holy Church, as His creation,
And her teachings, as His own.”

His last words re-echo the dying words of the Master after Whose footsteps, may be afar off at times, he has yet feebly stumbled :

“ Novissima hora est ; and I fain would sleep
The pain has wearied me . . . into Thy hands
O Lord, into Thy hands,”

The delicate tenderness of the Guardian Angel as it accompanies the soul of Gerontius reflects what was a lifelong devotion of Newman's. Even from an early age, he claimed, the material world was less real to him than the spiritual. In 1877, writing to Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of his own diocese, he refers to Trinity College, Oxford, as “ the place where I began the battle of life with my good angel by my side.” To read his poem, *Guardian Angel*, is only to be strengthened in our conviction that his devotion to his angel guardian was deep and abiding.

Gerontius's astonishment at feeling so composed at this dread hour of dissolution :

“ Now that my hour is come, my fear is fled,
And at this balance of my destiny,
Now close upon me, I can forward look
With a serenest joy,”

is cogently answered by the Angel's reminder :

“ It is because

Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost fear not.”

Passing with the Angel by the demons whose powerlessness Gerontius now fully comprehends, he comes to the judgment, listening on his way to the choirs of the Angels adoring their Eternal King. The Angel recalls to him the swiftness of his movement : still about the bed in the room of death pray the Priest and the others. He hears the entreaties of the Angel of the Agony whose help when dying he had besought :

“ Jesu ! spare these souls which are so dear to
Thee

Who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee.”

Then Gerontius for one brief moment sees his God. While alive he had professed :

“ It ever was my solace to believe
That, 'ere I plunged into th' avenging flame
I had one sight of Him to strengthen me.”

Earlier had the Angel assured him that he would have that consolation. Be it noted that this is a personal belief of Newman's expressed more fully in his volume of sermons *Mixed Congregations*.

The delay in meeting his God was attributable, in the words of the Angel to

“ thy very energy of thought
which keeps thee from thy God.”

Words which recall the anguished cry of Faustus in *Dr. Faustus*, who had sold his soul to the Devil.

“ O, I'll leap up to my God !—Who pulls me
down ?—

See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the
firmament !

One drop would save my soul, half a drop : ah
my Christ ! ”

Gerontius has been warned that in the presence of his Creator,

“ Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned
As never thou didst feel ; and wilt desire
To slink away, and hide thee from His sight.
And yet wilt have a longing eye to dwell
Within the beauty of His countenance.”

So it is, for Gerontius cries passionately :

“ Take me away and in the lowest deep
There let me be

And there in hope the lone night watches keep
Told out for me.”

A voluntary absence from its Love is the sentence which the soul of Gerontius passes on itself. No more poignantly has Francis Thompson told of the enduring love of Christ *for* each soul in his "Hound of Heaven" than has Cardinal Newman depicted the anguish of the soul self-condemned to Purgatory.

And yet in accord with Catholic doctrine the soul is made to suffer in patience and with resignation for it is sure of a final condemnation of its love for God.

"There motionless and happy in my pain
Lone, not forlorn—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn."

As tender as was the first address to Gerontius of the Guardian Angel, who hailed him then as "My child and brother," surpassing in love and devotion are the words of parting, until such time as the Angel shall call Gerontius to the presence of their God :

"Farewell, but not for ever ! brother dear
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow."

Newman confessed that at no time had he difficulty in expressing himself in verse. All his prose works had been written under force of circumstances. He wrote verse for pleasure. His primary purpose in his verses was didactic. *The Dream of Gerontius* as so many of Newman's other poems rises to a height of lyrical power in which the energy of expression is equalled only by its

simplicity.

It is to be regretted that almost the only verses commonly known are those from the fifth choir of angelicals, "Praise to the Holiest . . .," usually sung in our Churches. But even in those verses there is vibrating a loving confidence in God and a trust in His mercy—qualities characteristic of the poem as a whole.

The epitaph of his own composition which was engraved on Newman's tomb, "Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem," summarizes the odyssey of his own life on earth, the hope of his every thought and aspiration. It is no less a comment on the death of Gerontius.

It may indeed at first seem strange to choose to write on *The Dream of Gerontius* in the year that celebrates Newman's conversion ; but is it really so ? *The Dream of Gerontius* is instinct with those principles upon which Newman based his own life. If we seek to know how he lived, if we desire to learn his spirit then it is to this poem we shall turn. The practice of ejaculation, such a familiarity with liturgical prayers that they become mingled with our own private communings, a deep insight into the enormity of sin, a pre-occupation with "the things that matter"—all these and more facets of the spiritual life of Cardinal Newman are clearly depicted. Truly has Fr. Martindale claimed of *The Dream of Gerontius* that Newman lived in its spirit, "in it he died ; in it, perhaps, is enshrined, under fewest veils, his secret."

A Very Curious Story

SOME weeks ago I was returning home from a party. Several of my friends accompanied me part of the way. We were in the country and the mists rising from the fields combined with the pale light of the moon to produce an eerie effect.

The conversation had deviously arrived at the subject of ghosts. Most of my friends denied their existence and were giving their reasons in no uncertain manner. One of my friends, I noticed,

kept strangely quiet, making no attempt to join in the conversation. I wondered at this as he was usually talkative. When the others had finished giving their opinions I addressed him, "Well, Tom, what do you think about ghosts?" He smiled and answered, "I think the best way to answer that is to tell you a very curious story, and in case you think I am joking, I swear that it is absolutely true."

We naturally became all ears and urged him

to continue. He began, "The first incident in my story occurred at an R.A.F. Station in Kent. I was stationed there with my squadron during the Battle of Britain. Among the officers was a young man who had gained his commission from the ranks. He was from a working-class family and his father had been dead for some years. The boy had volunteered for flying duties at the outbreak of war, had got his wings, flown for some time as a sergeant-pilot, won the D.F.M., and had eventually been commissioned. He was in the same section as I was, Red Section.

"One day in 1940 we were at the ready on the 'drome when the order came, 'Red Section scramble.' That meant us, so off we went. The section took off and headed for the coast on the orders of the Controller sent over the R/T.

"We had just arrived over Dover when we spotted the enemy planes, seven of them, just below us. We dived to the attack. The young man I mentioned (let us call him Frank) was just in front of me. He attempted to attack one of the Huns head-on. The enemy plane, however, banked quickly to port. In doing so its starboard wing completely cut Frank's plane in two. Both parts burst into flame and plunged to earth. Frank must have been trapped in his cockpit for no parachute was seen leaving the plane. We polished off several enemy machines and the rest beat it for home. We returned to base and reported the loss of our comrade.

"That evening the members of our mess decided to auction Frank's personal effects and send the proceeds to his mother. I succeeded in purchasing a volume of Tennyson's poems, thickly bound and very old.

* * *

"The next part of my story took place some five years later. I had been abroad since the end of 1940 and when I was demobbed I returned to London and to my home which I had not seen for five years.

"Two nights after my return I was awakened about midnight by the noise of something or somebody moving about in the room below. I got up, threw my dressing-gown around my shoulders

and descended the stairs. I approached the door of the room from which the noise was coming. Suddenly it stopped. All was quiet. Presently I heard a new sound, the scratching of a pen. I noisily ran to the door and threw it open. The room was empty. I walked over to the window. It was shut on the inside; the brilliant moonlight filled the small room. Then I noticed something. On a small table lay a sheet of paper. On it were the words, 'Look in . . .' There was nothing else. Someone had obviously been beginning a message, and as suddenly stopped. I could not explain it. There was nobody there, nobody could have got out, and yet I had heard the noise and now here was this writing. I decided to tell nobody about it, not even my wife, and having put the mysterious note in the drawer, I locked the room and returned to bed.

"The next night I could not sleep. I lay awake thinking. I eventually became convinced that the happenings of the previous night would be repeated. I was right. Just about midnight I again heard movements downstairs. Quickly I got up and descended the stairs. I approached the room but lost some time fumbling for the key. At last the door was open. Again the room was empty. I crossed to the table. There lay a piece of note-paper. I picked it up; this time the message was complete. It read, 'Look in the binding of "Tennyson".' What did this mean? 'Tennyson'? Then I remembered the volume I had bought at the auction five years ago—poor old Frank, shot down in flames. I went to the bookcase, took down the heavy volume and with a penknife slit the leather binding. I saw that the leather had once been removed and replaced unskillfully. I shook the book. Ten five pound notes fell to the floor and with them a little slip of paper. On the paper was the message, 'If I should die, whoever finds this money should return it to my mother at . . .' (here followed an address). But the curious thing was that the handwriting of this note was identical with that of the message on the table."

"You mean," I said, "that —?"

"Exactly," my friend replied.

We continued to walk along in silence. The moon was brilliant, the stars twinkled, the mist was still rising from the damp fields. Not a sound disturbed the stillness and presently I heard

my friend murmur : " There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio . . . "

DANIEL J. SMYTH, VI B Mods.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul

THIS year the Aspirant Conference commenced with 16 members. From these were appointed the officers : Bros. McFeely, Ryan, Boggiano, and Burns as President, Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian respectively. Our number has now increased to the more respectable total of 25.

Although the membership of the Society is restricted to Form VI, all boys attending the College can assist in the work of the Society. This may be summarized under the headings : the distribution of pamphlets, and monetary collections. Any C.T.S. publications or Catholic newspapers would be gratefully received by the Conference and may be handed to the Bro.

Librarian or to any other of the members of the Society.

A series of voluntary talks on religious topics has been given this term, including one on the Life of Cardinal Newman, whose centenary celebrations have just occurred. The attendance at meetings has been very regular and the Bros. are to be congratulated on their efforts to make the Conference a success.

We would like to appeal to the boys of the College to give generous subscriptions to the annual Christmas collection and to " go all out " to make this year of victory a record year for their subscriptions.

DESMOND A. RYAN (Hon. Sec.).

Scientific Society

THIS year's course of lectures to the Society opened very promisingly with one delivered by Mr. Ryan, whose subject was " Coal Tar Dyestuffs." He traced the progress of synthetic dyes from the discovery of mauveine by Renkin in 1868 to the present-day total of over five thousand dyes.

Mr. Ryan discussed the structure of various dyes, treating of the colour-inducing groups which must be present in the molecule : to demonstrate the complexity of the manufacture of modern dyestuffs the lecturer outlined the production of the typical coal tar dyestuff Methylene Blue from the coal tar intermediate, benzene. Mr. Ryan closed this very interesting lecture by giving the chief classification of dyes used by the manufacturer and the dyer.

The second lecture of the series was delivered by Mr. Hewitt on the subject of " Sulphuric Acid." " The discovery of sulphuric acid," he said, " was lost in antiquity, the first commercial

works being set up in England in 1740. This primitive process has been developed into the modern chamber process." By means of a sketch diagram, Mr. Hewitt traced the production of sulphuric acid from the basic raw material, iron pyrites. He indicated the functions of the various parts of the plant, including the various types of chamber in use to-day. He also touched briefly on the development of the modern tower system from the older chamber process.

Turning to the contact process, the necessity for the supply of acid more concentrated than that produced by the chamber process was indicated. The working of the contact process in its modern form was shown, using a sketch diagram showing the electrostatic precipitator, heat interchanger and other parts of the plant. After the various types of catalyst and their vulnerability to " poisoning " had been dealt with, the lecture was brought to a rather hurried close by the bell.

Literary and Debating Society

THE proceedings of the Society for the new school year opened with a debate, "That electrically-driven vehicles should take the place of other vehicles in the Liverpool Public Transport System." The low cost in maintenance of electrically-driven vehicles was considered by Mr. Sadler (Pro.) who went on to compare the endurance of the electric motor with that of the diesel engine, and the efficiency of the braking systems employed on both types of vehicle.

Mr. Molloy (Con.) pointed out the inconvenience of the tracks in the middle of the roads, particularly the congestion of traffic caused by passengers alighting from the trams. Mr. Skillicorn (Pro.) used as an argument the low cost of the trams which is demonstrated in the cheaper fare rates. When Mr. Skillicorn noted the absence of gears on trams, Mr. M. Nolan (Con.), in reply, contended that a failure of current would affect many trams, a situation which could not befall the 'buses, and further, claimed that 'buses were more comfortable and were not such a danger to traffic in winter.

In summing up Mr. Chairman commented on the speakers' lack of conviction and the limited scope of their arguments.

The next debate was on a question of moment which concerns all, and, as is to be expected, was entered upon with spirit. The motion "That conscription should be abolished," was strongly supported by Mr. Denis Gaskin (Pro.), who, arguing that the late war was fought to end war, declared that therefore no armies were needed. Besides not being in harmony with the other United Nations we are in a bad financial position. Our youths were being conscripted after leaving school with no profession or trade to which they

could return.

In reply to Mr. Gaskin, Mr. Gloyne (Con.) showed that the perturbing questions of unemployment, discipline and health were solved by army life. He advocated conscription as a means of preventing a recurrence of our pre-war unpreparedness, but was met by a vigorous reply from Mr. Gallagher (Pro.), who deplored such State Control as a bane to civilization. He reminded us that Napoleon's power, amassed by conscription, engaged Europe in a terrible conflict. The Great War of 1914-18 was but a violent repercussion of the Napoleonic Wars. The patriotic ideal is strong enough to build up an army and has the advantage of not creating the international suspicion engendered by conscription.

It was affirmed by Mr. Growney (Con.) that a standing army was necessary, and the only way to secure this and maintain an efficient reserve was to conscript men by a system which improved their health and their education.

The soundness of argument was commended by Mr. Chairman who, commenting on the lack of real debating, awarded the decision to the Pro's.

Our next meeting was a General Knowledge Contest between representatives of the VI A Moderns and the VI B Moderns. A varied range of diligently prepared questions proved that the A's were somewhat surprised by the dark horses, for the result was only just in their favour—twelve points for the A's, eleven points for the B's. The convincing question-master, Mr. D. Fell, was thanked for his labours in preparing the questions by Mr. Chairman.

W. BURNS. Hon. Secretary.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

We beg to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the following Magazines :— Prior Park College Magazine, Upholland College Magazine, The Oscotian, St. Francis Xavier's College Magazine, Preston Catholic College Magazine, The Cottonian, St. Bede's College Magazine, The Edmundian (Shillong), The Wallaseyan, The Quarry.

French Literary and Debating Society

THE first meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday, October 16th. The subject for debate, "Est-ce que la paix du monde doit être fiée à une société de nations ou aux Grands Trois?" was obviously one of great topical interest. The first advocate of the league system was M. Carter. He pointed to the folly of placing the peace of the world in the hands of an oligarchy. He quoted from the late President Roosevelt to support his contention. The perpetual alliance of the Big Three was improbable. Not only was the testimony of history opposed to such an idea; the recent failure of the Foreign Ministers' Conference in London showed how a trivial point could divide the world's great powers. The only solution was an improved form of President Wilson's League of Nations.

M. Burns pointed to the gravity of the problem on hands. The future security of the world depended on the decision of which body was to control the peace. The last League of Nations failed to control the aggression of Japan and Italy. He maintained that the only method of reconstruction was by an alliance of the greater Allied Powers. The Big Three led us in war—let them lead us in peace.

M. Fell, for the motion, urged that the peace of the world should not be a monopoly of the Big Nations. The League of Nations was criticised by many but it had achieved much, including, notably, the suppression of the traffic in dangerous drugs. War had shown us how to be internationally-minded, let us preserve that attitude in the maintenance of peace.

M. Craig-McFeely, the second speaker against the motion, referred to Mr. Justice Holmes's dictum, "A page of history is worth more than a volume of logic." The League of Nations had been tried and had failed. Only the quick decisions of the Big Three could resolve the world's problems. The pages of history testified to the failure of leagues. The maintenance of peace should be in the hands of those great powers which had put down the Nazi aggression.

M. le Président asked the Society for a show of hands based on these arguments. Nine favoured the League of Nations; thirteen wanted control by the Big Three. This vote agreed with M. le Président's verdict which gave thirteen points for the motion and fourteen against.

The second meeting was a debate on La Fontaine's maxim, "La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure." It took place on October 30th. M. Gaskin was the first speaker for the motion. He said that the issue was not "Is might right?" Our democratic system of government was an obvious application of this principle. Even in personal matters, two heads were better than one.

M. Growney, speaking against the motion, pointed to the break-up of the home caused by cruelty. The recent terrible wars were caused by the theory of "the strongest is right." Weaker countries had been robbed and ravaged by their strong neighbours.

M. Osborne, speaking for the motion in place of M. Gloyne, attempted to point out that the best reasoning was the one which was the most effective. What good were the vain schemes of those who could not implement them? It was the strength of the British Empire which had enabled the noble ideas of democracy to be propagated to every corner of the world.

M. Gallagher, concluding the argument against the motion, indicated the value of philosophic ideas to the world, even when the author of them was a physical weakling.

In his concluding remarks, M. le Président suggested improvements, not only in substance but also in delivery. He awarded ten points for and seven against the motion.

On November 13th the Society met to discuss "Laquelle est la plus importante pour la Grande Bretagne—une grande marine ou une grande flotte d'air?" M. Gloyne drew attention to the fact that Britain's greatness was based on maritime trade. Only by the preservation of our large navy could we defend our mercantile shipping.

We needed a strong navy to preserve us from sea-borne invasion.

M. Molloy stated that the aeroplane was the most important machine of modern war. That lesson had been learnt by cruel experience in France and Norway. We had exploited it in our victory over Germany and Japan. He repudiated the idea that the days of war are over. Wars are inevitable. The maintenance of a large, useless navy would serve no other purpose than to swell the budget. An air-force would be effective in maintaining Britain's commercial and imperial connections.

M. Sadler, on the other hand, reiterated that an island power must have a navy. In every war in which Britain had been engaged it was her navy that had proved the telling factor. We had the traditions of Drake, Hawkins and Nelson to keep.

M. Nolan quoted Marshal of the Air Force Tedder's words regarding the part of aeroplanes in the maintenance of peace. He showed how countries and governments could be linked by air transport. Mr. Attlee had reached Washington

nineteen hours after his departure from London. Such speed gave hope that diplomats might avoid war by opportune exchange of views. M. Nolan also pointed out that only by the use of air power could Britain watch Germany's movements and keep war from breaking out once more.

In the few remaining minutes, the Chairman called upon M. Fell. He countered M. Sadler's argument that we had a naval tradition to uphold by asserting that had we been slaves of tradition we would not have survived this war. M. Carter stressed the potentialities of the atomic bomb which could be effective only when carried by an aeroplane.

M. le Président awarded eleven points for the supporters of the navy and fourteen for the advocates of a large air force.

Another debate concerning the use of the submarine in modern warfare is scheduled for November 27th but, as the magazine will have gone to the printer before that date, the account of it will have to be inserted in the next edition.

J. OSBORNE, Hon. Secretary.

National Savings

A GAIN the College has proved its mettle in the magnificent effort shown during Thanksgiving Week. Set-backs were expected, as the savings had not the same incentive as in war-time days. We did not presume to reach the targets set in War Weapons Week, Warship Week, Wings for Victory Week and Salute the Soldier Week. Then we were saving for something which affected our very lives, our relations and friends, all working in the great war machine. We put great effort into Salute the Soldier Week, little thinking it would be our last war-time effort. In Thanksgiving Week our achievement was indeed splendid, surpassing even the total for the previous big Week. The staff

and boys of Runnymede deserve special commendation.

We take this opportunity to thank all those who in any way helped to uphold the high standard of savings established in the early and hard stages of the war. We thank Brothers, parents and boys, who all helped to contribute to our successes.

As we pass from war to peace, we must remember that the country needs our savings as much as before—that we must not slack in our efforts. If our achievement in Thanksgiving Week can be taken as a symbol of our determination we *will* make England a worthy home for our heroes by our persistent saving. Do we *all* deserve unstinted praise?

Music Notes

WE HOPE to give a concert at the end of the present term. Owing to their having left school, we have lost three members of the orchestra: Frank Finnety and Kevin Peters, Violinists, and Patrick Tighe, pianist. Frank Finnety was our senior member. We remember that in the early days of the war, when, during the air-raids, rehearsals were held in the air-raid shelters, he never missed attending, but, with his father (for whose help in those days we are always most grateful) did his level best for this particular organisation. He is now at the University and is a member of the University Orchestra, which, like our own, is trained by M. Eugene Genin.

Kevin Peters has, we believe, adopted a business career. We hope that he is still playing the violin and has joined some orchestra or other.

The lessons in orchestral playing given at St. Edward's are most valuable, and are an excellent training for boys wishing to join larger and more

ambitious orchestras when their schooldays are over.

Claude Brown, David Blackburn and Peter Mackay, three pianists of promise, have joined the orchestra this term. We welcome them to our ranks, and hope that they will be long with us.

The first concert of the 1945-46 season of the Concerts for Secondary Schools was given in the Philharmonic Hall on Friday, October 12th. Mr. Herbert Bardgett was the conductor. His remarks on intellectual listening were, perhaps, the most lucid we have ever had the privilege of listening to. His method of impressing upon his audience the various musical "subjects" occurring in his programme, by making the members of it sing them to words, was one to be remembered. The writer of these notes will certainly use that method himself when the occasion arises.

The concert was attended by members of the orchestra, the violin classes, and by Forms III Alpha and Beta.

A School of the Future

PUTTING his plastic schoolbag on his back John Smith steps into the lift in his plastic house and arrives at its glass-topped roof. Here his mother hands him two small pills, his daily dinner, and waves him good-bye as he takes off in his jet-propelled helicopter. Soon he hears a buzz in the headphones he has affixed to his ears and switching on his talkie-vision television set he sees the face of Mr. Brown, his form master, glowering at him out of the set.

"Smith, you are late," he says.

"Sorry, sir," replies Johnny, and fires off a few rockets attached to his plane to give it greater speed.

At length he glides down to the top of his school, St. Peter's, and parks his helicopter in the space reserved for his form, 4A. Johnson, the porter, takes him down from the roof in the lift and he passes through several corridors with lifts ascending and descending till he arrives at the head master's office. He has no need to knock

as an electric eye fixed in the corridor has already told the principal of his visitor, and the iron doors open and shut. The principal is seated in a glass chair before a panel of knobs and now presses one. A robot stands up and with a buzzing of electricity in a metallic voice asks Smith's name and excuse for being late. Smith explains that his uncle took him to Mars last night and he didn't arrive home till late, and consequently overslept.

The robot motions him to go and he steps into a lift and enters his classroom.

Mr. Brown accepts his explanation for his lateness, merely remarking that young Jones who parachutes out of the Moon Express is never late. Smith goes to his place or rather on Mr. Brown's pressing a button the seat comes to him and he is taken to a place where he can see perfectly like the other thirty boys. Mr. Brown puts on his white overalls and continues the lesson—History. He presses another button on his desk, a red light glows and a few boys move aside hastily as one

end of the room slides back disclosing a large screen. Mr. Brown announces "The Battle of Hastings," and King Harold flashes on the screen. The boys see the fight which the newly-discovered system of age-electronics has brought about, and answer questions that flash on the screen. The lesson ends and Mr. Brown whirls through the door in the rail-car reserved for masters, who do not use the common lifts.

Next comes geography, and South America is traced on the screen with pictures of the natives, rivers and products. The master is asked certain details now and then, and the boys' typewriters are busy as they take down notes (St. Peter's believes in keeping the old-fashioned system of

typewriters instead of robot pens worked direct from the mind).

Playtime comes and Smith takes his two pills, dinner and pudding, and goes for a ride in his helicopter. Games then follow in the afternoon as it is Wednesday and an air-polo match takes place between 4A and 4B. After a long game with Mr. Brown refereeing 4A wins and the players depart. Smith gives young Jones a lift to the air stop tied to a huge balloon, where several pupils wait for the Moon Express. He sees his friend off, waves good-bye to some others, and heads for home with a substantial amount of homework (unchangeable in the midst of change!).

J. KIERAN.

Annual Examination Results, 1945

Open Scholarships :—

LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY BUSHEL SCHOLARSHIP :
Peel, J. Derek.

SENIOR CITY SCHOLARSHIPS :

J. Derek Peel and F. Ford (special Senior City Scholarships in conjunction with University award)

Brennan, Francis X.
Crawford, Raymond V.
Gould, Leo V.
Murphy, Timothy.

Studentship :—

LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY :
Ford, Francis A.

ARMY UNIVERSITY SHORT COURSES :
Jones, Stephen (Belfast)
Ley, Francis J. (Aberdeen).

Higher School Certificate :—

Brennan, Francis X.	Murphy, Timothy
Crawford, Raymond V.	Occleshaw, Joseph V.
Duggan, Arthur P.	O'Dwyer, Denis
Ferguson, Francis D.	Osborne, John J.
Ford, Francis A.	Peel, John D.
Gould, Leo V.	Pennington, John
Hewitt, Francis	Ryan, Anthony G.
Jordan, Peter V.	Ryan, Desmond
Ley, Francis J.	Sinnott, John L.
Loughe, James A.	Thomas, Raymond P.
Merivale, Thomas	Walsh, Joseph F.

Distinctions : Chemistry (principal paper) :
Crawford, R. V., Hewitt, F., Peel, J. D. ;
(scholarship paper) : Hewitt, F., Peel, J. D.,
Ryan, D. Mathematics (principal papers) :
Crawford, R. V., Murphy, T., Peel, J. D.

Higher School Certificate

(Letters of Success) :—

Collier, Stanley B.	McDonnell, James G. C.
Daynes, Eric J.	Taylor, Francis
	Walsh, Terence J.

School Certificate Results :—

Adair, David	Maher, Desmond J.
Andanar, Eduardo M.	McGrail, Thomas
Ashton, Herbert	McIntosh, Peter J.
Avery, John	McKenna, Joseph T.
Ball, Francis	McSorley, Gerard A.
Batin, Thomas R.	Merriman, Joseph M.
Berry, John	Morgan, Joseph A.
Bolger, Peter F.	Mullarky, Peter J. C.
Bretherton, Terence W.	Mulville, Peter N.
Broadbridge,	Murphy, John
Thomas E. C.	Murphy, Terence W.
Brownbill, Walter	Murphy, Thomas D.
Bruen, Francis L.	Murphy, William G.
Burke, Anthony	Nixon, Wilfrid
Carmody, Thomas P.	Nolan, Robert
Charnock, William T.	Nyland, Francis
Cooch, Bernard W.	Oakley, James
Craig-McFeely, Brian E.	O'Callaghan, Donald

School Certificate Results (continued)

Currie, Gerard	O'Callaghan, Kevin	Furlong, Denis A.	Simpson, John
Davidson, John	O'Mahoney, Hugh	Gilmore, Thomas E.	Smyth, Daniel J.
Davies, George F.	O'Shea, Joseph	Hammonds, Robert	Spall, Kevin
Davies, Leslie F.	Peters, Joseph K.	Harris, Ronald	Suffield, Herbert
Decrop, Raymond	Powell, John	Harrison, Eric	Thompson, Anthony I.
Devine, Arthur	Power, Ernest M.	Hawkins, Robert	Tiernan, James W.
Dickson, William	Quick, Leonard	Hill, Robert A.	Tully, William J.
Domville, Eric W.	Rice, Bernard A.	Jones, Leo	Walsh, Francis T.
Doyle, John	Riley, Raymond F.	Jordan, Francis J.	Wells, Anthony
Dwyer, William J.	Rorke, James B.	Kane, Francis P.	Wilkinson, John O.
Ellis, Albert	Rose, Francis R.	Keaney, John P. J.	Willey, Dennis J.
Fitzmaurice, Francis	Ross, Anthony C.	Keith, Noel A.	Woods, Ernest K.
Foley, Timothy P.	Ryley, Norman J.	Kieran, John A.	Wren, Michael A.
Ford, George	Short, Francis J.	Lynch, Brian E.	Yeoman, Michael H.

FORM EXAMINATIONS. SUMMER TERM 1945

- VI B.Sc. : Religion : B. Boggiano
1, B. Boggiano ; 2, T. Sharrock ; 3, S. MacNamara.
- VI B Mod. : Religion : W. Burns
1, R. Sadler ; 2, F. Molloy ; 3, G. Sillicorn.
- LV Alpha : Religion : J. Dryhurst
1, J. Dryhurst ; 2, B. O'Dowd ; 3, P. Sherry.
- LV Beta : Religion : J. O'Keeffe
1, F. Bowden ; 2, G. McKenna ; 3, A. Bellew.
- LV A : Religion : D. Hartley
1, E. Croft ; 2, P. Monaghan ; 3, R. Mulcahy.
- LV B : Religion : J. McCarthy ; J. Penketh
1, W. Slattery ; 2, P. Servini ; 3, T. Barnwell.
- IV Alpha : Religion : J. Shennan
1, J. Shennan ; 2, E. Johnston ; 3, M. McGowan.
- IV Beta : Religion : P. Ashton
1, P. Schofield ; 2, T. Hayes ; 3, L. Connor.
- IV A : Religion : D. Hannigan
1, J. Brash ; 2, W. Fishlock ; 3, R. Williams.
- IV B : Religion : A. Walsh
1, J. Diamond ; 2, T. Nursall ; 3, A. Holme.
- III Alpha : Religion : P. Hearty
1, F. Birkenhead ; 2, P. Rose ; 3, W. Ellis.
- III Beta : Religion : C. Bridge
1, W. Addy ; 2, C. Bridge ; 3, P. Doyle.
- III A : Religion : P. O'Brien
1, T. K. Harrison ; 2, J. Finnigan ; 3, P. O'Brien.
- III B : Religion : A. Gilbertson
1, M. Lennon ; 2, H. McQuade ; 3, F. Scott.
- U.II : Religion : M. Glover
1, G. Slater ; 2, A. Curran ; 3, M. Glover.
- L.II : Religion : P. Ringham
1, M. Gregory ; 2, J. Kendal ; 3, E. Anderton.
- I : Religion : G. Gloyne ; J. Hart
1, J. Hart ; 2, G. Gloyne ; 3, G. Mills.
- Preparatory : Religion : T. Laphan
1, J. Howard ; 2, M. Evans ; 3, B. McDermott.

Advice to Anxious Mothers

WHEN Tommy next comes home with signs of battle on his eyes, on his nose or on his mouth do not, pray, for the sake of the pugilistic art, bewail the sorry fate of a handsome youth. Nay, contra (that, Tommy

will tell you, means "on the other hand") raise your head and rejoice. Raise your head and see the majestic cupola of St. Peter's, for it is recorded that Michael Angelo's nose was flattened by one, Torrigiano, who had learned the noble art from

those bears of Englishmen. Your aforementioned warrior, Thomas, may be the designer of a beautiful London or a beautiful Liverpool, if that could be possible.

Latin Lyrists and English earls have shown a deep interest in this art which saved Michael Angelo from a stiletto. The "gloves" Virgil referred to in his Aeneid in the proposed fight between Entellus and Dares were far removed

in design from those wielded by Louis (and, of course, son Thomas); they were nothing more than truly formidable "knuckle-dusters" capable of administering fatal blows. Eyeing Tom's damaged nose console yourself with this recollection and resign yourself to a fate inflicted on all mothers, *i.e.*, that of seeing a worthy offspring displaying his war trophies.

W. J. A. BURNS, VI A Mods.

JAMES MIDDLETON

Death always comes as a shock to us, especially when it takes from us suddenly, someone whom all have learnt to love and respect. Very sudden and unexpected was the death of James Middleton on Sunday, August 26th, 1945, at Wallasey where he was spending the day. He was only twelve years of age.

While bathing with his friends on the foreshore James was carried out of his depth by the strong tide, and not being a good swimmer was unable to make any headway. His friends called for help which was available. A civilian who went in to rescue the drowning boy, found him unconscious. While coming towards the shore he himself became exhausted and had to release his hold. The boy's body was shortly afterwards recovered from a gully where it had been left by the receding tide. Artificial respiration was tried for some time without avail. At the inquest a verdict of "death by misadventure" was returned.

Such was the tragic end of James Middleton, a boy whose extremely cheerful disposition endeared him to all who knew him. His good humour will always be remembered by his many friends. He came to St. Edward's from St. Matthew's in 1942. He progressed satisfactorily and would have been promoted to the Lower Fives in September.

On Friday, August 31st, Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of his soul in St. Matthew's Church, Clubmoor. The funeral took place after the Mass to Anfield Cemetery.

As the death of our young friend occurred during the vacation many of his school-mates did not hear of it until school re-opened and were consequently unable to attend the funeral. However, many of those who had heard of his death were present at the Requiem Mass to pay their last respects to their dear young friend. The staff of the College was also represented.

To James's relatives and friends we offer our deepest sympathy on their sad bereavement but we recall that his death though sudden was not unprepared for. We derive great consolation from the thought that at Holy Mass on the morning of his death James received in Holy Communion his Divine Lord and Master Who was so soon to take him to Himself. R.I.P.

Form Notes

VI A Moderns

HERE comes a time in the life of every student when he quits the luxurious ease of a hard wooden desk and in due course becomes an old boy. How can we endure to leave this pleasant spot, with the knowledge that it is heading for inevitable destruction, the reason for which being not far to seek? With this melancholy reflection we commence these notes, which, with all modesty, we would point out, are the only ones worth reading in the magazine.

Not wishing to eclipse certain other members of the college, the warm-hearted students of this form have allowed their amazing gifts to shine only in the privacy of their own classroom, where even then their intellectual brilliancy prudently glitters but dully. A similar policy has to be adopted during the meetings of the societies, particularly the French Society, so that the innocent B's will be tactfully persuaded into believing that they stand some sort of chance, however faint, of arriving at the dizzy heights of rhetoric achieved by their respected elders.

Gentle Peter has distinguished himself by his rhetoric in both tongues. He evidently harbours an antipathy for Napoleon, as he has blamed him for almost every modern evil, ranging from conscription to atomic bombs. He has also repeatedly expressed his delight at indulging in "recreation mentale" on a Sunday afternoon. But be it said to Peter's credit, he does speak his mind and refuses solidly to "hedge." Others, who shall be as nameless as they are speechless, are slow to utter a syllable.

But these strong, silent individuals comprise but one of the several cults which exist in the class. We are frequently diverted by a set of "prose crooners," whose garbled utterances have been likened to those of our transatlantic friend, Charles P. McCarthy. The capers of David, ably encouraged by Gloyne, are also worthy of note. But if you want to behold the genius of Hollywood and Denham, not forgetting the B.B.C., portrayed in burlesque, steal slowly upon Nolan

and Molloy, who would have become worldbeaters as members of the Greek Chorus, and behold the spirit of that eminent cartoonist, George Green, portrayed in the countenances of these two hilarious youths.

Our friend, Sadler, is still very much at home among the hexameters and Greek accusatives, although recently he was somewhat disconcerted by the departure of some obscure figure of the football world to a southern clime. It was rumoured that the long-sought-for moustache was at last appearing as a bristling fixture, but hopes were quickly dashed when the blooming growth was found to consist of ink. Suspicions are entertained in certain quarters concerning the nocturnal adventures of Skillicorn and Growney. (Do they really spend all those hours on Latin?)

We cannot pass on without bowing dutifully in the direction of Gaskin whose age, wisdom and quiet efficiency are admired and respected by all. May we wish him and our other prospective teachers all the necessary success in their impending interviews. May we extend these wishes to all of last year's Six A's some of whom are already actively serving their country. Encouraged by their resounding success in the public examinations we look forward hopefully to the seeming distant days of June.

As we leave behind this term, which has been full of incident, ranging from an hilarious night at a Shakespearian comedy to a lugubrious one at the "Foyer," let us wish with conventional sincerity "A Happy Christmas to All." And may we, at Christmas, 1946, as we look through the magazine of the school we have left behind, pity the poor chap who has been asked to write the Form Notes and cannot find a suitable conclusion.

J.O., M.C-McF.

* * *

Form VI A Sc.

On returning to another "annus mirabilis," we found our "Eden" divided into two opposing factions. Taking a leaf out of the Parliamentary book, there were the elite "Big Six" (later

becoming a Quintuple Alliance) of the Left Wing and the "also ran" of the Right Wing.

R. Crawford left our company at the beginning of the term to swell the ever-growing number of Old Boys at the 'Varsity. We wish him every success.

At the beginning of the term we trooped into the Physics Laboratory, now equipped with black-out curtains, overcoming our natural fear of — the dark, with the moral support of — Mr. "P." There we have since made divers discoveries which would, if published, shake the Royal Society to its very foundations. Our infallible guide in questions of practical physics seems to have demonstrated experimentally the existence of the square root of minus one.

The end of September saw us in the midst of V-J. festivities entailing a holiday, concert, and "party."

This term two of our members have given lectures for the Scientific Society. Our debating has been mainly confined to French periods, with out eymological mentor, Mr. M——, who has shown us a new way of looking at the language.

Our researches into the realms of chemistry evoked mingled cries of horror and admiration from the more (il)literate Moderns who are at a loss for pertinent quotations.

In the field of sport we have a half-dozen sturdy representatives in the Rugby 1st XV, besides having full share in the activities of the Magazine Committee and of the S.V.P.

On November 10th, the day before Armistice Day, we paid tribute to the memory of the gallant Old Boys, in both World Wars, who had made the supreme sacrifice. A wreath was laid on the Old Boys' Memorial at the Church of St. Philip Neri, and afterwards we attended a Requiem Mass for the repose of their souls.

Later in the term we received a visit from Major Freeman, a member of the Chindits, who entertained us for over an hour with his personal experiences of guerilla warfare in Burma. His interesting talk was enjoyed by all, and we take this opportunity of conveying him our thanks.

However, space and time do not permit of this

narrative being further extended. Therefore, with a last farewell, wishing all "Merry Christmas," with "Peace on earth to men of goodwill," we end this epic of "Paradise Lost," the saga of VI A Sc.

D.A.R.

* * *

Form VI B Mods.

We should like to record a vote of thanks to all who helped us to obtain the all-important School Certificate. We do not as yet possess the actual certificates but is rumoured that several individuals have frames on order!

The full impact of Sixth Form work bewildered most of us at first but we gradually accustomed ourselves to it. Indeed, some of us can now afford to take time off for a spot of golf and one individual was observed taking an active part in the November 5th celebrations.

The English debates have proved rather interesting, especially the general knowledge quiz. As regards the French debates it is denied that most of us are eagerly awaiting the next issue of the magazine to find out what they were all about. The VI A's were really not as bad as that!

This Form has, of course, its quota of prospective teachers. We wish them every success in their recent exam.

Now Christmas looms ahead with its attendant exams. After these, the holidays! Most of us are looking forward to a profitable acquaintance with the postal authorities.

We have felt very much the loss of many a thrilling experience when in days of yore we had to buy our books. Our business instincts were sharpened, we increased our circle of acquaintances, and we gained much surreptitious knowledge. Hunting in various shops for books which so often proved so elusive that we were unable to attempt our exercises—much to our chagrin! Now everything is issued: the joy of combat and victory is stolen from us.

The high-light of the term was surely the afternoon tea party which was preceded by an entertainment. Songs and the orchestra gave

within our veins as we saw trick after trick performed with traditional dexterity of hand and suavity of manner. Sophisticated yesterday and probably to-morrow, yes ; but that afternoon, no. And it was with light hearts that we left for our classrooms for tea which the City Fathers with great insight into the habits of the young had provided. Who shall dare to disturb that memory by coldly detailing the menu? With a sigh at the rapid passing of time let us proudly claim, "We were there!"

We shall end this literary attempt by wishing all a Happy and Holy Christmas.

F.K. AND D.J.S.

* * *

Form VI B Sc.

Here once again is set down for the good of posterity the history of this class of struggling scientists. We all entered Form VI with clean slates and happy smiles determined to work hard. We are proud of our achievements in the School Certificate and we hope they will be repeated in two years' time.

Some apply their science on the rugby field such as Wren, Suffield and Short, all of the First XV, Rose of the Seconds, and Batin of the Bantams. Others aspire to the teaching profession while others again joined the S.V.P. and dispense their charity among the poor.

At first we found it hard to get started because, in with a bang entered Mr. R—, hammering away at the calculus and some other poor individuals. On the advice of the same teacher a new company, *viz.*, Merriman, Morgan and Co., editors and publishers of revised, modern maths. books, may be floated.

Although the Minister of Fuel and Power appeals to us to economise on light, etc., some still persist in burning the midnight amps. and volts whilst endeavouring to perfect their homework. Isn't it marvellous? J.M., however, laughs his way through homework.

And here is a word of advice to new third-formers. We "giants of the sixth" (as Mr. M. puts it) wish only that we could start again in form three to *work* through the school again and

not to play as we (and doubtless others) have done and you are trying to do. Learn from the bitter experiences of others, and take heed.

We are all up to our eyes at present in little bits of this and that. The binomial theorem befogs (with apologies to Mr. R.) some of us, and although chemistry is not so difficult as it might be, applied maths. holds almost insurmountable difficulties. Mr. M. is in despair—and no wonder.

We would like to thank Major Freeman and the members of the staff who arranged for us an interesting lecture on the Chindits in Burma. Dealing with the airborne operations in that part of the world it contained many details of the plan of campaign, the actual assault, and Major Freeman's and others' thrilling experiences. His trophies were most popular, especially the kukri knife which provoked gasps of either fear or admiration. A fine lecture!

We now eagerly (?) look forward, with hope which tends to zero, to the forthcoming exams., praying that we may do as well as we did in the exams. on which our entry into this form depended.

P.M., B.C.-McF.

* * *

Form Upper V Alpha

Recently there has been a lot of talk about the working-class. We wish to state here and now that this reference bears no relation to Upper V Alpha whatsoever. The members of the form are, in the main, conservatives, an indication of their belief in the theory of the conservation of energy. Another prevalent theory is that absence makes the heart grow fonder. Most of these theories go up in smoke when investigated closely. This reminds us of Johnny Edgar, the life and soul of the class. He is in the immediate line of fire of all and sundry, and perhaps this is the reason why lately he has shown a tendency to strike. Recently he has been bringing biscuits to school in partial reward to Croft in recognition of his long and faithful service, one supposes. Another long and faithful servant is Joe O'Shea way to the conjuror ; we felt our blood tingling

(at least we think he is faithful). Joe is telling Slattery his life-story in daily instalments. The rest of the class cannot help but overhear. Daniel Mulholland is also interested in the exciting and colourful narrative. James Dryhurst is as famous for his questions as Joe O'Shea is for his stories. He displayed this quality to the full at a lecture given by Major Freeman. We wish to thank both Major Freeman and James Dryhurst for an interesting Wednesday morning.

The difficulty of the twins, John Kavanagh and Thomas Donnelly is to say the same thing at the same time. McCumisky is the "laughing cavalier" of the class. This bad habit of merriment is attributed to his youth and irresponsibility, his exact opposite is Jeremiah O'Keeffe who is reputed to be the weeping willow of the class. He made us all weep with a story about a feathered Pegasus. It was very touching. Servini frightened us one day by throwing a fit, but the combined efforts of the class calmed him down. But this happened during the Latin class, therefore it was understandable.

Many "voluntary" contributions are extorted from the little children occupying the front rows and the learned elders in the back rows sometimes untie their purse-strings. Prominent among the elders is David Dunn, whom we wish to congratulate on his success in the recent savings campaign.

The aforesaid front rows of infants rely for their existence on milk and arrowroot biscuits. Any person wishing to see these bairns may do so on payment of three halfpence to any of the junior dining room staff. Presumably Croft swims home to Ormskirk. We managed to collect £120 in the savings campaign and about 2½d. in the campaign for the society for the abolition of chewing gum. Snape will oblige anyone with details of these money-making schemes on payment of three-pence.

John McQuaid was responsible for the success of Bonfire Night with the less serious members of the class. He carried on a trade in fireworks and enticed many customers by the excellence of his wares. Everyone in the class survived the

rampant barbarism of November the 5th but there were yawns in plenty the next morning. All were recovered in time to play rugby on Wednesday.

We are extremely enthusiastic about this sport, but some would rather play marbles, following the example of the sophisticated sixth form. There are no champion marble-players in Upper V Alphas, but Croft, Servini, McQuaid, McGrail, O'Dowd, Edgar are prospective Bantams; Snape, Tully, O'Shea and Slattery are in the Second XV and Meldon is in the First XV. Besides these stars we have a fast winger in O'Keeffe and a brilliant linesman in Paul Ferguson! E. Kelly is a mighty fine spectator!

Having thus sung our praises on the field and off, we shall ask you to forgive our conceit and do not let our form notes interfere with your enjoyment of a happy Christmas. A Happy Christmas to all pupils and teachers.

B. CLARKE.

* * *

Form Upper V Beta

We must congratulate ourselves not only on maintaining but also on improving the traditions and standards of our predecessors in the illustrious, world-famous, atom-smashing, dynamic Upper V Beta. So, Old Betians, do not despair; successors, worthy of your mettle and your renown, are now sleeping their way through the school year of 1945-46.

In our dreams there stands out the nightmare of Tuesday morning. "Oh, Tuesday morning! In *they* comé, one after another; and then 'tis sweet and low." (Verse by Shaw from poem, "On Adverbial Clauses.") But we endure, and, if you require the reason, look, not about you, but at the time-table. Such a morning!

Still there is a lighter side to life and other days are not too bad particularly the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday, and those frequent occasions when Doyle and Brownhill have a bit of fun and pay up their tax in gladness of heart. The efforts at spelling of a certain boy on the left wing make the cats laugh; at least, we have

heard them howling, while the biggest joke of the term was that so-and-so actually prompted. Then there is Carr who stares and stares and maintains that the mailed knights of Widnes—little village near St. Helens—need no cranes to mount their horses. Of course, you have all heard the joke about Widnes Rugby Ground. It's ground.

To continue our survey of the little things that make life tolerable ; we have Cain, a perpetual smile ; the little boy (notice the pun) who prays "Please, do not me disturb," but his pathetic prayer falls not on soft hearts, and Alf, his excuses are gems. Neither must we forget the men who make our classroom comfortable and our existence more pleasant ; we refer of course to Eccles and Taylor (Bernard). The former collects money with ease and grace ; the latter has succeeded in making the dinner-car "noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness." (Quotation again from Shaw's Selected Poems, out on Monday ; price : weight in gold.)

Need we say any more about our chaps or of the events of the term. Well, we collected about £80 in Victory Week and enjoyed the fun and party in the School. We have Barlow, Dolan and somebody else on the Second XV, while Walsh is the Bantam strong-man and a high-up member of the milk staff. Also on the good-staff are Snape and Littler and on the carpet every day are not a few of our colleagues. We notice McKevitt is keen on marking-time and exercises.

Next time we are in print we will let you know more about our reactions to the various subjects but we have a doubt if we will ever be in print again, unless the editor is agreeable to accepting the photograph of thirty-odd men, worn-out and decrepit, not "By the ravages of Time's dread hand," (Shaw again) but from strain, overwork and laziness.

However, to all and sundry friends and foes, and to our generous Form Master we wish a very Happy Christmas and a holiday of snow, frost, hail, rain and sleet, thunder and lightning, and plenty of warm sunshine.

K. SPALL.

Form Upper V A

What ! Mr. Editor—so soon ? Is the end of the term so near at hand ? The demand for these lines has come so quickly that we have had little leisure to study our fellows. V-J. days and other holidays have given us scant time to sharpen our quills.

It can be said we are a mixed lot : the Light Brigade—those just into long trousers, those learning to part their hair, and the Heavy Brigade—the seven wonders of a previous age.

We are at least a colourful class with brown and green predominating. In one corner is Craven, not that he fears aught. In the opposite corner is a bird who wistfully looking through the window, sighs : "Where youth grows pale and spectre thin and dies." We have a king and a man with a hearty laugh (if you can hear it). Then there is Falstaff who can roar as loud if he cannot run as fast as the original. Next is a quiet Scot who values every word and so says little. The country is represented by L—, an unassuming lad, while Widnes is not unrepresented. But *the* character adorns the front row, H— by name, to the initiated ; a strange lad, with a strange vocabulary, mainly "mum" and "ah."

There is some confusion owing to two of the class having the same name. At question-time there is a mutual understanding between them to bow the head in reverential awe. Some call one "Big" and the other "Small," perhaps "P" and "C" would be better.

We are well represented in all the school sides active and quiescent. R. Hughes is with the 1st XV and four are in the 2nd XV, and others with the Bantams. To G. Hickey we offer sympathy on his injury. Wednesday afternoons can be very boring !

To the "tots" in the front desks we express the hope that Santa Claus will not forget the picture books and yo-yo's. If short of books "C" will oblige for a consideration. To the older members we trust there will be a good supply of correct versions. Wishing all a happy holiday, we remain

B.G.P.

Form Lower V Alpha

Intelligence comes calling all other ranks! Well we have safely arrived at Objective Number One. We are ready to meet all counter-attacks including our old friends Algebra and French and our new enemy Trigonometry. Another one, Physics, has stabbed us in the back again, whilst we were thinking we had despatched him in the "Three's."

French plays such a great part in our everyday life that one boy calls Monsieur Defarge the colourful name of Monsieur Fromage! Yes! As we are on the subject of French we must not forget to give honourable mention to the "Big Three"—Brian the Greater, Geoff and David—who are an authority on all things.

Our hopes for a peaceful term were atom-bombed after seven weeks by the introduction of an old friend whom we all know so well! Our gym. periods are always enjoyed,—we used to have a flute-player to while away the time before the bell rang, but now he has a serious responsibility. Latin takes the biscuit—and sometimes Bernard, when we manage to hear what he says. Jack gains many hearts by his "Walton Vale smile," his disrespect for "h's" and incidentally his Japanese currency. Titch turns in betimes, and Joe thinks little of going to town when he feels like it. McGowan still hawks his miniature laboratory and Tony is a regular customer of his. The hospitality of the classroom is extended to many of the favoured ones after four o'clock.

Quinn tackles everything in earnest, while Leo trying to look "lean and hungry," but foiled by nature, plays Cassius. Wee Brian pipes away to his heart's content and takes well his knock on the field. Spear sits in front of Lyon, but the latter rarely shows fight.

We all welcome Wednesday afternoon as it gives us at least a breather. We shall not comment on our games or game with the Betas—we like to be unbiased in our opinions. Of course, we did not give the "A's" and "B's" a look in when we met them.

We are told the fingerprints of diamonds never

lie—certainly the handwriting of a certain diamond we know rarely, if ever, lies as to who the author is. A boy from near a Racecourse still refuses to be convinced that a dog possesses a brain. They say environment affects the opinions. He is certainly not gone to the dogs!

But you must be bored. Here's wishing Brothers, Masters and Boys a very Happy Christmas.

* * *

Form Lower V Beta

We are by nature slow—even the clock refuses to go fast, or should we say go at all. Our predecessors in this Form upheld the noble custom of appointing a leader to fight out our battles in every crisis. This time "Mercury" holds the honour. His Lancashire drawl lightens the monotony of many a weary lesson. He sits at the back but don't let this serve as any indication of his progress. The French sounds carry better from a distance! His main virtue is perseverance!

The Melling 'buses must keep with the times or our times. Likewise the Runcorn trains are always—no exaggeration—late! Many a tram "breaks down" so that we all heartily agree (?) to the new proposal for the abolition of all trams in Liverpool.

Sitting in the next desk to our rugby star is a wonderful Spanish toreador who has many bulls to his credit. He admits that he has been overcome during the French lesson only.

Our prefect is the most hard-hearted we have yet met. Now, he won't allow us even to swap "conkers" during spare moments. Kevin is our propaganda agent and Peter is our French verb expert.

Our prowess on the field is well known by now. We gave the Alpha's a sound beating and helped them to defeat the A's and B's.

We know sufficient French to say "au revoir" and close by wishing all Form members success in the coming exams., and a Happy Christmas.

"BEATERS."

* * *

Form Lower V A

The first few days of the term found a number of our intellectuals discussing secretly the advantages to be reaped from a post-war education. A rosy future loomed before us ; our dreams and hopes materialised, for were we not shocked by the announcement of a week's no-homework, and V-J. holidays ! There was a grand entertainment (J.L. arrived in longs) and the classroom became a self-serving café. Here was a classroom modernised and post-war education coming up to our expectations (though the refreshments didn't come so far) ! But "the best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley, an' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain, for promised joy," and there we'll leave it.

Come into our room. That is our kind prefect with the dexterous hand, the chalk dust with which he is enveloped is all that remains of a few names that were on the board. The occasional click, click, is from G.'s peashooter. The serious-looking pupil speaking out his thoughts is Terry, and if you waited you would see him attempting to pat himself on the back. Do you see Bob in the back row, smiling, of course, and ready to take praise or blame as it comes ? There is J.H. whose object in doing homework is to fit the maximum of errors into the minimum of space. This is A.H. responsible for illuminating Liverpool during the V-J. celebrations. But here is J.C. who can decline a Latin noun and often declines the whole Latin exercise. Let us not disturb them as T.L. is anxious to get out the trig. and physics and French books are beginning to show themselves.

Leaving the field of our labours we proceed to the field of our play. Here E.J., R.H., P.C. and A.W. are likely bantams and the last has quite a good straight-left as E.R. knows to his cost.

On the opening of the term we heard of the tragic death of J. Middleton and since many of us were his form pals we offer our sympathy to his relatives.

Success in the post-war exams., and a happy post-war Christmas to all.

MC. AND R.M.

Form Lower V B

We now possess the hall-mark of senior students (L. V A please note), since we scaled that stairs which leads to the paths of knowledge in the upper school. But, young students, do not be over-anxious to climb for from our short experience we know there is more than meets the eye along those upper corridors.

Father Time has not taken up his abode in our spacious room and so the muscles of grim faces will only begin to relax when Michael enters each morning for assuredly the first lesson must be coming to a close.

The horrible Aughton accent or the frequent lapses of T.C. into dreamland break the monotony of our serious studies. The caustic remark of Rex on the ignorance of first-year students in Lower Fives is also welcome—he can talk from experience.

W.B. has the coveted position of window-opener and that takes time (which is all that matters) in a room like ours. By name, J.B. is the all-round man in the form, but Nicky has something to say to that. We won't squeal, Nick. Be it known to all the school, that T.M. is a member of our honourable form for the simple reason that we possess his desk. Come and have a look at it some day, Tom.

Music had its charms but now we must rest content with the melodious strains wafting up from Prep. or the not infrequent hummings of R. Morris. Physics here is not a matter of *moments* only and we fail to see why we should spend hours looking for those elusive minutes in trig.

It is on the rugger field we sparkle. F. Johnson and F. Malone form a side in the 1st XV while T. Ferrigno pulls his weight in the 2nd ; H. Moore and Ivor are practising as Bantams and we have a number of other stalwarts who know a thing or two about the game.

We take this opportunity to tender our sympathies to E. Foster on the death of his mother for whom we offered our prayers.

The exams., the holidays, Christmas—if only we could omit the first we would end on a happier note. Farewell.

THE V B'S.

Form IV Alpha

By our troth, deaf friends, our little bodies are weary of this great world. If only we could choose the subjects we like best then life would be tolerable. But, alas! we can't, but must accept with monotonous regularity V B's and H.C.F.s. If only the V B's could be changed to V.C.s we would all be heroes but no such luck has come our way yet. The only pleasant moments come when P. O'B— tries to impress his scattered ideas of French, or English, or algebra on the presiding genii of the classroom.

J.F. provides an ever-enjoyable form of entertainment in the form of modern editions of such well-known classics as "The Charge of the Light Brigade." The poems had a very unfavourable review so we refrain from quoting. Our other two masters of English verse, R.B. and F.S., have not yet been inspired by any poetic inspirations. However we live on in hopes of a Renaissance.

We cannot pass on without mentioning the gusto (we were about to add the prefix "dis") with which we masticate Latin and chemistry. The former makes us pity poor Julius Caesar while the latter brings back reminiscences of Eastern Lands famed for hieroglyphics and other mysterious symbols.

We have one plump specimen of boyhood who deserves honourable mention. Soon after the beginning of term he found himself in the office of Prefect but fortunately he is not like Shylock and our prayers can pierce him. One day at gym. our friend found himself emulating the birds without the use of wings. We won't record what he is reported to have said but it wasn't as some wit has suggested, "Oh, for the wings of a dove." He is quite able to make an impression on the rugby field being generally known as the one man scrum. Of late he has begun to leave his impression on the piano.

We feel capable of opening up a museum in our form. We could exhibit quite a number of freaks—curious species of roses, fish, hinds, snakes, lemons, towns, clerics, air, rocks, cooks and many other such fossils. We could also

produce a living model of a Norman bridge.

We make special mention of our captain, W.E., whose wonderful pair of feet helped us to thwart the efforts of the Betas and disprove the saying that you can't have brains and brawn! Also worthy of notice is our savings collector who succeeded in removing from our pockets a sum exceeding fifty pounds. Evidently he is very keen on Shakespeare and takes his characters to heart.

We enjoyed the Victory Party very much especially the conjuror. It amazed us to see him make everything disappear but our enthusiasm was damped by the sight of some of our members making other things disappear with even greater speed.

Early on in the term we all awaited expectantly for a parcel which was to arrive carefully packed in cotton wool. Much to our relief the parcel did arrive minus the cotton wool but we were too pleased to mind about that.

Someone has said that "each morning sees some task begun, each evening sees it close," but that is not entirely true. Very often a task given one morning ends the next morning generally on a car or 'bus. It is hard on cyclists but a method is being thought out which will enable them to ride a bicycle and use a pen at the same time. The suggestion that stencils should be invented for French and Latin was received with acclamation. So far, no one has invented a suitable one but it might come sometime. We all hope that it will come soon.

IV ALPHA.

* * *

Form IV Beta

A—tish—chu!! What's that? It's only F.M. making another effort to split the atom. He certainly succeeds in disturbing the peace and quiet which habitually envelopes the Beta's. The noisy buzzing from our next-door neighbours only fills us with satisfaction as we reflect that empty vessels make most sound.

Talking about sound we naturally recall that we have laid aside for a while our interest in

physics to delve into the mysterious depth of chemical processes. We thought that the splitting of the atom had revolutionised chemistry but were sadly disillusioned when we discovered that we had still "to separate sand and iron filings by the process of levigation" and "to separate copper sulphate from water by the process of distillation." But we had to get on with it or the iron filings might appear realistic in the form of an iron hand.

At Latin we are continually being requested to decline "mensa." Of course, we always respond with alacrity but alack! the best of intentions are not always good enough. The truth is that we all would rather be reclining at a table than declining its Latin equivalent.

We have two new boys with us this term. J.S. boasts that he has done two years French and knows as much as the rest of us. Unfortunately "as much" isn't enough as a peep at our French "cahiers" will soon reveal.

Our foundation stone is McC. who carries more meat about with him than was ever canned at "Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, Indianapolis or St. Louis." We are often told that we have forgotten all we were ever taught in Form Three but our little quotation from "The Americas" disproves that statement. We all held our breath on one memorable occasion when our stalwart step by step mounted right to the top of the monkey ladder. When he got down again breathless we sighed with relief to find that the ladder was still intact.

Our manufacturer, A.N., has, curiously enough, ceased to produce bracelets, and is now rolling out tanks on the assembly. K.M. our grown-up baby, still keeps on believing that Henry VIII was bald. J.W., our savings collector, got such a shock when we almost doubled our Target that his heart almost gave out and he was forced to take leave of absence for some time.

Our prowess on the field was doomed to undergo a great humiliation at the hands of IV Alpha. However we do not despair and some day we will wipe out our inglorious display in a brilliant victory. To show there is no illfeeling we con-

gratulate the Alpha's on their achievement.

Our sympathies lie with D.H. who was the first to meet the Government's substitute for currants. We rejoice that he survived the ordeal. Before concluding we would like to warn those whom it may concern, *i.e.*, the First XV and Old Boys, that they should stop the dangerous habit of forming down some feet apart and then rushing together. Apparently that sort of thing goes to the head.

B.U.

* * *

Form IV A

A person whom we know fairly well freely admits we can do one thing well, at least—you've guessed it—we can talk. On being asked to write some Form Notes we found that after a while ideas, always scarce, just wouldn't come, some reported our inability to continue. Thereupon we were sarcastically reminded of the ease we found in expressing ourselves when left alone for a brief period. We thought that very unfair and uncalled for, but we have to live up to our reputation, so here goes!

Peace has at last come to the world, but not to us. We seem to hear someone say: "No peace for the wicked." Again we think the remark altogether uncalled for and really unkind, as everyone knows how harmless we are. We are so harmless that we never attack anyone—not even our work.

Like our neighbours in IV B, we have a few "babes"—but fewer than they have. One of them finds stencils very tasty. We have another, by no means a baby, who seems to have ambitions towards becoming a sword-swallower, and is starting on pencils and rulers.

We are trying hard at our new subjects, and "progress, so far, has been according to plan"—we're not saying what plan! In rugby we have done very poorly so far, but we hope to improve our position soon. We don't play merely to win—we play for the game! Our rivals in IV B are very cocky over their big win, but we were short of several good players and as we had not touched

a rugger ball for weeks, we were rather off form. In spite of being out of practice we held them to 61 points, which was not as bad as it might have been. In spite of this set-back, we are playing as hard as ever and we have some really good players. We have an all-round player in P—L who is a real terror in the line-outs. Though a newcomer he has become familiar with the game and is an enthusiastic follower of the rugby code.

As we are not endowed with any atomic energy (some people wish we were) we must conclude this effort now by wishing everybody a very Happy Christmas, celebrated once again in peace.

A BONNE CHANCE !

* * *

Form IV B

Once again, in the words of C—D—, we lift up our heads from our books to write a few Form Notes, and how we hate having to drag ourselves away from our beloved books, even for so short a time. We are able to report good progress in our new subjects, Latin and chemistry, though, of course, others may have quite a different opinion on that point. Chemistry is well liked by all of us, especially by the "Three Wreckers," whose activities have been so "smashing" that large replacements have been found necessary. Most of their experiments seem to be connected with discovering of relative toughness of various types of test tubes, etc.

According to J—G—, all the clever boys have been placed at the back of the room. Needless to say, he is a "back-bencher" himself. We have a large proportion of "babe's" this year and one "petit garçon" got lost from the front row and was taken in by some hospitable back-benchers, where he manages to attract a good deal of notice, in spite of his retiring disposition.

We can safely claim to be the "crack" Form IV this year, as far as rugby is concerned. Our first step towards making this claim good was our annihilating IV A to the tune of 61—0. They said, of course, that many of their best players were off and that they were out of practice, but we are confident of repeating the rugby lesson we

gave them. They had better practice hard in the meantime. One of our newcomers, W—H—, has turned out to be a real flier, and he showed us that he has learnt rugby well by dropping a fine goal the week after he had scored eight tries and four converts against our neighbours. Of course, a great deal of our success is due to our hooker, who is able to hide behind a blade of grass occasionally to take an opponent by surprise. Whenever there is a scrum, it is a case of "Come on, Steve," and everyone begins to look for him. When he can't be seen anywhere, we hear a voice from the front row saying in a rather hurt tone: "I'm here long ago!"

Nous souhaitons a tous un Noël heureux !

* * *

Form III Alpha

Most of us being new to St. Edward's, we present ourselves (but not at all bashfully) for the first time in the school magazine. Of course, there is a sprinkling of graduates from Form II, whose duty (so they tell us) is to initiate us into the Edwardian spirit. However, we now consider ourselves fully fledged Edwardians, and feel very proud in our new caps. We have made many friends (and enemies, too).

We have been introduced to many new subjects, our favourites being—well, we prefer not to reveal them in case our ever-watchful masters should substitute French and Geometry.

As the French master enters deep sighs are distinctly heard. (We call this "Blowing Time"!) In justice to the said master it must be admitted that if we look back afterwards we *will* be able to say (if we survive) that he always gave a second chance.

We wish our Form Master knew the Morse code, for then he might understand what his "friends" (speechless with dismay) meant by tapping the board with the pointer when trying to explain the required theorem.

The back line of our scrum has acquired inter-form fame. He weighs 8 stone! He (J.D.) says that he chummed up with T.F. so that when

travelling home on the 'bus he can be assured of plenty of room on the seat!

Too sure of ourselves on Thursday, November 8th, we received a stunning shock when beaten by III Beta. We take this opportunity of solemnly warning forms with strong teams never to take chances—even when playing such an insignificant form as III Beta. We must add that P.M. (our star) and J.D. were knocked out!

In spite of the prospect of Christmas exams. we wish all Edwardians a Happy Christmas.

* * *

Form III Beta

The fighting in Europe and the Far East is over, but we in III Beta are still battling away on the French, Algebra and Geometry fronts. Our form began the term in free and easy style, but now we find it far from free and not very easy! But we must say that we are proud prisoners of III Beta and, above all, proud to be Edwardians. Most of us are newcomers, but there are a few "old boys" specially left behind to give good example, as well as some from Form II.

At present we are drunk with the great victory we achieved over III Alpha in rugby. Our forwards were magnificent, A.B., T.F., J.O'H. and P.B. deserving special mention. P.D. was a brilliant back, and R.M. also did well. If III Alpha are making vain excuses we wish to point out that we had already scored our nine points when the injured players were taken off.

Our main grievance is homework; but what follows when the homework is not properly done is a greater grievance still! But drama really takes place at music. We try to sing the "Requiem," but towards the end of the period we feel as if we were singing our own requiem in advance! We have a great liking for French (with the exception of twenty or so odd boys). P.M. is getting poetical. Bro. C. entered the classroom one afternoon and read to us a type-written sheet, which he said he picked up in the corridor. It was a "poem" by our "poet," composed half-way through one of his French

exercises. He insisted on having it published, so here it is:—

We like St. Edward's, Oui! Beaucoup!

And we're glad to be in Three Beta, too.

At rugby, tout le temps, we win—

Excuse the French, it keeps butting in,

But at the moment it's on my brain—

Le crayon de l'élève I lay down again!

Some lines are a bit too long (like himself). Bro. C.'s scathing remarks on the phrases which the poet calls French were enjoyed by everybody—except P.M. He says he wants to show off the talent to be found in III Beta.

We more than doubled our target (£50) for Thanksgiving Week—thanks to J.W. who coaxed £50 out of his mother for the school. We are sorry that T. Granby is unable to be with us this term owing to illness. We look forward with pleasure to seeing him again next term. Our sincere sympathies are extended to T. Bates on the death of his father. R.I.P.

But we really should leave some space for the less important forms, such as III Alpha, III A and III B. We sign off, therefore, with best wishes to all for a happy and holy Christmas.

* * *

Form III R

After enjoying our Summer Holidays (except for the arrival of reports!) we returned on September 12th. About ten of us are in the same room (but *not* the same class) as last year, and the remainder are from those who were in last year's Lower II. Unfortunately there are no new boys in the class to whom we can extend a hearty welcome.

Most of our new subjects are very interesting, and our practical work in the laboratory is very much so, seeing that we are all fond of "experimenting." Our motto is, "Try anything *once*!" At woodwork we have spent most of our time at drawing and then marking the wood. It is *not* true that master has been making boxes for us to stand on so that we might be able to reach the top of the bench. However, perhaps *some day* we shall be able to push a plane!

Of course, the big event of the term was the "Victory" Concert and Party. The most popular turn of the former was the conjuror who made a great many things appear and disappear. Some of us imagine that he would be very useful on certain occasions in class—in making missing exercises appear and making other things disappear!

Our "dickie-bird" of a prefect is inclined to be rather "flighty" at times and his "feathers" are easily ruffled. The "baby" of the class is J.H., although he is not the youngest. P.E. is our feather-weight (feather-brained?) champion and often talks in pugilistic terms.

We are all very keen on rugby and we notice that the smallest are the keenest of all. Our best players are B.W., D.G., W.G., E.A. and R.D. The latter usually plays "fly-half"—a natural position for him!

It would be quite easy for us to form an orchestra of our own as we have so many musicians in the class. Again, we have a number who form the backbone of the school choir.

At Algebra we have been very puzzled by the system of changing signs and some suggest that changing subjects would help greatly. Of late we have had our memories taxed with lines and lines of poetry and it is true that "Oft *we* have heard of Lucy Gray" and on one occasion A.A. surprised us all by "galloping" the whole way from Ghent to Aix!

R.P.'s little brother provides us with a constant source of amusement at four o'clock and on one occasion gave us a musical entertainment (from outside the window) before we had finished school.

During the "Thanksgiving Week" Savings Campaign we surpassed all our expectations by obtaining more than double our target.

Although we have been overwhelmed with work since the term started, we have been constantly reminded that we shall be *starting* work in earnest in the near future, and as Christmas approaches we can only expect the pressure to increase!

Wishing all our readers the greatest blessings

of our first peace-time Christmas we bring these, our first form notes, to a close.

R.R.R.

* * *

Form III B.

Two months have passed since most of us in Form III B. became Edwardians and we have quite settled down. New class-mates, new surroundings and new subjects for study have all added to the attractiveness of our new College.

Our most popular lessons are, of course, Woodwork and Art. Very varying have been our fortunes on the Rugby field where A.B., C.D., and H.J. and K. are our stars. Recently when C.D. was practising "converts" the bar lowered itself to let the ball over! Mr. B. thinks our voices are sweet, the only things not rationed—except in class—that are sweet. We are hoping that Fortune will smile on our efforts at the term exams.

To Brothers, Masters and Boys we wish an enjoyable holiday, a merry Christmas and a New Year of happy days.

THREE (BUSY) BEES.

* * *

Form Lower I

Once again the activities of our form during this eventful Autumn Term have to be recorded.

We have been presented with a new classroom on the first floor, complete with a new Master. The peace and quietness of this lofty abode blends with the timidness of its inhabitants! We never make a sound (?)—but our new Master (unfortunately for us) does not agree.

The stories of Terry Mc. and David M. are tolerated by us, although sometimes we are inclined to doubt them. The odd moments left after the stories have been related have been used by us to much advantage. During them we work hard under the watchful eye of our Master and we all know what a sentence is (we hope).

Our dashing footballers are arranging a match with Upper I, our rivals. We hope to be able to

announce a victory (we are all confident) in the next issue of the Magazine.

We wish our teachers and school-mates every happiness in the New Year.

* * *

Form Upper I

Here we are again with as much talk as any in the school. We like school very much. We have arithmetic and English for homework and plenty of spellings and tables.

Our prefect is G.W. who is also the best at football. B.M. is our best goalie. Form II beat us 4—2. T.D. plays outside-right, and D.C. is a good full-back. Although T.L. is the smallest in the class, he must have the largest tongue—he is also a good centre-forward. D.H. is the very opposite. On the right-hand side of the classroom is a book-case full of interesting library books.

Wishing everybody a Happy Christmas, we must say good-bye.

* * *

Form II

Here we are again (this time in Form II) to broadcast to the world. At the beginning of term we came back to school rather sadly but we brightened up when we had two days' holiday for Japan's surrender. We had a change of masters and a change of classroom. Besides having a clock which is always playing tricks we have some boys who are also playing tricks. When N.L. does anything wrong, we say, "Now Nicholas, don't be ridiculous." We had a Victory Concert in the hall and especially enjoyed the conjuror. C.B. kept saying it was "up his sleeve."

We all like football very much and played Upper I, winning 4—2. We have a very good goalie, centre-forward and half-back. But we are also a class of personalities. One individual can do anything but his lessons while we are fortunate in having twins. Most of the class wish that they could be demobbed from school in a few years, or even now, if possible. We have not now many books in the Form Library, so all contributions will be gratefully received.

FORM II.

My Home Town

In a sheltered bay on the South West Coast is my beautiful home town, Torquay. Whenever I think about it I picture to myself both sea and hills, for, like Rome, Torquay is built on seven hills. It has the characteristic red sandstone soil of Devonshire which stands out in vivid contrast with the blue sky or the deeper blue of the sea.

Most of the summer, the sea is smooth and placid, reflecting like a mirror the white sails of the yachts as they sail majestically along. But even at high tide, when the beaches are covered by the sea, there is something in the grandeur of the waves which attracts one to watch for some time and causes one to think of the Power Who controls such a tremendous force.

Slightly inland there is the country district which includes some of the most beautiful scenery

in England. Only two or three minutes by car from the busy sea front is the lovely old-world village of Cockington with its thatched roofs and centuries-old forge. This, incidentally, is still in use and is a great source of interest to visitors.

If you like solitude and the large open spaces, there are the moors: Dartmoor, with its awe-inspiring Tors which rise from the undulating countryside covered with purple heather. On the edge of Dartmoor is Buckfast Abbey which is just being built by the Benedictine Monks. This magnificent building, erected on the unearched foundations of the pre-Reformation Abbey, has been built by the labour of the Monks themselves.

There are many ancient buildings in and around Torquay which can be inspected at will. In a public park at Cockington there is a church which

dates back to the fifteenth century, while on the Central Sea Front there is Torre Abbey which was built about the same time. The two are said to be joined by an underground tunnel along which priests escaped during the lawless times of the Reformation when to be caught saying Mass was an offence punishable by death.

At the other side of Torquay, not far from Babbacombe is the famous cave known as Kent's Cavern in which have been found relics of the Devonian Age such as the tooth of a sabre-toothed tiger.

Torquay has such extraordinary diversity that it can provide interests for all tastes and moods. The many beaches around the coast vary from the sandy one at Torre Abbey to the pebbly ones around Babbacombe and Oddicombe. When on holiday in Torquay there is always something to do to occupy the time.

For a keen swimmer there is always the bay at hand, which, on sunny days, is the ideal place for enjoyment. When the weather is not very good the salt-water indoor baths are open all day ready to welcome any who wish to go in and providing instructors for people who are unable to swim.

Another favourite pastime is rowing—either just for the pleasure of the exercise or else to take

line and bait for a spot of fishing. There is, incidentally, quite a prosperous fishing industry around Torbay, the main fish being mackerel, but it is not as important as in Cornwall. Golf, tennis and bowls are the more important outdoor games while the cinema is used on wet days.

One of the chief industries around Torbay is the manufacture of Devon pottery. It is made from Devonshire clay and is quite different from the pottery of other parts of England, being thicker in texture and having deeper colouring.

The thought that comes first to one's mind when Devonshire is mentioned is cream, for in normal times it is world-famous. May the days of its return be not far off!

The main means of Torquay's livelihood is the visitors who come in hundreds during the summer and are not lacking in winter.

The luxuriant, sub-tropical vegetation, including many palm trees is proof enough of the milder climate. The diversity of plant life is especially noticeable along the Rock Walk where there are hundreds of different species of plants.

It is little wonder that Torquay has been named the "Riviera of England" for it has surely earned that title.

F. BALL, VI B Mods.

Old Boys' Letters

VARSAITY LETTER

THE UNIVERSITY,
LIVERPOOL.
Autumn, 1945.

Dear Mr. Editor,

It must be quite some time since we had so many old boys to write about and in such relatively happy circumstances.

R. Crawford, J. Peel and F. Ford have managed to survive their welcome into the Chemistry Department by Harry Dunn and Joe Brown (fourth year men now, who graduate at Christmas).

Our medical group comprises 'fresher J. Occleshaw, Joe Brown—second year, and the

father of them all—Gus. Cunningham, now third year, and almost ready to design his brass plate!

In the Faculty of Engineering, Frank Rossiter has ceased to be lonely since his namesake, Frank Brennan, came up.

A new nucleus in the Arts Department has been established by J. Loughe, R. Thomas and A. Duggan. We trust this is the start of something like old times again.

To complete our list, we have a lone worker in Dentistry, D. Murphy, and a representative in Architecture, whose name we cannot track down.

Tony Burd is still doing well, blazing new trails for S.E.C. in the Natural Sciences.

Brian Burke, Ernie Shields and Frank Irving have been to see us, and brought us news of R. O'Donnell, Ted Ley and Brendan Cunningham. J. Bates (R.A.M.C.), one of our graduate members, appeared early on to speak to 'freshers concerning the Catholic Society.

Dr. Basil Whalley is now attached to our Organic Chemistry Department as Senior Lecturer.

We feel that we have occupied quite sufficient space for even these important people, and with regards to the College Staff, we close for this term.

Yours sincerely,
'VARSITY.

* * *

UPHOLLAND LETTER

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
UPHOLLAND,
WIGAN,
LANCS.
November 11th, 1945.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Since your request for a letter arrived last week, I have been trying to recall the events of the term which might be of interest to you. The first thing that comes to my mind is the fact that once again we had the pleasure of welcoming some Edwardians among the new students, namely, Denis Furlong, Leonard Hinchliffe and Robert Flynn. So the vacancies left by the three Edwardians who were ordained last year have been filled up.

Before the Summer Holidays we were hoping for an extra week on the vacation in celebration of victory in Europe. But the Rector decided that it would be better to wait until the Japanese War was over. Naturally our hopes ran high when we heard that Japan had surrendered. We were not disappointed. The vacation was extended to September 22nd.

After our usual Retreat, Bishop Halsall officiated at the Ordination Ceremony on September 30th. Kevin Walsh received the Diaconate in the course of the ceremony.

We celebrated St. Edward's Day in traditional style—a full holiday, brought to a close with a concert in the Common Room.

It only remains for me now to send our very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all Edwardians at home and abroad.

Yours sincerely,
UPHOLLAND.

* * *

SIMMARIES LETTER

STRAWBERRY HILL,
November, 1945.

Dear Mr. Editor,

As the world communities in general, and Simmaries, a community on its own, in particular, endeavour to adapt themselves to the more congenial atmosphere of peace, I will do my best to illustrate the activities of the Edwardians now at Strawberry Hill.

There are at present nine old boys of St. Edward's at Simmaries, five of them in their second year and four first year men. No doubt these latter four, Merrivale, Bruen, Tighe and Frayne, at first found the climate of Strawberry Hill rather warmer than that of Sandfield Park, but the senior body lent them a helping hand and they were quite impressed by the traditional welcome they received. Now they are acclimatised and seem quite at home in the College. Although time has as yet been too short for them to reveal their true mettle, there are encouraging signs that the Edwardian spirit is as unquenchable as ever.

Merrivale is a very keen basket-ball player and frequently practises in the gym. He also intends to try for a place in the first cricket team with the advent of the summer season, after his long service in the cricket team at St. Edward's.

Frayne seems to be bent on studies and intends to take his Inter Arts here. Bruen and Tighe are getting along quite well in their quiet, unassuming way.

With the second year students from the Alma Mater, I am, of course, more familiar. Thomas,

Bolger, Ludden, McMullin and Croft make up the number. Thomas is Editor of the "Simmarian," the College Magazine and is also to be seen trotting up and down the line, waving his flag at rugby matches, diminutive but dynamic, thrusting inoffensive spectators well back behind the line. This position as linesman, I am assured is only a temporary one until his place in the second rugby team as inside half is assured.

Bolger is Secretary of the Swimming Club, a good swimmer, and a keen, conscientious secretary. He is also on the Committees of the Geographical and Historical Societies. He has quite an amount of work on his hands since he, too, is taking his Inter Arts this month.

McMullin also figures prominently in the Geographical Society, being Secretary and Treasurer. Ludden is as noted here for his colour-schemes as he was at St. Edward's and can hold his own in choice of ties with any in the College though he has one or two close rivals. Croft is a keen debater and frequently "says his little piece" at meetings of the Social Science and Literary and Debating Societies. He still comes in for jokes about his rural life—as he did when at Sandfield Park—and is known here as "The Farmer's Boy."

The Edwardians here also figure prominently in other ways as well. Tighe is a member of the Celtic Society and is, as a sideline from his more literary activities, delving deep into the mysterious art of Gaelic dancing—attending these classes regularly.

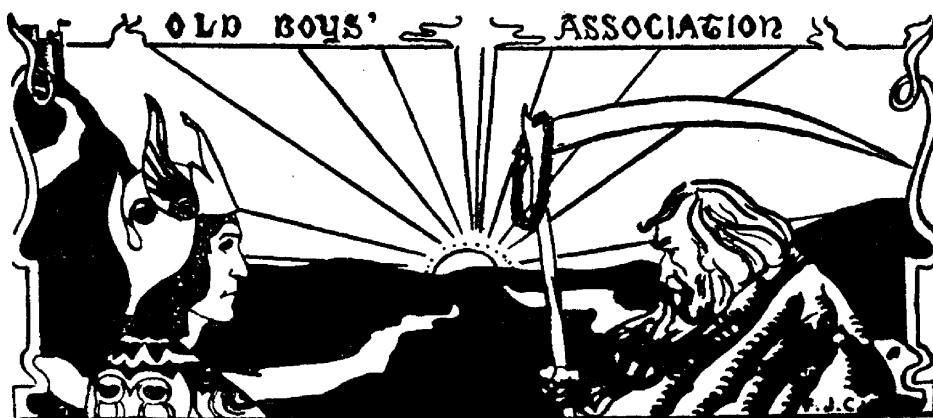
Bolger, Frayne, Bruen and Merrivale are frequently to be seen in the Smokeroom attending the classes for beginners in ballroom dancing, where, with stiff upper lip and true Edwardian determination, they endeavour to master the fundamentals of the "jitterbug." No doubt the thought of the coming Christmas vacation is uppermost in their minds. At these classes, Ludden and Croft are two of the "instructors" who courageously scorn the danger of bruised feet and venture on the floor in a spirit of self-sacrifice! Ludden tells me that his signature-tune is from now on going to be "Ten Cents a Dance." A great business-man, Larry!

Since commencing this letter I have learned of the presence of two other Edwardians here. They are Laurence Lovelady and Thomas Harding—who were at St. Edward's from 1930 to 1937. They were both taken into the forces after only one year at Simmaries, Lovelady being here from 1938-1939 and Harding from 1939-1940. Now released from the services, they are completing their interrupted courses. Lovelady, by the way, is an ex-P.O.W. who was in German hands for about three years.

I suppose, like us, you will be preparing for the Christmas exams., and looking forward to a welcome rest. Wishing you every success and a very happy holiday, I will close. "Long live and flourish then, Edwardians!"

Yours sincerely,

SIMMARIAN.



THE EMERGENCY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, 1945-46.

President : Mr. A. CUNNINGHAM.
Vice-President : Mr. G. J. ALSTON.
Hon. Chaplain : Rev. Fr. J. KIERAN.
Hon. Treasurer : Mr. WILLIAM HARTE.
Hon. Secretary : Dr. BASIL WHALLEY.

House Committee :
 Messrs. F. NAVEIN (Secretary), G. GROWNEY,
 M.Sc. (Football Secretary), W. IRVINE (T.T.
 Secretary).

Subscriptions :

Life Membership	£3 3s. 0d.
Association	5s. 0d.
Club Member	3d. weekly.
H.M. Forces	2/6 per annum.

Executive Committee :

Messrs. T. O'NEIL, J. LEROI, J. NAVEIN, J. POTTS.

Club Headquarters :

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

These notes are the first to be written since the cessation of hostilities in Europe and Asia. For the return of peace we all murmur a fervent "Thank God." Now there are many difficult tasks ahead: the most pressing for the Old Boys being the revitalisation of the Association and the energising of the Club Headquarters—Bishop's Court.

During the war the Club has been kept in existence due to the untiring energy and devotion of a mere handful of members—very few indeed. One is almost tempted to use yet another variation of a famous Churchillian phrase—but discretion bids us defer. The hard fact is, however, that the numbers at present concerned with the organisation and running of Bishop's Court are all too few: reinforcements are required—they must be

forthcoming immediately or disaster threatens the whole edifice which has been maintained with such a struggle during the last six years. Now come on you Old Boys, show your devotion to Alma Mater by coming along and taking an active part in the Association's activities. The more there are to help with stewarding and to serve on committee the easier it will be for all concerned and the better and more efficient our organisation. We have the opportunity of becoming one of the leading Catholic organisations in Liverpool. But there is no time to be lost; opportunity knocks but once—now is the hour—we need your co-operation.

The Cheshire Lines Railway's threat to sell Bishop's Court is now common knowledge. But so far nothing concrete has materialised. But rest assured we will be ready to meet all contingencies if you give us your unstinted support as and when it is required.

Social activities of the Association are gradually

reviving, the high spot every month being the joint dance held at the Carlton in conjunction with the Catholic Secondary Schools' Club.

The invitation of the 'Freshers to Bishop's Court took place, as usual, on October 13th—the Feast of St. Edward. A gathering of about sixty 'Freshers spent their first real evening at our Headquarters. The meeting was graced by the presence of Rev. Bros. Wall and Moss, as representatives of the College, and by Fr. Cyril Taylor in the unavoidable absence of the Association Chaplain.

The latest innovation at Bishop's Court has been the introduction of catering facilities; it is now possible to buy light refreshments at moderate prices.

The spiritual side of our organisation has not been overlooked amid these varied temporal activities. The Annual Wreath Laying and Mass for Old Boys killed in the two world wars took place at St. Philip Neri's on Saturday, November 10th.

It is hoped to hold a Retreat at Loyola Hall early in the new year.

* * *

In Memoriam

The names of two more Old Boys who have given their lives in defence of their country must be added to our previous lists. They are:—

James Leonard R.A.F.

Michael Beglin Army.

To the families of these Old Edwardians we respectfully offer our deepest sympathy.

R.I.P.

* * *

Prisoners of War

It is with great joy that we report the return from captivity since Dunkirk of Norman Cullity and Jack O'Callaghan; both seem well and fit and not visibly worse for their ordeal. We are looking forward to you both rejoining the A.F.C. at an early date; also Major James McQuade, just released from a Japanese prison camp.

* * *

Decorations

Heartiest congratulations to Ray Pratt who

holds the D.S.C.—he has been commended for his work since D-day.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS

Weddings

Congratulations to Sergeant Joe Rossitor, R.A.F., on his marriage to Miss Donnelly—a unique event this—three sisters found three husbands at the same Church, time and day. May God bless them all.

Also to Lieut. Joe Supple, F.A.A., on his marriage to Miss Sinnott—she is a sister of the Sinnott Brothers (all Old Boys), to A. Hargreaves and his wife on their recent wedding, "Ad multos annos," and to Dennis Smerdon, R.A.F., and his wife.

Engagement

The engagement of Captain M. Fortune to Miss Rose Smerdon is quite a family affair!

We also hear that Gerry Divine has taken the initial step to matrimony.

General

Cyril Kean, Henry Loughlin and Harry Fields have been "demobbed" recently. Also Dr. Philip Hawe (a past President) who has recently been at the Club.

Ray Pratt has now a daughter as well as a son.

Frank Loughlin has relinquished his post at R.O.F., Wrexham, and is working in London.

Basil Whalley has decided to leave his industrial surroundings at I.C.I. to join the staff of Liverpool University as a Lecturer in Organic Chemistry.

Jack Reddy hopes to be transferred to N.W. Europe after three years in India.

Bob Clensy is recuperating from wounds received in Burma, we trust you will soon be fit and well, Bob.

Gordon Pratt from India, and Laurie Pratt from Egypt, both hope to be home and "demobbed" very soon.

Bill Johnson has recently been seen looking well and fit after two years in the Mediterranean.

Lieut. Jim Edwards was recently involved in a serious accident, we trust you are soon fit and well, Jim.

Father Bernard Gorley, O.M.I., writes to say

he is offering Masses for the repose of the souls of all Old Boys killed in the war.

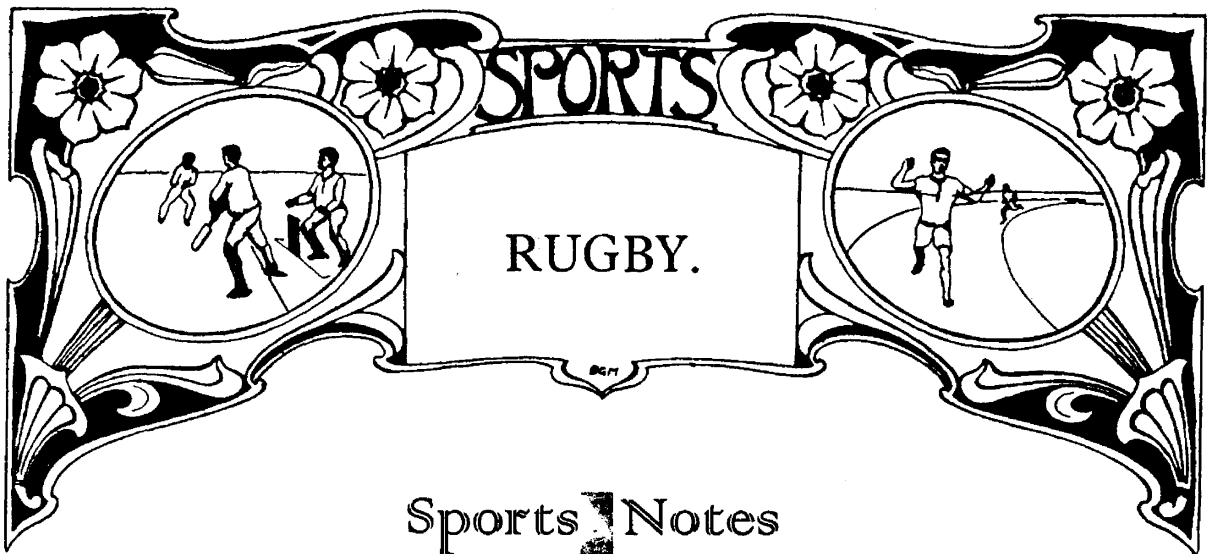
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GENERAL

The Old Cathinians have secured a pitch at Gill Moss and are now well on the way to their pre-war vigour. We are also running a team for

boys under 18½ years of age, in conjunction with the Liverpool Boys' Association, and fixtures have been arranged for the present season, although results to date are not very encouraging. But we hope for improvement with practice.

* * *



Sports Notes

CRICKET

Summary 1st XI Results

Played 9 ... Won 6 ... Lost 2 ... Drew 1

All members of the side combined to make this a very satisfactory season. This was the more unexpected as only three of the previous year's XI were available. The side included several who had not played in school teams previously. There was a marked improvement and steadiness in the batting, the fielding was very keen and the bowling, if not sensational, was of good standard. To all thanks are due for their co-operation.

Old Boys' Match

A very strong Old Boys' side was chosen to meet the School XI in the last game of the term. The fortunes of the play varied.

At first it seemed that the Old Boys' would raise a big opening score, then the School brought the play to 65 for 8 wickets, but the tail wagged vigorously and sixty-odd runs were raised in half-an-hour leaving the total at 125—the highest score on the ground for years.

As the School's best total of the year was 78 for 7 wickets, caution was the order of the day. Steady play brought the score to 60 for 3 wickets after a shaky start. This was largely due to T. Merrivale and G. Ford. Then a rot began and the board read 69 for 7 wickets. T. Sharrock and G. Hickey took the score to 86 for 8 wickets when time was called.

The School XI had a most enjoyable time after the match at the Social in the Old Boys' Club. Hearty thanks are due to all who made the day a memorable one.

Shield Competition

This was a very even contest, after several changes of leaders Mersey finally ran out victors—on the final day. The table of points shows how close a thing it was:—

Mersey (A. Ryan)	118 points
Domingo (T. Murphy)	107 points
Hope (F. X. Brennan)	104 points
Sefton (T. Merrivale)	103 points

Additional Results

July 7th—St. Edward's College "A" XI v. St. Anselm's College—Lost: 60—78.

"CHICKS" XI

26/5/'45 v. Waterloo Grammar School—	Won	(H)	33—9
31/5/'45 v. S.F.X.	...	Won	(H) 21—18
9/6/'45 v. Quarry Bank H.S.	Lost	(A)	18—40
16/6/'45 v. St. Mary's, Crosby	Won	(H)	97—35
30/6/'45 v. St. Mary's, Crosby	Draw	(A)	44 for 4 wickets—54
14/7/'45 v. S.F.X.	...	Won	(A) 23—15

1ST XI BATTING AVERAGES					
	No. of Innings	Times Not Out	Runs	Highest Score	Average
J. Carter	8	1	81	35*	11.57
T. Merrivale ...	9	1	92	30	11.50
A. Rigby	9	1	91	21	11.38
R. Hughes	9	1	56	16	7.00
T. Sharrock ...	8	1	35	9*	5.00
G. Hickey	8	2	30	14	5.00
D. Gaskin	4	0	20	8	5.00
J. Dolan	6	1	22	8*	4.40

1ST XI BOWLING AVERAGES					
	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
R. Hughes ...	25.8	6	43	9	4.77
A. Rigby ...	85.8	26	146	28	5.21
J. Carter	54	19	110	20	5.5
G. Hickey ...	36.8	9	75	12	6.25

At Sandfield Park

COLLEGE XI					
T. Merrivale, c Smith, b Brown	30
T. McKenna, b Gill	0
D. Gaskin, c Byrne b McGrail	8
R. Hughes, c Smith, b Brown	6
G. Ford, c Gill, b Brown	1
A. Rigby, c Smith, b Brown	0
T. Sharrock, not out	9
F. Johnson, st. O'Neill, b Brown	0
G. Hickey, c Smith, b McKenna	11
Extras (1 wide, 16 byes, 4 leg-byes)	21
Total (for 8 wickets)	86

OLD BOYS' XI					
J. Brown, b Rigby	10
G. Kerr, b Rigby	5
T. O'Neill, run out	1
J. McKenna, b Hughes	9
G. Alston, c and b Johnson	10
Fr. W. Byrne, run out	11
J. Smith, st. Merrivale, b Hughes	3
Fr. V. Furlong, c Merrivale, b Hickey	9
F. Harrington, c Forde, b Hughes	35
F. Gill, not out	12
J. McGrail, st. Merrivale, b Johnson	9
Extras (8 byes, 3 leg-byes)	11
Total	125

A. Ryan and J. Burns did not bat.
 Result : Draw ; *College*, 86 for 8 wickets, *Old Boys*, 125.
 Fall of wickets 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

College XI	2	14	42	60	60	69	69	86	—	—
Old Boys XI	13	16	19	36	40	45	62	65	112	125

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Rigby	11	4	28	2	14
Hickey	11	1	43	1	43
Hughes	9	1	20	3	6.6
Johnson	2.8	1	14	2	7
Ryan	1	0	9	0	—

RUGBY NOTES

So far there are very few fixtures to record. This is partly due to the fact that opponents of previous years are not playing this year. The situation, however, is not at all satisfactory and not to the advantage of the school teams.

The 1st XV have played two games to date. Several of last year's side are available and form the nucleus of the side. M. Wren is Captain and T. Sharrock Vice-Captain. B. Boggiano, P. Fearon and J. Carter are others who were in last year's XV. G. Hickey, unfortunately is injured and is greatly missed.

So far the side has been given little chance to settle down. The forwards have not shown sufficient speed or acquaintance with the laws of the game to give a reasonable share of the ball to the backs. There must be much more hard pushing and more participation in the open play if they are to justify themselves.

The backs have not had many opportunities to show their worth. There are, however, points they must pay more heed to: even the elementals—passing, backing-up—and real tackling.

The side must put itself whole-heartedly into the game if anything is to be achieved. Conditions do not favour it but more can be accomplished if all pull their weight.

**SCHOOL v. OLD BOYS
 20th October, 1945.**

Fielding the strongest side they have so far got together, the Old Boys had a comparatively easy victory

over the School side. Outstanding among many fine forwards was Guilfooy in the left wing position. The half-back pair, McGrail and Martin, gave a really fine display while the three-quarter line was far superior to that of the School.

After a scrappy opening, during which the School pressed, the Old Boys began to attack very much in earnest and were soon rewarded by an easy try for Brown. The kick went wide. After the kick-off the School were once more on the defensive and soon they were down 8 points to nil—McGrail having converted his own try. After some loose play a fine pick-up by Guilfooy gave the Old Boys a further lead.

Half-time : School nil, Old Boys 11 points.
 During the first half the School were continually on the defensive but they now went into the attack. Carter having stopped a dangerous forward rush, sent St. Edward's right into an attack which was ruined on the 25-line by an untimely pass by one of the forwards. They were soon being hard-pressed again, however, and had to cede another try this time to Gill. Soon after Gill's try Sharrock had a brilliant individual run finishing up under the posts. Suffield easily placed the kick. The Old Boys had a goal and a try before the School had a try by Johnson which Suffield again converted.

At full-back Carter was given many anxious moments by the fierce onslaughts of the Old Boys' forwards but he played soundly. The three-quarters lacked finish in all their movements, Sharrock alone showing

any initiative. The half-backs, Hughes and Fearson, played pluckily but did not have the speed and experience of McGrail and Martin. In the scrums and on the loose Wren displayed his usual determination but without the whole-hearted support of the other forwards his efforts to save the situation were unavailing.

Full time : School 10 points, Old Boys 22 points.

SCHOOL TEAM : J. Carter ; A. Meldon, F. Johnson, T. Sharrock, F. Malone ; R. Hughes, P. Fearson ; J. Osborne, R. Nolan, M. Wren (Captain), B. Boggiano, S. McNamara, F. Short, H. Suffield, J. Dolan.

OLD BOYS' TEAM : A. Cunningham ; P. Broadbridge, J. Davidson, D. Martin, F. Brennan ; J. McGrail, F. Gill ; F. Johnson, E. Kavanagh, T. Guilfooy (Captain), A. Crossley, J. Brown, B. Potts, R. Bruce, W. Nixon.

S.E.C. v. Wallasey Grammar School 2nd XV At Leasowe, 24th October, 1945.

The game was played with a strong wind blowing down the pitch, as is usual at this ground. We played with the wind behind us. The forwards were evenly matched for weight, Wallasey had an advantage in the backs.

From the kick-off Wallasey showed their mettle but a useful kick by Carter sent them back. Play settled down in the middle of the field with the ball going from side to side. Our backs failed to run sufficiently hard or straight with it. The passing was not good. Wallasey played the correct game against the wind—leaving the forwards to do most of the work and by keeping the ball on the ground nullified our advantage in having the wind. A long kick up the field gave Carter a chance to make a good run down the right wing. This was carried on to the line, but Wallasey saved. Then they broke away and with a forward rush brought the ball back to the half-way line.

From a scrum we went down the left side of the field and Wren completed the move to score. The kick

failed from a fair position. The score should have been added to soon afterwards when Carter took the ball to within ten yards of the line, but his pass was forward. Our stand-off half was too much inclined to kick the ball without drawing the opposition. Near the interval Wallasey scored an unconverted try—against the run of the play.

Half-time score : S.E.C. 3 points, Wallasey G.S. 3 points.

The change-over saw a complete reversal of the situation and Wallasey now called the tune. Their backs passed well and were always a danger. For ten minutes we stood heavy pressure but then the Wallasey backs cut through the defence to score a try. Soon a penalty goal was added.

Our forwards were trying hard but were not stopping the Wallasey pack from getting the ball back. There was too much individualistic play, they did not combine as a pack. M. Wren repeatedly got the ball in the line-out only to be halted for lack of support. More pressure resulted in an unconverted try for Wallasey.

This goaded our side to new efforts and P. Fearon backed up by T. Sharrock made a good run but the Wallasey defence held firm. We now held Wallasey in their own half. Good work by B. Boggiano and F. Short took the ball up to the 25-line. When Wallasey halted us and brought the ball back to the half-way. R. Hughes and J. Burns made gallant efforts on the right but could not make sufficient headway.

The loose play which followed resulted in the ball going to M. Wren and he was hauled back when almost over. Wallasey then make a break-away. A glorious swerving run by the stand-off half resulted in another goal. The scoring was completed by a penalty goal to Wallasey.

S.E.C. 3 points, Wallasey G.S. 22 points.

TEAM : J. Carter ; J. Burns, F. Johnson, T. Sharrock, F. Malone ; R. Hughes, P. Fearon ; M. Wren (Captain), R. Nolan, F. Short, B. Boggiano, S. McNamara, A. Meldon, H. Suffield, J. Osborne.