

Catholic Institute Magazine.



Summer 1918.

Organ of the Pupils .
and Ex-Pupils of the
Christian Brothers, .
Liverpool.



* THE *

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

MAGAZINE.

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Editorial.

The end of a school summer term is always in one way a sad time. *Our Affection for the C.I.* Year by year at this time those who have taken the lead in our school-life pass on and leave us; to them it is one of the most solemn periods that come to men; it is the close of a chapter in life, and it is the first of such chapter endings whose meaning we appreciate. It is a time to look back and forwards. Most of us who leave now are able to soften the sadness of departure by the knowledge that upon the whole we have done our duty. At such times men do not congratulate themselves or desire compliments from others. We know that what we receive from the Catholic Institute is more than we can ever give to it.

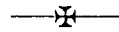
Our School, like every living entity, has a body and a soul. Its body is the place with its buildings and playing-fields; and we care for the place as we care for the features and gestures of those whom we love. But we care for their features because they express to us their minds and spirits. We shall

think of the Catholic Institute not merely as a place where we have lived, but as a spirit that has exercised an influence on our lives from which we hope we may never escape. It is to keep that spirit strong, as well as to revisit friends and scenes of happiness, that Old Boys come back to us. We who are now leaving will always, we hope, be loyal, and rejoice in being loyal to the Spirit of the School. Remember, as our loyalty to the School fastens on the unseen qualities rather than on anything that is visible to bodily eyes, so our national patriotism will be one that cares more for the character and spirit of the people than for material greatness. We shall value Empire not as the satisfaction of a futile pride, but as an opportunity of influencing human history and guiding it according to the law of God, by whom the opportunity is given. We shall believe that the real greatness of a nation is made secretly. We shall know that the clatter of party politics, and even the clash of national armaments, is a mere dust-storm that rives off the surface of things, compared with the change of ideas and the widening of sympathies which constitute the real history of mankind.

The hold on our affections which the Catholic Institute has, makes parting sadder, but it makes life happier, and above all it makes the School better and greater. We come to feel every stain upon its honour as a personal grief, and every success it wins as the success of a friend.

The more eager we are to carry out in life what we have learned here, so much the more frequently and vividly will the memory of our School life return to us. Strange—but true—the first memories which will return to us when we think of the Catholic Institute, or meet with Old Boys who were at the School with us, will be the things we laughed at. And it is well that it should be so; for it is a proof that our feeling for the School is not merely gratitude or reverence, but is genuine personal affection. When by means of them we are brought back in spirit to the old school days we will begin to remember also the great things that the School meant to us—the discipline of irksome form-work, of obedience to authority, of responsibility; the high ideals with which we were confronted; contact with the great minds of other ages; the purifying influence of a corporate life whose tone is sound; the strengthening of our character, through the effort to help those who were weaker than ourselves. We will think sometimes of our own services to the School, but these will not loom very large. In the memory of the fun we had at school, our own personalities fill a great space; but as our minds move on to the great things, we ourselves sink out of sight; even our friends count for little then; it is the School itself, with all the generations who have made it and have been made by it, that engrosses all our attention. And then our thoughts will turn to the memory of that distinctive feature of our education, *Religious Instruction*, and to the hours spent in the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. We shall be compelled to recognise if we have been faithful to the promise made in earlier years—loyalty to Holy Church, devotion to the Mother of God, and the practice of frequent Communion.

We are setting out along the new walks of life that are to be ours. Just now they are bright with the sunshine of hope. We are young and ardent; all things seem fair. But as the years roll on we will discover that this is a grim world in which our qualities are tested. If we are hoping that the love of the Catholic Institute may never fade in our hearts, then let us live as worthy sons of the Catholic Institute. So the love of our School and of our School friends will remain with us for ever.



School Notes.

"AT THE C.I."

The past term—for the most part a time of close uninterrupted work—was rendered eventful by the entry of our Senior and Junior teams into the Finals at Everton and Anfield. Monday, March 25th, will long remain a Red Letter Day in the annals of the school, as on that date the Senior Shield was won. On the following Wednesday we journeyed to Anfield to see if our juniors would repeat the success of their predecessors of 1917. Despite their efforts we had to be content with a drawn game, and with the hope that in the replay on April 3rd our representatives would achieve greater success. Such hope was not realized, as once again the match ended in another draw.

In the second replay on Monday, April 8th, as the game resulted in yet another draw, it was agreed that Liverpool Institute and ourselves should be joint holders of the Junior Shield.

We have now the unique record of holding both the Senior and Junior Shields.

TERMINAL RESULTS.

Form VI.—1, James Macmillan; 2, William Cooke; 3, Anthony McParland.

UVa—1, Bernard Smith; 2, Frank Shevlin; 3, John Cole.

UVb—1, David Dixon; 2, John Blacoe; 3, Clement Smallwood.

Va—1, Michael Moore; 2, Robert Irvine; 3, Henry Hodson.

Vb—1, Richard Ireland; 2, Herbert McGrath; 3, Thomas Daley.

IVa—1, John Short; 2, Laurence Murray; 3, Edward Irvine.

IVb—1, Frank Beswick; 2, Eric Heaney; 3, James Woods.

IVc—1, Wilfrid Boyle; 2, Joaquin Ruiz; 3, Robert Byrne.

IVd—1, Edward Riley; 2, Joseph Barrett; 3, Thomas Oliver.

IIa—1, L. O'Callaghan; 2, M. Crosby; 3, J. Bennett.

IIb—1, David Morgan; 2, William Byrne; 3, Frank Duffy.

IIIc—1, Henry Carr; 2, Edmund Rigby; 3, Wm. Murphy.

IIId—1, John Fleming; 2, Leonard Daley; 3, Kevin Dolan.

IIa—John Kane; 2, Frank Curran; 3, William Fanning.

11b—Peter Fontaine; 2, Joseph Hardy; 3, John Largan.

I.—1, John Alcock; 2, Miles Bartlett; 3, John Power.

MILITARY HONOURS.

Since our last issue of the Magazine we have been pleased to hear of the following distinctions gained by our Old Boys:—Capt. E. Doolan, Military Cross; Lieut. David McCarthy, do.; John Kendrick, Croix de guerre; Sergt. John Mulooly, Military Medal; Sergt. John Tickle, do.; Sergt. Frank Gloyne, do.

C.I. boys admire their valour, and offer sincere congratulations.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

Our first debate was the subject that a peace based on the self-determination of the European peoples is impossible. A very poor discussion resulted. The only speakers appearing to advantage were J. Lynch and P. J. Rogers. The side led by the latter obtained the majority of votes. At the next meeting the claims of the Writer to greater influence than the Public Speaker were discussed. J. Macmillan—the leader on the side advocating the Writer's claims—said that the authors of antiquity have exerted a great influence in moulding the world's opinions, but that the orator is heard in his own day only, and is soon forgotten. J. Garner said that modern facilities for printing books greatly extended the

sphere of influence of the writer. A. Hosker held that though the public speaker was very popular, his audience could not be increased beyond a certain limit, while the circulation of a book in these days is almost unlimited. J. Downes was the leader of those supporting the claims of the public speaker. He dwelt on the influence of many famous orators, and said that people who feel disinclined to read books take pleasure in listening to speeches. J. Gernon laid emphasis on the influence of the orator's personality, while W. H. Cooke attacked several of the arguments of his opponents. J. Macmillan's party secured the honours. In the next debate, B. Smith and J. Wright argued that the Conscription of Wealth in the United Kingdom is possible and advisable. The latter defined the Conscription of Wealth as "a tax of 18/- in the £ on all unearned incomes." He said that as so many of the nation's young men had given their lives, the idle rich should be compelled to give their money to help the country. J. Blacoe, for the opposition, held that though the principle might be good, yet the public would make it difficult for a Government to carry out a scheme of this kind. P. Irvine used statistics to show that the material benefit to be derived from such a scheme was not likely to be great enough to justify its enforcement on the nation. The side with which the two last-mentioned speakers were associated gained its object by a handsome majority.

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS

SENIOR.

First Class Honours.—Division I.

J. W. Barker.

C. S. Kieran.

Division II.

P. J. Rogers.

Second Class Honours.—Division II.

O. L. McGowan.

Passes.

G. Browne.

J. Loftus.

J. Lynch.

Distinctions.

Mathematics—C. S. Kieran.

J. W. Barker.

History—O. L. McGowan.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Our readers will be pleased to know that Saturday, June 1st, has been selected as Sports' Day. Last year, thanks to the beautiful weather and the keenness of the competitors, the day was both a social and an athletic success. For many years back it has been the custom of the parents and friends of the school to subscribe to the Prize Fund. The response to the appeal of the Sports' Committee has been generous. We are confident that we shall receive the same generous support for our coming sports.

Intending competitors should train regularly for the five or six weeks preceding the Sports' Day. Remember, the most important factors on the road to success are perseverance, determination and pluck. Is it not worth a few weeks' training to be bracketed as one of your school's greatest athletes?

SWIMMING.

Once again the swimming season is upon us. Our success of last year must be repeated. The gala may come off in June. All swimmers should strive to perfect themselves, so that our annual gala may be crowned with success.

If you can swim, begin to improve your speed and style. If you are not a swimmer, you ought to be; join the club. There is a rosy future for swimming, and the C.I. must be to the fore ready to uphold her glorious traditions. Last year we had two hundred members. This year we desire an increased number. We want our Principal, Rev. Br. Forde, to be able to state in his annual report that the Swimming Club is as successful and important in the social life of the school as are the football and athletic clubs.

Season began April 15th with a membership of over two hundred and sixty.

OUR ANNUAL RETREAT.

The war has taught us many things. It has taught us, for instance, that we can get along fairly well with less beef, less wheaten bread, and even with less of such elementary necessities as light and heat. Has it taught us that we can get along with less religion?

Assuredly not. Rather, has it not brought home to every thinking man the great depth of degradation to which man has fallen through irreligion? In a great measure this sad state is due to the separation of human learning from religion. We, Catholics, believe such separation to be a false principle. The total ignoring, day by day, of the most vital element in education—religion—is not *Christian*, and must lead to bad results. Patriotism should protest against the exclusion of religion from the school. Men are better citizens if they are good Christians.

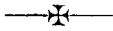
Here in the C.I. we study at a school whose atmosphere is not merely Christian, but Catholic. Religion and education go hand in hand. Each day we set aside a definite period for the hearing, reading and acquiring a knowledge of our Faith, of the Sacred Scriptures, and History of the Church. Apart from this we are afforded a supreme advantage once each year. The better to renew within us the spirit of Faith—"the just man liveth by faith"—we are permitted each year for a few days to turn aside from our ordinary work, and to devote the time to prayer and contemplation—to close examination of how we stand in the sight of God. We call this period our Annual Retreat.

The importance of the Retreat in the spiritual life of our school cannot be over estimated. The call to come into a desert place and rest awhile finds an echo in every young heart. One of the great objects of a Retreat is to enable us to look at things in their right perspective. Things of earth loom so large in our daily life that we are apt to lose sight of the end of our creation. Thus a Retreat sets us face to face with the great issues of life.

It has been the good fortune of thousands of C.I. boys to receive during Retreat periods the spiritual guidance of devoted priests of this archdiocese; but we may be pardoned for doubting if any were so fortunate as we of 1918. It was our advantage to have the services of the Very Rev. Fr. Scannell, O.M.I., in the conduct of the Retreat. His discourses on the

sacred old truths, delivered with singular grace and charm, made a deep impression on his youthful hearers. During those days of grace many a boy took the fervent resolution to do his best to further the interests of our Lord by renewed exactness in the discharge of duty.

May no C.I. boy, where'er his lot be cast, ever fail to be a loyal son of the Holy Roman Catholic Church.



Saint Joseph.

Saint Joseph, holy Patriarch,
Beloved of God on earth;
With Mary, first adorer
Of Jesus at His birth!

Thou wert the Chosen Guardian
Of God's Eternal Word,
And He who called thee "Father"
Was worshipped as thy Lord.

Saint Joseph, chaste and worthy
Spouse
Of Mary, Virgin blest;
Thy care didst guide her steps
secure,
Thine arms gave Jesus rest!

Thy life how pure—approved of
Heaven;
Thy death—with Mary nigh,
On Jesus' Heart thou sink'st to rest;
Oh, blessed thus to die!

The treasures of the Lord on earth
Unto thy care was given;
God's holy Church looks up to thee,
Her Guardian, now in Heaven.

From all our foes defend us,
Blest Father, Patron, Guide;
In our needs and in our dangers,
Help us—in thee we confide.

Blessed Joseph, Holy Mary,
May we never from you part;
Guide us ever, on life's journey,
Till we reach the Sacred Heart!

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A Forgotten Race.

When anyone mentions a fairy, most of us conjure up a tiny being dressed in green, with a red cap and rainbow coloured wings. It is, therefore, difficult for us to realise that, according to the ancient Celtic legends, the fairies were once a great and powerful race who ruled our islands, but this was so long ago that everything has become blurred by the mists of time. Yet it seems that these little beings are all that are left to us of the gods worshipped by our Celtic ancestors, for these gods and heroes have been forgotten in this age of machinery and materialism, save by a very few who still see in them the embodiment of the deepest mysticism and poetry of the Celt.

"Long, long ago, beyond the misty
space
Of twice a thousand years,
In Erin old there dwelt a mighty
race
Taller than Roman spears;
Great were their acts, their passions
and their sports;
With clay and stone
They piled on strath and shore
those mystic forts
Not yet undone.

In Ireland and Scotland this race was known as the Tuatha De Danann, or People of the Goddess Danan, and in Wales as the Children of Llyr or Lir, from whose son Manannan, the Celtic Neptune, the Isle of Man derives its name. Under whatever name, they are one of the most fascinating races to be found in all legend and history.

The story of this ancient race may be read in various ancient MSS., but principally in the *Leabhar Gabhala*, or *Book of Invasions*, compiled in 1627 by Michael O'Clery, a Franciscan Friar, and one of the Four Masters. According to this account they came from Greece, where they had become proficient in occult sciences and magic arts, to Scandinavia, thence to the North of Scotland, and, after a short sojourn there, they determined on the invasion of Ireland. On landing, they burned their ships, and having, by their

powers of incantation and necromancy enveloped themselves in a magic mist or "cloak of darkness," they marched for three days and three nights through the country. Then, revealing themselves, they engaged in battle with the Firbolgs, who were then in possession of the country, and completely defeated them at Moytura, near Cong in the County Mayo.

The Dedananns are represented in the ancient Celtic legends and historical tales and also in the traditions of the people as a supernatural race, endowed with wonderful powers, artificers in gold and silver, manufacturers of magical weapons, skilful physicians, Druids, versed in the occult arts. But from these old traditions we may draw at least this much as a probable conclusion, that when the Milesians fought for the possession of Ireland they had to contend against a ruling tribe which held the older inhabitants in subjection by a superior wisdom and skill in many arts which gave the impression of the supernatural. Dr. John O'Donovan, the learned Irish antiquary, regards them as a real and not merely mythical people, but being skilled in arts which the Milesians, their conquerors, did not understand, they were considered by the latter as gods and magicians.

The belief that they came originally from Thessaly is supported by the excavations made by Dr. Schliemann, the eminent Greek scholar and archæologist at Mycene, where the carvings or markings on the stones are identical with those that are to be seen in many places in Ireland.

In an Irish poem of the 10th century we read:—

"Thirty years after Geanan
A magic race took possession of
the land;
The Tuatha De Danand threatened
destruction
On the Firbolg, with their venom-
ous spells.

Great was the number . . .
That landed to spread fear and dismay,
In dense dark clouds they moved
along
To the mountains of Conmaicne in
Connacht.

Though they came to learned Erin
Without buoyant, adventurous ships,
No man in creation knew
Whither they were of the earth or
sky.

The Tuatha De took by force
The sovereignty from the tribe of
Bolg;

In the battle with great lamentation
A numberless host was slain."

Their leader at the time of their invasion of Ireland was Nuadha, afterwards named Nuadha of the Silver Hand. He had his hand cut off in the fight at Moytura, and as a monarch with a personal blemish was not permitted to reign, a silver hand was constructed for him in lieu of the natural member. This silver hand, so the old tale goes, "was perfect in all its movements as to fingers and joints; Dianceacht, the surgeon, assisted by Creidne, the artificer, constructed it; Miach, the son of Dianceacht, formed the sinews through the fingers and joints; and cohered them to those of the natural arm so as perfectly to supply the place of the original member."

The legends say that the Dedananns brought with them some wonderful possessions; besides their great skill in poetry and magic, they could write in ogham, which was invented by Ogma, one of their chiefs. They also brought Nuadha's invincible sword, "from which no opposing person could escape in consequence of its venom"; Lugh's lance, which could fight by itself, "and none could conquer the person in whose hand it was"; the Dagda's cauldron from which any number of people could be fed, "and the largest ox would not fill it," and the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, which uttered cries whenever the rightful king touched it. This is supposed by some to be the same stone as that under the Coronation Chair at Westminster, which was brought from Scone by Edward I., though Dr. Petrie holds that it is still on the Hill of Tara. They were "beautiful people, without blemish," tall and well made. They usually had golden hair, which their poets likened to the colour of the flag-flower or the flower of the broom; their

eyes were blue and shining, and their complexions "clear red and white." Their chief burial-place was along the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane, where many monuments still remain, the principal of which are the three great mounds of New Grange, Dowth and Knowth.

Lady Gregory in "Gods and Fighting Men," gives a beautiful description of one of their women: "Her soft hands were as white as the snow of a single night, and her eyes as blue as any blue flower, and her lips as red as the berries of the rowan tree, and her body as white as the foam of a wave. The bright light of the moon was in her face, the highness of pride in her eyebrows, a dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, the light of wooing in her eyes, and when she walked she had a step that was steady and even, like the walk of a queen."

Perhaps the most remarkable and interesting of their men folk was Aongus, the Apollo of Celtic myth, the wonderful musician whose three feats of musical skill we often find referred to in the old tales. On his silver harp he played three wonderful tunes, the tune of sleeping, the tune of weeping, and the tune of laughing. "As he moved his fingers softly over the strings, every heart was hushed with a sense of balmy rest. The lark soaring and singing above his head paused mute and motionless in the still air, and no sound was heard over the spacious plain save the dreamy music. Then he struck another key and a gentle sorrow possessed the hearts of his hearers and unbidden tears gathered to their eyes. Then, with a bolder hand, he swept his fingers across his lyre, and all hearts were moved to joy and pleasant laughter, and eyes that had been dimmed by tears, sparkled as brightly as running waters dancing in the sun."

It is not known how long the Dedananns were in possession of Ireland, but at the time of the Milesian invasion the country was ruled by three Dedanann princes, and we know that Ireland is often called after the names of their wives—Eire, Banba and Fodla. At last the Milesians came "from a land

beyond the sea," and after two great battles, in which there were many single combats between chiefs, as in the Greek stories, the Dedananns were defeated. They then retired into magnificent underground palaces in the hills or mounds, and hence were called Aos Sidhe (Shee) or the People of the Fairy Hills. The old Celtic writers delighted in describing the country of the Sidhe, which gave ample scope to their love of colour and varied symbolism and embodied their idea of Paradise. In the "Lay of Oisín" (Osheen), the charms of this delightful land are described by Niav the Golden-haired, who induced Oisín to go with her to the Land of Youth, the Elysium of the Pagan Celts.

In that country the trees are laden with fruit and blossom at the same time, while among their branches birds sing wonderful songs which dispel all sorrow and weariness. Clear streams full of fish, flow through flowery valleys, and there is always abundance of every kind of meat and drink—"divine mead"—ready to hand. The inhabitants never grow weary or old (for it is Tir na n-og, the Land of the Young), and their time is mostly spent in hunting, feasting and dancing, and playing that alluring music which is occasionally overheard by mortals. There are stories which tell how mortals are sometimes taken away, like Oisín, to this country, where they live for years which pass like a single night.

It is a strange thing how unbelief has reduced this once revered race to a crowd of nameless little beings that play no real part in our lives.

Do the glittering hosts of the Sidhe still hunt and feast and make music through forest and glen and mountain, and is it that we have lost our power of seeing them because of our incredulity? Is it with us, because of our enfeebled, nay, atrophied imagination, as Francis Thompson wrote:—

"'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangéd faces,
That miss the many-coloured, glorious thing."

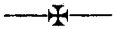
We have turned them into a little mischief-making race, in whose existence even children scarcely believe, and

so have made both our fives and literature the poorer. Think of the contrast between anyone of the original "fairy" race and the conventional fairy of our more modern stories, from Shakespeare downwards; or compare the pantomime fairy, in her graceful, tawdry garments as she dances in the glare of the foot-lights, with the noble women of the Tuatha De Danann. It will then be felt that they have, indeed, drawn their "cloaks of darkness" round them and hidden themselves from our unworthy eyes.

"The world is too much with us;
late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste
our powers."

We have given our hearts away. The old myths and legends, the romances of the heroic cycles, full of noble lessons for souls properly attuned, we regard not; like Gallio, we care for none of these things.

J. D. G.



An Advice to Prospective Teachers

(By the Hon. Sec. Young Minds'
Welfare Association.)

There is no profession in this world which has not at some time or other been typified by some one as honourable. From the humble cabinet minister to the opulent munitioneer, from the cashiered brigadier to the superannuated civil servant, all have had at one time to suppress their breathing, and force the manly blush to appear at hearing that their own particular line of life was honourable. In consequence, I feel precedence justifies my action if I say with utter abandon that teaching is honourable—extremely so. The teacher is one who is not tainted with the profiteer's lust, the munitioneer's frugality, the Scotsman's extravagance, or the indiscretion of the libertine conchy. In no way could we associate the glorious profession with any of these. On the contrary, at the mention of the word do we conjure up six feet one inch of vigorous manhood,

who, in addition to being able to run a mile, lift a ton, etc., can on occasion tell the truth, renew his monthly contract as soon as the old one has expired, and in general put up a fairly decent show as a virtuous individual. With the moral decline of the present generation we have to pause and ask ourselves: "Can such a state of things exist?" "If not, what will happen in the future?"

To the first question, as Mr. Bonar Law would say, the answer is in the negative. To the second, there is no doubt that with a new school of thought and new ideas, even the mediocre material of the rising generation may be converted into decent teacher-substitutes—for remember, reader, this is an age of substitutes.

As to the lines along which the new ideas should run, let me say at the outset they must ride roughshod—you always have to ride this way when you are conducting desperate operations—over the old ideas and in no small way correct the very few faults of the old system. There must be a thoroughly interesting attempt to appreciate the administrative policy from the point of view of the child, and an endeavour to alter existing conditions in such a way as to convince the child that you are working on his behalf.

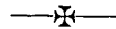
Let us take the case of a new teacher with a new class and see how he should conduct himself. On first entering the class he will be the centre of interest; if he can control that interest throughout his time with that class his battle is half over. If he let the class lose interest, then work is neglected and discipline is undermined. The ways in which to sustain this interest are many. He may enter the class disguised as a tramp or gipsy. Such people always interest young children. Or again he might proceed to tell them all his achievements in the local special police force, or how he acted in air raids. Later on he should make greater efforts to arrest attention, and might soar to the dizzy and somewhat mythical regions of his pugilistic propensities. Above all things on entering the class let him be civil. Civility costs nothing, and earns much. Invite

personal criticism of your work from the pupils. Never take a class when the class might prefer a little recreation. For this reason from time to time take a division on the question of "Work or Play." It is amazing how often dreary lessons are conducted while the child mind is in an apathetic state, and in consequence imbued with a lasting and revolting hatred of that subject.

After interest the most valuable asset the class can give is sympathy. In this matter boys are especially interesting. Suppose, for example, you are marooned with mathematical precision between two pay days. Suppose further that your monetary assets are nil, or approximately so. Would you have the sympathy and interest of your charges? If so, do not hesitate to tell them your position. In your best and most reckless spirit invite the class to toss for halfpennies. Should it ever occur that the class as a whole, or isolated members of it, have shown a lack of respect for your exalted person, or a neglect of work, do not by any means do the rash thing which has been done so often before, and penalise them by corporal punishment, imposition or detention after school hours. The first pains, the second is unfair, and the last is waste of time. To resort to such methods leaves the child in a state of mind when he is convinced you have your knife in him, and your eye on him. He is convinced that you only do these things in a recriminative moment when you are assailed by the bitter memory of what happened you on a similar occasion. He regards you as spiteful, vicious and callous; his vision is blinded to you as a virtuous Apollo, and he only sees in you the vindictive and diabolical personality of a persecutor. For any misdemeanour let your sure shield be moral suasion; your attitude charitable; and your forgiveness all abounding. Do not ever inflict corporal punishment. Leave that to the heathen and the dark ages. Impositions entail a waste of time, paper, ink, and labour. No child was ever improved mentally, morally or physically by impositions, so what is their object? Then again, detention is, as I have

already pointed out, a waste of time—time which might otherwise be devoted to physical and mental development. Abolish these anomalies and in their stead instal a system more charitable and lenient. Rather let the class off an hour earlier. Excuse them a little homework. Let them see how injured you are. Even if needs be, sob, moan, and weep; wring your hands and tear your hair. They may think you mad, but you lose nothing by that—many of them have thought you so before, and all of them suspected it. No, you lose nothing but you might possibly—just possibly—sooner or later—more probably later—bring them to a sense of neglected duty. You may say such a course would undoubtedly banish all pretext at discipline. To that I reply: discipline is but a form of militarism. To-day we are defending the sacred theory that true happiness can only be purchased to the exclusion of militarism. I feel sure of the support of every pupil for the cause. From the precocious stripling of the sixth form down to the savant of the Prep., and the bearded demons of Form I. To them I appeal to join this glorious fight for freedom. Will prospective members enrol in this the grand crusade by writing to the following address and enclosing the recognised enrolment fee of five shillings (5s.) or P.O. for that amount.

The address is—Signor C. Occo,
Hon. Sec. Young Mind Welfare
Association,
c/o Editor C.I.M.
F. O'N.



A Reply to "Can you Sketch?"

In the Winter issue of the "C.I.M." appeared an article commenting on the teaching and application of Drawing. In the first paragraph the writer indicates the remedy for all the ills he mentions afterwards. "Devote yourself for a short period to the full development of intellect, memory and will, to the expert training of hand, ear, and eye, and you will find yourself

in possession of unexpected gifts of talents, even of genius." A very great majority of the leading artists have done this for a very long period under conditions most stimulating and interesting before they have made their work marketable, while many others have failed entirely to make good. It is quite possible for an adult to learn all the rules of a system of shorthand in 24 hours, but the suggestion that art can be taught by correspondence more easily than shorthand reveals a lack of knowledge that the rest of the article would otherwise conceal. "If you can write you can draw," is quite true within its limits, but, unfortunately, these limits are so very narrow. Writing means the drawing, in two dimensions, of 26 characters of two forms only, capitals and small letters, in one position situated on a plane roughly perpendicular to the line of vision. Could anyone do this after 24 hours' study and practice? Again, excellent writers will vary their letters in many ways without detracting from the legibility and regularity of their writing, whereas in sketching from life the slightest variation of feature causes a change of expression that may spoil the rest of the drawing and is often incapable of correction.

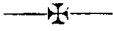
Drawing or "Sketching" means the reduction of three dimensions, on an infinite number of planes, vertical, horizontal, inclined, and oblique, to two dimensions on one plane. This necessitates a correct sense of proportion, in itself an acquisition resulting from long and assiduous practice, a sound knowledge of linear and aerial perspective, considerable manual dexterity, to say nothing of the acquisition of the faculty of catching fleeting impressions of form, colour, action, etc., and transferring them to paper. If the writer of the "Can you sketch" article believes that these advertised postal courses achieve their purpose by simply making art more attractive, let him obtain particulars. He will find that short courses presuppose the elementary knowledge gained at school by drawing type forms in different positions, seldom *ad nauseam*, but that the longer and

only useful courses require months and even years of constant practice. For instance, Mr. Jan Hustle will, for 15 guineas, teach you the elements of art in a year or two, *if* you can spare the time and energy, and afterwards will place your *original* efforts on the market, *if* of sufficient merit. The Fourth Estate School will, for 6 guineas, put you through the elements of Art, if you have the time for it, and for another 6 guineas will show you how your drawings could be made marketable. On the other hand, a knowledge of first principles and type forms, gained at school, by hard work only, under close supervision, followed by intelligent application of those elements at home or out of doors will achieve far more than years of correspondence. The chief merit of postal courses lies in the work they do in putting good raw material into marketable form which, the writer will admit, is no part of the duty of a school.

The necessity for long and careful practice is the chief reason for so few drawings appearing in the "C.I.M.," not many C.I. O.B.'s being willing to make the necessary effort. The drawings that have appeared by C. Hopkinson and E. McGrath show what can be done by boys at school, the technique of the latter comparing favourably with that of the "quick shaving" and "angry uncle" sketches. In school, attention would be sharply drawn to the folly of showing folds in tightly stretched clothing, such as appear on the angry uncle's left shoulder, while none appear on the right shoulder where the sleeve is slack. The "C.I.M." welcomes all suitable contributions, but, being a school magazine of high standard, asks for none but first-class work. Why should it drop below the level of the cheapest comic papers, which publish practically nothing but first-class drawings? Atrocious drawings appear in abundance in certain continental papers, but in these islands good art is cheap and abundant, thanks to the education of the people by men of good taste and high ideals, and the Catholic Institute would be the last to lower the standard. In Memory Drawing work

done recently at the C.I. we see promise of excellent contributions to the "C.I.M." from Old Boys in the near future.

E. M.



The Mutiny of the "Bounty."

By BERNARD SMITH (Form Upper Va.)

In the service of the British Navy many of Britain's sons have fought their way to fame, and earned undying glory by heroic achievements. It is inevitable, however, that in the annals of the Navy some dark episodes are to be found intermingled with the host of famous deeds. Such an episode is the mutiny of the "Bounty."

The "Bounty" was a merchant vessel used by the Government for carrying to the West Indian settlements specimens of the bread-tree, a newly discovered plant belonging to those charming South Pacific isles, the Society Islands. Lieutenant Bligh, an officer who had served under Captain Cook in one of his famous voyages, was appointed to the command, with a crew well disciplined and brought up in the traditions of the Navy. Soon after leaving England the "Bounty" encountered a violent tempest, an evil omen, indeed. The damage to the vessel necessitated putting into Teneriffe for repairs. After this little of note occurred, and ten months later the anxious look-out in the crosstrees espied the fair undulating hills of their destination. Tahiti, a veritable paradise to ocean tired mariners, a place

"Where all partake the earth without dispute,
And bread itself is gathered as a fruit;
Where none contest the fields, the woods, the
streams.

The goldless age, where gold disturbs no dreams,
Inhabits or inhabited the shore,
Till Europe taught them better than before,
Bestowed her customs, and amended theirs,
But left her vices also to their heirs."

The impression made upon the crew, wearied by their long voyage, must have been marked. It seemed as if the gods had deserted Olympus and had come to dwell on that gem in the Southern Seas, so delightful were the conditions which

obtained in their new abode. The natives were by no means devoid of attractions; they were in fact handsome, frank, and generous, and treated their visitors with true hospitality but yet with deference. It was indeed a land flowing with milk and honey. The only cloud in the sky appeared when the ship's departure was announced.

Reluctantly the crew bade farewell to those enchanting shores and left a wonderland for the stern routine, hard life, and bitter reality of the "Bounty." To make matters worse, the "Bounty" had as captain one who had neither the tact nor the insight into human nature necessary for his position, a man whose mind was in truth "suspicion's sanctuary." Soon discontent silently worked in many breasts. A young officer named Christian, felt perhaps keener than the others the captain's coarse jibes and insulting suspicions. Matters came to a crisis when Bligh, missing some cocoa-nuts piled between the guns, interrogated both officers and men, and even accused Christian of theft. The matter was not cleared up. The Commander having decided to punish the whole crew, cried: "Stop the villians' grog and give them but half a pound of yams to-morrow; if they steal them, I'll reduce them to a quarter."

His pride deeply wounded, disgusted at the state of life on the ship, Christian attempted escape in an open boat. This plan was spoiled owing to the number on deck at the time; but not to be disappointed in his feverish wish for a change he resolved on a desperate enterprise. This was nothing less than seizing the ship. Such a plan is generally the result of long and secret meetings in which as little as possible is left to chance. But the mind that conceived the capture of the "Bounty" was endowed with an iron determination to see the thing through. With quick intuition he told his plan to a few likely to help him. He obtained the key to the arms' chest under the pretext of requiring a musket to fire at a shark, which at the time was following in the ship's wake. Serving out the arms to the crew, some of whom

were ignorant of what was taking place, Christian and two others entered Bligh's cabin and forcibly brought him on deck. The suddenness of the whole incident and the alert commands of the prime mover in it, stunned those not wholly favourable to the project. They each thought that they had been purposely left out of the conspiracy, and what with their innate loyalty to the captain and the remembrances of past abuse, they could do nothing but look mutely on while Bligh and the few, faithful even in that extremity, were lowered into an open boat. It was not until the water divided the launch and the parent vessel that they cried out in broken accents their ignorance of what it all meant. And while the "Bounty" careered with full sail over the dark blue waves to the mutineers' El Dorado, Bligh, in an open boat, commenced a journey of four thousand miles, and encouraged his men to face the bitter trials they were bound to encounter. Courage and patience brought that small band home to an English port.

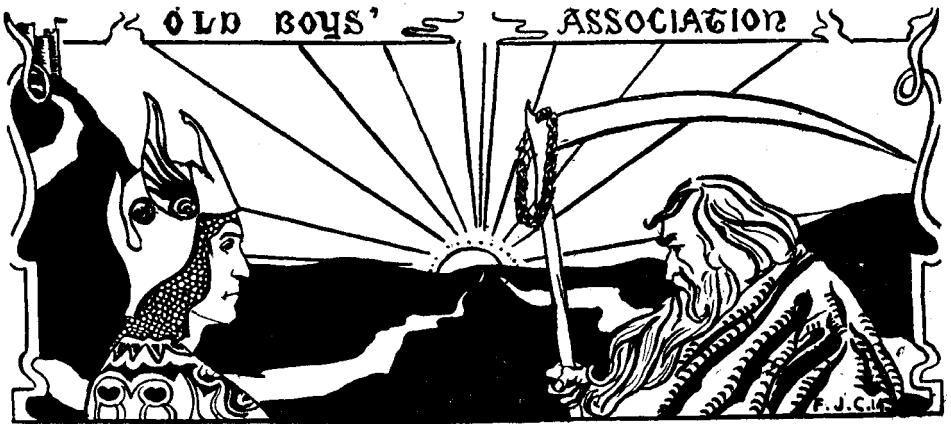
But let us follow in the wake of the "Bounty." The mutineers visited, as was to be expected, Tahiti, where they decided to stay. Some had a lurking fear of being discovered, and, taking with them some natives, attempted to colonise a small island they had visited after the vessel's seizure. The inhabitants, however, were unfriendly, and so the mutineers determined to scour the South Pacific for an island home that would be well off the tract of any European ship. Soon there hove in sight the rock-girt island named Pitcairn which, owing to an incorrect chart, Christian believed he had discovered.

The whole island has many features of the romantic: encircled by the boundless ocean, lonely, beautiful.

Christian's experience justifies the assertion that only the innocent can fully enjoy beautiful things. His organising ability found vent at first in the settlement of his little colony, which, it seems, he attended to very well, for everything was done with fairness, and soon a small village sprang up. But this work being done, he became discon-

tented with his situation and could find no solace to his bitter thoughts in the company of his inferiors. For two years peace reigned, and then, no doubt rendered confident and overbearing by lack of restraint, his crew began to tyrannise over their new associates, the natives of Tahiti, who had cast their lot with them. Revenge soon became the latter's policy, and though frustrated in their first endeavour by the warning the native women gave the Europeans: "Why does black man sharpen axe? To kill white man," they succeeded in a second attempt and only four of the crew of the "Bounty" mutineers remained. Christian himself was felled by a blow from an axe whilst working in his plantation. Meanwhile some of the natives were murdered by the mutineers' wives, natives of Tahiti themselves. Revenge became the settled policy of each side, and as if there was not horror enough on the island, the Europeans added to it the vice of intemperance, having found a plant from which to distil the liquid. One in a drunken fit cast himself headlong from a cliff; another so endangered the peace of the sadly small colony that the others decided to kill him.

Of the mutineers who landed here there now remained only two. Adams and Young, who, appalled by the horrors they had lived through, but wholly of their own making, determined to begin anew and educate the children of the island in all that was good. The death of Young a year after left the principal burden on the shoulders of Adams, who nobly retrieved his past life, as the captain of the American ship "Topaz" found, when he landed there in 1808, and to his surprise was addressed in good English by the inhabitants. This surprising news that the remnant of the erring crew had established a flourishing colony soon reached the Government, who wisely determined to take no action in the matter. Adams lived in peace to a hale old age and died mourned by all who had grown to look up to him as to their common father. His companions of the "Bounty" who had stayed at Tahiti, were captured and brought to England, but all save three were pardoned.



Old Boys who remember Rev. Br. Grangel will read with special interest the following extract from an account which he wrote us of his experiences in Halifax on the occasion of the terrible disaster that befel that city last December. Br. Grangel is one of the staff of St. Mary's College (Christian Brothers), Halifax.

"It was seven minutes past nine when the boys of the College were saying morning prayers, when the first intimation of the terrible event occurred. There was an awful rumbling, and the building shook like a house of cards. We looked at each other not knowing whether to smile or to look frightened, but before we could speculate on what was happening, doors, double storm-windows, partitions—half wood, half glass—plaster walls, etc., were blown to pieces and the debris piled on top of the desks. I was convinced the next moment would be our last. Then silence reigned in the room, and I thought all the boys were dead. After moping through the debris for a few seconds I remembered the fire escape building to which a large iron door at the end of the room led. I noticed this door had been blown away. The boys had realized this immediately, and rushed through the exit thus provided; had they remained three seconds after the first shock, or had this door been jammed, it is impossible to say how many in the room would have been killed. I struggled through the wreckage to this opening but collapsed twice on the way, and was eventually dragged out by two boys who returned

on discovering that I had been left in the room. I was not aware that I had been injured, but now I perceived that I was bleeding profusely from several minor wounds, none of a serious nature. My life was saved by an iron pillar which broke the fall of the huge panels with hatchets of glass. The havoc wrought in our room was simultaneously wrought in all the others, and to those who saw the rooms afterwards it was perfectly marvellous that not a single one of either boys or masters had been killed. Several large double storm-windows had been lifted out of the wall frame, hurled across the rooms and dashed to pulp on the opposite walls. It is perfectly obvious to us that had the boys been in any other posture than a kneeling one, the majority, possibly all, would have been killed. Forgetful of the injuries we received, we could only utter a fervent act of gratitude to the Almighty for having spared our lives.

On reaching the campus we found that all the boys and staff had got out. Every one was injured. Some had awful gashes, and the whole place was covered with blood. There were no doctors available, and the wires were all out of commission, so that it was impossible to requisition help. Fortunately there were few serious injuries, though poor D——'s eye was badly injured—the eyeball being split right across. The people of the neighbourhood had rushed into our grounds, all in a state of extreme terror, but we had yet to learn the frightful havoc that had taken place in the city. This

you will have learned from the Press, though I would add that no account can give an adequate picture of the awful occurrence. A frightful blizzard came to complete the horror, and thus many lost their lives through exposure. Outbreaks of fire completed the terrible havoc.

Only the mere shell of the College remained standing, and in the teeth of the terrible blizzard we set about housing ourselves and the boys. As soon as we could get the latter away we offered the building to the Relief Committee, and a band of U.S.A. soldiers and sailors quickly fitted it out as a temporary hospital under the direction of the Boston Red Cross. We sought refuge and much needed rest elsewhere, our nerves unstrung, but full of gratitude for the miraculous manner in which the Almighty had protected us and the boys."

Among the list of new Liverpool Justices of the Peace, which has recently been published by the Chancellor of the Duchy, we notice the following:—

Dr. Thomas Wafer Byrne, C.C.;
Lieut.-Colonel John Joseph Shute,
D.S.O., T.D.



The sympathy of Old Boys is extended to Sec. Lieut. Percy Fishwick on the death of his father.



Alf Kieran and Joe Cole are the Wireless operators at Seaforth. Alf expects "a move" soon. Lightship?



It was pleasant to see so many of the younger generation of Old Boys at the "Semi-Final" at Liscard on March 16th, and at the Finals at Everton and Anfield.



Old Boys will be glad to know that when the fight in Flanders and elsewhere is over, it is proposed to play the finals of the Liverpool and District Shield Matches in the evening, and not as at present in the early afternoon.

Rumour had it early last term that George Duff was "asleep in the deep." We are glad to know that despite the trying time that George has been through he is very much alive. In a few weeks he hopes to be in Liverpool again.



Joe Wright had a month's stay at Halifax, and tells many harrowing tales of the ill-fated city. Always an interesting gossip, he is now perpetually "sparkling."



Congratulations to the Rev. Joseph Quinn (Birkenhead), who received the diaconate on Saturday, March 16th, at the English College, Lisbon.



Another of our Old Boys, Rev. John Kieran, is to be ordained Priest this coming June.



From amongst those who are serving King and Country, on sea and land and air, we are glad to notice the following at *Alma Mater*:—

G. Heenan, F. J. Lacy, P. Fishwick, G. Verspreuwen, L. Flanagan. F. Shepherd, J. Wright, P. Hart, J. Shevlin, A. Kieran, J. Cole, H. Godwin, L. McDermott, P. O'Hara, J. Mullin, T. Burchall, A. Weston, J. Browne, J. Gibb, C. Rowe, G. Bingham, J. Shorthall, and many others.



Hearty congratulation to Ted Rimmer on his recent marriage. Ted and his musicians have for many months been making life pleasant for Tommy at the Base.



Frank Jamieson who has had, owing to the exigency of the war, to discontinue his course of studies at Woolhampton, is now "Sparks" on a Leyland liner.



Tom Gore who has temporarily discontinued his course at Ushaw, is a member of the O.T.C. at Liverpool University.

Joe Murphy of the Irish Guards is a prisoner at Lemberg.



Some short time ago we were pleased to have a visit from Ernest Cox, who gained a Russian distinction, the Cross of St. George. He gave us quite an interesting half-hour, descriptive of his Petrograd experience at the beginning of the Revolution.



Austin Maguire expects to be gazetted one of these days. We understood he has been appointed Inspector of Wireless Installations.



Will Delaney started on his second voyage quite recently. His first one was to the Near East, and was full of excitement.



We were delighted to have the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation with Brown, a member of the memorable VI. B of four years ago. He has had a warm time while serving in the 9th Kings with the B.E.F. in France.



Gibb also looked in to see us all, and we have since heard that he has gone to S. America. He is a P.O. in the "King's Navee." He looks extremely fit. "Sos" Wheeler, a bosom companion of Gibb, also favoured us with a few lines from Southampton.



Joe Marshall, we hear, is a transport officer, and is doing remarkably well. Cyril Campbell has also been gazetted.



We regret to hear that Bob Forshaw is down with typhus in Egypt. We had a most interesting letter from him describing the delights experienced when he actually saw the glories of the Ancient Pharaoh. G. Balfour is also out with Egyptian forces—*mutatis mutandis!*

Many of us did not recognise in the the real live Yank, Leo Flanagan, who visited us early in the term. A pupil of the Brothers at Gt. Mersey St. he was one of the handful of boys who answered his name on that memorable morning in September, 1902, when the Christian Brothers commenced their labours in Hope Street. For years he has been leading an exciting life in America, even journeying South in the hopes of a "scrap" when U.S.A. intended to chastise the Mexicans. At present he is in France attached to the Canadians, but hopes to return to "Blighty" for training in the air service.



Barney Lynch, an officer in the Clan Line, last wrote us from Madras. This is some time ago, and we would be very pleased to hear if all has gone well with him, for the journey to England is long and perilous these days.



Some of us may have a dim recollection of Tony Stansfield. Quite by accident we met him the other evening in town—he, too, was thinking harshly of the Tramway Committee. Over a coffee and cigarette we spoke of old times. Tony is engaged on very important shipping work, the responsibility resting on his own shoulders, as his father died some years ago. He has changed very little, and his easy going manner revived pleasant recollections of joyous days spent in what is now the Physics Lab.



Arthur Maguire gave us a surprise visit the other day. He has grown very tall and broad, and it is scarcely credible that he is Austin's "little" brother. He is gazetted to the 5th Kings, and will be shortly leaving for France.



Phill Hawe—capt. of last year's Shield Team—has taken his first Medical Exam. at the Varsity with "Distinction" in Physics.



Austin Deane has now completed his

training in Scotland, and as an officer in the Royal Fusiliers he has been sent to Carrickfergus.



Charlie Rowe, R.A.M.C. has been home on sick leave. After working for several months in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Bombay, he was sent to German East Africa. The landing in small boats under a heavy gun-fire being reminiscent of Gallipoli, was not accomplished without considerable loss of life. For several months he "carried on," at one time being captured by the Germans while tending wounded at a dressing station, until repeated attacks of malaria and dysentery "knocked" him out, and he was invalided to Cape Town. He is now on his way to Palestine after a rest in England, which seemed all too short.



The spectacle of "Tommy" home from the trenches with the continental mud still adhering to most of his attire is now common enough to have lost all its original novelty. Even their good humoured "grousing" which is poured forth in the train as a rule, has lost much of its pristine popularity. However, as we journeyed to Liverpool early in the year we were unmistakably interested in one soldier who introduced himself to our carriage, with an interesting tirade—freely interspersed with the military invectives—against railway companies and officials in general, but the female ticket collector at Manchester Exchange Station in particular. He was an interesting mortal, speaking with a gentle brogue, which caused one to murmur subconsciously, "Dublin," and on inspecting his shoulder strap we were not surprised to see he was an Inniskilling Fusilier. From the topic referred to above, he soon got us interested in what I presume was his pet grievance—Army Officers, especially "Subs." As a class we were led to believe they were an objectionable set of people, whose only delight was to get their subjects into a position where the enemy could, with the minimum of exertion, keep these unlucky men sup-

plied with "whizz bangs," and their kindred ills, whereas our own people would not even get the rum ration to them, let alone such little delicacies as bully beef and biscuits.

There was one officer our hero had met, however, who was a gem. "Yes, be faith! Lacey made up for the lot of the other spalpeens and their contrary ways." Lacey and Inniskilling Fusiliers were correlative facts we thought, and we immediately started to emulate the C.I.D. Our efforts were rewarded by finding that we were actually in conversation with Pte Confrey who was for some time servant to Frank Lacey while in France. It was a rare coincidence you will agree. Confrey particularly asked to have his best wishes conveyed to his old chief. We heard many anecdotes of Frank, which were typical of him; with one anecdote and another we were convinced that Frank Lacey in the army commands the same respect and popularity as did that individual at the C.I.

We would fain recount the anecdotes, but just to spare Frank's blushes we shall refrain from doing so. Moreover, we could not hope to get the same effect in cold print as those narrations had when couched in the witty phraseology which is the antique heritage of our race.

Yes, we are proud to know such a "paragon" as Lieut. Lacey, and we wish him a speedy recovery from the bad effects of getting it "in the neck"—literally and metaphorically.



Brian Cowhey, owing to ill-health, has been discharged from the Army. We feel certain that a prolonged rest will restore him.



Joe Flanagan—one of our "Medicals" at the Varsity—has our warmest congratulations on his appointment as House Surgeon to Stanley Hospital.



Old Boys at home and at the front, become subscribers to this Magazine. It will keep you in touch with *Alma Mater*. Subscription is 1/6 per annum.



Pro Patria.

Since the outbreak of the present War, the following Old Boys of the Catholic Institute have made the "Great Sacrifice," having been killed in action, or died of wounds.

May they rest in peace. Amen.

Cyril Lomax		James Smith
Thomas Cassidy		Leo Barber
Bartholomew Stillwell		Frederick Ellems
John Bernard Maguire		Daniel Doherty
John Curry		Samuel Cunningham
Charles O'Donnell		Robert McArdle
John H. E. Walker		Frank Verso
Frank McKee		Frank Dyson
John Kennedy		Myles O'Sullivan
James Moore	} Brothers	Frederick Bottomley
Robt. Walmsley Moore		John Cleary
Charles Kain		William Byrne
George McGuinness		Richard Pears Keating
William McMillan		James W. Lynch
Clement Duncan Fishwick		Jens Martin Jensen
H. Irvine Voce		Edward Concannon
William Shorthall		Frank A. Lane
Adolphe Goossens		John Parker
Jerome Sullivan	} Brothers	William Dobbin
Joseph Sullivan		Leo Philips
Clement Murphy		Thomas McNally
Leo Short		John Nolan
Harold Joseph Lovett		Leo Briscoe
Walter Pierce		Leo Conway
Cuthbert Wilkinson		William Leo Carroll
William J. Dix		Edward Lunt
Gregory Ugalde		George Light
William Duffy		Thomas S. Torpey
William Power		Patrick J. Callaghan (missing)
Joseph V. Quinn	} Brothers	Oswald Weston
John Quinn		Robert Colligan
		James Sheil Kelly



Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

May they rest in peace. Amen.

Football Club.

The season just ended has been the most successful in the history of the School. Our First XI. have won all their matches of the term. Our Shield XI.'s have magnified their School's name on the green sward. The players of 1917-1918 have not merely maintained the traditions of their predecessors, they have set an example which succeeding generations will do well to look back on.



We heartily congratulate our Juniors in retaining the Shield for yet another year. Truly our record in the Shield competitions this season has been a unique and proud one.



The success of our Shield players would have gladdened the hearts of our former players—from whose strivings we have learned—had they been with us at Everton and Anfield.



How few of us understand that success is easier than failure. Energy and optimism are the agents of success, but they must be active; regret and despondency are the comrades of failure, and these are always passive. To sit down and wail uses up quite as much mental fuel as to get up and fight. This is a truth we do not fully realise.



In modern sport brain and muscle must co-operate before any success can be achieved. To bring about a ready response of the physical powers to the decisions of the mind, constant and serious practice is essential. It may seem hard to undergo the tiresome training of football practice on a wet, cold afternoon in winter; but remember, it is only by such persistent preparation that we can venture into the field of life. The fruits of success more than atone for the labours endured in their attainment.

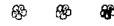


Colours have been awarded to Frank

Batty, James Quinn, John Kirwan and Sydney Meldon.



C. S. Kieran is to captain our Cricket Eleven.



FIRST XI. RESULTS.

C.I. v. Cunard Clerks	2-0
C.I. v. Waterloo Sec. School	5-2
C.I. v. Oulton Sec. School	6-3
C.I. v. St. Francis Xavier's	4-1
C.I. v. Birkenhead Institute	6-3
C.I. v. Waterloo Sec. School	4-0

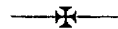
The inclemency of the weather prevented our matches with Liverpool Collegiate School and Bootle Sec. School from being played.

SECOND XI. RESULTS.

C.I. v. Oulton Sec. School	3-1
C.I. v. St. Francis Xavier's	7-6
C.I. v. Birkenhead Institute	6-1
C.I. v. Birkenhead H.E. School...	2-4

SENIOR SCHOOLS' CUP FINAL.

Form VI. v. Upper Va.	2-0
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Liverpool and District Senior Shield Competition.

FIRST ROUND.

C.I. v. HOLT.

Káy-óh-ra Káy-óh-ra Kóo-ma-gee, etc. This was the music which would have directed the attention of the ordinary passer-by along Greenbank and Smithdown Roads, to the fact that something unusual was stirring into activity that somnolent quiescent locality of closed shops, as found on Wednesday afternoons. The something unusual was the appearance on the field of the C.I. shield team, as represented by Batty in goal; W. Byrne and T. Byrne, backs; Quinn, Kieran, Wilson, halves; Ainscough, Kirwan, Meldon, Murphy, Healey, forwards.

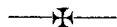
The opening play was carried on with great vigour and dash by both sides. Incidental dashes by Meldon and Ainscough were negatived by the sound defence and determined tackling of the Holt backs, who continually

punted up to their left wing. This seemed to be Holt's tower of strength, and undoubtedly they made bold and determined efforts to convert. It was fortunate that this should have been the case as the right wing of our defence was our weak spot. This was no fault of the right full who was practically making his *début* in a serious football match. But the fact remains that we were weak on the right wing and Holt endeavoured to take full advantage of it. It was by the determined defence of T. Byrne, "K," and Quinn that Batty was not tested far more than he was. As it was he was tested on a fair number of occasions, but was always sound and undeterred. The score was opened by "K" (as it should be), who, realising that the strongest defence lies in offence, took control of the ball himself, and with a brilliant individual effort, landed a goal with a lovely shot from a thirty yards' range. For a short time following on this the forwards put in some good work. On the left Murphy made good efforts, and put in some really good honest endeavour, assisted by Healey, who however lacked the last ounce and was on that score rather unconvincing. The efforts of the forwards were crowned with success, when Healey receiving a well-directed shot from Ainscough, sent the ball into the net. Shortly before the interval Murphy twisting his knee rather badly had to be taken off. He did not return after the interval. We sympathise with him.

The second half was a scrappy, uninteresting display. Our forwards were of course handicapped. Ainscough now fractured his arm and was unable to do vigorous tackling. Holt did certainly make determined efforts to reverse the odds, and at some periods it certainly looked as if anything might happen. But the defence led by "K," valorously seconded by Kirwan and T. Byrne rose to the occasion, and disaster was continuously warded off. We were during the whole of this half to all intents and purposes playing with nine men, and three sound forwards can't generally make very great inroads on the opposing defence, but

they stuck to it, all credit to them. For the remainder of the game the defence held the game well in hand, so we finished with a clean sheet. Special mention should be made of the brilliant work of Holt's goalkeeper. He is undoubtedly the stoutest defender we have met during the Shield journey.

An extremely gratifying feature after the match was that of the spectators giving three hearty cheers for the opposing side. As this was quite spontaneous on the part of the boys it makes it all the more sportsmanlike. That is the right spirit C.I. Whether you win or lose, cheer your opponents, when they play the game. The world loves a good sportsman. J. C.



SECOND ROUND.

C.I. v. BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.

At Wavertree, February 27th.

The C.I. were represented by the following team:—Batty, Byrne (T.), Byrne (W.), Wilson, Kieran, Kirwan, Healy, Meldon, Quinn, Shevlin and Thorne.

Kieran won the toss and C.I. started up the slope, attacking strongly, and after a few minutes Kirwan opened the scoring with a long shot which the B.I. goalie failed to negotiate. The C.I. forwards were once again in evidence when after a good run Shevlin put in a dropping shot, which was however cleverly stopped by the goalie. Nevertheless they were not to be denied, and ultimately from a bully in the goalmouth, Meldon directed the ball into the net, to the accompaniment of renewed applause. B.I. forwards now attacked the home goal but were stopped by T. Byrne, who with a mighty punt sent the ball up the field. Healy received it, and after skilfully beating the opposing half, passed to our inside left who scored with a splendid cross shot, which gave the B. I. keeper no chance. Soon afterwards Thorne also scored for the C.I., and half-time thus arrived with the C.I. leading 4—0.

Up to now we had had most of the game, our forwards had combined well

and made the most of their opportunities whilst the backs had proved more than a match for the B.I. forwards. After a short interval the teams again lined up and as soon as the whistle had gone the opposing forwards made a determined attack on our goal, but though they kept it up with great vigour our backs once more proved their worth, and stubbornly resisted all onslaughts. A spell of midfield play followed, Kieran being well in the picture by reason of his clever tackling and passing. After the B.I. forwards had tested our goalkeeper with several hot shots, ours broke away and from a pass from the right wing Meldon scored a good goal at close range, raising our total to five. Still keeping up the pressure we forced several corners, all of which proved fruitless. End to end play then followed, and a characteristic run on the part of Thorne was followed by a splendid goal from a difficult angle, by the same player, the B.I. goalie being completely beaten. Towards the end B.I. renewed their efforts, and had the satisfaction of seeing them successful when their inside right scored a rather lucky goal, the ball striking the foot of the upright and glancing off it into the net. When the whistle blew for time no further goals had been added, so C.I. won the second round of the shield by 6 goals to 1.

B.I. was completely outclassed both by our sterling defence and able forwards, and as a consequence the game was somewhat uninteresting, containing little of that vigour and vim usually found in shield matches. The B.I. forwards were never very dangerous, whilst the defence was unsafe, on the whole the half-backs formed the strongest line. C.I. were uniformly good.

Scorers—Meldon (3), Thorne (2), Kirwan (1). J. S.



Senior Shield Semi-Final.

Saturday, March 16th.

C.I. v. LISCARD HIGH SCHOOL.

Batty, T. Byrne, W. Byrne, Kirwan, Kieran, Wilson, Thorn, Sherlin, Quinn, Meldon, Healy.

On March 16th we crossed the river to play Liscard in the Semi-Final and third round of the Shield Competition. We had every confidence in the XI., but optimism was dangerous, for Liscard had a good record for the year, and had they not a ground treacherous to all save those accustomed to its hazards.

The day was superb for "Soccer," not even a gentle breeze was blowing, and apart from a peculiar heaviness of atmosphere, conditions were perfect. From the thronged lines rose cheer after cheer, and as the ball was centred hundreds of throats rent the air with our inimitable war-cry.

For ten minutes or so the pace was terrific, and we strove up a regular "Spion Kop" in a bold endeavour to break the spell and show that local traditions were not always to be relied on.

The game was won in that ten minutes, for our defence proved equal to their task. The wild and precipitous rushes of the opposing forwards was met and checked time and time again, and the wise strategy of our opponents was frustrated. The game was keen and full of sport. The absence of the whistle was quite noticeable. None of us could fail to admire the fine play of the opposing outside left who was certainly the most dangerous man on the field. Charlie Kieran, our captain, was as usual the keystone of the team. He was always there, now attacking, now defending, always alive to his responsibility, controlling his men and extracting every ounce from them. It was an unexpected long drive from his foot that put us "one up" at half time.

After the interval the incline was ours, and we were actually one goal up.

Play again started fast and furious, and in spite of their disadvantage, Liscard gave us an anxious time. True we kept the ball well down the field, but once or twice a good clear from the opposing defence gave us cause for anxiety. Batty succumbed to one of these onslaughts, the outside left placing a really remarkable goal.

From this point the game seemed to slow down a little, and most of the play was remote from our goal—but the game was anybody's, for our forwards could not place the ball—whether the peculiar slope or the vagaries of the ground were responsible it is hard to say, but Healy was missing by inches and Meldon and Quinn were very heavily marked. At last Thorne got away to the right and centred beautifully, Meldon scoring with a well-judged kick. Liscard once again rallied, and although proving very dangerous, failed to equalise. It was at this point that the hill began to tell, and after sustained but abortive attacks Meldon once again scored from a pass from Quinn. But we were not out of the wood, for Batty was tested on three occasions after this, and acquitting himself in his usual fashion handled some almost impossible ground shots. The game was remarkable for frequent and sudden onslaughts made by both sides, and at ten minutes from full time the play was almost as fast as at the commencement of the game. A special mention is due to Tom Byrne at full back—calm and collected, never perturbed, he did not spare himself, and time and again broke up an attack which would otherwise have proved disastrous. "K" was not satisfied with his single "notch," but concluded his most brilliant performance with a fourth goal. Minutes only were to go, so with four against one our worries were at an end.

Once again we have reached the final—our hopes have been long delayed, for it is ten years since we first entered the competition. True we have reached Goodison before, but a fateful something has happened and shattered our hopes when success seemed imminent. It is exactly ten years since our first fight. The shield would be a welcome reward for ten years striving. Let us hope that the Juniors too will take example of their Seniors to heart and present their School with another shield to prevent the elusive Senior trophy from being lonely in its new surroundings.

J. F. F.

Senior Shield Final.

C.I.'s Victory.

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE v. LIVERPOOL COLLEGIATE.

The great day, March 25th, had arrived for the match of the season. The game had been the subject of the liveliest conversation among footballers of the various schools. The fact that weather conditions had prevented the rival teams from crossing swords during the season lent a zest to the day's encounter. The last occasion on which the two schools met in the final was in 1913. On that occasion Collegiate won handsomely. Would C.I. turn the tables to-day?

Both teams were at full strength. On our side, Ainscough feeling quite recovered from his unfortunate accident received in the first round, pluckily returned to his old position—outside right. No other change was made in the side that had played with such dash and vigour at Liscard on March 16th, save that Tom Byrne and Wilf. Byrne interchanged places.

The conditions were all in favour of fast and accurate football, there being no wind to speak of, while the ground was perfect. C.I. lost the toss, and had to face the sun. At the outset we pressed the attack. Soon play was of the keenest description, each end being visited rapidly in turn. Our defence was well tested, but "K" aided by Kirman and Wilson, showed that we could count on his line. From first to last Tom Byrne proved himself the best back C.I. has yet sent to Everton. Our forwards, though working hard, were disappointing. Their shooting was weak and inaccurate, hence many opportunities of scoring were missed. As the interval was drawing near the game became very exciting, for our opponents were making formidable efforts to score. Batty was equal to the demands made on him. Half-time came without either side securing a lead.

On the resumption, Collegiate began a regular assault, and for some few minutes we did not feel comfortable. Batty was called upon to deal with hot

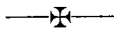
and trying shots, but they merely afforded him the opportunity of giving a brilliant display of his skill. Play now became even once again. About twelve minutes from time one of our opponent's backs handled the ball within the penalty area. A penalty kick was awarded us. Up to now both teams were level. Here was a chance for C.I. The cheering crowds were hushed as "K" strode to the ball, and with a low, fast drive sent the ball flying into the net. Wild scenes of enthusiasm and cheering greeted his success. One goal up, and but a few minutes from time! Would we maintain our lead? We did!

The match was all that had been hoped of it, for speed, keenness, and excitement. It was, indeed, a pleasant game for both sides.

The following paragraph by "Bee" of the "Liverpool Echo" will be read with interest:—

C.I.'s TRIUMPH.

"The Catholic Institute, which have the unique honour of seeing both their senior and junior teams in the respective shield finals, are to be congratulated upon their victory at Everton, where, by defeating the Collegiate premier side, they placed the senior definitely to their credit. The game was in every sense a magnificent one, in which the losers—there was only a single goal scored—are entitled to almost as much praise as the victors. Kieran was the scorer for the Institute, the point coming from a penalty against one of the Collegiate backs for handling. The game was fought with splendid spirit and sportmanship, clean, relentless football being the order. To both the goalkeepers nothing but the highest praise can be extended—their play was brilliant. C.I. should now make no mistake over the double event a school record for the city."



Junior Shield Match.

FIRST ROUND.

C.I. v. COLLEGIATE.

Saturday, February 16th, dawned dull and cold. Our youngsters had been anxiously looking forward to this

match, as they recognised they had been set a very stiff proposition in tackling the Collegiate on their own ground. Nowise daunted the C.I. took the field to the accompaniment of very hearty cheering from their followers. The game started thirty-five minutes late, the referee being apparently unable to get to the ground in time. Winning the toss Batty set his men to face the hill. For the first quarter of an hour or more the C.I. were very nervous, not settling down to their game. The passing during this period was poor, and the shooting far from accurate. The right half of the Collegiate and their outside left were perhaps the most prominent men on the field in these early stages. At the expiration of the first quarter the C.I. did better, and Quigley and Cunningham, Gradwell and Hayes had shots for goal, the latter's striking the crossbar and rebounding into the field of play. A good pass from the Collegiate centre-half was well taken up by the forwards, and from a mix-up in front of our goal Ellis, the outside left, scored for the Collegiate. This reverse seemed to nettle the C.I., and they put more vigour into the play. Once when Gradwell was getting away in most promising style, he was unaccountably pulled up by the referee, who perhaps thought that he had handled. Up and down play followed, the ball travelling quickly from end to end, but there was no further scoring till half time.

On resuming C.I. got into their stride, and settled down to play a good steady game. They had the hill too in their favour. Keogh at right half had now taken the measure of his opponent, and Hayes at centre-half was doing splendidly. Devine from time to time got in some magnificent drives. Morris and Murray were kicking strong and steadily. Time and again Gradwell, Quigley, Carroll and Cunningham had the backs well beaten, but failed to drive home at the critical moment. Shortly afterwards Langley was prominent with a good run, and centred splendidly, but over anxiety on the part of the other forwards nullified our efforts. The next item of prominence

was a combined rush of the C.I. front line, and the ball coming to Carroll, he shot rather weakly. The Collegiate goalie in attempting to kick clear misjudged the hop, and the ball rolled into goal amid great jubilation on the part of the C.I. followers. From this onwards C.I. were all over their opponents, and Gradwell on one occasion blocked the goalie's kick-out from goal, and went within an ace of scoring, his shot grazing the upright. It was a fine individual effort, and was heartily applauded. Collegiate were not by any means done with, and Batty brought off some brilliant saves. Two corners in quick succession were given against us, but fortunately they were got away. At another time, the inside right in his anxiety actually tried to fist the ball through the goal. Play now veered around to the other end, and again the C.I. vanguard made a determined effort to notch the winning goal, but selfishness on the part of one or two, and over keenness on the part of the other, spoiled all their efforts. Shortly afterwards the whistle went for full time, the game thus ending in a draw. The re-play was fixed for the following Saturday at Wavertree.

C.I. Team—Batty (capt.), Morris, Murray, Keogh, Hayes (v.c.), Devine, Cunningham, Quigley, Gradwell, Carroll, Langley.

C.I. v. COLLEGIATE—Replay.

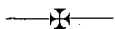
C.I. Team—Batty (capt.), Morris, Murray, Keogh, Hayes (v.c.), Devine, Cunningham, Carroll, Gradwell Molyneux, Langley.

The replay of the above match took place at Wavertree on Saturday, February 23rd. The day was a genial one, the only drawback being a fairly stiff breeze which blew diagonally across the pitch. We were without Quigley, who had strained a muscle on the previous Wednesday, but the Collegiate team was strengthened by the inclusion of a very strong left back who was the mainstay of the defence, and a centre forward who had played against us in 1917. The first ten minutes in Wavertree were a repetition of the first ten minutes of the previous

Saturday at Clubmoor, the C.I. Juniors being seemingly unable to get into their stride. A misunderstanding between Morris and Murray letting the centre forward away, he dribbled up cleverly within a few yards of the goal, and then shot, giving Batty no chance. A similar mistake occurred within the next five minutes, the same player sending in a terrific grounder which Batty saved in a marvellous manner. From this onwards C.I. took complete possession of the game, Cunningham being very prominent on the right, beating his man time and again, and sending in some beautiful centres, which unfortunately were not improved on. The halves were playing a great game, robbing their opponents frequently of the ball, and feeding their forwards, but the big left back of the Collegiate was a veritable stumbling block to our front line, and spoiled every movement, half time arriving with the C.I. down one. On resuming C.I. had the hill in their favour, and if they did well in the last twenty minutes of the first half, they did even better in the whole of this period, Morris, Murray, Hayes, Keogh and Devine driving the ball well down the field and breaking the heart of the opposition. Gradwell was prominent with some dribbles, but he was too unselfish, feeding his outsides when he might have gone on himself. Carroll and Cunningham were combining well just now, the former worrying the big left back and sending out to the latter, who returned again to Carroll, who made desperate efforts to score. It was the opinion of all the neutral spectators at the line that the C.I. were very unlucky, and it would be hard lines on them if they failed to notch a goal. After eight minutes had gone by, the C.I. halves and backs who were playing an excellent game, and kept their forwards well in possession, and Gradwell getting on the ball passed to Carroll who sent out to Cunningham, who returned to Carroll, and the latter sent it into the net amidst tremendous cheering. Stung by this reverse the Collegiate returned to the attack with renewed vigour, the inside right, centre forward and outside left breaking away

on three or four occasions, but Batty was a tower of strength in goal, and repelled every attack. The C.I. halves and backs continued to keep their forwards supplied, and Langley and Molyneux got down to within a few yards of their opponent's goal, but were unable to get through. Play swung round to the opposite side of the field, and Cunningham was put in possession. Racing along the wing he drew his man, beat him and scored with a magnificent shot from a difficult angle. The C.I. followers were a sight—caps, handkerchiefs, coats, etc., being flung into the air and caught, and the process repeated again and again. For the last ten minutes the Collegiate strove desperately to reduce the lead, and on a couple of occasions sent in some real stingers, but Batty was a trump, and kept his citadel intact. When full time arrived C.I. were the winners of a very hard match on the score—C.I. 2 goals, Collegiate 1 goal.

Mr. J. F. Forde refereed in most capable style.



Junior Semi-Final.

C.I. v. BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.

C.I. Team—Batty (capt.), Morris, Murray, Keogh, Hayes (v.c.), Devine, Cunningham, Carroll, Gradwell, Quigley, Lysaght.

This match was played on Wednesday, March 6th, at the Tramere Rovers' Ground, Birkenhead. C.I. had two changes from the team that beat Collegiate, Quigley coming in at inside left vice Molyneux, and Lysaght replacing Langley at outside left. Batty winning the toss for the third time in succession elected to play with the wind. C.I. pressed from the start, bringing off several good bouts of passing. From one of these Gradwell scored with a swift low shot which beat the Birkenhead custodian. The kick-off brought no relief to the Birkenhead boys, and soon after Cunningham being put in possession raced along the wing, beat the left full and sent in a right good hot one which found the net. The din from the grand stand where most of the C.I. followers congregated was

absolutely deafening, and the players were encouraged to renew their efforts to add to their total. From this onward C. I. dominated the game completely, but selfishness on the part of one or two of the forwards prevented our lead from being increased. The boys from over the water seemed never to be able to get into their stride, and occasionally when a movement seemed promising Devine, Hayes, Keogh, Murray or Morris would "nip in" and with a fine drive send the ball among the C.I. forwards, but these, though they worked hard, seemed to lack that combination which is so essential a feature of the Association code. In the closing stages of the first half Carroll and Quigley had very hard lines in not scoring, Lysaght at outside left sending in a few very fine centres. Half-time arrived shortly after with the C.I. leading by 2 goals to nil.

In the second period C.I. had now to face the breeze, and many were the anxious comments as to whether they would be able to keep the Birkenhead boys from scoring. After the lapse of about ten minutes it was clearly evident that not only were our lads able to hold their own but time and again they invaded their opponent's territory, and Lysaght, Quigley, Gradwell, Carroll and Cunningham had each a pot at goal. The shots, however, lacked vigour, and the opposing custodian had no difficulty in repelling them. The Birkenhead boys were however doing better, and on two occasions the right wing got away and centred in clever fashion to his middle man, who made desperate efforts to score, but Hayes, Morris and Murray were very sound. Keogh was prominent in some neat work along the right wing, and fed Cunningham well. The latter playing a fine game put in some glorious centres, and Gradwell following up fast was only robbed at the last moment. Up and down play followed for the next ten minutes, the C.I. halves and backs kicking well, and keeping the ball in their opponent's territory. With ten minutes to go the C.I. boys made a last great effort, and the ball came to Gradwell who beat the opposing backs, and was just on the point of scoring when

Carroll nipped in and robbed him of the honour. All doubts about the result were now at rest, though our opponents were not however done with, and the centre forward made one last dash only to be pushed off the ball by Hayes just as he was about to score. This was the last event of note and the whistle went soon after.

C.I., 3 goals; Birkenhead Institute, nil.



Junior Shield Final.

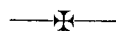
C.I. v. LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.

C.I. Team:—Batty (capt.); Morris, Murray; Quigley, Hayes (v.-capt.), Keogh; Cunningham, Harrington, Gradwell, Carroll, Langley.

Anfield again! Well do we remember our first visit in the 1917 final on April 25th, when we defeated Oulton by 3—1. Would the like good fortune attend our second visit? Time will tell. The day was cold and threatening, and a strong wind blew right down the pitch. Losing the toss, Batty and his men had to face the breeze. Nothing daunted, the C. I. followers—of whom there was a very fine number, massed well together in the centre of the Grand Stand, gave them a very hearty send-off. The first ten minutes were very anxious ones, the L.I. taking every advantage of the wind, and keeping the ball round the C.I. goal. During this period four corners had to be conceded, but fortunately they were all got away. The C.I. now began to find their feet, and made several dashes into the opposition territory. Our forwards were faster on the ball than their opponents; Cunningham and Langley sent in beautiful centres. Once the L.I. citadel had a narrow escape, as Harrington, with an open goal got the ball from a glorious centre by Langley, but shot wide. Our opponents, too, were playing well, and Wilson in particular, at left half, was a tower of strength, sending in huge drives very frequently, but our backs and halves played a steady game, Hayes and Murray being particularly brilliant, while Batty did his part well. Half-time arrived with a blank sheet. The C.I. followers were naturally very

jubilant, as all thought that C.I. would score with the wind. When the game was resumed our little men started off with great dash, and for fully ten minutes we pressed our opponents hard. Cunningham was very good on the right, beating Wilson again and again, and banging away at goal in surprising fashion. Carroll seemed a bit lame, and was not so aggressive as usual, but Langley on the outside left was an agreeable surprise. Gradwell, who played a plucky game throughout, was handicapped a good deal, as he had recently been unwell. Hayes, Keogh, and Quigley made a very fine half-line, and never gave their opponents an inch. Murray and Morris kicked well, and gave the forwards plenty of the ball, but these seemed to lack scoring ability. In the concluding ten minutes C.I. had most of the play, and Cunningham had very hard lines once in not scoring, his shot missing by inches. The game thus ended in a scoreless draw.

In the replay, on April 3rd, the match resulted in another draw, 2—2. Scorers, Carroll and Gradwell. Our third meeting with Liverpool Institute was on Monday, April the 8th. On this occasion the game resulted once again in another scoreless draw.



Junior Cup, First Round.

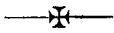
In the First Round of the Junior Cup IIIa was drawn against IIIb. The game was played off on 23rd January under poor weather conditions. Mr. Fitzgerald put the ball rolling at 2.45. The game was well contested, and proved very interesting. Davis, from a long shot, opened the score for the B's. To this, Wray added another goal. Mahony scored for the A's, and Bennett soon after equalised. Lastly, Carroll sent in the winning goal, which left the score 3—2 in favour of IIIa.

IIIb team was as follows:—White; O'Brien, Kinsella; Sullivan, Wray, Redmond; Davis, Byrne, Murphy, Grace, Duffy.

In the First Round of the Junior Cup IIIc and IIId antagonized for supre-

macy. This game was played on 23rd January. The sodden nature of the ground rendered good football difficult. Nevertheless, the game was a good one, and perhaps the most closely contested of the Season. The D's. contested every inch of the ground with their opponents, and it was within five minutes of full time that Carr getting to close range banged in below the bar, with a suddenness that gave the goalie no chance of saving. IIIc therefore won by 1-0.

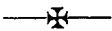
The following was the IIIc team:—Thompson; Rogan, Smythe; Fleming, Lea, Casement; Osbyrne, Logan, Le Roi, Dolan and Currie.



Junior Cup, Second Round.

In the Second Round of the Junior Cup IIIa had an easy win over IIb, but the tie between IIa and IIIc aroused great excitement. The A's trained hard, and their enthusiastic followers had the greatest confidence that their team would not only win the Semi-Final, but annex the blue ribbon of the C.I. During the first half of the game play was evenly divided, Curri- van scored for the C's, and McGrath equalised for the A's. In the second half the C's added three more goals per Lysaght and Curri- van. The final scores were 4-1 for IIIc.

The following team did battle for the A's:—Kramp; Fanning, Jones, Delaney; Kane, Breen, Montgomery, Horri- gan; Maguire, Callaghan, Lynch, McGrath, Harrison and Curran.



Junior Cup Final.

The Junior Cup Final was played off at Sefton Park on 9th March. The contest lay between IIIa and IIIc. The following teams did battle for their respective Forms. IIIa:—Darragh; Green, Higgins; Henry, Mahoney, Jenkins; Morris, Callaghan; Carroll, Quinn and Bennett. IIIc:—Moran; Snell, Bingham; Dolan, Lysaght, Cald- erbank; Carr, Sheridan, Reardon, Kieran and Curri- van.

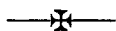
Mr. Hayes took the teams in charge. Green won the toss, so the A's, fav- oured by a freshening breeze, played with their backs to a glaring sun. The A's were the first to attack. Lysaght sent back, but a strong kick from Mahoney sent his left wing moving; Callaghan getting the ball, centred, but Bingham cleared. The ball was re- turned from midfield, and a strong shot from the leftwing sent it right across the C's goal. Moran dived to save and reached his objective, but fell on the ball. A mix-up now occurred in the goal-mouth, and the ball went through.

The C's were now getting into their stride, and delivered a sharp attack on the A's goal; Reardon swung the ball to the left, Curri- van carried along the line, and being tackled by Green, passed to Kieran. The latter's finish was weak, so Darragh saved. Carroll next got possession, but Calderbank deprived him of his charge and banged forward. Carr now took up the run- ning and centred. Sheridan got on to the ball, but Higgins frustrated his attempt to score, and the ball went wide. A lengthy delivery by Green was held up by Lysaght, who sent back. Morris now got on to the ball and passed to Bennett, who carried the ball along the right wing. Snell, how- ever, intercepted, and sent it to mid- field. A combined attack by Bennett, Morris, and Carroll looked threaten- ing for the C's, but Snell cleared. During the next ten minutes the ball travelled up and down the pitch with great rapidity, but not much advantage accrued to either side. The A's were now awarded a free, which placed the ball in the danger zone. The C's right half in endeavouring to clear, miskicked, and the ball whirred through his own goal. Nothing daunted the C's went again to the at- tack, and were playing in heartening style when the Ref's. whistle called a halt, with the scoring thus:—2—nil, in favour of IIIa.

After the interval the game was re- sumed. It was now seen that Green had strengthened his back line, and that the A's were playing a defensive

game. The C's became the attackers, and Darragh was called on to save several times. Dolan, on the left wing was putting up useful work for his side; by a strong punt he sent to Lysaght who banged up for a goal, but the ball went over, touching the cross-bar on its way. Green's delivery had not travelled far afield when it was held up by Calderbank. The C's were now playing a hard and fast game, but the defence of the A's was splendid. In Darragh they had a goalie of ability. Play was now transferred to midfield, and an interesting break-away by Bennett was witnessed. Bingham and Snell had much to do to prevent him from scoring. A corner forced by the A's was fisted out by Moran. The Southport boy slapped back, but Bingham headed over the bar. The corner which followed was again cleared. Play soon again centred round the A's goal.

Mahoney, Green and Higgins put up a fine defence. Again and again the C's returned to the attack, led on by Reardon, but notwithstanding, they failed to score. Both teams were still going well when the long whistle went, leaving the score as at half-time :— 2—nil in IIIa's favour.



Junior League.

The weather conditions interfered materially with the games of our Junior League during the term just concluded. The desire of our youthful footballers to see their School compete in the Shield Competitions helped also to upset our card. The three rounds of the Junior Cup had moreover to be got through, so that it was found impossible to run off all the fixtures billed for the term. The following table shows the position of the teams of the League at the end of the football season :—

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals for.	Goals agst.	Points.
IIIa	... 15	10	0	5	46	7	25
IIIb	... 15	6	3	6	35	22	18
IIIc	... 15	5	4	6	23	18	16
IIId	... 15	3	4	8	11	11	14
IIa	... 15	1	6	8	7	27	10
IIb	... 15	0	8	7	10	49	7

Wishes for an Ideal Article.

(With apologies to the shade of
R. Crashaw.)

By W. H. COOKE.

Help me, O muse,
A proper theme to choose,
And give words fit and meet to use.

Spare me sad hours
Testing invention's powers :
Send rather ideas in showers.

What shall I write—
Story or sonnet bright,
Detective tale or essay trite?

Something more than
Kipling or Barrie can,
Sir Conan Doyle or O. Seaman.

Note bound to send
A thrill from end to end
Of each C.I.M.'s calmest friend.

Lines that dare be
Shown to posterity,
Known wide as Dante's comedy.

A feast made fit
For gods around to sit,
The purest ambrosial wit.

Send me, I pray,
Epic and roundelay,
And ballade yield Apollo sway.

ENVOI.

Till some divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal words, through which
to shine,

Wait, reader, wait.
(Now, thanks to gods and fate,
If not ope'd, I climbed the gate.

For, entre nous,
The end I had in view
Is to do my bit by the Mag. and you.)



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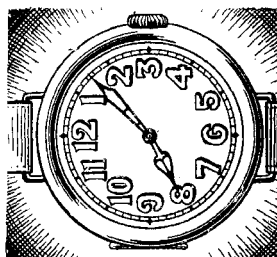
This School is on the list of Efficient Secondary Schools recognized by the Board of Education. It is conducted by the Christian Brothers of Ireland, under the patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool, and His Lordship the Bishop of Shrewsbury.

NEXT SESSION BEGINS IN SEPTEMBER.

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