

* THE *

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Editorial.

How many of all the millions now alive can realise the wonder of our age? Men talk of Evolution as if it were some great event or great period far back in the story of humanity; but we are living in the midst of Evolution, and we who wake up every morning are witnessing the greatest chapter in the history of the world.

We stand on the eve of the greatest transformation the world has ever seen, and a drop of petrol has done it. This thing which has lain in the bed of the earth for ages past, crushed out of the plant life of millions of years ago, accumulating deep down in dark and hidden caverns for the day when God and Man and Nature should be ready for it—this drop of oil has had within it all these untold centuries the possibility of utterly transforming the business of the living world. For it has given the earth a new highway, and has lifted man up to the skies. We are actually on the eve of an age in which a man can make up his mind on Sunday and be wherever he likes on Saturday, and no dream

of man that has ever come true can be compared with that. We are right to be interested in flying for it will change the world for every one of us.

And yet how little we realised that this would be! It is only a dozen years or so since we were laughing at the thought of flying men. Nothing in all the world seemed so ridiculous as those first flounderings of men who thought that they could mount up with wings as eagles. No man living can predict the changes that may come now that man is mounted in the skies.

Thrilling it is to be alive in this age. There have been great changes before, but never a change like this—Think back to those strange days when the gates of the world were opening, to the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth—In all these centuries the world did not greatly change—When Constantine was flying to Paris for his life he rode on a horse; when Napoleon was flying to Paris for his throne he, too, rode on a horse; not in fourteen hundred years had anything come to quicken up the movement of the world. The things that have made the world what it is, the foundations of the working world of

every day, have been crowded into little more than a lifetime, and we alone, of all the generations that have been, have seen Human Evolution at its height.

If we look back not more than a hundred years or so, we are startled to see how dimly the light was burning then—So dim was the light of progress in the past that even men with immortal names could not see it. It is not the politicians only who have stood in the way of knowledge.—Our scientists grumble at the things that stand in their way; but scientists have been among the obstacles of science at times. They raved against George Stephenson; they sent their experts to denounce him in the witness box; they called him a madman and a quack, tried to smash his schemes and ruin him, and filled the world with a dread of the railway train.

So came the railway into its kingdom. How differently comes the aeroplane! It seems as if the tragedy of progress were almost at an end, for all the world is wanting progress now, and invention marches on amid the plaudits of mankind. Truly the world does move—We are marching on with Evolution, and are proud of it, and nothing can hold us back.

“Little Boy Blue.”

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy
Blue

Kissed them and put them there.

“Now, don't you go till I come,” he said,
“And don't you make any noise!”
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place—
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years
through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread
of it every day, and at last we cannot
break it.

School Notes.

“AT THE C.I.”

The first Term of 1919 has seen much hard work successfully accomplished. True, at one period matters did not run very smoothly. There was much illness, and consequently 'absenteeism' impeded systematic progress. However, the brilliant results attained in the Senior Oxford of the March Examinations, and the satisfactory results of the Terminal tests prove that we have suffered but little. The Retreat Conferences of the Rev. Fr. Keogh, Seaforth, will doubtless be productive of much spiritual fruit amongst our boys.

The Senior and Junior Shield Competitions were responsible for the greatest enthusiasm. Wednesday, April 9th, was 'Red Letter Day.' By their victory over Liverpool Institute, our Seniors retained the Shield for *Alma Mater*. No need to congratulate them here! Did we not give each one 'three times three' on the following morning before parting to enjoy a holiday which they had obtained for us? In the Junior Final we drew with a team from the same school. Let us hope that as a result of the replay the Shield will once more find a home among us.

TIMOTHY CURTIN MEMORIAL FUND.

The response to the appeal of the Committee has been very gratifying. It has now been decided that the most useful form of Memorial—and one which the Committee feel would commend itself to the deceased—is the equipping of a gymnasium at the Catholic Institute. No doubt the fund will be considerably augmented by the proceeds of the Musical and Dramatic Evening arranged for next session.

UNVEILING OF MURAL TABLET.

At the C.I. on Wednesday, April 30th, the Mural Tablet erected to the memory of the late Mr. Tim Curtin was unveiled by the Rev. Fr. Kay. The impressive ceremony was performed in the presence of all the members of the Curtin family, the Senior boys, the Staff, and representatives of the Old Boys, the Catenian Association, the C.Y.M.S., the University Catholic Association,

and the Irish Society of the City and University of Liverpool.

Rev. Br. W. D. Forde, who presided, delivered an address eloquently appreciative of the character and ability of the late Mr. Tim Curtin. Rev. Fr. T. Browne—an esteemed friend of the School, and of the family of the deceased—offered prayer for the eternal repose of Mr. Curtin. In very feeling terms Rev. Fr. J. Kay spoke of the lovable character, manly piety, devotion to duty, and many-sided activities of the deceased.

In proposing a vote of thanks to Fr. Kay, Mr. Edward Horigan, President of the Catenian Association, expressed the hope that the tablet now adorning the walls of *Alma Mater* would ever be a

The vote of thanks was supported by Mr. Dan Hayes, Chairman of the Memorial Fund Committee, and passed.

On the motion of J. Ford, Esq., seconded by E. J. McKeon, Esq., the thanks of the Committee and of the Assembly was voted to Rev. Br. Forde, for presiding.

The singing of the C.I. School Song brought the proceedings to a close.

During the unveiling ceremony the Dead March in "Saul" was played by Mr. E. Trowbridge.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The Annual Sports will be held on Saturday, May 31st. As in previous



IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF
TIMOTHY J. CURTIN, B.A.,
PUPIL AND MASTER AT THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE,
BORN FEBRUARY 29TH, 1888, DIED NOVEMBER 11TH, 1918.
BY ZEALOUS DEVOTION TO DUTY, KINDNESS OF HEART AND
ENDEARING PERSONALITY, HE WON THE ESTEEM AND AFFECTION OF
PUPILS AND FRIENDS BY WHOM THIS TABLET IS GRATEFULLY ERECTED

"I THOUGHT IT A WONDERFUL THING TO HAVE
THE MOULDING OF A MIND, OF A LIFE, IN MY HANDS."

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

reminder to C.I. boys to follow both the precepts and example of Mr. Curtin.

Lieut.-Colonel Shute, D.S.O., T.D., C.M.G., President of the C.I.O. Boys' Association, on rising to second the motion had a rousing reception. He said that he had watched with pride the part played in the Great War by the pupils of his Old School, and whilst deploring the loss of the many who were called upon to make the supreme sacrifice, he found consolation in the nobility of their deaths. At the present time, he said, while there was no place for slackers and shirkers, he could see tremendous possibilities for the boy with a serious object in life.

years the Committee invite the co-operation of the parents and friends of the boys. Last year's response to their invitation was so generous that they have no fear about the success of the coming event. Sports' Day is the outstanding social event of the Term. It must also be an Athletic Success. From our Victors, we have got to select those who will uphold the honour of the C.I. at the forthcoming Inter-School Sports. Hence, the necessity of regular and systematic training is apparent. Past issues of this Magazine have from time to time devoted articles to the subject of Athletic Training—a study of these will repay our young Athletes.

SWIMMING CLUB.

That this Club continues to maintain popularity is evidenced by the ever growing membership. In past years it has attained success thanks to the organizing abilities and labour of Mr. J. F. Ford. Owing to other demands on his services by the School Mr. Ford is unable to participate so largely in its management. Under the Rev. Br. J. D. Goulding, who is now responsible for its organization, we have no doubt that it will continue to prosper. That a record season may be crowned by a successful Gala is our sincerest wish.

TERMINAL RESULTS.

Form VI. (Second Year).—1 Philip Irvine, 2 John Barker; (First Year) 1 F. Shevlin, 2 B. Smith, 3 S. Graham.

Form Upper Va.—1 E. Cooke, 2 M. Moore, 3 H. Hodson.

Form Upper Vb.—1 A. Kirby, 2 J. Owens, 3 R. Ireland.

Form Va.—1 E. Irvine, 2 P. Fleming, 3 L. Murray.

Form Vb.—1 J. Breen, 2 E. Heaney, 3 H. Edwards.

Form IVa.—1 H. C. O'Brien, 2 F. Duffy, 3 W. Byrne.

Form IVb.—1 J. V. Murphy, 2 W. Murphy, R. Croke, 3 A. Greening.

Form IVc.—1 F. Simpson, 2 G. McIntyre, 3 C. Ratchford.

Form IVd.—1 W. Chesters, 2 G. Woods, 3 J. Smythe.

Form IIIa.—1 J. Hurley, 2 R. Howard, G. Murray, 4 W. Bird.

Form IIIb.—1 M. Downes, 2 J. Roberston, 3 J. Wilson.

Form IIIc.—1 M. Roche, 2 C. Rice, 3 W. Murphy.

Form IIId.—1 B. Clarke, 2 J. Quinlin, 3 F. Lunny.

Form IIa.—1 D. Cummins, 2 T. Lavin, 3 M. Bartlett.

Form IIb.—1 B. Boggiano, 2 G. Wilkinson, 3 C. O'Reilly.

Form Ia.—1 W. Flaherty, 2 L. J. Culligan, 3 F. Tunney.

Form Ib.—1 J. Scanlon, 2 G. Kelly, 3 W. Titherington, and G. Kerr.

OXFORD EXAMINATIONS.

SENIOR, MARCH, 1919.

FIRST CLASS HONOURS.

S. T. Graham, B. J. Smith, A. Barter; E. Byrne, F. Naylor.

THIRD CLASS HONOURS.

A. Calland.

The above have matriculated and have been awarded School Certificate.

PASS.

J. E. Downes, *School Certificate.*

DISTINCTIONS.

History.—A. Barter, B. J. Smith.

Latin.—B. J. Smith.

Mathematics.—A. Barter.

Physics.—B. J. Smith.

IN MEMORIAM:

Very many of our Readers will learn with regret of the passing away on May 26th of the Rev. Br. T. L. O'Shea, who laboured devotedly at the Catholic Institute from January, 1907, until the close of the scholastic year, 1917. In the morning of life he put on the livery of Christ that he might "instruct unto Justice." Though he taught in various Schools of the Christian Brothers during a period of close on sixty years, yet the C.I. had first place in his affections. When owing to advancing years and the need of rest he left us two years ago, his interest in the welfare of the School and boys continued. His last thoughts were with us. As his end drew nigh he asked that his best wishes together with a request for Prayers be sent to the Brothers and boys at the C.I.

Requiescat in Pace.

—†—

We, who are Young.

We, who are young—

Shall we see England rise
From this her Purgatory, to a Paradise
Where the oppressed are free, the poor may live,
And those with wealth and comforts, freely
give?

Let us but touch the hem of Heaven out-flung
While we are young!

We, who are young—

Whose first deep draught of life was soured
with blood,

Will it be ours to taste the lotus-food
Of lasting peace and universal love?
God! let this be, and thus thy mercy prove!
Let it be ours to sing the passing dirge
Of War; to see our well-loved Land emerge
From darkness to a dawn filled with glad song,
While we are young.

E. N. Smith.

The Celtic Element in the English Nation.

F. P. IRVINE (Form VI).

At the present time every Englishman feels it is his duty to have as little connection as possible, with anything that savours of Teutonism. And during the war he has held this opinion in common with many other people, including the German in England, who has made it his business to become a naturalised Englishman. But long before the war, there were men of the English race at present so called, who did not support the theory of the entirely Teutonic nature of their race. They held different views from the generality of authorities on the history of these islands. In our schools the universally taught account of the beginnings of our history after the fall of the Roman Empire, is as follows: the Britons, incapable of self-government when bereft of the care of the Roman Empire, and harassed by the Picts, Scots, Danes, and Jutes, invited the last-named (the most powerful of their enemies) to reside on the Isle of Thanet, and encroached on Kent, of which they finally took possession. In their conquering march they exterminated all the Britons, and set the example to the Anglo-Saxons, who followed them in the various parts of England—the South Saxons in Sussex, the West Saxons in the Isle of Wight, Hampshire, Buckinghamshire, etc., the Angles in East Anglia, and various other bodies of Saxons in different parts of England.

The historians, who give us this version of the story, hold that the Saxons ruthlessly exterminated all the Britons or forced them to flee to Wales. They have impressed this idea firmly on the minds of most of the present "English" nation; and one invariably finds the Englishman referred to as Anglo-Saxon—whenever English is in danger of palling on us by constant repetition.

Naturally the reasons for the very general support of the theory of the absolute supplanting of Celts by Anglo-Saxons, are not without some kind of concrete foundations. The theory is based on the readings given to manuscript of old historians of Great Britain. The only contemporary authority is a Welsh Monk, named Gildas. Then

come the Venerable Bede's, "Historia Ecclesiae," about 150 years after the Conquest, and the "English Chronicle," compiled under King Alfred, about 300 years after the Conquest; the latest authority on whom any reliance is placed is Godfrey of Monmouth, A.D. 1152.

Gilda's work is characterised throughout, by a melancholy wildness. He takes delight in depicting the invertebrate character of his countrymen, left without Rome's protecting care; he gibes at the helplessness of the Celt, and rages against the decay of religious spirit, which has induced the punishment now fallen on his race. He seems to take a sort of delight in the conquering prowess of the foreigners, in the flight of his countrymen, almost in the utter worthlessness of the Celt. As J. R. Green has quoted from Gildas: "*Ita ut in proverbium et derisum longe lateque efferatur, quod non Britanni sunt in bello fortes nec in pace fideles.*"

[“So that far and wide it has become a byword and a mockery that Britons are neither brave in war nor loyal in peace.”]

Gildas seems to have been a lover of caricature and invective. J. R. Green, who supported the theory of the destruction of the Celts, has said that "No doubt Gildas was a master of mere rapid rhetoric" (Saturday Review, May 8th, 1869). Admittedly Gildas is only valuable where he describes the conquest of Kent; but even here, he may have exaggerated. And, moreover, Kent is not the whole of Britain. Bede or Baeda is more trustworthy than Gildas, but then he was not contemporary with the Conquest, and he is conscientiously meagre in his account of the Anglo-Saxon Conquest. For example he described one Saxon conquest and settlement thus: "And they came to a place called Ida, and settled there." After Bede, the next valuable authority is the English Chronicle, of A.D. 900. This gives several details, which strangely enough do not appear in the earlier accounts. This Chronicle is not dogmatic in its assertion of facts; for example, it obligingly gives two accounts, either of which the reader may accept as true, of the capture of the Isle of Wight, and the consequent conquest of Wessen. According to one account, Cerdic and his son, Cynric, effected the Conquest,—and here it is worthy of note that Cerdic has more of a British than a Saxon sound. According to the second story Stuf and

Wihthgahr were the conquerors. If the pun were permitted one might say "stuff and nonsense," for as Grant Allen says in his "Anglo-Saxon Britain": "*Wihthgahr* means 'the Wight-Men's Burg.'" The Chronicle states that *Wihthgar* was buried at *Wihthgarasbyrig* (Carisbrooke); and gives both the above accounts as history. As from Gildas and Baeda, we learn from the Chronicle very little about the conquests of Mercia, Northumbria, Strathclyde, etc. The legends of the Conquest, in fact, refer practically only to the subjugation of Kent, Sussex, Wessex, and the Southern Counties of East Anglia. They tell us nothing about the Conquest of the North. "It is important to bear this in mind, because the current conception as to the spread of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the extermination of the native Welsh, is largely based on the very limited account of the Conquest of Kent and Sussex, and on the mournful dirges of the Welsh monks or bards."—(Grant Allen, "Anglo-Saxon Britain.")

In connection with these records, it is worthy of note that the very authorities relying on them make admissions, which coming from such sources must be of great importance, however trifling they may seem. J. R. Green has said: "All Gildas does is to paint for us the thought and feeling of Britain during the fifty years of peace preceding her final overthrow."

And as all admissions from opponents in controversy are of great value, we may here quote one from Freeman. Freeman, at one with J. R. Green, in arguing the extermination of the Celt, said that—"Doubtless the women would be spared." He is forced to admit this: for there is no mention, even, of the conquerors' bringing over their wives and families. There is no evidence whatever that the invasions of the Teutons were ever accompanied by immigrations of the wives and children of the invaders. There are many instances of the conquerors marrying the Celtic princesses, in contrast to the few examples of the conquerors bringing their wives with them. It seems certain, too, that the difficulty of the sea-voyage, and the perils and troubles attendant on all travelling, in those early times, would deter almost all the Saxons, Angles, etc., from bringing their women folk with them to Britain. We are told that the Jutes came in three ships, the South

Saxons in three ships, the "Gavissas" in five ships. Certainly, when fighting forces sufficient to found Saxon dominion in Britain, were packed on board, there would not be much room left for the gentler sex, and the children.

In this connection, the constitution of our language becomes important. The theory of the intermarriage of Celt and Saxon affords a very reasonable and probable explanation of the fact, that so many words of Celtic origin were retained in the English language; and that these words mainly had relation to domestic affairs. The Celtic names for everything relating to the children; for domestic utensils; for menials and menial offices; a great many of these were retained. Words such as 'basket, babe, clout, crock, dad, darn, cradle, crab, crone,' are all of Celtic origin. This fact has been used to prove that the Celtic population was reduced to slavery. This being so, then where is the foundation of the theory of extermination? No doubt, the structure of our language is Teutonic, and the tongue of the Anglo-Saxon invaders did supersede the ancient Celtic speech, but even this fact, on which Bishop Stubbs mainly relies for his Teutonic theory, is not inconsistent with the preservation of the Celtic race; as Professor Pollard remarks, "It no more required wholesale slaughter of the Britons to establish English language and institutions in Britain than it required wholesale slaughter of the Irish to produce the same results in Ireland." And he draws the conclusion that 'a large admixture of Celtic blood in the English race can hardly be denied' (History of England: A Study in Political Evolution. Written before the War). And neither did this slavery ever result in extermination, for as time passed, the Celts became of more importance in the land. The Saxons passed laws which allowed Celts to possess land, to have some of the privileges of the English "Churls," and in some cases to elect their own officers, etc. Certainly, if the Celts had been exterminated, such laws would have had no *raison d'être*.

There is yet another very important argument against the theory of the annihilation of the Celts. This argument is that of anthropology. "Skulls," says Professor Rhys, "are harder than consonants, and races lurk when languages slink away." It is generally admitted

that there is a fairly large Celtic element in Wales, Cumbria, Cornwall, the Severn Valley and the Scotch Highlands. If then we leave these out of the question, we have to consider the case of Yorkshire, Anglia, Kent, Sussex and the Southern Counties. Now the pure Saxon is distinguished by a round skull, fair hair, blonde complexion, and light eyes. Pure Celts were something of a similar type, while the Britons, who were supposed to be exterminated, were formed by the union of the Celt with the Basque and the Ligurian races. These latter races are characterised by long narrow skulls, dark hair, black eyes, dark complexions. The Briton generally was very similar to the Basque, fairly often red-haired, and sometimes blonde. Now, at the present time, it is fairly difficult to find an Englishman (a natural, but not a naturalised Englishman) combining all the following characteristics: a round skull, fair hair, blonde complexion and light eyes. But dark-haired and red-haired Englishmen are fairly common. Professor Phillips states distinctly that in Yorkshire, particularly in the Vale of York, the dark haired Englishman is very common. "An essentially non-Teutonic type is frequently met with." Professor Rolleston, the great anthropologist, is of opinion that the theory of the destruction of the Celts is untenable, in view of the number of skulls of British form disinterred by various investigators. These skulls, from the varying ages, show that there has always been a large proportion of Celts in England, even in East Anglia. It is well known that dark-haired men abound in Kent, and are common in East Anglia and Lincolnshire. Professor Huxley, too, points out that these dark Englishmen are of the same type as the Celt of the Continent of Europe.

Of course, as Sir Roger de Coverley said, "Much may be said on both sides"; but there is no doubt that all Hun haters will find some comfort in this well-supported theory that the English race is not predominantly Teutonic.

Catholic Institute Free Place Scholarship Exam.

Wednesday, June 18th, at 9 a.m.

Candidates must be pupils of the Elementary Schools, and under 12½ years of age on June 30th.

Forms of Application from the Principal, or Mr. H. McGrath, 24, Douglas Road, Anfield.

The Legendary Origin of the Irish Race.

By A. BARTER, Form VI.

While the origin of most of the European nations is lost in the obscurity of time, Irish legendary lore preserves the history, or pseudo-history, of the early settlements in that country. These legends, as they now come down to us, are fanciful in the extreme, and indeed, at first sight, it seems as though they were merely the poetic effusions of the ancient chroniclers. Nevertheless, such historical events as are mentioned cannot be entirely neglected. Like the mystic folk-lore of the East, it must contain some elements of fact; while legendary in itself, it must be founded on historical truth, and however perverted in passing from generation to generation, in its fundamental idea it must be correct.

The ancient manuscripts record six invasions which seem to have followed one another at intervals of several hundred years. Of the inhabitants of the country before these invasions, nothing whatever is told, and it must therefore be assumed that these were the first human beings to reach the shores of Erin. The first invasion described is that of the Parthalonians, who are supposed to have arrived shortly after the Deluge, and to have come from Greece. They settled in various parts of Ireland, but at the end of three-hundred years were completely destroyed by a plague. This is the usual account of the legend of the Parthalonian colonisation.

There are several interesting points about this legend. The first is the extraordinary date fixed, "shortly after the Flood." It is probable, however, that the early Pagan writers merely mentioned that the colonisation took place at an extremely remote epoch. When the Christian writers re-cast the history of the country, they took care to fix a date as far back as possible, naming the time when Ireland became first inhabitable.

But the most peculiar feature of the legend is the statement that the colonists came from Greece. It shows more clearly than anything else that the colonisation must have been comparatively recent. To understand its

interest, a brief résumé of the accepted theory of the inhabiting of Europe must be given.

The original home of man was the great Steppe region of Central and Western Asia. Here the Aryans lived their rude life shepherding the flocks and herds. As their numbers increased, however, various tribes were forced to migrate to the West, but for many centuries they were cut off from Europe by the Kirghiz Steppes and the mountain knots of Western Asia. At length they pushed across the desert barrier, and the Celts—the first Aryan tribe to reach Europe—settled in the central plain. In the milder climate of Europe, undisturbed by extraneous influences, they progressed sensibly from a pastoral to an agricultural state.

It was not their destiny, however, to remain in possession of the new land. The Teutons, a much larger Aryan tribe, invaded Europe, and forcing the Celts before them, took possession of the pastoral plains. The Celts retired into the mountainous peninsulas of Southern Europe, and some of them, hoping to escape from the fury of their enemies, sailed westwards into the Atlantic. It was one of these bands of refugees which, under the leadership of Parthalon, first colonised Ireland. Thus this legend, improbable as it may seem, is not incompatible with the known facts, nor contrary to extraneous evidence.

The statement that the Parthalonians were utterly exterminated by a plague would seem to need some modification. Even when the Black Death was raging over Europe, the most unhealthy cities were not entirely depopulated. A few inhabitants survived, either avoiding the plague altogether, or recovering from its effects. It is, therefore, very remarkable that a free and active pastoral people should be completely annihilated. Possibly the remnant of the people which may have survived the plague left the country and went back to Europe, or were so inferior in numbers that they did not deserve the consideration of the succeeding colonists.

The next three settlements recorded, those of the Nemedians, Formorians, and Firbolgs, present no special points of interest. One fact is noticeable, however, that the Nemedians and Formorians are all related to have perished,

The greater part of the Nemedians died of the plague, and the remainder, engaged in furious combat with their Formorian oppressors, were slain. During the battle a tidal wave formed and overwhelmed those who were not already slain. Thus these two actors were very effectively removed from the scene.

The ancient chroniclers seemed to have a profound sense of a unity which finds no place in the Greek drama, unity of design. They evidently considered that when an actor had played his part he was finished, and his further presence was superfluous. This unity they preserve in all their tales, and the great cataclysms of nature are called upon to furnish an easy way out of an impasse. In consequence, we find plagues, earthquakes, floods, and even magical phenomena, removing any character, or group of characters, who were likely to interfere with the succeeding action. The Parthalonians were removed to make room for the Nemedians, who were partially wiped out to allow the entry of the Formorians. As the Firbolgs were now due on the scene, a grand finalé was arranged in which the two peoples did their utmost to carry out the dramatists' wishes, and a benignant nature finished the operation.

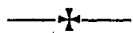
The next band of colonists were interesting and rather unusual. Instead of coming in the orthodox way and quietly exterminating anybody who happened to be in the neighbourhood, they decided on something really dramatic. Accordingly, as soon as they landed, they burnt their boats, and "shrouding themselves in a magic mist," penetrated into the centre of the country. How they raised the mist and how they found their way in it are details with which the chroniclers are not concerned. When they were settled in battle array they dispensed with the mist, and after four days fighting, the Firbolgs capitulated. Here, sad to relate, the writers forget their unity and mar the beauty of their work by permitting some of the Firbolgs to survive as slaves to their conquerors.

So now the conquerors, the Dedanans as they were called, ruled the country and practised their magical arts until they became peculiarly proficient. Their high dramatic sense certainly seems to merit the smile of a favourable

fortune, but they also must obey the unity and make way for the ultimate conquerors.

These last colonists were the Milesians, and they prepared to make the usual entry in the usual fashion. They had not reckoned, however, with their hosts. As soon as their ships touched the shore, the Dedannans informed them that they had not acted in accordance with the rules of the game, having landed without sending an ultimatum. Considering the fashion in which the Dedannans had dispossessed the Firbolgs, their argument is weak. Nevertheless, the Milesians agreed to re-embark and retire some distance from the shore, so as to give the Dedannans a sporting chance. However, the Dedannans did not see the humour of taking unnecessary risks, so they raised a terrific storm, and scattered the Milesian ships. It is to be presumed that they went home then and meditated on the foolishness of human beings. At all events they let the tempest abate, and three of Milesius' sons managed to land. They seemed to think they had been rather badly treated, so they revenged themselves by finishing off the Dedannans, and taking over their country.

Henceforth, there were no more invasions, and the nation quietly evolved within its own boundaries. The Milesians seem to have been a brave and war-like race, and their early history is the turmoil and strife of the tribal epoch in the evolution of a nation. From this confusion a monarchy, resembling the early French monarchy in its form and power, gradually came into being, and prepared the way for Christianity by making the people subservient to the wishes of the king.



Debating Society.

The first debate of the term took place on February 24th, when the subject, "Should Horticulture and Poultry Farming be taught in Secondary Schools?" came under discussion. E. Byrne, opening the debate, maintained that horticulture is a subject of as much educational value as any subject ordinarily taught in our schools, whilst poultry farming, he affirmed, would be very popular if introduced into the school curriculum. B. Smith, on the other hand, saw a number of practical

objections to the introduction of the teaching of these subjects in urban districts. The profits to be reaped from poultry farming and the physical advantages of out-door employment formed the burden of E. Wright's contribution. H. Cullen, S. Graham, and W. Gernon having added other arguments for and against, E. Waring spoke with a confidence suggestive of careful preparation. B. Smith's team secured the majority of votes. After many postponements, we held our second debate on March 31st, on the subject: "Should the Allies intervene in Russia to establish a stable government?" J. Deegan, championing the cause of intervening, gave a vivid description of the horrors rampant in Russia and finally asked how on humanitarian grounds a case could be made against prompt and energetic measures by the Allied powers.

A. Calland, opening the case for the opposition, explained that the Allies were quite at liberty to give advice to the Russians, but were not entitled to interfere—especially with armed forces in another country's domestic affairs.

E. Hyde, in a short yet well-delivered speech, argued that intervention was the only means of checking the spread of Bolshevism. A maiden speech, at once logical and passionate, against intervention was delivered by J. Murphy. Taking the Allies individually, he endeavoured to show how each had its own domestic affairs to settle, and that they had more important duties to discharge at home than squandering men and money in Russia. Other speakers included F. Loughlin, E. Duff, and J. Hawe. The votes being taken, the non-interventionists were declared the victors.

On April 14th, the subject "Does the advance of civilisation involve the physical deterioration of mankind?" came up for discussion. An unsatisfactory debate resulted, due, it is only fair to observe, to the fact that only a short time was available for preparation. J. Downes and T. Byrne spoke to most effect on the affirmative side, whilst M. Moore was the most effective speaker on the other side.

FRANK SHEVLIN,
Hon. Sec.

Our chain of life is forged with little rings; and little words and acts uplift the soul.

A Visit to the Grand Fleet.

(AUGUST, 1918.)

By MAURICE McMAHON, UPPER VA.

During the last summer holidays, which I spent at Edinburgh, I was fortunate enough to see what ought to be numbered among the modern seven wonders of the world, the Grand Fleet of England. The day was rather windy, and as we made our way down to Leith Docks, we had visions of a rough, though not unpleasant passage. There was the formality usual in such cases about permits, and we were told to proceed to the military offices, where our precious "scraps of paper" were duly obtained. We made our way right through the Docks, catching glimpses of trawlers, motor-launches and destroyers, while from a hospital ship which had recently come in, coolies grinned at us, displaying their pearly-white teeth. At length we came in sight of a steam launch, which rocked lazily to the slight swell in the harbour, and which was to be our means of transport to the fleet. To reach our boat was rather a difficult problem, as a mine-layer and a tramp steamer lay between. We cautiously descended a rope ladder to the former. From this we had to trust to luck in a jump to the tramp. Our next task was not a difficult one, and we at last found ourselves on the spotlessly-white decks of the launch.

All being ready we cast off, and slowly drifted into the middle of the harbour. Before long we were steaming at a fairly good speed, leaving a long line of creamy foam in our wake. The water in the sheltered harbour was as smooth and glassy as a lake, but outside we could see angry "white-horses" rushing helter-skelter after one another to the shore. We reached the entrance, to the accompaniment of a shower of spray over our bows, as like a frightened steed, our launch hesitated for a moment to plunge into the waves. However, she righted herself, and we were soon cutting through the angry billows at a good twenty knots. She rolled slightly, it is true, but this only added zest to the outing.

Once out into the open waters of the Forth we quickly became aware of the severity of the wind, which necessitated our muffling ourselves up tightly. Far away towards the head of the estuary I could see, as through a haze, dark indistinct shapes, which doubtless were the objects of our journey. On our left we could see the beautiful city of Edinburgh, while on our right, *à perte de vue*, stretched the wind-tossed waters of the Forth. After a while, I noticed that our speed was slackening. On looking up I saw that we were nearing, what I afterwards learned was, a boom. This consisted of a number of piles of wood, sunk into the water, and which stretched right across the mouth of the river. Underneath the water, attached to the bottom of the wood-piles, were submarine nets, which, if they could talk, could no doubt explain why some "U" boats failed to return to their base. We were obliged to slow up, as we had to negotiate the narrow channel through the boom.

Some little time after, we saw behind us three grim grey destroyers steaming in line ahead, coming in after reconnoitring in the North Sea. Their bows were almost enveloped in foam, and behind them stretched a long trail of frothy water. These passed on, and shortly afterwards we were subjected to a violent buffeting and rolling, as we were caught in the back-wash of the destroyers. Once our launch seemed almost to stand on end, but her nose soon came down with a "smack" on the water. We passed the island of Inchkeith, over which an aeroplane was "doing stunts." In the water, about five-hundred yards to our right, was a huge iron target, something like a net. At this the aeroplane was firing, and we could see the water thrown up around it as the shells burst. By this time, we could plainly see the outlines of the dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers, and after turning a bend, we came in sight of the massive, world-famous Forth Bridge.

The third ship in the line of dreadnoughts was the "Valiant," one of the latest ships built, and somewhat of the type of the "Queen Elizabeth." To this ship ("Valiant") we had been invited, and as we came abreast of the "Malaya," the first ship of the line, we slackened speed. The second ship was

the "Barham," which was very badly knocked about in the Battle of Jutland. Gradually we closed in under the massive hull of the great "Valiant," and our engines now totally silent, we drifted slowly astern. Right round the dreadnought ran a ledge about three feet wide, and on this, at the foot of a ladder, were two blue-jackets, ready to catch our ropes with which to "tie up." This operation was done without much trouble, but our next task—to reach the ledge—was rather a difficult one, as sometimes there was between it and our launch a space of four or five feet. After a slight delay, we all boarded the ledge without mishap, and mounted the ladder to the well-kept decks of the ship.

We were met by a R.N.R. Lieutenant, who conducted us to the ward room. Here we were greeted by several officers, mostly "lootennants" and "subs." Near by were marines ready to attend to the wants of the officers. Whisky flowed as freely as if it were water, and before long, both guests and hosts were beginning to feel, at least so it appeared to me, rather lively. They continued to chat for some time, and after a while the R.N.R. Lieutenant, guessing that I was rather bored, proposed to show me round the ship. I was delighted, and immediately followed him out of the ward room.

To make me understand better what I was going to see, the Lieutenant first took me to a model of the ship, just outside the ward room door. He showed me his exact position in the officers bridge, just above the after-turret of fifteen-inch guns. Whenever these were fired in an engagement, he had to duck his head, as the flash was so intense as to blind him. The model showed the intricate mechanism of the vessel in miniature, and after explaining the revolving of the gun turrets, he proceeded to show "the real thing." He first of all took me on deck to the two after-turrets of fifteen-inch guns. The bases of the turrets were graduated, and on asking what was the idea, I was told that it was to measure the revolution of the turret. I found that the guns could fire in almost the opposite direction to which they originally pointed. Just below the lieutenant's bridge was an emblem, a laurel crown, surrounded by the words, "H.M.S. Valiant." Below

this was painted "Jutland, 1916." Projecting from the sides of the vessel was her secondary armament of six-inch guns. I learned that she possessed sixteen of these comparatively small weapons. We continued along the deck to a place where the men were doing their odd jobs—some of them sewing, others washing. About amidships was a large canvas shelter, and under this had been erected a stage. The lieutenant told me that the vessel had a theatrical party, who were indeed a very clever troupe. It was on this stage that they performed before the ship's company and their friends. We took a peep into the engine room where the little-known "black squad" works. During an action, when the ship has full speed up, this place is a veritable Hades.

After coming up from the engine room, we ascended an almost perpendicular ladder. These ladders being so steep are, at first, difficult for a "land-crab" to negotiate. When we reached the top, my guide pointed out a neat round hole, about four inches in diameter, in the funnel. This, he explained, was made by a German four-inch shell in the Battle of Jutland. We ascended more ladders, and this time we came to the conning tower. It was a cupola-shaped dome of steel, of eighteen inches thickness. The entrance was very small, so I had to stoop to go in. I then received the surprise of my life for all around me was one mass of levers—gun controls, torpedo controls, telegraphs, and I know not what. How on earth the operator remembers what each instrument is for I cannot imagine. Fixed on to the plates around were photographs of the principal German battleships. The officers are supposed to be able to name each one at sight. When we had come out of the conning tower, we ascended more ladders, and yet still more, till at last we came to a platform known as the "monkey loft." From this spot we could look down on the whole ship, and also had a magnificent view of the Forth. My guide pointed out the battleships and cruisers lying around, among them being the famous "Lion" and "Tiger." I noticed in most cases an aeroplane on the gun-turret, and wondered how it managed to "get off." The lieutenant explained that this was a comparatively easy

matter, although a few days previously a pilot trying to "get off" from the "Tiger" fell with his machine into the water and was found to be dead when extricated. Directly in front of us was a mystery ship—camouflaged all over. Her name was "Furious," and her rôle was that of aeroplane dépôt ship. The Germans were very keen on catching her as she was a source of great trouble to them. Under cover of darkness she would creep up along the coast round Ostend, and then send up her aeroplanes to bomb the Hun in his fortresses. All too soon the time had arrived for leaving the "Valiant," so I hastened to join the rest of the party, after which we descended into our launch.

We quickly got up speed and began to circle round the ships. We passed close to the "Lion," the "Tiger," and the "Princess Royal." On each one I noticed two dark steel tubes on the deck. These I learned were torpedo tubes. We also passed close to the camouflaged "mystery ship." All the ships, except the last mentioned, were built on practically the same lines as the one we visited. After circling the "mystery ship," we made for the other side of the Forth Bridge. Quite close to this, we passed five United States battleships with their quaint masts, the "New York" being the flag ship. The American sailors waved us a greeting, and soon afterwards we passed under the Bridge. On this side were battleships of the "Orion" class, to one of which was attached, by a long steel cable, an observation balloon. We passed right by a long line of ships, at the end of which was the "Queen Elizabeth," of Dardanelles fame, the only ship of the whole Battle Fleet camouflaged. We then turned and made for home.

The sun had just dipped below the horizon when the echoing peal of a trumpet sounded the sunset call from the "Valiant." Immediately afterwards went three bells of the Second Dog Watch. As we passed the "Valiant," a light flashed out from one of her decks. By the length of the flashes, I recognised the Morse Code. The message was interpreted to be, "Good night, and good luck." We flashed back the message, "Good night," and sped swiftly on into the evening dusk.

Climbing Snowdon.

By JOHN E. ORFORD, (U.Va.)

During last summer vacation I spent a fortnight in Carnarvonshire with a couple of friends. We devoted one day, as was only natural, making the ascent of Snowdon.

We set out very early, at about 7 a.m., taking our lunch with us. Instead of going by the main road, we took a path over the mountains which ran between our farm and the foot of Snowdon. The path was very rough, and lay across a waste of heather, bracken, and gorse, whilst everywhere were to be seen boulders and broken lumps of rock. These rocks, strewn over the path, together with numerous small ditches, which in the rainy season are mountain streams, made our progress very slow. Scattered over the district was a large number of mountain sheep. These are left to roam about during spring and summer, and are gathered into the farms in winter. To guard against their jumping walls and straying too far, their hind legs are fettered by means of a short length of rope. On our way, we also came across two large slate quarries. We spent some time inspecting these, and threw large stones down into the depths to hear the hollow echoes which they made. There are a great number of such quarries scattered about this neighbourhood. After nearly three hours walking we came to the lake of Llanberis, at the far end of which lies the village bearing that name. From this we began our ascent. We had not gone very far when we turned from our path to see Llanberis Waterfall—a very pretty sight in summer.

The road up the mountain is at first a broad track, bordered by trees. This path is shady and not at all interesting. The higher we climbed, the thinner the trees became, until at last we were on an open grassy slope which in turn gave place to a steep rocky path.

Soon we heard the train behind us. We watched it crawl slowly up the incline, its whistle screeching as it neared a station a little way up. This mountain railway is very different from the ordinary one. The sleepers are made of steel, and between the rails is a double row of cogs which are gripped by corresponding cog wheels on the

engine. The engine is at the back of the train, and to the accompaniment of a great deal of noise, it manages to push its load at about seven miles an hour. In shape, the train somewhat resembles one of our electric trams without the upper deck. Soon after seeing the train we came to a kind of shed called the "Half-Way House," where one can obtain refreshments. Having passed this by no means happily named inn—for the lower "half" seems much shorter than the upper—we left the path and walked by the railway lines. At this height, the scenery was wild and grand. On our left the slope became very precipitous. The view was splendid. On our right was a deep valley, while on our left Llanberis Pass stretched out like a long white ribbon. On it was a line of black, swiftly-moving specks, which left in their train a huge cloud of dust. They were transport wagons coming from South Wales to a large camp near by.

The road at this stage became very rough and steep, hence the climbing was very difficult. Much to our surprise, we were now enveloped by a dense white mist which descended from the summit, and to add to our discomfort, the air became fearfully cold. We could not see more than about two yards ahead, and so were afraid of straying from the path. Ascending higher, however, we got clear of the mist and obtained a splendid view of the district. We were now feeling very tired and the sight of the buildings on the summit cheered us up and made us hurry on faster. Appearances were, however, deceptive, and we were further from our goal than we thought. This last stage of the journey was the hardest. We had to scramble over rocks with much slipping and scrambling. After about ten minutes of this tedious travelling, we reached the top in triumph, and immediately took shelter behind one of the buildings, for the wind was so strong that it almost overpowered us.

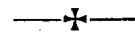
From the summit we were able to distinguish objects a long way off. On one side lay the Irish sea, and like a dim mist on the horizon stretched the coast of Ireland. Looking in another direction we faced practically all Wales, and could discern long ranges of mountains. Looking still another way,

seawards again this time, we saw a very faint outline on the horizon which we were told was the Isle of Man.

Snowdon has a conical peak, and what little space there is on top is taken up by two buildings, between which there is a heap of stones forming an apex to the mountain. We climbed to the top of these stones and were then truly able to say that we were higher than anybody else in Wales. The wind was so strong on top that we could only keep our feet by bending down and gripping the stones.

The two buildings, one of which is a hotel, and the other a storehouse, are made of wood and corrugated iron, secured with cables for protection against winter storms. On the wooden sides of these buildings numerous names and initials are carved, and we proceeded to add ours to the list.

At about 3 o'clock we began the descent of the mountain and reached home at about 11 o'clock, tired, foot-sore and hungry—but pleased with our mountaineering experience.



Bolts from the Blue.

(Dispensed by Ancien Elève.)

A HINT: To sing well, one must sing badly. (This will bear quite a number of interpretations.)

* * * *

NOTA BENE: Any student who can prove that a certain thing is false or absurd should be excused from learning it. (This will be the key-note of the urgently wanted "Student's Charter.")

* * * *

WHICH REMINDS US: That the passage in Bacon which runs, "to spend too much time in studies is sloth," is admitted to be an interpolation of later date—spurious, in fact. (Voice: "Who admit it? Let me get at them!") No; we are afraid students may hope for nothing from Bacon. The Book of Proverbs is more hopeful: "And much study is a weariness of the flesh."

SOMEONE SAYS: That something is as easy as falling off a log. Please note, that to fall off a log one must first get up *on* to it; and if it is so easy to fall off it, one may fall off many times in the process, before properly getting up on to it. Not many people would find it easy to fall off a house-top if they had no ladder or no trap-door in the roof. One has to get up first. Therefore, a log or a house is so well adapted to being fallen off that it is extremely difficult for inexperienced people to fall off. You remember the Roman Empire had to do the "rise" before the "fall off." It takes an experienced climber to fall off the Matterhorn, say, or the Popocatapeti.

* * * *

WE GATHER: That the shock of winning the Shield was extremely well borne. Perhaps we "said as 'ow" all along.

* * * *

ABOUT THIS ECLIPSE: It reminds us of an individual who was going to measure the earth's distance from the sun, to the fraction of an inch. On inquiry, it transpired that he would use a Vernier Callipers for the "last few inches." *The Eclipse itself, of course, is going to settle whether Light has Weight, and whether that "elusive entity," Ether, does exist.*

* * * *

WE UNDERSTAND: From "The Observatory," that this has some connection with the fact of the Sun's mass being (we forget the exact number) *kilometres*. Five yards of your best white butter, please!

* * * *

WHEN: One has to analyse a substance, one gets rid of it at the earliest opportunity. (To be borne in mind at the next Exams.)

* * * *

WE ARE ASSURED: That the "Disintegration of the segments of subliminal consciousness" explains many things. (Ah, why yes, of course!—*Just so.*)

WE ARE ASKED: Is it possible in the light of present-day science to work out an absolutely infallible move down a football field?

We would answer: Granted a complete knowledge of (1) the laws governing motori-nerve response to sensori-nerve impulse; (2) the exact effects of a pedal blow delivered under specified conditions; (3) the subsequent career of a ball having a certain calculable rotary motion in a field of gravitational energy and a sphere of boreal activity; (4) the variation of nerve impulse with angle of reception of radiant energy. Granted all these things, and a few others less important, we say, certainly, it is quite possible to work out theoretically, and apply practically, moves down the field which, without the slightest possibility of mishap, will terminate in a glorious and well-earned goal. (For the next Shield Tourney.)

* * * *

A PROMISING YOUTH asked, "Is it possible for Nothing to act on Something, *i.e.*, for Non-being to act on Being?" We unreflectingly answered "No."

And then he told us that the Article he hadn't written was haunting him—absolutely. We recommended quiet, and rest, and change of air.

* * * *

LE BRUIT COURT: That Form VI is turning out men of a metaphysical turn. Have they, we ask, yet solved that problem which was formulated by an American—Mark Twain, we believe—"The Whyness of the What"?

* * * *

FOR THOSE WHO have learned to produce wonderful effects in the Science Laboratory. A very small boy recently told us that "he supposed he could do it if he knew how." Eh?—think it over carefully, just. There is a good deal of sense right back of it (as our American Cousin would say).

* * * *

WHICH IS EASIER: To appear to be doing something when really doing

nothing, or to appear to be doing nothing when really doing something? Really, both feats are not infrequently achieved by the school-boy—sometimes, even, in combination. Thus, while reading "Sexton Blake: his life's work," he appears not to be reading it; and at the very same time, though *not* studying "Cæsar's Commentaries," he appears to be doing so. This is recognised as the apotheosis, or culminating point of human skill and ingenuity.

(Inquiries on all topics—not excluding Law, Medicine, Theology, Architecture, Numismatics, Philately, and Hermeneutics—are invited, and will receive full treatment in our next issue.)



Nurture your mind with great thoughts, for to believe in the heroic makes heroes.

Earl Beaconsfield.

FILLING OUR PLACE.

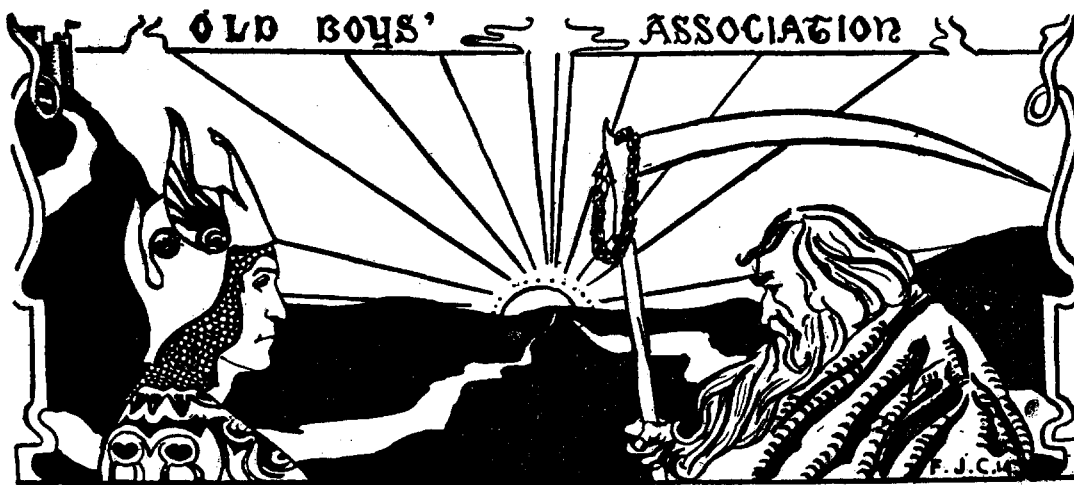
Every position, great or small, may be made almost as great or as little as we desire to make it, according as we make the most of it or the least of it. To do the necessary duties of any station, that is easy enough, but to gather up all its outlying opportunities—"to fill," as we say, "our place in life," instead of leaving it half empty, to be entirely in our work for the time being, that is what makes all the difference.

* * * *

Time is the solemn inheritance to which every man is born heir, who has a life-rent in this world; a little section cut out of eternity and given us to do our work in.

* * * *

We should be more concerned in giving the world our best than in getting its best.



Solemn Requiem Mass for the Old Boys of the Catholic Institute who have fallen in the War will be offered at the Pro-Cathedral, Copperas Hill, on Tuesday, June 17th, at 11 a.m. His Grace, the Archbishop, has very kindly consented to preside. All relatives and friends of the deceased are invited to be present. The Principal of the Catholic Institute will deem it a favour if names and details, as far as known, of deceased Old Boys, will be sent to him immediately. Admission to the Mass will be by ticket, to be obtained at the C.I.

General Meeting.

A record meeting of the Old Boys took place on Sunday, the 4th of May, at the Institute. The largest room in the school was taxed to accommodate the vast numbers which trooped in, the majority only too glad to be back in civilian clothes after arduous days spent in either army or navy. Faces that had been missing since late in 1914, or early in 1915, shone with delight at meeting those whose friendship they had retained since the days of the class-room and

football field. Lieut.-Col. J. J. Shute, D.S.O., T.D., looking very fit and well after his five years of active service, most of which was spent in France, took the chair, and presided over the meeting. The proceedings were opened by Rev. Br. Forde, who cordially welcomed back all those who had been serving with the colours. Having feelingly referred to those who had made the supreme sacrifice, he recited the De Profundis for the repose of their souls. He then proceeded to the business of the day, which, as he stated, was to have the future activities of the Association, carefully discussed, and suggestions received for revivifying the Old Boys' Association, after its dormant period of five years. He said our possibilities were many and varied, and any suggestions however small would receive the closest attention of the Executive. He thought it really advisable to have the Executive, which was elected in June, 1914, and had only really been in office three months, remain in office till June, 1920. However, on an amendment of Mr. A. Maguire, supported by Mr. J. F. Lacy, they were retained in office till September, 1919, when a general election would take place.

Mr. J. Curtin, supported Br. Forde's word of welcome to those who had returned home, referring particularly to the Chairman, who had deserved so well of his country. He then went on to suggest that every athletic branch of the Association (football, cricket, tennis), should be given full rein; and that it should be made a power both from a social and Catholic point of view. This suggestion of a tennis club was warmly seconded by Mr. D. Hayes, who gave particulars of grounds, etc., with the result that it was decided to establish the Club right away. As an additional suggestion, he proposed we should strive our utmost to provide a Club room, which was necessary as a potent factor in knitting the activities of the Association more closely together. The President warmly supported Mr. Hayes, both by his remarks and by a handsome donation of £100 towards the Club Room Fund.

Mr. J. F. Lacy, Secretary *Pro-Tem*, of the Football Club, promised to run if necessary five football teams if only suitable grounds could be found. That was the crux. He appealed to the members to send him all the information they

could about suitable ground to let. He also promised evening cricket matches, with local clubs, such as New Brighton C.C., Wallasey C.C., etc., for the present season.

Mr. W. Rowe proposed that as a very practical suggestion, and as the funds of the Society were unsatisfactory, that members should pay their subscription at their early convenience. This appeal was well responded to. Numerous other proposals such as a Cycling Club (Mr. A. Kieran) adoption of system of colours for ties, hat-bands, blazers, etc.; (Mr. L. Radcliffe) the obtaining of an Athletic Ground for the School, as a Memorial to Old Boys who had fallen in the War; (Rev. Br. Forde) the development of Social and intellectual side of the Association as well as the Athletic (Mr. Wareing, an *old* Old Boy), etc., were put down to be considered by the Executive. Br. Forde also stated that a memorial already existed to Old Boys, who had been killed, in the shape of a Memorial Altar in the new Church of St. Philip Neri, and that every month during the War the Holy Sacrifice had been offered for Old Boys who were serving.

In conclusion, Mr. Lacy proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman with particular reference to his qualities as a soldier, and to the decorations he had received. This was seconded by Mr. A. Lamble, who heartily endorsed the remarks of the proposer. Col. Shute responded with an inspiring speech in which he exhorted Old Boys to live up to the ideals of the Association, to make always for the top of the tree, and to be satisfied with no mediocre achievements. He gave the testimony to the love he bore his *Alma Mater*, and the warm place it would ever possess in his heart.

At the conclusion of the meeting, an appeal was made by Mr. J. F. Ford, on behalf of the Memorial to the late Mr. T. J. Curtin, B.A., always an indefatigable worker for the Association. The Committee note with pleasure that very many of the Old Boys have subscribed to this Fund.

* * * *

On May 6th, a most enjoyable Smoking Concert was held. It is hoped to hold these reunions monthly.

At an Executive Meeting held on May 8th, Lt.-Col. J. J. Shute, C.M.G., D.S.O., &c., presided. The following sections of the Association were re-organised and sub-committees appointed:

FOOTBALL CLUB—Messrs. J. McNally, H. McGrath, W. Delaney, A. J. Kieran, J. F. Lacy, Ardmore, Alburn Street, New Brighton, Hon. Sec. *pro tem*.

TENNIS CLUB—Messrs. J. A. Curtin, Hon. Sec.; J. F. Ford, J. Flanagan.

CYCLING CLUB—Mr. W. Graham, Capt.; Mr. A. J. Kieran, Hon. Sec., 39, Valley Road, Anfield; Mr. P. O'Brien.

SOCIALS—Messrs. D. Hayes, Hon. Sec.; A. Lambie, J. Toolan, J. McGuinness, F. Maguire.

CLUB ROOM—Messrs. G. Ried, Hon. Sec., 157, Bedford Street; C. Wareing, J. Twomey, W. J. Murphy.

Old Boys interested in any of the foregoing sections should get into communication with the Hon. Sec. of the particular section. It was resolved to hold the Annual General Meeting of the Association at the Catholic Institute, on Sunday, September 21st, at 3-30 p.m. Subscriptions for the current year should be forwarded to Mr. W. J. Murphy, 36, Garnett Avenue, or to Mr. W. H. Rowe, Catholic Institute.



Varsity Letter.

THE VARSITY,
LIVERPOOL,

March 25th, 1919.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

At last we are permitted to compose ourselves to this long deferred letter, and in the comparative silence of our secluded haunts in Brownlow Hill we must endeavour to make you aware of the glorious change which the cessation of war's alarms has permitted to take place at the 'Varsity. Where, heretofore, a few C.I.O.B.'s were known to be present, but were rarely seen, we now rarely take a glance, but at least a couple of Old Boys meet our gaze.

It is in the Engineering School that the C.I. atmosphere seems to assail one most; not so much by the actual as the potential strength of our colony, however. A visit to the laboratories any day will reveal Delaney, Kieran, Hosker, Cole and Wright, all feverishly endeavouring to discover what exactly

is the cause of the wheels going round. Jack Mullen and Frank O'Neill are also to be seen on occasions, but neither seems to have acquired any additional zest for work by reason of their service in H.M. Navy. Next year we hope to see Fred Winfield, Austin Maguire, Tom Smith and Tom Fleming back amongst the engines; whilst a little bird has whispered that Parsons is contemplating "coming up." What a strong C.I. party we shall have then! Most worthy successors to Fred Tindall and Dan O'Donovan they should prove.

In the Chemistry School—yes, we suppose Denny—good old Pat—comes up for special mention. At present he is leader of another party who are engaged either in listening to Pat on his "Pelmanised" (but powerful) Proofs for the evaluation of "Infinity squared," or else carefully guarding themselves against any unforeseen accidents which might attend them in the case of their giving undue attention to Pat in his prolonged practical endeavours. This battalion include Cooke, the Bros. Kirby, Pat Hart, Nugent, Vin Occleshaw and Alf Kieran. Incidentally one and all seem to have acquired a style of polysyllabic diction, which is awe-inspiring to a degree. The result, I suppose of swatting up the names of those compounds, samples of which their company-leader, Pat, always carries in the way of hand-stains.

The Medicals are few but select. Joe Flanagan now graces the Royal Infirmary as a House Physician, whilst Rogers, Robert Azurdia, M. Finegan, and Bros. Hawe, are following his footsteps through the Dissecting Theatre and Lecture Rooms.

Vin Atkin is back in the Arts School, as is also Jim Mullen, and as all arts men should, we suppose, they comport themselves with the seriousness of an undertaker's assistant.

Science is not without the leavening of C.I.O.B.'s, which has always gone to make a Faculty worth while. Here we find Willie O'Donnell, Peter Bannin, David Gavin, D.C.M., and Barnwell.

McParland we have yet to encounter; but we learn he is amongst the O.B.'s.

With the reorganisation of 'Varsity Athletics we were pleased to see Hawe, Alf Kieran, Charley Kieran, and Delaney taking their places in the Soccer Elevens—the only tragic touch was when Charley Kieran sustained

material damage to his nasal organ, during the contest with Sheffield. We had varying reports of the accident: a broken nose, a bent nose, an up-turned nose, etc., but whatever it was, we are pleased to see after a personal inspection, that it is improving apace, and that the victim looks none the worse.

In conclusion, we must not omit to mention that we met an old C.I. man the other day, whom we at first failed to recognise as such—O. Crompton—who is now in the engineering school. With the return of the old students from far-off fields, and the advent next summer of 'freshers,' *Alma Mater* will have a strong representation at the 'Varsity.'

Yours as ever,

'VARSITY.'

To the Editor,
C.I.M.

—+—

Football Club.

The C.I.O.B's Football Club resumed its activities, after having been disbanded since the outbreak of war, by means of a few friendly matches towards the end of the season. However, for those who followed with keen and kindly interest the hard-fought contests of the first team in pre-war days, and watched their protégé rise from the insignificant beginnings of 1908 to the proud position of second place in the I-Zingari II Division that it occupied at the end of the season 1913-14, the main sentiment must have been one of acute and inexpressible sadness. Where were the old faces which had become so familiar to all supporters of the Old Boys, and so much to be feared by so many opponents in and around Liverpool. We missed "Barney" Maguire to tell us that everything was in order and the kick off was 3 p.m. and not 3-15 p.m. We missed "Tim" in centre with his lightning rushes for goal and his supreme contempt for opposing backs, large and small, and last but not least, his "lucky" dirty jersey, the souvenir of numerous conflicts. It remains still un-washed, we believe. We missed "Con's" yarns before the match, his brilliant tackling and acrobatic recoveries,—his own words that "every side of life was really a 'scream' if you looked on it in the right light." These will never again shoulder their share of the Saturday

contest which they did so well and ungrudgingly. May their souls rest in peace. Of the living, we also missed Danson in goal, O'Keeffe, Tom Byrne, McGuinness, Joe Cunningham, Deane, McAulay. Arthur Gilmore, Hennin, and J. Curtin were the only relics. It was a sad and desolating spectacle to old supporters.

However, the "youthful" Old Boys who are stepping in to fill the vacant places give good promise of treading ably in the footsteps of their forbears. The first match arranged was versus the University. The team representing the Institute was: McNally; Curtin, Hennin; Treneman, Burke, Hawe; Occleshaw, Delaney, Parsons, O'Donnell, Gilmore.

The play started off at Wavertree with great dash on either side—good kicking and long swinging passes by the Old Boys being met with determined opposition by the "Varsity," who although not having their usual team, were playing a masterly game. Amongst the "Varsity" players by the way were two C.I. boys—the two Kierans, who assisted materially. After a quarter of an hour's play Curtin was damaged and had to retire, after which the "Varsity" got their first goal. They very sportingly allowed T. Byrne, a present student at the C.I., to take Curtin's place, and play was resumed with the same hearty vigour. In the second half the "Varsity" were awarded a penalty, from which they scored, and ten minutes later netted a third. Meanwhile, the C.I. were playing a really hard and desperate game, and after a very fine piece of work by Hawe, resulting in a fine concerted effort, participated in by all the forwards, they got their first and only goal. After repeated strenuous but unavailing efforts to equalise on the part of the Old Boys, and equally determined resistance on the part of the "Varsity," the game resulted:—"Varsity" 3, C.I.O.B. 1.

In the return match at Calderstones, both sides went on the field full of determination—the one to repeat the previous performance, the other to reverse it. There were a couple of changes in the C.I. ranks, *e.g.*, Bingham and Kelly at full back, Shennin in centre, and Delaney in goal, McNally being ill. The team started one man short. The "Varsity" were strengthened in five positions. The game was a hot

the end of the se
Reg. Coswall—once more a free man
—is back at his old Civil Service post.

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Congratulations to Rev. Gregory Doyle who received the Sub-Diaconate on April 12th at Lisbon.

* * * *

Dick Cunningham—Prisoner of War since March 18th—has not yet been demobilised.

* * * *

We have never seen a bigger muster of O.B's than that which assembled at Goodison Park on April 9th, to witness the triumph of the School in the Shield Final. We are glad to find them so interested in the doings of the present pupils of the C.I. No congratulations to the victors are more welcome than those of the Old Boys.

* * * *

Recently we came across Tom O'Keefe, St. Helens. He is doing well, and hopes to be T. O'Keefe, M.D., by the month of June. He has our best wishes. His brother, Emmet, is also pursuing a medical course at the University, Cork. Both brothers have our best wishes.

B. Hennin, Rainhill, is now a mem-
ber of the staff of St. Laurence's
Schools, Birkenhead.

* * * *

Frank Magrath is transferring from the Queen Elizabeth to the Mercantile Marine.

* * * *

Willie Upton is now second officer on one of the largest P. & O. Liners.

* * * *

Frank Jamieson—"s.s. Clare"—writing from Palermo, reminds us of the days when he was reading *San Celestino* at the C.I. To him the sights made familiar by John Ayrscough's book have an added interest.

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We are glad to hear that George Kirby has secured an important post as Chemist—Research work.

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We regret to learn that John McInerney—Prisoner of War in Germany—died during the period of his incarceration. R.I.P.

To the members of his family we tender our heartfelt sympathy.

The Old Boys never have and never will, we hope, yield to defeat till the final whistle blows. We think, if the other vast forces of the Old Boys rally round the old team, we can predict a very good and successful season for that team or teams in the ensuing season.

All desirous of playing should send in their names to the Hon. Sec. *pro tem.*, F. J. Lacy, "Ardmore," Albion Street, New Brighton.



At the Inter-Varsity Sports on Saturday, May 24th, C.S. Kieran was placed 2nd in the 440 yds. ("Freshers").

* * * *

Since the inauguration of the Old Boys' Association, no member has taken a deeper interest in its activities than Mr. George Ried. Members will congratulate him on his appointment as joint manager with Mr. G. H. Court, of the Maritime Insurance Company Ltd.

To their sorrowing parents and friends we tender our deep sympathy. On the souls of the deceased we pray God to have mercy.

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Charlie Rowe, who has seen service East and West, is now making slow progress towards recovery in a Preston hospital.

* * * *

Wilf. Byrne, writing from Cologne, says that cycling is his principal occupation.

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Very many of the more juvenile of our O.B.s are *enjoying* a Continental holiday. By way of change, N. Ramsbottom and J. McGrath crossed over to Liverpool recently. We were glad to meet them.

* * * *

Tom Birchall, R.F.C.—looking very fit—has just been demobilised. His visit to the C.I. at the end of term was very welcome.

* * * *

Lieut. Leonard Merron has been gazetted to the Tanks Corps.

Football Club.

Knowledge without character is of little avail. Hence, at the C.I. we cease not to inculcate the lessons of truth and honour, duty and courage, enterprise and self-sacrifice. These are not developed by book knowledge merely, but must have their exercise in the various activities of school life, and especially in the playing fields. Every encouragement is therefore given to the various branches of Athletics, as undoubtedly they are of the greatest service in the development of character.

* * * *

The Football Season 1918-1919 has been a record one for us. Our First Eleven having met with but one reverse brought matters to a glorious conclusion by their victory in the Shield Final over Liverpool Institute at Everton on Wednesday, April 9th. All at the C.I. are proud of them, and congratulate them on maintaining the grand sporting traditions of the School. Let their success be an inspiration to succeeding generations.

* * * *

Much success has attended the efforts of our Second Eleven. During the season they lost but two matches.

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Congratulations to Sydney J. Meldon on the distinction which is his of having captained two victorious Shield Elevens, —Junior 1917,—Senior 1919. Quite a unique honour!

* * * *

Frank Batty, John Kirwan, S. Meldon, and James Quinn have played in our successful finals for the past three seasons.

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Medals and newly designed Colours will be presented to the members of our Senior XI at an early date.

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Captain Mossy McMahon and his little men of the Junior Shield XI gave a magnificent display in the Final at Anfield on April 7th.

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As a result of drawing in the replayed Junior Final, the Shield is held jointly by the Finalists.

Tom Byrne who has been one of the best Football Captains the School has had, has been unanimously elected to a similar post in the cricket field. A well merited honour!

* * * *

FIRST XI.

Results for Spring Term, 1919.

C.I.—4 goals	v	Bootle Sec. School—0 goals
C.I.—1	„	v Wallasey Gram. S.—0 „
C.I.—7	„	v St. Francis Xavier's—0 „
C.I.—3	„	v Oulton Sec. School—0 „
C.I.—6	„	v Liverpool Institute—0 „
C.I.—2	„	v Wallasey Gram. S.—2 „
C.I.—1	„	v Liverpool Col. S.—1 „
C.I.—8	„	v Waterloo Sec. S.—2 „
—		—
32 goals		5 goals



Senior Shield Results.

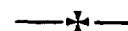
First Round	C.I.—2 goals	v	S.F.X.—1 goal
Second	„ C.I.—8	„	v B'head Inst.—0 „
Semi-Final	C.I.—4	„	v Oulton S.S.—0 „
Final	C.I.—2	„	v Liverpool I.—0 „
—		—	
	16 goals		1 goal



GOAL SCORERS: Spring Term, 1919.

First XI Matches.	Shield Matches.
T. Blackledge—10 ...	9
S. J. Meldon — 9 ...	5
J. Quinn — 4 ...	2
H. Lynch — 3 ...	
C. Langley — 3 ...	
J. Owens — 2 ...	
E. Horrigan — 1 ...	
—	—
32	16

Total:—For C.I. 48; against C.I. 6.



Liverpool & District Secondary Schools.

Football Shield Competition—1919.

DRAW FOR SENIOR COMPETITION.

First Round on or before Feb. 26th.

	Result
Holt Sec. v Wallasey Gram. ...	1—1; 0—4
S.F.X. v C.I. ...	1—2
Oulton v Collegiate . . .	2—2; 1—0

Second Round on or before Mar. 12th.

Wallasey Gram. v Alsop H. School...	5—1
Oulton v Bootle . . .	2—1
C.I. v Birkenhead . . .	8—0
Liscard v Liverpool Institute...	0—3

Semi-Final on or before March 26th.

Oulton v C.I.	4—0
Liverpool Inst. v Wallasey . . .	2—1

Final, April 9th.

C.I. v Liverpool Institute ... 2-0

DRAW FOR JUNIOR COMPETITION.

First Round on or before March 5th.

	Result
S.F.X. v Liverpool Institute1-6
Oulton v Birkenhead Institute1-3
Bootle v Collegiate1-4

Second Round on or before March 19th.

C.I. v Birkenhead1-0
Liverpool Institute v Collegiate5-1

Final, April 7th.

C.I. v Liverpool Institute ... 2-2

Replay, April 30th.

C.I. v. Liverpool Institute ... 1-1



SENIOR SHIELD FINAL—1919.

Catholic Institute v Liverpool Institute.

Team: Batty, Byrne, Murray, Kirwan, Hayes, Quigley, Horrigan, Quinn, Blackledge, Meldon, and Langley.

On Wednesday, April 9th, our Seniors took the field at Everton for the final tussle in the Shield Competition. With a brilliant Season's Record, they (and we) were all buoyantly confident of the result, having a feeling of something like assurance that once again victory would light on our banners and that the Shield would remain with the C.I.

Batty's illness a few days before caused anxiety, and rumours were about that the "flu" had clutched him, but, fortunately, it was not so, and, though not physically in the best of form, he pluckily turned out, and gallantly maintained his reputation between the posts. The ground was flooded with bright sunshine, but there was a strong wind blowing almost directly down the field and there was some question whether (if we won the toss) we should take the wind or play with our backs to the sun. We were spared the choice. We lost the toss, and our opponents placed us just as we would have done ourselves—we had the wind with us.

Play began vigorously at the start and we pressed hard on our opponents' goal,

but clearances were regularly made and the ball travelled down to our territory, only to be sent back again, when our backs, Byrne and Murray, unfailingly met it, though our forwards, unprepared perhaps for their strong kicks, were not always up to receive them. After about a quarter of an hour, a fine dash of our forwards brought the ball down to the enemy's line; Horrigan swung in cleverly from the right wing and Blackledge, securing the ball in front of the goal, promptly netted, to the accompaniment of uproarious cheering from the school-supporters at the side.

One up! Our confidence increasing, we again pressed home and soon, following a neat pass from Langley, who played delightful football all through the game, Meldon got possession and, with clever footwork, beating the backs, drove a strong shot which, however, fell just short, hitting the side of the net. Some rather desultory play followed, in the course of which our goal was threatened a few times, one high dropping shot being saved by Batty, who, though with the sun in his eyes, managed to tip it over the bar. Soon we had the ball back again in L.I. ground, and we narrowly missed scoring when a corner taken by Horrigan was headed by Meldon, and (worse luck!) just passed over the bar. Play continuing for the most part in the L.I. half, after a breakthrough on the right, Quinn advanced to the goal-mouth and missed a great chance, shooting high over the posts.

Throughout the first half the L.I. defence was good, the left back kicking with excellent judgment and the centre half tackling well and frequently holding up Blackledge. Their centre forward also was very keen and made some gallant attempts, but could not get through our defence. Half-time whistle blew, with the score: C.I. 1—L.I. 0. On resuming, L.I. attacked strongly, our men being pinned to their own half for nearly 20 minutes. Our defence proved impregnable, Ned Byrne being always 'there' and Quigley working with real zest, while Meldon helped very materially in repulsing the L.I. repeated assaults. The pressure being relieved, we now took the offensive and a series of splendid sprints by Blackledge and Meldon followed; the latter, bringing up the ball on the left, made a magnificent shot from the wing, landing the ball just at the off post, where Quinn,

on the spot in the nick of time, amid unbounded enthusiasm, sent it home. It was that "other little goal" called for in coaxing strains from the side line. Some twenty minutes to go and leading by two! The rest of the game was fairly fast but L.I. still failed to score, while our forwards put in some dashing work in the endeavour to put on another. Towards the end of the game, Blackledge got possession in mid-field and bringing the ball down with lightning speed, put in a strong shot, which, however, the L.I. custodian received full and cleared. Shortly after the whistle blew and the Shield was ours. Akee, Akee, C.I.

While all ours played well, keen on retaining the trophy, no one will grudge special mention being made of Ned Byrne, our right back, who never once let a ball pass, whilst in tackling his man, he hung on to him with a positively affectionate tenacity. Meldon, as became the Captain, was a tower of strength and in attack or defence never spared himself. Some of his 'sprints' and those of Blackledge were a feature of the game. Of Batty it is enough to say that he fully justified the hopes we placed in him. To all the team we offer our hearty congratulations on their splendid success, upholding the athletic prowess of the C.I. and handing on to their successors the inspiration of a victory which we hope will often be repeated.



SENIOR SHIELD—FIRST ROUND. S.F.X. v. C.I.

Consequent on our winning the Shield last year, the interest in this year's games increased wonderfully, and on all sides was demonstrated the feeling that having once won the Senior Shield the C.I. was determined to retain it. It was a very light-hearted and enthusiastic crowd that assembled in Clubmoor to witness our first tussle against S.F.X. The "Kay-oh-rah" had been roused up from its long spell of hibernating, and now as it rang out on the keen cold air it had an electric effect on both players and spectators.

The weather had been very bad for some days previously, and consequently the ground was very heavy. S.F.X. won the toss, and T. Blackledge kicked off for the C.I. Our team took some time to settle down, and the opposing

forwards taking advantage of our momentary weakness swept the ball down the field where, after a pretty bout of passing, their outside right, after beating E. Byrne, centred cleverly. This was well taken by the inside left who shot low and hard, beating Batty all the way, and notching the first goal after a few minutes play.

Following the centre, our forwards now got going, and led by Meldon and Blackledge, made raid after raid into the opposing half, only to be foiled by the S.F.X. backs who were both playing well—their kicking and tackling being specially noticeable—thus the half-time whistle went leaving the score 1-0 against us.

On resuming, both sides recommenced with fresh vigour, and after the first few minutes it was evident that our men were out to win. Creating their own pace and ably assisted by the half backs who were playing a strong sturdy game, our forwards swept all over the opponents' half. Shot after shot was sent in; effort after effort was made, but the S.F.X. defence was sound and no impression was made.

The time began to fly, and now a slight feeling of dread was beginning to be felt amongst the spectators. Were we going to be beaten after all? Would the equalising goal ever come? These were the unspoken questions on every lip. But in spite of that, the "Kay-oh-rah" lost none of its vigour. It rang out again and again, signifying of the firm conviction our followers had that "Sid" and his team would come out victors.

Sixty minutes had passed and no score. Then we started. From a scrimmage near our line, Horrigan secured the ball, and after a good solo run sent in a beautiful centre. Ever watchful, Meldon was ready, and trapping the ball he sent in a shot, low and hard; the ball flew past the astonished "goalie" and reposed safely in the net. The equalising goal had come. What followed on the side line baffles description. All the pent-up feeling and excitement of the previous sixty minutes of suspense burst forth, and caps, hats, sticks—anything in fact available, went flying into the air, amidst applause that was certainly well merited.

"Now for the winning goal," was the comment on the line. But that was easier said than done, for the

opposing forwards breaking away, soon transferred play to our half causing Batty some anxious moments. But not for long, for our backs, who were playing a sound defensive game, cleared in brilliant style. The ball soon returned, and the excitement rose hard and fast. Our forwards were out for the winning goal, and meant to get it. Playing a cool, clever, and combined game, they gave the "goalie" no rest.

At last the opportunity came. In his anxiety to stop a fast shot, one of the S.F.X. handled the ball in the penalty area. The referee promptly adjudged a penalty. Meldon took it, and making no mistake sent in a beauty that gave the "goalie" no chance—thus came our second and what proved to be our winning goal. During the remaining few minutes there was no score, though both sides strove hard—one side to increase the lead, the other to equalise.

It was with a feeling of relief that we heard the final whistle blow, leaving us the victors by the narrow margin of:—C.I. 2; S.F.X. 1.

C.I. played a clever game. They showed brilliant form and demonstrated the advantages of close and persevering training. Even amidst such a galaxy of good players, a special tribute must be paid to both S. Meldon and T. Blackledge for the splendid game they played. Their attack was dashing and daring, and their combination and passing movements a treat to witness. And at back we can boast of one of the safest the C.I. has seen—one whose work during the match caused universal admiration—E. Byrne.



Second Round: C.I. v Birkenhead Inst.

At Wavertree, March 15th.

Team: Batty, Byrne, Walsh, Kirwan, Hayes, Quigley, Horrigan, Quinn, Blackledge, Meldon, & Langley,

Profiting by their experience at Clubmoor C.I. made changes in their three lines. C.I. scored early in the game after keen forward play—other goals followed in quick succession until play became lifeless. Our opponents' forwards were clever but light. On several occasions they tried to get through but C.I. Halves blocked the way and sent the ball to safer quarters. The game was too one-sided to be interesting. Result: C.I.—8 goals; Birkenhead—0. Blackledge 5; Meldon 2; Quinn 1.

SENIOR SHIELD—SEMI-FINAL.

C.I. v Oulton.

At Clubmoor, March 29th.

Team: Batty, Byrne, Kirwan, Hayes, Quigley, Horrigan, Quinn, Blackledge, Meldon, Langley.

After some difficulty, for one cause or another, this match was definitely fixed for Collegiate School Ground (Queen's Drive) on Saturday, March 29th. The day was bright, with plenty of sunshine, but a strong wind blew right down the pitch from one goal to the other, thus giving the side winning the toss a distinct advantage, if they cared to take advantage of it. From 2 o'clock onwards groups of C.I. boys might be seen wending their way towards Clubmoor, and by 2-45 p.m. the time advertised for the game to commence quite a huge gathering of our followers were to be seen scattered all over the field, in knots of threes and fours, all earnestly debating the chances of either team. Opinion on the whole favoured the C.I. as their record so far, was distinctly better than that of their opponents. It was 3-10 p.m. when the teams took the field, as Oulton had to wait for their outside right. The C.I. following gave their men a rousing reception. Winning the toss, the Oulton captain to the surprise of all, made his side face the stiff breeze. Meldon kicked off to the strains of the "Kay-o-rah." It has often been said that C.I. take some time to settle down to their game, and here, indeed, we had ocular demonstration of it. For fully four or five minutes Oulton were all over us, and once or twice looked dangerous.

But, by degrees, this nervous tension left our men, and they settled down at last to play one of the finest games I have ever witnessed in a Shield Competition. The two backs kicked clean and strong, the halves tackled their men gamely, and fed their forwards well, and of the latter, Meldon, Blackledge and Langley were the most prominent in the early stages of the game. Time and again our three inside men had got through the defence only to be robbed of the fruits of their toil, by the excellent goalkeeping of the Oulton custodian. It was only at belated intervals, that the opposing team were able to get going, and then their movements were nipped in the bud by the watchfulness of our halves. At this time our forwards were combining beautifully, and Horrigan on

the right and Langley on the left sent in some glorious centres. When about nine minutes had gone Meldon receiving, made a characteristic dash and brought the ball right up to the goal mouth, where he might have shot, but passed most unselfishly to Blackledge, who banged it into the net for C.I.'s first goal. The enthusiasm aroused by this, our first success, beggars description. Hats, umbrellas were tossed into the air, and spectators were to be seen hugging each other. The score seemed to put new life and vim into our lads, and they settled down to a really great game. During all this time Batty had only handled twice, and the little that came the way of our two backs was done exceptionally well. On the whole the struggle was confined chiefly to our halves and forwards, and the opinion went round the field that the C.I. halves Kirwan, Hayes and Quigley formed a very dour line of defence. A team stands or falls by its halves, and we only hope that in future C.I. may be as well represented by its middle line as in 1919. For the next ten minutes play was for the most part in and around the Oulton danger zone, the latter team being seemingly unable to make much headway against the C.I. halves and backs. For our forwards we have nothing but the highest praise, and now it was Meldon and Langley, and again it was Blackledge, Quinn and Horrigan, that had dashes for the goal. From a good passing movement on the left Meldon received, and exerting himself in brilliant fashion scored a really fine goal. The joy and exultation amongst the C.I. followers were really unbounded. Playing with confidence and determination C.I. now pinned Oulton to their lines, and attack after attack was initiated, but the Oulton goalie was watchful and kept his citadel intact. However such persistent efforts were bound to tell, and it came as no surprise when Blackledge added our third goal. In the closing stages Quinn and Horrigan were prominent, and the former from a very fine centre by Langley got his head to the ball and banged it, as we all thought into the net, but the Oulton custodian brought off a marvellous save. Both were applauded to the echo. In the closing stages Oulton were scarcely ever in the picture, being outplayed at all points. The half-time whistle went soon after with the

score standing : C.I. 3 goals ; Oulton nil.

During the interval many anxious questions were asked : " Would C.I. be able to keep Oulton from scoring ? " " Was the wind getting stronger or weaker ? " " Would C.I. add to their score ? " Thoughts such as these were occupying the minds of many amongst our followers. Before time could be had to answer them satisfactorily the game had re-started. Oulton led off with a huge kick, which went right into the arms of Batty, who fielded safely and cleared immediately. The keenest interest was now manifested by the spectators on both sides in the progress of the game, and after five or ten minutes it was evident that the C.I. had their opponents well in hand, and would at least prevent them from scoring. Oulton seemed to rely on huge kicks, but Murray and Byrne were very reliable, and Kirwan, Hayes and Quigley stuck to their men, and never gave them a chance of getting away. Our forwards broke away again and again, and Quinn with an open goal before him sent over the bar. Occasionally, Oulton aided by the high wind, came along, but their forwards lacked cohesion and seldom were dangerous. Meldon, Langley and Blackledge was now giving of their best. Langley beating his man time after time, and feeding his insides well, while Meldon was playing a magnificent game, and narrowly missed scoring on more than one occasion. Shortly afterwards Blackledge received at midfield. Bracing himself for a supreme effort he beat the halves and backs, and steadying himself he drove it into the net amid the frantic jubilation of the C.I. supporters. It was the tit-bit of the game, and settled once for all its issue. Oulton were now a thoroughly beaten team and their efforts lacked sting, while they were called on more than once to exert themselves to stave off further disaster. The Oulton captain, who was not so prominent against the Collegiate, had a dash or two on his own, and sent in one dangerously high shot, which Batty saved in fine style. At the other end, Quinn had a few solo runs, but they did not materialise. The concluding stages were all in our favour, as we had played our opponents to a standstill, and the final whistle sounded with Oulton well beaten on the score : C.I.—4 goals ; Oulton—nil.

LIVERPOOL SECONDARY SCHOOLS.**Junior Shield Semi-Final.****Catholic Institute v. Birkenhead Institute**

Rarely has a holiday been more appreciated than that which the C.I. boys got on 27th February for the above event. What rendered it so pleasurable was that it came as a surprise, and whilst the disappointment of the previous day was still fresh in our memories, when C.I. v. Oulton game was postponed by orders of the referee. During the day we ascertained that only that morning our secretary had rung up B.I. and—good sports that they are—we found them in Wavertree in the afternoon with a strong following, who had good reason for confidence in the team chosen to represent them in the Shield Semi-Final.

It has been said—and truly so—that C.I. yields premier place to none for loyal support to the team chosen to do battle for the blue ribbon of the Liverpool Secondary Schools. Consequently a following large and more enthusiastic hailed with heartening cheers the boys in green and white as they emerged from the pavilion.

At 3 p.m., the ball was put rolling. C.I., favoured by a high wind, was soon moving in fast fashion, but B.I.'s defence was sound and the ball was soon again at mid-field. Bingham, with a long drive, sent his right wing going, but Bennett proved too light for B.I.'s left back, who cleared well. After some play at mid-field, B.I.'s forwards got the ball and made a clever attack on C.I.'s goal. Murray, supported by Horrigan, was now much in evidence, and succeeded in getting the ball away to the left. Here, Carroll took up the running and sent C.I.'s forwards again to the attack. A corner resulted. This, Bennett placed well. In the scrimmage which followed, B.I.'s back sent the ball behind the line. From the corner which followed, Kirwan sent across the goal mouth. Bennett now beat his opponent and returned, but B.I.'s back headed up the field where a tussle occurred, from which McMahan emerged with the ball, Gore getting possession got to close range, sent in a grounder which B.I.'s goalie failed to get, and so opened the score for C.I.

Some very fast play followed. Once more C.I.'s forwards were the attackers, but B.I.'s left back was a tower of

strength to his side, and half-time was reached without any further score.

The game was resumed after a brief interval. B.I., favoured by the wind, was now showing any amount of pace, and soon things looked dangerous for C.I. Murray, however, by a strong shot repulsed the onslaught. B.I. returned to the attack, but the on-rush was successfully stemmed by Horrigan. Kieran had now a busy time on the right, but hustled through with the ball, McMahan and Callaghan were now more in evidence than in the first half and combined with Gore in a praiseworthy effort to score, but the ball went wide. A lengthy delivery sent B.I. once more attacking. A strong grounder staggered Batty, but he succeeded in getting it out to the left, from which Murray cleared. Nothing daunted, B.I. came on again, and C.I.'s defence had a busy time. Another grounder tested Batty, which he saved at the expense of a corner. The corner was in turn cleared, and C.I.'s forwards were again put in possession, but after a strenuous struggle failed to find their objective. From this, on play, was equally divided, and the long whistle went leaving C.I. the winner by one goal to nil.

The outside right was the most formidable of our opponents in the forward line. In the first half he was particularly prominent, and did good work. His efforts after the interval were not so successful, as Carroll paid closer attention to him.

Both Schools were glad to find Mr. George Grant—a former master at the B.I.—in charge of a game which was as interesting as it was keenly contested.

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JUNIOR SHIELD FINAL.

April 7th, at Anfield. The game resulted in a draw. C.I. 2 goals, Liverpool Institute 2 goals. Scorers—Gore and McMahan.

In the replay on April 30th, another draw resulted after extra time had been played. C.I. 1 goal, L.I. 1 goal. Scorer—Harrington.

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THE SENIOR LEAGUE.

For the past few years the C.I. has been reaping the fruits of the above league, which was started on a permanent basis on October 6th, 1915. Well do we remember the interest our

youthful players took in their football fixtures, and how careful they were to mark down the results of all their league matches. They felt that they were being looked after and they, on their part, were spurred on to make renewed efforts. What has been the result? Those who have the privilege of refereeing these games say, that class football has greatly improved during the past three years, nay, they go so far to say, that it has reached a very high level. For proof of this we call attention to the brilliant success which has attended the C.I. in all this period. The majority of those composing the premier eleven which has won the Shield in 1918 and 1919 were trained in the Senior League. Coming to the Second Eleven we find that during those three years we have met with only two defeats. Passing now to the season just concluded, though the weather was not all that one could desire, yet we can say that good work has been done. Form VI with six wins and one draw to its credit, comes out on top with a total of thirteen points. They are followed closely by Form IVc with a total of twelve points—six wins and two defeats. Forms LVa and LVb tie for third place. Of the remainder Forms IVa and IVd are bracketed together with three wins each. Form IVb possess the honour of being the only team to draw with Form VI. Lastly Form UVa with no win to its credit enjoys the unenviable reputation of having won the "Wooden Spoon." Appended are the results:

	Plays	won	drawn	lost	points
Form VI	7	6	1	0	13
Form IVc	8	6	—	2	12
Forms LVa & LVb	7	4	—	3	8
Forms IVa & IVd	8	3	—	5	6
Form IVb	8	0	1	7	1
Form UVa	7	0	0	7	0

JUNIOR CUP.

The draw for the Junior Cup was eagerly looked forward to by our Juniors and resulted in IIc being pittied against IIb in the opening round. The other three teams, IIIa, IIId, IIa, having byes.

1st Round.

On Wednesday, January 22nd, IIIc met IIb in Sefton Park. Much interest was centered in the match, as both were old rivals.

Both sides lined out their bravest and best to do battle for the honour of their

Form. After a keen and closely contested game, which was refereed by Mr. D. Hayes, the match ended in a scoreless draw. The replay took place on the following Saturday, January 25th, when, after a good game in which both sides strove hard for the mastery, IIIc secured the victory by the narrow margin of 2 goals to 1.

2nd Round.

The re-shuffle resulted in IIIa meeting IIa, while IIIc met IIId.

In the first of these, the youngsters of IIa were allowed a handicap by their sturdier opponents, but after playing a good game and working hard for the victory, the superior strength and skill of the IIIa boys told, and they won by one goal, the score being 6-5.

The second match proved a virtual walk-over for IIIc, who beat IIId by the comfortable margin of 4-1.

JUNIOR CUP FINAL.

The Final was played between IIIc and IIIa in Sefton Park on Saturday, March 22nd. The C's played a good game, and although the A's strove hard, they could make little impression on the C's defence, which was very sound. After a keenly contested game, the final whistle went, leaving IIIc in proud possession of the cup to the tune of 4 goals to 1.

Result—IIIc 4; IIIa 1.

For the winners, Murray at centre half was a tower of strength. Tackling well, he also knew how to keep his forwards going, and many of the scores were due to his initiative. Kirwan, as centre forward, and Mitchard, his right hand man, were also promising players. For IIIa, Henry, the right half, did good work; and Callaghan and Lynch in the forward line were responsible for many dangerous movements.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

The Juniors had a very successful run in their league matches. Form IIIc topped the table, thus winning both Cup and League—something to boast of.

Junior League Table.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	For	Ag.	Pts.
IIIc ... 14 ...	13	0	1	57	10	27	
IIb ... 14 ...	10	2	2	44	14	22	
IIIa ... 14 ...	10	3	1	32	15	21	
IIId ... 14 ...	7	7	0	26	28	14	
IIa ... 14 ...	2	10	2	18	33	6	