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School Notes.

LIKE all schools, St. Edward's College was affected by the war. On September 5th, about 200 of our boys were evacuated, under the Government Voluntary Evacuation Scheme to Llanelly. The difficult and intricate problems of billeting had been previously seen to by the Reception Committee in consultation with Rev. Br. M. D. Gibbons, who had gone down a few days previously. On arrival the evacuees were given an enthusiastic welcome, and were taken by owner-drivers to their respective billets. The spirit of helpfulness shown by all was magnificent, while the patience and tact of the billeting officers, and the kindness of the families on whom our boys were billeted, were beyond all praise.

By their uniformly gentlemanly conduct

the boys show how deeply they appreciate all that is being done for them. What is particularly gratifying is the attention of the boys to their religious duties. It is very edifying to see the large numbers at daily Mass and Holy Communion, as well as at the evening Services.

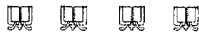


At Sandfield Park our enforced holiday came to an end on November 2nd. For two weeks we were working on the double shift system, but at present with adequate air-raid shelters we have a full day.

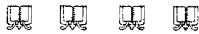


The change over from Association

football to Rugby has been attended with much success. Soccer has made an honourable exit, as may be seen from the fact that we are at present holders of the Secondary Schools Junior Shield.

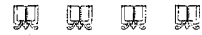


The Christmas Term which usually ends about December 15th extends this year to December 22nd. There will be no Terminal Examinations and no Reports. The Spring Term commences on Monday, January 8th, 1940.



We all regretted the departure of Rev. Br. Roche for Prior Park College, Bath. We appreciate very much all he has done for St. Edward's. The procuring of the beautiful site and the erection of the up-to-date College are due to him. Br. Roche carries with him the good wishes of all at St. Edward's, and Brothers, Masters and boys will remember

him with gratitude and affection.



We regret the departure of Rev. Br. Goulding for Blackpool, and wish him success and happiness in his new sphere of labour. We also regret the departure of Br. Quinn, who has been transferred to Stoke, and Br. Maloney, who has gone to the Christian Brothers' College in Kimberley. We welcome their successors, Brs. Wall, Arthur, and Gibbons.



It was with deep regret we heard of the death of Rev. Br. Brannigan, who was Sixth Form Master at St. Edward's for some years. All his pupils have now passed out from the College, but many Old Boys will hear of his death with regret. He ever strove to forward the spiritual and material interests of the boys committed to his care. May he rest in peace.

Over There.

A FEW IMPRESSIONS.

HERE could be found in the autograph albums of my youth, and for all I know might still be found there, a naively humble little verse. In it the author abjectly confessed his inability to inscribe anything worthy of his friendships, since he

"Did not know how to begin.

There being nothing original in (him)

Excepting original sin."

Well that, correct to iota, is how I feel when trying to retrieve some impressions of my American holiday. Apart altogether from the too bitter truth of the exception pertaining to original sin, I find it impossible

to be not only original, but even to begin. For the fact of the matter is, and it's a fact we are all too prone to forget, that America is not a country at all, but a mighty continent. Now tackling a continent is much too tall an order for me, so I've decided to select only three out of the prodigious basket of my memories, and these will be chosen with an eye to the requirements of a school magazine and the interest of its readers. And what lucky reader visiting New York in 1939 would dream of missing the great World's Fair? Then why shouldn't we have a peep at it, too?

From my bedroom window, in Prospect

Park, Brooklyn, could be seen by day its gigantic pearly white perisphere and the slender sky-pointing trylon, by night the heavens flushed with a million lights and the parabolic rioting of its rockets. Indeed, colour is my most lasting impression of that city of to-morrow. The sun, from a cloudless sky, beats down on its great stretching tree-flanked avenues, and on its castles shimmering in all shades of yellow, rose, blue and emerald. Architects have conjured a metropolis from what was yesterday the dreary waste of Flushing meadows. Tapering pylons skirt the spacious domed buildings and nobly curving arches of Exhibition Halls. Dominating these, and for that matter the daily mind of the city, is the capacious perisphere I mentioned before. Upon it converge all the boulevards. Beneath it all nations, China and Germany alone excepted, are represented, vying in expense and design.

There is the proud figure of young Italia on her pyramid, there the tower of tragic Poland in copper-coloured glass, and the magnificent British building, a cataract roars before the Hall of France; there, too, the priceless carillons of Belgium, and the lovely statuary and pools of the Lagoon of the Nations, at night under the rockets gleaming in witches' oils. You mustn't imagine that such riot has the effect of vulgarity experienced at night in the glare of the average American city; for by a law of the Board of Design no neon-signs, red lighting or illuminated advertisements are permitted fifteen feet above earth. The result is satisfying in the extreme, enhancing noble design and soft skylines, though I can imagine that those super-salesmen, the big business magnates, must have felt furious at such sentimental restriction on their individualism.

For discipline of design is the principle of this Brave New World. Each subject of first class interest has reserved for itself

a special zone wherein is a focal point forecasting what the Future holds in that particular. The Railroads, Automobile Companies, Steamship Lines, are all located in Transportation Zone across the Bridge of Wings. In its "theme center" is unfolded the panorama of progress from the very earliest means down (or up) to the swiftest mode yet conceived—an ingenious rocket-ship for inter-planetary voyages. This thrilling trip is free for all. A similar scheme is carried out in all the other zones—Communications, Science, Education, Medicine, Food Industries, etc. Each in its own way displays the triumph of human intelligence over matter. To do such immensity any justice then or to reap any educational benefits would take at least a week; more than one visitor at least was prepared to give to it. Moreover, many of the great exhibitors have risen above sordid sales and, building halls, the significance of which brings home to the public their immense individual contribution to society, have held out glad promise—the poets' "Hope and forward-looking thoughts." In this alone it surpasses all previous Fairs.

Obviously it is impossible to visit each of these interesting displays, so one hastens to find out the most popular. By all accounts, this is easily the Stand of General Motors, the largest automobile combine in the United States. My information must remain purely second hand, for a queue yards long was wearily awaiting admission when I wanted to enter. I abhor that form of entertainment, so I reluctantly missed the highlight of the show. But the R.C.A. exhibit must be a good second. In it is collected all the intricate mechanism of the world of radio. A detailed description lies outside the purpose of this article; but two or three instruments were of exceptional significance. First was Television. Admitted in small numbers to a darkened chamber, our party was lectured by a rather slick-tongued young lady upon

the points of interest in a television-set. Then taking one of us without the walls, she carried on a short conversation with him. On the set before each person this was recorded perfectly, both visibly and audibly. We were left gasping—as quick as thought! Another intriguing instrument was the Vonaphone (horrible word!). Again, a young lady, seated at what appeared to be a complicated typewriter, could, by depressing certain keys, reproduce the sounds of the human voice. A compère nearby informed us that its range was really limited to a few basic notes, the remainder being only a combination of these—tones. Then a quick fire conversation ensued, the “typist,” to our amazement, bravely holding her own. I still wonder, however, to what practical use this gifted contrivance could be put. Somewhat similar was another machine. On speaking into a phone-piece one could catch in ten seconds the echo of his voice with all its inflections and shades. To hear oursel’s as ithers hear us! Above this was a gigantic map of the U.S. on which were marked all its principal cities. Certain lucky folk, winners of some ballot or other were granted a free chat with their relatives “way back home.” As each lifted the receiver, it was astonishing to see a thin red line dart from city to city, as the exchanges forwarded the call, and halt flickeringly at Fort Wayne, Indiana, or Galveston, Texas; and then the homely burr: “Howdye, Rube? How’s lil’ ole New York?”

But one could wander for weeks from pavilion to pavilion, seeing in each magician’s den, something new and marvellous. Remember, though, that the United States’ concession alone cost the staggering sum of \$40,000,000: that a nickel (3d.) is a coin no one recognises at the Fair: that sight-seeing jaunts cost a dime (7d.), as do hot-dogs, hamburgers, minerals and ices: that statisticians have calculated the cost of seeing all attractions at \$14-10, though most are

free. And don’t forget that above all beats down the scorching sun, that the loudspeakers, which Americans neither heed nor hear, keep up a pitiless barrage, that the whirl and colour and palpitating life eventually drive long after midnight a physical wreck tottering on Fair feet to Pennsylvania Station and “home.”

But still the Ballyhoo rackets on!

Lor! I almost forgot the Amusement Ground—the Fun o’ the Fair. To reach its glittering, tortured ironwork, we pass by Fountain Lake. Who could describe its marvels? Not I, for it defies description. Then try comparison. All right, try to imagine twenty Blackpools rolled into one and then add every conceivable variety of entertainment—the Whip, the Rocket, the Parachute, Bazaars of Wonder, where nightmares come true, Booths where diversion is sold by the dime, with fun, frolic, and merriment in quantities to suit. Where Old Laughter, holding both his splitting sides, grimaces and beckons us to join the jollity, while overhead in ten thousand splinters the fireworks crack and hiss.

Like the other zones, amusement has its focal point—the Aquacade. Picture a massive stadium, with magnificent swimming pool, diving-boards and all, complete. There is seating accommodation for, say, 18,000 people. Of its three daily shows, the last one each night is far and away the finest, for then the American genius for flood lighting is seen at its incomparable best. In his cast the producer has collected all the greatest swimmers in the world. The show opens with a “parade” of massed swimming to music, the rhythm of the strokes faultless. Next an exhibition of straight, high and fancy diving, with brilliant little Pete Desjardins striking the water gracefully and noiselessly as a gannet. Then Eleanor Holm, Olympic 100 and 200 metres, at speed, followed by Johnny Weismuller fast as an out-board, and Gertrude

Ederle, the Channel swimmer. Some uproarious comedy next: Weismuller's efforts to teach an "unknown" diving threatens to end each second in the latter's death. But the finale, as the film adverts. say, was stupendous. All the immense cast like a well-drilled company of the Guards enter the water two by two. The illuminations are switched off, the limelight on, upon the black water. Against it the luminous, coloured heads of the swimmers devise the most delightful patterns to the strains of Calloway's band.

I think that for sheer thrill, however, the parachute-drop beats 'em all. With a companion one is strapped in a chair and hoisted about 200 feet. Unexpectedly it is released and one's heart proceeds to execute somersaults for over 150 feet before the silken canopy checks the fall and glides the occupants safely to earth. Jumping off the Liver Buildings hasn't yet become a pastime for old maids.

But the Hall of Mysteries! Believe it or not!! A lanky gentleman after tying himself into knots, extricates himself unbelievably, which feat accomplished, right before your astonished eyes, he adds inches to his height, lengthens one arm, shortens the other and plays the most amazing tricks with his poor limbs. The next freak would seem to live on an inclusive diet of safety razor blades. Within a few inches of the audience he munches them merrily and his crunching can be heard throughout the hall. A third inserts a red-hot blowlamp in his mouth, extinguishes the flame, drops molten solder on his tongue, and then to demonstrate his imperviousness to heat plays the blast upon his eyes. Next comes a silly chump tattooed from head to foot, not **one** inch of his body unblemished. What price notoriety! From the head of the Human Zylophone when expertly struck a popular tune was easily extracted. In the numerous executions consequent upon the almost

equally numerous revolutions down Mexico way, the firing squad always ensures its rather doubtful marksmanship by administering to its victims the coup de grâce. Yet here was the only man ever to have survived this ordeal, a slow-witted Mexican peon, his face horribly mutilated. A gruesome showpiece. And many other things too numerous to mention, as the schoolboy has it; so let us on, a little westward, for a glimpse of an American College.

Through the kindness of our Principal, Rev. Br. MacNamara, who furnished me with letters of introduction, I found myself speeding one tropic evening along the wooded Hudson River to the upstate town of New Rochelle—a College conducted by the Christian Brothers. My genial host was Rev. Br. Lawless, and I do hope that someday opportunity may be given to me to repay him, however poorly, for his hospitality and rich welcome. Our visit was to Iona, a splendid school.

As all the students and most of the community had long since left on vacation, I had no opportunity of seeing them at work, still I acquired some information of comparative interest.

The school and grounds embrace 18 acres of a famous residential section. Since sport demands a most impressive section of the curriculum of all American schools I was not at all surprised to be conducted first of all to the playing fields behind the campus. There were two football fields, two baseball diamonds, three tennis and five handball courts. Baseball is overwhelmingly the most popular of games. Even the smallest open space in the most populous city area serves a pitch where sun-tanned urchins with jockey-caps and ragged knickerbockers face in grim earnest the perspiring pitcher. Their jargon may be to us unintelligible, but from the universal interest I cannot but conclude the presence of something unusually gripping in a game

that holds a people who fill each minute with sixty seconds. A fine stone-built gymnasium in modern academic style stands near the fields. Though by this time some husky youths were towelling down after training—in vacation, too! In it is housed the basket-ball court, scene of many fierce struggles, for this game bears but little relation to the maidenly ritual we know. There is also a considerable car-park, for like his father, the American boy must have his auto. Individuality of taste is catered for on the adjacent golf-links where tuition from a coach is always available. Small wonder such boys excel in sport, for in every branch, instruction is individual and expert. The football coach, for instance, has an assistant and four managers, with a captain and five cheer-leaders. The latter wear special white regalia, while their megaphones and jerseys sport the coloured monogram of the college. For a boy to win his "letters" seems to be the equivalent with us of gaining an athletic blue. To hear these cheer-leaders cajole the grand-standers through their prearranged mumbo-jumbery is, I am told, a really entertaining experience. For example, all spectators solemnly stand up at the seventh innings and observe a silent "stretch": it is supposed to bring the home-team luck. The roster (list of players) of Iona gives some surprising information. As a game it seems to build bonny babies surely. Many of the players were over 170 lbs. in weight and one buxom cherub, a Mr. Ryan, touched 197 lbs., was 6 feet in height—and only 15 years of age!

There is a general and strangely persistent illusion that schools have something to do with education. Let us indulge it.

The subjects taught there are mostly similar to those in our schools; but I noted with satisfaction an Elocution department "to serve as a preparatory workshop for future actors, debaters and orators; the ultimate purpose is good speech." School-life is

divided into three stages: Primary, Grammar, and High. In High we encounter those mysterious terms, Freshman and Sophomore. Your Freshman, on entry to the Sixth, is apparently green and "fresh" in the American sense, but in his second year or Sophomore (Gr. *sophos*, wise, *moros*, foolish) he is a much more humble creature, painfully aware of the penalties of a little learning and silently determined to tread the steep stoniness that ends only in his fourth year on Graduation Day. Before the arrival of that glad day, however, he finds many "extra-faculty" activities to while away the tedium of work: a Dramatic Society, a Glee Club and two bands, the uniformed members of which are led by a dandy drum-major: These are much in evidence during the football season. Again, splendid opportunity is given for practice in editorial work and business management on the staff of the College paper. Many schools publish one weekly, most a monthly. On the tables of its well-equipped library (9,000 vols.) most of the current magazines are to be found. *Auxilium Latinum* proposes to put the Ancient tongue to modern use in describing everyday events. Old Boys, too, are sure to find gratification in an organisation which sponsors numerous activities throughout the year when, say, after an important match, Past and Present meet at a smoker, or at the annual Communion Breakfast.

And then, day of days—Graduation! Even in elementary schools this ceremony is held. In the Assembly Hall the "graduates" gather, all shining and bright in spotless evening dress, accompanied by a fair partner. After the prize distribution and usual speechifying, a grand feast is spread when, I feel certain, a more than ordinarily "good time is had by all." Shall we compare or contrast this with the annual desertions from an English college? But out upon such flippancy, and once again westward.

The same wide sun is belting down, this time on limitless stretches of heaving prairie. For days the plains have been streaming by the Pullman windows. Cornlands of Illinois, bluffs of Minnesota, bald sun-parched wastes of North Dakota. A surpliced priest, before a Celtic cross, is speaking to a strange audience. Some have come in cars, others on horse—miners, backwoodsmen, cowboys, citizens—over leagues of dusty trail. And what dust!—prairie sandstorm rather. Roads, as we conceive them, are not yet here, only the lonely cattle track ambles from ranch to ranch. The McLeod trail, the Morley and the Blackfoot. To west lie the sloping, wooded foothills, and farther the indigo temples of the Rockies. Between the pauses of his speech, the chirrup of the prairie-cricket accentuates the solitude and heat. He is relating the story of the founding of Christianity in Alberta. On that very spot where sixty years ago stood fifteen hundred tepees,

two heroic priests, Frs. Scullin and Doucette, had, at the risk of their lives, raised the Cross, and offered the Holy Sacrifice in a log-built church. The Celtic cross mark the exact location. "Old-timers" listened, with tense faces, recalling with the speaker's words the dangers of fifty years ago, when roving bands of Redskins scanned those long horizons. Near me stood two gnarled old chiefs, one Blackfoot, the other Cree—Duck Chief and One Gun—and a little grandchild, Yellow Bird Woman, Catholics now, won for God by those heroic Fathers. Oh! dreams of boyhood. All unbelievably here. The mountains and the canyons, cactus on the vast spaces under the wider skies, cowboys and—Indians! And the mighty Blackfoot trail, too, over Kicking Horse it had climbed to wander across a continent and loose itself in the Great Waters of the Iroquois—by the Hudson, near New York! Where then was Babylon?

HUGH FAHERTY.

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

(Continued).

HYDRANGEA.

The Hydrangea is a native of China, but has been cultivated in this country for many years. It grows to a height of from two to four feet. It has large serrated leaves and large globular clusters of white, blue or pink flowers. The purest blue colour, the one most admired, is said to be produced when the soil has an iron mixture. There are several specimens in Runnymede.

LABURNUM.

The Laburnum grows wild in the Alps and in other places on the Continent. It was introduced into England about the middle of the seventeenth century. It usually grows

to a height of from twenty to twenty-five feet. Two of the largest and finest laburnum trees in the North of England grow in the grounds of St. Clare—one beside the entrance gate, the other near the cricket pavilion. The trunk of the latter has a circumference of eight feet, at three feet above the ground. They are both very beautiful in the flowering season, and the former is much admired by passers-by.

The bark of the Laburnum is greyish green and smooth. The leaves consist of three lance-shaped leaflets of a bright green colour. The flowers are drooping clusters of purest yellow pea-like blooms; the colour is one of the purest yellows in all Nature.

Both leaves and flowers appear simultaneously in late May or early June. The masses of blooms sometimes render the leaves almost invisible. The seeds consist of downy green pea-like pods containing from two to seven kidney-shaped poisonous seeds.

The wood is dark and hard, takes a high polish, and is used in cabinet work and turnery. Besides the two trees already alluded to there are many specimens of Laburnum in the belt of trees surrounding the playing fields and in front of the College.

LAUREL.

The Laurel is a well-known evergreen shrub, which came originally from the Mediterranean region. It grows to a height of fifteen to twenty feet, but is usually kept trimmed. The leaves are large, lance-shaped and glossy. The foliage of the laurel was the emblem of victory or distinction in poetry. The word "poet-laureate" is derived from this. A laurel wreath was the victor's crown in the Greek and Roman games. Hence the phrase: "to win one's laurels"—to excel, or to gain praise or fame. There are some hundreds of laurels throughout the College grounds, the largest and best specimens being in Runnymede.

LAURUSTINUS.

The Laurustinus was introduced into this country about the middle of the fifteenth century. It is a winter flowering evergreen shrub, about six to eight feet in height. It bears rosy-white flowers more or less throughout the winter; those in the College grounds (the best specimens are near the St. Clare drive) are usually at their best in the month of February.

LILAC.

The Lilac came originally from Persia, and was first planted in this country towards the end of the sixteenth century. It grows to a height of from twenty to thirty feet, but

does not live long, usually from thirty to forty years.

The leaves are very pretty and beautifully veined. The flowers, which usually appear in May, form a little bunch of bell-shaped strongly scented blooms, and grow at the end of the stem. The colour of the flowers is either lilac or white. Although lilac means a particular colour, one may speak of white lilac as one does of iron milestones, or of a white blackbird (one of which flits round Runnymede grounds!) There are lilac trees in front of the College, in the grounds of St. Clare, and there are a few white lilac trees, one of which is near the junior covered playground.

LIME.

The Lime is a tall stately tree with slender wide-spreading drooping branches. Its ornamental appearance and uniform regular outline are its great recommendation—a lime avenue is a beautiful sight.

The bark is fairly smooth and of an ashen-gray colour. The inner bark is used for making the light mats used by gardeners to protect tender plants during Winter, and also the strips of "bast" with which they tie bunches of flowers, etc. The leaves are roughly heart-shaped, and tapering to a point, with one of the lobes larger than the other. The margins are finely serrated. The flowers are rather small and inconspicuous, of a creamy-white colour and with a fragrance resembling that of the honeysuckle. The wood is sometimes used for carving, especially church furniture, as it does not so easily become worm-eaten as do so many of the harder woods. It is also used for paneling and for the sounding-boards of musical instruments, as it is not inclined to warp.

The Lime and the Beech are somewhat similar, and some do not find it easy to distinguish between them. The foliage of the lime is not so dense as that of the beech, and sunshine easily finds its way to the ground

through it. Sunshine never gets beneath the beech. The bark of the lime is not so smooth as that of the beech, nor are its leaves so dark or glossy. There are some beautiful lime trees near the hard tennis courts, and also in front of St. Clare.

MAPLE.

The Maple is native to Great Britain and Ireland. It grows to a height of from sixty to eighty feet. The bark is cork-like and deeply furrowed. The leaves are from two to four inches in diameter, and are deeply lobed. They are never so large as those of the Sycamore with which it is sometimes confused. The leaves of the maple are also smoother and more glossy than those of the sycamore, and the lobes are produced into a few long points. The seeds are winged keys—the wings diverging almost in a line with each other, and each is about half an inch long. Those of the Sycamore resemble an inverted U.

The wood of the maple is full of sugary sap, but no use is made of it in this country, as the trees do not yield enough to make it worth while. In Canada (of which country the Maple is the national emblem) the sap drawn from the trees is made into sugar. Brown blocks of maple sugar may sometimes be seen in confectioners' windows. There are some good specimens of maple trees in the College grounds, one near the school gates, some near the junior playground, and others here and there in the belt of trees surrounding the playing fields.

MEDLAR.

The Medlar is a native of Asia Minor, and was introduced into these countries about the end of the sixteenth century. It grows wild in South Eastern England and in parts of Cheshire. It is a much-branched thorny tree, from twenty to twenty-five feet in height. It has a picturesque appearance, somewhat resembling that of the hawthorn. The

leaves are large and lance-shaped, with serrated margins and hardly any stalk. The flowers are large single white blossoms, about one and a half inches across, and appear in May or June.

The fruit is a sort of spherical apple about an inch in diameter with a dented top. It is not very palatable, but if kept until it seems almost decayed, it possesses an agreeable acid taste, pleasant to some palates. Shakespeare, in "As you like it," alludes to this: "rotten ere half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar." The medlar is not, of course, really rotten when good to eat, but is so called because its brown pulpy appearance resembles that of a rotten apple. There are a few in the grounds, the best specimen being at the corner of the playing field near Runnymede garden.

OAK.

The Oak—"the monarch of the woods"—is one of the commonest trees in these islands, and is the largest and longest lived of native trees. Some have been known to live from 800 to 1,500 years. It usually reaches a height of from sixty to seventy feet, and it sometimes attains a height of even one hundred feet. The branches are spreading and angled. The bark is rough and dark and is used for tanning and dyeing leather. It is stripped when the tree is about sixteen years old. The leaves are a rough oval and are deeply lobed. The fruit is the well-known "egg and cup" shaped acorn. In former times these were used for feeding swine. In some parts of Italy a black bread is made from acorns, and in France, prior to the French Revolution, many peasants were reduced to a diet of acorn bread.

The Oak is a very slow growing tree and like all such trees its wood is hard and close-grained. Not until it attains an age of one hundred to one hundred and twenty years is its timber of much use. On account of its durability it has from ancient times been

used for ship building. The "Argo" was built of oak, and "England's wooden walls" resisted many a shock. It is also used for furniture; the school desks, as well as the seats and stage in the Assembly Hall of the College, are made of oak. It has one serious drawback; the wood contains a powerful pyroligneous acid which corrodes iron nails, while the timber in immediate contact with these rapidly decays. Hence brass or copper screws or fastenings have to be used.

There are many oak trees in the grounds, especially in the belt of trees on the Runnymede side. A drooping oak grows in front of St. Clare.

HOLM OAK OR EVERGREEN OAK.

This is commonly found in Southern Europe, and was introduced into England in the sixteenth century. It attains a height of fifty to sixty feet, and is usually planted for ornamental purposes. The leaves are evergreen, oval-shaped, and usually with toothed edges. The lower ones sometimes develop

holly-like marginal spines. The bark is thinner and much more even than that of the native oak, and is of a black colour. The acorns are dark brown, are longer and more pointed than those of the common oak, and are almost totally enclosed in the cup. The wood is hard, close-grained and very durable. It is used for almost as many purposes as the common oak. There are three Holm Oak trees in front of Runnymede house.

OLEARIA.

The Olearia is an evergreen shrub from five to seven feet high, and is a native of Australasia. It has small oval-shaped leathery leaves. The flowers appear about June and are white and daisy-like. When in full bloom the shrub appears a mass of white, looking as if it were covered with snow. There are some specimens bordering the drive to St. Clare.

M. C. R.

(To be continued.)

Looking Back: Ten weeks of Evacuation.

THE summer holidays were drawing to a close and the storm clouds were gathering over Europe. As the situation became worse the authorities thought it would be advisable to put into action their pre-arranged plan of evacuating school children from the larger towns. Accordingly, those of us who had consented to be evacuated, following broadcast instructions, reported to the school to find out what arrangements had been made for the removal of our school.

After a week of announcements, conflicting reports, rumours and packing of kit bags, at last the great day arrived. We were to depart for Llanelly at 12-45 p.m. on the fifth day of evacuation. Thus it was that from early in the morning on September 5th a stream of Edwardians having bade their

parents "good-bye" made their way to Sandfield Park, laden with kit bags, rucksacks, knapsacks, suit cases, etc.

The scene in the Assembly Hall was one of great activity. Each boy got two labels with his name and other particulars on it, while excited discussions went on as to what was "in the bag." At last, just after twelve, Bro. MacNamara delivered a short address. A Hymn and the National Anthem were sung, the school song and cry were rendered in the usual hearty way and then the Evacuation of St. Edward's College had begun.

Quickly we made our way in a column to Stanley Station. On the way the police held up the traffic to let us pass, and we arrived at the station in comfortable time to board the train. Very soon, the remaining

farewells were taken and slowly the train moved off taking us to South Wales and safety "for the duration."

The day was gloriously fine and soon we were settled down to reading, card playing, or looking out of the window, while many had discarded their jackets and were comfortably reclining in their shirt sleeves. Of the journey itself there is not much to say except for the fact that we stopped only at Shrewsbury; but at several unofficial halts along the line the people kindly came out to the train and brought us drinking water. As the journey was very tiring, for this kindness, so often repeated, we were really grateful.

Though I'm not spending much time on talking about the journey, we were all very relieved when word was passed through: "only three more stations and we're there." Darkness was falling and we were all very curious as to what kind of place we were coming to live in, and also what kind of reception we would have. At last, after eight hours of weary travelling, the lights of Llanelly Station showed out in the gloom. There was silence throughout the train: we were breaking new ground and helping to make history.

Slowly, it seemed, the long train drew to a halt, and our journey came to an end. Cheers and shouts broke out and staring into the darkness we saw the railway bridge was crowded to capacity and the yards surrounding the station were also full of cheering people. Things were now looking decidedly cheerful, and the cheering was continued as we were marshalled from the train into a long column along the station platform by Boy Scouts, and were welcomed by the Mayor and authorities. This task completed, once more we were brought drinking water. As it was now dark, no time could be lost, and so we were led out of the station and shepherded into buses and cars which were waiting to take us to the billeting centres.

Once more the crowd was quiet while we boarded these buses. As they moved off, however, the frenzied cheering was renewed and in reply from each bus came the school cry, "Ki-orah," which, for the moment, we forgot was unknown to the onlookers. This wonderful welcome helped greatly to show us the kind of place at which we had arrived, and really, from the moment of our arrival at the station, the enthusiasm of the people who had come to welcome us, helped to dispel any doubts we had had about what our reception would be like.

Once we left the vicinity of the station, it did not take long to arrive at the various schools which were being used as billeting centres. On arrival here, we were relieved of our luggage and given a cup of hot tea and some biscuits. We were all very tired and took our time over this much appreciated drink. Then in twos and threes we were taken by the various billet officers to our new homes. We had now finished our journey and were official evacuees.

Needless to remark, after a good night's rest, we were all up very early on the following Wednesday morning to view the town. Everywhere, it seemed, boys in purple caps were grouped together, discussing, without doubt, their impressions of Llanelly. For a few days, but only a few, we had complete freedom, but very soon the inevitable happened—arrangements were completed for us to attend school. So, before we should have returned to school for the Christmas term, we had been transported to Llanelly and were carrying on our studies as usual.

Since that time, work has continued practically uninterrupted. We have taken up Rugby in preference to soccer, a club has been started by kind permission of Fr. Moran, P.P., M.C., who has granted us use of his parish hall for this purpose. By the courtesy of the management of two of the local cinemas, we have been "treated" to free picture shows. Everyone, from the Mayor

down, has put themselves out to make us feel at home. Three afternoons each week now we have the use of a ground on which to play Rugby, and we feel less and less out of place as the days go by.

Before closing for this term, a word must be said for the behaviour of the boys who are with us down here. Their conduct, generally, exemplary has succeeded in creating a good impression in town. We have the high name of St. Edward's to uphold, and also that of the City of Liverpool, and the way we are going about seems to predict that, finally, when we do leave Llanelly, the good people will remember and respect ourselves, our school and our city.

A few boys have returned home for one reason or another. This is, of course, regrettable, but in some cases understandable, as there was need for their doing so. We

will, naturally, be glad to return home, but it seems improbable that we shall be home for Christmas. This is unfortunate but we must grin and bear it and hope that soon the skies will clear and that once more we shall be home again.

Before closing then it only remains for the evacuees, as a body, to send their best wishes to Liverpool, to the Brothers, masters and boys attending Sandfield Park, and to the parents of all the boys from the College, hoping that all will have a really good time at Christmas and that nothing occurs to disturb the peace and pleasure of those at home. If we do not come home, at least we will all be thinking of our homes on Christmas Day, and we will be there in spirit. So once more best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all at home from St. Edward's at Llanelly.

T. BRENNAN.

Llanelly thanked for Reception to Evacuees.

THE following letter of appreciation was sent to Llanelly on behalf of the evacuees from St. Edward's College, and was published in the local Press:—

Dear Sir,—It is now just over a week since our party of evacuees from St. Edward's College, Liverpool, reached Llanelly. The hearty welcome extended to us will not soon be forgotten, and the kindness shown to the boys since their arrival is evidence of the anxiety of the people of Llanelly for the safety and comfort of those like ourselves who, during the dire calamity of war, live in the more vulnerable areas.

Such goodwill on the part of the Mayor and the people of the Borough generally is surely something that Llanelly may well be proud of; for us it has been an honour and

a pleasure that will be treasured for a life time.

On behalf of the staff and boys of St. Edward's College, I beg to thank all concerned—the Mayor and Mayoress (Alderman and Mrs. Roberts), Dame Gwendoline Trubshaw, the Chairman of the Education Committee (Coun. Theo. Jenkins), the Rev. Fr. Moran, M.C., the Director of Education of the Borough and County, the Head Master and Staff of the County Secondary School, the Reception and Billeting Officers and the people of Llanelly generally.

Yours faithfully,

J. O. MACNAMARA, Principal.
St. Edward's College,
Sandfield Park,

Liverpool. September 14th, 1939.

Evacuated.

Two young evacuees are we,
Known as Edward and Francis Ley,
From our home-town, at the war alarm
To a Safety Zone away from harm.

From German raiders' deadly blow,
Our parents thought we ought to go.
So now, we're here in Wales—look you !
“ Indeed to goodness, yes,”—it's true.

We tell our parents have no fears,
This place is fine, we'll stay for years ;
The people, nice, our billets, too,
And the Brothers help to see things through.

We have our lessons twice a day
(And a little (?) homework—after play).
For these we attend the County School,
But it's not the same as Liverpool.

We do not even need vacation,
All's arranged for our recreation :
We have Rugby football, pictures, too,
(But this “tuppenny rush” is a terrible queue).

We have walks in the country,
And breathe the fresh air,
So that when we come home, Ma and Pa will
declare,
“How healthy and robust, they've made them,
out there !”

FRANCIS LEY, Form IV.

The Charm of Ireland.

IRELAND has long been recognised by discriminating people as an ideal holiday land. Her claims in this direction are due to the fact that scarcely any other country of her size holds such a diversity of scenic charms, historical interests and sporting facilities. The charm of Ireland is not so much the character of particular resorts, but the ever-changing composition and variety of the Irish landscape. This charm is increased by an indefinable glamour which arises from the presence of relics of a remote past everywhere. Monuments of pre-Christian age, Round Towers, Abbeys, and Celtic crosses of medieval times as well as thatched cottages of the countryside. Added to all these are the many quaint sights and customs, rural life in Ireland, and the kindness and hospitality of the Irish people.

Although Ireland has been modernised, the freshness of the scenery, the glamour of

the past and the charm of manner of its people remain unchanged. No country has made such rapid advances in providing the amenities which modern holiday-makers demand.

Ireland holds first place for variety in scenic beauty. Iwells Brex, a well-known journalist, once wrote: “I will prophesy that, when in years to come, Switzerland, the Tyrol, the Pyrenees, and Norway have been overdone, the world will turn to Ireland, and make of its original emerald freshness a new and more refreshing playground of Europe.” Beautiful mountains, silver lakes, brown bogs, and an intense unrivalled blue in the deep Atlantic waters off the western coast, grandeur, diversity, and colour—Irish scenery has all these.

There is something about an Irish landscape which makes it different from any other. Perhaps the secret of this charm is

the soft and gracious colouring, which remains all the year round. The phrase, "Emerald Isle," may be well worn, but it describes exactly the appeal which Ireland makes to the eye. So much for Irish scenery.

Now let us turn to Ireland's many ancient monuments. These include vast Dolmens, which may be as old as the pyramids of Egypt, Ogham-lettered pillars, commemorating Celtic warriors, hermit cells, early stone churches, and other memorials of Christian piety, Round towers, which for a long time baffled the ingenuity of scholars, and also stately castles and abbeys.

In the north one is reminded of the ancient glories of Armagh, of St. Patrick, of St. Columcille, of the O'Neill kings and the famous siege of Derry. Munster was Edmund Spenser's land of Galrie, and here also are beautiful scenes in which O'Connell spent his youth. In Dublin, at the National Museum, may be seen a unique collection of relics of the Irish Bronze Age, made when Ireland was the Klondyke of Europe, beautiful crosses, chalices and shrines of the Christian period. The Dublin libraries preserve many most famous illuminated manuscripts, that are the world's wonder. In Trinity College, the superbly beautiful Book of Kells which is the most precious achievement of Gaelic Monasticism, is preserved.

The Irish Academy in Dublin is ever a source of interest. Its library contains many rare manuscripts, amongst which is the famous Stowe Missal, containing the prayers and formulae used in the Irish Church from the fifth to the eighth centuries. The Irish manuscripts include: "The Annals of the Four Masters," "The Book of Ballymote," and the "Leabhar Breac."

But let us leave Dublin and see Cork aptly described by Spenser when he wrote:

"The pleasant Lee, that like an island fayre

Encloseth Corke with his divided flood."

County Cork is the largest county in Ireland, comprising almost one-eighth of the whole country. Near Cork is the famous Blarney Castle, at the top of which is the Blarney stone, conferring eloquence on all who perform the acrobatic feat of kissing it. Cork, now a centre for the tourist, has many attractions to offer. The whole of the Cork coast, from the mouth of the Blackwater at Youghal to Glengarriff in Bantry Bay, is beautiful and rugged, for it is washed by the unremitting waves of the broad Atlantic. Inland, the country is no less beautiful and fascinating, with its scattered mountains extending from the Cahas in the west to the Galtees in the north. It contains very many ancient towers, abbeys and religious shrines.

Galway is the capital city of the Gaeltacht, and still preserves in the language of its people and also in their customs, the characteristics of Gaelic polity, which succumbed elsewhere to the assimilative force of an alien civilisation. Galway looks out on the Atlantic, beating its might against the rugged coast of Connemara.

To conclude I shall say a few words about County Donegal. This county is studded with lofty mountains, nestling glens, and swift and brightly flowing rivers. A deeply indented coastline with bays and creeks borders on the Atlantic and the monotony of this coastline is broken by the firm sands which make Donegal so attractive to the bather. "Erigal," Donegal's loftiest mountain, its summit touching the lighter blue of the skies, seems to preside with dignity over the whole scenic display. The uplands of this beautiful country rival the Highlands of Scotland, in the richness of their shooting facilities, and provide unsurpassed sport for the sportsman.

From all this then can be seen that Ireland is a country of varied appeal, and in sending forth its invitation to her visitors assures them of a hearty—*Céad Mile Fáilte*—a hundred thousand welcomes.

P. CONNOLLY (VIb Mōds.).

Applied Poetry.

ON TRYING TO EXPLAIN A MISSING EXERCISE.

"The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

(*Shakespeare, Merchant of Venice*).

RUGBY.

"We must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures."

(*Shakespeare, Julius Caesar*).

TO THE TWO "GREYBEARDS" OF VIA SC.

"Men may come, and men may go,
But we stay here for ever."

(*With apologies to Tennyson*).

THE HIRE-PURCHASE SYSTEM.

"It may be for years, and it may be for ever."

(*Kathleen Mavourneen*).

OUR ATTEMPTS AT A DEFINITION.

"I wish he would explain his explanation."

(*Byron*).

IN THE DINNER-ROOM.

"We sit to chat, as well as eat."

(*Shakespeare, Taming of the Shrew*).

OURSELVES AT 8-55 A.M.

"The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up."

(*R. Blair, The Grave*).

WHEN WE LEAVE SCHOOL.

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down
with costly bales."

(*Tennyson, Locksley Hall*).

PHYSICS.

"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it."

(*Shakespeare, Macbeth*).

THE "BLACK-OUT."

"It was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand."

(*Shakespeare, Henry IV*).

THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

"A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
Condemned to drudge the meanest of the mean,

And furnish falsehoods for a magazine."

(*Byron*).


ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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

Form Notes.

Form Via Science.

(Sandfield Park).

 IN the second week (or thereabouts) of September, certain gentlemen got up early one day and came to school. They had just ensconced themselves in the Library and were on the point of falling asleep again, when they were routed out. Thereafter they spent a couple of hours moving timber around dark cellars. It had its lighter side—but, 'sh! Then the blow fell! No more school for the present. That was one thing we could thank "him" for!

Then, on November 2nd, we found ourselves once more "creeping like snail, unwillingly to school." To our regret(?), we found, on sorting ourselves out, that our esteemed mentor in Maths. and Physics was no longer with us. His successor, it must be admitted, occasionally asks for guidance from the right-hand side of the room. On the other hand, we are now absorbing Chemistry at an alarming rate, and our only respite is in the Lab. where we dabble in strange smells. Since school-masters seem to be a rationed commodity, we have to put up with the presence of the B's in our class-room. We are, however, often amused at their puerile efforts in the higher branches of learning with which we are, by now, thoroughly conversant.



Form Via Moderns

(Sandfield Park).

We returned from our summer holidays, fresh in mind and spirit, to carry out what is for most of us our last year of graft. We had in our ranks one old timer, and for the first day we contented ourselves with talking over the exploits of our predecessors and

the plight of those Sixth Formers who had the misfortune to be sent into exile for their own safety. We were sorry to find our old Form master had departed to take a whiff of the briny, and we were wondering who would be his successor. We were, however, sent back home the next day to await the recall of the powers that be, and so were baulked of the means of fulfilling our well-meant vows.

On the 2nd November we reassembled or, rather, four of us did. We gave a cordial reception to our new Form Master, Br. Wall, then settled down to hard work. Three days later two more stragglers turned up, and our full complement was thus made up.

A minor sensation was created when we were ordered to turn up to Rugby, one Saturday. There was a great number of furtive questions asked, and finally it was decided that we would send out some hefty scouts to try this new game. The next Monday we heard their reports in a series of groans and moans which spoke of hard battling and unforeseen turns of speed. This new game is one for real, tough men. It will take some time to build up a team, but a little will power and a great deal of sweat will work wonders.

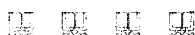
The annual S.V.P. collection was carried on as in former years, and despite the obvious difficulties the response has been good, thanks to the zeal of our worthy collector, J. Kinnane.

On Armistice Day we attended the ceremony of the laying of the wreath for the Old Boys' Memorial, at the Oratory of Saint Philip Neri, and afterwards a Requiem Mass for the repose of the souls of the Old Boys who fell in the Great War.

This seems to be all the news from VIA Moderns for this term, so wishing all our form-mates in Llanelly a happy Christmas

in their temporary abodes and extending this greeting to all our readers, we will conclude until next term.

W. McGRAIL.



Form Via (Llanelly).

Eheu fugaces! In the midst of our Celtic surroundings we once more dig out our quills from our haversacks. Even they seem out of place in this hitherto unknown (to us) habitation.

After rambling through the countryside for a few brief days of liberty, we found ourselves a small but competent class ensconced safely in a diminutive classroom for the "duration." Here we had no difficulty in picking up the threads of intellectual endeavour so neatly laid aside in the last days of July. The curriculum introduced us to new and interesting authors, not Welshmen, I believe, nor Liverpolitans for that matter, Geoffrey Chaucer, with his inimitable Tales in the English sphere, and the Younger Pliny in another. I think we do know something about the Elder Pliny now. We have found that not merely does evacuation increase weight, "I speak not as one less wise," but it is an undoubted stimulus to hard work, and some householders express wonderment at the absorbent capacity of our brains, and like Goldsmith, are surprised that "one small head could carry all he knew."

The last period on Monday and Friday is profitably utilised in acquiring the art(?) of Rugby football, whose secrets are no longer hidden from us. Even the scrum holds no terrors for us, and we have discovered already, that as two heads are better than one, many hands make light work. We enjoyed and were exceedingly grateful for the opportunity afforded us by the Chairman of the Llanelly Rugby Football Club, of seeing a thrilling

game between the local team, the "Scarlets" and Aberavon R.F.C. To the Parish Priest we are greatly indebted for allowing us the unrestricted use of the parish hall for recreation on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings.

One of our form, Simpson, is Secretary to this Club, and President of the S.V.P. Conference and the French Debating Society. Our Prefect's Meeting is held every week with some success since the number of culprits is gradually decreasing. Simpson, the President, keeps order and passes sentence on the "prisoners in the dock."

Our "salle d'étude," which is not very spacious, is used of an evening for preparing chemicals, and, as you can guess, often reveals its scientific nature. When we left our room the other day a peculiar odour assailed our nostrils. On seeking the source of this our eyes lighted on the words CHEMISTRY LABORATORY. So with the odour of Hydrogen Sulphide, prepared by illustrious Scientists, driving us out into the open, the Four Just Men are forced to bid you adieu until Spring is come again.

E. EDWARDS.



Form Vīb Science (Llanelly).

Hello, readers, here is an authentic account of the doings of the "12 Apostles" of Form Vīb. Science down here in Llanelly, "somewhere in Wales." Since we have been evacuated we have grown into fully fledged Prefects, with gold braid and notebook, so you will see that the "Country" air is performing wonders with us, though our Masters do not quite agree with this statement. I have been asked to announce that a revised edition of Newton's Calculus can now be obtained upon enquiry from any member of our form. This marvellous piece of

subtle logic has been done entirely by the members of our esteemed class with "DEFINITIONS" as the only "gradient," pardon me, ingredient.

Our form certainly believe in keeping on the move, for after a morning passed peacefully in the new and modern Mining Institute we return in the afternoon to the County School, where the very front desk of our classroom boldly displays the motto "ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE," not very inspiring for a classroom desk perhaps, but rather more suitable for Germany in these days of toil and strife.

We have had a sample of Llanelly water during these past few days, with the result that one afternoon our forces were sadly depleted and our fears were very great lest they had been sunk by a U-boat; fortunately, the next morning, such fears were dispelled by the bright and cheery appearance of the missing links, who seemed no less the worse for their holiday.

We enjoyed a very welcome visit during the term of Mr. Curtin and Brother Howlen. The latter was much impressed by the view obtained from the windows of the Institute, and on examining the source of his interest we found our gaze beheld the town cemetery. Now behind this cemetery is a high hill which is very clear on a bright day, but whose absence one wet and misty morning caused Mr. Mullen some slight alarm, but he was instantaneously reassured by McClean's remark, "It has been evacuated." However returning to my earlier statement, these very welcome visitors brought us memories of Sandfield Park, and as Big Hearted Arthur would say: "Ah, Happy Days!"

That is all that there is to report from our esteemed Form down here in Llanelly; we will endeavour to uphold the traditions of the Sixth Form of the College in our new abode. So with these words we will say: A Happy Christmas and a Peaceful New Year to all the Brothers, Masters, Friends

at home and down here from twelve cheerful members of VIB Science.

J. FENNELL.



Form VIB Moderns (Sandfield Park).

We must thank first the Brothers who did so much to re-open the school, under such difficult circumstances.

After an enforced holiday of fourteen weeks we began life in the VI. Most of us were glad to be back, and so set ourselves to work diligently to make up for lost time. Since we have come into this form, we have heard rumours of French debates and lectures, but so far they have remained rumours.

We have decided that it is better to keep awake during French lessons, since we have been promised assassination, if we don't. Mr. Maher has already begun to train for the future . . . he had us marching around the yard (in real style?). But we will refrain from publishing the fatal ending to this gym-lesson . . . (of course, the scientists were to blame). The scientists are also bemoaning the fact that we do not break up till the twenty-second—but—well it is just their nature. We, of course, agree that we should break up earlier.

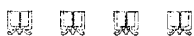
We are supposed (!) to be doing Principal English so we ask Mr. Faherty to criticize the style (!!) of the following description of a scientist:—

He was a youth of studious mind,
And science was his master kind,
And held him with attraction Chemic.
No germs of love attacked his heart
Secured as by Pasteurian art,
Against that fatal epidemic.
For when his daily task was o'er,
He dreamed of $H_2 SO_4$;
And, stealing through his fancy placid,

Came Iodine with Violet fumes
And Sulphur with its yellow blooms,
And whiffs of Hydrochloric acid.

We take this opportunity of thanking the collector for the S.V.P., P. Sands. So, we conclude, wishing all, Brothers, Masters, and our fellow-pupils here and in Llanelly, a very happy Christmas.

P. CONNOLLY.



Form Lower Va (Llanelly).

We of the Lower Va on reviewing the last Term see it as a red-letter Term. For most of us it is the first time we have been absent from home for months at a time, certainly the first time we have attended school outside Liverpool. But here we are in a foreign country, in a town whose existence was unknown to many of us.

I am sure we are better off here than in Liverpool. Since we have been here our class has slightly diminished as a few fellow-pupils have deemed it expedient to depart to the town of their birth and so "they are gone, those old familiar faces."

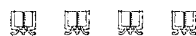
Since our arrival in Llanelly, we have played little football as we decided to learn the native rough and tumble game graced by the name Rugby. It seems to us to consist of scrum, scrum, and nothing but scrum. You seem always to do the opposite to what is done in soccer. For my part I am sure it was invented by somebody who was always fouling at soccer.

It seems that some of us are destined to become actors as there is to be a play produced called the "Merchant of Venice." Nearly every night, if you come close enough, you can hear the august tones of amateurs proceeding from some sacred spot.

Here are some of the leading personalities in our Form. D. Healey is our prefect, a

job of National importance. J.R. seems to think he's in the Zoo—he believes his face is his fortune. James Blakely seems to have strange diseases each Friday, something like "Weekenditis" of Liverpool. Kenneth Roberts has a strange ho(a)rse laugh, and Mr. Rowe seems to like B. Haslam very much. Michael Black has been a good boy since his friend M—— went back. (The age of miracles is not yet passed). We have beaten the B's at Rugby and are getting on quite well. The new surroundings have made little difference to the boys, but each says he can feel it. Ambrose Ryan is a newcomer, and thinks we have amplifiers in each room. D. Rooney has attacks of "Weekenditis," and "Weekdayitis."

Well, all good things must come to an end, even this account of the doings of the evacuees of the Lower Fifth in Llanelly, so good-bye all till next term.



Form Lower Vb (Llanelly).

This year's Form notes are of more than ordinary value—they are historical and we hope will be read with interest by future generations.

We are carrying on school here just as usual—lessons just the same—homework as strong as ever; it does not seem to have been affected by either news or blackout. The only difference noticeable is in the classrooms. We begin in a chemistry lab., enjoy our bottle of milk at 11 o'clock, and then back again to our lab. We are now quite used to all types of odours and gases, and do not propose using gas-masks in an air-raid. In the afternoon we get a classroom in the County School across the way and pleasantly pass the time learning this, that and the other.

There are twenty-six boys in this

class, and we will now give you a few of the outstanding characters. Sloan is the prefect and general leader of the Form, and has two able secretaries in Callo and G. Kelly. Nolan Jones is taking the part of Lucius when we act Julius Caesar, he is also a star hooker and a dashing wing three-quarter. Towser is growing, and Duffy has now solved many mysteries. T. Burke is highlight of the choir, but is a spotlight when serving Mass. Rossiter is becoming vain; often when the master's back is turned, out comes his comb—and you know the rest. We have a number of boys in the choir and a few are actors.

Of course, the big topic of conversation here is Rugby. We have played several games, and even the most hardened soccerites say that Rugby is the better game. We hope to have several good teams when we go back to Liverpool. But, when will we go back? We like Llanelly, we like the people, we like school and homework, but we prefer Liverpool. We wish all our friends in Liverpool and Llanelly a very Happy Christmas and hope that the war will soon be over.



Form IV (Llanelly).

There are at present fifty-three boys in our two forms combined. Our classrooms are not exactly as palatial as those in Sandfield Park, but we are thankful for the ones which we have acquired—there is a heating system, but the electric lights have yet to come.

Incidentally, we are sure that our comrades on the home front will be envious of us when they hear that on one afternoon of each week we attend the "School of Arts and Crafts" where we are continuing our education in drawing, manual and all the other fine arts.

We would like to issue a challenge to you members of the Fourth somewhere in Liverpool to play us here in Llanelly on New Year's Day, 1940, at that manly game of Rugby (all first-aid sets supplied here). We are being coached by an old "Navy" player, so perhaps we may be taking an unfair advantage of you.

The one great drawback down here is the fact that we have school just as usual—imagine that! and this is supposed to be war-time!

About eight members of our Form are to be confirmed by His Lordship the Bishop of Menevia—then we shall be all true "soldiers."

All of us have enrolled at the local library, and of course the local cinemas are always well patronized by our keen "film-fans."

Thanks to our kind guardians we are all getting nice and plump—much too plump in some cases. The people are all very kind to us, and when we do eventually return to the "city" we shall take with us happy recollections of the good people of this part of Wales.

All the "evacuees" of the Fourth now wish a very happy Christmas to all the Brothers, Masters and boys of the College, who have not had the good fortune to be evacuated, and the same to those who had that good fortune.

Forms I and Prep. (Sandfield Park).

Thanks to our friend Adolf, across the ocean blue, our Summer holidays, like Summer-time, prolonged themselves beyond the allotted span into the season of falling leaves and autumnal tints.

When we did get back to the College at Sandfield Park, and all that this address

stands for—like Mrs. Herman's Swallows, "we found a change, and many a change; faces new and all things strange." The master who held forth, during the last term had left for a warmer climate—Now please don't!—we mean to a College in South Africa. And like the few odd stalks that escape the reapers's ickles in harvest time, there did remain two or three, hopefuls to repeat *ad nauseam* the very interesting and essential information that ten elevens make 110, and that 110 pence is only another name for nine shillings and two pence. Well, to these young gentlemen we respectfully take off our hats, for their perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge, and we kindly bid them better luck next term!

No, we have no intention of talking of war, rumours of war, or of our first experience, when sheltering from an alleged air raid in

November, only to say that we thoroughly enjoyed the half hour we spent in the new "dugout," or "new found-out," beneath the Brothers' residence. Probably more fluent pens than ours will essay to paint that episode.

Cricket! Rugby! no, not yet please, these frivolities—if you will—will come in due course. But ours at the moment is a work no less difficult, and no less important in aught than that assigned to the higher Forms. We lay the foundation of the edifice, our big colleagues place the last stones and add the ornaments. Like the great Cathedral Crypt of Christ the King, our work is hidden, their work comes under the flood-light of public admiration. Are we downhearted? No! to-day for them, to-morrow for us.

BRIAN McFEELY.

JOHN ORD.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 3/- Post Free.

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Examination Results, 1939.

Liverpool University Scholarships.

Senior City: J. P. D. Bates.

Rathbone: Francis Egan.

Special: Francis Egan.

Higher School Certificate.

Distinction: History—J. P. D. Bates.

Mathematics—E. M. Brash.

Bates, J. P. D.	Coleman, M. J.	Kinnane, J. F. R.	Quinn, J.
Brash, E. M.	Connolly, P.	Merivale, H.	Rochford, F. N. J.
Burke, W.	Egan, F.	Molyneux, P. R.	Ryan, T. J.
Byrne, W. P.	Grant, T.	Pope, R. J.	Simpson, W. S.
		Smith, L.	

School Certificate.

Auton, J. E.	Cunningham, B.	Irving, F. G.	Potts, J. D.
Begley, C. D.	Dey, A.	Irving, W.	Redmond, V. F.
Brennan, H. C.	Dillon, M.	Jones, L. F.	Rigby, J. R.
Brennan, R. J.	Donegan, D.	Joyce, R.	Sands, P. J.
Brennan, T.	Fennell, J. C.	Kinnon, R. F.	Skelly, E. J.
Bretherton, F. J.	Gaffney, G.	Leece, J.	Smerdon, D. A.
Bretherton, J.	Gibson, A. J.	Ludden, B.	Walsh, T. G.
Buckley, H. J.	Harte, W.	Lynch, J.	Wafer, E.
Burns, F.	Hayes, F. J.	McClellan, E. G.	Whelan, E.
Bustin, J. R.	Hendry, F. B.	McDonnell, G. F.	Whittaker, A.
Camous, F.	Hosey, W. E.	Murphy, S. C.	Winstanley, F.
Connolly, J. G.	Houldin, S. W.	Naylor, E. J.	
Connolly, P. J. M.	Hull, V.	O'Neill, T.	

Form Examinations.

L.Va Sc.—1, H. Dunn; 2, S. Moore; 3, W. Hughes.	III Alpha—1, T. Faneran; 2, A. Beard; 3, E. Burns.
L.Va M.—1, G. R. Tinsley; 3, J. A. Donegan; 3, C. J. McKeon.	III Beta—1, P. Broadbridge; 2, D. Peel; 3, T. Murphy.
L.Vb M.—1, J. McGrory; 2, D. Dempsey; 3, J. White.	IIIa—1, M. Tiernan; 2, J. McGinn; 3, J. O'Brien.
IVa Sc.—1, J. Brown; 2, T. Ambrose; 3, J. McSherry.	IIIb—1, R. Bruce; 2, J. Massey; 3, A. Croft.
IVb Sc.—1, G. Donnellan; 2, W. Parry; 3, F. Gill.	II—1, K. Kennedy; 2, J. McCall; 3, R. Graham.
IVa M.—1, B. Gloyne; 2, J. Ireland; 3, P. Ryan.	I—1, B. O'Dowd; 2, D. Hughes; 3, V. Gaskin.
IVb M.—1, P. Lynch; 2, A. Yates; 3, M. Ingham.	Prep.—1, E. Constantinedes; 2, B. Ramsbottom; 3, J. Connelly.

S.V.P. Society.

(LLANELLY).

THIS year the Society of the S.V.P. is in surroundings completely foreign to it. Whereas in Liverpool the S.V.P. was a recognised part of the community, in Llanelly there is no branch of the Society whatsoever. Consequently our present Aspirant Conference is more or less isolated. As far as we know, other conferences are non-existent in the vicinity, and so quarterly and general meetings of the S.V.P. cannot take place. Such meetings in Liverpool greatly helped to keep the spirit of the Society alive and enabled us to increase our knowledge of its motives and workings. The Headmaster decided that it would be of great spiritual good to continue the St. Edward's Aspirant Conference even though we were separated from the "Alma Mater."

Acting on his suggestion last year's members of the S.V.P. elected officers and received 15 new members from the Upper V's and Vib's. Thus the present number of the Society totals 24. The officers are:—President, Bro. W. Simpson; Secretary, Bro. E. Edwards; Treasurer, Bro. T. Walsh. Owing to its late formation only one meeting has so far been possible, at which the new members were told of the general aims of the Society. The meetings are to be held every Wednesday from 12—12-30 p.m. We hope to keep alive that glorious spirit which inspired Frederic Ozanam to found the Society, namely, to assist the poor both in their spiritual and temporal needs, whilst working for their own salvation.

W. SIMPSON, *President*.

(SANDFIELD PARK).

We open these notes by expressing our thanks to the Principal for his unflinching interest in the Society. It was due to his efforts that we were able to commence our activities anew, with a membership of over thirty.

Our first meeting was of older Brothers; our aim being the selection of new officers. At the next meeting we welcomed the new members from the Upper Fifth. Due to the return to normal, we can now hold our meetings regularly, as in former years.

Once more we appeal for Catholic

Literature, for distribution by the Brothers. Such Literature may be handed in to any member of the Society. When these notes are published the Christmas Collection will have ended. Though we do not expect it to be as large as it has been in the past, we are sure we can rely on your generosity once more.

In conclusion, we send our best wishes to the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, now in Llanelly, and hope that every success may attend their charitable work.

T. O'KEEFE (*President*).

Scientific Society.

DURING the past two years the Scientific Society seems to have been subject to the caprices of an unkind fate. First the lantern, our faithful

ally for many years, went on strike. By the time the defect was remedied, the members had lost interest, and few more papers were forthcoming. Then, last year, we found

that the Physics Lab. presented problems in "blacking-out." These difficulties were overcome in a rather Heath-Robinson sort of fashion—and then we found we were short of carbon rods. We eventually got these, but the promised papers failed to materialise.

This year, it seems that the Society must definitely suspend activities. At present, there is a pronounced shortage of what might be termed "skilled labour." We have only five (let it be whispered!) members

from whom papers might reasonably be expected. Perhaps by the time the next issue of the Magazine appears we will have something to report. Let us hope so. Even if we are unable to do this, we must not let the Society lapse completely, even though it remains in abeyance for some time. Our difficulties are many, but should not prove insurmountable. And even the ubiquitous French Debating Society seems to have succumbed. . . .

French Literary and Debating Society.

(LLANELLY).

A GREAT effort is being made to continue all the Societies which formed part of St. Edward's everyday life. Consequently, Mr. Mullen determined to continue the French Literary and Debating Society, as nearly as possible in its original state, realising the benefit which a debate or a paper read in French can give to those who are taking that subject. On the day of formation a subject for debate was chosen and six boys, Begley, Brennan, Delamere—pro., Donegan, Edwards, Fennell—con., were nominated to take part in it. The subject for discussion was, "Que la Confederation des Nations a echone." This topic would undoubtedly afford ample opportunity for debating, but, up to now, we have been unable to see and hear the budding French genii of the VIB's. It might seem that this was a fault of the "6" for not preparing their debates. Not at all! To use Hitler's hackneyed phrase, we only wanted living room. Such living room, however, in the form of a room in which we could hold the debate, has been difficult to find. Now,

since two schools, Llanelly Intermediate and St. Edward's are crowded into one building, no spare room whatsoever is available, and, owing to the change in the time table by which afternoon school does not commence until 2-0 p.m., the debates cannot be held at the former time, 1-30—2-0 p.m. This debate, however, will take place even though we have to go up to Liverpool to hold it. After the Christmas break we hope that the Society will settle down to something like its usual activity, since by next term the school will be running as smoothly as it did in Sandfield Park. Possibly the French Society, which has probably been formed at home, is at present ahead of us in the work they have accomplished. Yet, he who laughs last laughs longest, and we Llanellian Liverpolitans have the benefit of an invigorating climate. Consequently next term will witness a steady forging ahead in all aspects of the Society. With this spirit of friendly rivalry we bid you—Au Revoir.

W. SIMPSON (*Secretary*).

(Sandfield Park).

We are sorry to announce that through circumstances appertaining to the war this term's programme of lectures and debates

has had to be cancelled. The brevity of the term, and a considerable section of the Society in exile were the main reasons why

we could not operate. However, next term will see us on the air again, so till then, we

will wish you a Merry Christmas.
W. McGRAIL (*Hon. Secretary*).

Literary and Historical Society.

This society has been forced into temporary retirement through adverse circumstances, the same that curtailed the activities of our brother societies. However, our

eloquence is only restrained, and next term you will have the pleasure of hearing about "our first, fine, careless raptures."

Music Notes.

WE much regret that the Music Notes for the summer term's issue of the Magazine were sent in too late for publication.

However, we insert them in this issue exactly as they should have appeared last July, in order that those who wish to keep an accurate account of our Musical Activities may do so.

Music Notes for July, 1939.

We regret that after this term T. Harding, F. Navein and J. Reddy will cease to be members of the orchestra. They are, all three, leaving school. We wish them every success in the future.

At the official opening of the School on June 15th, the following liturgical music was sung—*Veni Creator Spiritus* and *Te Deum Laudamus*.

The following secular items were given by the Choir and Orchestra.

"The Gayton Suite" *Thiman*
THE ORCHESTRA.

"The Hallelujah Chorus" *Handel*
THE CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA.

"Processional March" from *Aida* *Verdi*
THE ORCHESTRA.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the

School Song and the National Anthem were sung.

Where everybody tried so hard and did so well, we should, generally, refrain from mentioning one particular performer, but we feel sure that on this occasion everybody will join with us in congratulating Mr. O'Brien on his masterly organ accompaniments. His playing added greatly to the success of the musical part of the programme.

We append the names of the members of the orchestra.

1st Violins:

J. Kinnane (leader)
T. Harding
F. Navein
J. O'Hare
J. Reddy

2nd Violins:

J. Murphy (leader)
V. Burrows
F. Kelly
J. Murdoch
L. Newbury
M. O'Hare
G. Williams
Mr. G. Pratt

Flute:

Mr. P. Clarke

Cornet:

Mr. D. Dolan

Violas:

Mr. F. Clarkson
Mr. G. McKey

Bass Trombone:

Mr. M. Tiernan

Cello:

Mr. B. McKey

Piano:

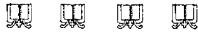
R. Lane

Organ:

Mr. P. O'Brien

Conductor: Mr. F. R. Boraston

The Old Boys' Orchestra meets at "Bishop's Court" each Tuesday at 8-30. We are very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Maher for their allowing us to use their piano.



Music Notes for December, 1939.

This term we have very little to report.

Many of the members of both the Choir and Orchestra are away.

We, however, commenced Orchestral Rehearsals on Saturday November 25th. We shall thus be able to keep our Musical interests alive, and although we shall have no Concert at the end of this term, we look forward to the time when once again we shall be a united family living our normal happy lives, with our usual games and concerts.

Old Boys' Letters.

UPHOLLAND LETTER.

UPHOLLAND,
26th November, 1939.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Great and terrible happenings have showered upon us thick and fast since those eventful days of August and September, and we have all become so accustomed to unusual things that I feel rather bewildered as I sit down to write to you of Upholland. My predecessors, not being preoccupied with the thoughts of war, writing to you in the days when you were not preoccupied by the same stern reality, were able to pen a cheerful letter about this, that, and the other. But can I in the year of grace 1939 take the war for granted and forge ahead? I hope I may be allowed to do so because I can add nothing new.

When we came back from the excitement and tension of the first fortnight of war to our country fastness, we came into what appeared a new land. We had left behind the familiar khaki, the balloon barrage, the official communiques, and the unofficial ones, too. We came back to Upholland in its autumn glory, to the same quiet and peaceful walls, and the contrast was as stunning as if we had come into a new land.

You will notice that I did not say that we returned to an entirely unchanged Upholland, and with good reason. I forget exactly how many windows we have, I know that they are numbered in thousands rather than hundreds, and taking this fact in conjunction with the blackout regulations, the matter takes on a sinister significance. So Upholland has changed, in that it is well and truly blacked-out; it is a model for all to wonder at. We have sliding "blackouts," rolling "blackouts" and we have shutters, all the essence of simplicity and efficiency. I think that the inventive genius should apply for letters-patent. Now we can sit back in comfort with lights blazing and never a glimmer escaping outside to rouse the wardens from their sandbagged lair.

In a day or so after coming back we became quite used to these changes and we went into retreat. At the end of the retreat two old Edwardians received the Diaconate, they are the Rev. Edward Taylor and Joseph Howard.

There is still a strong contingent of old Edwardians here and each year finds some of them going out to work as priests on the mission, and each year new representatives of St. Edward's come to keep up the numbers.

Owing to the war we have made many new friends, I refer to the coming of the Beda College to Upholland. No doubt they find our rural surroundings a great change from the Eternal City, but they have settled down in their new home and I think they will like Upholland.

We were glad to hear that you are going to produce a magazine despite the difficulties of the present times, and we hope to see news of old friends when our copy arrives. I suppose many of the Old Boys are now in the various Services and this has given us cause to wonder how the Association will be affected. Difficulties certainly loom large, but we trust that the Society will weather the storm. And now Mr. Editor, wishing you and all Edwardians at home and abroad a happy and holy Christmas, we will say goodbye.

Yours sincerely,

UPHOLLAND.



'VARSITY LETTER.

Autumn Term, 1939.

Dear Mr. Editor,

How time flies! Once more we find ourselves at the end of another term—and what a term! We were all enjoying our summer holidays, with no more than usual interest in the international situation, when the war suddenly broke in upon us, like a tidal wave; and all wondered whether or not we should ever see another term of University life. We had no precedent for such an event in our still young lives, and were much surprised to find the great halls of learning on the summit of Brownlow Hill, opening as usual, in a valiant endeavour to continue the work of building the arts of peace and civilisation, in contrast to the struggle now going on around us.

The old familiar buildings are now filled with sandbags; the basements converted

into air-raid shelters; part of the Arts Faculty has been evacuated to Harlech and several of our comrades have been called up, either in the militia or under the obligations incurred by joining O.T.C. Units, etc.

Many of us know that our turn will soon come, as the age groups are required and study in such an atmosphere, when the end of material things is so fluid and intangible, is somewhat strange and disconcerting and not conducive to the best work. But we are endeavouring to do our best in difficult circumstances, "For when the blast of war blows in our ears," we must "Stiffen up the sinews, and summon up the blood," and keep in mind those words we first learnt in our happy schooldays; words associated with such fragrant memories—*Viriliter Age*.

Usually the professorial cry is "more work," and it seems paradoxical to be expelled from lectures and studies at 4-30 p.m. on account of the black-out, when most of us wish to continue working until a later hour!

Under the difficult circumstances prevailing this term we have been unable, so far, to make contact with many Edwardians; especially does this apply to Freshers. So our personal news is extremely scanty. Curran, Frank Meehan and Bill Johnson still represent Alma Mater in the Faculty of Engineering, and mention of that faculty reminds us about Mick Murphy, to whom we must offer our sympathy: he was prevented by illness from taking his Hons. B.Eng. at summer, and thus had to be content with the acceptance of an ordinary degree. Tom Kenny has secured a post with I.C.I., and will be leaving us at Christmas. We must congratulate Gerry Growney upon his fine work in earning this year's Leverhulme Prize for the best honours graduate in the School of Chemistry. This is the second year in succession that the prize has gone to a St. Edward's man.

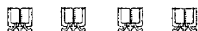
The departure of Bro. Roche to Prior

Park causes us no little sorrow, after his magnificent work for St. Edward's. Our best wishes go with him to his new appointment, and to Bro. MacNamara, who now carries the heavy burden of responsibility of the new school in such difficult days.

Well, Mr. Editor, our verbosity and wit (?) (if any) appear to have completely evaporated, and so we will bring our monologue to a finish by wishing you all a Happy Christmas and Peace in the New Year.

Yours as ever,

'VARSITY.



LONDON LETTER.

Dear Mr. Editor,

As no doubt you know the address given at the top of this letter is not correct, but I could hardly write a London letter from-----.

First of all I must express my admiration (and jealousy) of your new quarters at Sandfield Park. My ultimate feeling after a tour of inspection was that I should very much like to be back at school again. One can well imagine the progress that St. Edward's can make with such facilities that Hope Street or St. Domingo Road never knew. We did make progress there, how-

ever, so that we, the Old Boys of to-day, look to the Old Boys of to-morrow to provide the backbone of the nation in every walk of life.

Well, Mr. Editor, once again I can give you but very little news of London. Meetings of Old Boys, scarce enough in normal times, are now very few indeed. Quite a number are scattered here and there, but in one or two cases you will find a group of wifeless O.B.'s gathered together to make things a bit easier for themselves.

As your report for news of us came when I was just setting out for a belated summer holiday, I've had no opportunity for collecting any, and that's my apology this time. However, I hope to see much more of several of the colony in the course of the next month or so, so make the usual promise of having fresh information in my next letter.

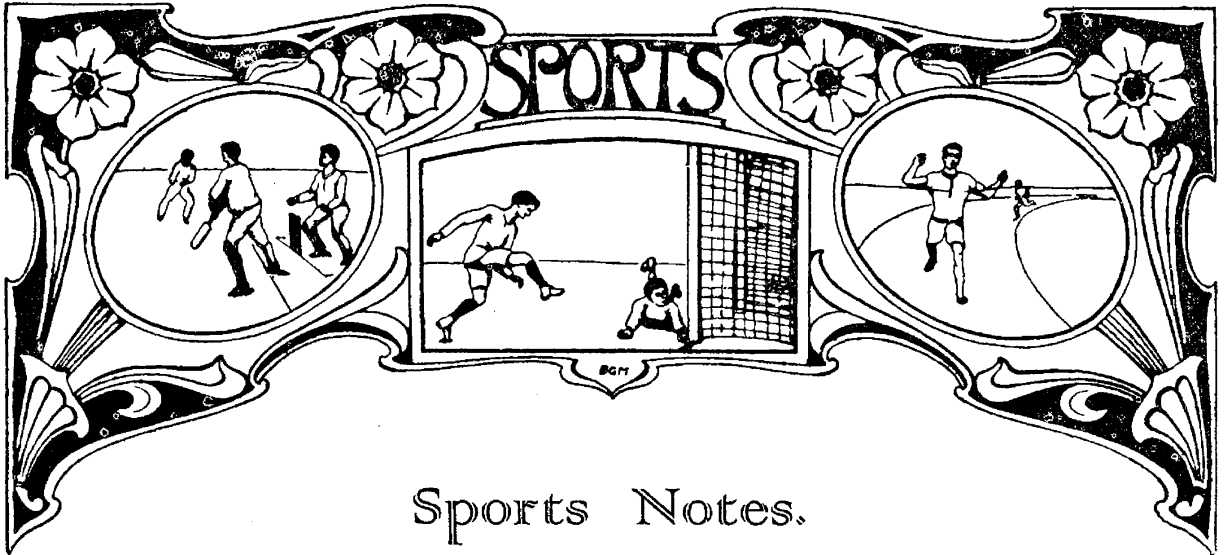
Let it be sufficient for the moment that we are fortunately all carrying on as usual, all hoping that present hard and difficult times will soon be over.

Christmas will soon be with us, and even in these days we can still wish you and all readers of the Magazine a Holy and a Happy Christmas.

FROM AN OLD BOY IN LONDON.

SIMMARIES LETTER

We regret that the Simmaries Letter arrived too late for publication.



Sports Notes.

FIRST XI CRICKET.

St. Edward's v. Holt High School. S.E.C.

Smerdon, c. Poole, b. Crosby	23
Naylor, run out	5
Jack, b. Jones	0
Moore, b. Roddy... ..	21
Minister, c. Hyslop, b. Crosby... ..	15
Ludden, b. Smith	8
O'Carroll, c. Jones, b. Crosby	2
Redmond, c. Crosby, b. Smith	4
Molyneux, l.b.w., b. Smith	0
Walsh, l.b.w., b. Crosby	1
Keith, not out	0
Total	79

June 28th, at Sandfield Park. Holt High School.

4 runs for 1 wicket—game abandoned.

St. Edward's v. Old Boys. S.E.C.

Smerdon, c. Thomas, b. Handley	2
Naylor, b. Hickman	0
Moore, b. Hickman	0
P. O'Carroll, c. Jack, b. Hickman	4
B. O'Carroll, b. Hickman	4
Ludden, c. Thomas, b. Handley	2
Redmond, b. W. Smerdon	1
Ferguson, c. Byrne, b. Doyle	1
Pope, b. W. Smerdon	14
Molyneux, b. Doyle	0
Keith, not out	0
Total Extras	2
Total	30

June 29th, at Sandfield Park. Old Boys.

G. R. Byrne, b. Naylor	45
T. Crosbie, l.b.w., b. Keith	3
V. Jack, b. Ludden	8
M. O'Reilly, run out	0
B. Ion, run out	1
A. Thomas, b. Naylor	32
K. Hickman, c. Smerdon, b. Naylor	6
J. Doyle, b. Moore	5
W. Smerdon, stumped Moore	2
W. Handley, not out	2
G. Alston, c. Ludden, b. Moore	4
Total Extras	13
Total	121

College First XI v. College Staff.

July 12th, at Sandfield Park.

College First XI.					College Staff.				
D. Smerdon, c. Mr. Curtin, b. K. Hickman ...				2	J. Ludden, c. D. Smerdon, b. B. Ludden ...				16
E. Naylor, b. J. Ludden... ..				2	W. Smerdon, b. Moore				6
K. Wood, b. Br. Finnegan				24	Mr. P. O'Brien, b. B. Ludden				2
S. Moore, c. J. Ludden, b. W. Smerdon ...				5	Br. Delan, b. Naylor				1
B. Ludden, b. W. Smerdon				0	Mr. Curtin, b. Cunningham				11
R. Pope, c. G. Alston, b. W. Smerdon ...				2	Br. Finnegan, run out				9
P. O'Carroll, c. Mr. J. S. Meldon, b. W. Smerdon				0	Mr. Alston, c. Wood, b. Cunningham...				0
V. Redmond, b. W. Smerdon				0	Mr. Meldon, c. O'Neill, b. Cunningham ...				14
S. O'Neill, stumped W. Smerdon				1	K. Hickman, b. Moore				0
T. Walsh, b. K. Hickman				9	Mr. Loughlin, c. and b. Naylor				0
B. Cunningham, not out				0	A. N. Other, not out				1
Total Extras				8	Total Extras				2
Total				53	Total				62

College 1st XI Bowling—					College Staff Bowling—				
	O.	M.	R.	W.		O.	M.	R.	W.
J. Ludden...	9	3	24	1	Cunningham	7.1	1	12	3
K. Hickman	5.1	2	9	2	Moore	6	0	29	1
W. Smerdon	7	4	6	6	Naylor	6	2	8	2
G. Alston	3	1	6	0	Ludden	4	1	11	2
Br. Finnegan	2	0	0	1					

Winners of Inter-House Shield, 1939.

Football	Hope
Athletics	Mersey
Cricket	Domingo

RUGBY, 1939.

This term has seen the beginnings of Rugby at St. Edward's College. The change-over has been welcomed by both masters and boys, all showing the greatest enthusiasm for it.

Unfortunately, we have been somewhat hampered in our progress. Owing to the double-shift system in School, Saturday has been the only available games day so far. Even then our numbers on the field were confined to a hundred owing to limited air-raid shelter accommodation. Practices have been of necessity somewhat elementary in character, scrum formations, tackling and passing being concentrated on chiefly. Nevertheless several boys have shown considerable talent. W. McGrail, P. Molyneux and P. Drew should prove capable scrum-leaders. B. Cunningham and F. Stewart have shown their ability in the loose. T. Walsh, R. Lane and J. Stanley

are our best three-quarters. J. Griffin has been most successful at scrum-half. In the Junior School J. Kelly, J. Cunningham and J. Thomson are outstanding.

Reports from Llanely show that our evacuees have appreciated the change-over. The local Club has been of considerable help. About fifty boys have had free passes to the home games.

Altogether, the progress made so far, and the keenness shown by Seniors and Juniors augur well for the future of the game in the College. Next term we hope to complete a full list of Inter-House games.

In conclusion we should like to thank Mr. Faherty for his enthusiastic support. We are grateful also to Mr. T. Daly, an old boy of the College and a distinguished Rugby player, for his help.

SPORTS AT LLANELLY.

We came down here with a determination to make ourselves felt in many ways, but we undoubtedly made an impression that we were good sportsmen. Inside the first week we had taken our places with the locals to play soccer. We showed everybody that we could play soccer as it should be played. I have noticed that the Welsh idea of soccer seems to be concentrated on the fact that the ball is there to be kicked and you have legs to chase it. They get the ball as far from their own goal as possible and then chase like mad after it. By the way, a team consisting of nearly all last year's Junior Shield Team, defeated a team from Our Lady of Peace (which averaged about 17 years old) by six goals to one.

But alas and alack! Our soccer has been exterminated and in its place we now have that childish (?) game, Rugby. We were kindly given permission to play on a local park, and I think that

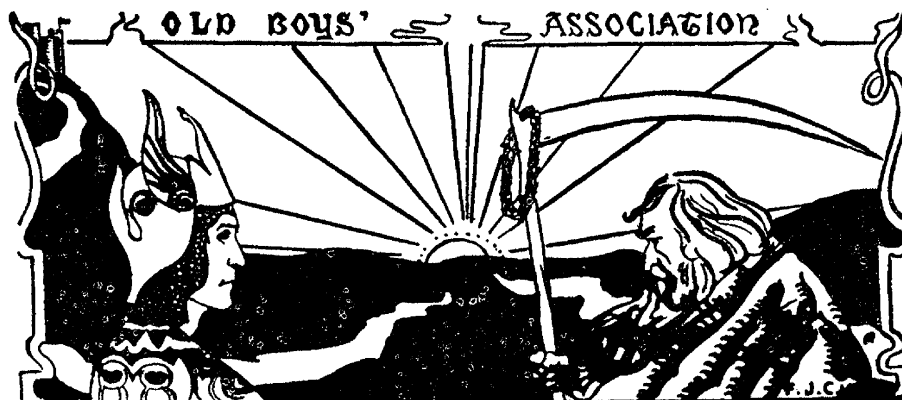
more of the ground has been eaten or carried away on one's person than now remains.

Still, I can see that with the help of a few Internationals, we will soon be able to play Rugby (or at least scrum down properly).

So much for Outdoor Sports. We should like all in Sandfield Park to know of the establishment of a Club for the boys. The Rev. Fr. Moran, P.P., kindly allotted us the Parish Hall for this purpose on Wednesdays and Saturdays. We have a really fine Dart Board, and Table Tennis is in full demand, while there are always "fortunes" to be lost or won at "Monopoly." We have many other interesting pastimes besides being the proud possessors of a "one-man band," namely, "Bing Crosby."

Well, as far as sports are concerned, I think you know about everything that has happened here.

D. SMERDON.



Old Boys' Notes and News,

THE EXECUTIVE C.I.E.A., 1939—1940.

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Vice-President: Mr. A. CUNNINGHAM.

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(Tel. No.: Childwall 2335).

Hon. Secretary: Mr. CYRIL A. KEAN,
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Ordinary and Associate Member- ship (no Magazines)	0	5	0
Junior Membership	0	2	6
Corresponding Membership (with Magazines)	0	2	6
Football Membership (First Year after leaving College)	0	2	6
Football Membership (Subsequent to First Year)	0	5	0
Members subscribing at the rate of 6d. per week, or Junior Members at 3d. per week,			

to the Club Headquarters shall be entitled thereby to Membership of the Association and of any Sub-Section thereof (e.g. the Old Cathinians' A.F.C.). These Members shall be supplied free with the College Magazine.

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

Club Headquarters:—

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

(Phone: Old Swan 2277).

IT is not very long ago since I wrote in these Notes that, in 1914, the Association was practically wrecked by the outbreak of hostilities. After the Armistice in 1918 efforts were made to put the Association on its feet once more. This proved to be a tremendous task, and it was not until 1938 that the position was deemed sufficiently secure to warrant the experiment of opening our own Headquarters and Club Rooms.

And now, in 1939, we are once again at war and, once again, our Association is threatened! We have no intention, however, of going under. We consider that we have fought too hard for our Headquarters to permit it to be wrenched from our grasp—even by a war.

No doubt these sentiments are admirable, but the wise ones will wag their heads and say, "You can't run Bishop's Court on sentiment, however admirable!" Let us confess immediately that this idea occurred to those whose charge it is to administer the affairs of the Association. It cannot be denied that, at first sight, it appeared inevitable that we should lose everything.

Our President and Secretary, in common with many other staunch Old Boys, were immediately called to the colours and many others found themselves busy with the Civil Defence Services. A representative General Meeting of an Extraordinary nature was summoned and the affairs of the Association were minutely examined. As a result, it was decided that a great effort must be made to keep Bishop's Court until the end of the war. Nobody can doubt that it would be practically impossible to acquire such premises again if once they were relinquished. Furthermore, too much Old Boys' money was sunk in the venture to permit us to adopt the easy course of "packing up" just because the position appeared abnormally difficult.

Once this decision had been made, the questions of Ways and Means became

paramount in importance. Two months have now elapsed since that memorable meeting and much has already been accomplished.

Emergency Committees have been elected and have been hard at work. On the financial side, our problems have been attacked from two angles. Firstly, successful efforts have been made to reduce our items of expenditure and, secondly, avenues have been explored to provide revenue from sources other than the pockets of Old Boys. No special financial appeal to Old Boys is necessary, apart from the normal subscription of 6d. per week which all Old Boys who use Bishop's Court and its amenities are expected to pay. We are now assured of a regular weekly income and all we need is that those Old Boys who are still in Liverpool should use the Club as frequently as possible.

This should be good news to all who have the welfare of the Association at heart—that is, to all Old Boys. Some changes are, of course, inevitable. The Old Cathinian's, for so long one of the bulwarks of the Association, are out of commission through no fault of their own. The K.O. Ra-Jah's are temporarily out of action—as also are the Cycling, Rambling and Athletic Sections. This being so, it is all the more necessary to keep the flag flying at Bishop's Court since it is now practically the only means for Old Boys to keep in touch with each other.

War times are undoubtedly miserable times, but there is no real reason for anyone to cut himself off from all forms of social intercourse simply because there is a war on. On the contrary, we should do our utmost to forget these unpleasant events and, with so many of our normal recreations and amusements curtailed or altogether cancelled, there seems all the more reason for sampling the many pleasures of our Club Headquarters. The Black-out presents its difficulties, perhaps,

but I have yet to be convinced that our Old Boys are afraid of the dark. It's quite easy to get to Bishop's Court even now, and, once there, you are assured of a hearty welcome from your old friends.

Arrangements have been made for occasional socials at Bishop's Court, and these will be held, as far as possible, at times when there is plenty of moonlight so that our lady visitors shall not be unduly incommoded by the black-out conditions. Billiards, Snooker, Darts, Table Tennis, Cards and other indoor amusements are available as in the past, so you see—it's business as usual at Bishop's Court!

N.B.—Adequate Air Raid Protection is available at Bishop's Court.



ANNUAL MASSES.

On Armistice Day there was the usual Wreath Laying at the Old Boys' War Memorial at St. Philip Neri's, followed by Mass for the repose of their souls. As always, there was a representative gathering of past and present pupils of the College, to do honour to our glorious dead.

The Annual Memorial Mass for all deceased Old Boys was celebrated by Canon O'Connell on November 19th at the Pro-Cathedral. Fr. Harold Kean acted as Deacon, and Fr. Thomas Frayne as Sub-Deacon. A fine sermon was preached by Fr. Cyril Taylor who is also Secretary to His Grace the Archbishop. We were somewhat afraid that the attendance would be far below the average owing to the general dislocation caused by the war—so many of our Old Boys are serving with the forces and many others are away from home owing to the evacuation schemes. It was therefore a very pleasant surprise to find that our numbers suffered hardly at all. There can be nothing seriously wrong with an Association whose members regard it as a duty and

privilege to gather in such numbers to pray for their departed friends and school fellows.



DANCES.

Taking instant advantage of the slight relaxation in the regulations which permitted dances to go on until 10 p.m., the Dance Committee decided to hold a Dance on Saturday, 25th November.

As it was impossible to use the Bluecoat Chambers, an experimental Dance was held at the Glen Toxteth Constitutional Club in Aigburth Road. In spite of foul weather conditions, this proved to be an unqualified success, and it was a real pleasure for Old Boys to meet each other again at the first real social event since the outbreak of hostilities. Furthermore, the function was a financial success—there is never any reason to worry about our Dances being a success socially. The Dance Committee are to be congratulated on their courage in organizing the Dance under war conditions and we are all looking forward to the remaining Dances of the season. All enquiries for tickets and dates should be addressed to Mr. H. Field, 10, Eskdale Road, Liverpool, 9.



NOTES AND NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

Many of our Old Boys are now serving with His Majesty's Forces both at home and overseas, and I append hereunder a list, necessarily incomplete, I'm afraid, of those of whom I have definite knowledge, so that all Old Boys may remember them in their prayers in an especial manner.

Rev. Fr. T. B. Healey is Acting Senior Chaplain to the Western Command.

Fr. C. Murphy and Fr. J. McDowell act as visiting Chaplains to certain Anti-

Aircraft Units.

Fr. Leo C. Gillow is Chaplain to about 400 R.C. men, "skirted devils from hell" as these Scottie's were called last time.

Fr. H. Ainsworth is Chaplain to the Regular Forces in Palestine.

Our President, Mr. Philip Hawe, has been serving with the Forces since the outbreak of the war.

H. Saunders, George Lunt, Jim Field and Terence Jones were all Territorials, and became embodied soon after war was declared.

Both Gordon and Lawrence Pratt, and Vin Morgan volunteered for service at the outbreak of war and are now in khaki.

The Militia has absorbed quite a few of our younger friends, including John Moore, Frank Sloan and Joe Dunphy.

Cyril Kean is with a Balloon Barrage Unit and looks fit and well in his Air Force uniform. John Gavin is also in the R.A.F. and has made contact with Henry Loughlin, who is in the Light Anti-Aircraft.

Norman Cullity is also in the forces, but I have no further particulars. Cecil Burke and Garry Ormond have joined the R.A.S.C.

We congratulate all these Old Boys—not to mention those others of whom I am at present unaware—on their patriotic service to the country, and we all pray that they will soon be back in civilian life once more.

Our felicitations to Les Moore on his recent marriage. May his married life be long and happy!

We sympathise most deeply with those of our married Old Boys who are separated from their wives and families owing to the operation of the Evacuation Scheme. May there soon be some happy reunions.

Speaking of evacuation, we note that St. Edward's College is still justifying Archbishop Downey's definition as a "peripatetic school." We have no doubt that our latest offshoot at Llanelly will uphold the ancient traditions of our Alma Mater, and we wish them good luck and every success in their

unexpected new quarters.

We are also delighted to know that the College is still going strong at Sandfield Park under the able guidance of Br. MacNamara. Br. Roche has returned to Prior Park and he may rest assured that he carries with him the respectful good wishes of all Old Boys. We shall never forget the practical and kindly interest he always manifested towards our Association. Much of our recent success can be attributed to Br. Roche and Br. MacNamara, and we shall always be deeply grateful to them both.

Basil Whalley has left his University days behind him and has recently gained his A.I.C. Congratulations, Basil, and good luck in your new job.

Gerry Growney is now engaged on Research Work following on his fine achievement of gaining a First Class Honours B.Sc. Success, Gerry!

Wilf. Loughlin is to be ordained in January—not next July as was originally intended. The urgent demand for more priests is responsible for the change in date. He would be grateful if his friends will remember him in their prayers.

Quite a number of our Old Boys in the Teaching Profession, including Tom Murray, "Pop" Doyle, Gerry Devine, and Dick Balmer, have been evacuated with their schools. Certain others, Harry Kershaw and Tom Donleavy among them, have been recalled to Liverpool, and are thus "in circulation" again.

Peter Pilling has obtained a post with a chemical firm recently. We trust he will make a great success of his new position.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Bill Lowe who now have a fine, healthy boy as well as a little girl. This should be worth an extra ounce or so of butter when rationing starts!

We learn that Cyril (?) Gaskin has been "evacuated" from London to Liverpool. It must be nice to be evacuated to your own home!