St. Joseph's College

NAINI TAL

Conducted by

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

REVIEW — 1941

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REVIEW 1941

28th. The Trinity College Music Examination. Dr. Lovelock was the examiner this year. The "A" team lost to the Y. M. C. A. by three goals to nothing. The forward line was very weak.

29th. Dr. Rabe gave a fine entertainment of national songs, being quite at home in Nepalese, Gujrati, Punjabi, Dutch, Irish and Italian selections. Mrs. Rabe accompanied him on the piano and Mrs. Takemari added much to the songs by her fine violin accompaniment. The proceeds to go to the War Fund.

SEPTEMBER.

1st. Dr. Lovelock came up to hear the College orchestra.

2nd. Mission results received. All were successful with eight failures out of eleven. Congratulations!

3rd. A holiday after the reading of the Governor's message. Six-a-side football for the Phillips Cup. All the nine "B" teams were eliminated to-day.

4th. The Specials won the six-a-side football by defeating the Tenth by the only goal scored.

5th. A day of prayer for peace. We lost to the Colvin Club in a practice cricket match on the Flats.

8th. Scene of the choir sang the Ave Maria at Holy Mass.

9th. Sports practice now takes the place of the regular games.

14th. Heats run off in preparation for the sports.

15th. I.Sc. and I.A. Sessional Examinations begin. Some of the Shariahs went to an A. B. P. Meeting.

19th. Concert rehearsal. Some group photos were taken.

20th. We had an easy victory over the Hallett War School in the cricket tournament. They were all out for 39. We beat them by seven wickets.

22nd. Concert day for the College. It was a great success.

23rd. Concert day for the Nainital Schools.

24th. The "big day." The ground seemed to be crowded.

25th. Sports day. The Governor and Lady Hallett were present. There was a little rain, but it did not trouble us much. Lady Hallett distributed the certificates which were given instead of prizes this year. A substantial sum was given for the War Fund. It amounted to more than Rs. 3,500 this year.

26th. Rain to-day. Lucky we had our sports yesterday.

27th. Very heavy rain. Some of the staff went on a long hike to Malwa Tal. The couple journey is forty miles. They did not return till eleven o'clock at night although they had started about six in the morning.

29th. The last day of the sports holidays. It was given as an extra holiday by the Governor.

30th. We settle down to work again, or at least try to do so.

OCTOBER.

4th. Feast of St. Francis of Assisi and a full holiday. We played the Colvin Club in the final of the cricket tournament. They had a lead of 28 runs in the first innings. The second innings will be played to-morrow.

5th. We lost to the Colvin Club in the cricket tournament. We were a few runs behind them in the second innings.

6th. Final of the senior football tournament. Dennett's team drew with McIntyde's.

7th. McIntyde's team won the final by three goals to two.

8th. The A. P. (I.) Contingent went in camp at Haweli. Rain to-day, as usual, long in October. Br. Culhane left Ramsay Hospital, where he has been since July 20th.

12th. The A. P. (I.) returned from camp. A dark, wet evening.

13th. The Leslie Harkey Tournament begins.

16th. The Lady Hailey Club Annual Football Match between Government House servants and our own.

20th. Feast of Christ the King. The choir had their annual picnic at the Chalet.

OLD BOYS'

CORNER

Though [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of her
Our [illegible] may [illegible],
While [illegible] the old delight of her
We'll keep [illegible].
We'll [illegible] yet the [illegible] we knew,
The first, [illegible] school of all;
We'll [illegible] the [illegible] we [illegible]
Until [illegible] call
On [illegible],
The glad [illegible] days.
[illegible] days
In the [illegible] of all.

Many of our old boys are now [illegible] military service. [illegible] they are all doing their [illegible] for the cause; and [illegible] to get in touch with them we know that "somewhere" their thoughts [illegible]. God bless them all. They will see [illegible] through! [illegible]

[illegible] we [illegible] a quotation from a letter which should be of interest to all [illegible]. The letter is from Messrs. [illegible], who are the sole [illegible] for the College [illegible] to the quotation.

"We [illegible] at the time of the [illegible] of our London Office, which may be of interest to you. This is the extract from the letter: 'You will have received my cable telling you of the bombing of our London Office and the [illegible] of [illegible]. As I came into Cheapside, I saw the whole of our block in complete ruins, and curiously enough a [illegible] of St. Joseph's [illegible], which only came in the previous day, was blown out of the building and was [illegible], and there it was [illegible] over the [illegible], one piece proudly flying like a flag. I felt these colours represented the spirit of youth, something that is unable to be destroyed by Hitler's [illegible].'"

[illegible] S. J. C. [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your letter [illegible]. I waited till I was absolutely certain I would [illegible] with my [illegible] before I wrote again. So I'm sorry to say I shall miss all the [illegible]. However, I hope to be [illegible] Saturday [illegible] evening. I do hope all the [illegible] go off very well and that my brother does his [illegible] well and so [illegible] to be known as "[illegible] Crawford". Two of us are in Uniform and we are waiting for him to complete the [illegible]. Then [illegible] the pleasure of [illegible] I'm [illegible].

[illegible] Crawford.

[illegible]
A. G. CRAWFORD
Engineers

C. T. [illegible],
GEORGIA CALL.

I expect you will be rather surprised to receive from me after such a long, long time, but I'm sending you a photograph of Barnaby and myself which you can put in our new lounge, has left. ... remember you mentioned in your last letter [illegible] Sports [illegible] Barnaby has left the Training College and got on to the Office Staff in Bangkok [illegible] Calcutta Darwin. Sir, please, sir, we, the Young football [illegible] winning the "Darwin Cup". I must tell you about the Y. M. C. A. [illegible] the Rangoon. However, it was [illegible] Fine.

M. [illegible].

M. G. McAuliffe, just finishing off in the Chemistry Training College, Ghora Gali

F. [illegible], Officers' Training School, Belgaum

A. C. ROSE MEYER,
Royal Air Force,
Rangoon.

G. JARHO,
Ordnance Corps.

M. REAN,
Ordnance Corps.

R. D'ARANJO,
Somewhere in the Near East.

C. DAHI,
Officers' Training School,
Belgaum.

N. HENDRICKS,
Engineers.

The D. F. C. is awarded to Squadron Leader CHARLES NEIL FLEMING, who was born in Poona in 1918 and educated at St. Joseph's College, Nainital. He was commissioned in 1938 and in the following year served in Iraq on flying duties. He was promoted Squadron Leader in June 1943. *Reuter.*

Flying Officer DESMOND HUGH O'NEILL, R. A. F. Killed in action on October 11th, 1940. Aged 19 years.

We too, who knew him like our beloved boy, must receive a special message from Whistler. For our words prove omission. Sign on the corner. He was a Spitfire pilot in Coastal Command for the Spitfire, also, and therefore for HIS above our ship. He was a proud of the Battle, and made a few raids in the Channel. Pilots before being transferred to the Spitfires, also he used to patrol London and [illegible] the air force. He was the life and soul of our for England and Canada.

(Reprinted from the Gazette)

C. LEE,
Air Force.

G. MERVYN,
Air Force.

H. HOWARD,
Air Force.

C. FOXTON,
Hospital.

R. CHILL,
Navy.

M. D'ARANCO
Middle East.

Dr. J. SEXTON, I.M.D.,
Middle East.

Rodney Bernard,
AL. D'ARANCO.

Thank you very much for your letter which gave me all the information I wanted and also for the photographs which are very good. Yes! I do think the best thought in your letter was for the next boy to be absolutely sacked with to the memorable 'Bill'—and what a coincidence—we to be sent mail a letter of regret from Hallowe'en who gave me a certain account of the sports and the sacked and of course the old boys who came up. [illegible] there that most of the [illegible] We [illegible] of luck to them. I may join them in a few weeks' time.

R. K. GRAHAM.

EGYPTIAN.

How time flies [illegible] I am sure Mr. Nelson [illegible] I was so sorry I could not join in all the fun of the Old Boys' Dinner in the Royal Air Force on February 2nd. I am to get a Commission in the Royal Marines and other [illegible] I am [illegible] in the R. A. F. [illegible] I am really no [illegible] However, Sir, I [illegible] for February I shall be a man in the Fighting Services for the country. It is something to be proud of when you think you are an individual in England. The way the English will have to put up with Hitler's Air Force is really unbelievable. Their guns are [illegible] I feel positive when I say that they are [illegible] Last night, Jerry really [illegible] but we did [illegible] a general time which [illegible] the [illegible] will cause the [illegible] I [illegible] each [illegible] Wishing you all the [illegible] best that can be granted, and [illegible] I am, [illegible] Old Boy,

D. E. [illegible].

G. Williams, Sergeant in the Army.

USES AND ABUSES

OF SCIENCE

PRIZE ESSAY (Senior) By F. LYNCH

GREAT progress has been made in recent years in civilisation, especially during this enlightened twentieth century of marvels. Many inventions have been made which greatly facilitate livelihood and give considerable impetus to industry. Inventions and discoveries are not always hailed with delight. True, there are people who loudly and freely proclaim their usefulness to mankind; but there are some who abhor the very mention of them, and regard them as impediments to the true development of the human race; there are blind, foolish and ambitious men who seize upon them and put them to their own selfish purposes; and besides these, there are broad-minded people who sit here contentedly and unassuming, striving to obtain the greatest advantages from whatever sources they can, science in otherwise.

Science, this, seem very beneficial to mankind, seen in the opinion of the most impartial chronicler of the progress of civilisation. A great increase in employment has been caused by the introduction of mills and factories. Cotton and sugar mills are notable examples of extreme helping employment and livelihood. Iron and steel foundries, and factories making motor-cars, aeroplanes and miscellaneous articles, such as toys, employ millions all the world over. Science also helps industry as in using steam power in transport, and by facilitating commerce in consequence. Transport by land, sea and air are influenced greatly. Motor-cars, trams and railway trains are in constant traffic, moving easily at speeds hitherto thought or undreamed of. The "Coronation Express" on the L. N. E. R. attained a speed of 125 miles, while electric trains have been faster. Captain Eyston hurled over a mile in ten short seconds, in his "Thunderbolt." Great possibilities lie in universal transport at such high speeds. Modern steam-ships do in a few days, voyages which took Columbus months. Aeroplanes, the dream of man for centuries, are rapidly taking an important place in transport, outstripping the eagle in speed. Transport and communication are almost identical in these times. The latter being employing the use of steamers, trains and aeroplanes, has been given great impetus by the invention of the wonderful telephone, radio, and telegraph. News may be flashed round the globe with the speed of light, as one may speak to each other though hundreds of miles separate them; and the recent discovery of television has unlimited possibilities in the future.

Another benefit we owe to science is the prevention and cure of diseases and the maintenance of health in the big congested cities. Cities themselves are being planned and constructed on a wider and more spacious scale, in order to induce healthier urban livelihood. Surgery has progressed remarkably with the introduction of fine instruments and the advanced knowledge of doctors and scientists. Ray treatment has been lately put to use on a large scale in many big hospitals, developed from the Newton's labours.

Science has not forgotten pleasure and entertainment for humanity. The radio, musical instruments, the camera and the perfected cinematograph illustrate science placed at our disposal for our recreation and enlightenment. Certain inventions also facilitate the propagation of law and order, namely, the radio,

telephone and criminal detecting devices. Those who regard this latter benefit as an abuse of science are to be avoided by rich men on dark nights!

After reflecting on a few of the many advantages and uses of science, one may be apt to conclude readily that it is altogether beneficial to mankind, and that it has no drawbacks. There is one universal, disastrous drawback, however: the abuse of science.

War is, in general opinion, the chief abuse. During war time, ships are warships, aeroplanes are fighters or bombers, petrol-driven vehicles are tanks or armoured cars and railways are used for the transport of arms and ammunition, all these being factors pertaining to death and destruction. Gases, which could be used in exterminating pests, such as bedbugs, very effectively, are used to exterminate mankind just as effectively. In fact during war the greater the progress of science, the greater the mass slaughter and desolation which ensues. The present war has become, to a considerable extent, a war of cold, mathematical deliberation, unlike the warmer furious warfare of the sword. It is none the less hideous, however. Now one has but to release a catch, bringing the vaunted fruits of science into play, to slaying perhaps hundreds of one's fellow-creatures.

The deterioration of mankind is manifest in these times, whether in peace or war. Mechanical inventions, such as the motor-car, electric lift and telephone, may be very useful in speeding up machinery, but they lead to laziness and discourage exertion. We may understand the use of elevators in Manhattan, but not in a three-storey building, except for old and infirm people. Several modern youths dislike a brisk walk in the country; they are losing interest in riding, in having an exhilarating gallop; they prefer a drive in a stuffy sedan, and will not walk a few hundred yards when there is a car available. We see prominent businessmen who grow more young and unhealthy daily, due to everything being handed to them, or their being handed to everything, "on a plate." Many of us rely on tonics for maintaining our health; and it is said that we may even obtain our food partially digested, in future years. The very warning of our minds is being discouraged, if we reflect on the subject, by the invention of automatic mathematical machines. They have a great advantage in that they quicken trade and industry somewhat; but they do not induce mental energy or capability.

Mental deterioration is caused in another way by science, though indirectly. Man has become so infatuated with his successes in scientific research that he is beginning to think himself like a god. Several scientists think that mankind will become like gods in one or two centuries; moreover, not like the true god, of majesty and love, but like the ancient pagan gods, enjoying superhuman health and strength and the pleasures of green-lawned Arcadia. They have vain, blind losses in faith and morals, and hold contemptuous views on religion, regarding it as a false, fanciful conception of mysterious, imaginative beings living beyond the blue. They deride mysteries of religion as matters of faith too absurdly fictitious for proof and reason. They cannot, however, explain the existence of the universe when questioned to the very roots of their proud scientific theories, without admitting finally that there must be an omnipotent ruler of eternity and the universe. When we regard these so-called scientific ideas from a broad-minded point of view we see how ridiculous they are. No one knows what eternity itself is, and many lowcrate professors are under the impression that it is God Himself!—in other words, He can be generated in dynamos, "stepped-up" in transformers, used for illuminating houses and for driving machines, and switched on or off as required. God, the Lord of our beautiful world and of the starry universe!

Further pessimistic views may be taken of scientific progress and not groundlessly. The world would be truly wonderful if science were used to its fullest advantage, morally and materially. In this world, however, there is always a proverbial fly in the ointment, or caterpillar in the lettuce.

Machines certainly increase unemployment, but the invention of widely varying machines do away with the need of human labour, thus leading to unemployment and discontent. Aeroplanes are very useful in quickening and facilitating communication but they are also used to destroy mankind very effectively. Various rays are used in hospitals for healing purposes, such as the X-ray, employed in detecting internal ailments; but men are experimenting in rays which will destroy in invisible aeroplanes and motor cars. Magnetism, which is very useful in guiding ships, is being abused and turned to destroying them, by means of the recently invented magnetic mine. Explosives, which could, after a little research, be used perhaps for propulsion and transport, are concentrated on the annihilation of beautiful churches and buildings. Gluts besides giving a healthy man a glass-eye may in spare serve to spread murder and horror over the world. Even the homely radio, capable of transmitting sweet music through the ether, is employed in spreading propaganda, lies and ignorance.

Cinemas are being abused also in the amount of them all over the world and in the fashionable line "modern" turn they seem to have taken in the hearts of many "man-in-street" people. Cinema-going seems a vague, a source of sophistication, an excuse for dictation, instead of a simple entertainment. The experiments, successes and failures in scientific cinematography are therefore greatly abused. Musical instruments, fruits of the science of sound, are chiefly employed in producing hideous discords and jargons under the disguise of the popular, fashionable names of swing and jazz.

The pessimistic view may be abolished simply by regarding the disadvantages first and then reflecting on the corresponding benefits of science. To every "swing" record there is a corresponding record of real sweet music.

Science is not a kind of secret society; it is open to all who have the will to learn its wonders. Many a disgusted student, however, hurling a physics or chemistry book across his classroom in desperation, does not realise that he is hurling away and hating the concise abridged fruits of centuries—fruits of the labours of sublime, patient, courageous and steel-willed heroes.

When we become responsible through thinking on the great horror wrought in the world by the so called progress of science, we should reflect that whatever misery it causes is due to our own abuse of it. We should remember its many blessings and benefits, and should not hate it as a source of our deterioration. Such a state is comparable to the hatred of a convicted criminal for the law. Science is a noble and beautiful gift to mankind, but it has not been given to us to be abused. Abuse always leads ultimately to ruin and unhappiness, and regarding science there is no exception to the rule. We should remember that we are but vain, puny mortals, whose knowledge is nothing compared with the infinite knowledge in the universe. We should be thankful for all the wonders that are being revealed to us, helping on civilisation, and should take the fullest advantage of all that we can obtain. The very people who seem to be urging on the destruction of mankind say that life is a struggle for existence and improvement. How much more should ordinary sane people take this to heart? Perhaps they do; but actions should correspond to ideals. One person, however, cannot influence the world (as many dictators have found to their costs) and "team-work" is an essential requirement for universal improvement.

Unfortunately, every individual on the earth is but human, and due to this, reformation is either impossible or measureless. If the impossible could be achieved if everyone could use reason, broadmindedness and magnanimity in turning misery to noble causes alone; if we could remain humble despite great success and material improvement, this world would be an Arcady. As it is, however, we can only do our share, by combating abuses, to make the world a "place for heroes to live in." Were we to do this we would become heroes ourselves.

CRICKET XI

WIT, HUMOUR AND SATIRE

THEY say that laughter is a purely human act, and that the object is always human too; in other words that only men can laugh and only man be laughed at. We have heard of the "laughing" lions and the laughing jackass, but we have never seen in our silliest moods, thought that either of these creatures could enjoy a joke. It takes a rational being to see an incongruity, and it is only in a rational being that an incongruity can exist. As Ronald Knox simply puts it: "Only Man has dignity, only Man, therefore, can be funny." And this leads us on to the ways in which he can be funny. This first thing naturally comes up for discussion is Wit, because wit is always on the surface: not that the witty man is superficial, but that we do not have to sit down and think it out. If we do not see the point of wit at once it is hardly worth seeing at all. A witty saying is like a quick, to finishes, but on the moment and in a moment loses its power. That loss is the end of wit is almost but not a thing to say. This long-drawn-out joke becomes mawkish, and there is something wanting in the man who has to have a joke explained. It be cannot see what lies on the surface he certainly will not see what lies beneath.

Humour has its roots deeper in the soil. Hence it is not always as obvious as Wit. It appeals to the less mercurial type of man, and, I think, more to the grown up than to the youth. Wit takes us by surprise with its quick attack, humour gives us time for consideration. The one is swallowed without mastication, the other gives us an opportunity of exercising our ruminating powers. Wit is more in the mob, humour for the typical cricket crowd.

It is said that the Celtic nations are witty, the Teutonic humorous. We might illustrate one side of this in the appeal that Punch makes to the average Englishman. I do not think a French equivalent would make such an appeal to the average Frenchman. Again, Dorothy Ouimet will delight a mixed party, but Punch wants an armchair and a good cigar. We hear the laugh the former gives us: that occasioned by the other is in the Greek.

Satire is different from both wit and humour especially in the fact that it has its origin in venom and is always intending to hurt. Samuelson has said that humour is satire without a purpose, but merely laughter making is a purpose and a very good one. Wise laughter is wanted in the world, but laughter of the sort that springs from a guileless heart. Why not say that satire is disguised humour? The satirist sets out with the set purpose of hurting people by making them look ridiculous. His purpose is sometimes a laudable one—the correction of an abuse—but he is, perhaps more often, a misanthropist or a disappointed writer. As a consolation to literature satire is almost a thing of the past. Our modern notion of "the correct thing" will not allow it, just as our modern sense will not allow the barbarous punishments for crimes inflicted by our ancestors. A few centuries ago Swift's diabolical laughter lashed his enemies and so-called friends alike, but we would not tolerate a twentieth century Swift. We tolerate Bernard Shaw because he thrusts his satire on to the stage and makes of it a dramatic comedy. Thackeray uses satire as a salt to flavour his philosophy. It comes in only as a condiment, for he is too generous and large hearted to be a cynical cut and cut.

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There is a form of satire which consists in writing a book like another man's book—but just different just to show that the other has just failed by just missing the point and, incidentally, as it were, that you have achieved what he has failed to do. This is a cheap form of satire which springs more from vanity than from a desire to correct. There is satire also in faint praise and half truths—a satire which is often worse than the most violent abuse.

But what is the use of all this talk about wit and humour and satire? Perhaps a more pertinent question would be what is the use of the things themselves? Well, a witty man is a happy man and we like a happy man. His happiness overflows into us and makes us happy, too. The prosaic old world has a lot of hidden poetry in it if we would only see it, and it is the happy man that helps us to see it. Humour is a sort of a mental sedative, and it helps us in the same way as the sedative does when our nerves are all on edge. Of satire there is little to be said except in blame. Boys love wit and alternate humour, but satire is always hateful to them, especially, of course, when it is directed against themselves.

A. F. (I)
CAMP,
BHOWALI

GAMES AS BUILDERS OF CHARACTER

PRIZE ESSAY (Junior)

Games are very necessary to every one, especially boys. Apart from their developing the body, they also have a deeply psychological effect on the youth. There is a famous saying: "A healthy body shows a healthy mind." It is true, as the characters of those seeking employment are generally judged by their physique. Games both reveal and develop character in a person.

It is easy to know the character of a boy by watching him at his recreation. For example, the player who loses heart when a game is going against his team does not display any outstanding strength of character. The boy who loses his temper on getting even an accidental blow during a game shows that he lacks self-control. Weakness of character is also shown in a person who is ruled because his team loses a game. Apart from the ill-feelings of such boys showing weakness of character, it also makes them unpopular among their fellows. They are classed as "bad sports," and are never really welcome in any game. In school, however, boys of this kind are usually cured their failing and soon remedy it, through dread of the heavy punishment of being corrected.

Games reveal the character of a person in more ways than one. The unfortunate who is seemingly never destined to be good at games but continues trying is, from of attitude, shows great continuity of purpose. The youth who is not good at games, and is rather shy to try, should be encouraged as much as possible by the "old hands." A youngster generally receives the nickname of a good sportsman as a compliment, and so will prove a most willing pupil. He will find that hockey and football are not nearly as intricate as they appear if he applies his mind to them. He will, however, have to stand a certain amount of remonstrating from that unpleasant class which despises those who are not good at games, no matter how hard they try. With a certain amount of encouragement the boy of average character will ignore these, and "keep on pegging away." Indeed, it will be extremely trying at times. Such little triumphs over his weaker self will encourage him in further sets. Moreover, he will ultimately discover that his hard trying is appreciated by the majority of his fellows more than the affections of his detractors.

There is a sport which is known to most of those who have passed through actual war is deservedly known as "The Manly Art of Self-defence." As the reader will have probably guessed by now, I refer to boxing. This sport is probably the finest of all in the training of the youth's character. It possesses all the physical benefits of other games, coupled with the ability to train the hot-tempered to "keep cool." There is no place for the "bad sport" in the boxing ring. If he loses his temper in the course of a bout he is apt to receive assistance in leaving the field. If, on the other hand, he loses heart because he receives a few stinging blows, he is apt to need an ambulance. He will learn his lesson from either (or, if he is extra unfortunate, from both!) of these experiences. He will find out, in a rather painful fashion, that a weak character is invariably punished by this amusement. The boxer who is training for an important fight has trials too—from a most unexpected corner. It is a well known fact that one would-be boxer has to abandon superfluous sugar. There are, however, some people who, knowing this, press the unfortunate

athlete is have "just a little bit of this" under the pretext that "such a little can't harm you."

There is another type of games which is not perhaps so much in the foreground as such vigorous games as hockey, football, tennis and others whose names are on the lips of nearly every one. Though not as vigorous they, too, have an effect on character. I refer to the variety known as "indoor games." These promote both the sport and skill in a man. Gambling is incurred in most modern indoor games and through their makers have made well, they said that magic of excitement known as the "gambling instinct" coursing through the student's veins. When the thrill of gambling for high stakes has once been tested, it develops into a habit which is not easily cast aside. Gambling, when taken seriously, appeals to the lower instincts of nature, and may lead to some of the worst known crimes.

People who devote their time to indoor games are derisively known as "stick-in-the-mud" by the more vigorous sport. Though the nick name is decidedly well-deserved, there is no gainsaying that indoor games to a certain extent, train one to preserve calmness at critical moments. For example, during the tense moments of a game of billiards, it is generally the steadiest player who wins through. The loser will either find out for himself, or he will be told, that his failure is due to his nervousness, and will consequently endeavour to keep himself in remain calmer. The well known game of table-tennis (also ping pong) is another game which requires steadiness of hand and nerve. Both these qualities are to be found in a man of strong character.

Games—both indoor and outdoor—inculcate a spirit of friendliness. Considering the latter, sportsmen who take part in large sports meetings show an admirable comradeship. This is observed in athletes from different schools, towns, and even nations. The representatives of different countries at indoor games competitions too, show the same mutual friendship. Consequently, if sports meetings, especially such as include juvenile competitors, were organised on a large scale, people would come to know one another better. The youth of to-day is the man of to-morrow, the politician of to-morrow. These men would be bound together by the friendship of their senior years, and the world would be more peaceful—indeed, world, if ever, deserve the term "friendship."

There is nothing in which the passions are less constrained, in which they blow out more easily, or show more impetuosity in their rolling than in recreation. Young people may discipline themselves at other times, but at play they show themselves as they are. Hence, it was he affirmed that he boy who shows himself prudent and keeps himself under control during his games can be depended upon at any other time.

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS JUNIOR AND SENIOR CONVENTION

MOTHER-O'-PEARL BEADS

HER [illegible] Florence Carden when the latter [illegible] a bundle of odds and ends [illegible] the gilded [illegible] mother-o'-pearl Beads. Florence [illegible] sentimentally.

"Oh, this old string of Ann's! How it brings everything back!"

"Yes, doesn't it!" agreed Isobel.

Florence Carden's [illegible] fingered the Rosary-beads. They were [illegible] mother-o'-pearl beads, [illegible] and [illegible] strung on silver wire. They had belonged to her [illegible] sister, Ann, who had [illegible] herself [illegible] by marrying a Catholic and becoming one herself [illegible]

"When I think it all over, Isobel," said Florence, "I realize how very lucky it was for Mary that Ann and her husband were killed when she was a baby! [illegible] the child were to [illegible] that her parents were Catholics, [illegible] baptised a Catholic, it wouldn't affect her, one way or the other! But [illegible] you'll not tell!"

"She's never shown any sort of [illegible] feeling about Catholicism?" asked Isobel [illegible]

"[illegible] I brought her up to dislike Catholics as much as I do! And after all, a girl of twenty-one doesn't worry her head about religion! Especially"—she smiled—"when she's a very pretty head!"

Her friend sighed. She, like Florence, was a wealthy, childless widow.

"I envy you having a lovely adopted daughter like Mary! I often wish I had one!"

"Yes, I'm very lucky! Mary and I have been wonderful companions, since she left school!" said Florence. She didn't look at the other woman. Had she done so she would have seen a curious expression [illegible] over her face. Resentment, envy, [illegible] It was the look of a woman who covets, with all her heart and brain, something that belongs to another.

Florence, was still fingering the mother-o'-pearl Rosary.

"It is a very lovely thing!" she mused. "[illegible] Ann's [illegible] I've had an idea! I'll have the beads taken off the wire, and made into a necklace for Mary! [illegible] Isn't it a good idea? It'll make a [illegible] necklace. I'll take it to [illegible] in the High Street. It'll be my birthday present to Mary. Her birthday's on the [illegible] of May, so it ought to be done in time."

Mrs. Carden looked very pleased [illegible] wrapping the mother-o'-pearl beads in tissue paper, she continued her task of tidying the bureau-drawer.

* * *

"Aunt Flo, I want to talk to you!" said Mary Hallows.

She was, indeed, a lovely girl, slender, [illegible] blue-eyed [illegible] held [illegible] expression [illegible] At the moment, she was [illegible] Her head glowed [illegible] that she wore round her neck.

Florence Carden was sitting on the sofa. She beckoned to the girl to come over and sit beside her, which she did.

"Well?" The elder woman looked at her adopted daughter with a [illegible] "You [illegible] very serious, dear!"

"I am, . . . I'm afraid, Aunt Flo, it's bad news I have to tell you—bad from your point of view!"

"Bad news?"

[illegible] Florence Carden stared at the girl.

Mary's blue eyes [illegible] but it was only [illegible] the surface!

"Oh! I'm terribly sorry! [illegible] I know you dislike Catholics! But . . . I've got to tell you. I . . . I'm going to be a Catholic!"

The blood rushed to Florence Carden's face. [illegible] a gasp of horror and dismay. In a trembling voice, she whispered:

"No, no! You can't mean it!"

"I'm sorry! I knew it would be a blow for you! But I do mean it!"

"I know! I understand! You've met a Catholic man . . . You're in love with him! He's persuaded you to become a Catholic! You never dared to tell me. Yes, you're in love! I might have known it! You've seemed so extraordinarily happy lately! I . . ."

The girl interrupted her quietly:

"No, Aunt Flo. It isn't that. I've met no Catholics. At least,

I didn't see I made it. Future Day is Bore Another. "You happy bounce quite [illegible]." "Well, you why." It surprise on the [illegible] at day. I remember the sale very well because I was on the after my birthday. I was having some [illegible]. The week I [illegible] I think you know that [illegible]. The week reminded of [illegible] [illegible]. But, that day . . . . [illegible] "I know you are . . . [illegible]." The one, [illegible] was staring her [illegible] [illegible] looks out of the [illegible]. "[illegible] wonderful! I [illegible] [illegible]." I'd been away a few time, and had [illegible] here. I [illegible] other I young. There was a great feeling [illegible] and I [illegible] [illegible]. He was very [illegible]. He [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] back [illegible] they were other [illegible] [illegible] I wanted to [illegible]. Well, [illegible] [illegible] . . . I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. It [illegible] . . . [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. I don't [illegible]. I [illegible] and [illegible]. I [illegible] [illegible]. I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]. When you were a baby at six months, [illegible] a [illegible] there I was with her constantly. Those beads were never out of her hand! Even in her delirium, she muttered 'Hail Marys' over and over again. When she died, she was clutching the beads. In the dim [illegible] she had been Catholic they would have buried them with her. As it was, the nurse thought the beads would be valuable, and gave them to your aunt. I know nothing whatever about such matters, but it seems to me to be very significant that your sudden attraction to your mother's Faith—your Faith, for it was in your blood, I would date from the day on which you first wore your mother's Rosary round your neck!"

There was silence. The girl's face showed [illegible] she was by what she had heard. Her fingers, trembling now, touched the beads with a new [illegible], a new love.

Florence Carden, whose face was [illegible] with fury, turned on the woman whom she had believed to be her friend.

"I must say, I find it difficult to understand what a sensible person, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] all that! And as for your ridiculous [illegible] about the beads . . ."

"You may call it that, Florence," declared the other woman, gravely. "But I'm not at all sure that [illegible]!"

With a gesture of [illegible] and contempt, Florence turned from them both, and walked over to the mantelpiece. Taking a cigarette, she lit it, with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Isobel West laid a hand on the girl's arm.

"Mary, dear, listen!" she said, gently, [illegible]. "This is a very lovely woman, and I have [illegible] [illegible] so [illegible] [illegible], as you know. If Florence is determined that you shall not live with her, come to me. I shall be so happy to give you a home! And, I need hardly say, you'll have liberty to practise your religion. I shouldn't dream of interfering with you in any way!"

The girl was [illegible] [illegible] dismayed. Smiling faintly, she replied:

"It's . . . it's very kind of you! Please don't think I'm not grateful, but . . . oh, thank you ever, I just can't believe that Aunt Florence meant what she said!"

"Oh, I'm afraid she does, my dear!"

Mary went over to the mantelpiece. She put her hand on her aunt's arm. In a breaking voice, she said:

"Aunt Flo! You didn't mean that, did you? You wouldn't really send me away, just because I became a Catholic. Say you didn't mean it! I couldn't bear to leave you! We . . . we've been so happy! You're all . . . all I've got!"

For a few moments there was silence. Florence Carden did not move. There are long-[illegible] [illegible] in the heart of one [illegible] it was made that was vanquished. She turned round. There was a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] her face, and she said, [illegible]:

"You . . . you mean . . . you'd want to stay, now you know I worried you of your religion?"

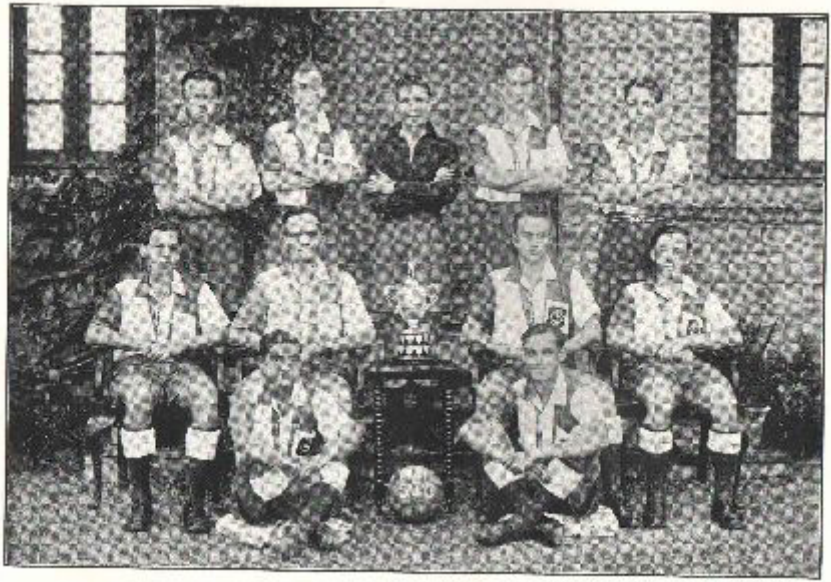
"Oh, yes, yes, of course I want to stay!" sobbed the girl. "It was just that . . . that you didn't understand! If you'd know about the Catholic religion, you'd never have acted as you did! I've grown up caring for you, just as if you'd been my mother! It would break my heart to have to go away from you!"

Florence Carden suddenly put her arms round the slender form. She drew the golden head to her shoulder, where it had so often rested in childhood's days. She murmured, softly, into her ear:

"Of course, you'll stay! [illegible] should have said what I did! Forgive me, darling! Thank God you still want to stay! I . . . I was terribly afraid you might not want to! I won't ever say anything against your religion . . . or interfere in any way . . . I swear it! Oh Mary, my darling, my dear!"

A few moments later, the Indian moved towards the window, [illegible] Isobel West, but that lonely [illegible] [illegible] woman, unable to bear the sight of their [illegible] so complete, had gone out of the room.

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS (BELLA) [illegible]



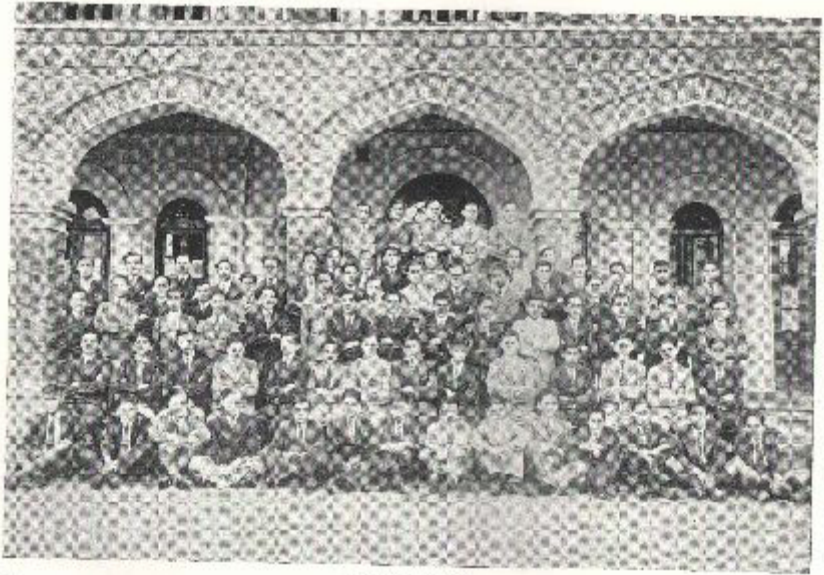
LANGAL 1[illegible] WINNERS

FOOTBALL

A NEW addition was made to our inter-class tournaments complete this year to the form of a cup for side-slide football. It is known as the Phillips Cup after the name of the donor. There were some very good matches played. As each game is only ten minutes each side was were able to play off more than one game a day. The tournament was run on the knock-out system. In the first round all the four "B" teams were eliminated. The Seniors "A" team and the Fourth "A" from met in the finals. The Seniors proved too good for their opponents winning by the odd goal scored. The Hore Tournament, our annual game de resistance, was won by Std. X.

In the notable tournaments on the Flats football this year was at a crescendo with its closing down of Pollander Smith College and the absence of the usual British troops in the military area. The boys of the Kollege Wat School are too young to enter in the first tournament we defeated the Signals by one goals to one in our first match. Our next victims were the Y. M. C. A. the score being four goals to nothing. Our match against the Eastern Command was a shooting practice match. The score being eight goals to nothing. With better shooting it might have been much more. Scoring seems to be our weak point as in the hockey tournaments. In spite of this weakness we came out on top in the league with full points, our last match ending in a victory over the Hore Club by six clear goals. The standard of football shown by most of the other teams was low. In the second tournament, which is played on the knock-out system, there seemed to be a decided improvement in some of the other teams. The Eastern Command defeated our "B" team and our "A" team did likewise to their "B" team, but the score was only two goals to nothing in our favour. In our last match against the Y. M. C. A. we met a team which was perhaps a hundred per cent better than it had been in the league. We were beaten by three clear goals. Again our forward line failed to impress. Only the right extreme did anything worth mentioning. In the final the Y. M. C. A. ran out winners by defeating the Eastern Command. I should like to impress on our forwards that one of their main weaknesses is want of ball control on the ground. They play too much in the air, with the result that combination suffers and the game is slowed down. This style of play should never be adopted against military teams, which are usually good at heading. Our forwards take a long time to learn that football is played on the ground and not in the air.

Winning Side-slide Football



HENRY VIII, D. AND A.

A History Lecture

Modern Method?

In extraordinary, boys, the feuding and fighting had, and still has for the wonderful being we call Man. But, as you well know, the art has sadly deteriorated, and, as spectacles, the modern exhibitions are not a patch on those put on by the more keen and vigorous bygone ages. Nowadays when we go to war we hurl things at the another from a very safe distance; and take it from me, boys, it is a most annoying and irritating experience to be hit by a shell or bomb and not know or even see the face of the villain who launched it. No, all the glamour and the personal touch have gone out of the business altogether, and I really shouldn't be surprised if people gave up fighting altogether, and went back to tiddly-winks and snakes-and-ladders.

But times are not always so dull and uninteresting, and I propose in this lecture to take you back in imagination to the good old days and tell you how men then settled their differences of opinion. As you may easily guess, the first period we have to deal with was that in which men simply used their fists to reinforce an argument or drive well home an urgent opinion. (As a modern illustration of how little human nature really changes at bottom I might refer you to some of the well known, behind-the-wall noisy bouts of dear old B. C.) Of course some of the more vulgar used their feet and teeth as well; but that was a foul and the best sportsmanship were very hard on it. This period lasted only a very short time. The more intellectual pugilists—strappers they were called—soon discovered two important and undeniable facts, at six and finally that they, the intellectuals, often beaten and mangled their delicately honed and beautifully manicured hands on the thick wooden skulls of their ignorant antagonists; and, secondly, that their own skin coverings were often well more chastened by the horny fists of the aforementioned ignorant but muscular gladiators. And so we "the Mugo Maps" the greatest mathematician of the age, inventing and patenting the one-stroke "Wonder-stunner," a disgusting looking club with knobs and spikes so ingeniously arranged that the sensitive of a single blow was dealt to no fewer than ten different places. With the application of the formula P [illegible] (this will be understood by such of you as are in the mathematical class) the new inventions worked wonders. The little toy became exceedingly popular, and you will be pleased to learn that Mugo made quite a little fortune out of it. Factories were erected all over the land to cope with the rush, and in later ages, when the Stunner craze had waned, those factories still continued to do good work in turning out very good specimens of pick and homing, clean room scrapers, rolling pins etc.

What we may call the "Club Age" lasted several centuries, and this would seem to indicate that Mugo's Stunner had given general satisfaction. As was only to be expected, however, several other inventions took the field, and many variations of the arms of weapon were introduced, some of them eleven-line so just for appearance sake. For instance, Professor Pseud, working on the well known Aristomedes' Principle that "One dip in the ribs is worth two on the head," invented and fashioned the first spear. It is interesting to note how the learned Professor advertised his invention. At the rate of more than a shilling per square inch he had printed right

Editorial

A College Review editorial is usually the last article to be written, and when the unfortunate editor comes to it, just he finds that nearly everything he wanted to say, and everything worth saying, has been said by somebody else. The result is a page of platitudes; and it requires a few knowledge of permutations and combinations to ring the usual changes on these same platitudes. Occasionally a little thing like a world war gives the harassed editor a chance of squeezing in a new idea; but even world wars have now become too common to add variety to the editorial page. "But why not write the editorial first?" someone may suggest. An original idea, yes, only it is equivalent to signing one's name to a blank cheque. You do not know what astronomical figures you lay yourself open to. So the idea is not a practical one. Starting off with a serious quantity of ideas as he does, I think there are only two things a distracted editor can do. He can refuse about half the articles on the plea of war economy in paper and so leave himself a few ideas to work on; or he can mercilessly criticise the articles in a sort of running commentary. But in the first case he will antagonize fifty per cent of the contributors and in the second he will alienate them all. I give it up as a bad job, and merely add as a possible excuse for future editorial offenders these few lines:

A budding S. J. C. boy something new
Submitting for the '41 Review
Was bold enough to sign himself X.Q.
The harassed editor the paper read
And said he only asked to be X.Q.Z.

across the top of the sports page in all the big dailies the following caption:

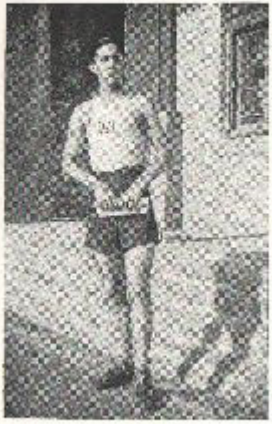
DO YOU WANT TO BE TICKLED TO DEATH? HIT SOME ONE WITH A PRODD'S TICKLER!!! and then the advertisement went on to explain that the word "Hitch" were meant "wag nus," which shows that Professor Prodd had a sense of humour.

It would be quite erroneous to imagine that people reserved all their blows and prods for their neighbours. Not at all. In these happy days wild beasts were plentiful and not a bit shy or bashful. Naturally their familiarities and unwelcome attentions were keenly resented, but it is a regrettable fact that stunners and spears were not always successful. It was therefore a happy day for everybody when Jestlek, the noted scientist, invented the Bouncer. This weapon took the public by storm, and, at the time, was regarded as a sort of eighth wonder of the world. Unfortunately, in the first year of its existence accidents multiplied alarmingly owing to the troublesome way people used it, even in crowded thoroughfares. In fact, Principals banned the Bouncer altogether from school premises, and to be guilty in this connection meant instant expulsion. But the Bouncer's little drawbacks in the cities were more than compensated for in the country towns and hamlets. Great havoc began to be wrought among the beasty tribes. These latter were completely taken unawares and had their sides tempered and pinkered in the most provocative way, and at the most unexpected times and places. The result was that they began to take to the woods and cease to associate with men henceforth and for ever. They felt man wasn't playing his game.

And now we come to the Iron Age. You will easily understand that the introduction of iron was bound to make a difference. And sure enough it did. But there is a lot to be said about the Iron Age, so we must keep it all for our next lecture.

SPORTS

BEST MAN—DIV. I



S. KABERT

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

SPORTS

WITH the Excellency the Governor and Lady Hallett presiding and in presence of a large assembly of visitors the College sports were held on September 25th. We give below the results of the more important items:—

Putting the Shot.—A Division.

1st, Mackey Jr.	2nd, McLeod	3rd, Maher.

Putting the Shot.—B Division.

1st, Lake	2nd, Darnell.	3rd, Walker

Half Mile.—(Open to College).

1st, Maher	2nd, Crawford.	3rd, Gilbert.

Running Broad Jump.—B. Division.

1st, Tilden	2nd, Lake	3rd, Darnell.

Running Broad Jump.—A. Division.

1st, Crawford	2nd, Roe	3rd, King

High Jump.—A Division.

1st, Roe	2nd, Phillips	3rd, Brown

High Jump.—B Division.

1st, Kavanagh	2nd, Darnell.	3rd, Lake

100 Yards.—A. Division.

1st, Maher	2nd, Crawford	3rd, King.

100 Yards.—B. Division.

1st, Tilden	2nd, Lake	3rd, Doyle.

220 Yards.—A Division.

1st, Maher	2nd, Crawford.	3rd, Gilbert

220 Yards.—B Division.

1st, Power	2nd, Tilden.	3rd, Doyle

Hop, Step and Jump.—A Division.

1st, Roe	2nd, Crawford	3rd, McLeod

Hop, Step and Jump.—B Division.

1st, Tilden	2nd, Lake	3rd, Power.

440 Yards.—A Division.

1st, Maher	2nd, Crawford	3rd, Gilbert.

440 Yards.—B Division.

1st, Tilden	2nd, Doyle	3rd, Lake.

Hurdles.—A Division.

1st, Roe	2nd, McBride	3rd, Gilbert

Hurdles.—B Division.

1st, Power	2nd, Doyle	3rd, Tilden.

Relay Race. (Open to seniors).

1st, St. Joseph's College A Team.	2nd, St. Joseph's College B Team.	

3rd, Eastern Cup awarded.

Visitors Competition.

1st, Mr. Day and Miss Kavanagh. 2nd, Mr. Howell and Mrs. Lynn. 3rd, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis.

Best Man.—A Division.

Maher.

Best Man.—B Division.

Tilden.

Best Man.—C Division.

Roe.

Best Man.—D Division.

Simpson.

Collins Shield.

Standard X.

Connolly Shield.

Standard VI.

Eight new records were established. Certificates signed by the Governor were given instead of the usual prizes, and a piece of cake by Miss was given to Lady Hallett for the Wee Tiny. Lady Hallett distributed the Certificates.

THE MUSTARD SEED

It is wonderful this morning the remains of Bro. Edmund Ignatius Rice will be carried in solemn cortège past the small house in New Street where he began to teach children, then roaming wild, almost 150 years ago, to be sepultured in a new Memorial Chapel, sacrine of the founder of a great Congregation revered the world over—that of the Christian Brothers. Many Irishmen will feel their thoughts go back to their school days, in which the followers of Ignatius Rice laid, with Christian love and patience, the foundation stone of so many successful careers of so many happy lives.

What, therefore, can be more appropriate than a visit to St. Mary's, in Marine, the stately avenue Mockbeggars of the Congregation. It overlooks Wide Griffith Avenue.

A happy coincidence, for the late President was one of their pupils. Superior-General Bro. Norman received me in the Council room, from which a particularly-placed boat of the founder looked down on an enormous round table littered with papers, with on the centre of the vast room, lighted by five high lofty windows, some smaller desks, typewriters, filing cabinets.

This is the nerve centre of the organisation so modestly begun; from here the Superior-General and the four Assistants govern their scholastic empire, the Provinces of Ireland, Australasia (for it includes New Zealand and Tasmania), the United States (with Canada and Newfoundland), and India and three extra-provincial Houses (in German colonies in the Congo

prevarication!—in England and Rome, Gibraltar and South Africa.

Here they hold their every morning promptly at nine and discuss the business of the day—may be an appointment in Scotia, or a new building in Norway, with 1,000 members spread over the globe business is usually brisk.

SEVENTH SUCCESSOR.

The eighth Superior-General, seventh in succession to the founder, is Bro. Norman, an imposing figure of a man with a fine big head, stately, crowned on broad shoulders. He comes from good Westmeath farmer stock, Tyrrells pass, where, by the way, the new National Teacher will live! Fifty-five years ago he entered the Congregation, got his B.A. at what was the Royal University, was sent to successive years to various places: Cork; the leading school in Mortlake; five years in Park College, Kent (built in England "a magnificent place"); eight years at the O'Connell School, "I have always been amazed at the success of talent flowing through that school!"; seven years back in Cork as Superior this time. Then in 1892 he was elected Assistant—as such he made visitations to Australia, Africa, America—and when his predecessor resigned in 1900, Bro. Norman was elected by the General Chapter of his Confrères Superior-General of the whole Congregation—an election for life.

He has a squarely proportioned, rather serious face, distinguished, too, by its whole sheer Irish loyalty marked. There is always a smile lurking round his mobile mouth or lying in wait in the lines of crow's-feet round his blue eyes. Humour, calm, and strength in the noble brow, in the square determined chin. A grand type of man—born for any council chamber, whether of Church or State. It must run in the family, for one of his sisters is Mother Superior at Leeds.

EDUCATIONAL RECORD.

Could that simple and pious Kilkenny man Edmund Rice ever have thought when he founded his Order—in 1802, late in life, after his wife had died—and on the cemetery of the foundation for London Vagrants would overgrow—and in a leaking outside house "Mansion for education" his followers?

I felt some misgivings when I walked through St. Mary's and adjoining building, seeing the young Brothers at study in their well-stocked library, boasting about their honours and distinctions, for the Superior-General knows even the youngest recruit.

I saw on one wall a photo taken in Rome where Bro. Keenan presented to the Holy Year, 1933, all those priests in Rome who had been to Christian Brothers' Schools in their youth. There were 179 of them, including Monsignor Hanna, the Rector of the Irish College; the Assistant-Cardinal of the Dominicans, famous professors, every Rank and Order in the Church.

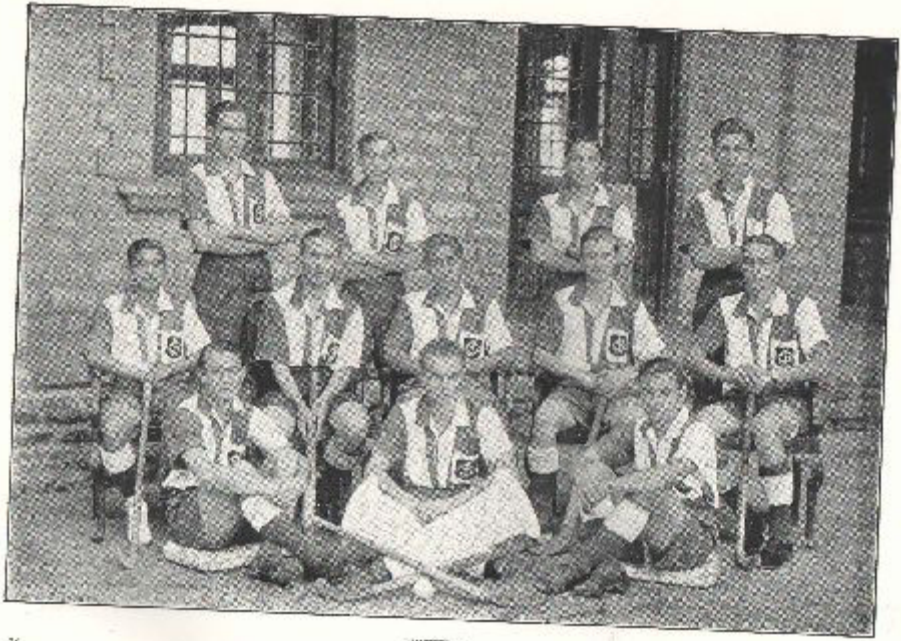
In Ireland their record is even more exhaustive. The Taoiseach was a pupil of theirs, so was Mr. Cosgrave, so was Tim Healy, and present Ministers O'Kelly, Lemass, Boland, numerous Senators, deputies, and other legislators—in fact, I believe, half Ireland.

EPILOGUE.

My last name to be end having said "Good night" to Our Lady in her special niche on the main corridor, as every brother does before retiring, I stood in the doorway overlooking from the broad sweep of the terrace so pleasant in colour, with all its shrubs and plants our capital city.

There it lies, mysterious, sombre, in the gathering dusk, the vast expanse of its buildings pierced by the spires and towers of its several asylums, pierced through with the innumerable chimney stacks of unceasing labour for its daily bread—dark against the light grey-blue background of the hills beyond the Dublin city bought and sold, centre of that far-flung empire of anything, fullness of the harvest from the seed which Edmund lighting from pulpit in that small Waterford back street.

SENIOR
SCHOOL
PICNIC



HOCKEY

THE Wicker Shield Intermediate tournament was carried out in hockey. In the final the Ninth Standard beat the Tenth after a very hard match. I was the team expected to win and were very disappointed at the result. In the first intermediate tournament on the playing "B" team won the first match against Government High School, but later on went down to the Hero Club by a single goal. The "B" deserve credit for their performance in this match as their opponents are a strong team. The "A" defeated the Point Tal Wanderers by two goals to nil. They scored another victory over Chel Kim High School, winning by the only goal scored. The small score was not a good one. We met the Golden Club in the final. One of our players was missing in the first few minutes of the game. There was no score till about ten minutes before end time. The Golden Club then scored twice and achieved the trophy. In the senior tournament our "A" team defeated the Scarlet Nobles by a single goal margin. Our match with the Hero Club had to be stopped on account of rain, neither side having scored at the time. We wanted to continue the match but our opponents objected. In the replay the match lasted about two hours. The winning goal was scored by the Hero Club about two minutes before the end. The Golden Club winners of the first tournament, did not qualify for the final, which was to have been played between a Scarlet team and the Hero Club. The Scarlet team refused to play and left Point Tal, thus losing the trophy to our conquerors, the Hero Club. Our team this year seemed to lack scoring ability. There were very few goals scored against us in the two tournaments but our forwards were never able to pick up a good score. Another thing to be regretted is the attitude of the crowd at the matches when their interests are at stake. It is a pity that a section of the local crowd carried such a defect in the right spirit. Probably hooting is one cause if not the only one, of their rowdy conduct. This unsporting behaviour may have the effect of keeping away outside teams. This year one of the teams refused to remain for the final for which they had qualified. It would seem that the withdrawal of one of our local teams consider their favourites a team that is not to be beaten. It is really a good team; but it should not play into the hands of the Lazar rowdies.

Our last inter-class hockey trophy, the Leslie Cup, was won this year by the Ninth Standard.

SENIOR SCHOOL PICNIC

UTOPIA IN THE CLASSROOM

THE Professor strides impetuously into the classroom playfully swatting the noses of some small boys, and then suddenly collecting his wits, cries out "Good morning, boys."

Boys: Good morning, professor. It's a long time since you took us for a lesson, sir.

Prof.: Yes, boys. I was having injections against hydrophobia. They nearly killed me. But I'm very pleased to say "the dog it was that died." Now, what shall we do to-day?

Boys: History, sir; we did do History.

Prof.: You mean you're dotty on History. Well, did any of you ever hear of the Black Prince?

John: Please, sir, do you mean Uriah, the Hittite chief?

Prof.: I do not dilly boy. Go to the bottom of the class. I mean the English prince who wore black armour so that the French could not see him in the dark. Who can tell me who his father was?

Brian: Please, sir, I know. Old King Cole.

Prof.: Excellent, Brian. Move up six places. And who was his mother?

Peter: Oh, I know that one, sir; Black Maria.

Prof.: There's a smart boy! Go to the top, Peter. I suppose you have all heard of the Magna Carta. Where was that signed?

Jim: Oh, that's on every one, sir; on the dotted line.

Prof.: Excellent, young man. We're coming on. Now, what was King Brave of Scotland famous in?

Colin: Please sir, he kept performing spiders and he beat the English at the big sea battle of Waterloo. That's why it's called Water-loo.

Prof.: Talking about water—who was Francis Drake?

Ian: Wasn't he one of the famous sea-dogs of Devon, and the first man to see the Invisible Armada?

Prof.: Good boy! Up a place. Stop pushing there at the bottom of the class. What happened to King Charles when he was defeated at the battle of Worcester?

Alan: Didn't he escape, sir, by dressing up as a pheasant and flying to Scotland?

Prof.: Exactly, Alan. Up five places. I suppose you've all heard of the famous Crusades. Who started them?

Michael: I think it was Robinson Crusoe, sir. Isn't that why they're called Crusoes? Shall I move up a place, sir?

Prof.: No, stay where you are. What happened to the King of France in the French Revolution?

Donald: Wasn't he guillotined, sir, something, sir? I read about him.

Prof.: Yes, quite right. But we're getting gloomy, boys. Let's do some Arithmetic.

Boys: Yes, sir, let's.

Prof.: How many days do you go to school every year, about?

Boy: Oh, about two hundred, sir.

Prof.: Now, now, what a stupid answer. Go down to the very bottom of the class. Make room for him, boys. Now let us see how many days we go to school.

Boys: Yes, yes, sir, let's.

Prof.: Well, boys, I suppose you know there are—here, you young fellow, how many days in a year?

Cyril: 365, sir.

Prof.: Hah! Yes, I think that's about right. Well, you lazy young fellows sleep a good eight hours every twenty-four hours, so that's one-third of the year gone, which leaves 243 days. Then you spend another eight hours every day loafing around at home and the house, so 121 days. And we wouldn't forget that you don't go to school on Saturdays or Sundays, so that's another 104 days gone; which leaves us only 17 days. And, what about the ten weeks holidays we get every year? Why boys, you don't go to school at all.

Boys: There's a catch somewhere, mister.

Prof.: It seems you could never understand a proper thing like that. Here, you young man with the funny nose, what's the half of two and two?

F. N.: Please, sir, two.

Prof.: Nonsense! What's the half of two?

F. N.: One, sir.

Prof.: And one and two make—three. We're all going to-day. Now I'll break up with a little little poem:

There was a young fellow named—um, well
Whose mother all called him a jewel.
A pet and a love
A lamb and a dove
You should hear what they called him at School!

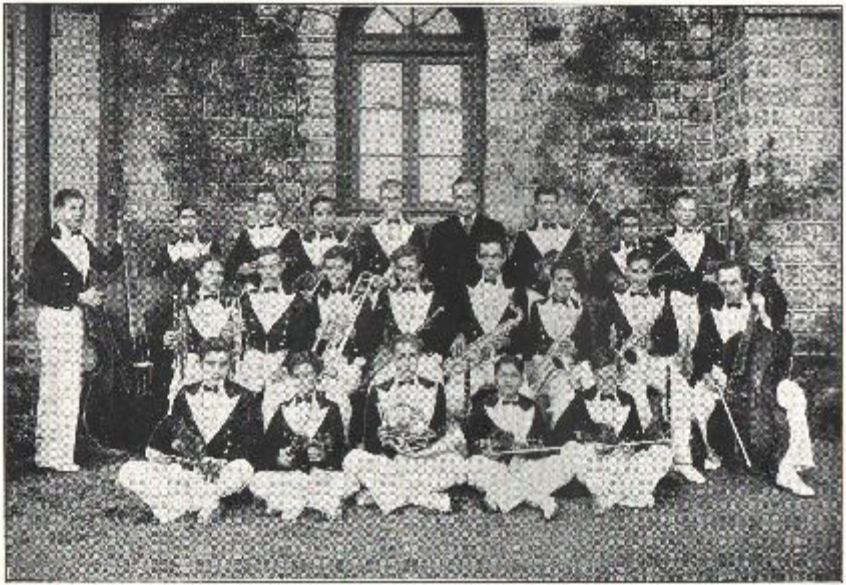
Cheers, boys!

R. F. (1)

TROPHIES

HOT BY

SPECIALS



COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

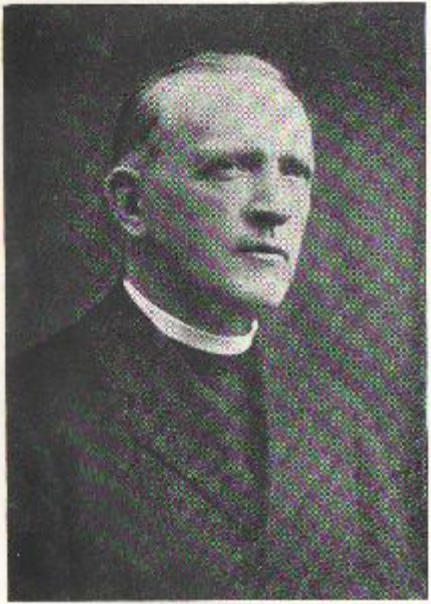
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

ANNUAL CONCERT

BEFORE a crowded house St. Joseph's College gave their annual Concert on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 20th and 21st. The Nelson Tail School children had a rare treat on the first day, and they showed their appreciation of whatever they felt the artists had offered to by little rises to get on amidst the volleys of applause that greeted the comic situations in which the play abounded. Wednesday was the "big day." The concert opened with a march "Flying Colours" by the College orchestra. It would be superfluous to say that the music was first class as the excellence of the orchestra is well known even far beyond the confines of Nelson Tail. A fine, spirited chorus "The Merry Dance" by the College choir was the next item. In between the acts of the play other items were played including a very spectacular eight hand reel by kilted boys and booded "cellists" their rich melodies set off by a beautiful woodland background, a fine four part arrangement of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" by a choir of some fifty voices with the second verse unaccompanied to bring out the grand harmony of the parts, and finally, a little "domestic pressie" by two youngsters paging as brother and "sister" and causing a lot of amusement by the perfectly natural way in which they and their little "pressie." During the interval a selection was played by the orchestra, an unexpected number of encores being added by the way in which the players broke into song.

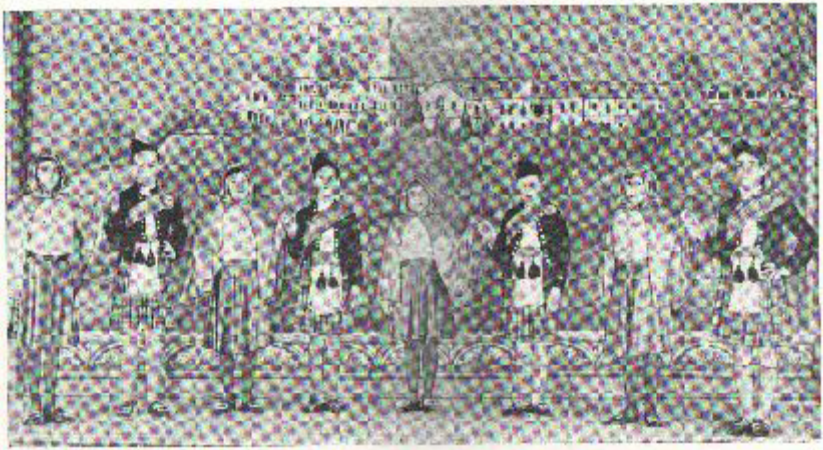
The play staged was "The Private Secretary," specially arranged by the College for an all-male cast. I have seldom seen a better balanced bunch of players. J. Whatleser in the same piece was a very good butler. He took off the gentle nervous over-politeness of Spaulding with rare ability. R. Graham as the Serre, crooked uncle, was a real star off and carried his part very well. R. Graves and L. Garton-Jones as Douglas Cheesemite and Harry Markland, respectively, worked well together and did their parts with all the confidence and assurance of professionals. J. Crawford as Mr. Marchland, was a really cultivated English country gentleman and filled his part well. C. Dennett had the darker difficult role of Gilbert, the ambitious tailor, but he entered well into the part and was a decided success. R. Powell was a good choice for the part of Herr Blockman the foreign tailor. The part seemed to come natural to him. P. Otter was the quiet, unassuming bachelor. The minor parts of John, the family butler, Knox, the wine server, and Frank and Jim, Mr. Marchland's sons were well taken by D. MacBryde, R. Coates, D. Flint and P. Hendby. The whole thing went with a fine swing and was immensely appreciated by the audience. There was not a dull moment from the rise of the curtain to the end. We offer our hearty congratulations to actors, musicians, dancers and singers. All were at top notch.

N. Vaughn and "Mac" R. Thompson in "Vive Sap 36."



Very Rev. Br. J. P. Hennan, Superior General, Christian Brothers.

THE CAST IN "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY"



THE COLLEGE BAND

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG AND OLD

NO sensible person believes that discipline is unpopular. It gives a boy a pride in being kept in order, and teaches him how to keep himself in order and later on to keep others in order. Thus he learns responsibility, and responsibility forms character. The boy who is not kept in order at school and who is indulged at home becomes a nuisance to his masters and later on will become a worse nuisance to his parents. The difficulty about this age of unrestricted liberty is not exactly the liberty itself, but the discipline of that liberty. Liberty is not licence, but freedom under the Law. There are only two kinds of freedom who count any real and lasting influence on boys. Those who make them work and those who make them love work: but the second kind are the better. A great French general once said: "We go forward without knowing the future, without knowing if success will come. But it is necessary to go forward all the same for in certain cases anything is better than retreat."

The true state of a nation, as of a man, is equal in the state of common life.

Being faithful to a duty can never humiliate or degrade. If you have a duty to perform do it whatever it is, and even those who outwardly sneer will honour you in their inmost soul.

Bolshevism is freedom without law and therefore no freedom: Nazism is law without freedom and therefore no law. Under the first a man becomes a beast, under the second a robot. There is no via media between them. To be man we must steer clear of both.

Sensitiveness, when brought to extremes, is one of the subtle disguises of pride, for the "touchy" man is continually declaring, as it is fellow-men how they ought to behave towards him. He carries about with him, as it were, a code of unwritten and unpremeditated rules of court etiquette. An infringement of which should be unmercifully punished; but because he has not the power to expel from his court those who disregard his rules, he himself, within and, always offended and experiences a sense of injury, becoming unapproachable and repelling every advance. He is like a gentle man in a crowd, always afraid that someone may tread on his pet toe. Everyone in the crowd is a potential enemy and our unfortunate's one desire is to get away from it.

Success depends on seeing a little more into the future than other people. Do not look to the little pleasure of the present moment. Rather consider that the seeing of this little pleasure just now may result in your suffering a great loss afterwards, whereas the suffering a little inconvenience now or the foregoing of that little pleasure may bring you in a short time the success you so earnestly desire. Do not go on just living in the mud of the present. The healthy mind looks prospect and horizon.

If you will look success in enthusiastic about whatever you are doing. Experience a real joy in your chosen charms. Be one of the world's workers and you will realise that a steady grind is great fun.

WHEN TOM MOORE SANG

THE tray containing the things requisite for my after dinner coffee had been removed from the little table at my elbow, my lamp was lighted, and the reverberations through the silent house, consequent on the closing of the great street door, had acquainted me that the maid who came in daily to look after my wants had taken her departure for the night.

Settled comfortably by the fire—outside the autumn air was chill and damp—I had thought to take a brief and casual glance through an old book—a "History of the Social Life of Dublin," published a century ago, that I had picked up from a book stall on the Quays. But the heavy curtains of my windows were drawn against the cold, my chair seemed more than usually comfortable, the fire glowed pleasantly, my reading lamp burned brightly, and, absorbed in the old book, the time had gone away swiftly, unperceived.

A church clock in the neighbourhood chiming the hour of ten reminded me that, like the conventional and steady old bachelor I was, I must get my usual breather before bedtime. And so, putting the volume aside for future enjoyment, I went out, and down through the old, shabby, [illegible] streets of the Dublin that I love, and away through the shadows of their old tall, brooding houses, towards the river, for my usual nightly ramble.

Where I went through the old streets, lined on every side with great piles of stone, dark and ancient, the night air was chill and windshaken. Above the city a broken moon had silvered the edges of a great dark cloud that hung low above the house-tops.

To the north the old dark outlines of the Castle seemed in the chill shadows, [illegible], as well it might, the [illegible] of a silent [illegible], where it [illegible] all the [illegible] of its [illegible], [illegible] beside the water of the river, [illegible] away from the noise and [illegible] of the evening streets. Across the river, on its height, the old Cathedral of the Holy Trinity stood all white and black above the [illegible]. [illegible] the great [illegible] darkness that was the front of the Four Courts [illegible] with the [illegible] of the murky skies.

The long lines of the Quays were almost deserted, and the river, in the [illegible] and the darkness, broke with a [illegible] sound against the piers of its old grey bridges. In the cool quiet of the night the [illegible] of the [illegible] seemed asleep.

When I passed by an old doorway, [illegible] market place, from the open door of a great dark church the scent of incense came out into the street, where the sacristan stood for the night to [illegible], [illegible] the golden glow on its flower-filled altars and the [illegible] lights of its many shrines.

When I returned my steps up from the river level I seemed to leave behind all the noise and [illegible] of the short autumn day [illegible]. The old [illegible] were [illegible]. [illegible] in the old dim streets, yet, when I paused, from the open [illegible] doors there came the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible].

Although the air was chill it was filled with a [illegible] fragrance in which the whole city seemed [illegible]. [illegible] the Tower of [illegible] of the [illegible], the dark Liffey flowed [illegible] its grey walls, with the great dark [illegible] above it [illegible].

As I went through the darkened streets the wind rose, and in it was the first [illegible] of the winter [illegible]. Great [illegible] spattered the [illegible], and the hanging signs creaked and rattled drearily. In a [illegible] of [illegible] doorways [illegible], a street full of [illegible] and [illegible] and letting down the [illegible] of the [illegible], and [illegible] an old doorway, deep and darkened by the [illegible] of some [illegible], I stood for shelter. It was the door of an old house, beaten with the wind and the weather, the [illegible] and the [illegible] of the storms of over a hundred years.

The street was [illegible] Street and the house was numbered [illegible].

The rain blew in great gusts around the corners of the desolate old place. A few [illegible] lamps [illegible] only served to accentuate the gloom. In all the length of the old street I seemed to be the only living thing abroad, when I stood in the shadow of the great doorway. There was no sound save that of the wind and the beating rain, when suddenly into the gloom and silence of the place there came the [illegible] of [illegible], laughing people.

Torches flared and [illegible] flickered in the chill wet air. [illegible] [illegible] as they [illegible] in the [illegible], [illegible] the doorway. The old street that a moment before was [illegible] and dark was now all noise and gaiety and [illegible]. The great door at my elbow opened wide, and as I stood aside to allow the [illegible] to [illegible] in the wide hall, I was swept along, in the rush of the bustling throng, through the entrance of what seemed to be a great [illegible] chamber, already crowded with people.

The place was filled with light and color and the music of a band of lutes and drums and harpsichords. At the further end of the great room, where a table was spread to feast a king, there was a fire of cedar from a great wood fire. There were in immeasurable stacks of fruits and flowers and sweet pastries on the warm air, and bubble chining through the rosy light some bowls of wine and nectar or sugar.

From out the glow and glitter and jungle of sweet sounds a woman so cool in golden tissues, for flushed cheek her face and it sat come forward to welcome her guests. She was Margaret, Countess of Bleddington, a woman tall and stately as a queen. Fair, with a face fair and sweet as a wild rose, a laughing mouth that showed a flash of white teeth, and eyes as blue as the fabled forget-me-nots, deep and clear entire.

A woman called from real royalty and simplicity into the blast of a mediaeval court, Margaret, Countess of Bleddington had lessons, and set so long ago, the ending of poetry, with when as a rose will she had revealed its fragrance to the paths with the gentle line among your life, and a sort of thrilling as a chord of chords in her hand. Her childhood had suffered the blast sweet in the sickness of a little country town by the sea a little five-white cottage set and they manner home and surgeon will little beside nothing things there, gives many years where the primrose and bluebells came first to the spring-time, and was all purple with clover, sloping to the sea, and the little sea-bed land, browned by tides, and sea and sky and sea, in matter and lovely with sweet pinks, mignonette, sea-pinks, lavender, sweet briar and bee's bloom.

A good life it was and the great women and women and children set high in their health, as, with the great long years spent with little cares or care, for labour a good life—and here for away it all started—revived by the Irish girl, Gwenvere, in the sea scents and crowned by the breath of the meadow flowers. So long ago, and so far away that it seemed, the simple, sweet, humour memories on the stage, and now, like a child or in first bloom, the glow and glitter and poetry of her life was to be an everlasting and perpetual delight. In her little hallow or music and feasting the glad years crowed in the music of song and the sound of merry happy laughter. Gwenvere is a fairy, not sweet but fabulous sweet, in necessary a thousand ways in which to and brilliance and of song and service to the external events, the gay simplicity of music and revelry and, not with which the sweet to delight in a fairy.

Where she moved amongst her guests her gay laugh rang out above the noise of music, carefree as a larks song, but generally the crowded room was marked to a glittering star as South as she led out before an old harpsichord a little elastic tune with a word, gay laughing song a circle of lesser girls about her bright, fascinating eyes her white teeth set fair in a flushed cheek—for the Wheels are now free of the Schlemiels throughout, and, for now, all disease and the rest of life gone.

His Gift, taller with all a schoolboy's careless gaiety, the fire and tender, its forest of high, as or wonderful, fair, patient, as a swelling souvenir of God, darling, by the fair woman, indeed, there, the tale, or, when leaden or fast on for, where their skills very measurement, and time, reliable, but an irresistible attraction.

Among those before, are the bonnibleers, the, one touched a chord or two, as a wild sweet melody, he sang.

Tommy Moore was at the top of his form and he sang. The aristocracy of the world that was Lauren had, amongst him and courted him and favoured him and, as we say, he is, indeed, to the great English circle of Dublin, Margaret, Countess of Bleddington, he, latter, him one to far fame to amuse her guests.

Moore sang, and the music stole as from out an orchestra that from behind a garden of palms and flowers. On and on, at, and, nothing, he sang, and after song of his old sweet melodies, of the poems to which as had wedded his own words, the lady, she sense, coaxed, as, the, and, one of the, the Irish, melodies, with the tune for, one, the, same of the word sent in then, the age, and, he, every, sweet heart.

His voice had a clear, sonorous vibration, like the, music of a lute, and was rich and strong enough to fill, the, great chamber, with a divine, taking, magnetism, and, all the, charm of his, young, wonderful, young, lady, present, it, seemed, does not come back, and, memories, to a, year, ago, Moore, carried, with, him, always, to, his, gay, sweet, something, of, the, poetic, melancholy, and, although, the, lady, crowded, room, full, of, the, idle, idlers, of a, summer, sea, sea, so, for, the, hollows, of, the, narrow, he, crowd, you, all, the, joy, he, had, in, his, singing, and, the, all, joy, indelicate, circles, of, his, sense, sense, reliably, finish, from, the, sense, the, thought, that, he, was, working, the, talent, and, serving, the, summer, sense, of, his, life, all, every, idea, he, made, himself, in, more, of, a, wild, and, decorative, crowd.

For, it, he, sense, sense, sense, it, passed, again, with, the, sadness, of, a, schoolboy's, wings, He, had, set, to, know, the, pain, of, disappointed, courting, the, sadness, of, a, form, that, are, outlined, itself, Life, seems, to, him, one, thing, illusion, of, mortal, ways, sense-tormented, of, nightmares, and, days, His, genius, and, his, little, voice, or, sense, shared, with, the, world, on, the, window, ledge, and, lighted, for, him, the, witch-balls, of, fame, and, the, brilliance, of, the, wonderful, all, of, the, way, in, the, compartmental, and, volatile, sense, but, through, with, a, certain, measure, of, sensation, for, music, in, his, life, that, had, between, been, lacking.

In the, the, bright, room, deep, phase, subject, with, the, gay, crowd, an, emotional, listening, to, the, golden, melodies, of, the, old, songs, that

have more than that held the world enthralled, that have moved whole [illegible] to [illegible], and have made [illegible] and [illegible] men and women weep like children.

While I watched the flowers on the sill, [illegible], a strange musical silence seemed to steal over her, a silence heavy with memories awakened by the old and [illegible] music. When I stood uncovered in the revered room, I had no doubt but that in her reverie, a young girl again in the long [illegible] summer days, she walked through the sweet wet grasses of the deep green glades and water-threaded meadows [illegible] silent, shadowy paths leading under [illegible] of dense foliage, with the scent of fern and water in their [illegible].

I was certain that under the magic influence of Moore's [illegible] of the old songs, to-day, not all the [illegible], except sweet things of her early life were summoned, the [illegible], carefree days spent beneath the roof of the little low white cottage sheltered in [illegible] branches, in its damp, green garden ways full of the smell of the sea and the sweet wild scent of [illegible], days when she ran barefoot through the clover fields and herded her goats amid the rose and blue of the heather blooms on the [illegible] above the sea.

There in the [illegible] room, they were all [illegible] just so clear in her [illegible] old [illegible] days of her girlhood as they came back to her with their dreams and scents and sounds, all [illegible] in one delicious memory, a memory called from out the past by the [illegible] and [illegible] when [illegible] sang.

She still lingered [illegible] the [illegible] and the cottage room of her cottage garden, with the fresh [illegible] breeze from the sea stirring her hair and the sweet smell of [illegible] fields and [illegible] about her [illegible] she [illegible].

And while she [illegible] the singer's voice [illegible] as clearly as ever [illegible] of her garden [illegible] to earth in the long ago, and while a [illegible] from the old [illegible] the tears, [illegible] her drooping lashes, fell unheeded through the [illegible] of her hands [illegible] clasped loosely above her heart, seemed [illegible] to [illegible] its [illegible].

[illegible] the warmth and fragrance and [illegible] of the [illegible] chamber I [illegible] to hear the wild [illegible] the singer, as rising from the old [illegible] with the [illegible]. The [illegible] flame of the hearth [illegible] her [illegible], as the [illegible] to [illegible] their [illegible] at his will.

Suddenly, amid the gusts of the [illegible] laughter that ever gave Memory's wings to the feet of Time, the sparks and the glitter of the [illegible] crowd seemed to [illegible] and disappear, the brilliant lights faded and died out, the softly [illegible] sank to silence, the great chamber was [illegible], and in all the width of the [illegible] place naught remained of the [illegible] and joy [illegible] save the grey ashes of a [illegible] silence.

[illegible] when I realized it was in darkness, and as the [illegible] of the great door closing behind me went echoing through the [illegible], empty house, I found myself once more on the doorstep alone.

The [illegible] from the open windows has ceased to thrill through the silence of the old, [illegible]. The [illegible] of the [illegible] were no longer heard. The lights, the [illegible], the [illegible] and the [illegible] were gone. The rain had ceased, the air was pure and clear as crystal. It was four [illegible] clock. In the deep blue vault above the stars were shining, and away in the east, above the clustered [illegible], appeared the first faint silver streaks of the oncoming dawn.

— [illegible]

"ABSENTE FELE"

CLASSES V, VI AND VII

THEY SAY SO

SWIFT, writing in the *Weekly Review* has some very sagacious points on the absolute assurance of advertisers. We know some of them, too, and could perhaps give even Swift an occasional new view. But as our advertisers were the living men and his are their work in the newspapers we may for the moment let our own go to some or other of the places we should like them to go, and let our old man give us what he has to say. Here is something of it. "It has been truly said that a man's truest and most permanent companions are the imaginary characters of fiction. Real men and women are but temporaries and cannot be always and permanently satisfactory. But the heroes and heroines of fiction live on unchanged, having as it were, the quality of immortal youth. Our great writers have endowed their favourites with unfading halos. But the advertiser can give a halo to even such commercial things as tooth paste and soap. He claims for his glorious soap all manner of miraculous qualities such as the power of restoring youth and I don't know what else besides. But of all the qualities claimed by the soap-man for his soap the most remarkable is the quality of conferring immortal youth. Commercial advertisers alone in the modern world, boldly affirm. They also proclaim reality and insist upon the agreement, nay, even the applause of their audience. In times gone by missionaries of all kinds, but somebody the more recent converts to some new religion, would loudly affirm the revelations which it was their duty and pleasure to convey to the world. We know these prophets, major and minor. Their manner could be summed up in the popular phrase "I am not arguing. I'm telling you." In a world now weary of old dogmas and eager for what the more stupid reformers call "restatement" there is nothing to compare with your commercial advertiser. He does not doubt; he does not circumlocute. He goes right for the facts and backed, and among those facts please always remember the power to confer perpetual youth. I remember the case of an old wrinkled lady who being well beyond her zenith, had her face "pulled" and rose from the hands and claws of the beauty specialist as perpetual youth tenfeter, with all the wrinkles gone and her face set in a new zone of life. But nature would have its way as nature does, and our old young lady soon found herself the "proud" possessor of a double chin. I suppose that doubly constrained her.

Someone in the review of some silly woman's novel said that one should find the value of any literary effort by the strength and joy it gave, and using this criterion I am quite sure that the one out of our modern literary offers is reached by the commercial advertiser. Think of the millions who have read by this time the virtues of this or that pill. It speaks volumes for the "artists," as they are called in the journalistic profession, that it is for the people who make the pictures for advertisers. That they have never displeased their masters. You may hear many complaints about the advertisers, as that

their childhood is but a dream and even their manners often doubtful, but you will never hear a word against their smartly dressed men and women. This is odd, for if there is one type in this world who is a laughing-stock everywhere in a broader world, it is the overdressed man in the advertisements. This woman I am not competent to criticise and the she-dad, as she thinks, but I am a rare sort of parent. But of he-laughing there are whole books who have taken vengeance in the pictures that adorn advertisements. There they be enshrined. Thousands will find them and be glad.

But in connection with advertising have you ever heard the Beecham story? We all know the value of Beecham's pills and we know, too, that the inventor "worth a guinea a box." Well, a very practical minded reader once determined to take the advertisement at its face value. So he bought a box of pills and sent it by post to the head of the firm, with a covering note requesting him to send on a guinea in exchange. The guinea turned up, and our practical friend proceeded to buy another box and send it to the firm as before. After waiting some time for the second guinea he received, not a guinea, but a note to the following effect. "Dear Sir, the box is worth a guinea to you, but not to me." Now this is what I call real advertisement with sound common sense on both sides.

A. E. C.

COLLF

BRIGHTL

DAILY JOTTINGS

FEBRUARY.

1st. The arrival of the "Winter Birds." A few optimists had arrived the day before. Some others gave the other meaning to "Birds."

3rd. Close starts.

4th-8th. Hockey with any possible team.

9th. A little test in mathematics.

10th. A test hockey match against a mixed team. It ended in a draw, the score being one all.

12th. Another hockey match. Our opponents were not as good to-day and we had a fairly easy victory.

13th. The Golden Club played us to day and won by two goals to nothing.

20th. The Brothers returned from their holiday in Delhi.

MARCH.

6th. 1.Sc Practical Examination in Physics. All were successful although the examiner was very strict.

10th. 1.Sc. Practical Examination in Chemistry. All were again successful and the scoring was higher than in the Physics Examination.

14th. The three College parties arrive. This was a record year for newcomers.

15th. The first class day. Some boys re-arrive on Sunday.

19th. The Winter Specials played a drawn match in hockey with the rest of the School.

17th. Ireland lost to the World in football; but we discovered that a few of the Irish big guns had been "Ireland and lost" to the World.

18th. The Colleges Head Day was a full holiday.

20th. The Winter Specials played the Rest to day again. The Rest proved too good for them by one odd goal to five. An addition was made to the small boys' dormitory by opening up two side rooms as the numbers this year are so high.

21st. A government holiday for celebrating our military victories in Africa.

24th. A day of special prayer for peace in union with the whole Empire.

24th. The 1.Sc. and I.A. Examinations started to-day. We had a record number of candidates.

26th. There was a Natal Tel Debtor held on the Flats to day.

29th. The 2nd "Last Saturday." Very few could avail of the "Playing Out" but a large number went to the Flats.

APRIL.

1st. There seems to be a record number of April fool stunts.

3rd. The Specials played the School in hockey and were not satisfied with the result. This is a sad way of putting it. The first meeting of the Natal Tel Gymkhana and Athletic Sports Association was held to-day. Br. Murphy was elected Vice President.

4th. We played the Here Club on our own ground and beat them.

9th. The Eastern Command met us in a hockey match on our ground. We had an easy win by six clear goals. The Eastern holidays begin at two o'clock.

12th. We again defeated the Here Club, this time on the Flats.

12th. A picnic party went to Fatwa Dangar.

13th. 1.Sc Examination terminated. The I.A candidates have still to stick it. G. Dean went to Mansion Hospital with pneumonia.

NAINI TAL IMPRESSIONS

The snow-capped peaks tower high above
Those lovely lake-side shores
Which give Naini's charming isle
That scene of goodness's sense.

The gulmohr now [illegible] in bloom,
Tree flowers bloom all around;
While in the woods [illegible]
Sings calm and peace profound.

In spite of Sahib, Bazaar [illegible] dislike
Skilled boatmen ply their trade
On glassy lake, [illegible] only take
Tired men back in the shade.

In search of health we wandered here
From India's world pains,
Where hill was vale and tempest shed,
Tassels of county rains.

And here we [illegible] calm health and peace
In charming "Pookey"
Perched high above the glittering lake,
Gem of tranquillity.

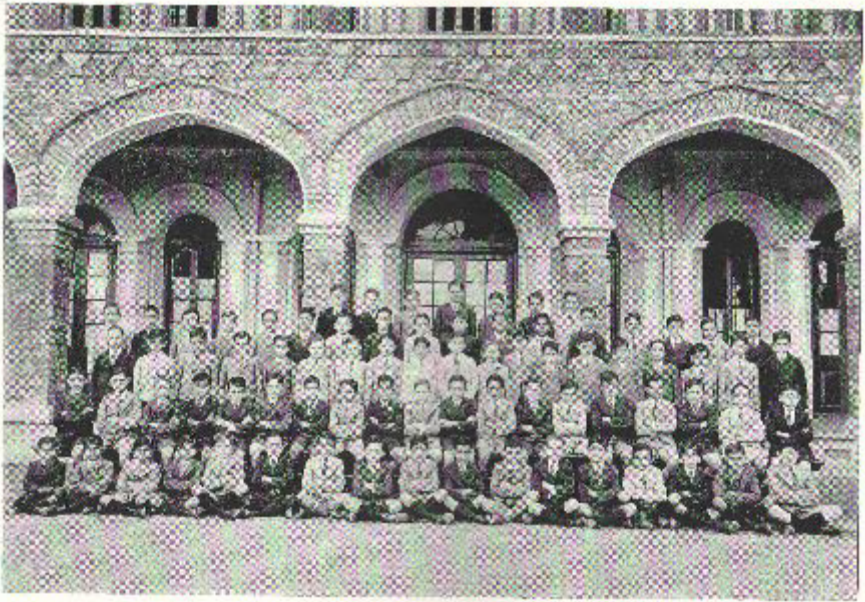
No smoky home dishes our rest,
No horses shake the floor;
Yet chokahras ply just round the [illegible]
And doolies need the door.

No dust storms here to blind your eyes,
No "[illegible]" blows for hours;
You may perhaps get gentle rain,
Or [illegible] up for showers.

A friendly group of fellow guests,
A [illegible] social line,
And menus that would tempt a king—
[illegible] chose for you.

Now pack your bag and take the train
For Nainita pleasant clime,
You need a change to make you [illegible]
So come now; don't waste time.

C. R. C.



K. G. AND PRIMARY SCHOOL

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

MRS. 'ARRIS SPEAKS

Miss 'Arris asked 'er friend to come with 'er to the 'hospital. On the way they 'ad a little chat; at least Mrs 'Arris 'ad. "My old man's been ill," she said, "an' serves 'im right. 'E'd an awful cold and wouldn't stay in bed, an' now 'e's 'ad the 'flu. The doctor 'e says 'ad 'im 'e 'ad a temperament of a 'undred and six; at least that's wot he told me. When I asked 'im wot a 'temperament' of a 'undred and six meant, 'e said it meant you were a 'undred and six times worse than yer ordinary 'ot. A few days after the doctor 'e calls to see my old man and asks 'im 'ow 'e is. Well, Doctor, 'e says, 'I can't like an ox, and I sleeps like a mice, but I feels as tired as a dog.' 'I think, Mrs. 'Arris,' says the doctor, 'mayjin' at me, 'I think your 'usband oughter see a vet., not a doctor.'" But Mrs. 'Arris couldn't keep to any subject very long and so she goes on almost without a break. "D'yer know I'm an old, Ma'am?" she says. "Well, I knocked up some of them slimmin' cranks yesterday. Said she thought I might 'ev try it. I was to diet myself on, say, only one a 'ot banana." "Yes," says, "Is it before meals or after?" A nasty woman that. Told me, she did, I was gettin' thinner every day. "Well," I says, "that's something you can't do, anyway." "I wonder," says she, "if I'll see my looks when I reaches your age?" "Let's 'ope so, you never know your luck," says I. That rat 'er dandle an' she ended up by calling me ten-footed. "Ten-footed, am I?" says I. "Well, you're not or you wouldn't come out with that one." An so on the 'ole way to the 'orspital till I was tired of 'er 'Arry an' 'er 'Herbert an' 'er 'Artie an' 'er little Hollie an' in the comfort of 'er life an' 'er 'ground 'an is the plague of it.

Heard on the Mall.

"Ow do you?"

"Ow do do?" diminishingly.

"Are you played golf to-day?"

"A leave."

"A bowl island?"

"Yes, a bowl island, sub-sea bowls."

BASIC ENGLISH

Even Cambridge has now taken up the idea of Basic English. We give below the first three paragraphs of one of the text books prescribed for the Junior Cambridge Examination. It is Robinson Crusoe, put into basic English by T. Tokatis.

This story is about Robinson Crusoe, whose birth took place in the town of York in the year 1632. He was the third son of the family, and his father was going to make him a man of law, but young Crusoe had a great desire to go to sea.

His father, a wise and serious man, was very much against letting him be a sailor. He sent for Crusoe to come in his room one morning, where he was ill in bed, and made it clear to him that he would have nothing to do with such an idea. While his father was talking, Crusoe saw that he was crying bitterly. When the old man said that Crusoe might be very unhappy some day and have no one to give him help if he went on with this idea, he was so sad that he was unable to say any more.

Crusoe was much troubled by this talk, and said that he would give up the idea of being a sailor. But after some weeks the memory of his father's unhappy words had gone from his mind, and the desire to be a sailor came back.

EAST END

A Hackney was [illegible] to a friend of his somewhere in Surrey. One evening as they were walking together along the country roads an owl hooted from an old ruined house. "What's that?" said the Cockney. "An owl," said his friend. "I know it's a 'owl, but what's 'owling?"

MOTHER

M is for the many things she gave me
O is only that she's growing old
T is for the tears she shed to save me
H is for her heart of purest gold
E is for her eyes of loveliest azure
R is right and just and true
Put them together, they spell MOTHER
For she was all these and more to me

An Essay in Alliteration

HAVE you ever tried writing an essay in which every word begins with the same letter? Here is an example, which I must admit, makes me guilty of plagiarism. I wonder would any other letter be easier than "W"? Try one for yourself, and I might suggest also that you read this one aloud.

WALTER WITH WINNIE.

"Warm weather, Walter! Welcome warm weather. We were wishing winter would wane, weren't we?" whispered Winnie, wearily. Wan, white, woe-begone was Walter, wayward, wilful, worn with weakness, waxing weaker whenever winter's wild, withering winds were waiting. Wholly without warmthless was Winnie, Walter's wise, womanly worker, who with winsome, winning way, was well-loved.

"We won't wait, Walter, while weather's warm we wonder where woodlands wave. Won't we?" Walter's wanted wakefulness wholly waned. "Why, Winnie, we'll walk where we went when we were with Willie; we'll weave wild-flower wreaths, watch woodmen working, windlass worms wriggling, woodmice whirling, waterwills wheeling, we will win wild wild-strawberries, witness wheat winnowed."

Wisbeach woods were wild with wild flowers; warm westerly winds whispered where willows were waving; wood-pigeons wrung woodpeckers were warbling wild warbles. Where Wisbeach watermill's waters, which were without warm winter, were water-lilies, waxen white. Winifred wove wreaths with willows with willow wands. Wholly without warning, wild, wet winds wake within Wisbeach woods, whistling where Winifred wandered with Walter; writhing willows were wailing weirdly, waging war with wind tossed waters. Winifred's weariness waked. "Walter, we won't wait." "Which way, Winnie?" Winifred wondered. "Why, where were we wandering? Wisbeach woods when whichever way we walk. Where's Wisbeach white windmill; where's Wisbeach water mill?" Wistfully Walter whispered. Winifred's wonder. "Winnie, Winnie, we were wrong, wholly wrong, wandering within wild woods. Wayfaring, weather beaten, we're we're well nigh worn-out."

Whilst-wailed where, within withed woodwork walls, wagons, wains were waiting, weighty with withered wood. Walter warmly wrapped with Winifred's well-worn wadded waterproof was waiting wearfully, wholly wanted. Winnie, who, worn with watching, well-nigh weeping, was wistfully, waistfully waiting Willie's well-known whistle, wholly wished Walter's well being warranted. With well timed wisdom Walter was wound with wise, white worsted wrappers, which wonderfully well withstood winter's withering, withering winds. Wholly without warm wrappers was Winifred, who, with womanly wisdom was watching Walter's weakness, warding Walter's weakness.

"When will Willie wend where we wait?" wearily wondered Walter.

"What Walter," whispered Winnie; "who was whooping?"

"Whereabouts?"

Welcome whistling was walking Wishesh woods when a wind's windy warrens wished winter. "Wind Walter!" Winifred's wakefulness was well grounded. "We're well, Willie; we're where Winston's wagons wait." Without waiting Willie was where Winston's woodwork walls. "Welcome, welcome, Willie!" Winnie was weeping with weariness with watching Walter, week with wayfaring.

"Why, Winnie; wise, watchful, warm-hearted Winnie," Willie whispered wheedlingly. "We won't weep; Walter's well; what were Walter without Winnie?"

Wholly wonderful was Winifred's well-timed, womanly wisdom, which well warranted weekly Walter's welcome. Whenever wane-ing within Wishesh woods with Winnie, Walter would whisper: "What were Walter without Winnie; wise, watchful, warm-hearted Winnie?"

INTRODUCTION

(Great Author, one word of so little, Shakespeare, You and Bacon!)

IT is suggested that Hall and Knight should be changed to all are Tight and Longy should be changed to Loonley. From experience it is found that mathematicians are either tight or loonley. They juggle with nothing and prove it equal to something. They prove impossibilities. They daily innocently by using Greek and Double Dutch letters instead of figures. Book not literature, my brethren, to learn these wheberaitis and artifices. Be cautious with what you learn of a the Junior Cambridge classes, and even treat that with caution. "A little know-ledge is a dangerous thing." Do not expose yourself and others to these dangers. Ignorance is bliss where it's folly to be wise. Remain in blissful ignorance and be happy. Attempt not the folly of trying to master mathematics. It will master you. It is a potent and dangerous drug. It will fill your mind with evil thoughts of imaginary quantities and negative distances. Your mind will be a whirl of sines and pis and phis and gammas and gamburn. All this will lead you deeper into the mire and deposit you nowhere.

'Close up these barren leaves—
Or surely you'll grow double.'

And cock-eyed and cock-everything.

Little is known outside of what is brewed in the vaults at Cambridge. Long eared sports, as of Euclid and Pythagoras, are called in to deliver their evil words and binomials. Of these are made permutations and combinations of multinomials and other indeterminate subjects. The number of these pests are continually increasing, but thank goodness their proportion is smaller than that of the sane people. A few have been caught and confined in asylums, but their cases are hopeless. Let this be a warning. The money spent on this book is as nothing compared to the harm it will cause. Therefore burn it and all such others as come into your hands. I have spoken.

L. B. Kive,
Protector of Innocents.

(As the water was only frozen in Kentucky so far the weather was in doubt as to the exactness of information offered to it by the wise and writers. Bacon.)

Gone to the Dogs

Some time ago a writer contributed an article to one of the big London dailies about dogs in war time. The result was that he was set upon by a horde of dog lovers who worried him worse than even their pets would have done. Many correspondents said that they greatly preferred dogs to children as they were more grateful and less critical. One actually argued that as dogs have no fears, hopes, each one of which rouse envy and resentment, they are a source of help for the Backward, whereas the parents of children take out an insurance but actually expect to have their income-tax refunded. So far did the dog lovers go that the contributor was forced in his second article to defend his preference for children by stating that children can, and do, grow up to become members of the W. A. P. It would seem that in no other generation has there been so much dog romance as the present. Many people here in India have had all sorts of romantic stories about dogs. Many which could well be set alongside the various war funds invented on every conceivable type of canine, yet. Why have we such an insane period of dog cult? A celebrated politician used to say that flattery was the thing if you wanted to get on. Every one likes it, and you must sometimes put it on with a trowel. It is flattery that the masters of dogs [illegible] the flattery that you give them but the flattery that they give you in the way they suggest that in their eyes you are a fine fellow—fellow here being of neuter common gender but implying more to the initiates. We like dogs, too, because they are so easily imposed upon on account of their abiding ignorance. There was one afraid to look their fellow man in the face because of his sins and meanness on their conscience too, without scruple, keep a dog and cut a fine figure in spite of him. They do not reflect on the pity it is that their chosen companion should have such very low tastes that he considers stains and stinks and smells amongst the most fascinating things in the world. We take a dog for a walk from lamp-post to lamp-post, or on an outing to smell other dogs, to one of the lowliest and most humiliating offices that man and in the lot of a human being, yet many proud people spend their declining years with that as one of the principal offices of their ignoble day. I am not exactly a dog hater, but I do think that some of least is the accompaniment might be with advantage transferred to the moral and intellectual care of the children who are to be our mainstay when even our dogs are gone. Otherwise some of those children will, in another and far more serious sense, go like curseless as the dogs.

EARTHEN WARE

Boasting of our wealth and prince rare
When we we cut pile of earthen ware
Fashioned by the one great Maker's hand,
Marked with the same great Maker's mark:
Some of us are sublimes full and fair
Vessels for the service, Branded were
Some of us as "[illegible]" are placed,
Some of us are public and displayed;
Some of us are "big pots" filled with gold,
Some of us are "[illegible]" and moulded and sold;
Some of us are "broke" and that's a fact
Some of us are not broke, only "cracked",
Some of us are fashioned "true" and "true"
With every ray of sunshine streaming through
Some of us are chipped and chipped and scarred,
But fragrant with the balm of love contained.
Lahore, [illegible]

Examination Results

In the written examination 136 candidates passed, 9 with honours. A. Bulton won the Silver Medal awarded to the candidate securing second place in the Senior Section.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS, INDIA

STANDARD IV.

Honours and 1st Scholarship :

1. B. Thompson.

Honours and 2nd Scholarship :

2. A. Peterson.

Honours :

3. J. Leader. 4. K. Bungaya. 5. G. Dean.
6. G. Alexander.

Pass :

7. K. Drake. 13. D. Phillips. 19. A. Campbell.
8. D. Smith. 14. I. Evans. 20. C. McKeowch.
9. S. Parrell. 15. C. Wilson. 21. B. Young.
10. F. Quinn. 16. F. Mountvala. 22. B. Verma.
11. P. Coombes. 17. N. Shropshire. 23. J. Dearns.
12. W. Sell. 18. D. Williams. 24. C. Pace.

STANDARD V.

Honours :

1. G. Wilkins. 2. G. D'Almeida.

Pass :

3. A. Mahoney. 11. L. Pereira. 19. C. Lumley.
4. K. Gardner. 12. T. Clarkson. 20. K. Carvalho.
5. G. Bhargava. 13. C. Williams. 21. C. Rogers.
6. B. Burke. 14. C. Roderick. 22. M. Hilliker.
7. L. Walker. 15. C. Clabor. 23. A. Imperley.
8. J. Oswald. 16. J. Calvin. 24. N. Khambata.
9. O. Fina. 17. D. Albuquerque.
10. S. Verma. 18. P. D'Almeida.

STANDARD VI.

Honours and 1st Scholarship :

1. S. Minter.

Honours and 2nd Scholarship :

2. R. Dias.

Pass :

3. F. Thomson. 11. L. Dias. 18. J. Welch.
4. F. Seery. 12. J. Miller. 19. R. Lumley.
5. A. Oswald. 13. N. Singh. 20. S. Sard.
6. J. Farrell. 14. B. Gama. 21. P. Kennedy.
7. J. Green. 15. V. Rose. 22. N. Fernandez.
8. A. Williams. 16. P. Meyer. 23. M. Mehta.
9. M. Morris. 17. P. Kennedy.
10. R. Thomas. 17. A. Day.

JUNIOR CAMBRIDGE

1. J. Dich. Qualified for Scholarship. 1st place in U. P.
2. G. Moore. Qualified for Scholarship.
3. G. Joad. " " "
4. N. Bibbt. 10. A. Hoyland. 15. S. Ram.
5. J. Boga. 11. A. Hulme. 16. N. Sengar.
6. F. Coutts. 12. J. Lingwood. 17. C. Schmidt.
7. P. D'Lemos. 13. D. Rose. 18. E. Turner.
8. H. Francis. Mean. 19. N. Walker.
9. F. Gardner. 14. P. Rozario.

SENIOR CAMBRIDGE.

1. R. Chill. Qualified for Scholarship. 2nd place in U.P.
2. T. Groves. " " "
3. F. Young. " " "
4. D. Ghandi. " " "
5. A. D'Lemos. " " "
6. C. Dennett. " " "
7. S. Dhanjibhoy. 11. E. Webb. 15. F. Rice.
8. C. Fernandez. 12. H. Finch. 16. H. Ryan.
9. K. Green. 13. S. Quintanilla. 17. T. White.
10. D. Jones. 14. C. Morris.

INTERMEDIATE SCIENCE AND ARTS.

1. K. B. Agarwal. Div. I. Qualified for Scholarship. 1st place in U. P. European Schools.
2. J. Rozario. Div. I. Qualified for Scholarship.
3. F. D'Arcy. " II " "
4. L. B. King. " " " " "
5. R. Ghandi. " " "
6. C. Hathaway. " " "
7. C. Coutts. " " "
8. D. Cochan. " " "
9. J. Drury. " " "
10. C. Pellath. " " "
11. M. Desdecheu. Div. III.
12. F. Francis. " "
13. J. Sequeira. " "

TRINITY COLLEGE MUSIC EXAMINATION.

Piano.

First Steps—

D. Harrison. (91) *Honours.*
G. Medworth. (85) *Honours.*

Preparatory—

D. Blinker. (81) *Honours.*
I. Lee. (85) *Honours.*

Advanced Preparatory—

O. Dean. (85) *Honours.*

Junior—

L. Coombes. (76) *Honours.*

Senior—

G. Blyth. (62) *Merit.*

Violin.

First Steps—

P. D'Almeida. (87) *Honours.*

Preparatory—

J. Drury. (88) *Honours.*
G. D'Almeida. (85) *Honours.*

Junior—

J. Oswald. (84) *Merit.*

Thanks!

The Sports Committee desire to thank the following for their generous contributions to the Fund.

Mr. W. J. O. ALEXANDER, Hospital Road.
Mrs. B. J. ALEXANDRA, Naini Tal.
Mr. M. C. ALLAN, Gorakhpur.
Rev. P. C. ALLEN, Naini Tal.
Dr. J. C. ADAMS, Bareilly.
Mr. [illegible] ARNOLD, Naini Tal.
Rev. K. ANDERSON, Naini Tal.
Capt. J. W. A. ALBUQUERQUE, Naini Tal.
Mr. E. H. BERGMAN, Cawnpore.
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Capt. [illegible] DRIVER, Lucknow.
Mr. [illegible] DENNETT, Lucknow.
Mr. [illegible] H. DIAS, Bombay.
Mr. G. [illegible], Lucknow.
Mr. V. [illegible] DIAS, Jamalpur.
Major R. DHAKE, New Delhi.
Dr. A. N. DAS, Lucknow.
Mr. G. C. DRINKELL, Jamalpur.
Dr. A. M. de MONTE, Sitapur.
Mr. H. DIAS, Cawnpore.
Mr. C. D'ARANJO, Naini Tal.
Dr. G. M. [illegible], Naini Tal.
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Mr. W. T. KINGHAM, Lucknow Cant.
Rev. W. J. STEPHEN, Delhi.
Mr. F. N. KHAMBATTA, Bombay.
Mrs. KRISHAN DASS NAIR, Naini Tal.

16th. Exodus of the 14th candidates. G. Dunn was second after the 100 treatment.

17th. A medley team of ours played the Mountain Young Men and defeated them by the only two goals scored.

18th. The last lecture for the IA Examination.

21st. The Principal's Tea, day. The orchestra accompanied the choir at Holy Mass.

24th. The 1st Saturday half holiday. The weather still continues hot and dusty. A good shower of rain would be a blessing. The draw for the Gymkhana Hockey Tournament was made to-day. Our "A" team has a bye rem.

28th. The hockey tournament started on the Plain. The first match provide the first surprise in the defeat

DURING THE WINTER CAMPAIGN

by a goal of the Eastern Command by Chet Ram High School.

29th. In the first of the inter-class knock-out matches the Specials beat the Junior Cambridge by a small margin. They will need a more united team if they are to hold their own in the next match.

30th. The "B" team defeated Government High School in the tournament by the only goal scored. A heavy shower of rain came down as a great blessing after the long drought.

MAY.

1st. The first of the May Benediction services was held.

2nd. The "B" team lost to the Deer Club by the odd goal in three after a very good game. The B's deserve good credit as their opponents are one of the strongest being in the tournament.

3rd. The "A" team defeated the Naini Tal Wanderers by two goals to one. The match was rather rough.

4th. The "A" team defeated Chet Ram High School by the only goal scored during the match. Our opponents supporters mobbed the referee after the match.

5th. Mr. Dardi gave a show in the concert hall.

6th. A Committee Meeting was held to consider a protest from Chet Ram High School. It was thrown out —I mean the protest. With the present day spirit that actuates some of the local house supporters one might think it was the Committee. There was another protest from the Golden Club "B" team. As a result the elocutory tournament is being held up.

9th. The Cambridge results arrived by cable. Congratulations to all, especially to the Seniors who were all successful. Mr. Wall, Inspector of Kumaon Schools, visited the College. There was a severe wind storm, without rain. The temperature seems to have fallen several degrees.

10th. The Matrics and Standard IX celebrate the Cambridge successes by a cinema matinee. Some Brothers from Assam arrived for the holidays.

Mr. [illegible] F. HUXLEY, Poona.
Mr. [illegible] HANTON, Pudukot.
Mr. J. W. [illegible], Muzaffarpur.
Mrs. G. LITTLEWOOD, Lahore.
Mr. J. H. LEA, Cawnpore.
Mr. V. N. LOBO, Bangalore.
Mr. [illegible] M. [illegible], Kingston.
Mr. J. MONTERO, [illegible].
Mr. F. W. MARCHANT, Lucknow.
Mr. D. MACKERTICH, Gonda.
Mr. E. H. MILNER, Sirsi.
Mr. C. MULROONEY, Bombay.
Mr. T. C. McILVEIN, Bangalore.
Mr. [illegible] MIDWORTH, Gwalior.
Mrs. E. McRUTY, Cawnpore.
Capt. D. W. McDONALD, Sig., Simla Hill.
Mr. D. R. MEHTA, Naini Tal.
Mr. C. MEREDITH, Kasur.
Mr. A. MATTOS, Bombay.
Mr. [illegible] H. NOLAN, Lucknow.
Mr. [illegible] G. NEWSON, Jonalpur.
Mr. A. N. NEGI, Naini Tal.
Mrs. A. J. NORMAN, Newgong.
Capt. A. J. OAVIN, Bombay Stex.
Mr. [illegible] HUTTE, Rampur.
Mr. J. J. OAG, Ambala.
Mr. G. A. OLIVERAN, Alig. E.
Mr. C. PRAVER, Bilaspur.
Mr. [illegible] PORTERA, Dharam.
Mr. G. [illegible] POWELL, Sahibganj.
Mr. H. C. PEARS, Gorakhpur.
Lt. Col. [illegible] PLOWDEN, Quetta.
Mr. H. [illegible] PARKS, Quetta.
Dr. G. S. ROYARIO, Nilgiris.

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Mr. C. O. SULLIVAN, Agra.
Mr. H. J. STOKE, Gwalior.
Mr. J. R. STONE, Cawnpore.
Mr. J. E. SCHMIDT, Agra.
Mr. NAZIR SAH, Naini Tal.
Mr. J. M. [illegible] SAMPORIER, Naini Tal.
Mr. A. L. SAH, Naini Tal.
Mr. A. SHEPHERD, Naini Tal.
Mr. L. SAHAI, Naini Tal.
Mr. W. TURNER, Naini Tal.
Mr. A. A. [illegible], Nagpur.
Mr. J. W. THOMPSON, Bombay.
Mr. C. R. [illegible], Lucknow.
Mr. [illegible] K. [illegible] VERMA, Kanauj.
Dr. R. D. WILLIAMS, Lucknow.
Mr. W. WHITE, Berhampur.
Mr. T. W. [illegible] WILLIAMS, Cuttack.

Mr. A. E. WILSON, Gwalior.
Mr. H. W. WALFORD, Marsh.
Mr. E. F. WADDELL, Silchar.
Mr. W. WILKINS, Naini Tal.
Capt. [illegible] WALSH, Lahore.
Mr. S. DHANJIBOY, Rangoon.
Mr. V. HATTAWAY, Naini Tal.
Mr. [illegible] WILLIAMS, Lucknow.
Mr. K. LOWEMAN.
Major T. W. HOLMES, Naini Tal.
Mr. K. R. GHANDIE, Allahabad.
Mr. J. VAZUHAN, Naini Tal.
Mr. A. R. BURNS, Naini Tal.
Mr. [illegible], Naini Tal.
Messrs. A. [illegible], Lucknow.
The Stock Exch. Co., Wolsey.
Messrs. Mouillie & Co. Ltd., Calcutta.
Messrs. H. S. [illegible] & Nan. Bartley.
Messrs. [illegible] & Co. Lahore.
Messrs. Sarala Book Depot, Calcutta.
Messrs. Ram Narain Lal, Allahabad.
The Central Book Depot, Lahore.
Messrs. Agar & Sons, Calcutta.
The United Coffee Supply Co., Calcutta.
Messrs. North S. A. Cook Silk Co., Calcutta.
C. & R. Motor, Mathurabad.
Messrs. [illegible] Wright Ltd., Calcutta.
Messrs. Shaw & Co., Calcutta.
The Bengal Chemical & P. Works, Calcutta.
Messrs. P. Bose & Co., Calcutta.
Messrs. Sarna Sons, Water Market.
Messrs. Uberoi Limited, Lucknow.
Messrs. Pavilion & Co. & Ltd., Naini Tal.
Messrs. B. Dey & Bros., Naini Tal.
Indy Pharmacy, Naini Tal.

Staff 1941

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Rev. Br. D. M. LONERGAN . . . . . *Principal.*
Rev. Br. T. A. MURPHY . . . . . *Vice Principal.*
Rev. Br. FULGENTIUS . . . . . *Chaplain.*

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Special Department:

Rev. Br. T. A. MURPHY — Rev. Br. P. C. HART.

Class Masters:

Rev. Br. J. B. Connolly.
Rev. Br. J. N. Lynch.
Rev. Br. D. A. O'Callaghan.
Rev. Br. M. C. Murrow.
Rev. Br. P. J. Roche.
Rev. Br. B. Mulvaney.
Rev. Br. P. Glancy.
Rev. Br. P. Burke.
Mr. J. Gleeson.
Mr. D. Wading.
Mr. J. Whittaker.
Miss B. McCullagh.

Prefect:

Rev. Br. P. O'Farrell.

Physics:

Mr. C. E. Robertson.

Chemistry:

Mr. S. N. Roy.

Urdu:

Mr. M. A. Hazri.

French:

Miss M. Ashley Cotton.

Bandmaster:

Mr. H. Ludovic.

Piano:

Miss A. Mullane.

Hospital Nurse:

Sister Josephine.

Matrons:

Miss M. Stubbs.
Mrs. Page.

House-keeper:

Mrs. J. Gleeson.

22th. Inspection by Mr. Wall and Mr. Herrin.

23th. A holiday for the Inspector's visit. We lost to the Golden Club in the hockey final by two goals to nothing. We played one man down nearly the whole time.

28th. A week's Mission was begun in the parish church. Some of the College choir boys are to sing the hymns and Benediction every evening.

29th. Rev. Fr. Sloan and Moran began the boys three days Retreat to-night.

30th. The Retreat goes on well. The boys are very faithful in the observance of the regulations.

27th. News of the sinking of the Samaria. Also, as the announcer said, where we won't lay to it.

29th. Instead of the usual half holiday we had a full holiday to-day after the conclusion of the boys' Retreat.

30th. There was an Athletic Meeting on the Flats to-day to collect funds for the Indian Red Cross Society and St. John's Ambulance. Only about two days' notice had been given in the morning and very little could be done in the way of preparation. It was mostly a Sat Tal Camp display.

31st. Very heavy rain in the evening. The rain continued during the night.

JUNE.

4th. Our "A" team defeated the Barclay Nobles in the hockey tournament by the only goal scored.

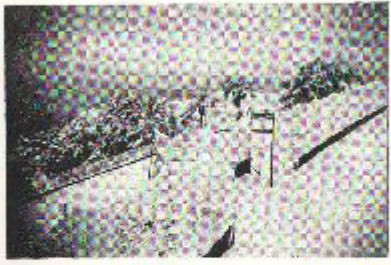
5th. The College orchestra played at the Government House evening party.

7th. The Principal went to Ramsay Hospital. He has been keeping very poor health this year.

8th. Our match with the Hero Club had to be stopped on account of heavy rain. Neither side had scored. Our team wanted to continue after the interval, but our opponents objected.

9th. We lost to the Hero Club in the semi-final by the only goal scored. The match lasted about two hours. The winning goal was scored about two minutes before

NAMI SAL WINTER LAKE



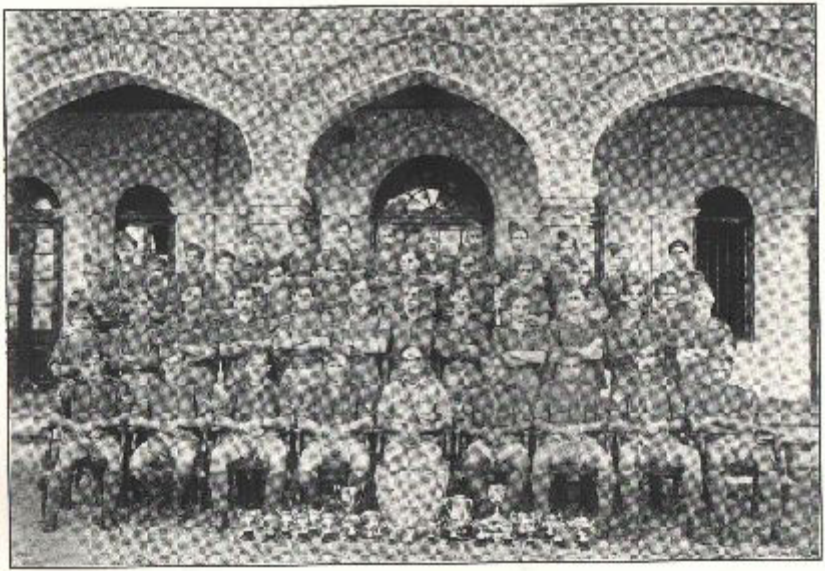
time. The Golden Club lost to Barclay by one goal in the other semi-final.

10th. The hockey final was not played as the Barclay team refused to play and left Nami Tal. The Hero Club team was awarded the trophy. It is a pity our local curved cement lake is closed in the right season. Probably nothing is the cause of this rusty curtain.

15th. Some of the Brothers from Aramoni went down after the holidays.

16th. The Special Department First Seasonal Examination begins.

21st. Some of the boys went to see "The Ghost Train" played at the Chalet but found there was no accommodation. A few went to see the Irving at the



Metropole where Ghaus Mohammed was playing in two finals.

22nd. Ghaus Mohammed played on the College courts to-day.

23rd. The Principal returned from hospital.

24th. The boys went to the concert concert. Ghaus was operated on in hospital.

28th. Ghaus Mohammed and Peer Pardis, India's No 1 and No 5 were to play at the College to day but there was some misunderstanding on account of the rain and they did not turn up.

JULY.

2nd. We played the Hallett War School in football on the Flats. The score was 8—1 in our favour.

3rd. We defeated the Hero Club on our own grounds.

5th. The first match of the football league was played to day between the Signals and ourselves. We won by four goals to one. Our defence is quite good, but our forward line is weak.

8th. We defeated the Y. M. C. A. by four clear goals.

12th. We defeated the Eastern Command by eight goals to nothing. The same team gave our forwards shooting practice. With more accuracy the score might have been much more.

14th. N. A. Powell, a refugee from Burmania, came to study in the Special Department.

16th. We ran out winners of the London by defeating the Hero Club by five goals to nothing. We have won all our matches and are thus at the top of the league table. The standard of football in the tournament was not high.

23rd. Our "B" team played the Hallett War School in football on the Flats and beat them by five goals to nothing.

24th. News of the accidental death of one of our old boys, Pat Sweeney. He had been on a visit to the College over the previous week. We send our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved parents.

25th. After a long spell of dry weather the rain came down at last; but the weather clerk was sporting enough to wait till about nine o'clock at night. Otherwise there would have been the usual hot Saturday evenings. Eventually it turned out to be only an attempt at raining.

27th. Another futile attempt at giving us the long wished for rain.

28th. Br. Culhane arrived from Calcutta and went directly to Ramsay Hospital. He has been ill for some months. Br. McCarthy left for Calcutta and was replaced by Br. O'Farrell as Prefect. The rain came down in fine style to-day. It is badly needed.

31st. We lost by the odd goal in five in the exhibition match. The team brought home the cup after the match.

AUGUST.

1st. A holiday for winning the football cup.

3rd. Our cricket fixture with the Golden Club had to be cancelled on account of rain. We tried out a new play for the occasion but found it did not suit.

4th. Concert practice started with another play.

5th. The "B" team lost to the Eastern Command by four clear goals in a practice match on the Flats.

12th. A mixed team of ours drew with the Eastern Command on our own grounds.

13th. Feast of Our Lady's Assumption and a full holiday. Some of the Specials walked to Ratingdam.

15th. A typical monsoon day. Both our teams were successful on the Flats in practice matches, the "A" defeating the Commerce and the "B" the Polers.

20th. The draw for the knock-out football tournament. There were seven entries.

25th. The Eastern Command "A" team beat our "B" team in the Bumper tournament by six goals to nine.

26th. Our "A" team defeated the Eastern Command "B" team by two goals to nothing. The forwards did not impress. They missed many chances.