

ST. BEDE'S MAGAZINE

• BRADFORD • Summer, 1925. Vol. 11.—No. 20.



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• Beatiſſimo Patri •

— Salutem et benedictionem ad pedes S. M. penitentiſſime
 patris Synodaliſſimi Beatiſſimo et pro moderatoribus
 proſ. S. M. et pro omnibus Benefactoribus Scholae
 Mediae pro ſuperioribus apud Budapeſt in Hungaria in occasione
 Anniverſarii Vigintiſſimae ſeculae illa fundati die
 2 Junii 1825

Fr. J. J. J.

perceptor — Dominus

ST. BEDE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 11.-No. 20. SILVER JUBILEE, JUNE 12TH, 1925. PRICE 6d.

EDITORIAL.

JUBILATE Elsewhere in this - the Jubilee number of the DEO *Magazine*, the story of the School's struggles and triumphs during the first twenty-five years of its history is briefly told; and we shall confine ourselves here to the more general aspects of the celebration.

To us - and, doubtless, still more to our long-suffering readers-it is a joy to turn from the rigours of the fight and indulge, if only for a few moments, in the glory of victory. For though the New School is not yet by any means a completed thing; though we cannot even conceal the mortar and the trowels; though we are rather afraid that we shall shortly have to assume our work-a-day clothes again. and perhaps stand on the scaffolding waiting for new bricks ; we can at least open and enter, to-day, a new door-a very Holy Door-and sing a psalm of thanksgiving for the new wing.

It was surely a fine-a heaven-sent inspiration-which moved the Founders to open the original school in the previous jubilee year of the Church. We should have rejoiced, in any case, to have come through the perils of the first quarter of a century with a certain measure of success; hut to have the additional sanction of the Church for rejoicing; to celebrate a double jubilee and to join our *Te Deum* with the mightier song in St. Peter's: this is indeed a rare privilege, and gives us a double confidence in the future.

It puts us, moreover, under a double obligation to make our promised pilgrimage to Rome and offer our thanks to God at the feet of the Holy Father himself We hope we may be forgiven if we march into Rome rather proudly, like victorious Crusaders with banners flying.

But if any of us are apt to indulge in vainglory, we have only to remember the fine humility and splendid courage of those former pilgrims-our Founders-to be seized with misgiving as to our worthiness to go at all. Happily, before we assemble for that great audience, we shall have had the inestimable privilege of meeting our own beloved English Cardinal; and when, on June 12th, he opens the new wing of the New School and blesses our projects, he will assuredly breathe into us a proper spirit of humility.

We should like, here, to place on record for all time our gratitude to him for honouring our School by his presence on this great day and for blessing it with his hand. Knowing, as we do, that he is himself only just returned from a visit to Rome,

and scarcely recovered from the fatigue of the journey, we consider it quite inexpressibly kind of him to come North at such inconvenience; and we can only assure him that his presence amongst us will be an inspiration not only for this glorious Jubilee day, but also for the difficult years ahead.

For it is always the last chapter which is the most difficult to write; and the last chapter in the history of St. Bede's is, as yet, scarcely begun. But when we remember the miracle of the birth and early years of the School, we are not doubtful, but supremely confident of final success. Our Founders have been so magnificently justified of their faith that it would be treason for us so much as to falter.

Indeed, the very name of the School is a lamp lighting the way to victory. For ours is a noble patron; the protector and progenitor of all Catholic schools, as well as the accredited Father of English education. And on this Jubilee day, we like to think that he-St. Bede himself, remembering his own early struggles at Jarrow-looks down on us benignantly and shares our shout of joy. No one, perhaps certainly no saint-understands better than he the difficulties against which we have to contend:

but we have only to reflect on his noble life and triumphant death to be strengthened a hundredfold.

Every true Bedesman has thrilled to hear for the first time that story, but for the benefit of those who come after and who may have to write the hardest words of all, we shall set down again the closing words of that great epic.

It is now nearly twelve hundred years since the great and holy "Baeda" fell grievously sick at Jarrow, *so* that his six hundred scholars were filled with a great sorrow. His great desire was to complete his English version of the Gospel of St. John before he died. "There is still one chapter wanting," said the scribe, "and it is hard for thee to question thyself any longer," "It is easily done," said Baeda. "Take thy pen and write quickly." And at eventide on his last day, the boy said:

"There is still one sentence unwritten, dear master!" "Write it quickly," said the dying saint. "It is finished now," said the little boy, at last. "You speak truth," said his master. "All is finished, now!" Then, supported by his sorrow-stricken scholars, he turned his face to the spot where he was wont to pray, and chanted the solemn "Glory to God." As his quavering voice reached the close of that glorious song, his soul took flight.

Surely an inspiration for us for all time!

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SCHOOL NOTES.

Actually on the day appointed, we have the *Magazine*, a grand souvenir number recording our first span of life. It is not as complete a record as we would wish, but none the less we hope it will be of interest to those who have had a kindly thought of the School. It will also be some little gift to his Eminence the Cardinal and our many friends to recall the occasion, to us a great one, of the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the School and the opening of the first part of the completed school.

To his Eminence himself we offer our respectful greeting. It is a great honour to welcome in our midst a Prince of the Church, but particularly is it an honour when we have a Prince who has ruled so long and wisely the Church in England, and by his prudence and far-sighted wisdom has placed the Church in the safe position in which she is today. Particularly here in Bradford is he welcome, as he came many years ago to our sister College, St. Joseph's, and by his words of encouragement and appreciation he brought into the view of all the beauty and the value of the work that had been begun. The blessing he then gave to St. Joseph's College has remained with it since, and the school has gone on from year to year with greater and increasing splendour, until, without doubt, sanctified by the blessing of his Eminence, it stands as one of the first and foremost schools of the city. So St. Bede's has reason to be glad that his Eminence has come now to give us too the blessing of a Prince of Church. We look forward, too, to the day when our own buildings will rise grand and stately, and, please God, to the day when he will come once more to see the completion of the magnificent work that he now inaugurates.

But, in addition to the blessing that he brings for the future of the School, he gives us the opportunity to show in fitting manner our gratitude to God for

the blessings that have been showered upon us during the past twenty-five years.

Twenty-five years is a short passage in the life of a school, but in the lives of our Catholic Secondary Schools it is a long span. For over three hundred years no such school could be built in England. Our Old Boys are gathered together from all quarters, and our old friends too. There are many who were with us at the commencement who are no longer here. They have gone to their reward in heaven, and we may be sure that they are looking down with joy and gratitude on this day that sees the fulfilment of their desires. We welcome, therefore, his Eminence on this great occasion and thank him for finding in the midst of his many cares and labours a few hours in which to join us.

We welcome, too, with all our hearts, his Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese, who is always so ready to show by his presence the great interest he takes in the schools under his care, particularly the secondary schools; and we beg of him also a special blessing on our work.

The Lord Mayor of Bradford is with us, and him we welcome for his own sake, and as representing the great city of Bradford in whose life and activities we are proud to play a part.

Our many friends also are welcome, many of whom have come from afar to take part in this opening of a new hie, and this thanksgiving for the period closed by the Silver Jubilee of our School. Among them in particular do we greet Monsignor Hinsley, who twenty-five years ago gave his utmost strength to start successfully the little school; Father Brennan too, known to many generations of Bedesmen, and Father McGuire and Father Bradley, who continued the good work.

The last few weeks have been crowded with preparations for the great event, but none-least of all the boys have begrudged the time spent, but it is whispered that the New Wing has already been opened some days previously-by a ceremony not on the programme.

St. Bede's Feast, contrary to almost all precedent, fell on a study day, so we could celebrate it worthily for soul and body. High Mass at St. Cuthbert's, when all went to Communion, was followed by breakfast in the new building. 'Midst planks and sawdust we were regaled on tea and buns galore-the Juniors squatting on the floor, the Seniors, as most befitting their dignity, being accommodated with seats. The Prefects did the honour of waiting on. We ended up with three good cheers in honour of our great patron, St. Bede.

It is still a few days off-the printer is pressing us for copy in good time-but here we put down what we hope will be the course of events. We welcome the Cardinal to Bradford on the Thursday evening, and on the Friday morning he is to come to the school for our own informal opening with the Holy Mass, sung by our beloved Bishop, when Our Lord on the altar will be surrounded by our Old Boys, by the present boys, and those who are most intimately connected with the life of the School. Then, after visiting St. Joseph's College, the Cardinal will go to the Town Hall, and there will be received by the Lord' Mayor of Bradford. Together they will come in state for the formal opening of the school, with all the dignity that is possible to surround the occasion. After this, once more his Eminence will return to the Town Hall, and there will be given a civic lunch with the first of Bradford's citizens. In the afternoon the Lord Mayor of Bradford will hold in honour of his Eminence a reception, and at night the Cardinal, and the Lord and Lady Mayoress, will grace with their presence the Old Boys' Dinner, which years ago they made' up their minds to have on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the School.

In the afternoon of Saturday are to take place the Annual Sports, when the Lord Mayor has promised to distribute the prizes. Sunday is to be the gathering day, particularly for such of the Old Boys as could not get to the other celebrations. There will be High Mass at the school, followed by an informal lunch for those who come from a distance.

Monday is to be our own family affair, when the boys themselves will be the chief guests. High Mass in the morning will be followed by a cricket

match, and then in the afternoon there will be tea and concert given by some of the boys. so will end our Jubilee celebrations.

Apart from our preparations for these great "doings," the time has passed uneventfully since the 'issue of our last *Magazine*. Second term is slow moving. Nothing in particular happens, and the rain comes down steadily. We managed to have the excitement of a final football match for the Park Avenue Supporters' Cup, but were knocked out, and we had the constant but slow excitement, or should we say anxiety, of watching the new building rise from the foundations. Would they ever get the roof on? Surmise was hot about the purpose of the different attractive little rooms and corridors in the basement, and excitement ran high as to whether there would really be an observatory on the roof. As time went on, however, the plan of the new building was gradually recognised, and we realised that in the spacious corridor there would be room for a museum, a cosy Prefects' room, with private staircase for Prefects to descend rapidly and unexpectedly upon noisy offenders in the dining room, and in the corridor above there will be a beautiful and well lighted library, awaiting only fresh supplies of books. Above the corridor the long expanse of roof will hold the wind-fanes and thermometers and all the other appurtenances of a well-equipped observatory.

The assembly hall will have a stage at one end, and at the other end there will be a chapel. But we will expect crowds up to see the new building on the occasion of the Garden Party.

The summer swimming has started, and already many have put down their names to try for their swimming certificates. The little swimming pool in the ground's has not yet materialised, but even yet we are hoping that the day is not far distant when there will be a luscious little pool at the end of the grounds from' which will trickle the tiny stream that 'is to water the little lane filled with every kind of plant dear to the heart of the nature student.

In Holy Week we once more had our Retreat, this time given by an old friend of the School, Father Spence, of the Foreign Missions, who thrilled his hearers with his tales of lions, hyenas, snakes, etc., and many of the small boys are now determined to become foreign missionaries. We thank Father Spence very much for giving the Retreat. It was not until 'his visit that we realised how closely he was connected to St. Bede's in the

early days. He came with Dr. Hinsley-Mon signor Hinsley he now is- and helped to hunt up likely hoy8 for the School.

This year we had as usual Mass in honour of St. Blase, and the hoys who stayed to dinner celebrated the feast hy having in addition to the ord; nary fare, sausages, jelly, lemonade and nougat. Several masters were their guests, and we were regaled with coffee and cigars. We have great

devotion to St. Plase for the help he gave us in coming up to Heaton Hall, and we always celebrate in a fitting way his feast-day.

Whitsuntide sees the Scouts off to camp at Knareshorough. Tennis is in vogue, cricket in full swing, all signs pointing to summer and the Garden Party. Remember the date, Saturday, July 4th. The date of the Swimming Carnival will he announced later.

HYMN TO ST. BEDE.

(As sung on the Jubilee Day).

BAEDA, on this great day₅ we greet Thee on thy throne!

And beg thy presence where we meet To bless this stone

Thou who did'st plant the tiny seed Whence sprang the Tree

Attend us in our present need And hear our plea.

Grant that our School, like thine, may grow Strong with the years:

Hold thou the Torch that we may know When danger nears!

We are thy children, and our School Bears thy great name

We are most proud to learn thy Rule And spread thy fame!

Under thy banner and thy shield, Clad in thy mail:

We shall not shrink: we shall not yield:

We shall not fail

ALFRED J. BROWN.

1900-1919.

ST. BEDE'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



1919-1925.



FIRST STUDENTS, 1900.

THE STORY OF ST BEDE'S.

'Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won, Save bare authority
from others' books."

Love's

Labour lost.

Much of this short sketch is written from mere memory, and when a quarter of a century has to be covered that faculty is liable to err, at least slightly, but the writer feels that he will have indulgent readers.

Twenty-five years have passed since with scarce a whisper of its presence there came into existence the nucleus of our present school. The first Head-master, Dr. Hinsley, now Monsignor, with Father O'Connor's able assistance, backed by a determined band of Governors, opened at Drewton Street a School whose numbers to-day show how much it was needed.

Thirty-seven students were present at the opening, June 12th, 1900, and they were apportioned, according to age and ability, to five forms, but these were perforce taken together for some subjects.

Of the thirty-seven students some were boarders, and these were accommodated, through the kindness of Canon Earnshaw, in a room over St. Patrick's Preparatory School.

The hardships of beginners are ever great, and the beginnings of St. Bede's were no exception, but the Inspectors of those days gave every assistance and encouragement. Criticism indeed they often gave, but always with that kindly feeling which stimulates. Each succeeding year brought great increase in numbers, while the boarders were now housed in premises in Camden Terrace, whence they removed in 1902 to Rosemount Villa, Queen's Road; but in 1904 Dr. Hinsley's health, under-mined by his strenuous exertions, broke down, and to the great regret of all, he resigned. But his labours were not in vain, for the school was now fairly well established.

Father Brennan, a professor from Ushaw College, became Headmaster in 1904, and under his able guidance the progress was maintained. Father Byrne and then Father McGuire helped him in his work. The number of boys had increased to such an extent that a new class-room was made by an ingenious architectural feat from a passage and two small rooms. From 1907, for two years, Father Tindall assisted in the School.

In September, 1911, a new wing was opened by Sir Mark Sykes,

M.P. which gave a new Art Room, an additional class-room and an assembly hall.

During this time Father O'Sullivan lent his stimulating aid, and a splendid playing field, which was then acquired at Frizinghall, enabled him to train the boys in football, cricket and other sports. The boarders meanwhile suffered various vicissitudes. Rosemount Villa, that glorious house, was lost, and the boys went first to Parkfield Road, and finally the small remnant drifted to St. Paul's Road.

In November, 1911, Father Brennan, whose health for some time had given cause for anxiety, felt that he could no longer sustain the great responsibility, and retired, and the boarders' House, unfortunately, came to an end. Father Brennan's clear insight into the future of secondary education enabled him to strengthen the foundations laid, and he left the School richer for his long tenure of office.

Father McGuire took charge, and continued the good work till the end of the school year, when Father Bradley took his place, their zeal and ability raising the School to greater heights.

The present Headmaster, Father Tindall, entered on his duties in September, 1913, assisted by the experience of Father O'Sullivan, who had been on staff since the time of the second Headmaster. Father O'Sullivan retired in July, 1915, and was succeeded by Father Molony, whose zeal and devotion are still helping on the good work.

When war broke out in 1914 a weekly Mass was said at the School for the safety of all the boys at the front, and great was the joy of all connected with St. Bede's when a little Chapel—the tiniest of all chapels—was opened in 1915, when visits to the Blessed Sacrament could be made at odd moments by the boys.

The war brought many changes, changes in staff and changes in boys—over seventy came to us as Belgian refugees.

So great was the increase in the numbers that a new site was secured in 1919 at Heaton Hall. At first only the Senior part moved to the new premises at the opening of the new session, and the Juniors remained at Drewton Street until March, when they occupied a large army hut, erected for them in a field adjoining the Hall.

Many have been the additions during the short life of St. Bede's, and this year, 1925, a spacious new building is in course of construction which will be opened by his Eminence Cardinal Bourne on June 12th next.

1925 marks an epoch in the School's history, which will ever remain memorable, to whatever heights St. Bede's attains,

What must be the feelings to-day of those first Governors who, looking ahead, saw the need of a secondary school?

A lawful pride must fill their breasts to-day, and, coupled with them, are those Governors who have since stepped in to fill the ranks depleted by death. Bradford could not have had its St. Bede's

to-day, but for the foresight and generosity of its Governors, backed by the City Council, second to none in its educational progress. That the School has proved its efficiency is shown by its past students; church, army, physic, law, commerce, each has its quota, and in all parts of the world St. Bede's is represented.

Extracts from "St. Bede's Magazine," March, 1902.

OUR FOUNDATION.

June 12th, 1900, is a date which will not easily be forgotten by those interested in St. Bede's, Bradford.

The first day of our existence as a School !

The year of the Great Jubilee !

The opening year of the Twentieth Century !

The year in which Baeda the Venerable, our Patron, was declared a Doctor of the Universal Church !

In answer to the stirring appeal made by our Holy Father, that works of homage to Our Most Holy Redeemer should everywhere consecrate the New Century, the people of Bradford determined to make some signal offering to the Sacred Heart. Nothing seemed so suitable as a Grammar School, which would afford the chance of a good education to Catholic boys of the district, and save them the evil influences of neutral or godless training. Upon the initiative of the Bradford Catholic Union this noble purpose was carried into effect, and our School was dedicated to God under the patronage of the Venerable Scholar, who, in Jarrow's cloister, by prayer and study, became the great Saint and Doctor of Saxon days, and the pioneer of English learning.

This dedication surely promises success and permanence. On the front page of all our effort is thus written the headline of zeal, which our patron first copied from its original characters in the Sacred Heart: "He never knew the softness of indolence; he was ever given up to his study. He was always reading, always writing, always teaching, always praying; for he knew well that one who loves healthful knowledge will readily master the taint of the flesh."

THE OPENING DAY.

Feelings of deep thankfulness filled the group of Governors who, with the Secretary and the Headmaster, stood by the portals of the new School to receive the first scholars on that memorable June 12th, 1900. A tall, well-made boy, together with a sharp-looking, red-haired little fellow, his brother, were the first to enter the new home of learning. They had been the first to place their names on the School-rolls, when the boy-hunting period began. By 9-15 a.m. the goodly number of forty boys had

assembled, and classes were started as soon as we had said the prayers to the Holy Spirit, to the Mother of Wisdom, and to our Patron.

SOLEMN BLESSING AND ERECTION OF THE STANDARD.

In the afternoon, by three o'clock, a large number of visitors and a group of forty-five boys were ready to receive the Lord Bishop Leeds, the Right Rev. Dr. Gordon, who had come to solemnly bless and open the School. The ceremony was brief, but impressive. After the blessing prescribed by the Ritual, the Crucifix was placed by the Bishop in a prominent position, so that no one entering the School can fail to see under what standard we are enrolled. Then followed several memorable utterances.

OUR FIRST SESSION.

On September 2nd, St. Bede's re-opened with an attendance of close on sixty boys. Steadily the work has gone on, and, in spite of exceptional difficulties, the imperfections necessarily incident to first beginnings gradually lost their prominence. One thing we must notice with sincere gratitude. From H.M.'s Inspectors we have received nothing but help and encouragement.

OUR BEDE ROLL.

Bede is a name which in Anglo-Saxon means prayer. It is a name which will remind our masters and boys of their duty to repay, in the best and only way they can, those who have so nobly given our School its life and maintenance. It would be hard to state all we owe to so many friends. But to one and all to those who have contributed to the initial expenses and given a guarantee of unflinching support; to those who have presented desks, books, maps, pictures, etc.; to the Young Men of St. Cuthbert's parish, who have made over to us their gymnastic apparatus; to all these, to all benefactors, past, present and to come - the Headmaster promises that their names shall be inscribed in a *Liber Vita*, or Bede-roll, to be kept near the altar. In each Mass he offers, they shall receive a special remembrance. Each day, too, we shall all say publicly the Memorare to Our Lady to call down blessings and rewards upon such generosity.

FROM THE CLASS-ROOMS.

SPECIAL FORM.

Since the publication of the last number of the *Magazine* the life of the Special Form has been very uneventful, and hard work is all that has disturbed its placid existence. Consequently we are fully prepared for exams. in July.

This year the Special's Literary Society has not been continued owing to the display given on Friday afternoons by the respective forms. The Specials' contribution consisted of four short papers. When the new Hall is ready we hope these exhibitions will become a regular feature of the school's curriculum, and will serve both as entertainment and education.

At the end of last term we had our Annual Retreat, and were very fortunate to have Father Spence, a foreign missionary, to give it to us. We take this opportunity of thanking Father Spence for the very interesting (and, we hope, useful) retreat that he gave us.

At last, after many anxious years, the New School is about ready, and we look forward to the opening on June 12th, when his Eminence Cardinal Bourne will honour the School with his presence.

FORM VI.

"Once more into the Breach, dear friends, Once more let Form VI. rush into print."

We are now approaching a most busy time, which is the final preparation for the exam. This will come at a most unfortunate time for us, as there is forthcoming a succession of big events.

First in importance, of course, is the opening of the New School, then the Sports, trips to Rome and the Matric. will complete a hard term.

"Swotting" is bad enough in hot weather, but, in view of the above-mentioned distractions, it will be harder still to endure. But hush! one never knows the staying powers of Form VI.

Our room now presents a more inviting appearance than hitherto. This has been brought about by panelling, which has recently been stained (not in the usual way, but with varnish). Another beautifying addition is the May altar, and for the latter we are chiefly indebted to the diligence of Wring.

Despite our hard work, humour is by no means forsaken. A little mouse provided us with no end of amusement at the beginning of the term, and some "home-made prophecies" from the Scripture examination served likewise. Our most logical sentence is here extracted from an essay-book, "A man was driving some cows which were following on in front." During Science and Art periods some students found it an

inability to cope with a mysterious source of light, but Father Tindall has suggested a remedy for diminishing the brilliancy of the unwanted intruder.

Our athletes are now straining their muscles in preparation for the Sports, and we will have hard work to keep our position at the top of the School. The cricket team has the bulk of its members from our form, including its energetic captain, G. Walsh.

Lent was kept very solemnly, and the customary' moving of jaws was not as pronounced. The reason for the latter must be put down to the generosity of the form-members, who had the satisfaction of heading both the "Propagation of the Faith" and the "Good Shepherd" Funds.

By the time the next *Magazine* is published we will have "jumped the precipice" and our exam. fate will be known.

FORM VA.

With the advent of the Summer Term came hopes of brighter weather and better games. Our tame philosopher informs us that hope is a buoyant virtue. It has to be in this climate.

We are very proud of our football prowess. Nine of us have played for the School Eleven and two (Rowan and Hill) for the Bradford Boys against Leeds. In cricket, too, we are ambitious of renown, and, though the wicket is not Australian, four of us have been chosen for the first team. Every day we paddle along contentedly at practice - some wield the willow, others sling a ball, while the rest gracefully chase about the field. Some boys, however, always manage to field at slip.

Sports' Day looms ahead. We have decided on the Relay Shield, the 75 yards Championship, and the 440. In a spirit of generosity, not unmixed with contempt, we leave the egg and spoon race to any other form.

May we congratulate ourselves on winning the Inter-form League Cup (Senior)? We have obtained the maximum points and conceded a mere couple of goals whilst scoring 13; no wonder we are a little "forward."

Do we ever work? Such a question deserves no answer. We take our studies so seriously that we simply cannot be trivial about them. Yet there are some questions that the best of us would like to ask the rest of us.

1. What is the difference between leaving a book at home and leaving it at school?
2. Does home work mean work at home?
3. If silence is golden, why aren't we rich?

In conclusion, we would like to welcome our new extension, which we daily observe growing in size and completeness

From the windows of my class-room
 Long I've had you in my view,
 May you reign as strong and happy,
 The Old one greets the New.

FORM VB.

We are twelve. During lessons, of course, we are thirteen-which always was an unlucky number. We are always cheerful, and manage to make ourselves felt in the School. We finished, unfortunately, last in the Inter-form League, yet we are proud that we played every game even at times with a weak team; and in the last match we managed to score a goal!

For cricket we have brighter prospects. Two of us have been chosen for the School Eleven, and most of us wield a bat or get an accidental break on the ball. We like breaks. Seven of us are swimmers, and we all enjoy the splash on Wednesday afternoon. The pity of it is that we miss lessons but we are trying to bear that with fortitude.

The new building has inspired the following, which we willingly allow to be used as a Foundation Ode:-

The building of the school is very slow,
 If we got on we'd show them how to go;
 We could show with many tricks,
 With mortar, lime or bricks,
 Up the ladders down the roofs,
 Sliding on our Latin books;
 How to clamber, how to climb,
 How to knock off when 'tis time.

FORM IVA.

We are beginning to think a lot of ourselves. This is not vanity but self-respect. Some of us run to length, but quite a few of us specialise in width; consequently we are growing out of "shorts" and jerseys and trying to qualify as real "he-men." We never hear reproaches about dirty knees, untidy clothes, or matted hair since this new pride has dawned; in fact we set the fashion, and allow the others to follow. Second door on the left for "Maison IVA." "Working models" a guarantee.

The insides of our craniums are also tidy, as our poetic effusions show. We beg to inflict ourselves once more on a prosaic world.

THE AESTHETIC BURGLAR.

It looked a nice little crib to crack,
 So the thief neatly climbed up the wall,
 And quickly filled the roomy old sack,
 But a bobby caught him in the hall.
 Why stay and read on that fateful night?
 Well he had to stop and turn on the light,
 That moment he found the St. Bede's Mag.
 So he lost his freedom; he lost his swag.

We also give you the St. Bede's Inquisition, or the Horrors of the Special Room, being an extension of that famous poem " 'Arf an 'Our to-night."

"I feared by my life as I entered that portal,
 Because at that instant I heard a loud chortle.
 The jury looked happy with fateful delight,
 For I had declined an ' 'Arf Hour' one night.
 The judge he accused me quite stern and forbidding,
 My defence was, 'Thought the prefect was kidding.'
 He then bade invite my companions in crime,
 To share in the torture which soon would be mine.
 With poor trembling knees then they all troop'd in,
 And vain pleadings of innocence they did begin,
 But nothing would soften his hardness of heart,
 And I had an idea our palms soon would smart.
 But the judge favoured us with a lenient view,
 Which, though it surprised me, I did not rue,
 The punishment given was ' 'Arf an hour' doubled,
 Plus the hate of the prefects, for we them had troubled."

By those who know

And wish they didn't.

Urgent note.-We think that as there are arcades, facades and colonnades in the new school there ought to be added another aid or two, preferably Lemonade and Orangeade.

FORM IVB.

Training for the School Sports is now in full swing, and we are determined to pull off a few of the events, including the capture of the Relay Shield.

Swimming practice is greatly enjoyed. Some who were considered hopeless last year have improved wonderfully. There are now six certificate holders in our form. We were all greatly interested in the Final for the Park Avenue Supporters Cup, as Warr was captain and left wing, and McAndrew right hack. Warr played a particularly brilliant game, scoring one of the two goals, after a splendid dash down the wing. The opposing team, however, was too good and won 5-2.

We are looking forward to the opening of the new school building and the accompanying festivities, at which we intend to enjoy ourselves to the utmost in order to do fitting honour to the occasion.

The month of May was observed in the usual manner, although the weather has not been in sympathy with us. Our Form-room has a pretty altar in honour of Our Lady.

We are now possession of a form library. Each boy brings a few books, and in this way there are about sixty volumes in circulation among the form. The books will be returned safely to the owners at the end of the summer term.



REV. J. BRENNAN.



REV. L. MAGUIRE.



REV. J. BRADLEY.



DR. HINSLEY.



REV. C. TINDALL.



MR. C. P. HOLMES,
CHAIRMAN OF THE GOVERNORS.



ALD. E. CASH,
CORRESPONDENT 1900-1925.

FORM IIIA.

The fact of which we are most proud is that we had seven players representing the School in the Final at Park Avenue. We may be noisy, we may be untidy, we may even miss our home-work, but all is well as we had seven players in the Final.

Have you noticed that school-boy complexion in our form? Here is the secret. We have a skylight which is supposed to be opened or closed by means of a piece of cord. The cord always comes off when it is going to rain (that is on an average five times a week). Rain is good for the complexion, and we have had plenty of it. Hence the cherubs.

Our studies are progressing somewhat after the progress of the New School, not so that you would notice it, but still progressing. We shall be glad when it has progressed.

The opening ceremony is going to interest us very much, and we hope to do our part well. One thing we know we shall do well, for we hear rumours that on the Monday following there will be something doing, in fact a "do." We shall be there, and we shall do it.

In Latin we often decline "to do"; but on certain occasions we decline nothing.

FORM IIIB.

We welcome the cricket season with real hope of success in the Inter-form matches. Our practices have started, and our team is already nearly formed under the captaincy of Joyce. By the time these "jubilee" notes are in print we shall be - as a form - a body of trained athletes, as great enthusiasm prevails for the Sports. Some of our form intend to give up the trams and run to and from School as a preparation for the "long distance" events. Others, of course, "train" all the year round. We are keenly excited (and cannot help showing the same, even in class) over the visit of the Cardinal and the events of the Silver Jubilee. We do not intend to take a second place in any effort for success in the joyful celebrations. We have singers, reciters, jugglers and comedians galore in our form, and all are at the disposal of the entertaining committee. We recommend them to take their chance, as we are only too ready to "perform." In fact the same readiness to "speak and act" is frequently misunderstood, and we suffer in patience accordingly.

FORM IIA.

Our Friday debates have been a great success, although some are rather shy at expressing their opinions. We always get a fine speech from Simpson, our champion orator.

McNulty will try for his second-class swimming

certificate on Tuesday, May 19th. Reeves and Oxley are entering for their third-class. Many of us who are going to the baths every week are determined to get their "thirds" in July. We have *been* doing great work in the garden, by planting seeds and tidying the paths so as to make things as beautiful as possible for the great opening of the new wing by the Cardinal.

We intend to make history at the Sports, when our speed merchants put their wares on the market. We are proud of being second to the formidable IIA. in the School's Football League. Next year we shall go "one up."

Clark has an idea that if there is an Inter-form Cricket League IIA. would justify their title of the Invincibles. What say the other forms?

Our form library has proved a great attraction to all of us, and we eagerly look forward to Friday afternoons when we can select our own books from among the fine selection we have gathered.

Kennedy expresses grave concern lest the Juniors should venture on the parapets of the roof when they climb up for their observations. It is pleasing to see big lads like Tommy have the welfare of the tiny tots so much at heart.

After some little delay, we have now an attractive little May altar, with Tommy Kennedy as sacristan-in-chief.

Bedford says that he will be a strenuous competitor at the Sports, provided that the prizes take the form of text-books in languages and maths.

Hayes is moved to an outburst of "poetry," inspired by the opening of the new wing, and also by his form's excellence in gardening. We refrain from printing his verses only for fear of infringing his copyright.

FORM IIB.

The form this term has lost about eight of its members, who have been promoted to Form IIA., and has received in exchange eight new recruits, who have proved their worth, most of them being high up in the Easter terminal results.

In the Juniors' Inter-form Football League we can only comfort ourselves with the consoling thought that we are not at the bottom. Two of our members, Barry and Clapham, are good swimmers, and can swim a mile. Others are progressing rapidly.

Our form studies are not too good, but we are apt to hide our lights under a bushel-when we do begin, well --!

We carried on a very successful debate one Friday afternoon, in which every member of the form made a little speech; and on the afternoon we said our recitations we were greatly complimented by Father Tindall. Our May altar, we think, is the best in the School.

Five and thirty little boys
 Form IIB, proudly strut;
 For the making of great noise
 They reign supreme in "t'Hut." FORM I.

Defeated, battle-scarred, but undismayed, we finished our first football season at St. Bede's; but with the willow we hope to have a different result.

Speech Day! Shivering anticipation-glorious result.

One certificate for swimming - not great for thirty-four keen would-be rivals of the Finny Family, but we think that the end of the season will see our class-room

papered with them.

What great ambitions we have about the garden this year, but alas! the merry month has damped them and us. We are very proud to think that our altar is one of the most beautiful in the whole School, and we hope that the initial zeal for its adornment will continue.

We feel very proud to think that in our first year we should see the erection of the spacious new wing, and the coming amongst us of his Eminence Cardinal Bourne to perform the opening ceremony thereof.

MEMORIES.

THE FIRST MORNING OF THE SCHOOL.

If I had only known, on that distant opening day of the old School, that the future editor of the *Magazine* would come to me twenty-five years later with an insistent request for my impressions," how I would have strained my eyes and wits to take everything in! If I could only have had intelligence enough to realise what an undoubted honour it was to be one of the very first boys to enter a Catholic Grammar School in England since the "Reformation"-how I would have striven to be the first to ring the bell, wipe my feet on the mat, and scratch my initials on my new desk!

Alas! that I was far, far too excited to be so calmly observant. Boys live in the thrill of the present rather than in the future, and recollections of so long ago are dim and indeterminate. Many other first impressions have come and gone since then: the first prize day; the first school sports; the first day's work; the first meeting of the Old Boys' Society; the first shell at Ypres....

Still, out of the smoke of the past, certain incidents stand out sharply enough. I remember especially:

The brand new single desks, with accommodation for books-and white mice, as Mrs. Riley very soon discovered.

The mysterious preparations in an upper room, knowingly called "The Lab." A place where glass jars, beakers, test-tubes, chemicals and Bunsen burners were being secretly unpacked for the benefit of a long succession of future research-ers.

The spick and span text books with which we filled our desks, and later attempted to fill our heads. One especially, a brute, bearing the title

Via Latina," still haunts me, though my only distinct recollections of it are the three words:

Dominus, dominj. dominorum (naturally with the

wrong endings). I had, however, a firm conviction that if I only mastered every chapter I would not only become a genius but also a priest! Then there was an innocent-looking, thin red German Grammar relieved by German folk-songs; the sole purpose of which seemed to be to give our worthy form master-Mr. Hogge - an opportunity of exercising his vocal chords (and practising his violin) while teaching us the songs. I am bound to say it was an effective method, for "Die Lorelei" is still one of the only songs I attempt in public.

The "balance-room," containing two costly scales in glass cases, upon which we weighed carefully-measured parallelograms and isosceles triangles cut out of drawing paper: afterwards proving by cunning formulae $(x + y)(x - y)$, etc., that Mr. Euclid knew all about it as long ago as 300 B.C.. that, too, I remember vividly.

We had at least one genius in the class-though I have forgotten his name. He was gifted with the ability to write with three pens at the same time. and could thus flick off some immortal aphorism like "All is not gold that glitters" (300 times) in one-third the time it took an ordinary mortal like myself.

I distinctly remember the first meeting of our Debating Society, presided over by Mr. Rosenbaum, because at question time everybody was evidently struck dumb: and it was only after many deep breaths that I earnestly expressed a desire to know "what caused the different colours in the clouds."

But to every one of us first boys. there are memories of more enduring worth than these. Probably it was the day when Dr. Hinsley pinned in our caps the blue enamel badge of the School and explained the significance of the motto, that we first really understood what an honour it was to be the very first boys of St. Bede's; an honour

of which we were afterwards to become extremely proud.

And now, while the magnificent progress achieved during the past 25 years is a great tribute to the work of Dr. Hinsley and the succeeding masters - as well as to the exertions of a small group of devoted Catholic laymen-it is to the old boys themselves that the future development of the School offers boundless possibilities.

We were the first Catholic Grammar School boys in Yorkshire for nearly 400 years. Is it too much to hope that our own sons will one day be the first students of a great Catholic university springing from that old school in Drewton Street which we all hold so dear?
E. B. 1900.

OUR FIRST BOARDERS.

When St. Bede's was first founded, Dr. Hinsley was indefatigable in hunting up new pupils, and I was fortunate to be able to give him a helping hand, guiding him through the intricacies of Bradford. The chief feature that stands out in my memory is the first Boarders' House. They had their dormitory over St. Patrick's Select School, kindly lent by Canon Earnshaw, and, together with Mr. Southerden, I used to go and see if all was well. Sometimes all was not well, as many of St. Patrick's parishioners knew to their consternation. Those in the habit of paying a late visit to the Church before the doors were closed were often surprised to receive small contributions of orange peel coming in gentle showers from the skies. The source of the trouble always was a mystery. Could it possibly be the nuns who had suddenly broken out in innocent revelry? On one occasion in particular the noise was tremendous, and when Mr. Southerden and myself arrived at the door of the room every boy was fast asleep, gentle snores showing the profundity of their slumbers, but when we turned round to retire, satisfied that all was well, it was a regular fusillade of orange peel, apple cores and nuts that bombarded us from the sleepers.

Poor Mr. Southerden thought St. Bede's, like Rome, was to be peopled by the wild and lawless inhabitants of neighbouring towns.

REV. F.

SPENCE.

BEGINNINGS.

Curiously enough, it was the vastness rather than the smallness of "Drewton Street" which impressed me most. Coming, as I did-young, small and innocent-from the one-roomed desert of an elementary school, the many passages, stairways and box-rooms bewildered and daunted me.

Inside, I associate the school with a number of powerful odours. The smell of cedar-wood in my own class-room, and the learned reek of the text-books stacked in my own desk, quite appalled me. I always associate Latin with a foisty smell.

The smell of the Chemy. Lab. never lost its magic savour. To me, Mr. Tavener was the grand alchemist par excellence. Not Trismegistus nor Scott's Alasco could have invested crucible with more mysterious power. At any moment I was aware that something might blow up, possibly, somebody; and every time a crucible cracked I panted with hope. How I yearned to see him mix his drinks in the wrong way! And how delighted I was when he took a pipette (as he had a habit of doing) and broke it!

I remember, too, the great joy that swept over me when I was given a desk of my very own (and how soon I learned to balance the lid on the ridge of my nose when making private experiments). As one who has since been chained to a desk (without blowing anything up) for some fifteen years, I cannot forget the cunning way in which the gyves were then affixed to my unsuspecting legs.

In those days, I was consumed by some remarkable ambitions. I had not learnt humility. The first was to draw a cube in proper perspective; the kind of cube that would make Mr. Trout fall down on his knees and adore it as a perfect piece of Art. I remember how astonished and infuriated I was that he could never see as much of the cube as I could undoubtedly see (even though he was in a much better position for taking it all in). I never took Mr. Trout in. I could see through the cube but he could only see through me. I am certain I was the first of the rebel cubists.

Baffled by cubes, I tried my hand at curves. I longed to draw curves with the beautiful dexterity of that nascent genius (and rare hero) Terence Carroll, who sat near me. Once, I remember (as a first step towards friendship) showing my curves to the boy at the next desk (Alfred Sweeny). I don't like that kind of drawing!" he said very emphatically. And that was that.

I remember, too, with some vividness, writing my first "poem." Mr. Touhey set the subject, which was, I think, "Newcastle" (his native city). I cannot forgive him for that but I am sure my verses were quite condign punishment for him.

Fridays are firmly fixed on my mind as days on which I was repeatedly "taken in" by a certain Mr. Stone, who had a tuck-shop in Westgate. It was long before the authorities had conceived the plan of providing a communal beanfeast. Those of us who stayed for lunch dashed down to Mr. Stone's for the largest (and cheapest) confections on view. My speciality was a particularly enormous and shining species of scone. The first one I

bought disappointed me because it lacked sugar. Nevertheless, with the fine optimism of the small boy, I continued to buy scones week after week, month after month, year after year - hoping in vain that I should one day strike sugar. When I grew old and wise and sour, I began to write Moral Tales about such things as scones-without sugar. Lastly, I remember one tremendous triumph.

A moment came in my school life when my one ambition was to remember, guess, create or crib the German equivalent of the word "Grandfather." I can still see Mr. Kreling careering up and down the room waiting for some still, small voice to utter that noble word. The whole class was stumped. "Dummkopf" -yes (we all knew that) but not grandfather. It was one of those languid afternoons when nobody could think of anything - except swimming baths. Brains were cudgelled; jaws creaked and strained with the most extraordinary combinations of syllables ever conceived-but still not *the word*.

And then, quite suddenly, out of the void-it came . . . to ME. Even now I can hear myself spluttering that simple yet how precious word, "Grossvater!" Frankly, I expected to be wrong. I expected it to mean grand-duke or grand-uncle, with the peculiar cussedness of German words for meaning something else. I also expected a fat dictionary at my head.

But it was right! He beamed. The class was saved.

I think that was the proudest moment of my life.

A. J. B. 1905.

ROSEMOUNT VILLA.

Rosemount Villa! What pleasant memories that name brings back. Dr. Hinsley was before our time; Father Brennan, urbane and polished, stern, yet with a twinkle always concealed somewhere about him, was the Czar, the "he who must be obeyed" of those days. Long may he live to dash despair into the souls of envious youngsters by showing them his wonderful collection of stamps. The playing fields of memory are always greener than those of the present, but surely the green of Rosemount was vivid and verdant.

Sometimes we still hear the old cries, the ancient tags, the remembered voices.

There is Charlie Drakes, as always with Pedro, who is agonisedly looking for his "sleepers," which we maliciously pretend to think is the Portuguese for pyjamas.

Peter Nickey, Jeb., Holroyd, Bob and Jack Meyer, where are you now? And the giants that were on the earth in those days, the Wests, McGuirc, the Woods, Vin. Addyman, Millburn,

whom Father Tindall twanked by mistake (all round the dormitory, one after the other, when he had only gone to bed with a headache), the New Zealand Hanleys; where are you all? Surely the earth was too small for you, and you shine with Castor and with Pollux above Olympus.

There was a place in the corner of the grounds at the bottom of the slope where the wall shakes hands with the fence - no, you fool, not the hedge end - where, with a little shin scraping, clandestine egress could be had to Queen's Road and the mysterious fastnesses of Cunliffe Road, even as far as the ill-omened "Spotted House," a strange abode of dark and sinister aspect which we regarded with awe from the distance.

There was a tradition that once one of the Hanleys, those dare-devils, had gone in and ordered a lemon-dash. He was seen half-an-hour later breathless, terror-stricken, and panting, flying for his life. In a scurry of words he blurted that a demon had clutched him by the collar and hurled him outside with violence, to the accompaniment of thunder, lightning and sulphurous fumes, swearing that he would one day have his soul but it *wasn't time yet*.

Then there was that marvellous jungle, Manningham Park, a place where one could actually get lost if one tried hard enough. The Rose Mount made a roseate world for us.

Where is Steve Conelly now whom once we pummelled in a battle to the death near the lake in the football field? If we could only fight that fight again, Steve! Honestly now! Did we beat you or did you beat us.

Charlie Drakes and Pedro with others sometimes stroll in and sit down by us casually, as we play or work. They say that some are dead in Flanders and others further afield, but we do not believe them. For they come to see us, and, like Peter Pan, they have refused to grow up. We talk then joyously of the scouts, the first scouts, mark you, the Bloodhounds, who bayed defiance along Midland Road and put out the lamps too, on the quiet, before some of you were born. And of the plays, genuine classical stuff, not perhaps Shakespearian but following in his footsteps most certainly; "The Four Pieces of Paper," "Lunatica," the censored one - and quite right too when we recollect some of the jokes. There was one about-but well! well! Rome had her circuses but Bede's-oh, happy name-had her plays.

We remember the pistol that would not go off when the villain was about to be shot by the detective. And after the scoundrel had in desperation been knocked on the head with the butt, the ubiquitous policeman on finding the body of course kept to his part crying in horrified tones, "What's

This? A corpse! And shot through the head, too." That brought down the house.

how many times did we drop the tea tray in the bath, and, popping our heads round the corner, enquire, "Didn't you hear the detective's unconscious body dropped in the river? No! Let's have another try. Drop him in again, Cedric" Who was it came on in " And Lunatica" in a nightshirt with bare feet, and lighted candle on his head, remarking "Don't wake me up, please! I'm walking in my sleep!" Who was Shakespeare? Who was Napoleon? Who was Darwin? The gag was that this last looked like a monkey. Who was a poached egg looking for a piece of toast to sit down upon? Who was - ? Who was - ? We are lost in the mists of conjecture where even Pelmanism fails us.

"Where are the songs of yesterday ?" cries the poet, and the critic might ask, "To what good did all these good days lead? What were you doing at Rosemount Villa ?" The answer is this:

We were working and playing hard, and rough hewing our characters under three splendid priests, Father Brennan, Father Tindall, and Father McGuire, to he turned out good Catholics, and to build up the traditions of Bede's, for you, my lads. *Gaudete juventutes igilur!* See you carry

'em on!

L. B. R.

1906.

DREWTON STREET.

One could yarn for hours about the ancient glories of Drewton Street. Would that some Slave of the Lamp could re-assemble for awhile the old crowd, now scattered to the four corners of the earth, that we could explore once more the secret staircase down to Mrs. Riley's kitchen, or negotiate again the perilous north-west passage, that dark and dirty tunnel entered during class by a man-hole at one side of the old wood-work room whilst Mr. Trout's back was turned, and through which, given fair weather, you could emerge covered with cobwebs and the dust of ages, though possibly only to be caught bending at the other side.

Would that one could be allowed once more to serve "two periods" on Thursday afternoon with Mr. Tavener in charge. How many folks remember that especially stormy detention class when Dillon Hanley placed a large Chinese cracker on the front bars of the fire at the back of the old Third room, and good old Tavy at the crucial moment came and stood, leaning against the mantel piece, and how, in the ensuing massacre, some of us escaped through the window and fled to the baths.

Or the day when Barney Hoburn, ordered out to the front of the form by Mr. Bailey, who was

rather hard of hearing, to recite "Virginia", convulsed his hearers by declaiming in his most impressive style his foul parody beginning "This is no greasy table or mountain full of swine."

Dear old Bill! With your "cloth ears" and gouty foot you were very dear to us even in those days.

I wonder if any of St. Joseph's Old Girls are ever conscience-stricken at the thought of all that soap and all those terrible enamel mugs they stole from the old school on the occasions of their weekly science class, when they used to come from Eldon Place to use *our* lab. ; when we juniors used to escort them and their supercilious mistress down the Hall with prancing mounted police on either side; and when they always left with our good soap and better mugs tucked safely away in their coat pockets.

One never hears these days of the Annual Swindles, which were held at play-time below the old stable, later destroyed to make room for the new Hall and Art Room. Surely this collection of honest "swindles," payment for which was in football cards, was the garden party in embryo, and you, Mr. Maslen, were responsible for its inception. Do you still, sir, provide the Juniors with those slabs of cocoa-nut toothache for the best essays? Do you still read them the Ingoldsby Legends of the "low-down vulgar boy," and does Father Tindall still know Tommy Brown?

My space has gone, with no mention of those glorious if sometimes bloody snow-fights with Christ Church; of the never-ending war between Father Brennan and the ancient "Specials "-Porter, the Wests, Addiman, Connolly, McGuire, Killeen, Brown, Pud McDermott, etc.-as to whether they should or should not wear school caps; of the disappearance of the Cyclops and also of its successor; of the green arm-chair in the Head's room over which we used to bend to study the carpet with so much devotion; of the sudden plunging of the school into darkness during the winter months through some brave spirit blowing down the gas-pipe in the lab. ; of the organ-grinder whom we used to bribe to stand outside the windows and discourse sweet music to the prisoners within; of Mrs. Riley, whose kind heart bursting with compassion for those poor unfortunates detected in some crime and sent outside to wait for Father Brennan, used to invite them into her sanctum and regale them with fresh tea-cakes and new milk. Oh, Mrs. Riley, you saved me many a flogging, and believe me I was very grateful. Never more will I make rude remarks *re* Pat's cigars and Governors meetings. Never more will I trample chalk into

your newly-washed linoleum. Alas, no - never more.

J.

McW. 1906.

THE FIGHTER'S ALLEY.

How much of the true life of the school boy is unofficial ; no part of real school life (if the boy be lucky) finds its way into his term report; some of it may appear in a voluminous tome (price £3 3s.), if the boy lives to be ninety, becomes an admiral and writes his reminiscences. Fortunately few boys live to ninety, fewer still become admirals, though quite a few (unfortunately) publish memoirs at £3 3s. But as the memories which are dispersed through this *Magazine* are none of them written by admirals or nonagenarians, and none of them, in spite of their obvious worth, costs you £3 3s., and all of them are written frankly from the boy's point of view (even though many by Old Boys), with the object of bringing back similar memories of real unofficial school life, perhaps they will be forgiven. Harping on the past is a sign of old age they say this then is our justification; to make St. Bede's as venerable as St. Bede.

One part of real school life which was not reported was the fighting part; we are far from suggesting a new item in the boys' report under "Times Late," such as "Fights won." But fights were won in those days. It seems incredible that official boxing contests can have taken the place of real "scraps," yet we are so far lost in the business of life, that mighty combats may actually take place at St. Bede's without our knowing. (We are assured "officially" that they do not - quite so, of course not.) But in the old days at Drewton Street fights actually did take place! Some there may be, mild-eyed lovers of peace, who do not remember a passage in the hinterland of the school. Here at 4-30 p.m., when happier boys went home clean and tidy to their teas, others met in deadly combat; two who had probably spent the afternoon in a misery of dread (much to the detriment of the lessons), a dread bravely faced by scowling fiercely across the class at one another. Oh what relief when the other chap funk'd it, found he had to catch a train or meet his mother, just when we were nearly funk'ing it ourselves. He who postponed a fight lost a fight in those days. Yet few fights were put off-that passage behind the school (known as Mrs. Riley's back) saw some fierce "mills," hard struggles for now forgotten causes, likely enough for no cause at all. Here A. got that priceless thick lip, the thickest ever seen in Form IV.; here B. was gloriously smashed by C.; yes, by C.. the quietest boy in Form III.. and he smashed B. because B. called him a "swot." A noble cause surely I Though the gate in the wall of that passage - which, for ought I know, is still there - was D. knocked, to fall into the brush of an irate woman, coming, in the interests of pacificism, to separate the combatants; yes, on these very cobbles dropped

first the blood of E., and then (though not, I am assured, until the fifth round) E. himself. Happy days! L. G. 1911.

SHERWOOD HOUSE.

We forget whether we were mewling and puking" infants, but that we were whining schoolboys creeping like snails" we indignantly deny. At least we did not crawl to Sherwood House, illustrious in our eyes as a dancing academy, nor, once there, did we delay to enter the famous Hall of Mirrors which we honoured by our presence during lessons. We did not try to conjure up dim visions of the past; we were content with the prim reflections of the hour, and no doubt the mirrored walls of our class-room were content to shine on the tousled heads and restless feet of Juniors as a change from the tresses and the twinkling shoes of departed students of the nimble art. We also, of course, were learning how to tread a path, but in a different way.

These mirrors were great. We saw our shining morning faces, and our grubby evening ones; we obtained still-life portraits, and enjoyed moving pictures; and there was always the great pleasure of meeting *one* decent-looking fellow in the day.

There were disadvantages, of course - the master could see us in duplicate and even triplicate. Certain well thought out concealments, many hasty digs. and careful camouflages were exposed by the silent witnesses and reporters on the walls. A mirror is a good servant, but a bad master.

We sincerely hope the Juniors still learn their history through the medium of plays. It is an invigorating system, and history learnt by it is not easily forgotten. We still have vivid memories of "Hengists and Horsas," of "Angels and Angles" and of Roman standard-bearers leaping off chairs and shoutin8 "Follow me unless you wish to see your standard in the hands of the enemy.

On that glorious historical occasion the Romans were entirely successful, but the result was always a matter of doubt in our plays. Sometimes the Britons succeeded in driving the Romans back en *masse*, despite excited objections at such a perversion of historical facts. Surely that room in Sherwood House could tell some horrible stories of unnatural deaths, by poisoning, duelling and general annihilation. The class-room would not have been nearly so pleasant had it not been on the second storey. The banisters were very handy, and 12-15 a.m. and 4-30 p.m. showed a procession of harum-scarum school boys sliding down. The climax came when there was a mishap -a bump - a howl - an exclamation from Mr. Maslen, "Oh! my goodness! the boy has done

it " The boy in question (we mention no names, he will never forget the experience) was recompensed by a ride on Mr. Maslen's back to Mrs. Riley. Sliding down the banisters sustained a temporary lull, and Mr. Maslen's "biter" was ready for any offenders.

Mr. Maslen had a fine system of "knocking out" in Catechism and Geography home work. It excited keen rivalry, and all strove to obtain top place. Reading from "Barnaby Rudge" were a pleasing change from any dry subjects, if we were good (which we always were).

Nature Study lessons under Brother Alban were always interesting. Masterpieces in the shape of weird caricatures of dogs, donkeys, and "beings animalculous" were presented for home work. The reward for being good in this lesson was reading from a book called "Budge and Toddy." Who does not recall their adventures and that time-worn phrase "want to see wheels go round?" We also recollect "The Adventures of Tommy Brown," and although our literary tastes may be more advanced now we think we could still appreciate "Tommy at the Skating Rink."

B.C. 1918.

TALE OF TWO SCHOOLS.

It was an old Bedesman who led my faltering steps for the first time through the gloomy portals of "Drewton Street's" front door. That minor but, to me, very significant occasion is my earliest memory; with others I was due for that final inspection-before-acceptance proceeding that all candidates must face, and to further my chances I had been to an early Mass, leaving myself unfortunately just time to attend the appointed interview - sans breakfast. But the effect of this to me extremely regrettable accident was that my future headmaster seemed to see (temporarily, may I add) latent

virtues of self-sacrifice, determination to progress, etc., etc. He patted my head-I was bucked! I wonder if he remembers.

Drewton Street - not much in a name! I But who doesn't recall that dreadful clanging gate, the raucous gong (of dubious origin, I always thought), the funny, old photograph hanging in the front porch of the "original scholars." complete with velvet suits and lace collars, the kitchen (ever-open *refugium peccatorium*), the old lab. where discreet blowing down a gas pipe would extinguish very nearly all the burners in the room-and many, many more little oddities.

Do you believe in fairies ?-because they come into my story. For here my memory falls asleep. no doubt over a geography book, in the musty, old school in the drab street-and awakes in a tall. white-panelled room in the corner of an old mansion house standing high above the stretch of its rolling park-land. There is a touch of the mystical in that awakening to new school-life amongst the trees.

Of course there is a practical side to everything. If there were any fairy-wings about Heaton Hall. the unlovely usefulness of a regulation army-hut dispersed them; the place soon echoed with the cries of unwashed small boys. who, all intellectual pursuits unselfishly (!) laid aside. turned their hands to hammer. spade and wheelbarrow-the latter preferably, because of the greater facilities of doing some real damage. What they-I should rather say we-achieved none will ever know; for my own part I've forgotten already!

But the more dignified memories remain, of real pleasures and good comradeship. I would give much to have over again a week of the old routine with the first Special Form in the "drawing-room" of the Hall. Good old School! *Multum floreat!*

L. W. 1918.

HISTORY OF HEATON HALL.

Heaton in olden times was a quiet little village, completely cut off from the turmoil of history, taking little or no part in the stirring events which from time to time convulsed the neighbouring towns of Bradford and Halifax. The Wars of the Roses passed her by; the Parliamentary Wars had little effect, although the army of Sir Thomas Fairfax, when he came to the succour of his friends in Bradford, must have been visible across the valley on the heights of Undercliffe. In 1642 many of the inhabitants of Heaton moved into Bradford to withstand the seige by the Duke of Newcastle, but the majority of the villagers were little disturbed. The fierce storms of the Industrial Revolution swept over without effect, although stories were told of the smashing of factories in Bradford and Thornton, and four

Heaton men were concerned in the destruction of coal-pits sunk near Frizinghall.

The village was approached from Bradford by a narrow, muddy lane, which led from White Abbev at a point where now stands the Upper Globe Hotel. This lane wound up the hill to Heaton Syke. across Carr Syke Beck, and turned to the left round the grounds of Heaton Hall to the village.

The most commanding position in Heaton was occupied by Heaton Hall, the erection of which in 1660 was the outward sign of taking over the Manor by the Fields, of Shipley. Heaton is undoubtedly a Saxon hamlet, as some of its place-names tell, particularly the "Sykes," the Saxon name for low-lying, marshy ground; but we come across no documentary evidence of its existence till 1316, when

the lordship of the Manor passed from the Everinghams to Roger de Leeds. Many families held the Manor until in 1632 it was purchased by Joseph Field, whose son, John, built the Hall.

At first the outer walls were of undressed stone, but early in the next century the south and east walls were replaced by the present structures with dressed stone columns and pediments to the doors and windows; still later the extensive south wing was added. This was used as a gardener's cottage. Upon one of its windows has been scratched the inscription:

"Michael Lancaster July 22th 1797-Dora Dobbs."

The interior was magnificently decorated in the style of the period, but unfortunately little now remains of the ornamentation except a few quaint cornices and dadoes, and the ornate fire-places. The main staircase of the Hall is a magnificent example of the time of the third George; and the original panelling still covers the walls of the old drawing-room-now the Special Form room. The kitchen, with its monster turnspit still in position, tells of the great banquets held there; while the long line of stables and outhouses reminds us of the days when the Hall possessed a stud of hunters and a pack of hounds.

Garth House, next to the Hall, was built in 1681 by the Garth family, as the inscription I.G.1681 over the porch still shows. The surrounding land was held by one Garth previous to 1631, and he paid a rent of one penny per year; but soon after the erection of Garth House, the whole property was purchased by the Fields, and the house became known as

Manor House Farm.

At the top of the hill stood the village tavern, just where the lane bent round to a straggling path-known as Lillums (Leylands) - which led to the chief coaching road along Toiler Lane, over Heaton High Moor, down to Cottingley Old Bridge and on to Keighley. On the death of the last of the tenants of the tavern, the license, to avoid extinction, was transferred to Garth House, which again changed its name to "The Punch Bowl Inn." Ale continued to be dispensed here till the erection on the other side of the road of the Mason's Arms, later to be known as the King's Arms.

Heaton Hall remained in the hands of the Fields till 1837, when, the direct male line failing, it passed to Lady Qxmantown, afterwards Countess of Rosse. She was the last of the Fields to occupy the Hall, which was, on her death, leased to various tenants, among whom were Henry Harris, Esq., of the B?adford Old Bank, W. H. Townend, Esq., and Alfred Illingworth, Esq., late Postmaster-General. In 1918 it was purchased by the Governors of St. Bede's Grammar School, together with its extensive grounds.

Since that date numerous alterations have been made, chiefly in the interior of the building, and some of the outhouses have disappeared; while on the south-west is rising the first instalment of a new school which will ultimately cover the site of the present hall, and, when completed, will be one of the finest buildings in the district. J.

BRANIGAN.

IN THE PLAYING FIELDS.

FOOTBALL.

FIRST ELEVEN.

The First Eleven concluded their fixture list shortly before the Easter holidays, and can look back on an enjoyable but not very successful season. Unfortunately, owing to a misunderstanding and a regrettable confusion of dates, we missed our usual games with Leeds. We hope to meet the College with all the more pleasure next year. The return game with Cleckheaton provided us with a memorable match, in which, after a stern struggle against a much heavier side, we were defeated with honour by three goals to none. After the match we were treated with that bountiful hospitality we appreciate so much. The tea was heavily defeated by the combined sides

Looking back over the season we feel very pleased with ourselves. Every game was a pleasure and every opponent a sportsman, and, though each team we played had great

advantage in weight, we are proudly conscious of the fact that our eleven is respected for its "sticking powers." Modesty prevents us from repeating other nice remarks with respect to our brainy combination.

We hope that next season will prove as pleasurable and that the Form League, that fine training ground, will continue to give willing players to the School Eleven; let us hope too that some will try to be big. It will be a welcome change.

One other note. At the practices there were always more than 22 desirous of playing. Throughout the season we had possible reserves for almost every position in the field. That is a very good sign.

The usual players, of whom a photograph is reproduced in the present magazine, were from the following

GOAL-Hill.

BACKS-Stenson, Quigley and G. Walsh,



THE CHAPEL, HEATON HALL.



THE PREFECTS, 1924-1925.

HALF-BACKS-Rowan, Barry and Lockton.
FORWARDS-Smith, Simpson, Burke, Verity,
Toll and McEvoy.

JUNIOR TEAM.

The Junior Team had only a few matches after Christmas, including the two final games in the Secondary League, both of which they lost. in spite of that, however, they head the League table with 12 points out of a possible 16, thus carrying off League honours for the second year in succession. The various positions with points stand thus:-

St.Bede's	12
Grange	10
Belle Vue	7
Carlton	6
Hanson	5

In the Park Avenue Cup, Fairweather Green were defeated in the third round, and Wyke at Park Avenue in the semi-final, by 2 goals to 1. Whetley Lane, however, proved too big and strong for the Heaton boys in the final, and won the trophy by 5 goals to 2. Warr at outside left was the best player in view.

INTER-FORM LEAGUE.

All the matches in the League were finished in good time, in spite of unfavourable weather in the early part of the year. The result of the competition has borne out our early expectations, VA. winning the Senior Cup and IIIA. heading the Junior League.

The keenest interest was shown in all games. Even the forlorn hopes turned out valiantly to the slaughter and never gave in until the final whistle. Every player in every form was eager to be in the team, and every man gave of his best. in addition, all the games had enthusiastic spectators, who never spared to give advice, applaud skill and encourage the losing side.

Of the Seniors VA. proved the strongest, winning all matches. The long-expected duel between them and V I. proved to be a keen and even game with the result in doubt until the last moment.

IVA. did very well, as their goal average shows, and forced the leaders to play to their fullest capacity. In fact there was not much to choose between the three above-mentioned teams, all showing spirit and enthusiasm with no little amount of skill. IVB. proved a little weak for their robust opponents, but managed to escape the last position, which fell to the lot of VB., who, however, are not disgraced. The form must be congratulated on their pluck, as, although they could not always field a full team, they never abandoned a match.

In the Junior Section IIIA. were comfortable leaders, scoring a prodigious number of goals. Their smaller rivals always played

pluckily, but the disparity in weight was too much for the younger boys. IIA. deserve great credit for their excellent feat in gaining a second place, though their goal average is much lower than that of their leaders. The Juniors were often swamped, but always had a great gallery of spectators to encourage their brave efforts.

At the conclusion of the competition, IIA. and IIB. replayed their match as they were not content with a draw. As the result was exactly the same honour was satisfied, and further trials must wait over until next season.

It was hoped to play a game between the League winners, but as this was impracticable a match was arranged between the Hall and the Hut, which the former won very comfortably, much to the disappointment, and pretended disgust, of the spectators. A pleasant finish to a pleasant series of games.

The complete League table is as follows:-

SENIOR.								
	Pld.	W	L	D	F	A	Pts.	
VA.	...	4	4	0	0	13	2	8
VI.	...	4	3	1	0	11	4	6
IVA.	...	4	2	2	0	12	6	4
IVB.	...	4	0	3	1	2	11	1
VB.	...	4	0	3	1	1	16	1
JUNIOR.								
IIIA.	...	4	4	0	0	24	2	8
IIA.	...	4	2	1	1	6	8	5
IIIB.	...	4	2	2	0	6	6	4
IIB.	...	4	1	2	1	3	9	3
I.	...	4	0	4	0	1	13	0

ON THE TRACK.

INTER-SECONDARY CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The second of these annual sports took place at Lidget Green R. F. Ground on Wednesday afternoon, May 27th, after a morning of drenching rain. The ground was water-logged in many places; in fact the high jump events had to be postponed. Each school offered two competitors in each event, and this year there were three divisions, according to age, viz., Juniors (under 13), Middles (13 to 15) and Seniors (over 15).

St. Bede's entrants were again handicapped, especially in the Senior division, by lack of size and numbers. It was a great pity, for example, that Hobson had to be chosen for six events owing to the lack of talent among the older boys. Let us hope that more of the upper end of the School will offer themselves in subsequent years. St. Bede's were again at the bottom of the "points" list, gaining five in all, and being half a point lower than the next highest, Grange Road. Carlton

proved good winners and we extend to them our best congratulations.

For St. Bede's, Morrin, in the Junior 220 yards, ran a very plucky race and gained second place. Jack Barry got second in the Middle in the cricket ball event, and Dick Hobson finished first in the 440 yards Senior race. Barry and Lockton, Verity and Dooley, W. Doherty and Whelan, gave boxing displays at intervals during the sports, although the ground was in a very bad condition for the best results. Fred Shaw, of Hanson, also gave an exhibition with Jack Regan, an old Bedesman, whom we remember as a seven stone Northern champion.

CRICKET

A Senior Team has been formed for the Summer Term, and earnest practice takes place daily on Bullcroft, which at present affords the most level pitches. There are many keen cricketers in the School, who are trying their best to learn the art of a straight bat and the mysteries of late cuts, leg glances, and drives over the pavilion. The Hut windows have suffered a little already. Bowlers too are practising cute breaks and trying to reduce a too erratic length to just proportions. A practice match to discover talent revealed some stylish batsmen and some very fair bowlers. G. Walsh (VI.) has been appointed captain, with L. Simpson (VI.) as secretary. Promising fixtures have been arranged, and it is to be hoped that a pleasant and successful series of matches awaits us. Meanwhile batting and stumping gloves have been added, in happy anticipation, to our plentiful supply.

May 16th.-Belle Vue (H)
23rd.-Carlton (A)

30th.-Carlton (H)
June 6th.- Cleckheaton.
14th.-Staff Match.
20th.- Cleckheaton.
27th.-Avondale (H)

July 4th.-Avondale (H)
11 th.-Hanson (A)
18th.-Hanson (H)

In addition to the team practices, every form has its own games during the dinner break. The most popular method seems to be an alphabetical batting list opposed by a reverse bowling order. With a multitude of fielders such a plan makes quick work, and everyone "gets his innings."

Inter-form matches, of course, will be arranged, though as yet there is no trophy to be played for. Meanwhile we hope for fine weather, though an inch or two of rain never ruins our game. Some of us revel on a wet wicket.

WITH THE PATROLS.

For some time we Scouts have been divided into sections, the Seniors and the Juniors, which have again been subdivided into patrols, three in the former, and four in the latter. These two parties took alternate Saturdays on which to carry out expeditions to suitable neighbouring places. In the Juniors are the Beavers, Tigers, Lions and Rams; in the Seniors we have the Eagles, Wolves and the Kangaroos. The Junior attendance surpasses that of the Seniors, but one Saturday we had a mass meeting to go to Black Car Woods. The Eagle patrol undertook to compete with the other scouts present at a popular scout game, but the outcome was doubtful.

Whilst these patrols were in use Father Tindall was supreme head or S. M. but since Easter the Seniors have been separated and put under the command of Mr. Wilkinson, and his troop assemble at 6-30 on Fridays for the scout meeting, whilst the Juniors have their meeting at 4-30.

The Juniors are now working hard in order to have a complete troop of scouts with the second class badge honestly held, but some of them 'have only just passed the tenderfoot stage.

The Seniors, under Mr. Wilkinson, are extending the range of expeditions from such spots as Eldwick, Hirst Wood, Black Car Wood and Bingley to places as far distant as Ilkley, which was the first place visited under Mr. Wilkinson. The aim of the Seniors is to obtain first class proficiency badges.

A notable and regrettable event, which happened after the Laster holidays, was the departure of F.

L. Muller (C) of the Kangaroos to go to a commercial school in Switzerland.

However, the thought which occupies our mind at present is that of the camp at Whitsuntide, which will be held on the banks of the river Nidd at Knaresborough for four days. All are helping to prepare for this greatly anticipated holiday, and a conspicuous heap of ready provisions (not food) lies now in the scout room to show how our work has been progressing.

THANKS.

Thanks to Mrs. Holmes for picture.
Mr. Holmes for Crucifix for the Altar.
Rev. Father Brennan for several pictures.

EXCHANGES.

We beg to thank for the following exchanges
Ratcliffian, Belle Vue Magazine, Thorntonian, Carlton Street,
Hanson, Bradfordian,

THE "SAPI" RACES.

Wh-r-rrr ting-ting-ting. With a choking gurgle the cheap alarm clock gave out its warning. It was 4-30 a.m. and we must be astir, for this was The Day of the year. J. was the first to move; with a mighty heave he cleared the bed, catching his foot in the mosquito net, and executing a splendid high dive that terminated in the washstand, much to its detriment. It was yet dark, and after dressing in confusion and shaving with peril we went in to breakfast.

It was then that J. had one of his annoying brain waves. He put the plates in the gas oven to warm until the bacon was ready, and turned the gas full on. During the meal a bombardment started in the kitchen, and investigation revealed three beautifully smashed plates. But such slight happenings must be overlooked on great occasions. We were going to Madura in an hour.

On the quay we found a cosmopolitan crowd, but we got aboard after answering numerous questions in most of the languages of the East. An hour later we arrived at Madura, from which place a thirty minute run by train took us to a circus-like race course; and the sports began. Up the course came the grand parade. First we heard strains of music, and past the grandstand marched a native band, closely followed by a pair of bullocks attached to a light wooden trailer. The kings had arrived. Here we saw the heroes of the sport for the day, dressed in all their gorgeous trappings of blue velvet and silver, or nothing, according to the wealth or poverty of the village they hail from, but each pair owned a band, and from time to time the band worked them into a frenzy of rage or despair. After the parade lots were drawn, the trappings unhitched, and in trios forth stepped the athletes to the point of departure.

The course is 150 yards long, and, as the average time for the run is usually twelve seconds, one obtains some idea of the speed these gentlemen of brawn travel at. The driver or jockey hangs on with his eyebrows, and helps the efforts of his particular pair with two bamboo rods which are smashed to pieces before the course is run.

When the course was cleared the first three were made ready. One pair was so playful that they

set off the wrong way, taking the rails as they went and finishing up among the crowd. Still this was only a chance shot. Aihe bullocks know that once their nostrils are relieved

of the weight of eight men, this is the cue, and away they go. There is no system of driving or guiding, the driver being too busy with his bamboo rods, and in most cases finishing his race with his back to his two mounts.

Whilst the races were in progress much liquid refreshment was dispensed by all and sundry. After about the ninth race J. disappeared, and we came across him some time later standing in the centre of the course down which three pairs of mad bullocks were charging, taking a snap of the finish of the race, and missing the winning pair by inches. Still he had his snap, and strongly insisted that he only had had "two;" the heat accounts for much. After seeing the side-shows we went foraging for lunch, and coming back met the band of the native guards coming up the road. Charging on behind was a crowd of hungry enthusiasts all making for the feed. Here we picked up another Englishman from Soerabaya, and formed a party. After lunch those that could danced. The others watched and soaked. Then came the lottery. We had three tickets, and when the numbers were announced found that we had won the tenth prize. Cheers from the crowd! On investigation we found that the tenth was a young bullock, and, having nowhere to put it, we sold it and shared the proceeds. A. of the Bank by this time was very merry, and insisted starting a race of his own on a borrowed sadoe or dog cart. Mounting the pony, with his legs hanging down between the shafts, he treated us to a fine private rodeo. The pony, not being used to this method of driving, began to kick the bottom off the cart, and, just to keep the ball rolling, not being able to dispense with the cart, he turned his attention to S., who, hampered by his toppie getting into his eyes, was eventually unseated, much to his own chagrin and the detriment of his nice white drill suit. I think I mentioned that we were living, smelling and eating bullocks here, so that you will understand my point. After lunch, consisting of unfried ham and fried eggs (the latter having the curious name of mata sapi-the eye of a cow), we moved for the train and the boat.

One caught casual glimpses of S. playing tig on the roof of the train, up the coach steps and on the footboard, but of course all English are mad, and eventually we reached the boat with the loss of one toppie, one coat and a various number of guilders. Our gain consisted of some good snapshots and a mad and memorable day. D. COGHLAN.

GARDEN PARTIES.

Jones called in the other evening. It was years since I had seen him, but he was just the same - serious to the point of boredom.

The conversation turned to the school (Jones is a Bedesman), and thence, naturally, to the Annual Garden Party. Jones was keen to hear all about each one.

I read about the Garden Parties in the *Mag.* when abroad,' said Jones. "They must have been fine affairs."

"One of them was," I answered, "the first one, but the others have been very wet."

"You see," I explained, "the first of the series was held in 1919, and was a great success. We held it in the school grounds, and some of the features of the show we have been unable to reproduce. For instance, a special marquee was borrowed, and it has been found impossible to reproduce it since, though efforts were made to that end. Then we had a ride range in the greenhouse. It has also been found impossible to reproduce much of the greenhouse since.

"Were there many people there?" asked Jones.

"Yes," I assented. "The attendance was good, and the people were very hungry. The scouts played their part in feeding them. They had a camp fire, and made something in a dixie. I believe it was tea. Anyway quite three people partook of it and are still alive. The profit on the camp fire cafe was ninepence, but we didn't grumble. It might have cost us thousands in defending the case.

"Had you any special side-shows?" asked Jones, now very interested.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "The star turn was a professor of trick roller skating, and he risked his neck in thrilling the crowd all the afternoon. That was a really splendid performance. Then we had a ghost in the dungeons of the Hall. He was covered with phosphorus, and succeeded in terrifying everybody, including himself, especially when the phosphorus caught fire. His was rather a thankless job."

"But it was worth it," ventured Jones.

"Undoubtedly. The fellows are simply splendid at these Garden Parties. No job is too small, none too big, no swindle mean enough to merit rejection. They are prepared not only to risk their own lives, but the lives of their little ones. Only two years ago a Bedesman brought his innocent babe to the Garden Party seated on a pram full of knives. There's heroism for you."

"It's grand to think the School has turned out fellows like these," said Jones, speaking with considerable emotion.

"It is," I agreed, "and it's grander still to hear them express their love for the Garden Parties in no uncertain terms. Their eloquence is

surprising."

"Then you've held several Garden Parties?" said Jones.

"Oh, yes, rather!"

"Were they all as successful as the first?"

"Well it depends on the view-point," I parried. I may say that umbrella manufacturers, oilskin dealers and pneumonia specialists have urged us to continue with them, though less highly specialised patrons have not taken quite the same attitude. You see, they have their dangers. The tennis tournament in connection with them has had to be abandoned since one year it was necessary to dive into the courts to rescue the finalists. Then again, people actually come expecting to make money on the side-shows. Really," I said (and I could not help smiling), "It's too much to expect. And the shock following their inevitable disillusionment, is sometimes too much for them. For instance, last year, some people were under the impression that the ham which we had put at the top of the greasy pole was meant to be taken away. Nothing was farther from our thoughts. And when it was seen that it was impossible to get near it all, what do you think the people did?"

"I couldn't say," said Jones, who had been following me with intelligence.

"They refused to try any more!"

"No!" said Jones, taken aback.

"It's true," I said. "You've no idea to what lengths some people will not go-even for a ham.

"But they ought to be prepared to give and take a little on these occasions, was the remark.

"That's where you're wrong. They ought only to be prepared to give at the Garden Party."

Jones nodded.

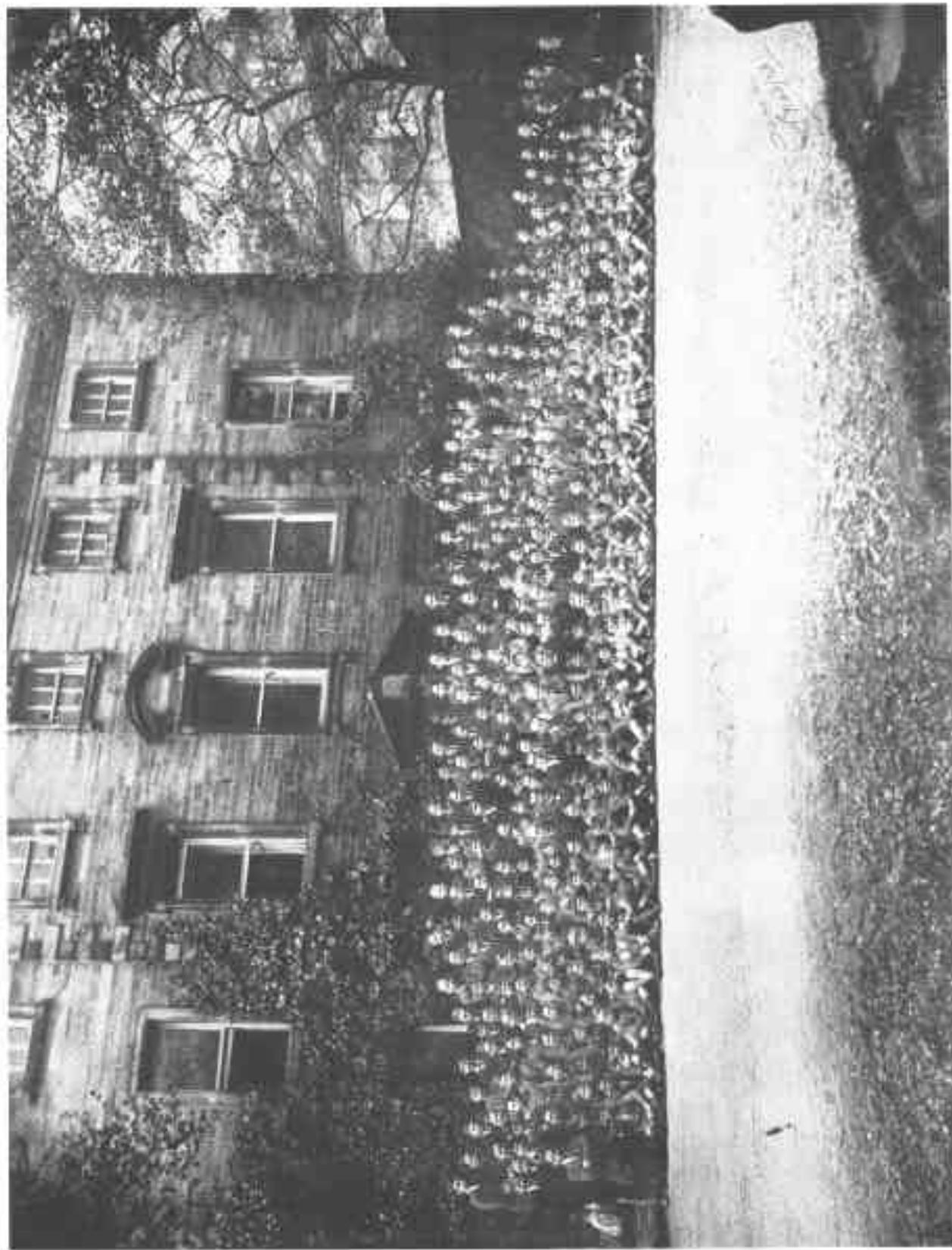
As a matter of fact," I said, "the name Garden Party 'is a misnomer. Since the first one no party has been held in a garden at all. On the last five occasions the hectic festivities have been carried on in schools, tents, marquees, under dripping trees, under tables, in passages, doorways-anywhere that shelter from the storm could be found."

"But you're going to hold one this year?" asked Jones.

"Certainly. Geologically speaking, the site is the finest in Bradford. The rain dries up in no time.

(I have sold Jones a ticket for the Garden Party).

THE SHOWMAN



ST. BEDE'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, JUNE, 1925.

OLD BOYS' CORNER.

NOTES.

We regret to announce the death of Fred Thorpe, St. Bede's 1916-20, who died on March 26th, fortified with the rights of the Holy Church. The funeral took place at Nab Wood Cemetery, when a large number of his class mates were present.

A post card comes from Hong Kong, where two of the Old Boys are spending a reminiscent evening together-Father Gerald Henegan and Joe Meyer.

Basil Mahdjoubian left England for Buenos Aires on Saturday, May 22nd. to join his brother Leo, who is also out there. We wish him every success in his new undertaking.

We regret to read of the death, in his seventieth year, of one of the earliest masters of St. Bede's - the Rev. Wm. J. Southerden. Mr. Southerden, as we knew him, was a convert of Cardinal Manning. When he came to us he was given charge of the juniors, but did not stay very long, as he found an opportunity of more congenial work as tutor to some Franciscan postulantes in Dublin. It was not until his mother's decease that Mr. Southerden could see his way to offer himself as a Church student, for he had very nobly deemed it his duty to provide to a certain extent for her upkeep. For the past two years he was chaplain to the Knowle Convent, Torquay.

Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Canon Higgins at which the Right Rev. Monsignor Canon Barry represented the Bishop of Plymouth.

FOOTBALL.

It's a jolly good league, and it's jolly well won,
By jolly good footballers, everyone.

The shield we have won we're determined to hold,
For you see our colours are Green and Gold.

So sup you bloodhounds, daffodills, or quaff-a-gills, as the case may be.

Having won the League Championship we had hopes of winning a cup to keep the shield company. but St. Mary's Band beat us in the semi-final of the Challenge Cup and St. William's beat us in the semi-final of the Junior Cup.

Results of matches for the season are :-

Pld.	W	D	L	Goals.	
				for	agst
21	12	5	4	75	25

Dinn and Brooke head the list of scorers with 22 goals

each, and Days comes next with 10 goals.

On another page of the *Magazine* you will see a photograph of the team. We do not look so very cheerful, because we were asked to "Smile, please!" and when we did smile the photographer strongly objected. He said that his camera was not insured, and if we were going to make faces at him he would summon us for cruelty.

The player with the ball is Captain Dinn, goal merchant. Bradford City have been after him: he once slipped in at Valley Parade without paving. The fourth individual from the left on the back row is F. Days (or Daisy). This fellow thinks he can sing - we do not. His favourite song is "Give me the Moonlight," and he usually sings (?) this in the dressing room, after the match. Needless to say we are out of the room in record time. We should like to congratulate the School team on their excellent fight for the Bradford Supporters' Cup. They were unlucky to lose in the final, and we hope they have better luck next time.

HALF-BACK.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting was held in March, when the election of Officers took place.

President Mr. Wilfred Moverlev.

Vice-President: Mr. James Bradley.

Treasurer: Mr. Wilfred Dewhurst.

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Mr. A. McWeeny,

Mr. S. Brigg.

Mr. J. McWeeny,

Rev. C. Tindall.

An important alteration in the rules was made by which all Past Presidents were made *ex-officio* members of the Committee. It was also decided that the Old Boys' subscription of 3/- should include the *Magazine* subscription.

The Committee have been hard at work making

arrangements for the Jubilee Banquet; for the Annual Garden Party (July 4th), and for the Pilgrimage to Rome. These events combine to make this summer the busiest in the annals of the Association. Summer, except for the Garden Party, which event we are beginning to take in our stride, is usually a

quiet time for the Association, but not so this year. But then Jubilee years do not come often.

All possible help is needed at the Garden Party. Every pair of hands makes the work lighter for the rest, and the whole affair to run smoother. Please drop a line to the Secretary if you are willing to help. We shall be very grateful.

ON SAFARI.

Since my return from Central Africa I have renewed my old acquaintance with St. Bede's, and, amongst other things, I have greatly admired the Boy Scout movement. I want to persuade a troop to come back with me, but they will first have to cultivate a great devotion to their Guardian Angels. As the following incidents will show, a Foreign Missionary's Guardian Angel is a very much over-worked member of the heavenly hosts.

During the campaign in German East Africa I was walking along a road between Kundi and Ibangda. At Kundi we started off with over 100 porters carrying bags of ammunition, and as I did not want to walk behind them, getting all the dust and sand in my eyes, I hurried on to get in front of them, and at last managed to get at the head of the column, a distance of about 500 yards. I hardly accomplished this when I was made to realize that Africa has many greater evils than dust and sand. Some half dozen wild pigs crossed the road in front of me, at a distance of about 50 yards, immediately followed by lions. The latter looked down towards us, paused, seemed to hold a hurried conference, and as it was early morning they voted for the pigs. They like bacon for breakfast.

On another occasion, I was stationed at a place called Schinjanga. Arriving there late in the evening, I pitched my tent close to the Old German Boma. I retired for the night about 9-30, but on account of the excessive heat I could not sleep, and for no particular reason I moved my tent a short distance. At about 11 p.m. I received an awful shock, because at a distance of 25 to 50 yards away some six or eight lions commenced to roar, and continued doing so for the space of half an hour. Notwithstanding the excessive heat, I shivered; my hair stood on end; the bed trembled under me and the ground seemed to tremble. There I was unarmed and no sentinels, expecting every minute to be the last, but nothing happened. The following morning at breakfast, the doctors, who were in charge of the camp, informed me that the previous night the lions had been on the exact spot where I had originally pitched my tent!

The boys who serve the Mission usually occupy a small house adjacent to the priest's house at a distance of

about 50 yards. I remember one night the boys getting rather rowdy, and I was suspicious as to the cause of the noise, so I determined to go over to find out what was the matter. It is the custom out in the tropics at night when going out in the dark to carry a blizzard lamp, but on this occasion, so as to avoid giving the boys warning that I was coming, I went without. I opened the gateway in the privet hedge dividing our compound from the boy's house, and fell over a hyena I Strange to say it did not laugh-it howled-and so did I. The boys ran out of the house at once with sticks, but our friend had escaped. I forgot to reprimand the boys for their rowdy conduct.

In the district under the supervision of the N'yenga Mission is situated a huge forest 120 square miles in extent, Mabari Forest. While *on safari*, that is travelling between one station and another, I was accompanied by a boy, who, on account of the bad state of the paths, was pushing my bicycle. As we proceeded through the forest, conversation had become exhausted, and my attention became fixed on an ominous sound in the undergrowth. Something was striding over the dry leaves. I tried to persuade myself that it was nothing. After all it is not good for the boy to think that the Father is afraid. I paused, and the noise ceased. I resumed my walk, and again the gentle tread was renewed. In a casual tone, which far from expressed my feelings, I asked the boy if he heard, anything, and he pretended that he had not. A little further on he rather regretted his assumption of indifference. The road was now in better condition, and I mounted my bicycle and told him to follow on. The native cannot turn pale, but he has other means of demonstrating nervousness, and my conscience pricked me at the idea of leaving him alone. I listened again, however, and there was no sound in the leaves, and, thinking perhaps I had been mistaken, I proceeded on my way.

I had not travelled far before I realised that my imagination had not been playing me false. With a loud shriek the boy came tearing along after me, and close on his heels was a full-sized leopard.

Providentially, these natives are built for speed, and he got up to me before the animal. I had dismounted, and having no other weapon than my lungs I used these to their utmost and added to the noise by ringing my bicycle bell furiously. The combination did not please the leopard's sense of harmony, and he suddenly remembered an appointment in the thicket.

Space will not permit of more now, but when the Scouts come out we must insist on a special Uganda edition of the *Magazine*.

FOOTBALL IN UGANDA.

St. Bede's are rightly proud of their achievements in the football field, but they will be surprised to know that there is quite a good team in almost every Mission station in Uganda.

We have difficulty in training the raw youth to exercise the necessary restraint involved in the game, but in course of time they have come to realize quite as fully as their white brethren the necessity for observing the rules of the game.

They are not finicky about their feet, and despise the studded hoots which are here considered the necessary equipment. With their bare toe they can send a ball as far as any Bede's boy, and as to heading the ball, well it is well known that they are as hard-headed as any Scotchman. With modern inventions the world is shrinking rapidly, and before long we shall be able to arrange weekend fixtures between St. Bede's and the Nkohonjeru team, and I am prepared to back the latter.

EXAMINATION RESULTS - SUMMER, 1925.

	Form Order.	Relig. Doct.	English Subjects.	Languages.	Mathematics.	Art.
SPECIAL	I	Crowley.	Flanagan	Crowley	Crowley	Flanagan
	2	Flanagan.	Ward	Walsh	Flanagan	Crowley
VI.	I	Metcalfe	Barry	Palframan	Watson	Eckersley Gillin
	2	Barry	Palframan	Barry	Metcalfe	Metcalfe Palframan
VA	I	Nicholson	Summersgill	Nicholson	Wood	Smith Barry
	2	Barry	Hanney	Barry	Nicholson	Barry Quirk
VB	I	Wood	Woodworth	Woodworth	Leadbeater	Woodworth Wyatt
	2	Woodworth	Cotter	Toll	Ball	Wood Cotter
IVA	I	Greeley	Scully	Greeley	Greeley	Greeley Palframan
	2	Scully	Sheridan	Scully	Gorman	Scully Whitehead
IVB	I	Rees	Wright	Rees	Proctor	Rees Denby
	2	Moorhouse	Warr	Bauckharn	Dolan	Moorhouse Rogers
IIIA	I	Nesden	Roddy	White	Holroyd	Nesden Roddy
	2	Tane	McDermott	McAuliffe	Egan	Tane Egan
IIIB	I	Morrin	Heptonstall	Roberts	Morrin	Morrin Carroll
	2	Butler	Morrin	Butler	Flanagan	Marriott Heptonstall
IIA	I	Hayes	Hayes	Hayes	Hayes	Hayes Pickles
	2	Mulligan	Mulligan	Mulligan	Wild	Nicholson Hayes
IIB	I	Sunderland	Brennan	Fenlon	Glen	Lawlor Jackson
	2	Jackson	Sunderland	Brooks	Mulligan	Sunderland Fenlon
I.	1	Sweeney, G.	Wilkinson	Walker, G.		Grace Sweeney, G.
	2	Walker, G.	Morrin	Sweeney, G.		Markey Sweeney, G. Toll, J.
PREP.	I	Sweeney, A.	Sweeney, A.	Sweeney, A.		Sweeney, A. Winiber, L.
	2	Hilton	Hilton	Hilton		Hilton Emblem, T.

THIS MAGAZINE.

Something like a bombshell came our way the other day, and it was the sheerest chance that it did not demolish (or, at least demoralise) the obscure den where this *Magazine* is produced.

It was like this.

One of the editors (for in communistic circles such as ours all the members of the staff are editors) came rushing into the room, quite breathless, with these astonishing words:

"Comrades! Listen! I have just seen a man

On the tram reading the last number of the *Mag.*!" You may imagine how dumbfounded we were

at this. The very idea of a man (much less a woman or a boy) reading the *Magazine* at all was sufficiently startling but the audacity of reading it in a tram almost paralysed us all there and then. For you must know that in this kind of revolutionary and anarchic journalism we are accustomed to work entirely in the dark. The light of day is not for us. No one, we flatter ourselves, has ever seen us in the throes of production. That would be too great a shock for mortal eyes. No one has ever identified or laid hold on any of our editors. We are far too cautious for that. We have to be. Our one great fear is that the police will raid us, smash our machines, and set fire to our green wrappers. Hence the need for this extreme caution. When the *Magazine* is (at last) printed, it is circulated with absolute secrecy; and the editors lie lower than ever for several harrowing days, lest they should be surprised by Scotland Yard men. Their next concern is to gather together sufficient funds to pacify the printer. All the roubles in the banks, all the crown jewels in pawn would not drag his name from us or his whereabouts; but we go so far as to say he is, at present, hard on our tracks.

Once that little point is settled, we go into the mountains until the next number is due. Not for us the plaudits of the present generation! Like all revolutionaries, we work for a far-off dawn. We like to think that a hundred years hence some Polish research student, rummaging in a bottom drawer, will discover these precious writings and let the light of day shine over them. That is about as much as we dare to hope.

You may imagine, then, our consternation when we were told that we had actually been read in a public tram! What amazes us most is that the tram did not immediately blow up; or-failing that-that the daring anarchist flaunting such a flag was not instantly garrotted.

Indeed, after this shock, we are almost ready for anything. We should not be transfixed if we were to receive a letter (naturally in cypher) challenging us to a bomb-contest. Every time the post-man passes we spy on him from our eyrie, in fear and trembling, lest he should be the unwitting hearer of a time-bomb. We have no quarrel with the postman; and we take this opportunity of warning him that we have forestalled any such plan by affixing a super-sensitive bomb to our own door so that anyone knocking on it will be blown into extremely small pieces. We doubt, indeed, if more than a button would survive. but that might be enough to establish his widow's claim to the pension. Let him be warned in time.

Naturally these grave tidings gave us to pause on the eve of issuing this riotously red Jubilee number. The risks of its being found and perused are evidently enormously greater than we had supposed. If an ordinary number is discovered and read by one cunning man in roughly 300,000, & jubilee number might easily be read by two men-possibly (but hardly likely) by two men and one woman. That, we realise, would be the end of all things.

We had, therefore, some thought of burying the entire issue in an iron chest, labelled

"Explosive. Highly dangerous. Timebomb. Not to be tampered with until the

year 2025."

But courage - the attribute of all true anarchists returned. "Editors and Comrades!" thundered our beloved JJKsky, "Let us take the risk! Let us publish - or perish. Or both!"

We have spoken.

COMR. BRSSKY.

ST. BEDE'S OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

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