



# St. Edward's College

## MAGAZINE.

Vol. 17.

AUTUMN 1924.

No. 3.

PUBLISHED ONCE EACH TERM.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor of the Magazine, St. Edward's College, Everton, Liverpool.

### CONTENTS.

Editorial ... .. 61	Results of Summer Term Exams., 1924. ... 72
School Notes ... .. 62	From Shakespeare ... .. 72
Blowing up the Atom ... .. 63	Old Boys' Association ... .. 73
Thirty Years Hence ... .. 64	Results of Public Exams. ... .. 76
In Memoriam—Vincent McNally ... .. 65	The Debating Society ... .. 77
A Contrast in Character ... .. 66	Inter-Collegiate Sports, 1924. ... .. 78
A School by Wireless ... .. 68	Cricket Notes and Results ... .. 79
To Phoebus Apollo ... .. 71	Football Notes ... .. 81

## Editorial.

**ONCE** more Alma Mater has opened her gates to us, and it was almost thankfully that we took refuge in her sheltering walls from a miserable Summer. But Fate was ever a cruel jester and, as we write, the Sun is shining from a fleecy sky, conjuring up visions of shady hedges laden with blackberries, and of those other blessings which gentle Autumn bestows on mankind.

Alas! These things are not for us, and since "What can't be cured must, with patience, be endured," we can only console ourselves with the thought that the Christmas holidays, towards which many are already looking forward, will, judging by the Summer, be *really* Christmassy!

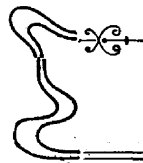
\* \* \* \*

The observant reader of this Magazine will note that the majority of this edition is the


work of VIA. Now this Mag. is, to quote our cover, "The Organ of the Pupils and Old Boys," and never has been the monopoly of VIA. Neither do the members of that form desire it to be—ask them! Hence we appeal again to the Middle and Junior forms to provide us with some really good material, and also to our Old Boys, who can surely provide us with some of their experiences in the various paths of life.

\* \* \* \*

We hope that during this coming Season our Football Elevens which were so unfortunate, where the Shield Games were concerned, last Season will be most successful, and that Fate may amply recompense them for her indifference to their fortunes on former occasions.



## School Notes.



**T**HE Inter-Collegiate Sports were held this year at Greenbank, on Saturday, June 28th, amidst a continuous drizzle which did not tend to clear the reigning gloom. However, a fine race in the hurdles by R. Rogers, a gallant effort in the mile from Beauchamp, and an easy victory against the Liverpool College in the tug-of-war brightened the outlook considerably. O'Donnell, who was somewhat unwell on that day, did not give us his usual contribution and we had to be satisfied with a tie for the Shield, S.F.X. sharing it with us. In the Junior section, we managed to secure third place with a total of 18 points. W. Farrelly won the half-mile in fine style and shows promise of a good runner. \* \* \* \*

The record of the First Cricket Eleven is not too imposing, but is quite satisfactory:

Played 13, Won 7, Lost 5, Drawn 1.

L. Lynch, the captain, bowled splendidly throughout the season and secured 54 wickets. This brings his total for the two seasons to 118 wickets—a performance which is probably the best on record for the School's Cricket. J. Smith was a fine batsman, always slow and sure. With J. Power he made a fine first wicket stand against the Old Boys. C. Monaghan also gave signs of being a very

sound and stylish batsman. All the other members of the team gave useful help, and special mention must be made of R. Rogers, W. Flaherty and J. O'Donnell.

\* \* \* \*

The usual congratulations are extended to those who were successful in the public examinations. The results were not so satisfactory as we would have wished, but we must be content and hope for better luck next time.

\* \* \* \*

We learned with deep regret the news of the death of Vincent J. McNally of last year's VIB.—who will be remembered by most as the winner of the mile. He died during the holidays, after a very short illness—R.I.P.

\* \* \* \*

On returning to School after the summer (or was it the winter?) vacation, we discovered that Bro. Stirling had left us and departed to Australia. We wish him good luck in his new home.

\* \* \* \*

J. S. Meldon has returned again to Alma Mater, this time not as a pupil but as a master. We extend him a hearty welcome and hope he will be as popular as a master as he was when a pupil.



## Blowing up the Atom.

A SHORT time ago Dr. Wall, a Sheffield scientist, announced that he would shortly be able to disintegrate the atom and that by doing so he would let loose enough power to do serious damage, in fact there was a possibility of the world being blown up. Now you will have noticed that he said nothing about an apology for causing us a little inconvenience by blowing up the world. I have a dislike for persons of that type. They have absolutely no thought for other people. They merely go on through life idling away their time with pleasure and never caring a jot for the inconvenience they cause others. Mind you, I do not want you to get the impression that I am making a plea for the atom. Oh, no! far from it. In fact I was only too pleased to see that at last the atom was to receive its well-merited punishment because it had caused me, and I am sure it has caused other people, a certain amount of worry. On second thoughts, though, I am not sure whether it was really the atom's fault or whether it was through the meddling of people like Avogadro and Dalton; in fact, I feel sure that the atom only caused us this worry through a certain amount of pique. I wonder how we would like our private and domestic lives investigated. Yes! you almost faint at the idea, but you must remember that it was those prying people like Avogadro who tried to create scandal by nosing around amongst the private affairs of the atoms; but the fact remains: the atom has caused me many hours of worry and, as a consequence, I think it should be severely punished. And I am in whole-hearted agreement with Dr. Wall when he intends to disintegrate it. Nevertheless, I certainly object to his blowing up the world at the same time. At any time I have always had a rooted objection to travelling, and

probably there are many like me, and yet Dr. Wall, without an "if you please," or "by your leave," calmly tells us that in a few days we will of necessity have to do a certain amount of travelling, and not travelling of our own convenience at that, but hurriedly. However, I suppose there is no standing in the way of some people. And so I accepted his statement that the world would be blown up on October 8th, and acted accordingly. I wrote to anybody to whom I owed any money, promising to pay them back on October 9th, besides accepting several invitations for dates after that to people whom in the ordinary course of things I would not be seen walking with. All this was done with the idea of conveying to all and sundry that I was really a very good fellow—and, last but not least, to secure a place in after-life which would not be too warm, as my conscience would have troubled me to a great extent otherwise. Thus with my plans all nicely arranged, I waited patiently for the hour . . . .

\* \* \* \*

By the way, I think that those dots are a very good idea; they fill up space in a very efficient manner. But "revenons a nos moutons" I am very upset and, not only upset, but angry. If only I could get at him now—I mean Dr. Wall. I am afraid there—no, I am not afraid, but I think Dr. Wall would be. There, he had created a stir in the whole civilised world and even in Birkenhead and Bootle, by announcing the end of the world, and when the day comes, coolly puts off the experiment and tells us to wait a little longer. Now, again, that is very inconsiderate of him; it was bad enough to tell us he would blow up the world on a certain day, but to postpone it, upsetting everybody's arrangements, showed still more lack of consideration on his part. I am not saying this from a

selfish point of view, but I consider it most obnoxious acting from a gentleman. Through his lack of consideration I have been forced to part with a considerable amount of money, absolutely forced to throw it down the grid. I had, as I have told you, written to say I would pay my debts on October 9th, thinking there would be no such date, and then he postpones his experiment; consequently I have to give away—throw away—a sum of money, paying debts: an absolutely extravagant and luxurious expenditure, when

I was very anxious to put that same amount on a cert for the 3-30. Incidentally the cert in question failed to come home, but the principle underlying the fact is the same. Money thrown away. Most disgusting when I think of it. And all through rank lack of consideration on another's part. Never again will I believe in a scientist. I think, in future, they can blow the world up without asking my consent, as my health has been seriously impaired by worrying over such trifles.

J. S. WILSON (VIA).

## Thirty Years Hence

**W**IRELESS is no longer in its infancy and the feeble attempts of Signor Marconi are exhibits of interest in London Museum.

The shining light in our wireless world is the famous Monsieur Lasoune, who has perfected Television, Sentigraphy and Thermo-graphy: who has, in a word, so altered the science of wireless as to bring about a revolution in the term 'school.'

No longer do we associate the word 'school' with rooms and benches, a blackboard and masters hovering around; we sit at home and tolerate our studies!

That you may have a clear conception of how home-studies are performed, I will proceed to explain a few salient points: let us consider the masters first.

In each master's study at home there is a certain wall called the "Television Wall," which, in the main, consists of a square gauze of very fine meshes, which gauze is divided into sixty-four divisions and has a background of white enamel. The whole forms the dielectric of an immense condenser, which is surrounded by a very powerful electromagneto spreader. The condenser and

spreader are enclosed in a huge glass sphere filled with a new elementary gas, discovered by M. Lasonne, and hence called 'Lasonogen.'

This Lasonoen is a curious gas, its chief phenomenon being, that when an electron stream, of varying velocity, passes through, each velocity produces a different colour in the gas, and the colours, or coloured electrons, impinging on the gauze, take definite shape and, according to the variation in the speed of the electrons, give rise to a picture.

This digression has been necessary to shew you how important Television is. A certain master desires to know if a pupil is working or not, what does he do? He goes to a chart of wave-lengths and picks out that of his pupil, tunes-in and observes the gauze I have spoken about. He sees the pupil's actions and knows whether to reprimand him or not.

Should he decide on punishing him, he steps over to the Sentigraph and raises his arm rapidly a few times, and the kinetic energy thus brought into play is transferred to the pupil. The physical pain suffered by the pupil causes him to give vent to a suppressed groan of certain intensity, which causes the pointer of the Thermograph (in the Master's house)

to give a certain reading. The master observes the reading and judges whether or not the pupil has been sufficiently castigated.

Football is no longer played as in bygone days. The teams are composed of eleven men, strangely enough. Each man is supplied with a Super-concentrated Cyclometric Ray apparatus with the exception of the goalkeeper, who is the only man allowed to speak. The object of the game is, not to score goals, but to make the goalkeeper scream.

The players adopt their various positions (they are insulated with ebonite) and switch

on the Cyclometric Rays. When a player manages to avoid the Ray of the opposing player, he runs up the field and focusses his ray on the goalkeeper. The goalkeeper is made the recipient of an electric shock and screams, this being considered the equivalent of a goal.

If a goalkeeper is struck more than ten times in an hour, he dies of heart-failure. The position of goalkeeper is hereditary, being handed down from father to son.

FRANK A. WALSH (VIA).

## In Memoriam.

### VINCENT McNALLY.

In the midst of our holidays, when we had left books and masters, and had none of those cares and school worries to dull the edge of our enjoyment, we heard with deep regret of the death of our class-mate, Vincent McNally. It was a great shock to all of us, since we had seen him in such good health at the end of the term. He had only suffered a few days' illness, when he was taken from us to that reward which is surely awaiting him for his piety and goodness which he had always practised, perhaps unnoticed by many.

Being on holiday it was not possible for all the boys to know, but the news spread quickly among his class-mates who were not away. These attended the funeral, which took place at Ford Cemetery on August 6th, to pay their last respects to the one who had been so well liked by all of them.

He was well known among the boys as a good athlete and a splendid sport. But he never neglected his studies and always scored high in his terminals. He is greatly missed by many of us, but this will constantly remind us to remember him in our prayers, both at school and elsewhere.—R.I.P.

## A Contrast in Character.



I had seized a few spare moments to take tea, after an arduous afternoon's round in St. Flavian's Hospital, and was aiding digestion by means of a quiet perusal of my favourite journal, when my factotum announced Mr. Joshua Brown. Bewailing my curtailed leisure, I went into the Surgery to hear his complaints, real or imagined.

As I entered, a pale, nervous, little man rose from a precarious seat on the edge of the sofa, and cleared his throat in a deprecating manner.

"Good evening, Doctor," he said, in a low, hesitant voice, "I have been recommended to you by Mr. Roscoe, whom you treated successfully some time ago. I feel very run down, Doctor, and for some time I have been suffering from a severe pain, near the hip, in my right side. I would be glad if you would examine me."

I complied with his request, and, after a thorough examination, I felt assured that Mr. Brown was in danger of an attack of appendicitis, and that, in the circumstances, a minor operation would save a lot of trouble later on.

I advised him to this effect, but he refused, with a stubbornness born of fear, to risk an operation, "for fear of complications," although I assured him that there was no danger in his case. He seemed, however, to be animated by the proverb: "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and preferred to keep his skin and his pocket intact, rather than take what to his mind was a risk, and thus improve his health. In consequence, he left me after a most unsatisfactory interview, without deciding on any remedy at all.

About two months later, I was journeying homewards in a 'bus, and thinking of the day's

work, when my reverie was interrupted by a light tap on the shoulder, and a very old friend, Doctor Elland, sat down beside me.

"Hello, my dear Partington!" was his cordial greeting, "It's a good time since we've seen each other. Still as busy as ever at St. Flavian's?"

"Yes indeed, Elland old friend, and very glad to see you again. The work is very stiff at present, everybody's appendix seems to need the knife these days!" I replied. "How are things going at Guy's?" For my friend occupied the position similar to my own at St. Flavian's, of Senior Surgeon at Guy's Hospital.

"We have had a good few cases of appendicitis, too," my friend responded. "In fact I operated on one this morning just in the nick of time. He was so far gone that it will be weeks before he is about again. I heard that some other doctor was at him to get done two months ago, but the silly chap wouldn't."

"Why! That sounds like a Mr. Joshua Brown, who called on me about two months back.—A little, pale, nervous man?"

"The very one!" exclaimed Elland, "I know him fairly well, for I was his father's attendant for many years. Joshua was always a timid chap, and never sure of his own mind. In fact there is a very interesting story attached to Joshua, and if you care I will tell it to you. It just shows how even brothers can differ in character."

"Certainly, my dear chap! I would like to hear the story. Something out of the ordinary always interests me."

"Well," continued Elland, "that affair of the appendicitis was just typical of Joshua. He wouldn't undertake any venture, especially where money was concerned, unless

absolutely forced to. You would scarcely credit it, but he is a brother to Sir James Brown, the great industrial magnate."

"I can scarcely believe you!" I interrupted with astonishment, "It is most extraordinary that such a great progressive man as Sir James should have Joshua for a brother."

"It is perfectly true, nevertheless." And with a smile at my surprise, Elland continued his narrative. "Now, old Andrew Brown had a fairly good hardware business, and Joshua, as the elder son, inherited it. When Andrew died, James got a lump sum, but it was not very large in comparison with Joshua's inheritance—I think it came to about £7,000 altogether."

"One would have thought that Joshua, with a good sound business under him, would have got well ahead of the younger brother, but no. He was always cautious, timid, and un-venturesome, and never exerted himself to further his business in any way. In fact, he was so un-ambitious, and so mentally inert, that he seemed to be an embodiment of the couplet:

'Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long.'

Nor has he altered, either in private life or in business to this day."

"When he first got the business there was no such thing as the advertising we know of to-day. Shopkeepers—Joshua among them—all acted on the saying: 'All things come to him who waits.' Joshua argued that his shop was there, and that customers would come for what they wanted. Well, that was all right in pre-publicity days, but when the advertising boom came Joshua was left, for his mentality wouldn't let him expand. Consequently his business is just plodding along, while men who started later than him and, mind you, who sell inferior goods at higher prices, have passed him long ago, and all because he could not tell the public that

he had better goods."

"His brother, Sir James, now, is a remarkable contrast. When the father died, early in 1913, James invested his inheritance, half in well-seasoned timber, and the other half in chartering freight at very low rates. You see, previous to Andrew's death, James had been in the office of a big lumber firm, that did its own chartering and carrying, and so he knew how to go about it.

"War came, as James had known it would, and the value of timber and freight went up like a rocket. He used the profits on his first venture to charter more freight, and also invested in firms which manufactured aeroplane engines and accessories.

"From that time James never looked back; acting on the principle: 'Nothing venture nothing have,' he took risks in his investments that made many men, used as they were to daring finance, speak of him with amazement. His name soon became a by-word for all that was bold and venturesome in the financial world and, in a short time, by dint of considerable exertions, he had amassed a large fortune.

"Yet you must not imagine that because he was so ambitious James was also unscrupulous. It is said of him on the Stock Exchange, that whatever he has gained has been gained in clean straight competition, and that he has never done anything that would ill become a man. Indeed they say that his motto should be: 'I dare do all that may become a man.'

"He was always charitable, and did not allow his wealth to blind him to the poverty of others, as so many do, and he spent a considerable amount of his gains in improving the lot of the poor people in his district. He also gave large sums to the maintenance of Guy's and St. Flavian's, as you well know, and it was for these bequests and his numerous other charities that he received his Knighthood in 1918.

"Well, I think that is about all there is to tell of the two brothers, Partington, and I am sure you will agree that it shows a remarkable contrast in character between them."

"Indeed I do, my dear Elland, for I have seldom heard a stranger tale than yours," I replied, and after some further discussion on the matter, my friend arrived at his destination, and we parted company.

As the 'bus bore me nearer and nearer home I pondered on the story I had listened to. What a great and fundamental difference there was between the brothers and the types of men they represented. The one so hesitant,

self-satisfied, content to plod the self-same path daily, and lacking the inspiration of ambition which would enable him to improve his lot. "Much like the average citizen," I decided. The other, a worthy representative of those bold, energetic, and adventurous men, who dare all that they may advance themselves, or the cause they espouse. Living embodiments of the saying: "Man is master of his fate"; these indeed are the salt of the Earth, and the makers of History!

With such reflections I continued my journey, and at length arrived home.

## A School by Wireless.

B. TAYLOR, VIA.

**W**IRELESS is the curse of the present age. That is what I thought as I waited to turn over the page of the "Sporting Bits" to find out to what club Slippery Sam had been transferred. For at the bottom of the page I read: "Big Transfer. We have just learned that Slippery Sam has, for the trifling sum of £5,000, been transferred to——." I was just going to turn over, when someone, who was listening-in, said: "Hush, don't turn over yet. Just a minute. They're just giving the General News Bulletin." Every time I tried to turn over I heard 'Just a minute.' I tried to turn over so many times that I must have fallen asleep doing it. I am sure everyone will sympathize with me—I mean for not being able to turn over—not for falling asleep.

Whether the fact that the wireless was connected with sending me to sleep made me dream what I did, I do not know, but I found myself dreaming about sometime in the future, when wireless will be used in everything, as we

are told calculus is at present. I dreamed that I was in a school, which I soon found out was conducted by wireless.

The first noise I heard was the chimes of a clock, and then a voice saying:

"Big Ben has just struck twenty-five minutes past seven (Birkenhead time). Big Ben will strike again, by special request, at ten to eight for the benefit of slackers. This station is closing down till ten to eight. Good morning. Sorry to have disturbed your slumbers."

After this, several of the scholars turned out, but the majority merely turned over again till ten to eight, when Big Ben struck again. Then was heard the voice out of the emptiness.

"Big Ben has struck again. For the benefit of those who would like to remain a little longer in bed, Big Ben will strike at twenty-seven minutes past eight. This offer will not be repeated."

A few turned out of bed at this summons, but the majority waited for the ultimatum.



At the required time, or at least within ten minutes of it, Big Ben struck again. Encore the voice :

"Big Ben has just struck now. He is no longer on strike. The time is now a quarter to nine. This station is now closing down until nine o'clock, when breakfast will be broadcasted."

Everybody was now ready for the great work of the day. I might mention, by the way, that the only parts of the curriculum not appreciated by the scholars were the broadcasting of breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper.

At nine o'clock the school day started. The first part of the programme was given as follows :

"2SEC speaking. A ten minutes breakfast programme will now be relayed (or possibly re-laid). First course, insulating eggs with cups of wireless waves. At the time of going to press, the second course hasn't arrived."

9-10.—"A French talk will be broadcasted by arrangement with the French Radio Society Uncle James will now speak on 'Le Nouveau Monde.' Students must listen carefully, and do what Uncle James tells them. One second, please."

Uncle James now starts :

"Please repeat after me what I say," says Uncle James with a rather good English accent, 'Christophe Colomb'"

Simultaneous broadblast from students :  
"Christophe Colomb."

"etait par-r-r-ti."

A thousand voices roar "etait pahti."

"par-r-r-r-ti."

Simultaneous broadblast from students :  
"parti."

"Give a kinetic energy of rotation to your r's," Uncle James yelled, or rather he said : "Can't you roll your r's?"

Something now went wrong with the wireless apparatus. Then again I heard Uncle James saying :

"Can you hear me? Do you understand

my French? De l'Espagne."

"de l'Espang," went back to Uncle James.

"Espagne—not Espang."

"Espan'."

Then something was heard in the students' quarters which sounded like : "You lot of fools." Of course, it could not have been that. Then Uncle James again :

"le trois aout."

"le trwas a-oo."

"aout—aout."

"ah-uh,—ah-uh."

But at this moment something happened in the broadcasting station, which caused the French talk to come to a premature end. Uncle Harry, who had come into the studio to give his Mathematics Talk, saw Uncle James standing there, or rather sitting, since Uncle James did not feel energetic this morning. Evidently Uncle Harry did, for he banged the door behind him. Uncle James jumped up.

"Hallo James," bursts out Uncle Harry, "got that Krusch-em feeling this morning eh?"

Again something was heard which did not sound like French but forcible English, followed by "Don't you know we are broadcasting?"

Here Uncle James and Uncle Harry told each other a few home truths. When Uncle Harry and Uncle James had finished their argument, the school was in roars of laughter, and the French talk had to be discontinued. After waiting for the scholars to become serious, Uncle Harry started :

"My dear boys, I am so pleased to be able to speak to you this morning on the all-important subject of calculus. You ought to be pleased also to spend half-an-hour in a nice little chat. The man the school have engaged to speak to you this morning is a D.Sc., and also a D.U.D. I have been specially chosen because I know so little, that I won't confuse you by too much technicality. That I am

sure, because I am not going to tell you anything about calculus, except that it has no limits. For this reason it is used in every branch of Physics, Economy, Swindling, The Housing Question, and the Price of Beer. I hope you will enjoy this little chat, because I don't mind it being interesting. I find I have to speak yet for ten minutes, so——"

The Mathematical Talk was here 'cut off' by the students. After ten minutes, they tuned in again, and they heard then that a member of the Radio Society would talk on 'New Books.'

"The latest book in Detective Stories is 'The Mystery of the Water in the Mud, or mud is thicker than water,' by that well-known author Edwin Porridge, whose last book, 'The Yellow Orange,' was so well received. This is a very exciting story. If you have not already done so, we advise you to throw aside your Shakespeare for Edwin Porridge, as Shakespeare is quite out of fashion nowadays. There is also a poem, just published, by Mr. Reit Offit. It is called 'The Foggy Mist.' Mr. Offit is a remarkable poet. He combines the charm of Wordsworth with the depth of Browning. In fact we can say that nobody understands Mr. Offit. I will read an extract :

'Foggy, O Fog, O Misty Mist,  
Nothing less but more—in vain  
Nothing less more, not  
Nothing for yet  
But still more  
No more  
Yet.'

"It is poetry such as this which has made Mr. Offit what he is.

"Finally, we recommend you to study this week, the 'Ode to Phoebus Apollo,' by SWJ, the weather reports, and the election posters. We are now closing down till half-past twelve. 2SEC is now closing down. Good morning, everybody."

The afternoon programme began with 'A

Football 'Talk to the First Eleven,' by Two-Foot Slam, the Old American International.

"I guess what you hyer byes want," he began, with a strong accent of the 'American Language,' "is a few plain hints. First, to the goalkeeper, I say, yours is the best position on the field, so long as you are always ready to pick the ball out of the net, you can have forty winks whenever you like. To the backs, I say, kick—kick anybody or anything. The halves must feed their forwards—dog-biscuits will do. The forwards can do nothing better than purchase my monograph, 'Forceful Forwards.' Read this on the touchline during the match—then, after the match, go on the ground and show how you can score. Don't forget to swing the ball about. When you get on the goal-line, don't fiddle about with the ball—shoot over the bar. All would-be players should join the Society for the Propagation of the Finer Points of Football (Entrance fee 5/-)."

The Students' Quarters now broadcasted their Weather Forecast :

"Brown minor is in fogs over his algebra. A depression is settling over Watson, because he hasn't solved any of his Geometry riders. A depression will probably pass over Form X in the course of the day. Nobody in Form C has learned his history, so stormy weather is expected in some quarters. We are now changing over to the Concert Hall, where the 2SEC Concert Party are broadcasting their usual rubbish." The strains of a strained violin came through the phones, and we were told we were listening to 'Rchwski's Andante Allegretto in H-sharp prompt.' After being nearly killed with this, we heard Mr. Chirpin singing, at his own special request, his pathetic duet : 'When I were young.' Then followed 'A Fragment of Masn in Four Pieces,' and some favourite songs.

At 6 p.m. the students started their homework. At 6-15 p.m. most of them had finished

(vide Weather Forecast). After this they were free to do as they liked.

At eight o'clock the station broadcasted the General News Bulletin.

"2SEC speaking. First and Last General News Bulletin. Political news: Uncle James contested with Uncle Harry a seat in the studio to-day. Results: Uncle James has been awarded to sit on points. The station is now closing down for repairs for ten weeks (cheers). The time is now half-past seven. The station is now closing down. Good-night."

Then I thought I saw someone taking the phones off his ears and saying: "It's finished now."

"What has?"

"They've just finished giving the General News Bulletin. You can turn over now."

I did not know if I was still dreaming, so that, when I had quite wakened, I forgot to turn over to find where Slippery Sam had gone. I don't know yet, so perhaps someone will tell me.

## ❧ To Phœbus Apollo. ❧

By J. S. WILSON (VIA).

Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth  
rage,

Wild are my thoughts about the weather,  
the wonder of our age.

Yet quickened now with fire though dead  
with frost ere now,

Enraged I write. I know not what, enraged  
I know not how.

Soft-hearted clouds repent and Rigour's tears  
abound,

And Jupiter Pluvius rules this land, with  
which no fault we found

Until the summers of this time have come.  
Now, hope is dead, till Phoebus once again  
returneth home.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wanted  
dreams

Farewell, onetime enjoyed joy, eclipsed are  
thy beams.

Farewell, self-pleasing thoughts which quiet-  
ness brought forth,

And Farewell, friendship's sacred league,  
uniting minds of worth.

And Farewell, sad heart. Alas! I grow  
awearry,

An endless grief now deads my life yet knows  
not how to kill.

Let all that is happy away. In me no joy  
may dwell.

Phoebus, the cause of all this woe, my life's  
content, farewell!

He was—say not the word—to each well-  
thinking mind

A spotless friend, a matchless sun, whose  
virtue ever shined.

Yet we are wronging him, my thoughts my  
sorrows tell,

Soon shall we see him yet again, breaking  
Acquarius' spell.

(This is the result of an English 'Summer.'—ED.).

## Results of Summer Term Exams, 1924.

(The results of Forms VIA. and Upper V. will be found under the Northern Universities Exams).

The following were placed 1st, 2nd and 3rd respectively in their Forms.

VIB.—P. Dunne, G. Le Brun, G. Cunningham and V. McNally (R.I.P.).

V.—E. Crawford, G. Alston, R. Danneman.

L.VA.—G. Cunningham, J. Mooney, T. Higgins

L.VB.—G. Melia, D. Sheehan, J. Fergus.

L.VC.—M. Heneghan, C. Baylis, F. Cassell.

L.VD.—J. Furlong, C. Kean, F. Rutter.

U.IVA.—A. Morgan, W. Lowe, W. Loughlin.

IVA.—J. Fitzgerald, A. Martin, H. O'Neill.

IVB.—J. Nolan, P. Ryan, O. McInerney.

IVC.—E. Renshaw, F. Collins, W. Johnson.

IVD.—J. Toolan, C. Vater, J. Taylor.

U.IIIA.—H. Foley, J. Callander, J. Callanan.

IIIA.—G. Millinger, M. Rooney, T. Archer.

IIIB.—A. Munoz, N. Spencer, W. Kavanagh.

IIIC.—P. Byrne, F. Hawkesworth, J. Bergin.

IIID.—F. Thwaites, W. Fennell, E. Harold.

U.IIA.—F. Shaw, J. Hagan, R. Rimmer.

II.—W. Tickle, R. Pratt, J. Malone.

I.—T. Nelson, W. Mather, J. Jourdan.

## From Shakespeare.

A few random quotations to prove that age cannot wither, nor custom stale, Mr. Shakespeare's infinite variety:—

*The Bootlegger.*—I can call spirits from the vasty deep.—“King Henry IV.”

*The Dentist.*—Courage, man; the hurt can not be much.—“Romeo and Juliet.”

*The Plumber.*—By this leek, I will most horribly revenge.—“King Henry V.”

*The German.*—God save the mark.—“King Henry IV.”

*The Road Hog.*—I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.—“A Midsummer Night's Dream.”

*The Man Who Changed Into His Summer Underwear.*—The third day comes a frost, a killing frost.—“King Henry VIII.”

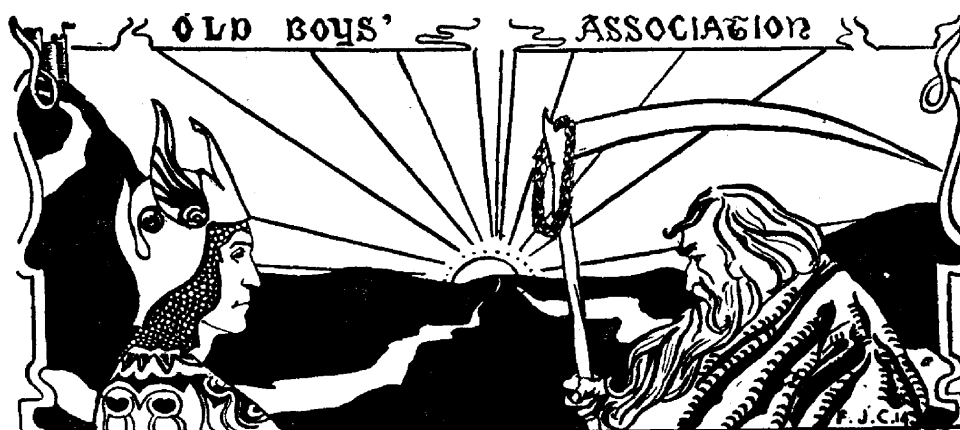
*The Wireless Announcer.*—I'll charm the air to give a sound. . . .—“Macbeth.”

*Henry Ford.*—So shaken as we are.—“King Henry IV.”

*The Dry Cleaner.*—Out damned spot! Out I say!—“Macbeth.”

*The Prohibitionist.*—I would fain die a dry death.—“The Tempest.”

*The Spinster.*—There's husbandry in heaven—“Macbeth.”



**R**EV. Thomas Gore was raised to the Priesthood on July 27th, and after a short time in St. Anthony's, is now engaged on the Mission at the Church of the English Martyrs, Preston. We offer him our warm congratulations on his ordination and wish him many happy and fruitful years in his Sacred Ministry.

\* \* \* \*

The results of the June University Exams. came out just too late for insertion in our Summer number. We give them in this and congratulate most heartily all the successful ones, who are upholding the honour of their old School in the 'Varsity.

\* \* \* \*

In addition to the various Degree Honours, we note that Frank Loughlin was awarded the Leblanc Medal for Chemistry.

\* \* \* \*

The Old Boys' Football Club is now affiliated to the Liverpool Old Boys' Amateur Football League. They have already played some matches and we wish them a successful season.

\* \* \* \*

The First team have played in the Lancashire Amateur Cup, winning against Orrell Athletic by 3 goals to 2. *Prosperere procedere.*

\* \* \* \*

The Third team is also doing well, being at present at the head of their League. Up to

date they have played seven games, in five of which they were the winners.

\* \* \* \*

Mr E N Heaney, owing to pressure of other business, has been obliged to relinquish the position of Secretary to the Old Boys' Football Team. The team very much appreciate the devotedness with which he placed his time and service at their disposal. His place is taken by Mr. J. S. Meldon, 40, Beaconsfield Street, Liverpool.

\* \* \* \*

We deeply regret having to chronicle the death of two Old Boys: Tom Birchall and Gerald McNally. The former has been taken away when only in his 25th year, and Gerald McNally, after having successfully weathered a couple of serious operations, succumbed to an attack of pneumonia.

To the relatives of both we extend our deep sympathy and commend their souls to the prayers of all Old Boys.

\* \* \* \*

### University Letter.

THE UNIVERSITY,

October, 1924.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Once more is the Union full of lusty life: once more do we observe the hurrying and scurrying of students late for early lectures, the haunted looks of worried, restless Medicals,

and the frantic rush to lunch once daily. The new Session has begun and the Freshers' Social is hard upon us—before the which, the Fresher is very much Fresher.—“He's now a man like us.”

Once more we take our pen to wish you, Mr. Editor, and the Magazine every success; to welcome to these halls of Learning Old C.I.-Edwardians, and to congratulate those who were fortunate enough to graduate last July.

Our latest alumni, A. McCord, C. Murphy and M. Crosby are by a strange chance all in the Faculty of Science. We feel sure that they will take a prominent part in the Catholic and Corporate life of the University and thus maintain the glorious traditions of our Alma Mater. It is perhaps seasonable to remark that they themselves may be candidates next March in the University's General Election. We hope to see them, then, endeavouring to represent their Faculty on the Guild Council.

If we were taking ‘a drop of ink as a mirror’ and if as a purely secondary consideration, of course, we were being remunerated for our prophecies we would say that many of our latest graduates seem destined for brilliant careers.—To you, Mr. Editor, and to your readers, we offer that statement for what it is worth, free gratis and for nothing. F. Loughlin, who, following in the steps of Pat. Denny, was awarded the Leblanc medal, is now shewing Brunner Mond's a thing or two while Gossage's, Ltd., have secured Alf. Kieran's services as a Physical Chemist, but then, he always was a great athlete. Leo Waring and Laurence Murray have both secured posts in the engineering world, while Tom Byrne, Syd. Meldon, Fred. Naylor and Ned Byrne are all engaged in the very noble profession of Teaching. I hope your readers agree with me in this sentiment. Joe Kirwan is continuing his researches at the University, and Pat. Byrne and R. Irvine are proceeding to Honours in their different schools. Harry

Hodson, too, is still in durance vile, and Josh. Smith, the stone-breaker, is to be seen frequenting the Chemistry buildings. Among the Medicals, G. Garrett has joined the noble band empowered to sign a death certificate—not warrant, mark you—and John Unsworth and Joe Crosby both passed professional examinations. We hear that M. McMahon and T. Myles are still wondering which firms would suit them most.

Our list of successes is surely wonderful, but no less wonderful is our record in social activity and in society work. In addition to the President and Secretary of the Catholic Society, the Assistant Secretary—Walter Cummins to wit—and one member of the Committee, A. E. Adams, are also Old Boys. Pat. Byrne is Secretary of the Irish Society. At the recent meeting of the Federation of the Catholic Societies of the different Universities at Cambridge, Dr. A. J. Kieran read a paper on Frederick Ozanam. R. Irvine, W. A. Cummins, F. E. Lomas and R. Twomey also attended the conference. According to Dame Rumour, the latter two took quite a fancy to the waters of the River Cam while punting. They returned to Cambridge sadder but wiser men: Frank Lomas is reputed to have sung: “I ain't going to punt no more.” Liverpool University always takes the premier place at these meetings, and Old C.I.-Edwardians always seem to be the backbone of the Society.

Adverting to the Old Boys' Association, we are glad to hear that the Association has hopes of a more successful year. For most 'Varsity Old Boys, the varied activities, social and otherwise, in the 'Varsity, and the many demands made upon their purses, preclude to a great extent any possibility of their taking a very active share in the work of the Association. There are, however, quite a few who play for the Old Boys' Football Teams, including Syd. Meldon, Mossy McMahon and Phil. Irvine. The idea of ‘Junior’ members does not appeal to us: doubtless no slight is

intended, but the name itself is suggestive of an inequality which does not really exist. On the other hand, we do not consider the subscription should be more than half-a-crown per session.

We hope that when the December lists are announced we may hear the names of many Edwardians; we have in mind, especially, those unfortunate Medicals, out of consideration for whom, we spare the publication of their names.

Assuring you, Mr. Editor, of our continued interest in the Magazine,

Yours as ever,

'VARSIITY.

\* \* \* \*

## Ushaw Letter.

USHAW COLLEGE,  
DURHAM.

*Feast of St. Edward, 1924.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The above date will tell you that we are settled down to work once again after the Summer Vacation, which was in no way remarkable for weather, although those of us who forsook Liverpool for the South fared better. Nevertheless, in spite of the inconsistent distemper of the Clerk of the Weather (that mystic being), our Vacations always seem very happy times, especially when viewed one hundred and fifty miles away during the terms.

After every Vacation our numbers are weakened and only solitary individuals seem to join our number. Consequently our little colony is dwindling—slowly, but surely—and present Edwardians seem loth to fill up the ranks. The last to join us was George Kieran, an Old Cathinian. He has started his course of Philosophy with J. A. Quinn and Bernard Ramsbottom. John Park, who is now in the House, is wondering how long he will be the only representative from Crosby.

At the end of last third-quarter (the Ushaw

equivalent for "term") we lost three of our number. The first, Fr. T. Gore, is now on the mission. For the first time since the inauguration of this we are able to record the ordination of an Old Boy at Ushaw. Fr. Gore is now working on the mission at St. Anthony's with Canon Newsham, who is also an Ushaw man. Whilst Fr. Gore was at Ushaw he was the life and soul of the Old Boys up here, and we wish him every success in his priestly life. The other two who left were E. Lawler and E. Rigby. The latter will shortly be starting his course of Philosophy at the English College, Rome.

J. Moloney and J. Caldwell have both received the first of their Minor Orders and began their Divinity course this quarter. Arthur Darragh seems very settled in his second year as Minor Professor of Classics in the Seminary. Leslie Daly made his first appearance in the House this year as a Grammarian. Willie Park is enjoying the pleasures of an extended vacation because of some very dubious illness. Frank Duffy, Pat. Henry and Chris. Maguire all seem to find life agreeing with them very well.

The College is still haunted by builders, joiners, and the like. The delay was due to the builders' strike last July; and the new dormitory, which should have been finished some months ago is only now being completed. To name the day when the two new chapels and laboratories will be erected would need a very up-to-date Old Moore, and I shall not commit myself.

Another addition to the ornaments of the College, worthy of note, is a crucifix for the sanctuary of St. Cuthbert's, presented by an old Ushaw man. The cross stands some five feet high. It is made of ebony, ornamented with silver fittings. The figure is an extremely fine example of modern Italian art, and altogether it is a beautiful piece of work.

We have now resumed our thinking caps and as the quarter is still young there is little else

to chronicle, so later events must wait for our next letter. Good-bye and the best of luck from  
THE OLD BOYS AT USHAW.

\* \* \* \*

## Successes of Old Boys at the University Exams.

JUNE and JULY, 1924.

### Faculty of Medicine.

*Degree of M B & Ch B*—Final

Part III—G A Garrett

Part II—J Unsworth

*Diploma in Education*:—W. P. Blackler,  
E. Byrne, J. Holland.

*Certificate in Education*:—F. Naylor.

### Faculty of Science.

*Degree of B.Sc. Hons.* (School of Chemistry):

F. H. Loughlin, J. J. Kirwan, M. P.

McMahon, J. S. Meldon, M. A. Moore,

M. P. O'Neill.

*Ordinary Degree of B.Sc.*—2nd Year:—

P. Byrne, E. P. Hurley.

### Faculty of Engineering.

*Degree of M. Eng.*:—

O. J. Crompton, C. S. Kieran, J. P.

Mullen, D. B. Parsons.

*Degree of B. Eng. Hons.*:—

L. J. Murray, L. Waring.

*Ordinary Degree B. Eng.—Intermediate*:—

J. I. Rooney.

*Final*:—T. Myles, H. W. Hodson, R. J.  
Irvine.

### School of Veterinary Science.

2nd Year:—A. Mullen.

1st Year:—S. Cartwright.

### Leblanc Medal in Chemistry.

F. H. Loughlin.

## Result of Public Exams, 1924.

### NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES JOINT BOARD

#### Higher School Certificate:—

J. Hurley.	J. C. Murphy.
A. T. McCord.	B. F. Taylor.
J. J. Merriman.	J. S. Wilson.

#### Matriculation and School Certificate:—

*W. Baylis.	A. F. McCarthy.
M. Buckley.	J. McCoy.
J. B. Chamberlain.	*J. J. McGinity.
W. Cole.	F. M. McGrath.
*T. P. Collins.	D. McGuinness.
L. J. Culligan.	J. Melia.

H. Cunningham.	DI. Murray.
J. G. Davis.	Richard Murphy.
F. C. Denyer.	*J. T. Myler.
*V. J. Enright.	G. F. O'Donnell.
H. Fay.	A. V. O'Hanlon.
J. Fearon.	J. G. Power.
G. W. Harwood.	G. D. Taylor.
L. Haworth.	*H. J. Taylor.
S. Hilton.	J. U. Taylor.
H. K. Hodson.	J. Unsworth.
J. L. Jack.	F. B. Wade.
E. Kelly.	J. N. Whitehill.
G. A. Kieran.	*F. J. Williams.
*G. G. Lowe.	*F. G. Hyde.

\* Candidates marked thus are awarded a Matriculation Certificate.



## Debating Society.

**OUR** First Debate of the Season was held on the motion, "That Wembley Exhibition should be re-opened next year." In support were VIB, represented by Collins, Rogers and Haworth, while VIA's opposition consisted of Le Brun, Walsh and Anderson.

Collins opened the debate for his side. He argued that if the Exhibition were re-opened the visitors from London alone would be sufficiently numerous to make it pay, and held that even as an advertisement Wembley was of great benefit. He spoilt his speech somewhat by repetition, and did not support all his statements with facts.

Le Brun, VIA, maintained that Wembley Exhibition had incurred a deficit of £6,000,000, and said that this could have been better used to alleviate unemployment. Neither had the Exhibition benefited the country's trade as much as was expected. It was a pity he ended up so abruptly and too soon, for this marred a good speech.

Rogers said that since so many people flocked to Wembley, railway traffic thus obtained a stimulus. He tried to show that the Exhibition had paid for itself, or that if not it would do if re-opened, but based his statistics on faulty figures.

Walsh, continuing the arguments against the motion, declared that the majority of the visitors went more to enjoy themselves at the Amusement Park than to see the Exhibition. He said those wishing to see the Exhibition had had sufficient time to do so. He concluded with a very glaring self-contradiction when he argued against the Exhibition on the grounds of cost, after asserting at the beginning of his speech that the aim of Wembley was not money-making.

Haworth, in an able and evidently well-

prepared speech, attacked Walsh's inconsistency, and gave figures and illustrations to show that many more could and would visit the Exhibition, both from home and abroad. He pointed out that the Secretaries for the Colonies concerned deny any loss on the Exhibition, and concluded from the arguments advanced by his side that the Exhibition should be re-opened next year.

Anderson, concluding for the Opposition, said that the Exhibition was supposed to benefit everyone, but owing to unemployment many, who were really desirous of seeing it, could not do so. When so many were in dire straits, not knowing where their next crust of bread was coming from, it was not the time to re-open a costly Exhibition. Our great evil should first be cured, and then all could benefit by the re-opening. Since Canada had commenced to pack up her exhibits, the experts had, he maintained, decided against the motion.

The U.VA's, who adjudicated, thought otherwise, however, and awarded the palm to VIB by seventeen votes to eight.

The next debate was held on the motion: "That a General Election at the present time is uncalled for." VIA provided all the speakers Cunningham, Kearney and B. Taylor supporting the motion, against Cullen, Wilson and Hurley.

Cunningham, in opening the debate, outlined the case for the motion. He asserted that no election had ever been held for a more paltry excuse, and that, for that cause alone, an election was unjustifiable.

Cullen devoted himself to a detailed indictment of the Labour Government, declaring that they had broken all their pledges, and accomplished nothing while in office.

Kearney attacked Cullen's assertions, show-

ing that, among other things, the Government had solved the very knotty Reparations problem. He then gave a detailed account of the three main issues before the Electors, viz., the Boundary Commission, the Soviet Treaty and the Campbell Case, and maintained that there was a majority in Commons representing the Electors' views on these issues.

Wilson alleged that the first two speakers for the motion were at variance, since Cunningham said that the Campbell Case caused the Election while Kearney spoke of three issues. He made a severe criticism of the Soviet Loan proposal, and said that an Election was necessary to obtain a decision on it.

Taylor, in reply to Wilson, maintained that his colleagues were not at variance, since Cunningham was concerned with the immediate cause of the Election alone, while Kearney had discussed all the causes. He

further criticised the previous speaker regarding the Russian Loan, maintaining that whether a decision could be reached concerning it with an appeal to the country was alone relevant, its merits not entering into the discussion.

Hurley criticised a statement by Kearney to the effect that in putting a motion for adjournment to the House, Mr. T. P. O'Connor had given all parties an opportunity to avoid an Election, and said that Mr. O'Connor had in an article to the "Sunday Times," admitted that he was at fault in putting the motion.

In conclusion, he declared that an Election was justified since it gave the country an opportunity to obtain a stable Government, which could not be given by any minority.

Mr. Barter, who adjudicated, then decided in favour of the Opposition.

## Inter-Collegiate Sports. 1924

THE Inter-Collegiate Sports were held at Greenbank, on Saturday, July 28, amidst a continuous drizzle which did not tend to clear away the reigning gloom. Nor did we feel our spirits heightened when we saw our candidates go down (with flags flying) in the sprints. However we became more cheerful after a fine win in the hurdles by R. Rogers. Besides this we had the recollection of a grand jump by J. Pozzi, who had previously succeeded in winning the long jump with a jump of 20 feet 8 ins. Our next success was in the mile, gaining a second place through Beauchamp, who ran a dogged race and was unlucky in not being first to breast the tape. The final event of the day was the tug-of-war—an event which we have come to regard as ours alone. Once again our representatives were triumphant easily beating the Collegiate 2-0. This brought us equal to

S.F.X. as regards points, so that we found ourselves part-holders of the Shield—we have gained this position for the first time.

The Juniors also did comparatively well, gaining third place with 18 points. The best performers in this section were W. Farrelly and J. Scriven, Farrelly winning the half-mile in fine style.

### RESULTS:—

100 Yards, Senior.—Heat-winners:—1, A. Gleave (L.C.S.); 2, Murphy (S.F.X.). 1, A. Higham (H.S.S.); 2, J. Pozzi (S.E.C.). 1, F. O'Donnell (S.E.C.); 2, T. E. Poadham (L.I.). 1, E. Locke (S.F.X.); 2, J. Hutchinson (B.I.). Final:—1, E. Locke; 2, A. Gleave; 3, J. Pozzi.

100 Yards, Junior.—Heat-winners:—1, J. H. Kirby (L.I.); 2, D. Rimmer (S.F.X.). 1, C. Monaghan (S.F.C.); 2, G. Greaves (O.S.S.). 1, R. Mawdesley (A.H.S.); 2, N. M'Wade (S.E.C.). 1, G. Bolton (L.C.S.); 2, Reedy (S.F.X.). Final:—1, T. H. Kirby; 2, D. Rimmer; 3, C. Monaghan.

High Jump, Senior:—1, J. N. Softley (A.H.S.); 2, C. L. Waide (L.I.); 3, W. K. R. Strickland (L.I.). 4ft. 10ins.

220 Yards, Junior.—Heat-winners: 1, J. H. Kirby (L.I.); 2, K. Mayor (A.H.S.). 1, C. Reedy (S.F.X.);