



St. Edward's College

MAGAZINE.

Vol. 18.

AUTUMN 1925.

No. 3.

PUBLISHED ONCE EACH TERM.

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

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SCHOOL NOTES.

BY the time this issue of the Magazine is on sale, the half-term mark will be passed, yet to the majority of us it will seem but yesterday that we trod the school-ward path on the first day of the Autumn Term, and passed through the long-deserted corridors with mingled, though mostly cheerful, feelings. Many may be inclined to cavil at the word "cheerful," but who denies that deep in his heart there was on returning a feeling of contentment, casually expressed perhaps by "Well, it's not so bad to be back in the old place again." It would be well for us occasionally to remember that the old place is "not so bad" and to act accordingly. You will find fellows in every school who pose

as great critics, and are always ready with fault-finding. You will find them near the bottom of the class, or featuring as "weak spots" in the class elevens. You will NOT find them successful in after life—they "grouse" too much to have grit.

We hope that this little remark on grumblers will have the desired effect, for we have lately chanced on a few specimens who flourish chiefly on the indifference of their audiences. The latter should always bear in mind that a few home truths will always silence the critics we speak of.

* * * *

We brought back with us in September the memory of a very fine meeting in the Inter-

College Sports at Greenbank Road, on July 20th. Our representatives did well in securing Second place in the Senior events with 26 points to St. Francis Xavier's 32. Further comment on this event will be found with the Results.

* * * *

One of the most important news items which greeted us was, of course, the Examination Results. In School Certificate we secured a record number of Passes and Matriculations, and heartily congratulate those responsible for the achievement.

The Higher School Certificate results were also very good and six Scholarships have been awarded to our representatives. The recipients adorn another page in this issue and to them in like manner we extend our felicitations.

* * * *

Judging by the sounds which soothe our sorrowed souls during Calculus time our new Choirmaster, Mr. F. R. Boraston, A.R.C.M., A.R.C.O., has already re-assembled our Choir. We understand they are at present preparing a Requiem for the Deceased Old Boys' Mass on November 29th.

* * * *

A Chess Club has been formed in order to furnish a strong team for the Wright Challenge Shield Competitions with other Secondary Schools in the district.

* * * *

In the Cricket Season, our First Eleven lost only two fixtures against other schools. The number of drawn games, however, was remarkable. The customary fixtures with the Clergy and the Old Boys were very enjoyable, the victors in each case being victors by decisive margins.

* * * *

The Football Season is now in full swing, and we are looking forward hopefully to the Shield matches, in which our teams have of late been less successful than we would wish.

G. Bolger leads the First Eleven this year, with J. Smith as Vice-Captain. L. Kieran and D. Sheehan occupy similar places in the 2nd XI. To them and to those they lead, we wish much fortune and many goals.

Of last Season's 'Caps' only Anderson and J. Farrelly have left us, and with Rogers, Carney and Martin to call upon, in addition to much promising talent also available, our Captains should have no difficulty in getting together most successful Elevens.

* * * *

It is not usual to have "Stage Effects" in a School, but that has been the strange experience of Form VIA. during the last few weeks. We would ask the skilful gentlemen, who produce the noise of battle by a highly artistic dropping of the blackboard on the floor above, to kindly "cease fire," so that what is doubtless accidental will no longer *disturb* us during Private Study.

* * * *

Members of the Debating Society will be interested to learn that the Old Boys have decided to revive the Debating Prize formerly offered by them annually. Their Judges will probably visit us some time next May.

* * * *

The Annual Retreat was held on October 28th and two following days. This year we had the advantage of listening to eloquent and most practical discourses from a Vincentian Father, Rev. Fr. McElligott, C.M. All-day school on Wednesday was made up for by a whole free Saturday, the exercises of the Retreat being brought to a close by General Holy Communion on that morning.

* * * *

In conclusion, we would recur to that old topic: "Contributions," and would ask one and all to do what they have not done this time, and thus make the next issue the "Organ of the Pupils and Ex-Pupils" of this College, instead of being virtually confined to the Sixth Forms, as in this case.

The Annual Retreat.

THIS year the Retreat took place on the last days of October, and was conducted by the Rev. Fr. McElligott, C.M. Boys are proverbially good at forgetting but it should be a long while before the impression made by the discourses of Father McElligott can fade away.

His knowledge of boys and how to appeal to them was wonderful and he presented the truths of Religion in a direct and homely way,

with apt illustrations and comparisons that drove them home. Mass was said each morning at 9-15 by Rev. Fr. Cassin and, on the last day of the Retreat, six priests put themselves at our service for Confession.

We are deeply grateful to them all and especially to the Rev. Conductor, who did not spare himself to make the Retreat what it is hoped it has been, a great spiritual success.

The Fall.

Oh, what a change upon the face of things!
 So little while ago we drooped and paled
 Beneath the torrid heat that struck our earth;
 Fair mornings dawned all in a blue haze veiled;
 At noon all nature languished, and a glare
 Of colour blazed around, the burning sun
 Glowed on the ripening corn and purple fruit,
 In measure brimming o'er, the land lay decked
 With teeming produce from the hard earth won,
 And in the perfect nights, now cold and dead
 No more, the harvest moon rode dull and red.

But now a stranger has arrived, and clad
 In russet garments deepening into brown,
 An alchemist is he, whose touch has set
 The green world changing into wondrous hues
 Of burnished copper, gold and fiery red,
 Like the last crimson flush ere day is dead.
 In the wet wind and gale is felt his breath,
 And one by one the leaves come whirling down,
 Careering wildly in a dance of death;
 And soon the earth is bare, and keen the blast,
 And all the glory of the year is past.
 And wrapped in fog and dark, by sunshine banned,
 Dreary we move while winter locks the land.

Examination Results, 1925.

NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES JOINT BOARD.

University Scholarships (6).

State Scholarship—Bertram F. Taylor.

Senior City Scholarship—Bertram F. Taylor.
John S. Wilson.

Bartlett Scholarship—Philip H. Dunne.
Gerard J. Cunningham.

Bootle Scholarship—Daniel Hogan.

Higher School Certificate :—

R. J. Anderson.	G. W. Le Brun.
G. J. Cunningham.	B. P. Murphy.
P. H. Dunne.	B. F. Taylor.
D. Hagan.	J. S. Wilson.
N. A. Kearney.	

Distinction in Pure Mathematics—
B. F. Taylor.

Matriculation and School Certificate :—

(Candidates marked thus * are awarded a
Matriculation Certificate).

*G. J. Alston.	R. E. Danneman.
C. Baylis.	A. V. Derbyshire.
J. T. Bold.	T. G. Dillon.
A. J. Bradford.	T. J. Dillon.
H. G. Brothers.	*J. T. Farrelly.
*S. Browne.	T. J. G. Fee.
*J. H. Carter.	F. Fenlon.
F. G. Cassell.	J. A. Fergus.
J. H. Chatterton.	*J. P. Geraghty.
*W. Collins.	*P. Hagan.
*F. Conroy.	*J. E. Heenan.
*J. H. Corrigan.	*M. Heneghan.
J. Coventry.	*T. P. Higgins.
*E. G. Crawford.	F. J. Highton.
*A. G. Cunningham.	*S. Hilton.

*J. H. Hirschmann.	G. Murphy.
E. G. Hassey.	*G. Murray.
E. McD. Jackson.	G. O'Brien.
*J. J. Jeffers.	A. V. O'Hanlon.
V. R. Jourdan.	*F. L. O'Shaughnessy.
*E. Kelly.	M. E. O'Shaughnessy.
E. Kennedy.	T. J. Owens.
F. Killeen.	W. L. Peate.
J. V. Lambert.	P. Powell.
S. W. Lennon.	R. P. Rogers.
*W. J. Loughlin.	*A. G. Rooney.
*W. J. Lowe.	*A. G. Rowan.
J. O'N. Marchant.	*T. M. Ryan.
*J. McCoy.	*D. J. Sheehan.
J. McDermott.	W. Slattery.
*N. J. McWade.	*J. G. Smith.
*G. P. Melia.	J. J. Smith.
R. V. Millington.	*F. W. Spillane.
C. V. Monaghan.	*J. N. Taylor.
*J. G. Mooney.	J. L. Thomas.
*A. G. Morgan.	*L. W. Vantalligan.
*Rd. Murphy.	

DISTINCTIONS :—

French.—W. Lowe ; J. G. Smith.

Mathematics.—A. J. Bradford ; J. H. Corrigan ; A. G. Cunningham ; J. P. Geraghty ; J. E. Heenan ; T. P. Higgins ; J. H. Hirschmann ; W. J. Loughlin ; W. J. Lowe ; N. J. McWade ; J. G. Mooney ; A. G. Morgan ; G. Murphy ; R. Rogers ; T. M. Ryan ; J. G. Smith.

Physics.—A. J. Bradford ; T. P. Higgins ; F. J. Highton ; J. J. Jeffers ; W. J. Loughlin ; J. G. Mooney ; A. G. Morgan ; J. G. Smith.

Chemistry.—E. G. Crawford ; F. J. Highton ; J. J. Jeffers ; V. R. Jourdan ; J. G. Mooney ; J. G. Smith ; F. W. Spillane ; J. L. Thomas.

SUMMER TERM EXAMS.

(The results of VIA., U.VA., B. and C. will be found under the Northern Universities' Exams.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| VIB.—1, V. Enright; 2, J. Myler; 3, L. Haworth. | IVc.—1, G. Prendergast; 2, G. Hall; 3, H. McHugh. |
| V.—1, J. Rice; 2, F. Cunningham; 3, T. D'Arcy. | IVd.—1, A. Buckels; 2, R. Green; 3, E. Ganley. |
| L.VA.—1, J. Segrave; 2, W. Farrelly; 3, J. Ferguson. | U.III.—1, F. Shaw; 2, D. Byrne; 3, T. McDevitt. |
| L.VB.—1, J. McKeown; 2, F. Gallagher; 3, L. Cronin. | IIIA.—1, J. Smith; 2, F. Martin; 3, F. Clarke. |
| L.Vc.—1, E. Renshaw; 2, L. Sullivan; 3, F. Collins. | IIIB.—1, J. Johnston; 2, J. O'Brien; 3, T. Bullen and J. Kelly. |
| L.Vd.—1, G. Rogan; 2, D. Murphy; 3, G. Houghton. | IIIC.—1, W. Kearns; 2, J. Ireland; 3, M. Kenna. |
| U.IV.—1, H. Foley; 2, J. Callanan; 3, J. Bibby. | U.II.—1, F. McKeown; 2, W. Tickle; 3, E. Lowe. |
| IVA.—1, J. Worthington; 2, G. Millinger; 3, M. Rooney. | II.—1, T. Nelson; 2, C. Denny; 3, G. Bryson. |
| IVB.—1, W. Foley; 2, J. Nolan; 3, O. Crumbleholme. | I.—1, P. Garvin; 2, D. Duggan; 3, W. Baker. |



Nature Sanctuaries.



FROM time to time we read in the daily press that such-and-such a place has been reserved for a nature sanctuary. The rare happenings are greeted by many with a storm of protest; others, while "submitting" passively, affirm that it is a useless waste of property; while those who tender their whole-hearted appreciation of the transaction are in a sad minority. Why is this? The most probable reason is that, as a whole the populace is ignorant of the good effects which accrue from the preservation of wild life on a large scale. It is upon these benefits that I desire to write a few words.

The great increase of industry and the rapid progress of civilization during the last few centuries, have been accompanied by a proportionate decrease of rural life. This is perhaps only a natural outcome, but the fact remains that, in order to find a fairly extensive tract of landscape entirely unspoiled by man's

handiwork, one must travel much further than was necessary one hundred or even fifty years ago. Also, since all wild animals and birds by far prefer to breed where man never intrudes, it is clear to even the most casual observer, that their housing problem, to use a modern expression is becoming more crucial day by day. What is the result of this? Clearly, they must be content to visit and frequent places less remote from man's habitation, with the obvious consequence that their haunts and habits become known to collectors, hunters, taxidermists, and persons employed in other similar pursuits, who, solicitous only of their own pecuniary welfare, are soon bent on "man's choice errand—destruction." There then follows a considerable noticeable decline in the numbers of the hunted species, which, if the persecution be continued, will in time become so great as to entail the absolute extinction of a whole tribe or at least its

expulsion from the country in question.

Even if this were to happen many would doubtless exclaim: "What does that matter?" The British Museum has ten specimens, the Liverpool Museum five, and there are fifty other specimens in the various other museums in England alone.—Perhaps so: and some consider this to be a great argument in favour of the British collectors and in favour of the further destruction of our wild creatures. Yet consider this slaughter continued *ad libitum* until there were no wild animals or birds left in England. How monotonous it would be to stare for ever at row upon row of stuffed specimens enclosed in massive glass cases and labelled somewhat in this wise:—

- i. Eagle—inhabited Britain till A.D. 1974. Last specimen gloriously captured by Professor Rew-Thless. May 28, 1974.
- ii. Dartford Warbler.—Said to have been a native of Southern England; only one written record of its habits, etc., has been preserved. The above specimen was found during recent excavations by Retrospect, who claims to have unearthed a 20th Century museum. The species must have died out about A.D. 3020.

And how monotonous it would be to scour the "leafy lanes of England," from one year's end to another, and not even hear the scutter of a rabbit in the fern or the flutter of a partridge from the golden cornfield. How still the woods would seem—if woods were not destroyed along with their inhabitants,—how uninteresting and lifeless. I am afraid that, even on this consideration, we should soon be longing for a return of our woodland friends.

But perhaps, after all, this is only a question of pleasure, and many who are not enthralled by nature and her ways, will assert that they could find pleasure and beauty elsewhere. For the sake of these few obstinate people it might be advantageous to consider the economical

results of the whole-hearted preservation of wild life.

Even now we are often informed of occurrences such as the following:—"American cotton crop in danger from ravages of cotton boll weevil," or "Hereford fruit crops seriously damaged by caterpillars." Now, some philosophical optimists state that these losses are in the natural order of events. Yet, I am sure that all sensible humans will agree that had not the insect eating birds been persecuted so much these insect menaces would no longer exist. A famous naturalist observed that a pair of Great Tits, when feeding their young, visited an apple tree infested with caterpillars of the winter moth. Now these caterpillars do much damage to fruit trees. This tree was visited by the tits forty-seven times in one hour and each time one or two caterpillars were carried back. We can thus easily estimate the amount of good done by insectivorous birds.

Then again, had not Falcons, Eagles, Hawks, Ospreys been reduced to such small numbers, and their haunts restricted to inaccessible crags and sea-cliffs, the damage doing sparrows would be far less numerous. Of course, game-keepers, poultry-farmers, etc., would object to this on the ground that hawks and eagles occasionally raid poultry yards and take their toll, but this small loss would be inappreciable when compared to the amount saved agriculturally. Similarly, the numbers of rats and mice would be reduced by owls, hawks, hedge-hogs, stoats, weasels, etc. For after all when God created the earth He balanced it perfectly so that no species should become too numerous, while another tribe perished. Why then, not cease ruthless destruction. Why not return, in part at least, to the state that existed before our Eagles were restrained to Scotland's wildest crags or before the Chough was hunted to the stormiest sea-coasts or when our white Admiral Butterfly was seen in every pasture while badgers and brown

squirrels were as common as motor-cars are to-day. Surely it would be much more enjoyable, both for man and beast; and although this may be practically impossible nowadays, we can at least strive to prevent

things going from bad to worse, remembering that though God gave man dominion of the beasts and birds He also bade the latter: "Increase and Multiply."

W. LOWE, VIB.

Trapped.

"HANDS up!" I had been in a reverie, but that command, uttered so suddenly, and in a voice so stern and commanding, brought me into startled wakefulness. I realised instantly that I had been trapped hopelessly, I had been dreaming, when I should have been alert and ready to cope with all dangers. Of what I was thinking when I heard that command, I cannot remember. I only know that suddenly, all thought of it went out of my mind, and left me unable to think clearly, with my mind a blank. I knew that I could not escape unharmed from such a crisis, into which my own foolishness had landed me. I had made up my mind to be prepared for that

command and to be ready to defend myself. But all this soliloquizing was useless now and I shuddered to think of the fate that would be mine, should I show signs of refusing to obey. I was afraid to look up, afraid to meet those gleaming eyes which I knew were centred upon me, watching my every move.

"Hands up!" Again that command came, this time harsher, sterner and more threatening. There was but one thing to do, one possible way of escape from my dilemma, by means of which I might bluff my way through to safety. I raised my hand, although I had not the least idea of the answer to the question which the master had asked the class.

J. MYLER, VIA.

On our Debates.

N. A. KEARNEY, VIA.

ONE is sometimes asked by one of those perpetual grumblers who may be found in every school, or by a disgruntled performer in a recent discussion: "What is the good of these blessed Debates?" Although *their* number is few, I am sure there are many others who sometimes wonder where our Debates "come in" in our Education. It is the purpose of this article to answer that unspoken query, and to give them some advice.

Our Debates are held to broaden our mental outlook, to rest our minds from the strenuous routine of ordinary school work, by giving

them fresh and varied ideas on which to meditate. They aim to develop in us a keen critical faculty, and that self-possession, and clarity of thought and speech, which are so useful later on in life.

"Very nice," you say. "But how am I to acquire all these qualities? I haven't an earthly!"

Well, "If you think you're beaten, you are!"

Assuming, however, that you have grit—a needless assumption in most cases—now, how can you benefit from the Debates? In the first place by listening to each speaker,

good and bad. Try to "pick holes" in the arguments of *both* sides, this will broaden your views. Have a slip of paper and write the speakers' names thereon. When you see a flaw in an argument, make out a reply in your head, and compare it with the retort given by any subsequent speaker. See where his is better, or worse, than yours, and why; but don't favour yourself in that decision! If he has made a good reply it is a point for his side, but if it is poor, or missing, the laurels go to his opponents. Incidentally, when voting on a motion do not wait for your neighbour to vote first. Such humility is not always the best for your spirit of self-reliance!

In due course, you will be chosen for a debate. Advice has already been given in a previous issue of the Magazine concerning preparation for "The Day." There are a few points, however, that will bear repetition.

Don't be nervous! If you have done your

duty in the matter of preparation there is nothing to justify such a state of mind. The debates are held after dinner-time, and the audience, though naturally critical, is not hostile, except strange to say, when you are too brief!

In concluding your speech *please* have an original ending. I think the common peroration we get was first used by those Simian ancestors with whom the Evolutionists credit us, at all events it is only worthy of them.

If these little points are observed, our Speakers will find that the Debates are justified by their results. Their stock of General Knowledge will be increased by a very pleasant, gradual process. Better still, they will find that their broadness of mind, so developed, will obtain for them those true and stalwart friends who alone make life worth living.

— The Inter-Collegiate Sports. —

THE Inter-College Sports were held somewhat later than usual this year, and were favoured by good weather, and a large attendance. The Preliminary heats had been decided previously and the surprise of that day was our defeat in the Tug-of-War Semi-final by Alsop. Such an experience has not been ours for several years, and we hope that its salutary effect will be to renew our acquaintance with the "six points" for that event on the next occasion.

Despite this rebuff our representatives in the Senior division acquitted themselves well, and secured Second place with 26 points.

The same story cannot be told of our Juniors. Non-attendance was responsible for an additional and disorganising burthen on our remaining representatives. This complaint was not confined to the Juniors and it is necessary to draw attention to it, however

unpleasant it may seem. We are sure that those who have slacked in the past do not represent the opinions of a dozen more in the School, and we know that if the School makes its opinion of such slackers, whether in football, athletics, cricket, or work, perfectly clear, further remarks on our part will be unnecessary.

RESULTS.

Senior Events :—

Hurdle Race (120-yds.) :—1st, R. Rogers. 16½ secs.
 One Mile :—1st, O. Crowley. 5 mins., 4½ secs.
 Long Jump :—1st, J. J. Smith. 19 ft., 10 ins.
 440 Yards :—2nd, G. Bramwells.
 220 Yards :—3rd, R. Rogers.
 Relay Team :—3rd, S.E.C.
 Points, 26.

Junior Events :—

100 Yards :—2nd, W. Farrelly.
 440 Yards :—2nd, W. Farrelly.
 Hurdle Race :—2nd, O. Crumbleholme.
 Relay Team :—3rd, S.E.C.
 Points, 14.



BELLS.



BELLS are almost as old as the world. The date of their invention is not known, but it is known that on festival-days the Jewish high-priest wore a vestment trimmed with little gold bells, and the Athenian priests also used bells at their feasts and sacrifices. The Egyptians used bells to announce the hours of sale of fish in the markets, and if the Roman soothsayers pronounced events to be favourable to the emperor, the ringing of bells announced the happy event to the populace.

Bells were not used in Christian churches until about the fifth century; by the seventh century all the principal churches were provided with them. Owing to the number of its chimes and belfries, England became known through Christendom as "Ringing Island." The bells of Worcester Cathedral were very musical, as also were those of York Minster. The inscriptions on some of the bells of Worcester are as follows:—No. 1, which is named after St. Wulstan, the founder of the cathedral: In honore sancti Wulstani episcopi; No. 4: Honi soit qui mal y pense; No. 6: Hoc opere impleto Jesu virtute, faveto; No. 7 has the following upon it: Habeo nomen Gabrielis, missi de coelis; No. 8, which was cracked when tolling for the death of William IV., originally bore the following inscription:

I, sweetly toulng, Men do call

To taste on Meat that feeds the soul.

But the use of bells was not confined exclusively to religious purposes. To the chiming of bells kings entered the cities of their kingdoms, and hence when a city was captured by a foreign power the citizens redeemed their bells at almost any price, for towns and villages seem to have a peculiar love for their bells. It may also be noted that it was with

little bells or clappers that lepers gave warning of their approach.

The Angelus bell was probably first heard at the time when Louis XI. was doing penance for his sins. In his fervour he commanded that the bells should be rung thrice daily to remind the people of this pious duty. Bell-buoys were used from early times to warn navigators of dangerous rocks, for

"The good old abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed a bell on the Inch-cape rock."

From the earliest times men seem to have had a reverential fear of bells. When the army of Clotaire took the town of Sens in 610, the soldiers became so alarmed at hearing the bells of St. Stephen's church, that, throwing down their arms they fled in disorder.

At the present time there are comparatively few chimes of any note. In some countries, notably in Northern France, Holland and Belgium, chimes were erected which played airs of sacred music. Those of Dunkirk were very famous, as also were those of St. Eustace, Paris. The latter, however, were only played on the principal feast of the year. It is said that these were seized during the revolution and melted down. Chladni states that in Japan he has seen bells of massive gold.

Bells seem to exercise a mysterious influence over man, and this probably accounts for the mysterious legends which have been handed down by our forefathers, such as the stories of the great bell of the monastery which rung of itself when someone profaned the sanctuary; or the bells which were rung at mid-night by evil spirits. Giraldus Cambrensis speaks of a bell over which certain prayers had to be said each night to prevent it taking up its abode in some other church.

No language speaks to us as the language of bells. How different sounds the "wild

alarum bell" of the fire-engine, and the sweet Angelus bell of the country church! How different bells sound in the roar and bustle of a large city, and in the peaceful evening in the valley! Again, what feelings fill our souls as the muffled peals announce the death of some great man. The bells seem almost to weep. They ring proud and noisy peals at the approach of emperors and kings, and when we are glad they join in our gladness, and fill our souls with peace.

We love bells because they awaken in our hearts religious feelings; because they recall to us the happy days of our childhood; because they share in our sorrows and our joys; because their melodies penetrate our very souls.

They are the best means man has, after the organ, of sounding forth the praises of his Creator, and they hang midway between heaven and earth, speaking from God to man, and from man to God.

GERARD LOWE.

Ascent of Mangerton.

By JAMES MURPHY, U.VA.

MOUNTAINS have a strange fascination for some people, and there are those who cannot resist the desire to scale their heights and thus overcome the obstacles which the towering peaks and lowering cliffs throw across their path.

Twelve months ago it was my very good fortune to spend some time amid the romantic scenery of the beautiful lakes of Killarney, and one of my pleasantest experiences was the ascent of Mangerton. Though not so lofty as Carn Tual, this mountain is the favourite of tourists on account of the extensive and magnificent views to be obtained from its summit. Early one pleasant morning—one of those mornings peculiar to an Irish summer—we set out.

There were five in our party including the guide, a hale old Irishman with an Irish name, an Irish complexion, and, what is more, an Irish brogue. I might suggest in passing, that it is this same picturesque brogue which makes Ireland so attractive to the average amateur mountaineer.

The drive to the foot of the mountain in the freshness of the early morning was most exhilarating. The tempered rays of the morning sun tinged the leaves still wet with

dew, and as we passed through the long avenues of trees we occasionally caught fleeting glimpses of the shining lakes, sparkling like perfect replicas of the sun they mirrored.

Soon the great mountain was before us, and after partaking of a little refreshment—for the sharp drive in the morning air had whetted our appetites—we began the ascent. For a little way the road was good and we made light of the journey; but soon a decided change came over the party, especially in temperature. The path became more rugged, often consisting of old water courses and necessitating a climb of four or five feet. In consequence the party became more scattered, for each had to make a way for himself. The guide merrily led the way with his horn slung over his shoulder; and in the rear was a stout old farmer perspiring from every pore.

The weather, too, began to change. The bright morning sky had now become overcast and there was every sign of an approaching storm in the looming clouds above us. A cold, clammy sensation crept over us as we passed into a cloud which much resembled a London fog. Soon the rain began to fall in torrents and we sought in vain for shelter.

We feared to go forward in the ever-thickening haze; so we waited in various stages of impatience for about a quarter of an hour, during which time the storm passed over, the sun reappeared with redoubled splendour, the atmosphere cleared, and a glorious sight unfolded itself before our eyes.

Below us lay a panorama of woodland heights, verdant slopes, winding river and placid lakes. We inhaled deep draughts of the bracing air—the guide, I might mention, taking draughts of something more substantial if less healthful—and already we felt amply repaid for the exertion of the morning. But we were not yet at the top. So we sprang up to continue the struggle with renewed energy.

The conditions now were more difficult. I, at least, found it hard to move at all, and the agile antics of the still perspiring rear-guard were to me a source of admiration and inspiration. At last, however, the summit was gained. Our first thoughts were of rest, and when our lazy inclinations had been satisfied, we looked round with amazement. For there, below our very eyes, lay a veritable wonderland of beauty, crowded into a radius of fifty miles. Nothing was out of place. The calm unruffled placidity of the lakes, the fixity of the silvery sheen we knew to be the Kenmare river, the smoke from the chimney of a neighbouring farm curling lazily upwards in the still air, the contented cattle browsing on the distant slopes, all combined to form a perfect picture of pastoral simplicity, calm,

and beauty.

Powerful glasses were brought out and surreptitiously returned. They were not needed in the clear light of the morning; it seemed, in fact, a sacrilege to use such commonplace things for such an exalted end. So we stood speechless, that is all except our guide, for I know not how long, literally lost in admiration.

Not being of a truly poetic nature, however, we soon returned to the considerations of less ethereal things. We were hungry! So after a substantial and satisfying lunch, and a view of the Devil's Punch Bowl, we began the descent.

I had thought the ascent very trying, but I found the descent even more tedious. The slips, the jerks, the leaps and the stumbles shook my poor body as it had never been shaken before. By the time we reached the foot of the mountain, the sun was fast disappearing over the western horizon, and we seemed to see with a golden lens. The beauty was now transferred from the earth to the sky, and the last rays of the sun defined in delicate tracery the outlines of a fairy-land on the scudding clouds.

The pains and aches which racked my limbs, however, made me glad when the party at last reached the waggonette. We were driven in the fast falling darkness to our hotel, sore and fatigued, but with that contented spirit which invariably follows a hard day of real enjoyment and well-earned pleasure.



Matriculants. - July, 1925.

Back Row:—A. ROWAN; W. COLLINS; A. MORGAN; W. LOWE; D. SHEEHAN; J. HIRSCHMANN;
L. VANTALLIGAN.

Standing:—J. G. SMITH; F. O'SHAUGHNESSY; G. MURRAY; J. TAYLOR; R. MURPHY; M. HENEGHAN;
E. CRAWFORD; J. FARRELLY; S. BROWNE; S. HILTON; E. KELLY; G. ALSTON.

Seated:—J. GERAGHTY; G. MELIA; A. CUNNINGHAM; N. MCWADE; J. CARTER; J. MCCOY; J. CONROY;
J. JEFFERS; T. RYAN; J. HEENAN.

Front:—P. HAGAN; T. HIGGINS; J. MOONEY; W. LOUGHLIN.

Absent:—J. CORRIGAN; A. ROONEY; F. SPILLANE.

From a Lofty Tower.

A. MORGAN, VIB.

ONE of my favourite rambles, while staying at Ramsey during the last summer holidays, was to climb to the summit of the lofty hills to the south of the town. One fine afternoon my friend and I set out to climb Fissell's hill, an eminence overlooking Ramsey and, what particularly attracted us, surmounted by a solitary stone edifice, Albert Tower.

Keeping to the country lanes, we set out walking towards the base of the hill. On the way I remember passing that interesting feature of the Isle-o-Man motor-cycle T.T. course—Ramsey hairpin bend. I might mention that we knew there was another route, almost all the way by road, but, since this was a wide detour we determined to walk straight for the tower.

At length we arrived at the base of the hill and began the steep ascent. The side of the slope was covered with trees and we were climbing upwards under a veritable canopy of green leaves. All was silent and majestic. It reminded me of some stately cathedral as, when we sat and rested, we gazed around at the maze of trees like columns with branching roofs.

As we neared the top the number of the trees grew less and soon we could see, a hundred feet above us, our destination, Albert Tower. With eagerness, we completed the remaining distance and stood regarding the huge Tower. It stood on a square base and its sides rose up sheer to about fifty or sixty feet. It looked so grim and austere standing there, on the edge of a plateau overlooking Ramsey. We walked round the building and read the inscription over its only door, which stated that the tower stands on the place whence Prince Albert viewed Ramsey during the Royal visit to the Isle-o-Man.

For a small sum we gained admission to the tower, and ascended by a spiral staircase to a room at the top. It had narrow windows overlooking the whole countryside, but, seeing a ladder and a trap door, we climbed up and burst out on to the roof. Here, lying full length between the battlements, we gazed at the panorama of the semi-circular bay and at the town nestling in its centre. The town, I remember, looked like an ideal model; I felt that I could have almost touched the small houses, every detail of them could be seen, standing out so clear. We could see the whole length and breadth of Ramsey and the neighbouring country for many miles around.

Ramsey looked like a garden city with its charming Mooragh Park and ornamental lake.

In the morning we had rowed to the island in the middle of the lake. How picturesque it looked now, dotted with the white sails of small yachts. We could see the tennis grounds at its rear and in the distance, the lofty wind-mill slowly rotating. Along the wide promenade the regular front line of hotels stood out like sentinels, and from their midst the harbour-lights jutted forth far into the sea.

And there was the river Sulby, appearing from the maze of houses and meandering through green fields, meadows, and leafy glens. At high-tide you can row up this river, under the three-arched bridge and up to Sulby Glen waterfalls.

Then, further south, seeming like a match-work construction, the pier reached out from the promenade over the blue expanse of sea. To the west we could see the dim outlines of the Antrim coast and to the east the peaks of South Scotland and Cumberland.

Round the promontory, Maughold Head, appeared the Liverpool steamer, its colours vividly contrasting with the everlasting blue.

We watched it glide across the remaining stretch and drift alongside the pier.

At last we descended from the roof and taking one last look at the tower and the town, we wended our way slowly home. Now, as we walk along the promenade, the sea, to the east, is no longer calm—

“ And from the west,
Where the sun, his days work ended,
Lingers, as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.”



Debating Society.



Session 1925-26.

THE Session opened with an inter-form debate, the motion being that “ Our present educational system is designed to aid the clever rather than the dull pupil.” Morgan, opening the debate for VIB., showed that the clever boy seeks after knowledge, that he sharpens his brain by the wide range of subjects, and finally, that the large amount of ground to be covered has a frightening effect on the dull boy. His speech was well prepared but his delivery was rather weak. Speaking for VIA., Myler discussed Central Schools for dull boys, and pointed out that the clever are hampered by the dull boys. Although short, his speech contained some useful points for his side, but he did not press them home to their fullest extent.

Lowe, continuing for the motion, divided his arguments into three classes, and discussed Elementary Schools, Secondary Schools, and Universities. It was a well-prepared speech, his delivery was good, but he lacked vocal emphasis. Speaking “ Con,” McGinity continued and enlarged Myler’s arguments. He introduced some good points, but made no attempt to emphasise them, and at times was rather irrelevant. Concluding for the motion, Loughlin discussed the progress of a boy, from entering an Elementary School, to the University, and endeavoured to show that in every case the dull boy was left behind, while the clever pupil was promoted. The matter of his speech was good, and

covered a wide range, but though concluding speaker for his side, he made no effort to refute any of his opponents’ arguments. In common with Morgan, his speech had more the force of a lecture, due to the monotonous voice in which he delivered it.

Kearney, winding up against the motion, began by criticising each of his opponents in turn. Then in an excellently prepared speech, he proceeded to differentiate between a boy intellectually dull, and one dull through lack of ambition. “ The former,” he remarked, “ could prosper by dint of hard study, while the latter did not deserve to progress.” He concluded in saying that the Opposition wished to award the same fruits to clever and industrious students, as to the culpably dull. Mr. Barter, adjudicating, commented on the lack of vocal emphasis, in the majority of cases, and pointed out, that this spoils the best of speeches. His verdict was given in favour of VIB.

H.W.T.

The next motion discussed was: “ That the freedom of Public Advertisements should be rigidly curtailed.” In support were Farrelly, J. Murphy and Martin; J. Bold, Callander and Foley providing opposition.

Farrelly maintained that the primary object of Advertisements was to sell certain commodities, and alleged that the posters on the railway embankments were ruining the countryside.

Bold, who opened for the Opposition, was

rather self-conscious, but nevertheless made a sound speech, which was especially good in regard to the arrangement of the matter. He showed the utility of advertising in keeping the price of newspapers down, and thus rendering accessible to the working-man information he would otherwise lack.

Murphy read the greater portion of his speech, thus spoiling the effect of much excellent matter and laying himself open to suspicion.

Callander drew Farrelly's attention to the fact that posters are only placed along the embankments in the City and Suburban districts where many are likely to see them. From an artistic point of view efforts to improve the standard were being made. One railway company had its posters designed by R.A.'s. This speaker's clear enunciation was a relief, but he marred his effort by a very abrupt conclusion.

Martin also attacked his opponents, but in a rather half-hearted manner, and was inclined to repeat his colleagues' arguments. Foley, who concluded, also erred in this respect, although, like Bold, he showed a grip of the subject.

Finally Form VIA., who adjudicated, gave a unanimous verdict in favour of the motion.

N.A.K.

The next motion before the House was that "The House System should be introduced into this College," and was discussed by VIB. and VIA., pro. and con. respectively.

Opening in favour of the motion, Loughlin discussed the athletic side of the question. He pointed out, that owing to lack of Form cricket the School elevens were lacking in talent, which they would otherwise possess. In dealing with football, he stated that competition would become keener, and School teams consequently improve. Both in matter and delivery his speech was good. McGinity, VIA., began by refuting Loughlin's arguments, and then, in an excellent speech, demonstrated the un-

suitability of the House system in the School, owing to boys from different forms being in the same house. He wanted to know on what the boys could centre their loyalty, if there were no house masters, and noted, that if there were house masters, they could not keep in touch with their boys throughout the School. In concluding, he commented on the disastrous effects in a school where the system had been recently introduced.

Continuing for VIB., Lowe dealt with the intellectual side of the question. He demonstrated at great length, how competition in terminals would considerably improve results in Public Examinations. Furthermore, he decided that inter-House debates could be established with beneficial results. His enunciation was very clear, and his speech contained a great deal of useful matter. McManus, speaking for VIA., decided that a Prefect system would be necessary, if the House system was introduced; he showed the evil effects of a Prefect system, and that such a system was impracticable in this College. He concluded with a few humorous remarks about arguments the next speaker was likely to bring forward. Both the matter and enunciation were what was to be expected, and future debaters would do well to imitate his emphatic style.

Concluding for VIB., Smith gave a brief resume of his colleagues' arguments, and then brought forward his own views on the subject. These dealt mainly with the moral effect the House system would have on the boys' character. Possibly his speech contained some good matter, but most of it was inaudible. Replying, Kearney ably refuted those arguments which his colleagues had not already dealt with. He was especially critical about some of Loughlin's statements. Then, in an excellent speech, he noted that such a system could not satisfactorily be introduced in one year, even if time were taken over it, there would be a great upheaval, and the results would not be worth it. The judges unani-

mously awarded the verdict to VIA. The debate was extremely good in every respect, and should serve as an example to all "neophytes."

H.W.T.

In our next discussion members of Upper VA. sought a solution to the problem raised in proposing "That Canvassing at Elections should be prohibited."

McGrath commenced the discussion in support of the motion, and considered various well-known defects in the existing system. He nullified the effect of several pointed arguments by the rapidity of his delivery.

Furlong provided the best speech of the day. He pointed out that Canvassing enables the general public to learn the claims, capabilities and policies of the candidates, without which information it would be impossible for the voters to come to a decision on the matter; and that the candidate through his canvassers is able to learn the will of the Electorate on those very important details which often sway voters one way or another.

A. Murphy exposed what, through human weakness, is the weak spot in Furlong's argument when he reminded us that nowadays canvassers and candidates, especially the former, will promise anything to secure support at the poll. He seems to suffer, like many others in the world, from two delusions, viz., that newspapers tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and that they are quite impartial at Election time!

West boldly claimed that the public like the canvassing, and left it at that.

Molyneux's delivery was poor, but he brought forward several good arguments for his side. He maintained that canvassers, by their tactlessness, often lose votes for the candidate they represent, and thus are not of benefit to him, wasting the money he expends in providing them with literature. He therefore held that canvassing was in every respect a useless institution.

Fitzgerald made a very hesitant closure, and the motion, on being put to the audience, was supported by a large margin.

At Our Debates.

(One View).

Big wigs prate in Parliament,
 In the Commons House and Lords;
 But whoever knew what their speeches meant,
 Or the purport of their words?

Great statesmen go to Switzerland,
 On the League of Nations' cause;
 But one can hardly understand
 If they speak for peace or wars.

But there's one place men speak plainly;
 There is one place men speak straight;
 There is one place men speak sanely;
 And that's at Our Debate.

(Another View).

I have heard our debate;
 I have tried to find out
 What the boys try to state;
 And now I'm in doubt.

I strain my keen ears
 To follow each speaker;
 I join in the cheers,
 But my poor head gets weaker.

When Bill Thompson sits down,
 I feel very much pleased;
 But he's followed by Brown,
 And with boredom I'm seized.

I have heard our debate,
 I have tried to find out
 What the boys try to state,
 And now I'm in doubt.

Recipe for a Good Cycling Holiday.

WHEN you decide to go cycling for a holiday you should, before starting, decide on the route you are taking and the districts you are going to pass through. A certain distance should be marked out for each day. This distance ought not to be more than about eighty miles for otherwise the tour would be tiring. Always keep to your programme, even though you find that your day's journey is composed chiefly of stiff hills which you have to walk up.

When on a tour of this kind, it is quite a good idea to take a friend with you. Sometimes you find you cannot carry all you wish to take, and so give some of it to your friend to carry. Also if you break down he may do any minor adjustments necessary while you sit down and watch him. Besides a friend you should take a good strong rope. The spring in your free wheel might give way and in this case your friend can tow you to the next village or town. A free wheel which contracts a habit of doing this is a valuable asset especially if you feel tired in any way.

On setting out only take absolute necessities with you, a tent, ground sheets, three

blankets, pillow, brush and comb, and other toilet requisites and a complete change of clothing. As many of these as possible can be brought by your friend, who has the honour to carry them for you.

Don't take a repair outfit or tools: it will only be in the way. If you break down, your friend will tow you, and if you get a puncture, your friend will mend it with his own outfit. It is greatly to be hoped that you can obtain a good, kind, unselfish friend like this, as otherwise much pleasure is lost.

Don't stay at any one place too long, seeing the sights. After a time your host might become suspicious and present you with a bill wholly unsuited to your financial resources.

Never oil your bike. This is a bad habit as, when minor adjustments are necessary, oil makes a frightful mess of your clothes and your hands, and besides this, dust clogs in the oil and causes mud to accumulate which prevents smooth running of the bearings. If all the points I have mentioned are taken into account, I am sure you will enjoy a most enjoyable cycling holiday.

W. LOUGHLIN (VI.B.).

A Few Simple Tricks for Xmas.

THE following simple deceptions will not fail to give much amusement and astonishment at any party or similar function, and since it will not be long before we are celebrating Christmas in the customary style, it is thought that these inexpensive tricks and jokes will prove a welcome means of brightening up what might have been a dull Christmas party.

* * * *

The Glass of Wine under the Hat.—Place a

glass of wine upon a table and, having put a hat over it, offer to lay any of the company a wager that you will drink the wine without raising the hat. When your wager is accepted, particularly request that no one will raise the hat; then get underneath the table, and commence sucking and smacking your lips as though you were swallowing the wine with considerable gusto. After a minute or so has elapsed, come from under the table, and say to the person who has accepted your wager:

"Now, sir." His astonishment will immediately induce him to raise up the hat to see if the wine is really drunk. Immediately he has done so, take up the glass, and, having swallowed the wine, say: "You have lost, sir, I have drunk the wine without raising the hat!"

* * * *

Get a nut and, holding it in your hand that the company may not see what lies therein, tell them you are capable of showing them what they have never seen, what you have never seen, what no one else has ever seen, and what, when you and they have once seen, no one else ever shall see. Ask them to guess what it is, and when they have "given up," crack the nut, show them the kernel, and put it in your mouth and swallow it.

* * * *

Borrow four or five half-crowns, and announce that you can tell by the touch alone which coin was privately marked by one of the audience. You then spread the half-crowns singly on the cold marble mantelpiece and, after a few explanatory sentences, request one of the company to take one half-crown from the number, mark it, and pass it round to his friends so that all may carefully examine it. Be particular to ask everyone to grasp the coin tightly so as to make sure of the mark, that he may know it again. Then sweep the half-crowns from the mantelpiece into a hat, or bag, and put the marked coin with them. Shake the whole of them up together, put in your hand and you will be able to take out the marked coin. This will seem very wonderful; but the secret of the trick lies in the fact that the marked coin has got rather warm by frequent handling while the coins on the mantelpiece have been kept cold by the cold marble, the difference in temperature enabling you to select the right one immediately. To deepen the mystery, you may do this trick blindfolded, and there need be no distinctive

mark on the coin beyond a difference in the date from the others.

* * * *

Having previously marked a shilling with a cross, conceal it under some object in a room; then request one of the company to lend you a shilling and say: Now, I am going to perform a trick with this, and that you may know it again I will mark it. Take a pen-knife and cross it on the same side as the concealed shilling. Ask him if he will know it again, and then knock under the table and say "Presto, be gone!" or some similar remark. Convey it secretly up your sleeve and tell the company it has vanished, but you have an idea where they will find it. Name the place where you have concealed the first shilling, which will be immediately discovered and from the similarity of the mark will be taken for that which was lent you.

* * * *

Wager any sum with a person that you will give him three knives to hide, one after the other, and you will tell him where he deposits the *last*. He will doubtless stipulate that he shall be permitted to hide them out of the room. This you will readily agree to, and, on presenting him with the first and second knives, he will go out and carefully deposit them in some hole or corner. During his absence put the third knife in the fire, so that it will be moderately heated by the time he is prepared to receive it. As soon as he takes hold of it he will very naturally deposit it upon the floor, with sundry ejaculations incidental to the touching of anything too hot to hold. You then say: "There it is; you have deposited the last upon the floor, and I have won the wager."

* * * *

Desire a gentleman to lend you a watch. Examine it to form an idea of its value; then offer to lay the owner a wager considerably less than the value of the watch, that he does not

answer three times consecutively "My watch." Present him with the watch and say "What is this?" He will not fail to reply "My watch." Afterwards present some other object, asking the same question. If he names the objects you have presented, he has lost

the wager, but if, as is most likely, he says "My watch," he must win. Then say to him: "You are sure to win, but supposing I lose, what will you give me? If he replies "My watch," take it, and leave him the wager staked. I. CULLIGAN, VIA.



November Fog.



*No sun, no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day.*

IS there anything worse than fog in winter? It is an obliteration of everything. Neither sun, moon nor stars can withstand its damping influence. Our houses, the streets in which we walk, share the same fate as mountain and valley and are obliterated by the yellow pestilence. To me, fog is the "Oblivion" personified; or "Nothing" in concrete form.

Our English poets were well acquainted with fog, and knew its character and appearance only too well. Shakespeare filled us with formless fear when he opened the tragedy Macbeth with the witches' chorus.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

In the same play, one of the most terrible speeches ever uttered by woman makes us think instinctively of fog. What else, but fog, has the power to hide a blood-stained knife. Of what else could we think, when Lady Macbeth says:—

Pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound
it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of
the dark,

To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Shelley hated fogs as a poisoner, a pestilence, and a killing power. He vividly described the rising of the fog as follows:—

Hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapours arose which have strength
to kill;

At morn they were seen, at noon they
were felt,

At night they were darkness no star
could melt.

Near the river, the hooting and screeching of sirens anticipates the alarm clock on a foggy morning. An unnatural yellow darkness, with a dank cold, seems to fill the room and outside air. On such a morning it takes the resolution of a Hannibal to rise and brave the rolling mists. Few things are more monotonous than a fog, though even that has its changes. Outside, the fog (I could almost say fogs) rolls and moves in changing densities and hues. It is all pervading, and more damping than rain, it damps the very spirit and reaches the brain.

The fog produces many unearthly effects. Portions of tree trunks appear in mid air, while there is "no top to any steeple." The leaves and hedges are exposed to view, dripping with black oily drops of condensed fog. They have none of the sparkle and airiness of rain drops. On the fields the fog takes a denser form, and clings like a shroud to the grass as a vapoury sea. Tennyson expresses it finely:—

The white mist, like a face-cloth to the
face,

Clung to the dead earth, and the land
was still.

Streets are boundless deserts of rolling cloud

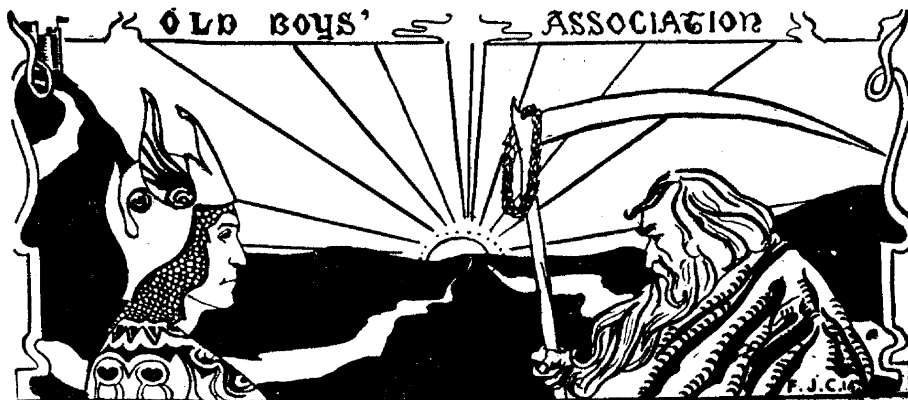
in which, now and then, a ghost of a house appears in the distance, or looms suddenly overhead like the dark walls of a Bastille. One pursues one's journey instinctively along what appears an unaccustomed route, for familiar things seem strange in a fog.

If one is crossing a suspension bridge, the effect is still more unearthly. On solid ground the fog surrounds and covers one, but on a bridge, or pier, the fog is both above and below; one is in an eternity of fog. This feeling is also felt on the sea, and the waters when they are discernible are of a sullen leaden hue without any light or transparency. A membrane of oil seems to lie on the surface of the water, so still is it.

The world is so dark and miserable that one hails with delight the rising wind, dispersing the mists from town and countryside. Then the sun gets the mastery and absorbs those "black usurping mists" which damp the influence of moon and stars.

The sun's rays which are at first a watery light increase in strength. The mists are seen to roll their tents and silently march away. The dew-drops begin to sparkle, trees and houses cease to be apparitions, steeples regain their tops, and one can see "t'other side the way." All nature throws off the depressing shroud and welcomes the light with renewed hope.

J. MCGINITY, VIA.



THE Association opened their 1925-1926 season with a successful function in the Bear's Paw, on October 9th. The programme was an excellent one from start to finish and some remarkable items were contributed. It is very gratifying to know that in the search for talent the Committee did not have occasion to go very far beyond the boundaries of the Association. The old favourites were "on parade" with the ever popular "Torpedo and the Whale." Mr. Taylor and his clever partner appeared for us again, and took the audience by storm, whilst Mr. C. F. Hopkinson gave us some wonderful examples of lightning sketch work. Despite

the circular which had been sent out broadcast, the attendance was not quite up to expectations and it was hoped that the younger ex-pupils would be present in greater force.

The circular also mentioned the proposal of extending the Association's activities into spheres other than mere amusement and made suggestions for the forming of sub-sections of a literary nature. The co-operation of the members was sought on the subject and ideas of individual members were solicited, but nothing up to now has come to the Committee's notice.

* * * *

A Solemn Commemoration Mass will be

celebrated, at the Pro-Cathedral at 11 a.m., on Sunday, November 29th, for the repose of the souls of all deceased Old Boys. This is the greatest event of the year for the Association and it is hoped that there will be a record number present.

* * * *

December 4th, 1925, and March 17th, 1926, are the dates of the two Adelphi Balls, and tickets may be had from the Hon. Secretary, A. F. Power, 18, The Woodlands, Birkenhead, or from members of the Executive Committee.

* * * *

Successes of Old Boys at the University Exams.

JUNE, 1925.

Faculty of Arts.

Degree of B.A. with Hons.—School of French :
Part I.—W. A. CUMMINS.

Diploma in Education : M. P. O'NEILL.

Faculty of Science.

Degree of B.Sc. with Hons.—
School of Chemistry : P. BYRNE.

Ordinary Degree of B.Sc.—
Final : E. P. HURLEY.
Second Year : P. FLEMING.

Subsidiary Subjects :

M. A. CROSBY (Physics).
A. T. McCORD (Physics).
J. C. MURPHY (Physics).

Faculty of Medicine.

Degree of M.B. and Ch.B.—Final, Part III. :
C. P. ALLEN ; F. P. IRVINE ;
J. UNSWORTH.

Second Exam.—Part B :

J. J. GRAHAM.
E. D. IRVINE (Distinction in
F. E. LOMAS. Pharmacology).

Faculty of Engineering.

Degree of B.Eng. with Hons.—School of Civil
Engineering : R. A. J. IRVINE.

Degree of B.Eng.—School of Marine Engineer-
ing : H. W. HODSON.

* * * *

University Letter.

THE 'VARSITY,
November, 1925.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

To the Freshman, the Autumn Term is probably the most interesting and enjoyable term of the year. It gives to him his first experience of University life—an introduction to his higher studies and to a new social life. It is an experience at once pleasant and to some extent exciting. For, in the Autumn Term are held the Freshers' socials ("Freshers free") of the various societies and of the Guild itself. At these gay functions the unsuspecting Freshman is asked to become a member of the society concerned, and of course he doesn't like to refuse. Whereupon half-a-crown or five shillings goes the way of all flesh.

But to the second, third, fourth or nth year man, the prospects of the Autumn Term are not quite so inviting. There are no "second year" nor "third year" nor "nth year" socials held in his honour, and even if there were he knows only too well, the grasping propensities of the treasurers of the different societies and that he would be expected to surrender one or even two large silver coins. To some, indeed, the Autumn Term is a period in which hard "swotting" is to be done: of course, it would be hardly fair to include the Arts or Science Faculties in this group. To all, the term is uneventful.

Thus, Mr. Editor, we ask you to forgive the scantiness of our information: in truth, there is little new news from the quad. and its surrounds.

Every October some come up and some have gone down; it is, we suppose, part of

the general process—"The old order changeth yielding place to new." And the Old Boys are no exception to this general rule of student life.

We no longer see F. P. Irvine and H. McGrath hustling about the Medical School. Both have graduated, and the former is House Surgeon at the Stanley Hospital. This reminds us that P. R. Hawe has now been appointed Surgical Tutor at the Northern Hospital. Joe Kirwan who was researching until June, in Chemistry, is now teaching in Fort Augustus. In a Liverpool school, Mark O'Neill is teaching, and in Redcar A. Moore is similarly engaged. A. Mullen has left Liverpool for Dublin, where we understand he is continuing his veterinary studies. Among the Engineers who have disappeared from the 'Varsity is R. A. Irvine, who is busy on Dock Estate work in Cumberland. Pat Byrne and E. P. Hurley are still frequenting University buildings, altho' they graduated in Science last June. They are we are told, just polishing off their Education.

J. Smith also obtained a Science degree last June: besides which he passed an internal examination equivalent to B.Sc. (Chemistry)—he intends to take Honours this year. Paul Fleming is following in the footsteps of Einstein and other mathematicians.

The only representative of the Old Boys in the Arts Faculty, Walter Cummins, is at present in Caen, which is, he told us, the burial place of William of Normandy. Perhaps your readers will remember. However, Walter is officially styled "Lecturer in English." He will return early next year, with a thesis more or less prepared.

The various Catholic activities in the University are, as usual, well supported by the St. Edward's Old Boys. Indeed, the University branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society is almost entirely composed of the Old Boys. Phil O'Brien is President and F. Loughlin is Secretary. This Society is one of the few in which the services of a Committee

are dispensed with: what a blessed life for the Secretary and for the President too: this is indeed an example which might well be followed by other societies. At a Meeting of the Catholic Medical Students there were many Old Boys, and F. E. Lomas was informal Chairman.

Tom Fleming is continuing his studies for the priesthood at Roehampton; and last September, Tom Byrne, another graduate, commenced studying for the priesthood at Upholland.

We would like to welcome all those who have come up this session. J. White and B. Taylor have entered for Maths. and Physics; J. Wilson and P. O'Hagan have followed A. McCord, J. C. Murphy and M. Crosby into the Chemistry Department. The Engineering Faculty have claimed P. Dunne and G. Cunningham. We feel sure that they will worthily uphold the reputation of the Old Boys and take a keen interest in all University affairs—both Catholic and secular.

We wish you, Mr. Editor, and your readers, the compliments of the season of Christmas, when it comes.

Yours,
'Varsity.

* * * *

Ushaw Letter.

USHAW COLLEGE,
DURHAM.

October, 1925.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The Vacation now seems an event of the distant past, though we are but three weeks back at college. These weeks, of course, have been crowded and tightly-packed weeks, full of interest and occupation. During the first week we had our retreat, always a real treat for body and soul after a vacation. Following immediately upon that, a large number of the students received orders of one kind or another, and since then we have been busy settling down to slightly changed conditions of life which

coincide with the beginning of each year.

A further item of interest was the initiation of Archbishop Keating and Bishop Pearson of Lancaster as honorary members of Philosophy. The presence of the Bishops at the Northern province, for their annual meeting, at Ushaw offered a suitable opportunity for this. They spent about half an hour in the Philosopher's playroom when they were initiated into all the philosophic secrets and traditional practices. It is worth recording that on former occasions Cardinals Manning, Vaughan and Bourne, Bishop Hedley, O.S.B., Mgr. R. H. Benson, Duke of Norfolk, and many others, were enrolled as honorary members. Perhaps on some future occasion it would be of interest to include in this letter a brief history of Ushaw and of well-known men in the past who received their early education here.

But we must not omit, Mr. Editor, to mention the following Old Boys who received orders this year. Arthur Darragh received the minor orders of Door Keeper and Lector, whilst Joe Moloney and Joe Caldwell received Exorcist and Acolyte. We are also pleased to welcome back Bernard Ramsbottom, who seems to have quite recovered from his illness. The remaining Old Boys at Ushaw all reported themselves again, save of course William Park and Jos. Hardy, who, having finished their education here, have taken up appointments in the commercial world. We take this opportunity of congratulating the latter on his matriculation success.

We feel very reluctant to cross the border of the Vacation and re-enter the sphere of last year's activities, but the interesting happenings in Grand Week make such an incursion imperative. Grand Week is the last week of the School year, and is the time of the reunion of past students. Needless to say its origin, like that of many other Ushaw customs and events, is sunk in the depths of antiquity. Last grand week was marked by the presence of Their Lordships Bishop Dobson of Liverpool, Bishop Cowgill of Leeds, Bishop Thorman of Hexham

and Newcastle, and Bishop Pearson of Lancaster. Of these, Bishop Thorman alone is an old student of Ushaw. There were, besides, many canons and priests, all past students, and some others whose vocations in life were other than the Church. Altogether there would be approximately one hundred present, and we noticed Fr. Thos. Dunne amongst them. To us it was a great event and really a joy to see the happy meetings that took place here.

On the Monday evening of that week, the Philosophers again produced their play "The Purple Mask," and in consequence of a change which had been made in the last act, the production was a great success and thoroughly appreciated. Tuesday morning was fine and bright, which allowed of a "Cat" game being played between Past and Present students. With all due respect to the Past and with appreciation of their grit and enthusiasm, they were no match for the Present. It was amusing to see some of the more elderly representatives of the Past making the rounds of the Cat ring. Labour on the mission apparently does not fit one for such strenuous exertions, and some of them were heard to remark, with a large element of truth, that they weren't as young as they used to be. The afternoon of the same day witnessed a cricket match between two picked sides including many of the Past. Rain unfortunately spoilt play after about half an hour. We also heard rumours of ancient parish priests indulging in the strenuous luxury of "eighteen-holes," twice round our Golf course. We hoped no ill effects would follow, and that no "absent" cards would appear on confessional boxes in consequence.

The operetta "Cox and Box" was produced on the Tuesday evening. Was the presence of such distinguished prelates the reason for the enormous success, or was it the proximity of the vacation, or can anyone suggest a more likely reason? All enjoyed it immensely. On Wednesday morning High

Mass was sung by His Lordship Bishop Thorman for the happy welfare of the students, after which prizes were distributed in the hall. The interest attaching to such a function is controlled by circumstances. There is the possibility that it might be boring if one doesn't receive a prize, and something worse if one does. Nevertheless, our President can usually be relied upon to strike the humorous note. On this occasion he clapped us all on the back and told us we had made the year the most successful in the annals of Ushaw, but forthwith proceeded to spoil the enjoyment of the moment by reminding us that the Vacation would end on (date drowned in groans).

Wednesday afternoon saw the meeting of the St. Cuthbert's Society, whose members are mainly past Ushaw students, for whom dinner was later provided in the Refectory. But we were too busy packing up for the Vacation to bother about such painful happenings. Thursday morning, the termination of Grand Week and going-home morning, was the most important from our point of view. It was soul-inspiring to see all the students, young and old, scrambling into those splendid buses provided by the railway company, which make a quick shift from College terrace to railway platform. What a fine title that would make for a modern novel: "From College terrace to railway platform."

Pardon our lack of consideration, Mr. Editor, in trespassing so much upon your available space, but we cannot conclude without congratulating St. Edward's on the splendid success of its students in this year's public examinations. May this success be long sustained or even surpassed. We have also heard, with much satisfaction, the great strides which are being made at the Christian Brothers' Schools at Gt. Crosby and Blackpool, which may be looked upon as offshoots of the old School.

Is Upholland claiming all the Old Boys?

There are none to welcome here. Upholland, perhaps, could be induced to let us have some news by means of the columns of the Magazine.

With renewed wishes for the welfare of St. Edward's and all that implies,

Yours sincerely,
THE OLD BOYS AT USHAW.

* * * *

OLD CATHINIANS' A.F.C.

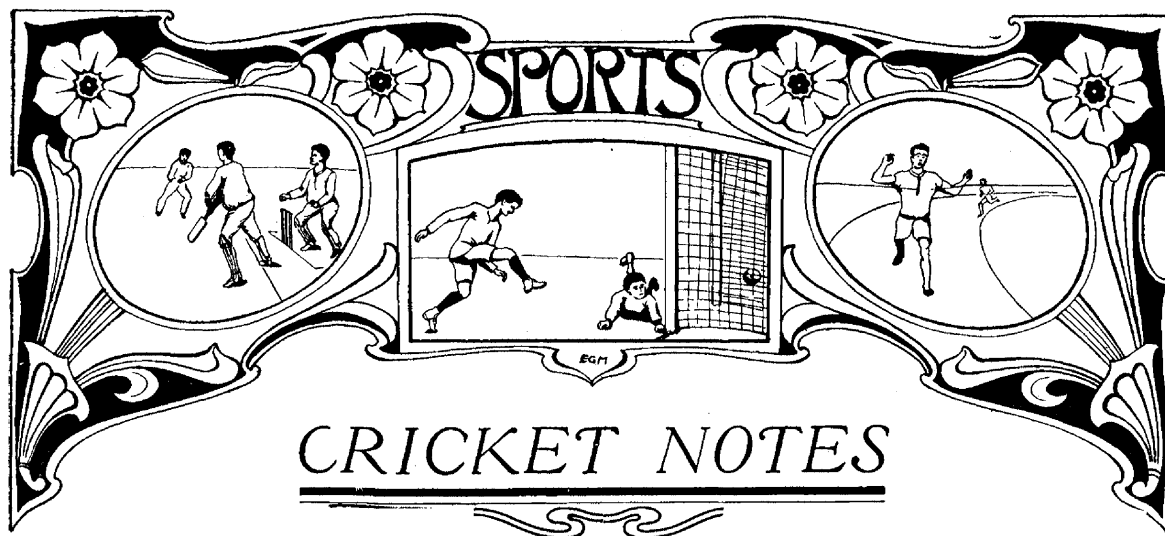
Frank Walsh was unanimously re-elected as 1st XI. Captain, and George Balfour leads the second string. Much enthusiasm is noticed amongst the playing members, and their efforts are meeting with wonderful success. The 2nd XI. has not yet come to grips with its League fixtures, but a match has been arranged for almost every Saturday. To date the 1st XI. has played eight, won four, drawn one, and lost three—a good record when it is borne in mind that, on succeeding Saturdays, we defeated teams which occupied respectively third and first positions in the table.

The promise of a successful season is most gratifying, and we would ask Old Boys, reading these notes, to make Clubmoor a rallying ground on Saturday afternoons. Come up there, and take a pride in the team, which is virtually your own. Your presence will be an incentive to the players, and we can guarantee you an enjoyable afternoon.

The Club's dance, in the Gainsborough Cafe, on October 30th, was an unqualified success. We have received numerous requests for another—evidently Old Cathinians can 'cut a caper'—but will not be able to hold one before the New Year.

A special appeal is made to all Old Boys to subscribe generously to the Club's funds. A moment's reflection will convince anyone that members' subscriptions alone cannot nearly defray expenses. We would ask you, therefore, not to forget this, but to send your donation to Mr. R. Rigby (Treasurer—pro. tem.), 'Gilford,' The Park, Maghull.

J.S.M.



UR Cricket Season was favoured by good weather, and the Bogey, "match abandoned owing to rain," did not bat.

Of the School fixtures, we won three, drew six, and lost two. Scoring was generally speaking high, but rather slow.

Two very enjoyable fixtures during the season were the games against the Clergy and the Old Boys. In both cases our visitors were successful, the latter by a very substantial margin. What was probably the most exciting match of the season took place at Holly Lodge, against Collegiate, when our representatives won on the last wicket.

Congratulations are due to the Captains of the Elevens, and their assistants, on the good season they have had.

St. Edward's v. Bootle Sec. School 6/6/25.

S.E.C.	B.S.S.
Farrelly, b Cowper11	Elkerton, c—b Bradford 4
Monaghan, b Lacy 0	Day, c Bolger,
Rogers, c—b Knowles .19	b Bradford..... 2
Smith, b Knowles21	Cowper, b Bradford..... 1
O'Neill, c—b Cowper.... 8	Mitchell, b Murray..... 6
Murray, not out..... 7	Scott, not out.....38
Bolger, lbw. Lacy..... 5	Agnew, b Rogers..... 1
Hart, not out 1	Bains, not out.....12
Harold, did not bat.	Aizelwood, did not bat.
Bradford, "	Lacy, "
Martin, "	Knowles, "
	Walker, "
Extras 9	Extras 8
Total for 6 wks. (dec.) 81	Total (5 wks.).....71

St. Edward's v. Collegiate. Holly Lodge. 10/6/25.

S.E.C.	Coll.
Murray, b Ball..... 5	Errerd, b Monaghan.....17
Monaghan, hit wkt.,	Cole, b Bradford..... 0
b Bryett14	Manifold, c Bradford,
Farrelly, c Cole, b Ball 12	b Murray 4
Smith, st..... 5	Knipe, b Bresnan..... 9
Rogers, c Birchall,	Bevins, b Monaghan..... 6
b Manifold.....12	Hindley, b Bradford..... 7
O'Neill, b Manifold12	Bryett, run out16
Hart, b Bryett..... 5	Webster, b Smith 0
Bolger, b Manifold 0	Birchall, not out 2
Bradford, b Manifold .. 2	Gardner, c Farrelly,
Martin, c—b Bryett..... 0	b Smith..... 0
Bresnan, not out 4	Ball, c Farrelly,
	b Smith..... 4
Extras 5	Extras 5
Total76	Total70

St. Edward's v. Birkenhead Inst.

At Birkenhead. 17/6/25.

S.E.C.	B.I.
Murray, c Goodier,	Sheppard, b Murray..... 1
b Jones 8	McAdam, c Rogers,
Monaghan, b Jones ... 0	b Murray..... 2
Farrelly, b Goodier22	Turner, b Murray..... 5
Smith, c Goodier,	McBroom, c Rogers,
b Jones16	b Murray.....12
Rogers, b Goodier 0	Punbrick, not out.....27
O'Neill, b Jones 0	Goodier, b Murray..... 0
Hart, b Jones..... 0	Pratt, b Rogers 0
Bolger, not out 1	Jones, b Rogers..... 1
Bradford, c—b Jones... 0	Ebbrett, b Rogers..... 3
Harold, not out 4	Wilson, b Rogers..... 0
Martin, did not bat.	Hird, b Bradford.....13
Extras 9	Extras 6
Total (8 wks.).....60	Total71

St. Edward's v. Wallasey G.S. At College. 24/6/25.	
S.E.C.	W.G.S.
Murray, run out14	Bumstead, c Bolger,
Monaghan, c Deacon,	b Bradford..... 2
b Bumstead..... 6	Hepple, b Bradford 0
Farrelly, b Braithwaite 5	Dove, b Murray 0
Smith, not out13	Thompson, b Bradford 5
Rogers, b Keeling19	Deacon, c Hart,
Harold, not out10	b Murray15
Hart did not bat.	Hoppins, run out.....13
Bolger	Braithwaite, b Murray.. 5
" "	Meadows, b Rogers..... 7
" "	Keeling, b Rogers..... 5
" "	Gilchrist, st. Bolger,
" "	b Smith 1
" "	Watkins, not out..... 0
Extras 8	Extras 7
Total (4 wkts.).....75	Total60

St. Edward's v. Old Boys. 29/6/25.	
S.E.C.	O.B.'s
Smith, run out.....26	Mr. Curtin, b O'Neill.... 1
Monaghan, lbw. Ryan . 0	McMahon, b Smith.....16
Farrelly, c—b Ryan ... 2	Lynch (J), c O'Neill,
Rogers, b McMahon 1	b Bradford..... 3
Harold, b Fr. Mell 1	Meldon, b Smith.....20
O'Neill, b Fr. Mell 0	Shennan, lbw. Smith.... 2
Hart, b Ryan 0	Cunningham, c Hart,
Bolger, c—b Fr. Mell....11	b Rogers11
Martin, c—b Ryan 0	Fr. Mell, b Monaghan... 0
Millinger, not out 1	Ryan, c & b Smith..... 2
Bradford, b Fr. Mell ... 0	Harrington, c Bradford,
Extras 9	b Rogers24
Total51	Lawler, not out.....13
	O'Donnel, lbw. Harold.. 9
	Extras12
	Total 113

St. Edward's v. Waterloo. At Waterloo. 27/6/25.	
S.E.C.	Waterloo.
Murray, retired hurt ...—	Baird, c Harold, b Smith 0
Monaghan, c Williams,	Formby, b Murray.....20
b Gibney..... 0	Carter, lbw. Smith..... 1
Farrelly, b Gibney22	Williams, b Murray 4
Smith, b Gibney 7	Gibney, b Murray.....11
Martin, lbw. Gibney ... 0	Winn, lbw. O'Neill.....12
Harold, b Gibney 2	Green, c Hart,
O'Neill, b Gibney 5	b Murray..... 0
Hart, c Halton,	Charles, b Murray..... 4
b Carter 4	Halton, b O'Neill..... 3
Bolger, not out 0	Allanson, b O'Neill..... 5
Millinger, not out 0	Hewetson, not out..... 2
Bresnan, did not bat.	Extras 8
Extras 1	Total70
Total (7 wkts.).....41	

St. Edward's v. Clergy.	
S.E.C.	Clergy.
Smith, lbw. F. Cookson 4	F. Kieran, lbw. Smith... 1
Farrelly, b F. Moah ...18	F. Cookson, b Bradford. 1
Bolger, c—b F. Beahan 3	F. Baybutt, lbw. Smith.33
Murray, b F. Moah..... 7	F. Taylor, b Smith..... 0
Harold, b F. Moah 0	F. Moah, run out.....15
Rogers, b F. Wynstanly 1	F. Gore, b Farrelly..... 1
Hart, b F. Moah..... 2	F. Lavin, c Hart,
Bradford, b F. Moah.... 0	b Smith..... 9
Millinger, b F. Cookson 0	F. Wynstanley, b Smith 4
Martin, c F. Gore,	F. O'Connor, not out... 2
b F. Moah 2	F. O'Keefe, c Bradford,
O'Neill, not out 1	b Smith..... 0
Extras 4	F. Beahan, c Rogers,
Total42	b O'Neill.....12
	Extras 0
	Total78



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