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SCHOOL NOTES.

THE examination results were of course the most important news that greeted us on our return in September. In School Certificate we secured a very good percentage of Passes and Matriculations and we heartily congratulate those who were successful, wishing the others 'better luck next time.'

The Higher School Certificate results were also very good and our representatives were awarded four Scholarships. To these candidates also we extend our felicitations.

* * * *

The Football season has now begun and as

regards success in the Shield we might with advantage quote that budding poet J. M—y

'Perhaps gude luck will help our schemes

In twenty-eight.'

(*Address to the Sheil*).

W. Farrelly captains the First, and T. Coffey, the Second Eleven. May many goals for, and none against, attend their efforts.

* * * *

If any boy has cartoons of Footballers, given in cigarette packets, we would like him to offer them to W. F—y, who is constantly breaking the silence of VIA. Modern's Private Studies by asking for them. Whoever wishes

to give any to the aforementioned gentleman is requested to knock before crossing the sacred threshold of VIA. Modern's classroom.

* * * *

The Annual Retreat was held on October 10th and two following days. Rev. Fr. O'Donnell, O.M.I., conducted it in a very

eloquent manner and we feel sure that he made an impression on us that will last. All-day School on Wednesday was not made up for by a whole free Saturday, and many were the tears and bitter thereof of a great portion of the Juniors on learning this sad (sob) piece of news.

J. CALLANDER (VIA. Modern).

The Whaling Industry.

BY way of commencing this article, I would like to warn the reader that it deals with the industry of rendering beneficial a genus exemplifying all the characteristics of the higher Mammalia, and belonging to the order of Celacea, an order which admits of classification into three families, the Balaenidae, the Physeteridae (sometimes known as the Catodontidae), and the Delphinidae. In everyday phraseology, I would wish the reader to understand that this article deals with whale fishery.

But the reader must not hasten to conclude that I am essaying to add another yarn to the "down-to-the-sea-in-ships" series. Those days when men experienced untold risks in their small sailing-ships are gone, and the pursuit of the aquatic monsters has now practically lost the glamour of romance.

South Georgia Island, the burial-place of Shackleton, is the centre of the present-day Antarctic whaling industry. Formerly a Brazilian possession, it was annexed by England on the grounds that no flag had been hoisted to denote its nationality, and that it was being run on unbusinesslike terms. A large whaling station now stands on the Island, and to its harbour the captured whales are towed. There they are hauled ashore, and divided into sections. Large quantities of crustacea, which adhere to the whale's body, have to be removed, and then the work of

"flensing," or of stripping the blubber, is commenced. The blubber is finally hauled up an inclined plane into huge basins, where it is melted into oil. This fluid is then stored away, ready to be pumped into the oil-ships. During the winter months, which on the Island correspond to those of our summer, the station is closed down, since navigation is well nigh impossible. A number of men are left in the station to take care of the machinery, and the first act of the whalers on returning in September is to dig out these men. The station, and some of the larger oil-boats, are equipped with extra powerful wireless apparatus.

The ordinary whaling-vessels are now screw steam-ships, strongly built in view of the ice-sheets and the dangerous effects of collisions with ice-floes. They are about the length of a Mersey ferry-boat, and are able to turn in their own length. The crew numbers from thirty to forty men. The harpoon with which the whale is struck is an iron rod attaining a length of five feet, and possessing an arrow-shaped head. It is fired from a gun in the prow of the ship. The whale, when struck, dives, and remains under water for a considerable time, the line connecting the harpoon to the vessel being duly paid out by the harpooner. When the whale rises for air, it is again struck. When dead, it is towed into harbour behind the ship, to be operated upon as narrated above.

As a customs duty is exacted on each hogshead of oil at South Georgia, some ships remain on the high seas the whole season, and operate on the whales while at sea. These ships are equipped with special machinery for dealing with the whale.

Occasionally, instead of harpooning the whale, a talley is shot into it. The tally bears the name of the ship, its Company, its position and the date. In this way, valuable knowledge can be gained of the habits of whales. It has been discovered that some whales circumnavigate the world each year.

Whales are from twenty to seventy feet in length. An old legend states that the whale was once a land mammal, but was driven by more powerful mammals into the sea, where it developed aquatic habits. Although they possess a fish-like shape, whales have to rise to the surface for air at stated intervals. At such times the inspired air is ejected from the "blow-holes." This so-called "spouting" is not caused (as was once supposed) by the ejection of the water taken into the mouth in the act of nutrition, but by the heated air of respiration, condensed on exposure to the cold of the atmosphere, together with such superfluous water as may have gained admission to the nostrils from without, or such superjacent water as may be driven up in the form of spray by the violent nature of the respiratory act. They live on shell-fish (Pteropodous Mollusca), which abound in countless shoals in the Arctic and Antarctic Seas.

The several families of whales have different commercial values according to their products. The Balaenidae, or Whalebone Whales, are valuable for blubber and whalebone. These whales are not so desirable to whalers, for the large amounts of whalebone necessitate a change of machinery. The Physeteridae, or Sperm Whales, are gregarious, and swim in schools of twenty to fifty individuals. These whales yield oil, spermaceti, and ambergris. Spermaceti is used in the manufacture of unguents, and for other purposes of the pharmacist, whilst the ambergris obtains its commercial repute as an ingredient in perfumes.

The whalers themselves are mainly Norwegians. They are skilful harpoonists, the art being handed down in families from father to son. A good harpoonist earns a large amount of money in a season. They go south in September, at the beginning of the season, and return home in May. They are all home for the 31st of June—the Feast of the Midnight Sun—which is a very important day in their calendar. Occasionally a Norwegian missionary goes south with them, but they endeavour as best they can to leave him at some other port, for they believe that the presence of a clergyman is detrimental to their whaling. Perhaps the whales get news of the arrival of a clergyman, and fearful for their digestive organs, flee from the presence of a possible second Jonah!

J. FERGUSON (VIA. Moderns).



A Day in a Chinese Native School.

BOOM! boom! boom! The big bell of St. Edward's ringing out nine o'clock. I have stood at the foot of the central staircase watching the hurry and bustle which accompanies that ringing. The bigger boys running up the stairs three steps at a time in their endeavour to be in their places for Prayers—the loiterers doing the few yards from the gate to the hall in the best hundred yards sprint manner—the cyclists crossing the yard at imminent danger to their own life, and certainly to that of anyone else who would be so unfortunate as to get in their way. Everyone making to his own classroom by the shortest possible route.

As I look on, my mind travels away to another country, and another scene. The country is China, and the scene is a native school in a Chinese city in the interior of the country.

The building is a one-storyed affair perhaps of brick, more likely made of mud plastered on bamboo laths. The floor may be boarded, the windows, just holes in the walls, of which there are probably more than were originally intended as some of the more restless pupils have cut a window for their own particular use. Let us peep inside. We will see that all the pupils are hard at work. It is only nine o'clock! Yes, but the Chinese boy has completed two hours school work at that time. Shortly he will be going home for his breakfast. The Chinese pupils commence school at seven o'clock. Some of them leave their homes as early as six o'clock to get there on time, and they are as anxious to get there in time as any boy in St. Edward's because the teacher is supplied not with a strap, but with a good stout bamboo cane, which is much more effective. Each pupil comes to school with his books under one arm, and his tea-pot under the other. Why

his tea-pot? Because there is no pure drinking water to be had, and if the boy wants a drink he must drink tea, and as the ordinary Chinese school does not supply tea, he must bring his own. Punctually, at seven o'clock, the teacher enters the school. All the pupils stand up, and bow to him. He returns the salute with a bow. Then work commences. The first lesson is equivalent to our Reading lesson. The teacher reads or rather sings a portion of the lesson, sings owing to the intonations of the language—the reading more resembles singing. Then he goes back, and takes the piece little by little, the boys singing it after him. Then he gets them to sing it together. When he is satisfied that they have the correct tones, he sits down, and the pupils commence to memorize the piece. Then it is that bedlam breaks loose. Every boy shouts the piece at the top of his voice, and I doubt if one hundred Edwardians at their 'battle cry' could shout down an equal number of Chinese. One by one the boys drop out, they know the piece. I hear you ask: 'What do they do? Talk, or jump about, have some fun?' Not at all. They put their head down on their book and go to sleep for the remainder of the hour. At eight the next lesson commences. It is probably writing. Each boy gets his little dish, and pours some tea into it, then he mixes his ink stick, until the ink is sufficiently thick, when he takes his pen—a little brush just like a small paint brush—and commences to trace out characters. This tracing characters is a very intricate business, for not only must the boy learn the number of strokes which go to make up the character but he must also memorize the order in which, they are written. It is wonderful to see how expert the little boy becomes in the use of his brush. Hence it is that a Chinese boy finds no difficulty in writing English. The

English letters are ever so much easier than the Chinese character, while the pen gives greater facility.

It has struck half-past nine, and the boys are all off home to breakfast. They return

at eleven, and reading, writing and memorizing continue until five in the evening, when school ends, and the boys go home to dinner, having put down another day.

P.J.D.

Applied Poetry.

Collected by T. HOVER (Up.V.).

TO THE BOY WHO HAS OMITTED HIS
"EXERCISES" :—

"Stay, stay at home, my heart and rest,
Home keeping hearts are happiest."

—H. W. Longfellow.

TO THE MUSIC MASTER :—

"Thy voice is heard through rolling
drums."—*Lord Tennyson.*

TO THE BOY ABOUT TO BE PUNISHED :—

O what can ail thee wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering.—*J. Keats.*

TO THE BOY LEAVING SCHOOL :—

Good night, good night: "PARTING" is
such sweet sorrow

That I shall say good night till it be
morrow. —*W. Shakespeare.*

TO THE BOYS WHO HAVE HAD THEIR "MAG."
ARTICLES REJECTED :—

'Tis not in mortals to command "success,"
But we'll do more Sempronius; we'll
deserve it. —*Addison.*

TO THE BOY EXPELLED FROM THE CLASS :—

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But "Go" at once. —*W. Shakespeare.*

TO THE BOY WHO RECEIVES AN IMPOSITION :—

What! will the lines stretch out to the
crack of doom? —*W. Shakespeare.*

TO THE BOY WHO DOES NOT BRING HIS
"GYM." SHOES :—

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well want of heart.
—*Hood ("The Lady's Dream.")*

TO THE BOY WHO EXPECTS HIS "MAG."
ARTICLE TO BE ACCEPTED :—

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there,
Where most it promises. —*Shakespeare.*

J. LENNON, U.V. Alpha.

TO THE NEW BOY'S FIRST FRENCH
EXERCISE :—

"His work of glory done." —*Cowper.*

TO THE ROPES IN THE NEW GYM. :—

"But now he's gone aloft."
(from "Tom Bowling").

TO THE DUNCE, AFTER PUNISHMENT :—

"Wild is thy lay and loud."
(from the "Skylark").

TO THE BELL AT NINE O'CLOCK :—

"Hark, now I hear them, ding dong bell."
—*Shakespeare.*

TO THE ECLIPSE-FANS :—

"At daybreak on a hill they stood."
(from "Lucy Gray").

TO THE CHANNEL-SWIMMER :—

"His eye methinks, pursues the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over."
—*Campbell.*

TO THE NEW GYMNASIUM :—

"'Twas cleaned out so nice and so
painted withal." —*Charles Dibdin.*

TO OUR SUMMER :—

"Cold's the wind and wet's the rain."
—*Thomas Dekker.*

Poets, Philosophers, and Artists Made by Accident.

FRED. MARTIN, U.V. Alpha.

POETS among other men are said to be born not made. However, it can be shown that accident has frequently occasioned the most eminent geniuses to display their powers. Edward Gibbon, Britain's greatest historian, is one exception. There are others. "It was at Rome," says Gibbon, "on the 15th October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capital, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, first started to my mind."

Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's room he found, when very young, Spenser's Faery Queen and by a continual study of poetry he became so enchanted by the Muse that he gradually became a poet.

Accident determined the taste of Molière for the Stage. His grandfather loved the theatre and frequently took him there. When a youth, Molière lived in idleness. His father observing it, asked in anger if his son was to be made an actor. These words struck Molière, he took a disgust to his tapestry trade and it is to this circumstance that France owes her greatest comic writer.

It is often said that we owe the great discovery of Newton to a very trivial incident. When a student at Cambridge, he had retired during the time of the plague into the country. As he was reading under an apple-tree, one of the fruit fell and struck him a sharp blow on the head. When he observed the smallness of the apple, he was surprised at the force of the stroke. This led him to consider the accelera-

ting motion of bodies. Afterwards he deduced the principle of gravity and so laid the foundation of his philosophy.

St. Ignatius Loyola was a Spanish gentleman who was dangerously wounded at the siege of Pampeluna. During his illness in hospital he read the Lives of the Saints and he conceived a strong ambition to be the founder of a religious order. This was how the celebrated society of the Jesuits originated.

La Fontaine, a writer of fables, at the age of twenty-two had not taken any profession or devoted himself to any pursuit. He accidentally heard some verses of a French poet and felt a sudden impulse, which directed his future life. He became so enthusiastic that he would run in the daytime to the woods, where, concealing himself, he would recite his verses to nature.

Flamsteed, the great astronomer, became first acquainted with his art when, being taken home ill, he began to read a book on astronomy and he immediately decided to take a course on this subject.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1723-92, the first President of the Royal Academy and a great friend of Samuel Johnson, had the first fondness of his art excited when he read a book by Richardson.

"In some cases, a man's brains and intellect develop late in life," says a certain great philosopher of St. Edward's College. This may have been the case of the men that I have mentioned. Providence, perhaps, did not suffer these to show their genius till later years.

The Morning After the Night Before.

P. HAGAN, VIA. (Moderns).

IT was a summer's evening,
The French are on the sea,
Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
So we called for the fiddlers three.

Then up spake brave Horatius,
"Let nothing you dismay,
You can keep your Christmas pudding,
Since the soldiers got no pay."

So let me like a soldier fall,
Under the spreading chesnut tree,
While the stormy winds do blow,
On the sea! the sea! the open sea!

"Stand back! Stand back!" the maiden
cried,
The sun at dawn arises;
Oh! don't deceive me, oh! never leave me,
Or I shall get none of the prizes.

Blow! Blow! thou winter wind,
The song of the Volga Boatmen,
For a-hunting we will go,
Oots, we dinna ken.

And there was mounting in hot haste,
On the road to Mandalay,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
So they can talk to the Vicar of Bray.

There is a tavern in the town,
Drink to me only with thine eyes;
A man's a man for a' that,
No matter where he lies.

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey
mare,
We have no bananas to-day;
Christmas comes but once a year,
And I am to be Queen of the May.

Football Humour.

T. FITZGERALD, VIA. Sc.

THE referee was walking through the town at the conclusion of the match at which he had officiated. His decisions had not been popular with the home team or its supporters. One of the supporters approached him. "Excuse me, Sir," said the enthusiast, "but where is your dog?" "Dog?" replied the puzzled ref. "You're mistaken; I haven't got a dog." "Well," continued the footer fan, "you're the first blind man I've seen without one."

* * * *

A large and clamorous crowd had assembled

to see the match. It had been raining all night and the pitch was like a perfect lake, but so demonstrative was the crowd that the referee deemed it unwise to cancel the game. He called the two captains out to the centre of the pitch and bade them toss. After the spin of the coin the Rover's captain had choice of ends. "All right," said that worthy individual, "we'll kick with the tide first half."

* * * *

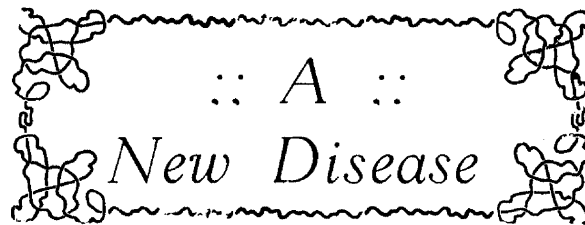
Scottish footer "fans" are so enthusiastic that often, when funds are low, they walk long distances to see their favourite teams play. The story is told of two Aberdonians

who set out to walk, one Monday morning, to Dundee where their team was playing an important cup-tie on the following Saturday afternoon. They took the walk by easy stages and arrived at Dundee on the Saturday just before the match but by the time they had plodded their way to the ground they were unable to summon up enough strength

to climb over the enclosure, being so exhausted by their long tramp.

* * * *

Two enthusiastic Scots had great difficulty in getting into the last England v. Scotland match. In fact one of them tore his trousers on the barbed wire.



A GREAT change had come over my friend. He was pale, and a feverish light was in his eyes; he was quite a worry at home and at school. He went off his food and what was more startling still he gave up doing his homework in his usual excellent way. He puzzled everybody who came in contact with him. I questioned him, but he was close and pretended that he did not realize the great change that had come over him. "What's the matter?" said I. "Why, nothing," he rejoined, and he made a feeble attempt to brace himself up, which, however, failed to convince me.

Gradually he got worse. He neglected his homework completely and kept still more and more to himself. He deserted all his chums with one exception. This privileged boy visited my chum's house regularly every night. I questioned this boy but got no satisfactory answer.

One day, however, I overheard this boy and my chum talking, and being a bit curious to see him so normal, I listened. This is what I heard. "Nearly finished now, Jim." "Have you?" said Jim; "it is about time it was complete." At this they spotted me and slid off. This aroused my suspicions and I kept my eyes and ears open and often I heard my friend talking to himself.

At last I could stand the suspense no longer. One night I went to his house to call for him. When I entered I found him busy writing. I asked him what he was writing. "Oh, nothing much," said he, and he appeared confused. I went to take the paper and he tried to stop me, but I got it first and when I read it I found the cause of his anxiety.—He was trying to write an Article for the School Magazine.

WM. FENNELL, U.V.B.



The Seven Ages of a Secondary School.

ALL the school's a stage
 And some of its members merely swots
 They have their day as do the others.
 One scholar in his time plays many parts,
 His grades being seven ages. First in Prep.
 Being broken in, to the routine of the school.
 And then in the First getting fed up with
 books
 And all their consequences. Then in the
 Second
 Thinking himself important as he rises.
 And then in the Third, coming slovenly to
 school,

Boots unblacked, hair uncombed, books for-
 gotten.
 And then in the Fourth, beginning to tidy
 himself ;
 And so he plays his part—unwillingly, of
 course.
 The sixth age shifts into a full blown
 Fifth form member, book in hand, furrowed
 brow,
 Preparing for the Matric. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange, eventful history,
 Is the Lordly Sixth, and long-winded dignity ;
 A climax, sans nothing but commonsense.

R. LEONARD, U.V. Beta.

How Our Magazine is Produced.

DO you ever, while reading this Magazine
 at your ease, give a thought to the
 self-denying creatures (such as my-
 self) who work themselves away to shadows,
 in order to produce such a glorious piece of
 literature? Of course, the Sixes take to
 themselves a lot of the credit attached to this
 Herculean piece of work ; but this is only
 a natural consequence of the phenomenon
 which compels the Sixth to wear elastic caps.
 The fact is, that *we* do all the work. (Do not
 place any reliance on the lady in "Admirable
 Crighton," who says "'The fact is' is a
 common form of introducing a fictitious
 statement," or words to that effect).

Now, the reason why we are able to accom-
 plish such a great literary task is, that we
 set to work methodically. First of all, a
 kind of Sub-Editor, or Grand Inquisitor, is
 elected. In regard to this election, I should
 like to remark that it was carried out very

badly indeed. Our English master took up
 our votes himself, thus ruining my intention
 of putting in six or seven votes for myself.
 In our case, the position was conferred by
 this poll upon one Smith, a person noted as
 one of the foremost literati of our day ; a
 person whose genius is the talk of four con-
 tinents. (See name after this article).

His Magazinic (good word, that ; I invented
 it myself) Highness now proceeds to collect
 the "germs" of articles which the rest of
 the class shower upon him (?) and to exhort
 them to further effort. Then it is that
 brows become furrowed, and we begin to
 waste away to "mere skellingtons." Then
 it is that, being so fully ungrossed in our
 magnitudinous labor of love, we begin to
 forget to do our preparation, or our exercises.
 The masters, unfortunately, seem totally in-
 capable of realizing that people occupied with
 such a task may be excused for careless

exercises; and especially, that such allowance ought to be made in the case of the "Head germ-collector."

The "germs" come in all forms; sometimes about five words, on a full-sized sheet of paper; sometimes, but more rarely, about a hundred words, on a scrap of paper not much larger than a postage-stamp. These have all to be collected, put into order, etc., by the "Grand Inquisitor." The truth is then gently "broken" to the class that it is *not* this person's duty to "write up" the suggestions. This is done by setting them to develop their suggestions into full-sized articles. Thus, the job is written up in the best "Grub-street fashion." The articles are then addressed, correctly, and in full, to

"The Waste-paper Basket of the Editorial Sanctum of the Saint Edward's College Magazine (Organ of the Pupils and ex-Pupils of the Christian Brothers, Liverpool . . .)." They are then in fit condition to be forgotten for some time, and then handed to someone who will mislay them for a while, and pass them on to somebody else, who will (etc., etc. . . .). At last, long after the Mag. has been published, they will be handed to the Editor; and the Editor will probably consign them all at once to the place to which they are addressed.

Thus will all our labor perish. When you are reading the Magazine at your ease, give a thought to us, working ourselves away to shadows in your interest.

JOSEPH P. SMITH, U.V ALPHA.

BOOM!

BOOM! The sound rang out on the evening air. It was a sound that was to affect the lives of millions of people. Certainly it had been expected by many, but to others it came with startling suddenness. Office-men looked up from their books, workmen paused in their labours, pedestrians stood still, people for miles around all stopped what they were doing to listen to the sound. Again and again it was repeated, each time with the same loudness and clearness. The sound was heard over a hundred miles away, although here people

had to strain their ears to catch it. Children glanced at one another, as much as to say, "The time has come," and, a few minutes later, cities and towns all over the country were made more noisy by the shrill cries and chatter of crowds of boys and girls who were rushing in all directions. What was it that had caused all this commotion? It was four o'clock, school was over for the day, and Big Ben had been heard striking, not only in London, but also throughout England by means of the wireless.

R. G. LOONEY, U.V ALPHA.

The Terrible Train Tragedy.

THE express thundered on at a terrible speed. The onlookers stood as though in a ghastly dream, for no brake could stop the train at that pace. On it sped, with a horrible lurching motion, towards that fatal crossing, where it left the rails, and crashed

into the embankment—a total wreck.

Shrink not, reader, from the sound
Of children's bitter woe.

"Oh! daddy, it was overwound.
We knew you'd bust the Show."

W. F. FARRELLY, VIA. (Mod.).

Advertising: From Across the Pond.

L. S. HANBRIDGE, VIB. Moderns.

MANY times it has been said that the English are far too modest: that they possess one of the most beautiful bits of the created world and are most unwilling to proclaim it from the house tops.

Here, where there are vast tracks of open country, 'whale-backed downs,' shady woods and craggy hills as bare as the back of a shovel, I should like to see scores of visitors, people with an eye for beauty and a wad of greenbacks to burn.

There's no doubt about it, England wants boosting, and here is the effort of an enterprising advertiser who tried to snatch a leaf from America's book:

SAY YOU GUYS, BOOBS, HE-MEN AND STIFFS! What about that little vacation? Where are you going this year? Palm Beach? The Rockies? Honolulu? The Adirondacks? Well now listen to the big idea! Cut out the dear homeland bait and give Little Old England the once-over; it's some place believe me, bo! absolutely stiff with green fields like those you read about in the poetry books, with simply oodles of those

HONEST-TO-GOODNESS DAISIES

and

BUTTERCUPS

mentioned by Mister Wordsworth (or Woolworth). Hundreds of real live

BROOKS

that go on for ever, guaranteed inexhaustible by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

SKYLARKS! SKYLARKS! SKYLARKS!

Millions of excellent, good-conditioned skylarks, as advertised by Messrs. Burns, Hodd and old man Shakespeare himself. Come and hear them pouring out their hearts in profuse strains of absolutely genuine unpremeditated art (Percy B. Shelley).

Do you want to get back to the England of Folk-lore and Morris-Dancing, the truly rural stuff full of Jarges and Dobbins, country pubs and clod-hoppers? Then try a trip to

ENGLAND MY ENGLAND

(W. E. Henley).

Over here we have:—

THE OLDEST INHABITANTS,

THE CRAZIEST VILLAGE IDIOTS,

that ever happened—everyone guaranteed completely senile or absolutely cucoo-pated. Money back if not satisfied.

The tourist who wants the real goods cannot do better than start his tour at

STOKE POGES.

The scene of Gray's celebrated Elogy. Here he will find the ancient manners and customs of England still going strong. Every evening punctually at 8 p.m. the curfew tolls the knell of parting day, and shortly afterwards the tourist is thrilled to the teeth by the sight of a first-class herd of Friesians winding slowly o'er the lea, every one of 'em lowing to beat the band.

Among the other attractions of this resort are:—

ONE REAL PLOUGHMAN

homeward plodding his weary way at 6 p.m. daily, and noon on Saturdays; together with

ONE GENUINE BEETLE

who wheels his droning flight according to programme; and a fine specimen of the

MOPING OWL,

who to the moon complains of a brace of youthful and unhandled colts.

Or come to

SUSSEX BY THE SEA

as recommended by Mr. R. Kipling. Thousand acres of bare downlands with not a soul in sight but a few sheep and a yokel or two,

COME IN YOUR THOUSANDS
and spend a happy day "far from the madding
crowd's ignoble strife." (T. Gray).

Here you will find delightful little burgs,
full of powerful pigs, tumble-down cottages,
and gaffers sitting outside with whiskers all
round their faces. None of your fake gaffers,
but the real moss-grown article, full of rheu-
matics. Buy one of them a drink and hear
him say "Well, I be blarmed, blarmed if I
baint! Yiss I be, sure-ly!"

And what about GLORIOUS DEVON? The
only county that rhymes with Heaven. But
don't forget to see—

SURREY,

the home of that sure-as-death nightingale,
invented and patented by Mr. J. Keats. Just
now this little brown songster is going all out,
and, believe me, he sure does want some
beating, that fowl.

Hear him take E in alt. and then you'll

go home and bust all your Galli-Curci records.
As Uncle Mat says: "What passion!
Hark! What pain!" and Mr. Arnold
knew a good thing when he heard it.

Then of course, there's LONDON. Don't
forget that little village on the Thames.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE AND
COME ACROSS BUDDY!

Take a look of the England of song and story.

REAL CORNFIELDS.

GENUINE BRITISH OAKS.

SURE-AS-DEATH GAFFERS.

To say nothing of Windmills, Water-wheels,
Ancient Churches, Picturesque Ruins, Fine
Old Abbeys, Moth-eaten Castles, and many
other attractions.

And so saying, the would-be advertisement
writer went out into the dark and consumed
three different sorts of poison. And serve
him right.

Some Tales of Former University Life.

G.M., VI.B.

A Day's Life in College about 1456.

They rise and open the shutters, the
windows being unglazed, pore over text
books. Chapel. Break their fast, the fare
being bread and cheese, and "a pot o' the
smallest ale." From seven, the morning was
crowded with disputations and lectures. At
nine, the morning was "cut with a drink,"
there being then a "biberium" allowed, a
pint of ale and a morsel of bread. At eleven,
dinner. The Bible-clerk repeated a Latin
grace. The food consisted of a bowl of meat-
juice, thickened with oatmeal, followed by a
helping of boiled meat on a thick slice of
bread, served on a wooden trencher, and
flanked by a tankard of college beer. Salt
meat on fasts; capons or brawn or game
on feasts. In the afternoon, the younger

scholars went to the archery butts, north of
St. Giles's Church. A second "biberium"
about three. Chapel. At six, supper, after
which they sat round the hall fire. Before
retiring, a race round the quad. to warm the
feet well.

Seventeenth Century.

A servitor in Oxford, serving to the table
a tongue, let it fall by the way; being chid
by his master for it, he said it was but
"lapsus lingue."

A scholar, being at a rectory, stole a pig.
The parson, looking out of his window, spied
him and said: "Scholar, scholar, I'll none
of that." "No more shall you," quoth the
scholar, and ran away with it.

Eighteenth Century.

One night a proctor attended by his bulldog, met an undergraduate in the Turl without cap and gown, and said: "I am surprised at your disregard of rules, sir! What might your name be?" "Julius Caesar" was the quick reply. "What, sir; do you mean to say your name is Julius Caesar?" "Sir, you did not ask me what it is, but what it might be."

The Gentleman's Magazine for 1794 contains a letter from a father who signs himself "an enemy to all ambiguity." He had just paid his first visit to his son at Cambridge. The father expected that conversation would be of the purest English at so great a seat of learning, but to his utter surprise and horror he found slang prevalent among the scholars. To us it is interesting to see how much of the slang of our day has been inherited from the following words, to which this gentleman took grave exception: "My gyp"; "I crammed him"; "Tipped him"; "Kicking up a row"; "Being sent to grass." They had nicknames for the inhabitants collectively of their several colleges: "Johnian bulldogs"; "Clare Hall greyhounds"; "Sidney owls." The word "to cut" was frequently used: "to cut lectures"; "to cut a concert." "They sported an aegrotat"; "they sported a new coat"; "he sported his oak." "Jack-an-apes"; "Old Codger"; "A bumber." "He spunged upon me." Such are some of the instances given.

Scene: A viva voce examination in divinity.

EXAMINER: "It seems to me, sir, that you know nothing whatever about the bible. Is there any passage you can repeat?"

UNDERGRAD: "Judas departed, and went and hanged himself."

EXAMINER: "Well, sir, perhaps you will repeat another."

UNDERGRAD: "Go and do thou likewise."

Nineteenth Century.

An undergraduate of Cambridge being examined for his degree, and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that he had not been questioned concerning the things which he knew. Upon this, the examiner tore off an inch of paper, and, pushing it towards him, desired him to write upon it all that he knew.

An undergraduate, sitting for an examination, was noticed by the don who had charge of the schools, to be constantly turning up the corner of his blotting pad. The examiner immediately walked down the room, and, on inspecting the pad, discovered just beneath it the photograph of a beautiful girl. "Mr. —, I am astonished at your conduct: how do you account for this?" To which the poor fellow, who had been taken by surprise, replied in faltering tones: "In moments of perplexity, I turn to her for inspiration."

The examiner then said: "There, there, you're a foolish boy!"

Not so very foolish: for, on the examiner (who was invigilating) withdrawing to his high desk, the youth removed the young lady and substituted a neat schedule of the Kings of Judah and Israel, or Hannibal's battles, or some other test of the memory. And for the rest of the time he consulted his blotting paper, undisturbed, under the very eyes of the examiner.

MARCUS PATTISON

COLL. LINCOLN. APUD. OXON. PEP 23 ANNOS.
RECTOR.

NATUS 10 OCTOB. 1813. OBIIT 30 JULII 1884.
AETATIS. ANNO. 71.

The above inscription is on the tombstone of Mark Pattison at Harrogate.

Shortly after the stone's erection, the old sexton inquired in broad Yorkshire, "Maister, some of us have been trying to read these

lettering. Could you tell us if we have got the right meaning?" Construing: "Mark! this is Rector Pattison, who for collaring twenty-three oxen about Lincoln" then, after a pause, adding: "Does the third line state the dates, and the bottom line say he got seventy-one days?"

A student was confronted with a paper, so stiff that he could not answer a single question, and in a fit of desperation wrote across it eight words, folded, and sent it up. When the examiner opened it, he read: "Fools ask questions which wise men cannot answer."

On Buying and Selling Last Year's Books

P. S. BYRNE, VIB. Science.

MANY big business deals are made in the selling and buying of second-hand books. Many yield great profit and others are barren of monetary fruit. The great art in selling second-hand books is to assume a pleading and humble mien and ask so nicely as to charm your victim who takes the book very pleased with himself, and actually pays the money down. If this will not suffice to get rid of a book, which (although of sentimental interest to an old boy of fifteen years ago) is now ready for the fire, other ways and means should be resorted to. Either try and sell the book as having-in all the notes which would otherwise have to be written up (this is a great incentive and gets rid of many a tattered volume), or explain regretfully that it was new last year but got dropped in the mud.

But some fellows have hearts of adamant,

and all requests to buy books are turned aside with disdain. With these nothing can be done but walk as dignified as possible. Then again some "don't buy second-hand books" and scorn to have anything to do with their sellers. These last two types are bad enough, but still worse is the individual who wants to buy a book, has the money with him, buys it after being sure he wants it, and returns it on the next day saying that it is not required.

Bad as the buyers are, from the seller's point of view, some sellers on the other hand are worse. They come to you every time and any time that you see them and they see you, it makes no difference, with the same book, price, and request.

These deals make the playground like a Rialto or Stock Exchange, but have their effects, whether for good or evil, on everybody.

The Examination.

(With apologies to several *real* poets).

There's a breathless hush in the School to-day,
And the boys seem thin and pale,
For the question troubles one and all:
"Will I pass—or will I fail?"
But out speaks some brave jester,
With a laugh but half sincere,

"To every man upon this earth death cometh
soon or late,
And how can men die better than facing fearful odds,
At the hands of angry fathers wielding thin
and supple rods?"

But howls of execration
Quickly drown his consolation,
Which is quickly changed to oft-repeated yells.

Each trembling boy then takes his place,
In a room as gloomy as he's feeling,
And as the exam. papers are handed round,
His groans would nearly raise the ceiling.

The shades of night are falling fast,
As from that room there come at last
Sad youths whose very voices quiver,
As they stalk forth to seek the river
And end it all.

But each of them avoids decease,
Awakes one morn from a sleep of peace,
And finds among the mail upon his plate,
The Pass List, or, to him, the Book of Fate.

Then the one who passed pays visits to the
ignominious failure,
And boasts both loud and long of his fine
win,
And finally extorts from him a last despairing
wail, "your
A better man than I am—rub it in!!"
JAMES MURPHY, VIA.

The Slacker's Dream.

IT was 11 p.m. when our hero returned from that new and gaudy form of entertainment known as a revue, and as his male parent appeared singularly vicious, the small intelligence he had counselled immediate retreat to bed, rather than the answering of embarrassing questions concerning homework.

As he mounted the stairs his brain was working overtime, for his two exercises had been skimped, his lab. note-book forgotten, his French unprepared—Ye Gods!—and all other lessons consigned to the lap of the gods; and up to that time he had not decided upon one feasible excuse. Would the prefect take up the exercises before the first period? This was the burning question of the moment. Perhaps he would forget, and then it would be a simple matter to finish the Physics exercise under cover of Smith's broda back, during the English lesson. That was one settled—but what about the Latin? Oh! the old excuse would do. He mentally rehearsed it: "Please sir, somehow or other, I forgot to put it in my case; I don't know how it happened but" These two ruses might work, but that unprepared French

As he tucked the bed-clothes under his chin he pondered over it. It would need to be an excellent excuse for the French master. The cross-examination of how the previous evening had been spent, loomed before him. Even now he could hear the loud guffaws of that utter ass in the front row as he answered the master's searching questions. Truly an awful predicament! And with this ponderous matter confusing his poor brain, he surrendered himself to the arms of Morpheus and dreamed. His dream was undoubtedly a slacker's dream, but even a conscientious worker might have harboured such ideas as revolved in our hero's brain during sleep.

At first he seemed to be ascending a hill towards a large building. He did not notice the name of the road, but it seemed strangely familiar to him, as also did the building to which he was approaching. But somehow its outlines were not so severe as those of the school he attended. The bleakness seemed to have disappeared, and cheery comfort radiated from every quarter of this cream building. But a school it certainly was, and as the time was, according to his dream, 9-35, he hurried forward. However, there was no need for such haste. Dozens of other fellows

were just going in, and hence our friend concluded that 9-45 must be the time of opening of this school. A queer regulation! thought he, but inwardly he heartily approved.

His dismay, however, increased enormously when he found himself ushered into an elevator by an attendant liveried in rather familiar colours. As he gazed at them he marvelled. "Royal Blue and Gold," said he, "surely they could never attain such splendid ideas." And as he stepped out of the lift he was still wondering if his school governors could possibly ever adopt such schemes. The class-room in which he now found himself was quite in keeping with the liveried attendant. His feet sank deep in the pile of the Turkish carpet, and his tired limbs—for slackers' limbs are always presumed to be tired—responded to the tempting plush upholstery of the luxurious desks. With his feet on the master's desk, he wondered sleepily how this could possibly be a school. To all intents and purposes the place was a lounge.

However, it *was* a school, and suddenly the magnificent loud-speaker in the corner burst into an English lesson. Here, a master's presence was not required; he simply lounged in his office and talked into a microphone. Consequently the lesson was interrupted at intervals by joyous puffs at a 'briar.' Of course, the pupils did not mind these interruptions at all; as a matter of fact they rather enjoyed them, being reminded at such junctures that they were rid of the presence of masters, who really were bothers where homework was concerned.

So a lazy morning progressed, and at 11 a.m. a silent, adequate manservant moved around the desks distributing 'snacks' to the wearied scholars. Quite an innovation! Our hero was aroused from a new reverie to devour ham-sandwiches. Then a short musical interlude as a sedative, and another lesson (?) followed. At 12 noon dinner was provided in the magnificently appointed dining hall—a full course dinner, followed by liqueurs and coffee, and finished off with cigars. Oh! by the way, it might be interesting to note that our hero's next-door neighbour at dinner informed him that these dinners were provided at the school's expense. At 12-45, the scholars were free, and a fleet of gorgeous 'buses took them to their various homes. Such a perfect Board of Directors! So thoughtful! A whole afternoon in which to rest. No homework or learning work for the already overworked scholars. Just a complete rest! leaving a whole evening free for cinemas or theatres as the mood took them.

Our hero was just choosing a comfortable back seat in a six-wheeler saloon 'bus, when the guard, overburdened with the importance of having the college badge emblazoned in blue and gold on his cap, noticed him. After gazing long and earnestly, he burst out: "'Ere, young feller, 'ow long 'ave you been at this school"; he shook him rather viciously, so viciously in fact that the tired lad woke with a start to hear his mother's voice urging him to hurry up for school. How extremely disappointing!

J. D. BYRNE, VIB. Moderns.



The Olympic Games.

THE Olympic Games were national festivals of the Greeks, attended by spectators and competitors from all parts of Greece, and were so called from being held at Olympia. Their origin is lost in a remote antiquity; the general belief is that they were established in celebration of a victory.

Previous to the opening of the games there was a proclamation of universal peace throughout the land, and all intending competitors had to spend ten months severe training in the gymnasium.

The first day of the festival was devoted to the classing and arranging of competitors by the judges, previously sworn to strict impartiality and to the rejection of a bribe. On this day there were also contests for the trumpeters. The second day was allotted to boys, who contested in wrestling, boxing, and foot and horse-racing. Their place was taken the third day by the men, who engaged in similar "events," and whose foot races were of several kinds, as once, twice or several times over the course. There were, too, races for men clad in heavy armour.

On the fourth day took place a fivefold contest, the events of which included running, leaping, wrestling, throwing heavy weights and throwing the javelin. These were fol-

lowed by horse and chariot racing and by contests for heralds.

The ceremonies terminated on the fifth day with further sacrifices, processions, banquets to the victors and the presentation of prizes. These last, the sole reward, were invariably crowns of no intrinsic value, being merely wreaths of twigs gathered from the sacred olive tree. These simple prizes were greatly coveted and carried with them great honour to their possessors.

The games were revived later in 1894, by representatives of several countries, as an international contest and, in 1896, the first modern meeting took place at Athens, the ancient stadium having been rebuilt. The events included the usual track and other sports with modern introductions such as tennis, cycling, fencing, rifle-shooting and swimming competitions. A striking feature was the Marathon race, commemorative of the bringing to Athens of the news of the victory of the Athenian army of 10,000 men over that of the Persians of 500,000 men, at Marathon. The distance was about 26 miles, but about fifteen years ago the fashion became a craze for Marathon races in which all sorts of distances, quite independent of the classic 26½ miles, were employed.


FRANCIS J. MCKEOWN, U.V.D.

Obituary.

It was with the deepest regret that, just as we returned to school, we heard of the death of Thomas J. Carr. We heard of his being unwell during the Examinations, but did not expect that the end was so near. Always of a gentle, kindly disposition, he was popular

with both his teachers and young companions. Ever earnest about his work, we trust that he was ready for the call to a happier land, when the end came. To his parents and relatives we tender our sincerest sympathy.—
R.I.P.

Our Gymnasium.

 ON October 24th, 1927, our new gymnasium was opened. At a cost of over £2,500, a new building fully furnished was added to complete our School equipment. A convenient dressing-room is also provided; and we were all eager to get into "gym. togs," to sample the varied apparatus. Here the wall-bars, horizontal beams with their saddles, and especially the window-frame taxed us in feats of agility, the vaulting horse, buck, and vaulting box came in for admiration, while the otherwise

innocent-looking benches provided us with an opportunity of testing our balancing powers. Of course, we were anxious to sample all the apparatus, but soon found out that a course of graduated exercises must be systematically gone through, and so our curiosity will be only gradually satisfied, and the course, right on to the end, run its allotted span. We hope to make the most use of our new acquisition and so justify the old adage: "Mens sana in corpore sano."

Examination Results, 1927

JOINT MATRICULATION BOARD.

University Schollrships :—

Senior City Scholarship—W. J. Lowe.
Lancashire County Scholarship—T. P. Higgins
Bartlett Scholarship—J. P. Higgins.
Boyd Engineering Scholarship—A. Morgan.

Higher School Certificate :—

J. Geraghty.	A. G. Morgan.
P. Hagan.	G. Murray.
G. W. Harwood.	F. L. O'Shaughnessy.
T. P. Higgins.	R. P. Rogers.
W. J. Loughlin.	T. M. Ryan.
W. J. Lowe.	J. G. Smith.
J. G. Mooney.	

Distinction in Physics—W. J. Lowe.

Matriculation and School Certificate :—

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

T. W. Anderson.	*K. Bryson.
*T. J. Archer.	*J. D. Byrne.
*J. K. Bergin.	*P. S. Byrne.
*J. E. Bibby.	T. J. Carr.
*J. M. Bold.	F. J. Chamberlain.

J. J. Clancy.	T. J. McDevitt.
J. Donnelly.	*F. G. McGhee.
*W. M. Doyle.	H. McHugh.
J. G. Doyle.	A. McNally.
*L. Enright.	F. McParlin.
*A. E. Evanson.	*B. H. Malone.
W. Flynn.	G. F. Mercer.
*J. Gavin.	*J. G. Millinger.
D. Grannell.	*D. Murphy.
*J. Hagan.	I. Murphy.
*L. S. Hanbridge.	*W. P. Neston.
J. J. Harding.	T. Nevin.
F. Hasson.	*John Nolan.
C. Haworth.	Joseph Nolan.
R. Haworth.	J. B. Owens.
R. Horan.	*E. Renshaw.
W. A. Johnson.	*R. Rimmer.
M. Johnston.	*G. J. Rogers.
J. J. Kearney.	*W. J. Rooney.
W. Kilgallon.	*P. G. Ryan.
M. Kilroy.	M. Ryder.
E. F. Kirwan.	F. Shaw.
G. McBride.	M. Spencer.
*D. J. McCarthy.	T. P. Williams.
*J. B. McCusker.	*J. Worthington.
J. McCurry.	*F. G. Wusteman.

DISTINCTIONS :—

Mathematics.—J. M. Bold ; W. M. Doyle ; W. P. Duffy ; L. Enright ; J. Gavin ; J. Hagan ; F. A. Hawksworth ; R. Horan ; F. G. McGhee ; G. F. Mercer ; J. G. Millinger ; D. Murphy ; R. Rimmer ; M. Ryder ; J. Worthington ; F. G. Wusteman.

Physics.—J. M. Bold ; P. S. Byrne ; W. M. Doyle ; A. E. Evanson ; J. Gavin ; G. F. Mercer ; M. Ryder ; J. Worthington ; F. G. Wusteman.

Chemistry.—F. G. Wusteman.

RESULTS OF SUMMER TERM EXAMS.

VIB. (Sc.).—1, J. Kelly ; 2, F. Molyneux ; 3, H. O'Neill.

VIB. (Mod.).—1, J. Murphy ; 2, J. Ferguson ; L.V.alpha.—1, J. Smith ; 2, F. McHale ; 3, F. Lennon.

L.V.beta.—1, G. Rogan ; 2, D. Flynn ; 3, J. Hover.

L.VA.—1, J. Corish ; 2, E. Harvey ; 3, D. Sessions.

IV.alpha.—1, H. McGrath ; 2, R. Stevenson ; 3, I. Moore.

IV.beta.—1, R. Ripley ; 2, V. Quigley ; 3, T. Kelly.

IVA.—1, G. Lane ; 2, W. Kenna ; 3, G. Walker.

IVB.—1, J. Ireland ; 2, P. Bleakley ; 3, G. Dolan.

III.alpha.—1, W. Carr and P. Lomax ; 3, J. Banks.

III.beta.—1, B. Collins ; 2, B. Dixon ; 3, P. Garvin.

IIIA.—1, L. McKeown ; 2, J. Chambers ; 3, A. Doran.

IIIB.—1, V. Stamp ; 2, D. Shannon ; 3, H. Denton.

IIA.—1, E. Mallon ; 2, M. Beglin ; 3, F. O'Rourke.

IIB.—1, L. Mawdsley ; 2, V. Bullen ; 3, F. Mabbs.

I.—1, A. Maginnis ; 2, J. Cain ; 3, G. Ormond.

Prep.—1, R. Ashley ; 2, A. Morris ; 3, F. Bryson.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. HOVER.

Ignorant.—We are glad to be able to tell you, that Scheele, the discoverer of oxygen, was a Swede, not a turnip.

Swot.—An era is that portion or interval of time between two consecutive winnings of the Football Shield by S.E.C.

Desirous.—To obtain a healthy complexion spend a week in Bootle or interview Cherry R.

Doubtful.—When you have not done your exercises, the best method of escaping punishment is to ask the prefect to let you collect the exercises. F.H. thoroughly understands this subject ; consult him.

J.S.—If you desire to take part in the Christmas concert, valuable information on elocution can be obtained from R.G.P.L., who

has had considerable experience as an elocutionist.

Injured.—Yes we agree with you. Wh—n does owe a lot to O'R—ly for getting him off so many exercises.

JOHN W. FARRELL (VIA. Moderns).

"Tarry thee, O gentle coz,

Whilst I respond to this half doz."

—J. William Shakespeare Farrell.

Perplexed Freshman.—"Viriliter Age" does not mean "Mind your own business," as you were told in reply to your question. Also I think "What d'ye want to know for?" is rather a free translation. Your form-master should enlighten you.

Adonis of the Sixth.—Failing a local barber,

any Furniture Remover will remove those sideboards of yours.

Pro Bono Publico.—W. Homer did not keep pigeons, but I am doubtful whether he had whippets or not. " 'Od's rabbit," that we meet often in old English, is probably handed down from his time.

Upper-Fiver.—Sorry: we do not publish 1928 Matriculation papers. "Old Moore" will oblige.

Second Custodian (Via.).—I am afraid you may not use Logs. to calculate the number of shots you fail to see or grasp. Their usage as a protective measure against the onslaughts of forwards is highly recommended.

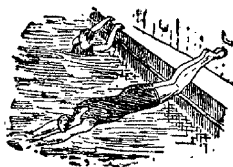
Francois Blanc et Cie.—The stock of school caps has now been replenished and I can assure you that these new ones will in no way detract from the beauty of your coiffures.

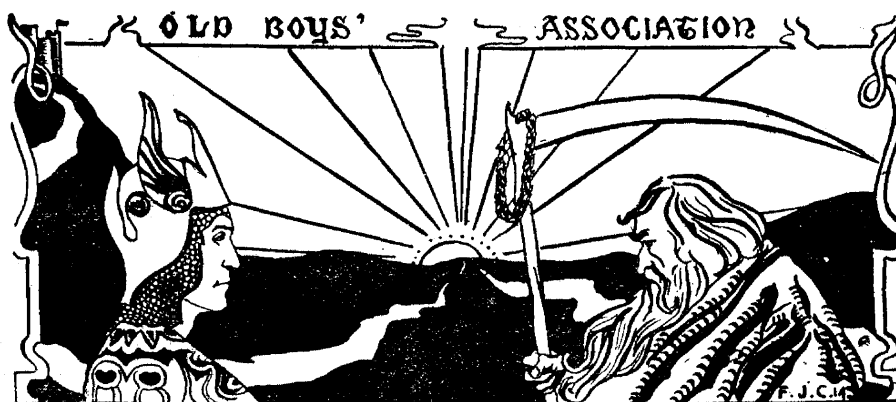
Inter-Schools' Swimming Gala.

THE Inter-Schools Swimming Gala was held at Picton Road Baths on Friday, 21st October, before a large crowd of spectators composed mainly of schoolboys. The standard of swimming was extremely good and enthusiasm ran high to judge by the appalling din as the rival schools encouraged their representatives with the usual war cries. It was noticeable that the St. Edward's supporters were in a minority and it is to be hoped that in future more will turn up to cheer on our competitors.

The successes of the school were all in the Junior division, although our Seniors were game losers. R. Allen's performance in the

Junior Running Dive was remarkable for, after qualifying for the Final on the previous Wednesday, he made no mistake about his three attempts and was awarded First Place. T. Banks, also, secured First Place in the Junior 50-Yards Back-stroke Final after winning his heat in splendid style. With 12 points to our credit, we were Third in the Junior Championship. F. Goodwin's performance in the 250-Yards Free Style for Senior boys is worthy of special mention, for he was only just beaten in his heat by competitors much older than himself. Next year we hope to do better.





Successes of Old Boys at the University.

JUNE, 1927.

Faculty of Arts.

First Year Examination:—

G. W. LE BRUN. H. W. J. TAYLOR.

Diploma in Education:—W. A. CUMMINS;
P. FLEMING; M. P. MCMAHON.

Faculty of Science.

School of Chemistry:—

B.Sc. Hons.: M. A. CROSBY, J. C. MURPHY
A. T. MCCORD.

Second Year: Class I.—B. F. TAYLOR,
J. S. WILSON.

Class II.—D. HAGAN, J. WHITE.

Faculty of Medicine.

Degrees of M.B., Ch.B., Part III., Final Ex-
amination:—E. D. IRVINE, F. E. LOMAS.

Degrees of M.B., Ch.B., Part I., Final Exami-
nation:—A. F. ADAMS, J. H. CROSBY.

First Examination:—S. V. CULLEN.

Diploma in Tropical Hygiene:—C. P. ALLEN.

Faculty of Engineering.

Degree of M.Eng.:—R. A. I. IRVINE, L.
WARING.

Final, Part I.:—P. H. DUNNE,

G. J. CUNNINGHAM.

Intermediate Examination:—

L. J. CULLIGAN, N. A. KEARNEY.

UNIVERSITY LETTER.

THE UNIVERSITY,
October, 1927.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The Autumn Term has started once again, summer has departed—although it has been so wet one would hardly think so—and June, with its attendant horrors, has long since faded into the past. Yet perhaps one should not let this opportunity go without recording the fact that there was not a single failure recorded amongst those Old Boys who sat for exams. in June. Those who follow have a reputation to maintain; we feel sure that it will long be upheld.

We no longer see some of the old familiar faces. Graduating last June from the Medical School, Frank Lomas and E. D. Irvine have been thrown loose on an unsuspecting populace whilst M. MacMahon, W. Cummins and P. Fleming, being now thoroughly educated persons, are 'learning' some unfortunate, or perhaps fortunate, children. The old order has to change, so we will leave them and turn to the new.

This year we have six Freshers to welcome amongst the Old Boys at the 'Varsity, three of these—W. J. Loughlin, W. J. Lowe and J. G. Mooney—are to be found in the School of Chemistry. The Engineers have claimed J. Smith, and the Medicals T. Higgins, whilst R. Rogers breaks new ground by entering the Faculty of Commerce. We are sure that,

when they have settled down, they will be successors to the Old Boys' contingents at the 'Varsity.

We are pleased to note that they have enrolled themselves as members of the Catholic Society, also to note that Old Boys already up at the 'Varsity have this year joined the Society after previous years defaulting. At this juncture, we would like, with your permission, Mr. Editor, to request all Old Boys who have graduated from this University to support the newly-formed Graduate Section of the Catholic Society. Liverpool 'Varsity Catholic Society stands pre-eminent amongst all other English University Societies, and Old Boys of C.I. and St. Edward's played no small part in bringing Liverpool to its present position. It is those Old Boys we wish to see joining the Society's new section. They gave their

support well in undergrad. days and we ask them to do likewise now. His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool, who takes such a keen interest in the Society, publicly expressed, at the Society's Reception in the Gilmour Hall, his desire to see the graduates forming a strong section of the Liverpool Society. We feel that the matter has only to be mentioned, for the Old Boys to support the Archbishop's request. All you are required to do now, is to get in touch with Mr. Phil. O'Brien of the College Staff; he will attend to the rest and give you all necessary information.

Best wishes to the College for a most successful year in sport as well as in academic work.

Yours as ever,

'Varsity.



JACK SHARP,

(Lancashire County and English Test Match Cricket XI.)
Everton and International Football Teams.

Supplies every requisite for

**CRICKET,
TENNIS,
GOLF,**

**CROQUET,
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