

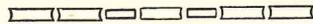
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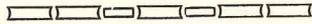
JUNE 1936.

THE  
**Simmarian**  
**Magazine.**



*June, 1936.*

*Vol. 1. No. 1.*



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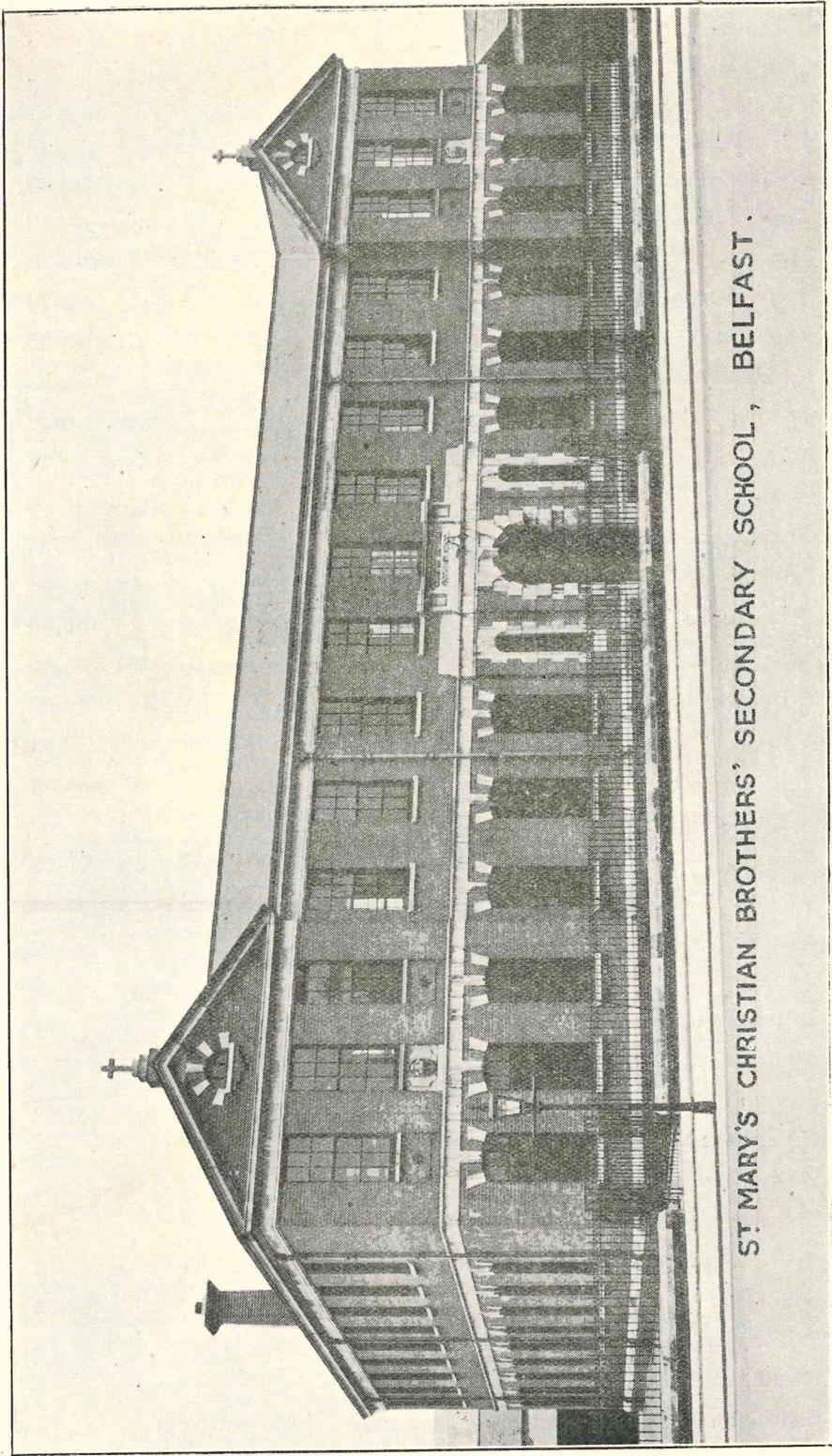
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ST. MARY'S CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SECONDARY SCHOOL, BELFAST.

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# SIMMARIAN MAGAZINE.

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Vol. 1.]

JUNE, 1936.

[No. 1.

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## Editorial.

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The editor and promoters of "The Simmarian" are well aware of the responsibility resting on them as the inaugurators of a school magazine, and also of their own unworthiness to be pioneers in such a task. Nevertheless, we hope that we have done something worthy of imitation, and which may serve as an example to future bands of school-boys and inspire them to perpetuate our efforts.

We ask the reader, before he turns to the perusal of our literary efforts, not to set for us too high a standard; we ask him to remember that this is a magazine written by boys, for boys, and consequently not to be judged as a model of journalistic excellence. Nevertheless, we have endeavoured to draw aside, as it were, a veil from the school, and to give the outsider an insight into the soul of its inhabitants. If he is not satisfied with the impression given, he may blame those responsible for the unveiling; if satisfied he may give the credit to the Christian Brothers, who have for over a century and a quarter laboured in the field of Catholic and Irish Education.

Many successes, both academic and athletic, have been gained by the school during the last few years. One does not, however, measure the success of the school by extremes of scholarship or mediocrity, but by the average product. The Christian Brothers have established a grand tradition in Irish education, and those who leave our Alma Mater every year are faithfully living up to that tradition, for the vast majority of our past pupils are in the forefront of the struggle against demoralising influences of modern life.

That the same spirit is strong in the school itself is evidenced by the formation this year of the Students' Study Circle. This, more than anything else has aroused the pupils to the necessity of fighting the good fight, and will be an added influence for good in their future lives.

To those who in a few months will leave behind the haven of their Alma Mater to embark on the turbulent sea of life, we wish every success. If they remain true to the course chartered for them during their school life, they may be assured that with Christ as the Captain of their souls they need fear neither sea rising nor sky clouding.

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## THE HISTORY OF THE SITE OF OUR SCHOOL.

---

Belfast, despite its present day size and importance, is a city of comparatively recent growth, and, therefore, has few buildings of historical importance or interest. The most that can be pointed to are places where the outstanding events of the past occurred, and the site occupied by our school is one of these.

In the earliest records of the town we read that this place was outside the ramparts of sods and stone that formed the fortifications of the settlement, and close by the Mill Gate which was near the junction of the present Chapel Lane and Castle Street. It probably formed part of the camping ground of the many armies that came to lay siege to Belfast Castle from the time of its establishment by the Anglo-Normans. Certainly in 1649, during the Cromwellian war in Ireland, Colonel Venables captured the town for Cromwell, after a siege of four days, during which he pitched his camp near the site of the school in full view of the old Mill Gate. When Schomberg landed at Bangor in 1690, he marched to Belfast and made this same camping ground his headquarters while besieging Carrickfergus Castle for William III. That this siege was successful is apparent from William's landing at Carrickfergus a short time afterwards, and the histories of the time give us an account of his entry into Belfast.

From early morning an air of expectation and excitement pervaded the town. It was clear that the day was to be one of extraordinary importance, for all the citizens had donned their best attire, and the Sovereign and Burgesses strutted about with an added dignity. By the early afternoon every man, woman and child in the town had repaired to the North Gate and lined the road leading to Carrickfergus. Evidently a person of great importance was being awaited. It was, in fact, no less a personage than William of Orange, who had come over to Ireland to settle his differences with his rival James II. When he did arrive from Carrickfergus, and stepped out of the coach the people gaped open-mouthed at him, for they had never seen a king before. But the silence soon gave place to great cheering, and William was conducted into the town amidst enthusiasm. Thus did William III. of "Glorious, Pious and immortal Memory," enter the town of Belfast. It's a pity there were no "Lambegs" in these days. Had there been William would probably not have stopped until he was safely back in England, abandoning Ireland to her fate.

I mention this incident principally because it was near the school site that it happened, and also because it was as a result of William's coming into Ireland that the place had any subsequent history. For William's leadership of his troops at the Boyne led to them victory, and that victory really broke the backbone of Irish resistance to the new monarch. So garrisons were placed all over the country to keep the people in subjection after the flame of resistance had been extinguished at Limerick. So, in 1737, in the spot where the school now stands a barrack was built. The site was well chosen as it commanded the North Gate of the town near the present John Street. It also overlooked the roads leading to Dublin and the Falls.



From the year in which it was built until 1798, there is only one incident worth recording. This happened in 1771 when the barrack was the scene of an attack by a band of peasants, numbering about a thousand. These were members of an organisation known as the "Hearts of Steel," which carried on an agitation for the reduction of rents, which at this time were becoming excessive. The military had arrested one of their leaders and brought him to the barracks. It was for the purpose of releasing this man that the attack was made. The "Hearts of Steel" began by firing into the barracks and burning an adjacent house. The military, however, made a sortie, firing into the crowd and then retiring. Five people were killed and many more injured. The affair ended in the military killing their prisoner.

Towards the close of the 18th century Ireland was drifting towards rebellion in which the North was to play a leading part. In 1797 the barrack would have fallen into disuse were it not that the authorities expected the rising in the next year. Then in the summer of 1798 came the rebellion, the story of which we all know so well. After the rebellion followed the inevitable series of arrests and courts-martial all over the country. Scores of people were arrested in Belfast itself and the surrounding district. These were lodged in the barrack, among them the leader of the United Irishmen in the North, Henry Joy McCracken. From the barrack most of them took their last short walk down to where the gallows stood outside the Town Hall, situated where Burton's in Cornmarket now stands. After execution, their heads, according to the custom of the times, were spiked and placed for all to see, as a reminder to everyone of the fate of rebels.

I wonder how many of you think of these things, of the drama that must have been enacted on the very ground over which you daily walk. For instance, a good many of you walk down to the Junction to board a tram. But do you ever think that in '98 that same road was trodden by scores of men (while the crowds lined the streets sullen and dour), men whose patriotism was not quelled till our own time? Some of them had waited, with ever growing impotence, for the signal to charge at Antrim; some had escaped the cannonading at Ballynahinch; many had seen their friends and comrades dragged from their hiding places and strung up on the nearest tree. A few were Catholics, most of them were Presbyterians. It was men like these that once walked the road that you walk daily, men with the spirit of William Orr, the simplicity and earnestness of Jemmy Hope, and the patriotism of Wolfe Tone. These men shed their blood in the cause of Ireland on the gibbet that stood at a place where now the crowds hurry past unthinkingly.

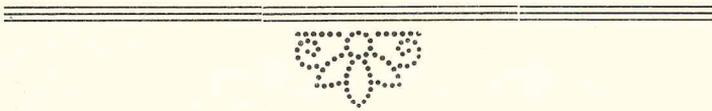
After the country had been subdued once again, the barrack fell into disuse and was abandoned finally in 1823. The building, however, was bought by Belfast College for use as an hospital, but the project fell through, as did all the other schemes for the utilisation of the place. It, however, was not demolished. It was destined to play a part in one of the worst calamities that ever befell the Irish nation. In 1847 the great famine swept over the land, bringing in its wake a trail of pestilence and disease. Hospitals were urgently needed, and, in the emergency, the former barrack was converted into one.

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Many were the heart-rending scenes that must have been enacted here during that terrible year. People, some barely able to walk, shunned by all on account of terrible disease, sought refuge in the hospital. A good many failing to gain admittance, lay down in the gutter outside, unable or too broken in spirit to go further. They lay there and had to be kicked out of the way to allow the coaches, starting out in their long journey to Dublin, to pass. Every morning a cart was brought up and the dead piled into it to be driven away and buried. Day after day this went on, the dead giving place to the living.

The famine lasted no more than a year, and so the barrack was soon derelict again. Various schemes were carried on from time to time in it, but, as far as I can make out, the greater part of the old building was not pulled down until 1925. So it had stood for almost two centuries, and with its demolition passed one of the most interesting buildings in Belfast, a link with the past, as well as a reminder of the atrocities of 1798, and of the horrors of the famine of 1847.

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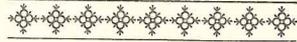
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## The Time Table.

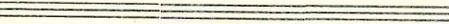
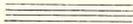
At nine o'clock the bell does ring,  
 Now does the schoolboy's day begin:—  
 First Brother Burke with Latin leads the day,  
 And through the exercise we work our way;  
 Then on old Livy do we make a start,  
 'Tis easy, for we know the trans. by heart.  
 In spite of that, by each, mistakes are made,  
 Until the welcome bell comes to our aid.  
 Next Brother Nagle through the door does come,  
 And then, I tell you, things begin to hum,  
 "Ἰ η-αἰνον Σπουδῶν, καὶ ὁμαρτυροῦ τῷ τοῦ ἐσαῖτ?"  
 "Ἦν ἑάντις ἡμῶν," ἀσπῆρ ἀν βυαῖαλλ βούτ;  
 Like this the period draws unto an end,  
 And to mathematics next our thoughts we bend.  
 Then Brother Ryan enters in with haste,  
 Lest Flying Time unnoticed should slip past;  
 At sines, cosines and tangents must we stay  
 Till Father Time relieves the monotony.  
 Then next comes one who's armed with case and cane,  
 The boys will tell you Carpenter's the name;  
 At parsing and analysis is he skill'd,  
 (And those who do them wrong are nearly killed).  
 Another favourite of his is giving notes  
 On the lives of Milton, Gray and other Poets.  
 This period o'er to Doctrine we adjourn  
 To talk of Paul, left shipwrecked and forlorn;  
 Our spiritual hunger satisfied; then we rush  
 Our stomachs to appease with a full dish.  
 The interval past, at one o'clock again,  
 We must return to the use of brain and pen;  
 If Monday or Friday the evening be,  
 We pass a pleasant time at Chemistry.  
 If not; in Geography we explore  
 Through Africa's jungles or on India's shore.  
 We watch the clock but, inexorable as Fate,  
 Time stands waiting (like Brother Murray at the gate),  
 How slow, yet sure, the small hand moves to three,  
 As if it were reluctant to set us free.  
 But even then our troubles do not end,  
 When into Trainors for a ball we send  
 To sport about and fill our hearts with cheer,  
 Shouts Paddy, brush in hand, "No Football here."

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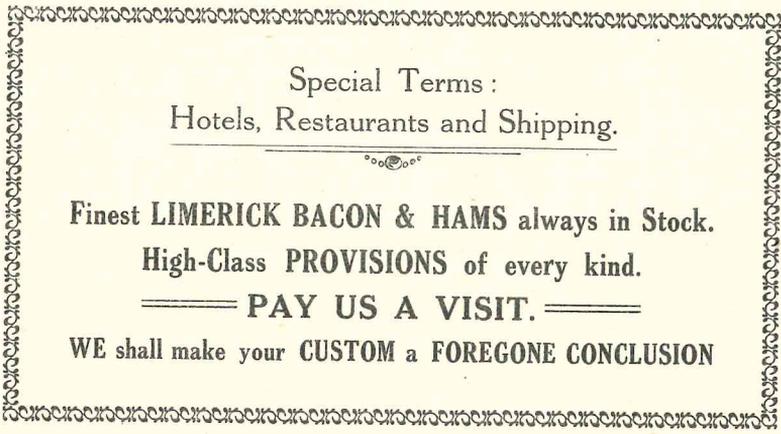
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## The Great Wall of China.

During the course of a visit to Northern China my plan for the last day was to go up on the Kalgan train as far as the Great Wall, spend as much time as possible walking along the wall, return in time to catch the afternoon train at Tientsin and go on board the boat which was to sail the following morning for Japan. Following my plan I was at the Northern Station at 5.30 a.m. in readiness for the train which was to start at 6 a.m. Promptly at six a whistle blew, the train backed slowly out of the station, and having thus satisfied the requirements of the time-table, returned slowly to the platform. The small carriage, of which I had been the only occupant, then filled up with other travellers, each of whom had suspicious colloquies with the guard before being allowed to enter; but I can only say that neither their personal appearance nor their oddly-shaped baggage suggested that they were the type of people who usually travelled first-class. They packed themselves in, and the attendant brought us all cups of tea. As we drank, the chattering gradually died away, and we sat in that silence which a motionless train imposes on its occupants, straining to catch each sound that drifted in from the quiet station-yard. I got out to walk up and down the platform, stopped to talk to the guard, and divided my attention between his eulogy of General Feng-Yu-Siang and a Chinese who was wriggling under the tarpaulin cover of a goods wagon just behind the guard's back. At 7 a.m. I returned to my seat, but the deadly silence drove me out on the platform again when I found the guard, who promptly continued his praises of Feng-Yu-Siang, a subject on which he was prepared to talk indefinitely. At 7.30 a.m., intimidated by a look of expectancy on the face of the station master and a porter, I returned again to my seat. At 8 a.m. the train started.

The line goes across the plain to Nankow, and then follows the valley of the Tu-ho up into the mountains, where we climbed at a speed which I had thought could only be attained by an Irish baronial railway. By the rough tracks which ran alongside the railway we passed caravans of camels and asses, and though there never was much doubt that we would pass them we went by slowly enough to hear the jingle of each camel bell and the shouts of the drivers to one another. The hills closed in on us until we were in a deep gorge, and when we had gone some distance into this gorge the train stopped. It was the station for the Great Wall.

As we walked along the track we passed a monument almost as eloquent as the Wall we were about to see. It was a statue in black stone, raised on a pedestal outside the station, of the notable Chinaman to whom the building of the railway was credited. He was represented in full European evening dress, his white bow tie, his shirt front, and his cuffs fixed for ever in an enviable stiffness.

But I had no time to linger in contemplation. I had only an hour to climb up the three hundred feet or so to the Wall, see the Wall and return to the station. I hastened up the steep path, attended by a drove of peddlers whom the tourist traffic to the Wall had attracted to these desolate hills, which are without sign of habitation. Insistently they besought my attention. "Buy nice camel-bell. Two thousand years old. Very good, very cheap. Five dollars. Buy axe-head; very old." It was scarcely the way one would choose to arrive at so great a

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spectacle, but when I had come over a ridge and at last saw the Wall, I forgot my panting body and the hucksters who attended me. It ran, high as a two-storey house, broad enough for three carriages, from peak to valley, then to peak again, and visible beyond that again winding a sinuous way over the chaotic array of mountains. How imagine its full extent of fifteen hundred miles when the limiting points of the stupendous view I had were probably only two miles apart? How appraise this Wall, long enough to stretch from the Cape of Ushant to the Golden Horn, when we have been accustomed to thinking of that wall which the Emperor Hadrian had built from Solway to Tyne as a project of a giant mind? And its wonder passes beyond expression if we believe that it may have been erected without any utilitarian purpose, for it cannot have been seriously intended as a defence, and may rather have been a gesture of that Emperor of two thousand years ago, provided by the consciousness of a dominion which stretched from the frozen steppes of Siberia to the tropical jungles of Burma.

I had only time to walk the half-mile along the top of the Wall, climbing its steep steps and incline to the top of the nearest peak, then I returned to the station, still importuned by vendors of camel-bells. When I reached the track again the chief offender offered me the venerable relic of two thousand years for twenty cents, but in vain. I continued along the track without undue haste, remembering my two hours wait of the morning. Two minutes after the appointed time I reached the station in time to see the train disappearing at extraordinary speed into the gorge beyond. In wrath I sought the station master. Yes, the noon train had gone at noon. The afternoon train shown on the time-table would not run that day. There was no reason except that it would not run. There might be a freight train to Nankow, and there might not. It might pass through in half an hour's time, or it might not come for five hours. It might take an hour to Nankow, or it might take ten hours. I could send a telegram from the station to Peking and it might be delivered that afternoon, or it might be delivered the next day. And the noon train had gone at noon.

I recoiled. This was no petty confusion such as might creep into any badly administered business. This was a sublime chaos created by genius, and as its sublimeness dawned on me the baleful glare with which I had fixed the station master became less baleful, and instead I looked at him with the respect due to the representative of the genius who presides over the Peking-Kalgan Railway. I withdrew from his presence and took a humble seat in the corner of the waiting room. In the early afternoon the goods train came in, and I was admitted to sit on a box on the guard's van. On a little spirit lamp was a kettle, and all the way to Nankow the guard sought to cheer me with cups of coarse Chinese tea. I drank steadily and brooded over the fact that I would miss my boat, lose my deposit money, and, above all, miss the company of some charming Americans I had met in Peking and who were to travel by the same boat. The train crept cautiously down the valley, died at each station, was brought up to life again and in two hours and a half had accomplished the eight miles to Nankow.

It was four o'clock. I was twenty miles from Peking. There was a road of sorts, but the taxi which I had seen outside the station in the morning, and which had offered a glimmer of hope, had gone to the Ming Tombs, and there were no other vehicles in the town except rickshaws and sedan-chairs. I sat down on a crate outside the station. It

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was the slough of despond, and continued to be so for half an hour when into it rattled a Ford taxi containing a Danish professor and three Americans on their way to the Ming Tombs. They stopped at the station, and I hastily scraped acquaintance. I explained about my boat, and they offered to take me with them to the Ming Tombs and then back to Peking, although the offer was not made until I did everything but ask them point blank to take me. They said I would be back in Peking at seven o'clock, and could easily catch the train to Tientsin at 8-10 p.m.

We piled into the taxi; I sitting beside the driver, watch in hand. We rattled along over a boulder-strewn plain and then into a narrow sunken track towards the low hills on which are the Tombs. Half-past four. Quarter to five o'clock. When we met a caravan we had to pull up and wait till the donkeys had climbed up out of the deep, narrow lane, and when we met a boulder that could not be got round or got over we had to stop, get out and remove it. At a quarter past five we were at the Dailou arch in which is the frontispiece of the Tombs. We went round by its side and out on to the broad, stone flagged processional way between the great stone effigies of horses, tigers, camels and elephants which lined the way to the first tomb. The Professor decided that we should see only the most famous tomb. We saw it, the boundary wall broken and crumbling, weeds springing from between the great stone flags of the courtyards, fragments of glazed roof, tiles strewn over the ground, paint peeling from the walls and pillars of the halls, names and addresses from China, Australia, Europe and America scribbled large on the interior walls; in the last courtyard a great oblong stone slab some twelve feet high and bearing an inscription, and then the tomb under a great mound. Behind the tomb the hill swept round in a bay opening out on to the plain, in whose heart was Peking. At the foot of these hills, in these defiled tombs repose the remains of the last Emperors of that brilliant dynasty.

But my perception of grandeur and tragedy came suddenly to an end when I saw that my four friends had between them seven cameras. We commenced at five o'clock what was destined to be a *via dolorosa* back along the processional way lingering interminably, photographing endlessly, buildings, landscapes, statues, and one another, roll after roll of film used up and changed, no trigger pressed without the fullest discussion of light, timing, distance and angle. All the while I sat in the front of the car, growing more and more sullen with anger, and unable to make any protest. And at last when we had reached the Dailou again: "Wait a minute, till I get right up on the camel's back. There now take me. Then I'll take you; then Phil will take both of us together. Oh! You! Say, don't you want one of us to take a picture of you, No? Oh! I thought you would like a picture of yourself at the Ming Tombs to show to the folks at home. Are you sure? All right. Well, if you just wait, I think Bill and I will go back again to the elephant. I think I didn't have the stop right on that first bunch we took there. Are you coming? Oh! all right. We'll be back in about twenty minutes."

Six o'clock. I put my watch away. It seemed hopeless. I remembered the boulder lifting and the caravans. But fate began to relent. On the way back we met no caravans, and no boulders had to be lifted. Then we bumped on to the main road, and I was fingering furtively at a five dollar note, the driver of his own accord put down his foot. We crashed into pot-holes and trenches, lurched around corners,

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*Record with gratitude the assistance rendered by  
Students in general and their co-operation in making  
this Magazine a success.*

*Particular mention must be made of the teachers for  
their unstinted help; of Mr. P. Stinson for his  
Cartoons and Article. To Mr. H. Kennedy and  
Mr. S. O'Neill, M.A., for their valuable Con-  
tributions and of our good Brothers who generously  
accorded guidance during the period of preparation  
and assisted us also in other directions.*

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went with klaxon shrieking into little walled towns and down their narrow cobble-stoned streets. Miraculously, soon I saw the Tower of Jade outlined against the evening sky, then the hill on which stood the Summer Palace, then a brief glimpse of the lake below the hill and its long, low bridge of stone, and then we were on the broad main road to Peking, passing motor cars, sedan-chairs, and innumerable rickshaws, through one gate, then another, and into the Tarter city. It was only then that I dared look at my watch—7-35. We swung into the hotel drive at 7-50. Twenty minutes to go. Hasty farewells and thanks, the photographing forgotten. A taxi ordered, a fifty dollar note passed across the counter, my tickets collected, a dash to the station, and, running along the station, I was on the train at 8-8. I threw myself down and relaxed, feeling almost sick as the nervous strain of the afternoon let go its hold of me. Sometime after midnight I was roaming the icy cold streets of Tientsin seeking a cabaret where I could have supper. At two in the morning I was in my berth, and a few hours later we were sailing down the Hunho River, bound for Japan.

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Miskelly:—The strong, silent man. His silence is wonderful to listen to.

McKeown:—Does nothing; but is worried because he cannot do it without books.

Delargy:—The Beau Brummel of the "Upper Form Fastidious"—everything he eats goes to his stomach. Refutes the statement that he has hired the pillar-box pitch at the Junction from 3-4 p.m.

Dom Gregory:—Has a rather aesthetic look, as though possessed of the "divine fire." Is quite normal otherwise except when discussing certain social questions.

Sweeney:—A man with a future and plenty to fall back on.

"Wilkie":—Is raking his brain to invent a method of extracting lighted cigarettes from his pocket. Plays a fine, steady game of shove halfpenny.

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Pearse McGrath:—A fine trick cyclist. The magistrate failed to appreciate that art however. Recommends the use of triplex glass, after an argument with 2/6 worth of window. Also recommends it for school mirrors.

Charleton:—There are two sides to every story—Charleton's and the correct one. As Mickey remarks: "Every day he knows more and more about less and less, so he'll soon know everything about nothing."

Mickey —Knows everything about armaments from a pea-shooter to a "Roaring Meg." Complains about "the ever open door" and also about the ever open windows. Yearns for the days when men were men, not pacifists.

Johnny Hanson:—Abstemious. Has only one meal a day; it lasts all day. Croons "Rock and Roll" with such verve that Harry becomes seasick. Further terrorises Harry by threatening to learn a new song. Has a mouldy collection of antedeluvian and venerable caps.

Harry McGreevy:—The man with the mathematical mind. Recently expounded some rather startling theories with regard to Relativity. Tells Johnny that the ether is rushing through his body at so many thousand (or is it million?) miles per second. Johnny grins, takes his word for it, and has another bite. Harry disclaims any connection with his namesake of Kensitas fame.

McAvoy:—Commonly known as Rip Van Winkle. Johnny remarked that he looked naked without a horse. Rip Van, however, vigorously denies that he ties the horse to the school rails. There is very strong evidence, however, that he parks it in the bicycle shed.

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Mossy Irvine, alias Crippen:—Not so fierce as his name would suggest. Has an odd flutter on the gee-gees; the bookies, however, have weathered the storm.

Doc.:—A mixture of Peter Pan, Don Juan, and Maurice Chevalier. Just out of hospital, which he “found in stone and left in chaos.” His theme song—“A Hunting we will go,” due to his interest in Flying Fleas of every description. The remark of one of those “Away Up Top,” “If he had another brain it would die of solitary confinement,” shows that he is a boy with a future.

H. Gorman:—Has of late become “like one that had been led astray,” but not where Milton said.

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## THE GIBBET.

The mountainous district of Craven, a long time ago, was much pestered by a notorious freebooter of the name of Tom Lee. Tom was one of those daring spirits of the old school of highwaymen, who, in levying their contributions upon His Majesty's subjects, occasionally displayed a high-mindedness and sparks of generous feeling that would have done honour to a better cause.

Your knight of the road in those days was none of those shabby, villainous footpads, skulking behind a tree and ready to bury a knife in your breast ere you could say "Jack Robinson," but a man who carried out his profession in an open and gentlemanly fashion, well-mounted, well-clad, one who with a tone of authority that conveyed the consciousness he had of his own dignity and the utter fearlessness with which he exercised his avocation, bade you, "Stand and deliver." But as someone once said, "Long runs the fox——"; such was the fate of poor Tom. After many perilous escapes, he, poor fellow, like the rest of his fraternity, was doomed to swing upon the ignominious tree.

Lee had been drinking at a public-house in Craven, with the doctor who on many occasions had been serviceable to him in extracting shot, etc. A dispute concerning some trifling object arose between them. The glass having circulated freely, and the doctor in the warmth of the moment, forgetting the dangerous character with whom he had to deal, dropped some hints that he could have "done the job" for him long since. Tom turned a menacing eye and scowling brow upon the doctor, and muttering to himself, immediately paid his bill and departed. The doctor on his way home that night had to pass through a wood a mile or two distant from the village. Lee being aware of this, fastened the gate at the extremity of the wood, and, stationing himself a short distance from the road, impatiently awaited the doctor's arrival. He had not remained long in this situation, brooding gloomily over his revenge, before the sound of a horse's hoofs announced the approach of some person on the road. Having ascertained it to be his intended victim, Tom rushed forward and boldly seized the horse's bridle. After upbraiding the doctor with his expressed intention to betray him, he fired. The doctor fell. For this murderous act Lee, having been apprehended, was conveyed to York with his arms pinioned and legs tied beneath his horse. He was found guilty, executed, and his body hung in chains on the spot where he had perpetrated his horrid deed.

Though the strong arm of the law had incapacitated this desperado from any further molestation of person or property, yet over the minds of the superstitious and the ignorant he seemed to have a greater dominion than ever. Many are the tales that were told of a supernatural horseman seen in the dead hour of the night scouring the country on a steed that seemed winged with lightning; and many a poor fellow whom necessity compelled to pass by the spot where Tom's bones hung bleaching in the wind, as he approached the place, would shut his eyes, hurrying by, as if the sight of so ghastly an object would forever blast him with blindness, while a cold shuddering horror damped his inmost soul, and made his very flesh creep upon his bones.

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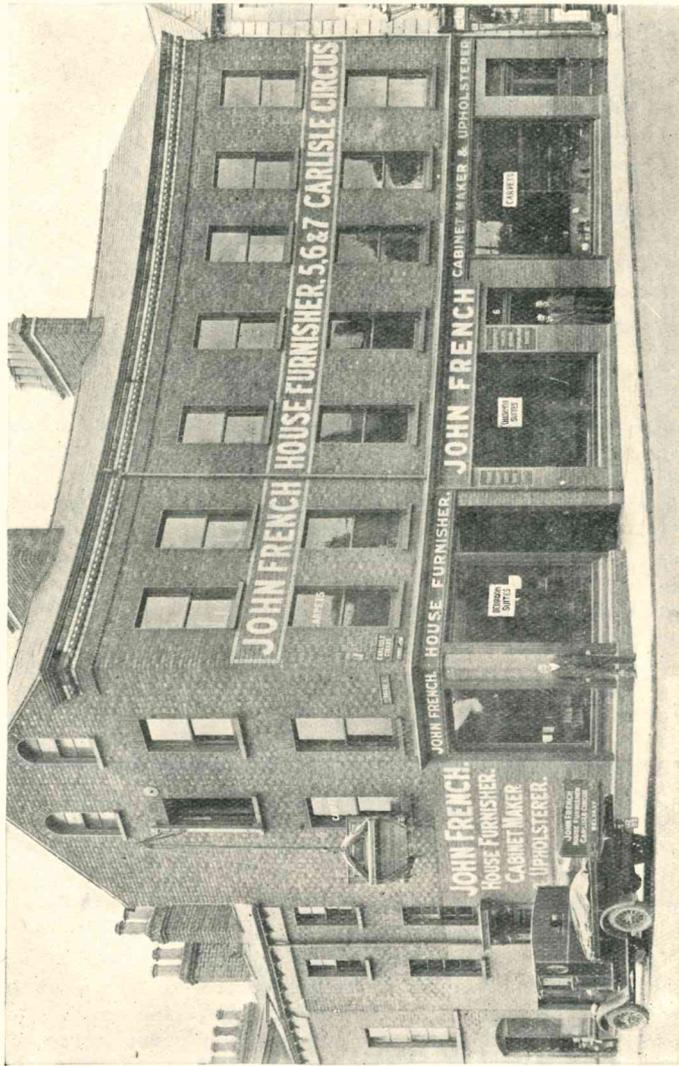
Lee had been long exposed on the gibbet to the "pelting of the pitiless storm" when, one gusty night in November, several villagers had assembled together at that focus of mirth and intelligence, the village inn. A huge log of wood, garnished with ruddy, glowing peats, set forth a cheerful blaze upon the hearth and banished all anxiety about the raging of the storm without. It may be well to mention a few of those present. Especial mention is made of Walter, the blacksmith, a fellow with iron muscles and steel visage; Snip, the tailor, a sort of hop o' my thumb chap, and Strap, the barber, whose tongue ran a great deal faster than his wit, though that was none of the slowest. There was also another individual in the honourable group, who, in deference to his acknowledged importance, cannot be disposed of so unceremoniously. That was no less a personage than Sergeant Dawson.

The Sergeant, after having been tossed about the world from "pillar to post," had now retired upon a small pension to spend the remainder of his days in his native village. In person he was tall, and to use the phrase of the villagers, "as straight as a ramrod." His nose (to say the least of it) was beyond blushing for the scantness of its dimensions, even though it had been compared with that of a celebrated Statesman of our own day; and this, together with a large bushy eyebrow, beneath which rolled an eye in ever-restless wildness—an elaborate forehead over which straggled a few hairs—a lip sometimes compressed as if well pleased with the contemplation of his own importance, formed altogether a visage well calculated to keep the rebellious sons of thunder at a respectable distance, and nearly frighten out of their wits the unfortunate members of the awkward squad. However, on the whole, Sergeant Dawson was decent enough, loved his joke, his pipe, and his mug of Sir John, and was at once "harnd and glove" with a patient listener to his stories.

On the night in question the Sergeant was seated on the upper end of an old, black, oak-settle, spelling and conning over a tattered newspaper, that after passing through the hands of the parson, schoolmaster, exciseman, and various others, came in the course of time to be thumbed to pieces at the ale-bench; while "owre the bleezing ingle" stood Andrew McPherson, the travelling Scot, drying his rain-soaked clothes, and holding forth to the landlady on the merits of a piece of long-lawn which she seemed desirous of purchasing. Andrew was a shrewd, cunning fellow, who took care for most part to keep his hand upon his bawbie; a kind of walking newspaper, wherein such important articles as births, deaths, marriages, and other interesting etceteras were duly and carefully entered, and as duly and carefully delivered. I don't mean to say entirely free of expense, for Andrew sometimes contrived to drop in upon the guid wife for a small piece of cheese and cake—a repast not to be despised by a stomach subjected to the twofold influence of toil and mountain air. Andrew's usual salutation was "Weel dame, or weel bonny; are ye wanting ony thing i' my way to-day?" In short he was in no way degenerated from the traditions of his countrymen.

"It's a vary cauld, blusterie night this," observed Andrew as he drew from the fire and seated himself beside the Sergeant. "Blustering enough, no doubt," replied the Sergeant, "if we may judge of it by the creaking of the sign and the rattling of the windows; but, methinks, an old soldier who many a time and oft hath had nought but the earth for his bed, his knapsack for a pillow, and the wild winds for a lullaby should reckon little of a squall of wind and a few drops of rain."

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"Weel, aweel maister Sarjun," says Andrew, "ye may blaw it as leetly as ye please, mon; but mony's the bitter blast I've had o't myself tuggin' through thick and thin wi' my canvas braw pack o' my shoulder."

"A fig for your 'could blusterie night,'" interrupted the Sergeant, following his rebuke with a good swig of his favourite Sir John; "what news?"

"I've nane particular to tell," replied M'Pherson, "syne's maybe ye've heard as weel's myself bout the dainty chiel wha was terrified out o' his wits i' passing the gibbet a night or twa back."

"Ha. ha, is that all?" says the Sergeant.

"Nae doubt maister Sarjun, but ye're a bauld-hearted fellow," answered McPherson, "and ane that cannot be flustered wi' a trifle, but were I guilty o' betting wagers I should noe fear to lay two eels o' my best long-lawn to their equivalent o' siller that ye dare na gang to the gibbet to-night and ask Tom how he is."

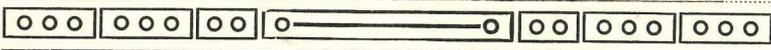
The Sergeant did not anticipate this "home thrust" of Andrews, and consequently, like a prudent general, endeavoured to make a counter revolution, by asserting that he was not so much afraid of going to the gibbet as he was loth to leave his comfortable seat. But McPherson continuing to press his point, consideration for his reputed valour, and his copious draught during the evening, finally overcame Dawson's attachment to his favourite corner. He accepted Andrew's wager, and accordingly set out on his enterprise.

It was near midnight when the Sergeant left the inn. The room was obscured by a dense, heavy mass of clouds, that, black as raven's wing, brooded gloomily over the desolate expanse around. The rain had ceased to fall, and the wind had sunk to a calm; but it was like that awful calm which is said to be the harbinger of death—though every now and then, a hollow gust as it swept from the hills, seemed like the moan of the dying, faint and yet fainter, ere the struggling spirit frees itself from this "mortal coil." Dawson felt this, and, though as a soldier, he was not inclined to treat such feelings with too much indulgence, yet they came over him again and again and would not be repressed.

Despite these unwelcome visitations, the Sergeant, however, still continued to hold on his way, fortifying himself as well as he could by calling to mind his previous perilous achievements. It was no unusual thing for him, he thus argued, to be exposed to the terrors of the night—he had often been engaged in the hottest part of the battle where bullets were showered around him like hail—he had never feared to face the living, why should he now quail before the dead?

Reasons to be sure, sufficiently strong, but which, like those of greater philosophers under similar circumstances, were found to be ineffectual in warding off the foul fiend.

By this time Sergeant Dawson had reached the entrance to the wood, at the further extremity of which the gibbet was placed. He paused for a moment ere he entered. The wind had again risen, and howled fearfully around him, as if a thousand demons were gibbering in the air. He pushed on. The withered leaves rustling beneath his feet, and the pale beams of the moon, struggling through the leafless branches of the



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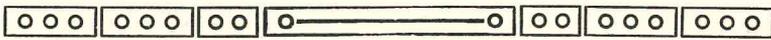
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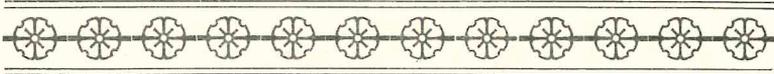
trees, threw but a faint, flickering light across the road, barely sufficient to direct his steps. He heard, or fancied he heard, the panting of a hard-ridden steed—quicker, deeper, nearer, and ere he could turn his head the supernatural horseman swept by him with the rapidity of a whirlwind. Still he urged on, and in a moment more he stood full in front of the gibbet. The moon, now on a sudden, broke from behind a rugged mass of clouds and poured her light full upon the hideous spectacle. It was a moment of terrible anxiety. He saw—and accustomed as he had been to scenes of carnage and slaughter—saw with feelings of horror, the nameless, indescribable thing, hung on high, grinning with lipless mouth, and heard the creaking of the irons, as the fleshless frame swung from side to side with every gust of wind. But what language can depict his terror and amazement when, on proposing the stipulated question: "How are you, Tom?" "Cold and wet," was the immediate reply in a wildly hollow, sepulchral tone. The poor Sergeant actually fancied the ghastly skeleton already descending from the tree eager to clutch him in its bony grip. However, not having much relish for such infernal contact, he showed his spectral foe a clean pair of heels, and arrived at the inn in somewhat less time than it had taken him to leave it.

The long and the short of the story is this: Andrew having been frequently subjected to the trying ordeals of listening to the Sergeant's tales of war and blood, hit upon this scheme of putting his mettle to proof, and, by taking a short cut and making greater speed, arrived sooner at the gibbet from whence he delivered the appalling answer which so terrified our friend the Sergeant.

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Pope Pius XI has defined Catholic Action as "The participation of the laity of the apostolate of the Church's Hierarchy." This concise formula contains all the elements essential in Catholic Action. If we examine the chief elements of this definition we find the essential ones to be, that it is an apostolate, lay, auxiliary to and under the direction of the Hierarchy, organised and consecrated to the triumph of the Kingdom of Christ.

Catholic action is a participation in the apostolate of the Hierarchy; it is therefore in itself an apostolate, that is, a mission for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Though directed and inspired by the Bishops, its special material is the laity. Their assistance is required to enable the clergy to satisfy the huge demands put upon them by modern life. All others, clerics and religious, exercise their apostolate within the Church in other ways and means; and though they play an essential part in Catholic Action, they are not its specific material. There are, therefore, in the Church two distinctive apostolates; that of the Hierarchy, and that of the laity.

The subordination of the laity to the Hierarchy is a necessary consequence of the fact that they are auxiliary to the Hierarchy. An auxiliary body is by its very nature subordinate to the parent body. Christ entrusted to the Apostles and to their successors alone the carrying out of His mission, and all other apostolates must be such only in dependence on these.

The element of organisations is an important one in Catholic Action. Organisation is the unification of separate bodies, each with its own peculiar objects and discipline into a new body governed by one vital principle. We find outside Catholic Action many societies which are directed to the numerous needs of peoples and nations; each of which has a special life and object of its own, but they can achieve only a limited success, while acting independently of one another. But under the co-ordination of Catholic Action, while each would preserve its own independence they would be participating in a much larger work; so profiting themselves as much as the present organisation.

The supreme end of Catholic Action is the triumph of the kingdom of Christ. If Catholic Action participates in the Hierarchical apostolate, its desires and aims must be the same as those of the Hierarchy. Catholic Action must, therefore, desire what the Church does; its aim is, therefore, the triumph of the Kingdom of Christ.

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It is evident, therefore, that Catholic Action in its strict sense does not include societies whose primary aim is the self-sanctification of its members, e.g., Confraternities. It would be also wrong to include societies chiefly concerned with social, economic or material interests such as guilds or trade unions. The Church has often expressed her concern for social welfare, but she only pursues that object indirectly by the formation of good workers and citizens. Catholic Action may well influence such societies by pointing out the principles of Faith and Morals, and by so doing it will benefit itself.

The idea of sharing the Apostolic Mission of the Hierarchy provides a criterion by which to test the claims of any society to form part of Catholic Action, as well as a general indication of the scope of the work. It would be a mistake to enrol under its banner without the instructions of the Hierarchy, to whom alone the power and grace of Christ is entrusted. Great feats of devotion may be performed by the laity, but without ecclesiastical commission they cannot share in the special promises of divine assistance; this has been understood by the clergy and laity of the nations which have followed the instructions of the Holy See and made Catholic Action the centre of social and religious life of all Catholics. In some cases it has become of such importance that it has been recognised by the Constitution. In others where it has not yet taken root, the Nuncios state that great difficulties have arisen in connection with such important questions as the family life, and freedom of education.

Such are the fundamental principles of Catholic Action; they are common to all its forms, though these may vary in accordance with the special needs and conditions of nations. "It deserves," said the Pope, "every favour and encouragement, not only from Bishops and clergy . . . . but also from Statesmen and Governments. It will, without doubt, bring to Catholics a wealth of spiritual fruits, and to mankind in general no little consolation."

We have thus briefly examined all the constituent elements of Catholic Action contained in the brief but comprehensive definition of Pius XI. If we desire to express these in a more intelligent form, we can say that Catholic Action is "the apostolate of the organised laity developed to help and directly dependant on the Hierarchy in individuals, in the family and in society at large."

There is nothing new in the work of Catholic Action. In his Epistle to the Philippians, St. Paul mentions his "collaborators," and requests that they should be treated as "having laboured with him in the Gospel." The Pope says that he "turns to Catholic Action for the help which will supply the gaps in the ranks of the Church with numerous lay collaborators." He adds, in a letter to the Patriarch of Lisbon: "To-day the Church is especially anxious about the multitude of humble people, not only to obtain for them the benefits they are entitled to in law and in equity, but also because they are subject to the insidious influence of Communism. This diabolical force attempts to extinguish the light of the Faith from the world, and threatens to plunge them back into the depths of subjection from which they have been so laboriously extracted." And in another letter he says: "To-day it is essential that all should be apostles; that is why the laity are bound to answer the call of the Church. Instead of inactivity they will bring about an increase of faith and a change of morals by offering their prayers, their sacrifices and their energies"—to Christ, for the cause of Catholic Action.

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Catholic Action, therefore, summons zealous layfolk, who are not only practising but militant Catholics, men and women who, while remaining in the world and following their public and private duties, are prepared to put at the disposal of the Church their religious and social energies for the spread of the reign of Christ.

A vast field lies open for them within the Church's mission, a continuation of Christ's ministry. The motto of St. Paul, "to be all things to all men—for the glory of God," must be the motto of the Catholic Actionist. Hence is the necessity for the complementary work of the laity. Submission to the Hierarchy will not deprive them of responsibility, rather they should be encouraged to retain their own autonomy and to act upon their own initiative in all that is approved by the Church. This is the reason why we should "fight the good fight," press forward until the reign of Christ is established in the hearts of all men, until we can say with truth: "Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat."

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## The Old School.

It seemed so familiar that it was hard to believe I had passed from it for ever. The very desks we used to sit on, the same blackboard around which we used to gather, the same pictures on the walls, the old maps, the dusty bottles in the "lab."—all, all were there. So I felt myself asking was it yesterday or the day before I had sat in this school and gaped at the words of wisdom which fell from my master's lips.

No, not yesterday, nor the day before, but years ago. I counted them on my fingers, for I was never exactly a genius at mathematics. Quite a number of years ago I had walked these halls and yet I could not realize that the years separated me from my schooldays as I lived for a while in the past; for the past, was it not only yesterday? I expected the master to walk in to see—I did see the familiar faces of my classmates. I awaited the beginning of study; the hum of the schoolroom sounded in my ears.

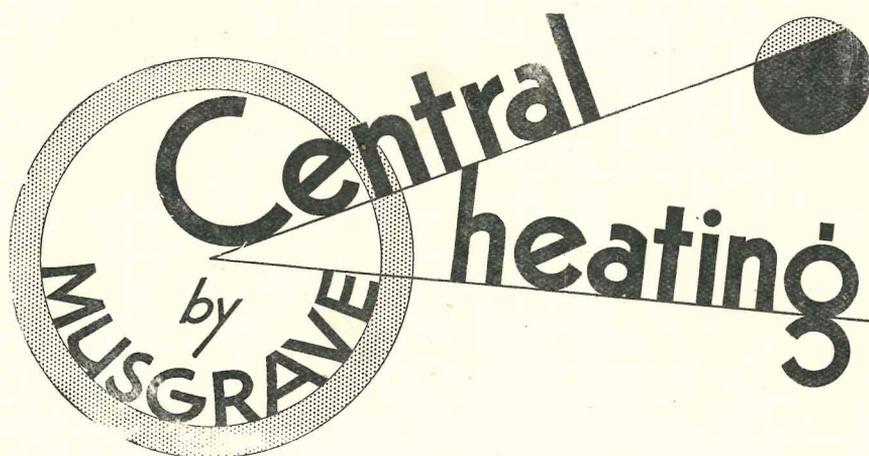
This room, these walls, hold the secret of many a youthful heart. I sat down at the very desk—my desk—where I sat long ago by the side of my companion, who is my companion still. Memories crowded my mind of innumerable joys, of many small but bitter sorrows, of some boyish ambitions and a few triumphs. I touched the desk with reverence, not indeed because of my own associations with it, but out of respect for the thing that is gone—the awe due to the aspirations of many youthful hearts that had beaten there.

There was a picture on the wall: a picture of three hundred eager, well washed faces. Let us scan them and see if we can recognise all our classmates of yore in such a crowd. My companion, who is gazing at the picture with, I am sure, the same strange feelings as myself; there he is, standing very erect like a sentry before the king's palace, but a very white jersey accentuates the youthfulness of his shining face. And I am there, too, with bowed head and a beautiful lace collar. That lace collar, a work of art surely; but in those days my appreciation of art was rather limited, I am afraid; and not in humiliation was my head bowed, but rather in shame on account of the white lace collar, which I wore very reluctantly. Such collars, I am convinced, only girlish boys endure.

And there is S—; he was a rare fellow: pale, broad face, black hair, dark eyes; always neat, always too neat, and always wearing light yellow boots. Never a day but he came to school with a new pen or one of the latest sharpners. Poor S—, always trying to create an impression, and he did—with the light yellow boots. I wonder where he is now and whether he still glories in yellow boots.

Then in another row is P—. Grinning P— was always getting into trouble, or perhaps I should have said, never getting out of trouble. His exercises, if ever done, were usually copied, and his hands were so used to the belt that he just grinned every time the master thought that he required correction.

To the far corners of the earth the years have scattered some of them. Strange lands, strange peoples have claimed them in many ways of life. Others have remained at home: doctors, lawyers, divers professions; a few are businessmen. True, as in all folds black sheep have erred but their



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mistakes were slight. Adventure has been the lot of the more daring ones, going down to the sea in ships, fighting for the love of it! a few finding cruel deaths. And H—— and M—— and some others, perhaps not the least venturesome of the band, they have—married.

Brother R—— and Mr. S—— are in the picture, too. Brother R——, who was so severe on the boys who came late to school. Woe betide the unfortunate who put in an appearance after prayers. Still, Brother R—— was by no means the last in the boys' affections, for he was a great hurling enthusiast. He used to draw a map of the playing field on the blackboard and discuss the plan of campaign with as much earnestness and care as Napoleon or Wellington ever exercised before a important battle. "Pull on the ball" was his motto: and if a player failed to pull on the ball in a stirring match, he had committed a greater crime than coming to school late for prayers.

Mr. S—— was one in a thousand who seemed not to know anger. He was what we moderns call a "personality." There was no limit to his learning: mathematics, languages, drawing—he was equally at home in such diverse subjects. But his popularity with us was not due to his deep knowledge, but to the fact that as a storyteller there were few to rival him. How we used to love his classes when in the midst of his efforts to explain some puzzling problems to our unreceptive minds, he would turn from the blackboard, a twinkle in his eye, and say: "That reminds me," then break off into a yarn in his own inimitable way. He is gone now, but I know that many who were privileged to come under his influence often think of him kindly and regretfully.

Masters are such queer creatures, and so powerful, for they mould our very lives. Even yet when speaking to any of my former teachers I can hardly restrain myself from answering in my most modest tone: "Yes, sir," "No, sir," as the case may be, and sometimes I half expect to see the rod of reproach extended threateningly.

There was a little poem that we learned in our reading books long ago. Perhaps it might not appeal to the serious critic of poetry; but is one of those pieces which, when learned in youth, greater things cannot efface from the mind. It is many years since I laid eyes on it, but it goes something like this:—

"Tis good to see the school we knew,  
The land of youth and dream;  
To greet again the rule we knew  
Before we took the stream.  
Though long we have missed the sight of her,  
Our hearts may not forget;  
We have lost the old delight in her,  
We shall keep her honour yet."

There was more to it, but the line, "land of youth and dream" surely causes longings to arise in us all. And perhaps that is the reason for my difficulty in realising that my schooldays are no more. I suppose, like all men, I hope that some day I shall fulfil the illusive dreams of youth,

SEAMUS O'NEILL, Past Pupil.

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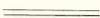


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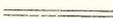
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## Tommy Todd's Diary.

- 8 a.m.—Alarm clock rang but I did not hear it.
- 8-15 a.m.—Mother called to me to get up.
- 8-20 a.m.—Mother yelled to me to get up.
- 8-25 a.m.—Mother screamed to me to get up.
- 8-30 a.m.—At last got up.
- 8-35 a.m.—Gave myself a wash.
- 8-40 a.m.—Mother did not believe I washed myself 'cos the towel was clean.
- 8-45 a.m.—Mother washed me so hard that I didn't know myself when I looked in the mirror.
- 8-50 a.m.—Had breakfast.
- 8-55 a.m.—Ditto (only it was sister Mary's this time).
- 9-0 a.m.—Jimmy Ritchie called me a big sea-lion.
- 9-15 a.m.—Went to the Zoo to see what a sea-lion was.
- 9-20 a.m.—Discovered what kind of a beast it was and went looking for Jimmy Ritchie.
- 9-25 a.m.—Found him and gave him a terrific pasting.
- 9-30 a.m.—Arrived at school.
- 9-35 a.m.—Teacher asked me what was wrong me being half an hour late
- 9-45 a.m.—Said "I had a sore leg," but teacher only snorted, "another lame excuse," and gave me six of the best.
- 10-0 a.m.—Me and Curly Gibson had a competition to see who could hit teacher first with an ink pellet.
- 10-15 a.m.—I won.
- 10-20 a.m.—Got my prize—four of the best.
- 10-30 a.m.—We all got a sum to do.
- 10-40 a.m.—Cogged of Curly Gibson.
- 10-50 a.m.—Too bad! Curly was wrong too.
- 12-15 p.m.—Dinner.
- 12-25 p.m.—More dinner.
- 1-30 p.m.—School again.
- 4-0 p.m.—Am improving. Only caned three times this afternoon.
- 4-30 p.m.—Tea.
- 5-0 p.m.—Had a game of Conkers.
- 5-12 p.m.—Hit Johnny Jones on the cranium by mistake.
- 6-0 p.m.—Broke a window.
- 6-5 p.m.—Chased by a cop.
- 9-10 p.m.—Supper.
- 9-40 p.m.—Mother said "Bed."
- 9-45 p.m.—Ditto.
- 9-50 p.m.—Ditto.
- 10-0 p.m.—and Ditto.
- 10-5 p.m.—Went to bed.

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## MUSIC.

---

“One man with a dream at pleasure  
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown,  
 And thee with a new song measure  
 Can trample a kingdom down.”—O’Shaughnessy.

It is proposed to resume publication again this year of the School Magazine. So, if, my dear reader, you find yourself reading this humble contribution in print you will know that the efforts of the little band of would-be journalists have borne fruit, and that the blue pencil has been extremely lenient. All that remains is for you to judge whether the fruits of their labour are really worth your piece of silver. My “colleagues” have chosen, I am sure, many and varied subjects on which to show their literary and artistic powers. You will read, no doubt, serious and humorous literary articles, and descriptions of persons and things of different kinds. Poetry will undoubtedly occupy a good part of our little publication, and so it would not be out of place to speak of that inevitable possession without which poetry is nothing.

Music is “as old as the hills” and rivers. A river tumbling down a steep ravine or bubbling over pebbles on its way to the mighty main is indeed music in itself. And let one try to imagine living in a world in which music is non-existent, in which there are no bubbling, no whistling gay-hearted youths, no “kettle singing on the hearth,” no “bird’s song at Eventide.”—all is desolation.

A world without music would be as inconceivable as a book without leaves, or a fire without heat. Music is the necessary accompaniment to life’s ditty. The ditty is short and without the outside aid of music would be uninteresting and insipid. “If there is no accompaniment,” says Goldsmith, “it is but spoiling music.”

But to the natural music of the flowing brook man would add something like a handsome boatman with a glorious voice paddling along in a gondola to the united strains of song and lyre; and thus when to-day we speak of music, we do not refer to nature’s true music, and transforming it into one of the greatest, most magnificent and most universal arts the world has ever known.

The lyre was the most treasured possession of the ancient Greeks and Romans. The muses were honoured as gods—gods who possessed an art worthy of all admiration. Orpheus has been honoured eternally by Greeks and Latin poets in a way in which no other hero was or probably ever will be. To him we owe the first example of the Charms of Music, for by means of his famous musical powers he won the heart of Pluto to set free Eurydice, his spouse, who was captive in the lower regions. As time went on it was found that there were more instruments than the lyre from which musical sounds could be drawn, and so by degrees came hitherto unknown and non-existent instruments as the piano, the violin and the organ—all of which are indispensable parts of modern music.



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With the advance of all these sources of music came the necessity of writing that which was to be played. And hence it was that the real art entered into being—the art of composing. Music had spread to every country in the world, and each country adopted more or less different types of compositions. Russia took a prime interest in heavy orchestral and pianoforte music. Italy, the home of art, adopted and nourished a lighter and more melodious type—coloratura. In Spain was born that light romantic type, recognised all over the world. Wagner made heavy opera popular in Germany. England and France were the homes of songs and heavy music of all kinds, and last but, may we say, not least, came America with its inevitable “jazz.”

Beethoven’s “Moonlight Sonata” may yet keep its listeners spell-bound as it did the privileged few occupants of that humble cottage on whose still more humble piano he first composed and played its lovely melody. Strauss made the world go waltzing to the captivating strains of his immortal “Blue Danube.” Gilbert and Sullivan, with the sheer beauty of their famous light opera brought, and still continue to bring delight to thousands of music lovers. Moore’s Melodies gave to Ireland a primary place in the Muses Catalogue. “Tosselli’s Serenade” is whistled, sung, hummed and strummed in almost every corner of the globe, but Uncle Sam with his “jazz” may with justice claim a high place among the greatest of musical compositions.

This is certainly going against the grain. Connoisseurs of music look upon “jazz” as something which does not merit the title of music. Players and composers of modern music (jazz sounds rather vulgar) are considered the hooligan element of musical society. The following of the operatic and classical type make up the aristocracy. But although much is said to the contrary, there can be no doubt but that modern dance music, introduced by America and now copied by almost every country under the sun, and made popular by the cinema and the wireless, is as enjoyable as any other music. A “Yankee” visitor would say that the air here in Ireland “gets” one. That is what we are induced to say of our American friend’s music. It “gets” us. If you are feeling down-hearted and feeling it hard to lift your spirits, just then turn on the radio and listen to one of our modern dance bands, and you will find your cloud of depression floating away to the strains of something like “Who’s been polishing the Sun?”

Goldsmith tells us “that it is the custom for the company to sit as mute and motionless as statues” when a piece of music is sung or played. “Every feature, every limb” he says, “must seem to correspond in fixed attention; and, while the song continues, they are to remain in a state of universal petrification.” All this is indeed quite true, but most of our modern “jazz” fiends would say that the poet was crazy. When listening to modern rhythm one cannot remain in a state of petrification; he must keep moving in some manner, to keep time with the tune.

Good music is immortal. A good song, like the story of the Bible, no matter how often it is heard, is always new and refreshing. That is the chief difference between classical and modern compositions and composers. Schubert’s song will never die, while a year is a long life for a modern “dance number.” But the huge numbers of the latter which are continually being placed at the disposal of the public amply compensate for this.

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## Was Shakespeare a Catholic ?

The man Shakespeare, who is, perhaps, the greatest literary genius the world has ever known, has stirred the envy of all nations, sects, and creeds, and each is eager to acclaim affinity to him and to prove that he adhered to their particular beliefs. But no great author has ever revealed so little of himself, or of his own individuality and character as Shakespeare. Any little glimpses we get of the mind behind the pen are rare, and consequently the controversies waged over his body have at times reached white heat.

History seems to have been as obstinate as Shakespeare himself in hiding from his fellow-men the true nature of his beliefs. Nevertheless by weighing up the pros and cons of his own life and that of his family, it would seem that Shakespeare belonged to the Catholic Church, if to any at all. Richard Shakespeare, William's grandfather, was definitely a Catholic. Presumably then John Shakespeare, the writer's father, was baptized into the Church. At all events, John Shakespeare left his father's home and came to Stratford where he first comes into prominence during the early years of Queen Mary's reign. When all Protestants were barred from public service, John Shakespeare held office in the Stratford Council. During this period, too, he married a Catholic wife, Mary Arden, and the first born child was baptized in the Catholic Church. However John Shakespeare seems to have changed his religion with the times, for he again retained office during Elizabeth's reign, and his son William was baptized according to the Rites of the Protestant Church. Later in life, however, this unstable man suddenly disappeared from public life, and is even arrested for failing to attend the Reformed service; he had, in fact, returned to his old faith. With a Catholic mother, and a father who was at least Catholic at heart, William Shakespeare would undoubtedly have received a Catholic upbringing. As if in support of this theory the poet in his latter days applied for and was permitted to combine the coat of arms of his mother's family, the Ardens, a most staunch Catholic family, with that of his own.

Let us now see from the poet's work whether this view is strengthened or not. Although he lived at a time when the religious controversy was bitterest, Shakespeare never allowed the least touch of animosity to enter his works, a fact which would undoubtedly have been otherwise had he belonged to the Reformed creed. His play, "King John," is often claimed to be anti-Papal, and consequently anti-Catholic, and the work of no subject of the Catholic Church. It must be remembered, however, that whatever his religious beliefs, Shakespeare shared the objection of most Englishmen of sending money in such great quantities to Rome, as was done in his own time.

"And this much, too, that no *Italian* priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions,"

says King John. The poet, too, always speaks reverently of clergymen, and weaves about them an atmosphere of sincerity, respect, and humanity.

Incontrovertibly Shakespeare was no Puritan. His very profession, a playwright, and his personal contact with the theatre prove this. In his character, Malvolio, he holds the Puritans up to ridicule. ("Twelfth Night.") He could, had he wished, have woven this character as belonging to some other religion, but he did not.

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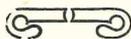
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Finally Shakespeare's knowledge, not only of the Ritual but of the very fundamental laws of Catholicism, is the knowledge of none but a Catholic. He speaks of the Mass in "Hamlet"—"to sing a requiem" over the dead Ophelia. Throughout his play, "Henry V.," the great teaching of the Church and the characteristic of all Catholics—trust in the will of God—is uppermost.

"To whom, God will, there be the victory."

In "Hamlet" he makes King Claudius speak of the forgiveness of sin, and shows a remarkable acquaintance with the necessities for forgiveness. He, Claudius, cannot be forgiven unless he has sorrow, or unless he returns what he has stolen, his crown. Hamlet speaks of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, "unanointed, unanealed." He is acquainted with the Church regulations forbidding the burial of suicides (Ophelia) in consecrated ground. Examples such as these could be multiplied, but extensive quotation is, however, beyond the scope of this article.

The Church has never been without her scholars. During no generation since her foundation over nineteen hundred years ago has she failed to produce her Aquinases. And although, undoubtedly, she may embrace the illiterate and ignorant, as well as the learned, in her fold, I think she can claim to have given birth to the greatest human brain the world has ever known.

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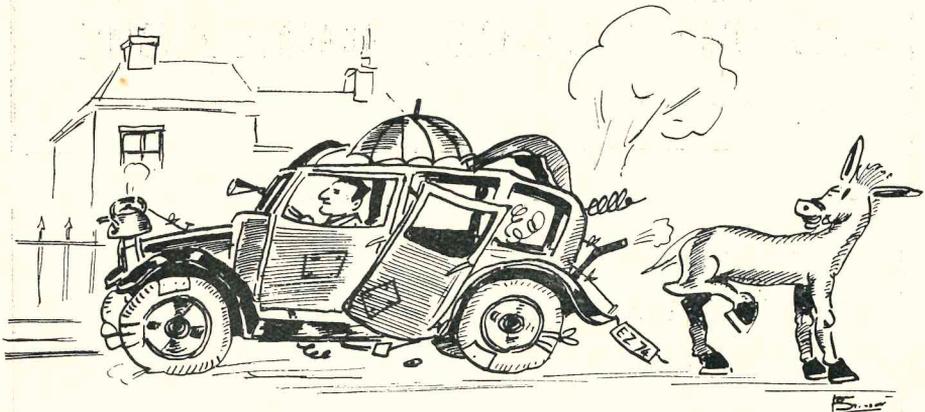
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## An Old Boys' Association.

Dear Mr. Editor.

The accomplishment of mensa, mensa, mensam . . . . ., and later of ante, apud, ad, adversus . . . . ., the detection of the vital and I really believe non-existent differences between the specific gravity and the density, the solution of some of Euclid's 'unkinder' cuts have sent me forth a scholar. Having weathered the terrific storm of straight-lefts, right-hooks, Irish-whips, half-nelsons, and other tricks and tactics of unscrupulous examiners, I now unfurl my sails and am about to be tossed on the sea of life, not, I hope, as Don Quixote was tossed by the windmill. Surely I may look for assistance to my Alma Mater which has supplied scientific data and hackneyed formulas to all my literary or mathematical longings, and which has even done more. Though, I must admit, one, in the earlier classes, may spend and has spent the year, unacquainted with one's class-mates, yet in the higher forms this has been remedied by the friendly intercourse, the social atmosphere, and



QUICK STARTING! FIERI NON POTEST.

the sportive rivalry, of the playing field, of the ball-alley, of the Scientific Society or of the Study Circle. Why should not this be completed, and added to these a society where the old boys may mingle with the present boys, and where we might find a true appreciation of our Alma Mater? Where our school ties might be reknotted (not to be taken literally) and where we may sometime view in the light of maturer years, many joys of our present school life which are hidden to our eyes. I would suggest (1) that an Old Boys' Association be formed by the students leaving the school this year, and that as many as possible of those past-pupils of former years be encouraged to join, (2) that this society would meet once a month, or once every two months, or perhaps more frequently, under the supervision of one of the Brothers, (3) that papers be read, or debates, or just discussions be held at each meeting, and that an annual dinner would be a fitting time to mark the progress of the years and the success of the Alma Mater.

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## Past Pupils.

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It is an honour to be asked to pay a brief tribute to those who have left the Senior department of St. Mary's in recent years. Did time and space permit, a personal tribute to each would be a source of joy. They have maintained a proud tradition, or perhaps established a new and greater one. Providence has even singled them out. The Divine Master finding among them many generous souls that willingly responded to His call. Within one year, more than twelve that had finished their senior course, began their preparation for a consecrated life. Others since have followed their example. These were all young men of talent, in fact of outstanding ability, so that their sacrifice is all the more inspiring. The Diocese of Down and Connor claimed some, and in a few short years will find in them devoted priests and brilliant scholars. Religious Congregations for Priests received others, the African Missionary Society and the Oblates of Mary Immaculate being particularly fortunate. Already the Superiors of these Congregations have expressed their admiration and gratitude for such devoted candidates. The congregation of the Irish Christian Brothers got its share, winning the love and esteem of perhaps the cream of the whole group. The Maynooth Mission to China is grateful also, and the Midland plains may yet be startled by the fame of another loyal student of St. Mary's. May their example inspire many another so to consecrate their lives to Him who "came that we may have life and have it more abundantly." So much for those who have started on the road to heroism in the Religious world.

We now turn to those who are going to be heroes in the secular world. A Londoner has recently stated that its civil servants are becoming more efficient and more civil! This needs no comment. Liverpool and other English centres may have a similar experience. Dublin, too, must feel the touch, perhaps a little nervous of the great Northern talent displayed there. We are not forgetting those who are influencing the Civil Service departments in our own fair city, nor the two that are going to maintain the great record of St. Mary's in the Central Post Office. These young men, that have entered the Civil Service must get special mention. St. Mary's is grateful to them. They have left behind them a great example, an example which is an inspiration and an encouragement. A few reminders here may not be out of place. They must reach the highest posts in their departments, bringing with them that example of Christian idealism which will mark them out as genuine followers of our Crucified King. They must carry out their profession as Christians and for Christ. The key to their lives must be sought in devotion to Our Lady and to the Eucharist, these they must make the centre of their lives, finding there the necessary strength to be shining examples of Christian virtue in the midst of a corrupt and evil world. Thus they will never know the meaning of fear where religious principles are concerned, their spirit of Faith ever reminding them that in strict obedience to the moral Law will they find true happiness. In this sense their lives will be lives of activity, in fact consecrated lives; in this sense they will be true exponents of that Catholic Action so dear to the heart of Our Holy Father, and in this sense they will be loyal sons of St. Mary's.

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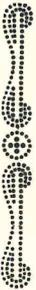
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J. CUNNINGHAM.

A good many others have entered the teaching and medical professions, These also are remarkable young men and will find in their noble calling abundant scope for lives of action. They will show their loyalty to the Holy Church by a sincere devotion to study, maintaining that purity of mind and heart which should be outstanding features of their characters. Lastly there are some, who having completed their senior programme, are specialising in other centres. Some of these are going to be experts in the Law, in Art, or in Engineering, and even in Agriculture, while others hope to join with old friends in the Civil Service. These, too, were individuals who played their part well. St. Mary's wishes them luck and will appreciate their loyalty.

May I repeat, that those who have left in recent years have blazed a noble trail. Let the present students follow, so that the lives of all, no matter where cast, may be a continuous upward climb to that great Destiny, secured for us by Jesus Crucified.

E.F.R.

---

## Temptation,

About seven in the morning  
 With shouting he did wake,  
 It was his mother calling  
 That made his dull head ache.  
 He didn't like to leave the bed  
 So warm and snug it felt;  
 He thought he'd stay a little while  
 And risk that nasty belt.  
 Again he heard that dreaded shout:  
 "Hi! Johnny, get up there!"  
 But the next time Johnny didn't hear:  
 He was snoring like a bear.  
 Laziness is rewarded sure  
 With punishment as a rule;  
 That fact was known to Johnny  
 As he sulked along to school.

J. CONNELL. Form D. 2.

---

## A Distinguished Visitor.

We were this year privileged to welcome to our school the Rev. C. C. Martindale, the world-famous Jesuit. All of us had heard of him; some had listened to him over the ether and others had appreciated his writings. There was no one, however, who was not excited at the prospect of coming into personal contact with him. In his address he surpassed the high standard of his own reputation had set for him. His theme was that everyone coming into the world had a special vocation from God; if not called to the religious life everyone had still certain work to do for God while following his ordinary duties of life. Father Martindale enlivened his lecture, if anything of his needed enlivenment, by reminiscences of his travels in Africa and New Zealand. Many of us attended St. Mary's Hall on "Christ in Modern Life."

We were agreeably surprised to read Fr. Martindale's estimate of us:—  
 "That same morning we visited a Christian Brothers' School and talked to the Senior boys. Admirable Brothers! Sturdy smiling boys! One might have been in Australia or South Africa, despite the skies of eiderdown."

M. IRVINE. Form E. 2.

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## SPORT.

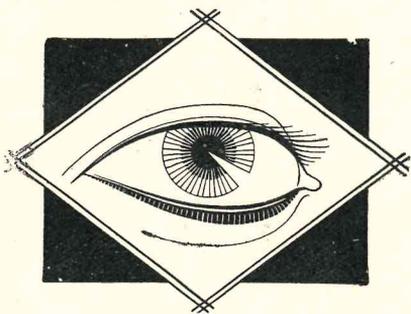
In the Senior School—a department which ought to set an example in every sphere—sport is notable only for its weak organization. The spirit characteristic of past years, when the names of our hurlers and footballers were bye-names on many a stoutly-contested field seems totally lacking, and the dearth of distinguished athletes amongst our ranks does not augur at all well for the future. The athletes who will distinguish themselves in the future must be drawn from the ranks of the school-boys of to-day. The lack of unity and organization among Antrim Gaels is well exemplified by the fact that often the minor county hurling and football teams are composed of these schoolboys, clever though they undoubtedly are, but unfit physically, for the robustness that characterises county football and hurling. Why, even our leading senior clubs, O'Connells, Gael Uladh, and St. John's, to mention but a few, have to depend to a great extent on our school hurlers and footballers.

Some youngsters thus early initiated into the virility of senior football soar meteorically to the top, but these are few compared to the many who never attain success. The name of P. Murphy, a senior student, already a brilliant performer on Antrim's football team, and we hope also on its hurling team in the near future, stands as an example of the former. The failure of the majority, however, shows only a deterioration of sport and, the lower standards of perfection attained serves to discourage those disinclined to athletics.

We had no senior team in any of the hurling competitions last year, which was perhaps just as well for the present hurlers would only tarnish the glory of the great teams of a few years ago, who gave the Leinster Senior Champions their hardest match in their division, and smashed their way into the junior semi-final at Croke Park. The minor county teams of those years were chosen en bloc from our hurlers, who now are notable only by their absence, from representative selections.

Three football matches were played with the boys of the new Secondary School in Downpatrick. In the first of these, at Corrigan Park, our lads achieved a last minute victory by the narrowest of margins, the final score being—School 2 goals 1 point; Downpatrick 2 goals 0 points. In the second Downpatrick obtained their revenge by a wide margin, 5 goals 6 points to 2 goals 5 points. We were rather unfortunate in this match, however, as our players, used to a much larger pitch, were cramped on the small Downpatrick ground, as the number of wides forced by them well exemplified. During the course of this match one of our players, G. O'Doherty, another Antrim player, unfortunately fractured his leg while participating in a last desperate and almost successful rally, and our depleted team sustained a very severe gruelling in the closing minutes as the score shows. The third match played at MacRory Park left us with even honours, the result after a well contested match being 2 goals 1 point each.

Our hand-ballers, P. Murphy and J. Duignan, ably upheld the prestige of the school, and decisively defeated St. Malachy's College by 3 games to 1. Against Dundalk at Newry they were less successful, being defeated after a magnificent struggle by a similar score.



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In the Junior School, under the careful coaching and able tuition of Brothers O'Farrell, Magee and Mr. McGrath, a much more gratifying spirit marks our sport. The young lads have set a very high standard, and we only hope that when they enter the Senior School they will cultivate the seeds of athletic pride and prowess so well sown in the Junior department. Hurling and football were the chief games played, and we must congratulate them on their triumphs over most formidable opposition of the city in open competitions. And while we congratulate them, let us not forget the debt of gratitude due to the men who trained them, thus making possible their success.

In 1935 they were undefeated in the Hurling League, thus retaining possession of the Beringer Cup, so often won by past teams of the school.

Five members of the successful team, viz:- Sheehy, Harte, Largey, Finlay and Longhead, were selected to assist the Belfast Schools against the pick of Dublin, and all acquitted themselves with distinction. The lads were rather unlucky, too, to lose the seven-a-side hurling competition in connection with the Aeridheacht, promoted by the MacRory Park Committee.

The same success did not smile on the football team, who played 8 matches; won 3 and lost 5. Still the individual talent was there, for again five members participated in the match against Dublin. These were Sheehy, McGeagh, Laverty (a great little captain), Dalton and McKavanagh, all of whom played a material part in Belfast's runaway victory.

Although the '36 competitions have not been completed, our teams, as is shown by the following records, hold very favourable positions. In the Hurling League we played 7 matches; won 5, drew 1, lost 1. The football team have an almost identical record. Played 8, won 6, drew 1, lost 1.

The outlook of the Junior School seems rosy enough, and already the lads are confident of retaining the Beringer Cup, and supplying the bulk of the hurling and football teams who will battle with the Dublin representatives.

While we deplore the cessation of organised league matches on games day in the Senior School, we are pleased to see athletics being placed on their proper plane by the energetic work of Brother Nagle. Through feverish training within a short time of the sports may deprive us of a large number of successes, yet the enthusiasm of those who are now preparing for the Schools and Colleges Championships, should assist them to acquit themselves with distinction.

## The Scientific Society.

President ..... Mr. T. Kane.  
 Hon. Secretary ..... Mr. T. Woodhouse.  
 Hon. Treasurer ..... Mr. P. McAleese.

The curriculum in Science for the Junior and Senior Certificate examinations digs a narrow furrow in a wide field. Science is more than laboratory experiments and text-book knowledge. It is a major factor in the life and thought of this age. Its industrial applications affect our lives daily; its philosophical implications colour our views about the Universe.

The Scientific Society was founded to help students to rise above the routine of school work in order to learn something of the importance of Science in the modern world. This end is promoted in two ways: (1) by papers contributed by members which show aspects of scientific thought outside the curriculum; (2) by visits to manufacturing plants and laboratories which show something of the social applications of Science.

During the Session 1935-36 papers were read on: Electricity, by H. Shiels; Force and Motion, by K. Bready; Relativity, by H. McGreevy; The Manufacture of Coal Gas, by P. McAleese. Visits were paid to the Ormeau Bakery (where the members were entertained to tea), the research laboratories of the Ministry of Agriculture, and the Corporation Gas Works. Arising out of the visit to the Ormeau Bakery a debate was held on the motion "that Science has not benefitted mankind." A lecture on India and Siam, illustrated by cine films, was given to the members by Mr. H. S. Kennedy.

Contributions on any aspect of Science—Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Engineering, Astronomy, Geography—will always be welcomed. Members will find an opportunity for widening their scientific knowledge in the library founded by the Society.

The success of the Society in the past winter has been due entirely to the enthusiasm of the members. Given a continuation of this enthusiasm, it is hoped that, with the experience gained this year, next year's programme will be even more successful.

The Society wishes to thank Rev. Brother Murray for placing a room at its disposal for meetings; Mr. Collins for lending and operating the projector on 13th December; the Manager of the Gas Works for a generous supply of samples illustrating the various products of the coal gas industry.

Somewhere  
in St. Mary's School,

Dear Mr. Editor,

Our School has of late become more intellectual—I was almost tempted to say highbrow. The current year has witnessed the establishment of a Study Circle and a Scientific Society, both offering excellent channels for the interchange of their members' views and opinions. But what of our sports and pastimes, are they to be sacrificed to the gods of study? Have the leaders of the students' thought forgot, or doubted the veracity of that much hackneyed adage "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy?" For it is above question that the atmosphere pervading extra school circles savours of the classroom. The fault, to a large extent, is due to that literary atmosphere which permeates these invaluable gatherings. Now to my appeal.

Last year several of the Seniors organised informal cycling tours, the first of which commenced on Ascension Thursday. All who took part in the subsequent excursions heartily enjoyed themselves. Will any of the original members and founders of the cycling circle ever forget that first run to the Glens, the vocal attempts at "Roll along Covered Wagon," the wayward auctions and G. O'Doherty's running commentary thereon, or Harry Gorman's full dress bathe to the strains of "By a Waterfall"? I, for one, shall look back on the pleasant camaraderie and good fellowship which characterised all our tours, and it is the memory of those happy incidents that causes me to pen this letter.

Hoping that all Seniors interested in reviving the Cycling Circle this year will inform

Yours in expectant hopefulness of publication,

S. O'NEILL. Form E. 2.

## Night.

When darkness falls o'er land and sea  
And I am safe in bed,  
Into the world of dreams I go,  
The bedclothes round my head.

The events of day pass one by one  
Before my weary eyes;  
And things both said and done to me  
Now fill me with surprise.

Why did I let that lad of twelve  
Put me against the wall,  
When all my class-mates know he is  
No match for me at all?

And why, when playing ball at home,  
The ball went in next door,  
I was afraid to ask it back  
Though its loss did grieve me sore?

But to-morrow everything will change,  
And if but for a day,  
I'll be a hero, brave and bold,  
A knight both true and gay.

JOE SWEENEY. Form A. 2.

## SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.

Zero was a Roman Emperor.

Gladiators are things which give out heat.

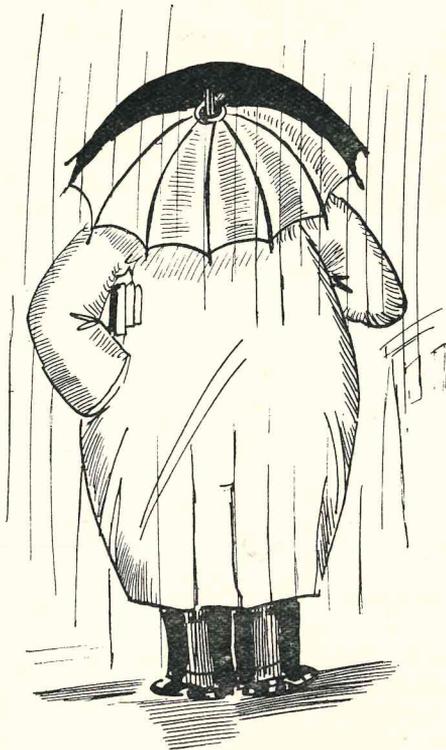
A meteor is an instrument we put shillings in, to obtain gas.

A vacuum is an empty space where the Pope lives.

A circle is a line with no kinks in it, joined so as not to show where it began.

"Etc." is the sign used to make an examiner believe you know more than you do.

A glazier is a man who runs down mountains.



?

Caesar, secundum ventum nactus : Caesar having got his second wind.

Tertium quid : A legal term meaning six and eightpence.

Gallia omnis est divisa in partes tres. All Gaul is quartered into three halves.

Canes domuum custodes sunt : Canes are the guardians of masters.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum : No thing in the dead but bones.

Non plus ultra : nothing beyond Ulster.

The plural of child is twins.

The plural of forget-me-not is forget-us-not.

Dew falls because the earth revolves on its own axis and perspires freely.

Lightning conductors are men who conduct jazz bands.

An accumulation is a place where chickens are reared.

Natus Jove boum: born, by Jove, of cows.

Jimmy came in to bid his aunt good-bye with a very dirty face.

"Jimmy," said his mother, "don't you know that your auntie won't kiss you when your face is dirty,"

Jimmy: "So I thought."

Furniture remover to mate who was clearing house: "Hey! John, we'll soon get this job done if everyone takes something. You take the side-board and I'll take the responsibility."

Footballer to manager: "You bought me for £300, but now £5,000 would not buy me."

Manager: "Yes, and I'm one of the 5,000."

Uncle to boy: "How are you getting on at school, Tommy."

Tommy: "Centre-forward in the school team, and right-back at class work."

Policeman to burglar: "You're trying to make me believe you won this silver cup at school. Then why are you carrying it in a bag."

Burglar: "For sentimental reasons, I won it in a sack race."

Enraged Actor: "I tell you I want real food at the banquet scene."

Stage Manager: "All right, but you will get real poison at the poison scene."

A cadet is a boy who carries golf clubs.

A quack doctor is one who looks after ducks.

A Black Maria is a negro's wife.

Turf is grass with dirt on it.

The man was clad in a shining suet of armour.

In some buses they have smoking aloud.

Sausages—meat in tights.

Humbugs—insects that buzz.

Autobiography—the story of an old Ford.

An author's tale comes out of his head.

A writer says its hard to give up one's flutter on football—The old pool tie.

Boy invents substitute for soap—It won't wash.

Twenty eight days for moustache—Most men take longer.

Doctors say fatal diseases are the worst.

Lost a bundle of letters by a lady in a brown paper parcel of no interest to anybody but the owner.

Wanted a boy to open oysters with a reference.

Lost an umbrella in ——— Street by a lady with whalebone ribs.

Wanted a smart woman who can wash, iron and milk cows.

Animus tuus ego: "Burke's 'Latin' Revelation."

## The Experiences of a New Student at Queen's.

"When first the college rolls receive his name,  
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;  
Thro' all his veins the fever of renown  
Burns from the strong contagion of the gown."

Thus wrote the sonorous Dr. Johnson in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," expressing not only his own sentiments but the sentiments of all unhappy mortals when the portals of a University or College close over their heads for the first time. That eminent member of the 'Augustan' school of verse would have expressed his feelings in more vigorous terms had he lived to enter "Queen's" as a "Fresh-man."

A new student, or as he is called, "Fresh-man," arrives very early at Queen's on the first morning of the new term, and discovers that he is not the only early bird. He beholds hundreds of new students wandering aimlessly over the lawns, and through the vast corridors of the building, with several suspicious porters in their train. Groups of "Fresh-men" are observed following learned-looking individuals hoping that they will lead them to their respective classes—or as they are termed—lectures. The wise "Fresh-man," however, disdains such methods and walking up to a solemn medical student boldly demands the whereabouts of his class. He is kindly directed to a certain room on a certain floor and duly sets off. When he has climbed numberless stairs and crossed numberless corridors and scrutinised innumerable doors, he suddenly comes to a blank wall, and is informed by an attendant that the next floor is the roof. After the first week the "Fresh-man" has been accustomed to the times and places of his lectures and settles down to read the countless autographs inscribed on his desk. "Julius Caesar," "Crippen" and "Nero" are engraved in the stout oak and the student begins to respect the age of this ancient establishment.

If the professor happens to be an Oxford graduate, it takes the "Fresh-man" the best part of another week to understand what he is talking about. Then in this "Pamarsus" a loquacious professor generally uses a superfluous abundance of difficult words to extemporize, dogmatize, and deprecate in an allocutive way the use of ordinary plain prose. He generally speaks about five hundred words a minute and the student's writing becomes a series of lines and dots. The night is passed with the aid of a dictionary, deciphering and translating the notes into English, and generally resulting in the condemnation of either the dictionary, the professor, or perchance, his spelling.

There is no home-work and this, to the "St. Marian," seems an outstanding piece of good news, but more remarkable still is the absence of shouts at him when he arrives late. He listens day after day to list after list of books, and thinks that the don is merely showing off how much he knows. Of course, when the exams arrive, the "Fresh-man" is stupefied at the question papers, and wonders if the examiners are sane. The results are disheartening but then there is a billiard room provided for disgusted students. Here he learns that the world's greatest races are the "Derby," the "Oaks," and the "National." Inspired by nobler instincts he determines to extend his reading and is directed to the magazine room. Now, the exterior of the University Library bears a strong resemblance to a Church, and suggests that the students must be

extraordinarily pious. But the "Fresh-man" discovers his mistake for on entering he finds it more like a debate at Stormont than pious congregation. Here an arm-chair philosopher informs him that Queen's is like Stormont—the only difference being that at "Queen's" you pay to do nothing.

Visitors to Queen's should always beware of tipping ragged looking individuals, thinking perhaps that they are wanderers of the roads, for these individuals may be professors. Care should also be taken not to mistake bent, care-worn creatures with long flowing beards for professors for they generally happen to be poor unfortunates as he who has written this modest contribution. Such mistakes would end in disaster and more than one student has been sent down for unconsciously giving a professor a tip for the 2-30.

The elaborately equipped chemical laboratories in the Science department would gladden the heart of many a "St. Marian." Here one can break retorts and flasks ad infinitum. The medical students burning with ardour do their own central heating and the Senate thoroughly enjoys the pranks of these frolicsome youths. One anatomy professor is still looking for the joker who put T.N.T. in his favourite pipe—he did not want to rise in the world yet, it seems.

Such are the experiences of a first year man; regrets may be felt at the loss of old faces, and the thrill of that "five to nine, minute rush" up Castle Street in the morning is still hard to beat. The banning of Students' Day has left nothing for the cheerful student to look forward to. When he witnesses the armoured cars and the "cages" of police rushing towards Barrack Street and learns that the St. Mary's Debating Society is in session, remorse truly comes home to him and he feels with the mysticism of Blake that—

"Your spring and your day are wasted in play,  
And your winter and night in disguise."

PEARSE STINSON, Past Pupil.

## Bodyline.

As nowadays Dame Fashion has commanded that all we smart boys should possess a manly figure, a system of body building called the New Muscle System will be of interest to those who are handicapped by a frail framework. Instead of telling our tailor to stuff up the shoulders with that nasty cotton wool, we can now tell him to incorporate the New Muscle System in our rig out. This consists mainly of a number of bags, stitched between the lining of the clothes at the shoulder and forearm, etc. Each of these bags is inflated by a ducky little pump, and when one wishes, one can pop the pump on to the valves and pump a few puffs of air into each bag, and lo and behold, when one looks in the mirror one sees the fine figure, the bulging biceps, and one can patter down to breakfast and into work with a light heart. I understand the New Muscles are unpuncturable.

P. MURPHY. Form E. 2.

## With Apologies to Mr. Goldsmith.

### I.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
 From roads the Glen, the Antrim and Ormeau,  
 Proceed they t' where the Spartan with a roar  
 Against breakfastless scholars shuts the door.  
 Some enter by the gate, some o'er the wall,  
 Some come too late and so don't enter 'tall.  
 But whether they tip-toe on hand and knee,  
 Poor luckless things they'll sure run into thee.  
 Run 'to that Brother who with lengthy cane  
 Inflicts on each small hand the stinging pain.

### II.

Safely emerging from this early brawl,  
 Ascends he nimbly to the worst of all,  
 Where idly busy rolls the world away,  
 So blessed a life these thoughtless realms display.  
 Dear is that desk to which his — conforms,  
 And dear that dream that lifts him from the storms.  
 For, as a child whom scaring sounds molest,  
 Clings close and closer to its mother's breast,  
 So the loud torrent of the teacher's roar  
 Adds ten degrees of deepness to his snore.

### III.

Yet oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall  
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small,  
 And oft he wishes from his dream to find  
 Some spot to realer happiness consigned.  
 With aught like maths or history ages old  
 To turn to gray hairs those that now are gold,  
 Could not (e.g.) some smart M.P. devise  
 A plan whereby we'd be both rich and wise,  
 Without extortions of exams or schools,  
 Which mainly seem to swell the ranks of fools.

### IV.

Yes, Brother! curse with us that baleful hour  
 When first Ambition got us in its power;  
 And thus polluting pleasure in its source  
 Now offers us who grabbed but what is worse.  
 Why have we strayed from pleasure and repose  
 To seek a good we know no school bestows?  
 For there with steps we aimlessly pursue  
 Some fleeting good that mocks us with the view;  
 And though it lures us on to make us men,  
 Wisely enough it never tells us when.

Oremus.

O! blest retirement, friend of life's decline,  
 Retreats from care: O! when will you be mine?  
 How well if we could crown in shades like these  
 A youth of leisure with an age of ease.

## Alphabetical Definitions.

- AEROPLANE: A thing that is of no earthly use.
- BAD BOY: Any brat but your own.
- CLEVERNESS: Knowing how stupid you are and hiding it.
- DEBT: The only thing that expands in proportion as it is contracted.
- EVERYTHING: What the old believe, the middle-age suspect, the young know.
- FRIEND: A person who knows all about you and still likes you.
- GOLF: The pursuit of pale pills by purple people.
- HOSIERY: Camouflage for the understanding.
- INK: The only black thing that enlightens.
- JOURNALISM: Lying for a living.
- KID: The young of goats and men; needs tanning to be made serviceable.
- LAUGHTER: The sound you hear when you slip on an orange peel.
- MISTAKES: The only thing that we all make, but never brag about.
- NOTHING: What keeps a fool and his money from parting.
- OPTIMIST: A person, who on a wet day, borrows your umbrella.
- PESSIMIST: A man who has spent the night with an optimist.
- QUID: A sovereign remedy; e.g., quid pro quo.
- REFORMER: The person who cannot resist the temptation of poking his nose into other people's business.
- SOAP: The one good thing in this world that we have to shut our eyes to.
- TO-MORROW: The day when idlers work and fools reform.
- UMPIRE: A man chosen for his knowledge who annoys other people when he shows it.
- VULGARITY: An objectionable characteristic of the manners of others.
- WISDOM: Knowing how ignorant we are and keeping this knowledge to ourselves.
- XYLEM: Woody tissue; teachers have been known to apply it to their pupils heads.
- YES: The answer that causes most of the world's troubles.
- ZIG-ZAG: The course of a vessel that has shipped a lot of spirits.

## “Certa Bonum Certamen.”

Modern life is a welter of social, moral and intellectual confusion. The propagation of loose doctrines accompanied by the loss of moral restraint, the spread of materialism and communistic principles with the evils of capitalism and social injustice have all combined to form a problem of which the only solution is a Catholic one, and which requires the active co-operation of every Catholic.

Catholics cannot help being infected with the materialistic doctrines which taint their whole atmosphere. The infection may become a disease stifling the wholesome ideas and social principles of Catholicism and leaving the way open for the insidious influence of materialistic Communism. Materialism has thrust religion into the background of private affairs. Religion is no private affair, and, especially in a Catholic, the principles of his religion should permeate every sphere of his activity whatever his station in life. Catholics must declare war on the materialistic and communistic principles of to-day. Catholics under the guidance of the Holy See must become emissaries as active as the Communistic emissaries under the guidance of the Soviet.

All this implies an education in Catholic doctrine and social principles. The formation of Study Circles is a logical consequence. The Study Circle gives a specialised education in Catholic principles necessary to combat the materialistic theories of modern life: it is the Catholic answer to the Communist cell. It logically follows that in the Catholic institutions for higher education, in secondary schools and colleges there should be flourishing Study Circles.

The example of militant Catholicism given by members of the “Pro Deo” League who in the Spring of this year staged an anti-Communist exhibition, and held a debate with members of the Communist Party of Ireland evidently impressed some pupils of our school and, especially Harry McGreevy. He first proposed the formation of a Study Circle, and Brother Burke took up the proposal and made all the necessary arrangements. The first meeting was held on the 14th. February under the guidance of Brother Burke and Mr. Mulrean. Twenty pupils attended and elected a Chairman and Secretary. Weekly meetings have been held since, and papers read on Catholic Doctrine and various aspects of Catholic Action followed by questions and discussion by the members on various points.

The pioneering of the Study Circle movement in St. Mary's has been very successful, due in great measure to the lively interest and enthusiasm shown by the members. May their interest and enthusiasm continue unabated, and may the interest of coming senior students be roused to preserve the Study Circle as an integral activity of our school through future years.

H. MAWHINNEY, Sec.

## Free State Fleet Annihilated near Wal-Wal by Swiss Navy.

Scenes of reckless barbarity and great courage marked the first naval battle of the war, which was fought to a finish at Ha-Ha, near Wal-Wal. The Free State fleet under Ras Cal were sailing through the mountains when they were confronted by the Swiss fleet coming hot foot across the desert. Though outnumbered the Irish calmly formed fours and put up a good fight for twenty minutes, and then, when beaten, they crossed the fields on their bicycles cos-'n-airde.

The Swiss attributed their victory to the habit of wearing the old school tie and a nightly glass of Horlick's, with poteen in proportion—fifty-fifty.

Admiral O'Reilly was more difficult to approach, and after much persuasion he told his story, and at the end broke down completely saying, "Guess I never was a fighter, guess I never was a sailor, guess I am just a great big pansy."



" HE WANTS TO SEE YOUR GUN LICENSE - ADMIRAL !

The President of the League of Resignations conferred the Order of the Spotted Dog of Dalmatia on the Swiss Admiral, who turned out to be none other than our old friend, Pop-eye, the Sailor, who later in an interview, said: "Doggone, I feel like Chris Columbus when he was elected President with 1492 votes, and if there was a better oil than Jameson's I'd use it. Doggone."

## Some Quaint Epitaphs.

Sacred to the memory of Ebenezer Harvey, who died through being accidentally kicked by a cow, on the 11th September, 1853.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

Here lies in a horizontal position the outside case of Thomas Hind clock and watchmaker, who departed this life wound up in hope of being taken in hand by his Maker. Thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and set agoing for the world to come.

Here lies John Knott:  
His father was Knott before him,  
He lived Knott, died Knott,  
Yet underneath this stone doth lie  
Knott christened, Knott begot,  
And here he lies, and still is Knott.

Here lies several of the Saunderses of this parish. Further particulars the last day will disclose. Amen.

Remember me as you pass by,  
As you are now so once was I,  
And as I am so you must be,  
So prepare thyself to follow me.

A wag added:—

To follow you I'm not content  
Until I know the way you went.

NEMO.

## Solitude.

Ye hills and vales and glens around,  
My heart oft with ye dwells:  
Oft singing nature's rhapsody  
My soul in ye revels.  
Far, far from the crowded throng  
O'er moor and heath I roam  
To chant with thee in pleasing song,  
Enraptured ever in thy home;  
To watch the lark soar to the blue,  
O heavenly enraptured soul,  
Or the hawk his prey pursue,  
Happy ever as I stroll.  
As eve's dark shadows gather  
'Mid the red horizon's beams,  
'Tis then I hear mad laughter  
From the ever-flowing streams.  
Ah! Nature's boundless courtyard,  
Stretching to the dark, dark waves.  
That ever by their frolics play  
Around thy beauteous caves.  
A rhapsody of love divine  
Is naught in love compared to thine.

K. HALLER. Form E. 2.

## The Fate of Scudd MacDuff.

All you who are too fond of wine,  
 Or any similar stuff,  
 Take warning by the dismal fate  
 Of one named Scudd MacDuff.  
 A sober lad he might have been,  
 Except in one regard,  
 He didn't like soft water,  
 So he took to drinking hard.

According to this kind of taste  
 Did he indulge his drouth,  
 And him, being fond of port, he made  
 A port-hole of his mouth!  
 A lonely pint he might have sipped,  
 And not been out of sorts;  
 But, geologically speaking,  
 The rock he struck was quartz.

Full soon the bad effects of this  
 Duff's frame began to show  
 For, boozers' enemy, the gout  
 Had taken Duff in "toe."  
 Along with this an evil came,  
 And this a serious sort;  
 For while he drank, his pocket  
 Was getting somewhat short.

For want of cash he soon had pawned  
 One half that he possessed,  
 And drinking showed certificates  
 Beforehand of the rest.  
 At last his creditors resolved  
 To seize on his assets;  
 But then they found that his "half-pay"  
 Would not "half-pay" his debts.

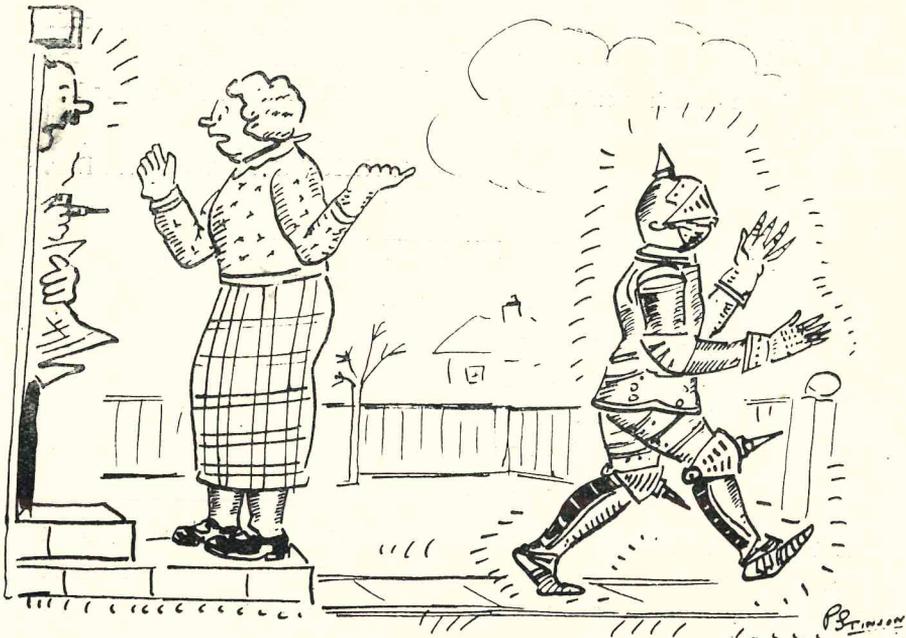
Then Duff contrived a novel mode  
 His creditors to cheat,  
 For his own execution he  
 Did one day in the street,  
 A pistol to the muzzle charged  
 He took devoid of fear;  
 Says he, "This barrel is my last,"  
 Here goes for my last "bier."

Against his lungs he aimed the slugs  
 And not against his brain,  
 So he blew out his lights,  
 And none could blow them in again.  
 A jury for the verdict met,  
 And gave it in these terms:  
 We find as how that certain "slugs"  
 Has sent 'im to the "werms."

## School Reform Bill of 1936.

This Bill was proposed by all the schoolboys who ever lived, and opposed by all the schoolmasters. The members of Parliament joyfully greeted the introduction of the Bill and passed it unanimously at the first reading, absolutely refusing to have any further readings. The reason for this was that the members at one time had all to go through the mill at school, and so they decided that the downtrodden pupils should have some equality. The items of the Bill are as follows:—

- I.—All schoolmasters will be severely punished who fail to present themselves in the class-room ten minutes before the class begins; the aforesaid masters can put this time to good use by trying to learn something, although it is highly improbable that they will succeed (in the latter).



"THERE'S A MEETING OF THE DEBATING SOCIETY  
AND JOHN'S TAKING NO CHANCES!"

- II.—Any pupil forgetting a text book may confiscate the teacher's own book for any length of time he wishes. In the case of a tie, i.e., two or more pupils forgetting the same book, the teacher must find books for each of them, or his book will be evenly divided amongst them.
- III.—Every month an examination set by the C.I.A. (Champion Idlers' Association) will be held for the masters. They will be examined in their various subjects to see if their education is improving at all, or whether they are content to remain all their days in such a low form of life as schoolmasters are in. The syllabus for the examination will be the work the boys have not done during the past month. The fate of those who fail will be determined by the pupils.

- IV.—No teacher is to be manhandled in class by the pupils. (This clause has been inserted to keep pupils out of the clutches of the R.S.P.C.A.) We feel that, for this, at least, the masters will feel grateful; that is unless they wish to become "master pieces."
- V.—The use of firearms and knives is not permitted in class, but catapults and peashooters may be brought on one day of the week during which day the masters may be used as targets. Any master who wishes may retaliate with his own peashooter or catapult, or, after 15 minutes bombardment he may fight his way from the class-room in which case a week's holiday is given to all pupils concerned.
- VI.—Fresh supplies of masters will be sent to all schools at 3d per head, and when the supply is dwindling it will be strengthened by the addition of a few cabbages (as good if not better) at 4d per head.

LEONARD SMYTH, Form D.2.

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He who fights and runs away  
 May live to fight another day;  
 While he who is in battle slain  
 Will never rise to fight again;  
 And when the fight becomes a chase  
 He wins the fight who wins the race.

It is a whimsical observation but, nevertheless, true, that the word "devil," shorten it as you please, will still retain a bad signification: devil, evil, vil, il; and it but too often happens that give Satan an inch and he will take an "1."

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### Wisdom from Arabia.

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not, he is a fool—  
 shun him.

He who knows not and knows that he knows not, he is simple—  
 teach him.

He who knows and knows not that he knows, he is asleep—wake him.

He who knows and knows that he knows, he is wise—follow him.

## Romanticist.

I'd as lief be a Rockefeller famous in story  
 As the poets who live by their stanzas and brains,  
 Breaking their hearts with their visions of glory  
 When only a bap on their table remains;  
 I'd have no romanticist to cast his charms o'er me;  
 The head is not right that such nonsense contains.  
 I'd be a Rockefeller famous in story  
 Rather than live by my stanzas or brains.

They tell me of Shelleys and Scotts—their just ninnies  
 To worry themselves to their deaths as they do.  
 Give me the music of millions of guineas,  
 While they address lays “to the summer skies blue.”  
 What if they scribble like Virgils and Plinys—  
 A tanner a line in a monthly review,  
 I'd be a Rockefeller and laugh at the ninnies  
 Whose brains such absurd undertakings pursue.

Commerce shall wave her proud flag o'er the ocean  
 When poets and minstrels have vanished from hence,  
 Rhymes may be music and their pet devotion,  
 But mine's concentrated on Consols and rent.  
 Of poets or minstrels I have not a notion,  
 Allusions to classics to me have no sense.  
 I'd be a Rockefeller with every emotion,  
 Awake to the tune of pounds, shillings and pence.

J. CARSON. Form E. 2.

## Instructions to Milk Inspectors.

By SIR BRAZIL BOOK.

Intelligent inspectors of our milk, grade A, B, C.  
 You're chosen for a work of great responsibility.  
 To you has been entrusted an Act of great renown,  
 Which is not well obeyed by the people of Belfast town.

Be vigilant, be watchful, never close your ears or eyes,  
 To frustrate the deep designs which the shopkeepers devise.  
 Cultivate sight and hearing, touch and smell by night and day,  
 Till you can sniff out watered milk at fifty yards away.

Be watchful at the village pump, if a milkman approach,  
 And take a half-full milkcan from his well-trimmed coach,  
 And seeing someone looking, pretends to feed his horse,  
 Arrest him on the spot, don't be stricken by remorse.

Remember that the milk in the nicest pail may be  
 Watered so carefully that it'll hardly colour tea,  
 Have just enough cases to keep me in my job,  
 An a lot of legal notices to blindfold the mob.

Disguise yourselves as labourers, drink, quarrel, smoke and curse,  
 Assume every character, be free with the civic purse,  
 Do anything, do everything, do nothing, but, I pray,  
 Keep Ulstermen from death, keep watered milk away.

DENIS O'LEARY. Form E. 1.

## béaloidéas.

Seéal beas é reo a fuair Tomár Mac Suibne ó Seámar Mac Saoicín ar Béal an Aca Mór. Tíreónaill.

Dí fear beas na comhairle i b'rao ó foin i gCondae Tír Eoigam. Dí fearm éalaim aise agus rtoe eallais agus caomac. 'Sé an gná abí aca 'ran am rin gan pórao go mbéao riao óá fiéto bliadain, ac ní hé rin mar tá anoir. Rinne an fear reo ruar a mhicín go b'pórao ré mar nac maó curtuigao ar bíe aise, ruo ar bíe a déanaim.

Dí go maie agus ní maó go h- le. Cuairé ré amac go teac comu-panac oo na cuio agus o'iaru ré comhairle ar an treantouine a bí anhrin, arhan reantouine leir "pór cinnce; níl ann ac amirtois tuic fanaac níor fuioe leac féim." Dí an fear ionganac pára leir an comhairle a tuaoó oó agus coirig ré as déanaim méto pá an lá mór. Cuir ré amac óá fear as iaruaró ban oó ac ní maó too aca ceann a fásaill oó agus bí fearis mór ar. Arra reirean leobéa "Fan-tois ra baile, níl ríó as riacailt bean ar bíe a fásaill toim."

Cuairé ré féim amac an oara oioce, cuairé ré fao le teac a maó tpi éailín agus o'iaru ré ceann acu ar an tacaar. Dubairt ré go tacaarfao agus fáilte agus ruar inne riao ruar an lá a maó riao le pórao. Pórao iao agus bí an bair ar. Ciuinnis reireao irteac ar tuaoó cuireao oóbea. Coirig an oairu agus coirig an t-ólaean.

Níor tuaoó cuireao ar bíe o'ín oá fear a cuairé amac an céao oioce ra éoinne bean a iaruaró o'ín fear, agus bí fearis millimeac oíra pá reo. Arra riao-ran leobéa féim imreocamuro-inne clear oíra. Fuair riao rean-šabar agus cuir riao tar ar. Tus riao an šabar fao le teac na bairre, tar riao cipín poluir, o'fórcail fear aca an oorar, cuireao poluir leir an šabar agus irteac leir i lár an toise agus é as oóao. O'éirig callán millimeac irtois ran teac to na tairre reo, amac le cúpla fear aca go bfuigao riao greim an té a inne é ac bí an oá óganac ar fuibál.

Cuir reo an oioce mór amuša ar oream na bairre ršab riao 'na oiaró rin ac ní bfuair ar amac aruam ce-inne é.

## An fáinne.

"Deirim mo b'raar nac labaruaró mé ac Šaeoils le šac fáinneoir ar reo amac" arra ršairte eile as an éruinnušaó reireannaac oe šarra an fáinne 'r asainne tá cupla reacóam ó foin. Dubairt cuio mór eile an ruo ceanann céatna mí joume rin agus tácar a maó mí i noiaró na míoira eile le fiéto bliadain anoir. "Ac" a reiréto oume eiginreacó nac bfuil eolar aise ar an Šaeoils agus ar Šaeoelacár "Cao cuige a šaeiréto riao a leiréto oe šealltanar a éabairt or comair oáome nac bfuil bairt acu leo? Sul a otis reasra a éabairt ar an éiréto rin, cuigimur uilig coiré an ruo é "An fáinne" cao cuige a bfuilre ar oe agus coiré an obair acá toir lámab as šarraí an fáinne ar ruo na tíre reo.

Ir beas tuine nac bfuil fíor aise supab í an Šaeóilg teanga úúéáir na h-Éireann. Sin an teanga a labair na sean-Šaeóil, ar rinnreap, pul a 'deáimic "Seán Ó 'Díge" irceac inr an tír as deánamí cheice asur uóáir o' acan éimeal. Cá maó "Seán" í b'rao inr an tír sup mócuig pé nac ótiocfaó leir mópán a uéanaó muja otab-arráide iarráir ar rriopao nairúnta na nŠaeóeal a milleaó asur rriopao asur nópannaí na Šarana a éuir 'n-a ionao. Cuair pé a uéanaó rin í gcuir móp uóigeann ac ba é an iuro 'ba tabaétaige oá oteapn pé, a teangaró féin a éuir á labairt í n-áit na Šaeóilge binne a labair Drištro asur Colmcille asur na h-Éireannaig ioiní a teaeó. Asur éuair aise so maíe an oioé-obaip rin a cóimlíonao, pinne pé com maíe ir com éruair é. Cuair an Šaeóilg ar úráir so garta. O'éimig pí níor laise 'acan lá asur ní maó ann ac nac b'ruair pí báp amac ir amac. Ac conniigeaó beo í gcorp-áit í asur nuair a o'iméig an "Cairb" asur a luéc-leanamna b' eigean oo cibé Šaeóil abí págáta iarráir a éabairt an an Šaeóilg a pábáilt asur a éabairt ar air maíe gnaé-teangaró na h-Éireann. Toirigeaó a fošluim na Šaeóilge asur bunnaigeaó Connraó na Šaeóilge. U'éigean oo na oaoime a maó an Šaeóilg acú comáirca éigean pa léit a beicé acu 'ra uóig ir so n-áitneocao riao a céile ir so ótiocfaó leo an Šaeóilg a éleaécaó eatorra féin asur a teagarc oo oaoime eite. Ir é an fáinne an maie rin—an fáinne beas óip uoáig a ois a feiceal í mbrollac éop-tuine asur é as riubal na rriáirdeanna as cannt-b'féirip í nŠaeóilg—b'féirip í mbéarla na nŠall.

Ir é bun-mašal "An fáinne" so gcaicéiró a éuir ball labairt le n-a céile inr an Šaeóilg amáin asur rin é an fáé so bfuil oiea an sealltanar uoáig a éabairt nuair a bíor riao as gabáil a éaiteam an fáinne 'céao uair. Ac í otaca le labairt na Šaeóilge oe má tá gac don áit í n-Éirinn coramait le Déal feirre b'irteap an mašal inr níor minicí ná conniigeap é. Asur ir uóice so bfuil an éuir eite oe'n tír com holc no níor meara ná an te éaéap reo.

Tá iore maíe as Connraó na Šaeóilge maíe atá "má tá an Šaeóilg asac labair í." Ual, nuair a feib tuine an fáinne caicéiró pé so bfuil Šaeóilg aise. Ir ionnan rin asur a maó sup cóip oo í a labairt. Ac ní labrann, no tá cuir móp fáinneoirí ann nac labairt a oteaprao uúéáir oá n'oeapraide píš oaoéca. Ac reo an oaoé eite oe'n reéal: b'féirip nac bfuil Šaeóilg so leop as na h-íarraéairí a oisreap an fáinne uoéca, asur supab é rin an fáé nac bfuil a oteangaró á éleaécaó eatorra, má 'r amláir atá an reéal tá an loéc ar an oream atá í gceanur an Cúmainn. Ir eagal liom nac amláir atá ac sup ar na fáinneoirí iao féin atá an loéc. Nil riao toite-eanac an Šaeóilg a labairt le n-a céile asur rin a bfuil oe.

Tá obair éruair oip lámair as Connraó na Šaeóilge as iarráir teangaró atá comair a beicé maíe a éuir á labairt ac-uair. Ac oá gcuirigeaó muinntear an fáinne leir an connraó uéanraide an obair rin so maíe. Asur oá páruigeaó ar an connraó an oeaš-óair rin a uéanaó béaó an loéc ar na fáinneoirí—éán ar oream ar bíé eite.

Asur aríe 'riao na fáinneoirí a éaiceap raoirre a baic amac o' Éirinn, má tá rin í noán oíe. Nil ac an uóig amáin leir an tír reo a pábáilt asur a oontušaó, asur 'ré rin an Šaeóilg a éabairt an air ón báp a ruair pé oe éairbe "Seán Ó 'Díge," asur í a éuir í mbéal gac don Éireannaig. So oí so noéanrai rin ní riu beicé as

rimaoiteadó ar Éirinn mar náiriún. Agus dá ndéanfadó na fáinneoirí a gcuid-ran de'n gnoithe—dá gcleactadó rias a gcuid Saéoilge níor fearr agus níor mionní ná tá rias, rablocaíde "Oilean na Naom" ar cúmáct na nSall.

A fáinneoirí tá cuid mór le déanamh aghaid. Murclaisiú ar an ruidim i n-a bhfuil rí. Smaoitisiú ar bhur gcár. 'Bhfuil rí ag gabáil as leisint o'ácan iuto dá otearhad ar fon na h-Éireann as ar fon na Saéoilge as macaramail Pádraig Mac Diarmid, 'bhfuil rí ag gabáil a leisint o' rín a gabáil amuóa san toirad, nuair a tís líb cur leir go fúirre? Muja bhfuil, labhraisiú bhur oteansa oúctair. Bíod' bhíod' aghaid ar an fáinne atá a cáiteamh aghaid cairbhánaisiú do'n traosáil mór sur Saéoil rí, go bhfuil mear aghaid ar an ainm agus ar an teansaíú agus nac leisriú rí bíte búr a págáil fáo ip béar neart ar bíte págáil ionnaib. Coimisiú mágálaíca an garna a bhfuil rí in mhur mbaill ar agus annrín bíod' rí ag tioro ar fon bhur o' tise oúctair níor fearr agus níor neartmáire na tioro Dhian Dhóime nuair a buail rí na loclannais fáo o' foim. Déanaisiú reo agus bíod' Éire aghainn "Can amáin raor ac Saédealaí com' maí; éan amáin Saédealaí ac raor com' maí."

PIARAS MAC CRAIC.

## Rann-na-Feirroe.

Ip beas Saédealaí a bhfuil ann an lá moíú náir mian leo cuairt a tabairt ar an Saédealaí agus real o' a laeite raonje a cáiteamh i mearc na bhíor—Saédealaí. Teigean na ploigite i n'beirceart na h-Éireann eúis an Rinn, agus cuid mór eile eúis an Spírealaí ac o' luic foíglumta na Saéoilge annreo ra tuairceart eum blár agus rínár ar gCúige féin a págáil ní párocaíú an raogal Rann-na-Feirroe. Beir rí bharr ar áit ar bíte eile ra tuairceart ar feabhar na Saéoilge, na filioeacta agus na ríealaídeacta atá le fágáil ann. Bí clú ip cáil amáin aici ar a fon agus má tá áit ar bíte i gCúige Ulaí in ar máir an t-rean-foíglum níor fearr na a céite ip i Rann-na-Feirroe an áit rín.

Bí ruar le céad ríoláirí ann annuairde faoi bhárcainn Coirde na bhPáirde agus oirca rín bí dá éioigean o'as ar Scoil Múire na m'bhácar.

Tá coláirde bhéas nua tógáil as an áit Ó Dhollaícaim anoir ran ar gcóinne agus nuair a béar an róirre meir acácar a' cur leir bíod' muid ar órum na muice tuirbe. Bí díreann ann acan máirín ar a leat moíaró a h-oct, agus seallaim o'it náir mó an oúil ná an goile aghainn moíaró teact ipceac oúimn ó 'n díreann ceasna. Da ghad linn an máirín a cáiteamh tíor ar an tráig a' rínár (rlán mar a n-innreac é) nó as imirc cluicé liaéiríde. Bíod' ranganná ar ruidal ra coláirde 'na oíaró rín ó 'na trí a éiois go o'í a pé nó leat moíaró a pé de féir mar a bíod' ríeal fáda nó ríeal foirre 'a innre as Jonny. Socruigeadó céilíde a beic aghainn oirde Luam agus oirde Uairdeom, agus oirde ar bíte eile a mbéad pé as cur. Bíod' céilíde aghainn 'ac don oirde.

Taob amuis ve na rangannaí bí ceath ar gcinn aghainne go dtí leat inoiaí a veic, ac ní' fáil nó fairsingeadt agham annreo cur ríor ar an gheann ir an curveacta a bíod aghainn go léir nó véat impleadur fé leic a úiofbaíl orim éuise, ac mar rin féin ní éis liom gan tráct a deánam ar na tuarannaí a cur ar pasair rial veareac ar bun fan ar scoinne. Bíod—a éim a—bur méiró úinn 'ac don Doimnac tumult veas inoiaí am' bheicféarta aghur éat muid an lá rin uilic le céile éior ag an Mullac Deas. Ir veap follám gleoite an áit é Rann-na-Feirroe ac maire ba úoilic an Mullac Deas a fáruad. Tonnaí móra trioma fíochmara na fáruaise Móire ag bhreac go córmánac tripac ar ceann ve na tráca ir mó aghur ir leicne aghur ir síle dá bhfuil aghainn annreo i dtír na h-Éireann. Ba doibinn a veic ann ag eirteact leo aghur ríveac na bvaileog aghur na bveacóg mara. Ní béiteá a bveac ann go veuicteá gur feairi uaireannta an é-uaisneap ná an curveacta ir feairi aghur ir doibne aghur veirri gur breas meirveac an curveacta a bí aghainn in Rann-na-Feirroe.

Bí tuarannaí annrin ag muintir hac toige ar a mbata féin. Teac Seán Néill a éis an veas-rómpla reo, na ba h-iaí fan a bí ar bharr an Earcat ar veur. Bí ríac maí ar túr ac amám—a fábaíl éun na coláirve. Inoiaí rin buairó muintear toige Paíac bíis aghur Tois Gillespie agh, aghur ir mó an veireac Teac Liam. Veirtear gur ionganac veap ar fat na maóarc atá le feicéal ó bharr a trléibe reo ac nuair a bí mé féin ann (i bveac uainn an t-olc) ir ar éigim a énaic liom mó éora a feicéal, gan tagairt ar an tír a bí i mo éimpeall aghur pillim gur corámáil le ríeal na rean-mná an maóarc ionganac rin:

“D’innir feairi tam go noibairt feairi leir 7 nr.” bíonn beairó ar éom inmic fan.

S. Ua RAŞALLAIS.

