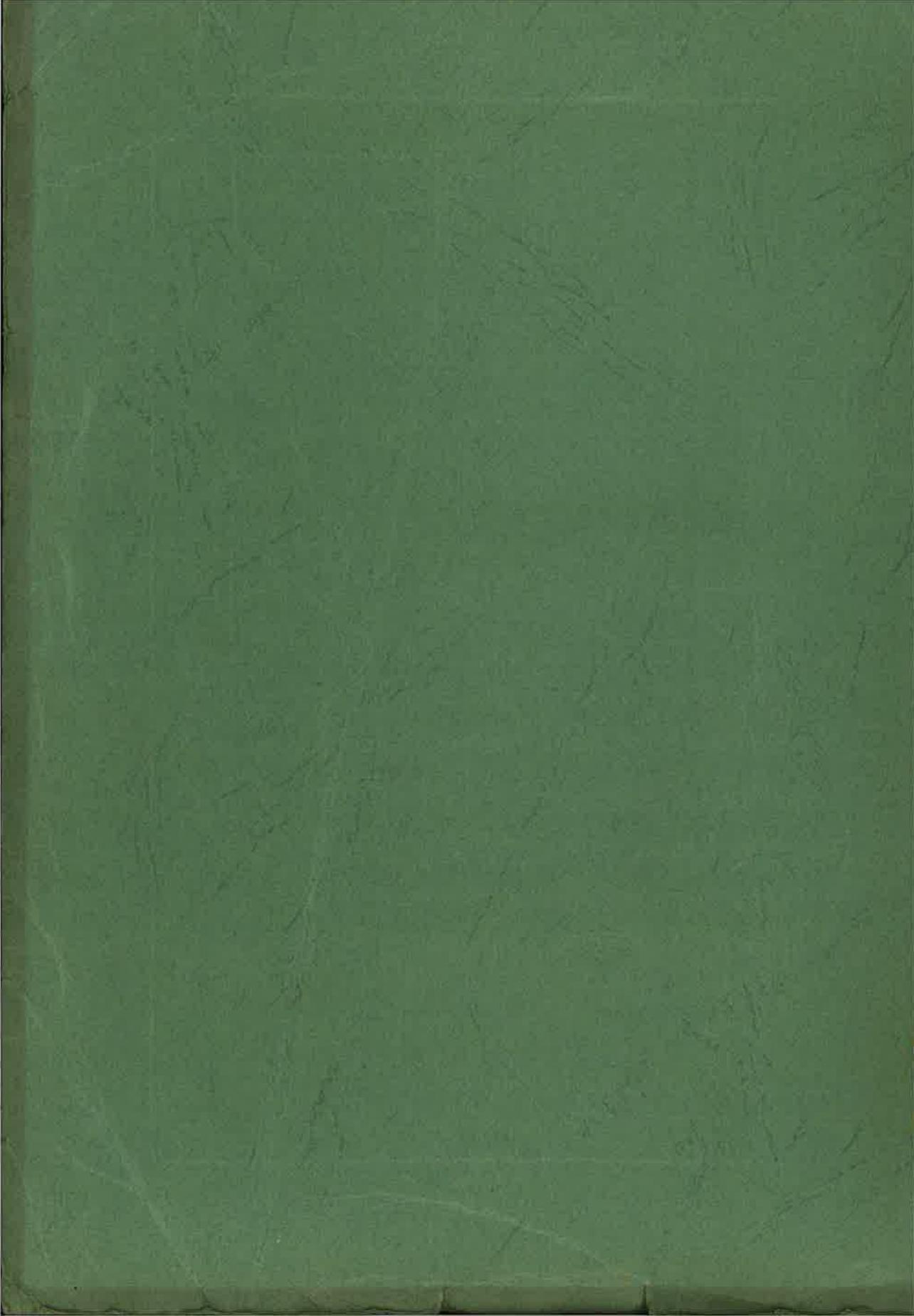




THE SIMMARIAN

ST. MARY'S  
CHRISTIAN BROS'  
SCHOOL  
BELFAST

MAY, 1937.



THE  
Simmarian  
Magazine



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May, 1937

Vol. 1

No. 2

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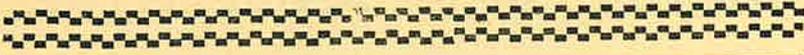


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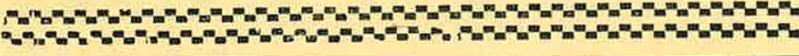
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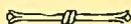
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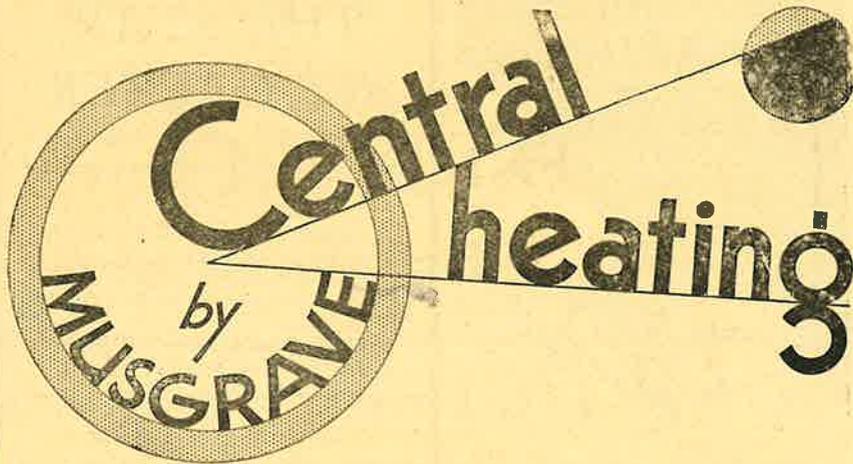
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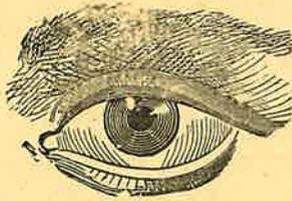
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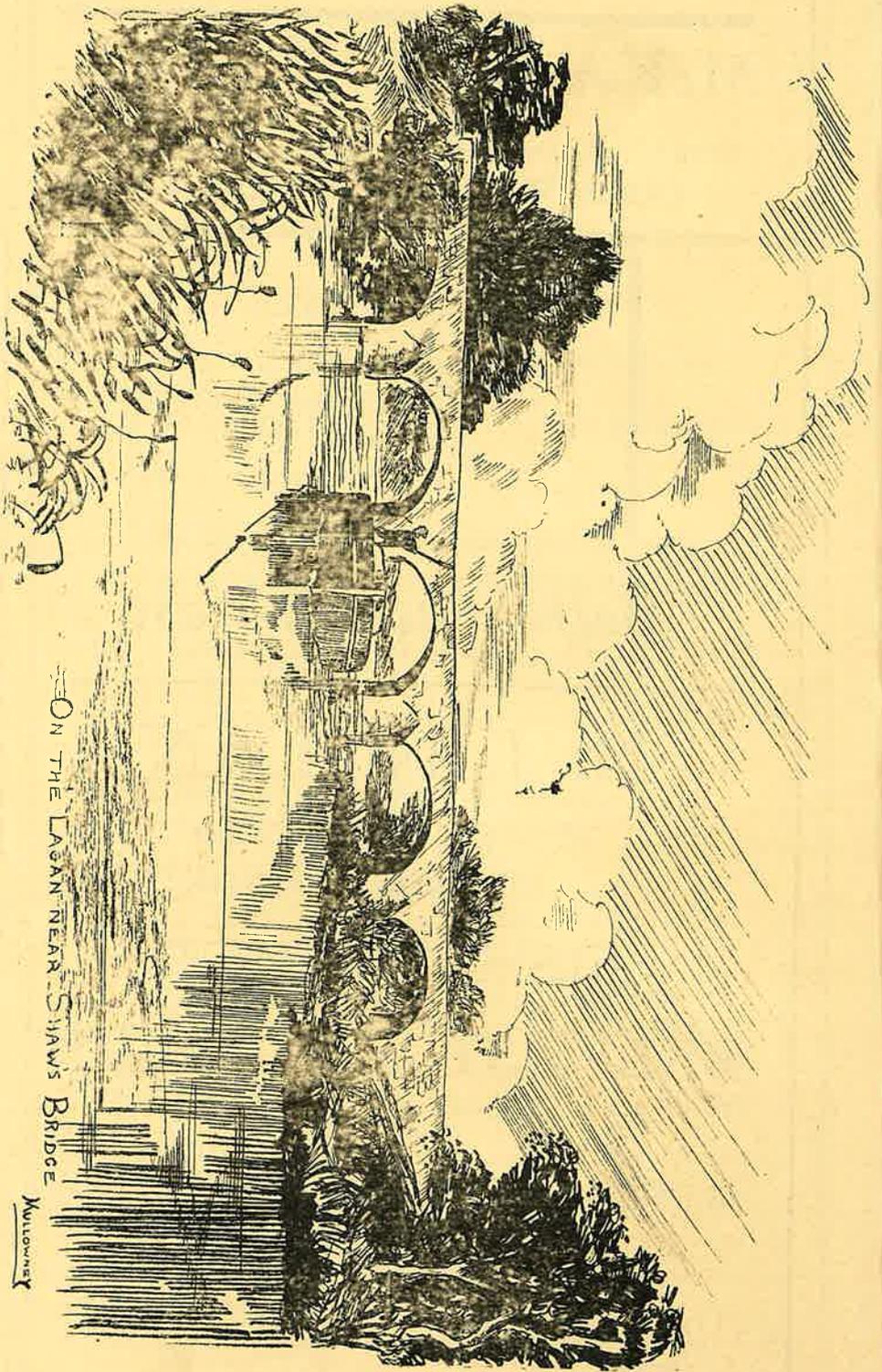
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# SIMMARIAN MAGAZINE

Vol. 1.)

MAY, 1937.

(No. 2.

## *Editorial*

**Y**ET once more, O Ye laurels of journalism we come to pluck your berries. In this, the second edition of "THE SIMMARIAN," we introduce new writers, who are making a first venture in the world of letters. We are, as Milton (to whom you will have noticed we are indebted for our rather metaphorical introduction) would say, "Harsh and Crude." But, unlike Milton, our ambitions are small. We have not set ourselves any standard, nor do we aspire to the great heights attained by that august personage. We repeat that the sole idea in publishing a school-magazine is to draw aside, as it were, a veil from the school and to give the outsider some idea of the life within.

Consequently, dear reader, do not judge us too harshly, nor set us too high a standard. If we do not rise to the level you have set us, remember that we are mere "ignorant" schoolboys. But, on the other hand, if the praise is merited, be not lax with it. Financial returns will never satisfy the true artist, and but to know that our efforts have been appreciated will amply repay us for a task that has not been without its pleasures.

For is it not a pleasure to do one's bit in continuing the trail blazed by our first number? As a first issue it was a great achievement, and those who were responsible for its production must be congratulated for the success of their efforts. Nor was the success unmerited. The literary standard of its articles, and their varied and interesting subject matter left nothing to be desired. Let us hope that our own efforts will rise to an equal level, and, with the hope that we shall add more laurels to a well won garland, we submit our efforts for your perusal.

## BELFAST AND THE STUDENT OF HISTORY

A SUNDAY afternoon in late summer, a cloudless sky, and a bright sun. Already some of the trees exhibit a little of the russet browns which will tinge their final gorgorous mantle before ruthless winter denudes them of their rustling foliage. A calm and unusual stillness pervades, as though one stood in some sacred place, but stay, for is not this a sacred place?—McArt's Fort, the watch tower of many a noble chieftain, the playground of many an Irish hero, and the birthplace of the United Irish Society, so called in the memory of some illustrious McArt O'Neill.

From here one may view the low-lying city. Look at it under its pall of smoke, through which project massive chimney-stacks, and a few isolated spires. Recently built structures on the edge of the murky curtain show clear and distinct—Telephone House and Royal Courts of Justice, their white masonry as yet unsoiled by the city's grime. Just opposite, startlingly white against a verdant background of wooded hills at Stormont, stands Parliament Buildings, the seat of the Government of Northern Ireland, and the symbol of the partition of our country.

Yet, for this city there was a day when it was unshrouded by its present dragging smoke-pall and the only building with any claim to size was a castle. There was a day when the city was a mere score or so of humble homes, ranged on either side of the quietly flowing Farsat, a seemingly peaceful settlement, though they were not halcyon day by any means; for from the very beginning it seems as though Belfast were cursed with a restlessness and suspicion, the root of much of the strife which has distinguished and defamed its name. The castle, just mentioned, was the home of the hated Chichester, early disrupter of the harmony of the surrounding country. A loyal and meticulous man this Chichester whose memory is perpetuated in street names around the city centre. And where his castle of intrigue stood there is now an ultra-modern cinema with all its attendant luxuries; people now seeking pleasure on a site which some of their predecessors passed with a grimace of hate.

Close by, relics of a different era, are little, depressing, unpretentious by-ways, used as a short cut by those desirous of saving time and loved by the few who know of their link with the past. How many of those who scurry to their place of business each day are aware that once trod here the upright stately figure of Henry Joy McCracken? McCracken was born near Sugarhouse Entry, where stood the stores of a Dutch sugar merchant, and here, too, was the trysting place of the United Irishmen, the grave nature of their gatherings camouflaged under the name of the Mudler's Club. Not a stone's throw away stands the Entry where the unfortunate Tone founded the United Irish Society, destined to make history—their ideals doomed to failure. And like precious flowers obscured by unruly hedgerows these dim passages nestle under the gaunt houses of commerce, dear relics of stirring times, and romantic figures. Nearby is the one time hub of the city—Corn Market, Mecca of the old buyers and sellers, where gathered a vast concourse to witness one memorable day, the arrival of William of Orange, and where, more than a century later amid a milling mob, was executed the valiant Henry Joy McCracken, victim of glib tongues and imperfect organisation. His remains were laid to rest by St. George's Church in High Street and his ashes probably lie under some of the many buildings that have since encroached on this territory. No brass plate or plaster image commemorates the revered

name of McCracken, where hawkers still ply their trade and street preachers expound their distorted doctrines; some consolation may be gained from the fact that the Prince of Orange's connection with this spot has also been overlooked.

Mention of burial grounds brings to mind what is, perhaps, the oldest in the city Friar's Bush, overshadowed now by a museum of modern design and the cause of much civic cavilling and blustering! Accounts as to the origin of the cemetery, and whence came the Friar, are a bit diverse, but it is generally believed that he was a disciple of St. Patrick and established his oratory here in this sylvan setting, where, in peace, he might pursue his self-appointed holy task. That he lived in the era of Our National Saint is borne out by the date on his unadorned tomb-stone—A.D. 495. On the Shankill, a far cry from Friar's Bush, is another age old cemetery, a link with De Courcy and the O'Neills, a fact of which the hard-headed inhabitants of the district are surely ignorant; and maybe it is as well that in their beloved "Shankill" they do not recognise the warped Anglicised conception of "pean-cill," "old church," after that which once stood in the graveyard.

Another year outstanding in the history of Belfast is 1649, when the city was entered in September by the minions of Cromwell under Colonel Venables at a point, since the arena of many a wild and wanton encounter. And what strange caprice of Fate decreed that this domineering ravaging iconoclast should sleep in what is now a haven for orphaned children under the patronage of Mother Church? There is still, too, about this grey, plain Nursery of Nazareth Lodge, with its wide door and small-paned windows, an old world appearance that its up-to-date surroundings cannot subdue.

One other corner of the city remains to be mentioned. At the junction of two busy thoroughfares is a large sloping stone, reputed to be a favourite seat of one Pottinger, a lieutenant in the motely army of William and close to it a lone post, the last of many which once separated the footpath from the carriage-way. Warm days make it again the seat of hoar-headed bigots, having the ideals of Pottinger, without power or circumstance, to give action to their biased thoughts. Strange, unhappy city!

Modern Belfast has little to offer to him who seeks to recapture some of the spirit of the past. Old landmarks have been ruthlessly cleared and altered and rentless time has defaced many a link with a long-gone age; the writer well remembers the demolition of the white embrasured wall by the Lagan that bounded the demesne of Lord Ormeau, cleared to make way for a modern motor-road (known locally as a boulevard). So one by one, buildings and places repete with old memories vanish to make way for the new, and Belfast carries on . . . its ill-proportioned business houses overlooking scenes of non-stop activity—noisy traffic, hurrying people; from factory chimneys pour dense columns of smoke, and down along the latticed gantries of the shipyards is the continuous staccato stutter of rivetting hammers, paean of Industry; hidden behind the mighty warehouses of dingy ill-lit slums; and holding themselves aloof on the city's outskirts—the mansions and villas of the well-to-do—smug, reserved, while stretching out to the hill in rigid unwavering lines are newly-built red-brick houses with a drab appearance, which stamps them as the slums of the future!

And the hill—it cares not for the trespassing of these florid abodes—there it stands, inflexible, impassive, silent witness of a great pageant, sentinel of the city in peace and strife, the ever changing chiaroscuro of its pitted slopes indicative of the capricious and extreme moods of the city, ever watching change and progress as it watched the growth of the hamlet that rose by the Farsat.

R. BELL. Form E.2.

## "SO THIS IS THE T.T."

THE T.T. is very much in the news at present, but personally I have only been at this, "the outstanding event of Ulster's year"—to quote from a certain evening newspaper—on two occasions, my first and last time, in 1931, I think. Don't ask me how on earth I could have been such a fool as to — Don't, I say. It's a sore point with me, but when half-a-million others did the same, there is surely some excuse for me.

Well, on this "heyday of Ulster sport," to quote from the same evening newspaper, I set out at seven o'clock for the Ards Circuit, complete with lunch, scorecards, and the hope of seeing something worth while. About two hours later, after a tramp of seven miles, I reached Dundonald, my thoughts wandering on a song that goes something like this,

"For a thousand miles I've travelled,  
And a hundred sights I've seen  
But I'm waiting for the T.T. still to be."

Yet, hundred miles or no hundred miles, I had still the worst part of my travel before me, for I had now to set off across country. This meant crossing through fields guarded by what an American tourist once called "engaging Co. Down rustics." They didn't seem so engaging to me when they demanded 3d for permission to pass through their fields. Yes, 3d, and by Heavens, they said, only they didn't say Heavens, they wanted their 3d and they'd get their 3d and what wouldn't they do if they didn't get their 3d. Well, they did get their wretched 3d and at long last I found a seat alongside the course in what seemed a nice quiet spot.

I took out my scorecard, and, with the help of a few oranges, succeeded in getting some dear refined little children to help me in marking it. There was still half-an-hour to wait before the race, and in that half-hour my place became not quite so nice, nor not quite so quiet. However, I was still fairly comfortable and had a good view of the course, besides having become quite friendly with the gentleman beside me.

At last the race started and I settled down to see that worth-while-something for which I had walked miles, miles, and more miles. However, a somewhat disconcerting incident made me think of another song—I seemed to be getting quite musical—that goes something like this,

"We went a-cruising to see the world,  
What did we see, we saw the sea."

My version of the song at that moment would have gone something like this,

"I went to the T.T. to see a race,  
What did I see, the R.U.C."

Yes! the R.U.C., for no sooner had the race started than a limb of the law—and Oh! how stout a limb—had moved up and deposited his "too too solid flesh" right in front of me. Car after car whizzed past and my youthful scorecard markers sang out "43, 39, 6, 21," but all in vain, for "I knew not of their story." My visions of a fully marked scorecard vanished.

Things were bad but worse was to come. The enthusiasm of the scorecard markers soon abated, and they began to eat my oranges—MY ORANGES. And as if it was not enough to devour my oranges, MY ORANGES, while I sat there,

gazing at an empty scorecard, they began to throw the skins at one another. One of the skins happened to light on a prim old lady, who was devoting her time partly to her neighbours and partly to her knitting, not to mention an occasional glance at the race. Well, this old lady seemed to think that the orange-eaters and skin-slingers were my property. Lifting her umbrella, she made for me, declaring that it was a plot, that I was in league with Mrs. So-and-So, of Such-and-Such Street, that I had come up here with the express purpose of preventing her from seeing the race, but that she would "larn" me. Only for the timely intervention of the aforementioned "limb of the law," I fear that the 1931 race would not have been without its casualties.

When the female volcano had subsided I felt in need of refreshment. I turned round for my lunch to find that the friendly gentleman beside me had been sitting on it, rendering it inedible. So, hungry, tired, and humiliated, I sat there envying some people on the far side of the road who were so interested in the race that with their backs turned to the course, they were indulging in a game of football.

About 3 o'clock the workpeople began to arrive for the finish, and the crowd behind me got so thick that I felt like a pancake. Just then my friendly neighbour cried out, "Here come Ballymacarret." "Good Lord!" I thought, "they'll have the whole of Ireland up here yet." He reassured me, however, by informing me that Ballymacarret was how he was graciously pleased to pronounce Barzachinni, the name of one of the competitors. He became quite loquacious after that, telling me of the days when the T.T. race was a race, and of how great a driver Charcoal had been. After an hour's solid thinking I came to the conclusion that the Charcoal in question must be none other than Carracciola, the German ace.

Everything comes to an end, and so did the T.T. At last I began my homeward tramp, weary in soul and hungry in body. Oh! so hungry. I felt like going into a house and asking for some bread, and was only prevented by the fear that the lady would say "Bum, Bum, the baker is dead." Well, in the end I did arrive home to read in a certain evening newspaper what the T.T. had been like.

T. CHARLETON. Form E.2.

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First Workman: "I say, Bill, them science blokes can do wonderful things now-a-days. Do you know they can measure to the thousandth of an inch?"

Second Workman: "Well, well, and how many thousandths are there in an inch, then?"

First Workman: "Oh, I dunno, but there must be millions of 'em."

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Johnny was late home again. "What were you kept in for this time?" asked his mother. "I didn't know where the Azores were." "Serve you right," said his mother, "you never do remember where you put things."

## San f̄aopać

I n-áit éigin a bparáirte Clóc an f̄aoiliré bí Séamur Mac f̄ionnlaig aḡur a bean i na ḡcoinniré. Ní maḡ aḡ Séamur aḡt cupla focal Uéarla aḡur ní maḡ don focal aḡ a mnaoi. Ua ḡnác leobéa lóiróin a éabairt do úaoimé a béaḡ aḡ riubail éart fán áit, maḡ bí teacḡ breaḡ méiriciḡrte acú aḡur ar an áḡḡar roin, uair ar bíḡ a mbéaḡ ḡaoime ar bíḡ a' šul éart ar loḡḡ lóiróin éuiréaḡ na comarrannaiḡ éuiḡ teacḡ Séamuir iao. Don uair amáin bí fear ar Sarain a bí ar a laete f̄aoime ra tír reo aḡ riubail éart fán áit aḡur éainiḡ an oiréce air aḡur b' éirgean do lóiréin a éuaréú aḡur ní maḡ na comarrannaiḡ i b̄raḡ á éur éuiḡ teacḡ Séamuir nuair a o' f̄orcail ré a béal fán lóiróin. Bí ḡo maic aḡur ní maḡ ḡo n-olc. Rinne ré a bealaḡ ḡo teacḡ Séamuir aḡur bí fáilte roime. Anḡroin ionnar naḡ maḡ don focal ḡaeóilḡe aḡ an fear reo ná don focal Uéarla aḡ bean Séamuir bí f̄ior aici ḡoiré abí a úioḡbáil air aḡur ní maḡ i b̄raḡ ḡo maḡ an ciotal a' ḡail amac ar clavaḡ na teimefa. Aḡur i ḡcúrra cupla bamailte bí tábla leaḡta aici a úeanraḡ maic do do ériúde amáre air. Nuair a o'it ré a fáic, f̄uiré ré f̄ior ar éaḡaoir i ḡcoir na teimefa. Éarrainn ré amac leabair aḡur éoiriḡ a léiḡeam. Éainiḡ Séamur irteacḡ anḡroin aḡur nuair abí ḡac ruo veanta éart fán teacḡ aḡ Séamur aḡur a bean, f̄uiré riao rin i ḡcoir na teimefa aḡur éoiriḡ a éomráḡ eatorru f̄éin. I šrácáib an veic a éloḡ veir Séamur le n-a bean:—"Amáre, a ériúde, tá mé maḡḡ turrac." "Aḡur ca tuiḡe naḡ nveimeann tú leir a šul a luiḡe, a Séamuir a éairéiré," arra Máime. "Tá' aḡac feim oá mbéaḡ Uéarla aḡam-ra naḡ mbéaḡ ré 'na f̄uiré ḡo šcín t-am reo ve'n oiréce," "I' fearri šom iarraiḡ air a šul a luiḡe. I n-ainm Ué cairé a véarraiḡ mé leir a Séamuir. "Ó," arra Séamur, "Abair 'room' aḡur 'bed' aḡur béiré barramail aige cairé a b̄uil tú aḡ cainnt air." Éuaiḡ Máime a f̄ao leir aḡur šuibairt rí "room" aḡur "bed"—'ran am éeasna aḡ cur amac a Láime aḡ teirveáint an áit a maḡ šorar an t-reamra oó. Sin Máime rolar oó, nuair abí ré a šul f̄ior an t-urllár. Nuair a éuaiḡ an fear irteacḡ i n-a fearra aḡur šruiré amac an šorar éuaiḡ Máime ruar aḡur a oá rúil leir an teimé aḡur a šrom leir an baic, "A áéair Síorruiré anócḡ, a Séamuir," ar riré. "Tá ré na luiḡe anoir aḡur níl oimeao Uéarla ra f̄aráirte aḡur ḡeobar 'na f̄uiré é."

## THE NECESSITY OF CATHOLIC ACTION

**C**HRISt was dead and the Church was born—the Church which was soon to be struggling for existence against the might of the Roman Empire, the Church which from that first struggle down to the present-day was to wage unceasing war against the powers of evil. Thus for nineteen centuries the Church has fought against its enemies and fought successfully. What need has it to-day for a highly organised band of militant Catholics? What does it want with Catholic Action?

To answer this question one must examine the relations existing between God and modern society. Modern society's aim is a secular state where God is an outcast. He is excluded from the schoolroom, from public institutions, from the councils of the nation—almost, even, from the family-circle—and anti-Christ has been enthroned in His place. Just as once before there was no room for Him at the inn, so to-day there is no room for Him in public life. "We deplore," says the Holy Father, "a society growing ever more pagan wherein the light of the Catholic faith is growing faint in souls."

Society to-day is made up of several sects divided among themselves on many a point. The moment, however, it is a question of combating the Church, these various sects cast aside their differences and are welded into one compact body. Hatred of God unites them into one mighty army, whose ideal is an un-Christian society, and whose battle-cry is "away with Him."

Now, a well-organised and excellently equipped army will not be defeated by pacifist speeches. The forces of anti-Christ will not be turned from their wicked purpose by sermons however eloquent. One thing only can stem the tide of secularism. Love of God must unite all Catholics into a mighty army whose ideal is a Christian state and whose battle cry is "Christ before us, Christ behind us." If the Church has prospered without such an army it is in spite of and not because of its absence.

It may be argued, however, that the Church has already, in its clergy, a well-organised force. What then does it require with a second army which will only be a menace to the excellent band of priests it already possesses?

The Church undoubtedly is blessed with a fervent and diligent clergy, but with a clergy which, unfortunately, is hampered by lack of numbers as well as by lack of influence among the ordinary people.

The clergy are hampered by lack of numbers mainly because the amount of work to be done has vastly increased. Never before were the forces of evil so united, so persistent, or, sad to say, so successful in their efforts as in the world to-day. Never before was so immense an amount of work, of a preventive as well as of a curative nature, to be done.

Again just as the work increases the workers decrease. The priesthood itself has not been immune from the hellish work of secularism. The spirit of paganism has gradually seeped into Catholic families, hiding the glory of the priestly vocation from the eyes of both parents and sons.

The clergy's lost influence is also largely due to secularism. The priest has been robbed of his superhuman dignity, and has been left in the eyes of the

world, a professional man with vested interests, a detestable parasite of society. "Hence the clergy," says Pius XI., "in the case of many classes of persons, refractory to its beneficial influence, cannot make its voice heard, nor bring home the force of its admonitions."

Consequently an organised force of right-minded laymen, so far from being a menace, will be an immeasurably great benefit to the clergy in their work. Lack of numbers will never be a drawback nor will lack of authority, for no one can suspect an active Catholic layman of fulfilling a professional job in striving to spread the word of God. His sphere of influence is not confined to the pulpit or the confessional, but he can penetrate where the priest can never set his foot.

But, even admitting the evil influences of secularism, some may say that Catholic Action is surely superfluous where there are already several Catholic associations and good works, or where the State is ruled according to the principles of Christian justice.

Catholic Action is never superfluous, and no Catholic associations, however beneficial, can ever take its place, for isolated associations will avail nothing against the solid structure of secularism. Neither can the State, however Christian its Government, act as a substitute for Catholic Action, for the State is concerned only with the temporal welfare of the people, whereas Catholic Action is, in its essence, a spiritual movement.

Catholic Action, therefore, is the enemy of secularism and the support of the clergy—a movement for which no substitute can be found. Consequently, it must be to all Catholics, not an excellent movement which they may support, but a dire necessity which they must.

T. CHARLETON. Form E.2.



**VIVA LA SPAIN!**

## A VISIT TO A DENTIST

HAVING a bad toothache is a terrifying experience and the remedy is just as bad. Hence, most people are content to suffer an aching tooth rather than go immediately to the dentist.

Some time ago I had a tooth that required attention, and it was only after a succession of sleepless nights that I decided to have it "pulled." On the way to the dentist my imagination started working and I soon became terrified of what was in store for me. What was it like? Was it going to hurt? Was I going to be drugged or what? Seemingly anything was liable to happen in the dentist's chair. Memory plays rotten tricks on a person, and mine recalled how a man had died from the effects of gas received while getting "a tooth pulled." Nevertheless, I continued on my way, and in due course arrived at my destination.

For a full five minutes I remained at the gate debating whether I should go in or return home, for the pain had disappeared as if by magic. But I mounted the steps, and knocked on the door. Again, while waiting for the maid to answer, my doubts returned, and I wondered whether or not I should turn and bolt, but to preserve my dignity, before the chance passers-by, I was forced to remain.

The maid came to the door and showed me to the waiting-room. On the table therein was the usual collection of out-of-date periodicals, and soon tiring of them I sought comfort elsewhere. Cartoons hung on the walls, and one in particular caught my eye. It was of an elephant getting a tooth "pulled," and underneath was the inscription, "Don't worry, it will soon be over." That seemed to have an ambiguous meaning; it caused me to shiver slightly.

The door opened, and alas! the fatal hour had come. Feeling like a criminal going to the scaffold I marched into the room. The dentist motioned me to sit down and I did so. On my right there was a chromium basin supported by a similarly coloured pipe. On the bench in front of me was a large number of tools neatly arranged. A creepy feeling started running up and down my spine, and it seemed I could feel each single hair stiffening on my head.

"Open your mouth, please," he said, and holding it wide apart he peered into the depths. "Hmph," he grunted, and after exploring my mouth for some minutes with a long metal stick he finally decided to get to work. He picked up something like a small syringe and placed it to my gum. A sharp jab of pain was immediately followed by an apparent solidification and I felt as if it had been converted into a brick.

He then took a pair of pliers and started hauling at my teeth. After some exhibitions of his mighty strength he succeeded in extracting them. Giving me a glass of pink-coloured liquid he told me to swill my mouth with it. He pressed a button and a stream of water came out of a tap-like affair that projected into the basin. The water curled around the side of the basin and then disappeared into a small sink in the bottom of it. I swilled my mouth and gargled some of the water. I got up and put on my coat, and, as if to crown his triumph, he presented me with a bill for seven and sixpence. I looked daggers at him, but had to "stump up." As I was going out he gave me a small bottle and told me to soak a little bit of cotton in the liquid, and put it in my mouth if the gum became very sore.

When I arrived home I went to bed immediately. In the middle of the night the teeth troubled me again, and I rose and soaked some cotton in the liquid which the dentist gave me and put it in the cavity, but to no avail, the pain still persisted. I looked in the mirror and saw that he had skilfully pulled—the wrong tooth. I felt like a person who had struck the wrong nail with the hammer. I swore vengeance on that dentist, but when I was "forced" to go back to him again I was as meek as a lamb.

C. FORRESTER. Form D. 2.

## AN EMBRYO ARTIST TOURS THE DOCKS

SUCH mornings are very common, all too common, in fact. Yet, despite their common occurrence, people never seem to become inured to them, or accept them as inevitable; no, they just grouse as if such conditions were altogether intolerable; and all their tantrums, errors, pains and aches are put down to the weather.

This morning was such. Just at that hour when the mighty "overallled" brigade are astir, at a time which books describe as "the darkest hour before the dawn," it had rained. Not that kind of rain which smashes on to the pavement and rebounds in imitation of a miniature shell striking water; or the type which is supposed to drum on streaming window-panes, but a gentle, wavering, silent, shedding of 'nature's tears.' It looked like that from the snug shelter of a newly-warmed kitchen, but once outside—Ah! then was the truth known. This was rain. It was not the innocuous, slight shower it seemed, but a wet, penetrating, cold type of rain that formed little glinting beads on the clothes after very thoroughly soaking them.

This rain eventually ceased at about that hour when those members of the community, the black-coated workers, were running gracefully from the 'Laurels,' the 'Oaks,' the 'Crescent,' and 'Hillview' for their train, tram, and bus. Mustn't be late for the office, by Jove!

The sun making many attempts to find a loophole in the clouds was eventually frustrated, for slowly, surely, as is the way, a fog came creeping in and out the streets and muffled the roar of the surging traffic. It was only then, although I had risen at an early hour, that I was making my way along in the fog.

It was a holiday. There being no school and I having little money, I decided to pass the best part of the day in an inexpensive way (it happened that this day had no best part). So out with a sketch-book and a couple of good pencils. The expert does not require a rubber.

After a journey in which I had walked, ran, sidestepped, and jumped in turn, to avoid, in the fog, lamp-posts, "sommambulists," motor cars and irascible pedestrians, whose feet I had trodden on, I reached the entrance to the docks. I had been down before, but some of these harbour policemen are hard to impress, and so great caution was needed. The dense fog moved aside for a minute and I had a transient glimpse of a big, erect hulk at one gate. I dodged in at the other.

Down here at the river the fog was at its worst, and I could not do much as yet. Mills and Warehouses could only be placed by lighted windows, which at times were vague enough, and the cranes advertised their whereabouts by their far-sounding chuff-chuff-chuff.

And through the murk, the men did work,  
In truth an eerie scene.  
Nor shapes of men or ships I ken,  
The fog was all between..

A wind had sprung up sending moored vessels swinging out from the quays and swinging in again on strained hawsers. Long, damp steamers of fog went sidling by until ships and sheds, men and machinery, were revealed. And now to work.

A busy, noisy crowd of men were engaged in unloading a fair-sized cargo boat. Most of them, strong-looking with hairy muscular arms, hauling clanking trucks. Taking up a position behind a gargantuan packing case I got my pencil moving. Not very comfortable standing here, but now that the sketch is taking shape discomforts are forgotten. One big individual had attracted my attention; a bare-headed, deep-chested giant of man, who spun barrels of salted meat with a nonchalance that was amazing. He was the focus of my sketch. He went down in a corner of the sketch and not in the middle. There is more in a sketch that one would think! The ship was a mere outline; the mighty stevedore was placed so that wherever one would look in the sketch, the eye would be drawn to him. The other men were mere bolsters in the picture.

Then a voice with that asperity which in the uncultured denotes the authority, broke in and asked what I was at. The question was asked in a long-winded manner, with many words that meant little or nothing, and others that meant much. My inquisitive "friend" approached and had a quick look at my sketching block, rubbed his bristly chin with a gnarled and powerful hand, gave me a shrewd look and moved away with a "Hm!" which again might have signified much or nothing. I worked on.

A few weeks before I had viewed an exhibition of the works of that master whose only model is the labourer, and whose one great theme is industry—Brangwyn. That was why I went here with a sketch-book—to do something on the lines of the great man. A long and towering American freighter lay at the side of some motionless cranes, a thin ribbon of smoke issuing from its grimy funnel. The lattice work on the cranes offered an easy foothold and up I went. There was no one about, of course. A blue-coated Chinese had passed several times along the deck without bothering. It wasn't his crane anyway! The wheelhouse and the deck below looked to be worth while trying. It didn't take long either, although two or three different pencils were used. Ships are easy things to draw, anyhow. It is getting cold now and my fingers are a bit cramped. A resonant regular hoot down the river portends the coming of the fog again. I must be careful at the gates, thought I, as I clambered down from the crane. In midstream a boat was moving slowly out, water foaming at the stern, busy figures in the foc'sle directing a steel hawser, wet and slimy round a spinning capstan. Going down-river to meet the fog, to travel to distant ports, to reach the mystic Orient, and I, going towards the dock gates, to meet the guardian of the docks. I was fortunate—there was not a soul at the gates.

The gate was near, the way was clear,  
Quickly did I hop,  
I cleared the gate and reached the road,  
Before I dared to stop.

And in my sleep that night I saw  
A lengthy arm outstretching,  
To know why I was down the docks,  
Without permission, sketching.

R. P. BELL. Form E. 2.

Teacher: "What is your name?"

New Boy: "Martin Power."

Teacher: "Always say 'sir' when you speak to a master. Now, what's your name?"

New Boy: "Sir Martin Power."

## ACCORDING TO THE CLASSICS

DANNY McRANDALL (captain of the MacRory Cup team).

Wherefore rejoice,

What conquests brings he home?"

*Cynics*: "None, Brutus, none."

MAURICE McCAVANA (choir-master, football manager, etc.).

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness

And some have greatness thrust upon them."—*Shakespeare*.

GORDIE B.

"Awkward, embarrassed, stiff without the skill

Of moving gracefully or standing still

One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,

Desirous seemes to run away from t'other."—*Churchill*.

HARRY WATERS.

"The primrose path of dalliance treads."—*Shakespeare*.

"DAN" CASHMAN (with reference to a certain day at the College).

"O judgment thou art fled to brutish beasts

And men have lost their reason."—*Shakespeare*.

JOHNNY CARSON.

"Mislike me not for my complexion."—*Shakespeare*.

KILFEATHER (a loquacious Junior).

"Here's a large mouth, indeed,

That spits forth death, and mountainous rocks and seas,

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions

As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs."—*Shakespeare*.

TOM McALLISTER (and not a few others).

"There can be no great smoke arise, but there must be some fire."

MR. MULREAN (who, we are told, has a particular fad for flowers).

"I have made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought

nothing of my own but the thread that ties them together."—*Montaigne*

O'NEILL (some would say there is no need to ask).

"Let me pray the fool."

PADDY McCANN (just a kindly word of advice).

"Stone walls do not a prison make

Nor iron bars a cage."

PROSPECTIVE CIVIL SERVANTS.

E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me.—*Pope*

QUIRY JUNIOR (Bro. B— wanted to add "and Senior").

"Behold the child by nature's kindly law.

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."—*Pope*

FRANK PARK.

"As yet a child nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisped in members for the numbers came."

THE "FOREIGN LEGION" (a brilliant (?) class of Juniors).

"But knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did n'er unroll."—*Gray*.

MICK MURRAY (and that is seldom, des gratias).

"I do but sing because I must."—*Tennyson*.

MR. O'KANE (we're not saying nothin').

"One may smile, and smile and be a villain."—*Shakespeare*.

"GOZO" (his comment on the recent C.S. Exam. papers).

"There is such a choice of difficulties that I am at loss to determine."—*Wolfe*.

HERBERT (another "Albert Hall").

"O that this too, too, solid flesh would melt."—*Shakespeare*.

BREADY'S HYPOTHESIS.

"I take the true definition of (an) exercise to be labour without weariness."

MR. "TOM" IVORY (a Bradman innings—well played, Sir!).

"His head was silvered o'er with age  
And long experience made him sage."—*Gray: Fables*.

BRO. MAGEE (a word of advice).

"Oh! it is excellent to have a giant's strength.  
But it is tyrannous to use it."—*Shakespeare*.

QUIERY (Senior).

"Lend me your ears."

A. CHARLETON. Form E.2.



## Ţír Conaill, a Stór

Ír iongnatad an tóig a tuiteann tuine 'na córlad amannaí aSur é 'na fuirde coir na teinead, san fuo ar bit fa leic le deanao. ASur ip iontaige ná rin arír na bhuonglóroí a bíor aige le linn é a beic 'na córlad mar rin. Níl ad an zoiro ó foim ó t'fozluim mé com fíor ip tá an pceal rin, ad t'fozluim mé é 'ra tóig ip nac nveanfadó mé dearmad de le fada an lá. ASur reo mar a tairla.

Cupla oitde ó foim nuair abí an tpoé aimpeari ann, fuirde mé fíor coir na teinead aS bmad oitde éiuin a daiceam aS éirtead le cibé clár a bead ar an éraolacán. Cinnce minne mé an fuo ceanann céadna míle uair moine, ad an iarrfadó reo, bí oifir ann ar tóig inthead. Ní mad inr an toig ad mé péim aSur bí zac don fuo com rocair leir an uair. Ní mad tuaim le moctadail ad an feartann aS fíor-bualad zo h-éadrom i n-éadan na bfuinneos. Annrin ar carad enaie bis aS mo éadib daim, éaimic zuc mna "éar an aer," aSur í aS zabail ceoil i nSaeólic. An zuc abí aS an mnaoi reo bí pé deap bog, aSur fuirde mé annrinn san bogad, aSur mé aS éirtead le zac don focal aSur le zac don nóca dar éan pí. Dubairt pí doimán rean-amhan abí ar feabar, aSur annrinn toirig pí ar an éad líne de'n amhan álunn rin "A Sean Dún na nSall."

"Ír zrad geal mo époide tú, Ţír Conaill a rcoi," ad nfor éuala mé nfor mó na an éad líne. Nó ar a éluirinc rin daim connaictear zur tógad mé ar an tpuideacán a mad mé ann, aSur zur cuirfadó fíor i n-áit eile ar fad mé. Cairpíó pé zo mad tpaoidthead eigin i nSud an amhanatde rin, nó inr an amhan abí pí a mad nuair a éos pé mar rin mé. Ad bog, aSur anoir i bpaitead na púl bí mé ipcoig i zcirtiníg móir fairrins i Roraib Ţír Conaill.

N-adruigead an teine aibléire i na éimíó móir móhad aSur i n-ionad zléar cian-éirtheadcáin abeit inr an éluoais ba é an fuo abí ann rean bean beas éumta éfionna fá n-a cuio zruaige zile, aSur í 'na fuirde annrinn aS innre pcealacá. Bí lán na cirtinige de daoine ann, eadar ós ip rean aSur san le moctadail ná le éluirinc ipcoig innti ad zlor zlan ceolmar an pcealairde aorad. ASur ba bneag amac an pcealairde í san amhan. Cuirtheadó pé doibneap an doimain ar don tuine, mar éur pé ar an tream abí 'ra laóair an oitde uoais, beic aS éirtheadó léici aSur í aS innre fá znuomartai Cu Culainn aSur a cuio laoc, fá fionn, fá Oipín aSur Oream, fa éatóbrí, fá na "daoine maite" aSur fá'n tpaogal abí ann fad ó.

ASur le linn na pcealuirtheadca reo uilig, ní éiofadó liom san pmaoitead zur móir an oifir eadar an éirtiníg reo aSur don reomra eile dá mad mé amain ann. Connaictear daim zo mad dá fuo ar a lafad i n-ad a'n toig abí ar iarrfadó ar fad ann reo aSur ba íad rin, an polur aibléire aSur an éraolacán. Ad, anoir nuair a amarcaim tairt, céim zur feairt íbpad an áit san íad, nó zoióé a deanfadó na daoine fuo le ceactar acú? Ní fóirtheadó ríad tóbdca ar tóig ná ar tóig eile ar picear nac ionann íad aSur na znadé-daoine a cartar ar tuine 'ad a'n lá. Daoine mar íad-ran abí éruinn ipcoig inr an éirtiníg rin Maimeann ríad i n-aoir eile ar fad, comairt abeit. Tá ríad mar bead ziota den tream tpaogal, nár iméig aSur nár aérug í ríe na mbliadan inr an tóig éadna ar iméig aSur ar aérug éuro eile de'n doimain móir leacán acá amuis annrinn ar an taoib eile de na pléidce aSur i bpad ar fíubad aS bun na rpeire. ASur cairpíó pé zo bpuil

muinntear na Ropann i bfuad níos fearr agus níos paróidhe dá tairde  
 rin; nó cé h-é a bí i dtír Conaill againn a féanfar  
 naé bfuil a páirí ann áit ar bít. Deairt comh fúntaé flaiteamail  
 móir éiríodéé ip tá ríad: Éirt le na scuit beannaéé nuair a cartar  
 oir ar an bealaé iad, "So mbeannuig Dia tuic" nó "So rairbígíó  
 Dia tuic" nó (nuair a labairtear leobta 'céad uair) "Dia 'r Muire  
 tuic" "Suirab amháiró tuic" nó "So mairió éú." Sab irteac i gceann  
 ar bít de na cigé beasa oiróamla agus amáir an fáilte a cuirtear  
 romat. "Anú a mic mo éiríodé, an annreo atá tú? Cá sab tú le fáda  
 an lá? Suiró ríor annrin agus dean do ríéirte, a éailleac agus  
 bíod comháb beas ašainn. Ca h-uair a éaimic tú anoir? Iné? I  
 oiróig Šeáin Móir atá tú aš bainc fúé? Sé, ó beiríó deán Šeáin  
 aipe máit oib, ná bíod eagla oiráb. Agus foidé mar tá an rcairte  
 uilig? Foidé mar tá Johnny Mór abí muir scuireacéa anuiró?  
 Maire ba deap an uime Johnny ceairt go leoir, agus rcairé na  
 Šaeóilge aige foróa. Tá Šaeóilic máit ašac féin a mic, maire, tá  
 šan amhar, ip móir an bipeac atá oiré ó bí tú iróiró ašainn an uair  
 deiréannaé. An rcairíó tú imteacé anoir? Tá tú aš šabail a  
 ríam an bfuil? Dal, bí cúimacé éior aš Poll an Diabail. Ip fearr  
 tuic šabail anonn go oiré an éairraig móir, nó níl pé comh uóimh annrin!  
 'Sé! Ná deán deairmaó anoir éacé arair pul a n-uiróiró tú 'na  
 baile. Deannaéé De leat."

Aur éis tú amacé ar an teacé Šlan oiróamail, agus ríor an capán  
 beas šaró leat go oiré an eladóac. Tá áit deap annrin, go oiréac  
 mar uóhairé an rcan uime éuar agus šeibim ríam máit. Ciofáb  
 liom fanaéé aš ríam ip an uirce reo go ceann tamail fáda, tá pé  
 comh deap šorim rin. Nil fuaéé dá lašacó ann acé oiréac, ná tonnaí  
 móra ar bít le tearbáint šur curo de'n fáirige móir an t-uirce reo  
 —an fáirige móir a bfuil a tonnaí móra aš éirige agus aš írlušacó  
 amuig annrin aš beal na báige, agus aš deanamó toimáin atá le  
 éluirpint ríú amáin iróiró annro i scúimear na báige. Cáríó mé  
 šabail amacé annrin am imteacé ceairt go leoir no oiréacó uaim-ša šur  
 cóir an dá éimeál fáirige a féiceail, an éimeál atá ar an taoib iróiró  
 de beal na báige agus an éimeál atá aš cóšail an šleo uóaró—an  
 fáirige móir.

Agur mar rin de; cupla lá 'na óiaró rin b'féiróir, éis rcairte ašainn  
 le céile agus i scuireacéa uime de muinntir na Š-áite, toirigimro  
 ar an tuirar fáda. Tá na brioša éiróca ar na šualneacéa ašainn agus  
 na briošé tarraimšéé anoir éar na glúna. Agus ip mar rin a leantair  
 an ceannóiré, irteacé ip an uirce, amacé ar, anonn éar an  
 šameamó bog fluc, irteacé 'ran uirce arir, amacé arir, annrin éar an  
 šameamó éruaró tihm a éuiréar an tear ar air ip na cora, annrin  
 irteacé ip an áit 'na b'árann an féar fáda rin a šeáir na cora agus  
 a bamear an fuil arca. Acé ra deiréacó tá pé éairé, agus níl oiréacó  
 ip uime amáin ann a deir naé ríú an tuirar éruaró é. Anoir tá an  
 fáirige móir ann reo romáimn agus na carraigeacéa móra šuda šaróa  
 ršabéa amuig aš imeall an uirce. Agus an toimáin rin rin abí, b'fao  
 uáim iné, tá pé anoir comh h-áiró rin, naé mó na go oiró leat šuc  
 an uime atá aš do taoib a éluirpint. Acé ran am céadna tá puo  
 imteacé éim fá'á áit, tá pé comh h-uairneacé rin. Nil le féiceail ar  
 'acé don taoib acé an šameamó šeal buiré, na carraigeacéa móra šuda  
 agus an fáirige, aš ríneacó amacé, amacé ar fáo go bun na r'péiré.  
 Seo áit amáin a oiró le uime cupla uair a éairéacó fá fuaimear,  
 fuaimear naé bfuil le fášáil i moirán áiteacé eile, acé cibé iad ran  
 naé bfuil an puo a oirócar modern civilization air fáo leobta go

póill. Maire ba máit liom tamall fada a caitheadh amuig anseo iní an uaignear, gan duine ar bít ag cur éagam ná uaim. Nárú doibinn an iúo é a beít marí duine de na h-iarcairí uoais atá ag tpoio i n-éadan na dtonn amuig anríin le n-a sicut aráin agus ime a faoéruíat. Arú! D'áluinn go veimín nó nuair a téitear na ríi uoais, tuigtear naé bfuil aor na laoé a íab an tpeandean ag camnt oíra iní na ríealtaí, naé bfuil rín éar go póill. Naé bfuil iarcairí Tíi Conaill ar na laocairde ír fearí oá íab i n-Éirinn aríam. Cinnce ní'l elíu amuig oíra i scéin agus i scoíair marí bí ar Cu Cúlaínn agus a luét leanáimna, ac naé bfuil toíat a sicut oibíe níor mó i rúilí Dó, oá éaríbe rín?

Dal, tá an lán mara ag teadé irteadé, agus caírimío an fáiríse mór a fásáil arí, sío súp i n-éadan arí oíola a ínímuio é. Ac tá áit eile le cuarú agáim go póill, agus rín an t-Éarígal, an ríad mór rín a éirígear go tobann ar an talám íreal, go oíí n-a mullaé áro lom, 'éomáir baile íaoé Dóbarí. Maríom 'na oíatí rín téíimío go oíí n-a bun ar an tpean agus i n-oíatí curo mór tpoíolóíe ríoíimío an mullaé ír írle agus amárcamío anuar ar na Ropáib, ar na toííte beaga éeann-tuígearó; ar na bealaí éaola bána ag líubáó amac agus irteadé ríío na carraígeada, agus an ííaoé íorm ar íac aon taoib oadóéa; agus ar an fáiríse mór i bpeo ar ííubal, ag éiríge agus íríuíat i n-a tonnaí móra, marí bí i scoíimío agus marí a b'éar go oeo. Arú, ír bpeáí go oííreac an tíi íarú reo agus ír máit a beít ag amárc ríor uiréi marí reo—áit amáin a bfuil teaníatí ar ríin fearí á labáirte go póill—áit amáin a bfuil rían de na rean íaeé le íeíeáil go oíí an lá moíu áit amáin acá íaor ó 'ac á'n iúo "modern" ííu amáin iní an "nua aor" reo—áit—ac íoíoé reo? Íué ag mó éaoib a veir go bfuil mé 'mo éoílaó iní an éaéaoir rín fada go leor. Caéaoir? Coílaó? Ílóm no Oia, i mo éoílaó abí mé i ríe an ama uirí. Ní íab ann ac bpoínglóío, no tá mé mupcaíte anoir agus 'mo ííuóe coir na teinead arí. Tá oíílaé éígm ag camnt ar an íléar ag mó éaoib ía "modern inventions" no iúo iníeacé den émeál ac íaíaoir, tá Tíi Conaill mo íróí i bpeo uaim ar éú na íeíoe.

P. Mac CRAÍC.

## DAWN.

THE darkness that precedes the dawn  
Is fading with the coming morn,  
And now appear red bars of light  
Chasing the shadows of the night.

Again the colours merge in one,  
In russet, crimson, golden brown,  
The fleecy clouds are growing bright,  
Bath'd in the clear dawn's early light.

The flowers are waking from their sleep  
To inhale the breath of morning, deep,  
The birds already soar on high,  
Winging their way across the sky.

But soon the morn is fully fledg'd,  
With light, the blue, deep lake is edg'd,  
Another day on earth is born,  
And God once more has sent the Dawn.

D. O'RAFFERTY. Form C.1.

## OUR CARAVAN HOLIDAY

NOW that our hearts are gratified with a sight of the sun again our thoughts turn to the time when we will be able to go off on holiday and enjoy its vitalizing rays in the manner best suited to our different temperaments—and finances. Alas! it is often difficult to make both correspond.

Last summer four friends and myself "pooled" our cash and purchased a caravan along with an antique skeleton, which, its owner assured us without a blush, was a horse, and a very "reliable" animal. We accepted his word, and, with rather doubtful glances at our purchase, paid over the money—five pounds, which was all we had towards that part of the holiday. After all, we could not expect a Derby winner for five pounds, but we had set our hearts on a caravan holiday and that we were going to have. The caravan we got at a very reasonable price. It was in fairly good condition and comfortable enough, and we were not too hard to please. The harness for the "horse," the owner, with a great air of generosity, volunteered to throw into the bargain (it should have been thrown in the bin) and informed us before leaving rather hurriedly that the beast's name was Julius Caesar.

After a critical examination we decided that the name was a misnomer, as we could see no resemblance to that Roman tyrant, except, perhaps, the nose which was decidedly Roman. So we rechristened him "Mickey Speed." Alas, we got into trouble enough with Mickey during our short acquaintance, but we were never held up for speeding by any minion of the law.

At last we were ready to start. We had made arrangements to join our "turn out" a couple of miles out of town. When it came to the pinch we were not strong-minded enough to stand for an escort of all the urchins in the districts we had to pan through, with the accompaniment of the jeers with which such an escort is always so prodigal.

I was delegated to drive and started off right bravely with my "one in hand" (thank Heavens there were not four of him). We did not do so badly the first day, though we could have wished to make a greater distance, but the utmost we got out of "Mickey Speed" was ten miles.

We camped that evening in a very pleasant spot beside a clear, rippling stream and loosed Mickey out to graze on lovely juicy grass, such, as, judging by his appearance, he had only cropped in his dreams.

Next morning we were up with the lark and searched out a suitable bathing place and after bathing we had our breakfast. Then we loafed about for a while, enjoying the glorious sunshine. Finally, we decided to make a start, as the spot we were making for was about thirty miles distant, and at our rate of progress on the previous day, we calculated that it would take our "lively" horse three days to make the journey.

When all was ready we looked around for our steed, but could espy him nowhere.

"Didn't I tell you he should have been hobbled," Jack exclaimed. He had read wild west stories and professed to know how things should be done.

"Hobbled my eye," snorted I, "Age and starvation, age and starvation have done that, and anyhow we have no hobbles, and do not know how to use them if we had."

After searching anxiously we discovered our "reliable animal" standing with his hindquarters against a tree, forelegs spread out, and head drooping. His eyes were closed, and he appeared to be in a state of trance. (He was sleeping, but we did not know that.) We called him, but he never flicked an eyelid.

"Perhaps," Jim whispered, (Jim was very sarcastic) "this grove is the haunt of some malignant spirit, who has turned him to stone."

"Nonsense," I replied, "he was fossilised when we got him."

We began to get anxious as the morning was advancing.

"Great Julius Caesar," I exclaimed, "are we going to be kept here all day glaring at that old sphinx?" At the words "Julius Caesar" he actually turned his head and gazed disdainfully at us down his Roman nose.

Eventually we got him harnessed and started off roaring at the top of our voices, "Roll Along, Covered Waggon, Roll Along."

The country through which we passed was very beautiful, and we were very happy that first day; the only fly in the ointment being that our steed seemed to have a keen appreciation of the scenery also, as he insisted on stopping every few hundred yards to gaze around, and no amount of persuasion could induce him to move until he was quite ready.

The third day saw us only about half way to our destination. "Mickey Speed" got harder to manage every hour. He seemed to understand that we were amateurs, and he played upon this fact; and this was not everything. Farmers ordered us out of their fields when we ventured to make camp there. They weren't very polite about it either, and we felt very humiliated about it when we had to trek again. On the third day we were entirely disgusted and disillusioned and regretted that we had not gone to Glenariff, where we would not have been tortured by one of the most contrary animals (I could use a stronger expression) that ever five foolish fellows trusted. The horse is a noble animal— . . . . . Ours took a mean advantage of us and blighted our young hopes of a delightful holiday.

We were in this mood when passing a gipsy encampment on the wayside. "I wonder would the gipsies buy our outfit and we could go off and have a good time somewhere for the rest of our holidays?" Jack said wistfully. "The very thing," we all shouted in unison. I plucked up courage and approached one of the men who was reclining on the roadside with a Woodbine dangling from his lips.

He was very polite, and said he was willing to buy, but alas! we parted with lock, stock, and barrel for thirty shillings, and actually sighed with relief as we went off with a very dusty treasury note and ten shillings made up in coppers and silver.

We made for the seaside and had a good time for the rest of our holidays. But do not mention a caravan holiday to me, its dangerous. Never, never, again.

K. ROBBIN. Form E. 2.

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Sentimental Tourist: "What would this old oak say if it could only talk?"  
Native: "Probably, 'I'm an elm.'"

# THE RIGHT TO PRIVATE PROPERTY

*Paper read at Study Circle, 16th October, 1936*

This Right is Established by the Refutation of False Opinions:

- (a) The State can provide for all.
- (b) The Land is common to all.

WHEN God made the world, he made man to live in it and to use it for his own enjoyment. Man consequently has the right to protect his life, and to promote its welfare, to preserve and develop his faculties and to advance himself generally along rational lines to his full perfection.

But this cannot be done without external goods. It must, therefore, be within the right of every man to acquire and possess as his own those things which are necessary for the preservation and betterment of the body, and the development of the higher faculties of the soul; for he who has a right to a certain end has also a right to the means necessary for attaining that end. It is a want of proper appreciation of this view of human life that enables the Socialistic mob orators to draw the unreflecting crowd with the carefully disguised theories which they expound. If the individual has from nature the right to retain for his own use some of the goods of this world, then there is left no solid basis on which to establish the Socialistic Utopia.

For it cannot be maintained that the State should provide for the wants of its individual members as they arise. Apart from the impracticability of such a scheme, apart from the fraud and avarice, that would frustrate it at every turn, this right belongs to the individual alone. Man is older than the State and he retains the rights he enjoyed before the State, as such, existed, and neither the State nor anything else can take away these rights from him.

Again, Man is Nature's appointed guardian and protector of those dependent on him, i.e. his family, and accordingly he should provide for their sustenance, and, as far as possible, for their comfort. Some will say that the State should do this. But the State is made up of families, which, on that account, must have preceded it, and the rights inherent in the family arise from Nature and they are totally independent of the State.

If the human race had continued in its state of innocence there might have been no urgent necessity for a division of the world's goods. But unfortunately it did not, and powerful passions, e.g. sloth, covetousness, pride, and envy are important factors to be reckoned with in human life. Therefore, it is necessary that among such men as we are, the individual should be thrown on his own resources, and made provide for himself as best he may, consistently the while, with the rights which he must recognise in other individuals like himself.

Were any other system adopted, the result would be endless confusion. Where would be the incentive to work if the worker could not hope to enjoy the fruits of his labours, and if the lazy would, as is most likely, find ways and means of living as comfortably as the industrious? Thrift and industry and all the social virtues would cease to influence human life. Society would be turned topsy-turvy and law and order set at naught.

In addition, therefore, to the rights which spring from the nature of the human person and the human family, the safety of the State and the preservation

of Society demand that the individual altogether independently of the State should be free to acquire, possess, and retain a large share of the good things which Nature provides for the maintenance of man.

You will at once observe that the land is Nature's great storehouse on which man is continually drawing for the supply of all those things which are either necessary or useful to him. Thus the earth is the bountiful mother in whom we all trust for the daily supply of the daily wants with which life is continually burdened. If then man has a right to acquire and retain in unmolested possession the things that are required for decent maintenance, it follows that he has a right to own and retain part, at least, of the soil of the earth and the products thereof which Nature has provided for this purpose.

The earth was once a wild, wide, free, untilled field, the raw material from Nature's hand waiting to be worked by human skill and human toil as a fruitful source of all things necessary for the support of its inhabitants. If, at that time, a man took a piece of ground and fenced it round and cultivated it, would not it and the fruits it would bring forth become his exclusive property? Would it not be violation of the plainest justice that someone else would come and drive out the original owner and possess himself of all the fruits of his labour, care, and industry?

By the very fact of a man occupying a portion of the earth as yet unpossessed by another, it becomes his own, for the earth was given to man for the support of human life and all that human life entails.

Yet some will contend that he should not have absolute possession, that it should belong to anyone else as much as to him. But the falsity of such a contention should be manifest from the arguments above advanced. It is true that the earth was made for the support of all human creatures, but it is also true that Nature never intended the whole earth to remain the common property of the human race; nay, from the very nature of things, from the constitution of human beings, consequent to the fall of Adam, the division of the earth becomes a necessity, and, therefore, must have the Sanction of the Natural Law.

Can anyone contend with any show of reason that the people of one continent have a right to drive out the natives of another and enjoy the fruits of labour they never performed? It is nonsensical to suggest that the natives of the Australian Bush or the Coral Islands should have any right to the vineyards of the Rhone or the Wheatfields of Canada. Plainly the soil of the earth, though made for all mankind, could not remain the property of the human race without division and private rights.

It is with a view to furthering the end for which they were made, i.e. the manifestation of God's power and glory, that men come together and form themselves into States. From this it follows that man is older than the State, and that he has rights independently of the State; that if he has availed himself of the rights which he has from Nature he cannot be deprived of them by the State or by anything else, consistently with the plainest justice and the most obvious dictates of the Natural Law. The State has no "first preference," as it were, in the claim to the soil, and, if the soil already belongs to some private individual, by what principles of justice can the State step in and deprive the lawful owner of the property which belongs to him and to him alone? Not only has the State no power to do any such thing, but on the contrary it is its duty to protect the rights of its members, to punish any violations of these rights and to secure private individuals in the enjoyment in peace and tranquillity of what is theirs.

The State, therefore, has jurisdiction over private property, it has the right, and it is its duty, to watch over the interests of its individual members to ensure that they be allowed to continue unmolested in the peaceful possession of what belongs to them; but the State has not the right of possession over the property of individuals, nor can it, without open rapine, meddle with the rights in which private individuals are confirmed by the Natural Law.

The Natural Law forbids individuals, not to speak of the State, to covet even that which belongs to another, for we are told:—

“Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s wife, nor his house, nor his field, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything else that is his.”

P. McLORNAN. Form E. 2.



## THE LATE JAMES MCKENNA

IT is with deepest regret that we announce the death of James McKenna, a young man, who, less than twelve months ago, left St. Mary’s to take up a post in Manchester. He had been a pupil of our schools from an early age, and during his long connection with them, he made many friends among both his fellow-pupils and teachers, and won the respect of all with whom he came in contact. His school career was one of steady progress and culminated in the great achievement of qualifying, at the early age of 17 years, for a post in the British Civil Service.

His sojourn in the vineyard of the Lord has been short, and the Master, being pleased with his work, has called him to his reward. “Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life.”

We take this opportunity to offer our sincere sympathy to his bereaved parents, and pray that God will give them strength to bear this heavy cross with fortitude and submission.

Go ndeanaidh Dia trocaire ar a anam.

EDITOR.

## THE GAELIC WORDS IN OUR ULSTER DIALECT

**D**URING the past thirty years great interest has been taken in the Ulster dialect and many books and articles by famous scholars have been written on this subject. All these writers are anxious that the Ulster dialect should not become influenced by modern English of the Oxford type, and thus lose its natural vigour and beauty.

The Ulster dialect, which has aroused so much interest among students and scholars, is mainly composed of words and idioms from the Irish language, from Scots Gaelic brought over by highland clansmen who were frequently allies of the O'Neills, and Shakespearean English, brought over by the Planters of Elizabethan and early Stuart times. Let it be remembered that all the Gaelic Clansmen did not flee to Connaught. Thousands refused to be driven from their loved Ulster, thousands eked out an existence on the bogs and hillsides, and the majority were retained to work and toil for the new settlers. In this manner were Irish, English, and Scots living together, each speaking their own language. The Irish language survived and was generally spoken throughout Ulster until the early half of the eighteenth century, and it remains as a vigorous living language in many parts of Ulster to-day. The Ulster dialect in the most English-speaking districts is more Irish in idiom and contains a greater percentage of Irish words than most people imagine. In the counties of Antrim and Down, and in the city of Belfast itself, well over a hundred Gaelic words are used in the every day conversation of the people. Let me put a few of them before you, with examples showing how used.

Clabber, Gaelic clabar, mud. The "clabber" is an inch deep on the road.

Clib, Gaelic cliob, a colt, a young horse. Take the clib to the field.

Callyah, Gaelic cailleach, and old woman, the name given to an old seed potato that has produced no crop.

Creggy, Gaelic creagaidhe, rough rocky land. His farm contains some very "creggy" patches.

Bake, Gaelic beic, cheek, uproar, noisy talk.

Banshee, Gaelic bean-sidhe, a fairy woman. The banshee's wail was regarded as an omen of death.

Broo, Gaelic bruach, the bank or edge of a river. John walked along the broo of the river.

Donny, Gaelic donaidhe, sickly, unhealthy. Mary is a "donny" creature.

Drachy, Gaelic dreachaidh, wet, dirty weather. It is a very "drachy" day.

Gra, Gaelic gradh, love. "He has no "gra" for his work."

Greasha, Gaelic griosadh, smouldering embers, ashes. She roasts the potatoes in the "greasha."

Gammeral, Gaelic gamarall, a foolish person, a fool. That big "gamerall" has no sense in the world.

Gabby, Gaelic cabach, gabach, chatty, talkative.

Lachter, Gaelic lachtar, a brood of young chicks. That is a "lachter" of fine birds you have.

Langel, Gaelic langal, a fetter or spancel for a goat, tied from front to hind leg.

Presha, Gaelic praiseach, wild mustard, a yellow flower found in young corn.

Door, Gaelic dur, sulky, obstinate. "He is a "door" man that."

Fooster, Gaelic fustar, a fuss, rush, confusion. Look at the "fooster" he's in.

Fooster, Gaelic fustaire, a fussy excitable person. Johnny is a "fooster," he is always bungling things.

Omadan, Gaelic amadan, a foolish stupid person. Hughie is an awful "amadan."

Sup, Gaelic sop, a handful, a wisp of hay or straw. Give a "sup" of hay to the cow.

Sonsy, Gaelic sonasach or sonasaidhe, opposite in meaning to "donny," lucky, healthy, well-doing. That is a "sonsy" wee animal you have, John.

Scollop, Gaelic scolb, a rod used to fasten straw on a thatched roof.

Scra, Gaelic scrath, a sod, a turf. Put a "scra" on the thatch (fire).

Scrab, Gaelic sgriob, to scrape or tear. The cat will "scrab" you.

Shanty, Gaelic sean-tighe, an old house. This is a "quare" shanty.

Puss, Gaelic pus, a lip. Look at the "puss" on him (see how disappointed or sulky he looks).

Kailee, Gaelic ceilidhe, a friendly meeting or gathering. He was away on a "kailee," means he was away on a friendly visit.

Before I leave these words I would like to refer to the action of the Ulster Youth Hostel Association. Quite recently, this body thought the word "hiker" was too common, so they decided to scrap it while they went in search of another word. With a certain amount of enthusiasm it was announced in the Press that the Ulster word "shuler" was to replace "hiker." Had this august body known Irish they would not have selected this word, which is the Irish siubhloir—a tramp.

There is hardly a townland whose name does not tell us that we are in a country which has not really ceased to be Gaelic-speaking. The people living on the Shankill Road would not all be pleased if they were told that the word Shankill come from the Irish "Sean Chill," an old church. The words "Falls" in Falls Road comes from the Irish word "Fal," meaning a hedge or wood, hence Falls Road means the Road of the hedges or woods.

Perhaps I may be permitted to conclude by a quotation from a recent publication, "Ulster Speaks," by Rev. W. F. Marshall.

"The history of our Province is dripping with Gaelic. Columba speaks it as the "Dewy Red" grounds on Iona, and it echoes on the ship that bears away the great O'Neill. And it is with us still, in word and phrase and idiom, to remind us of the time it had no rival. All this we have in a way that modern English hasn't. I know we can't keep it for ever, but as long as we have it, let's be proud of it."

GARRETT McGRATH. Form C.1.

## MATHEMATICS

**T**HERE are some things in class, I know  
That folks could never love;  
Among these awful things I class  
The title of above.

My desk mate and companion  
To this does not agree;  
But when the clock says " Maths. time is up,"  
I nearly jump with glee.

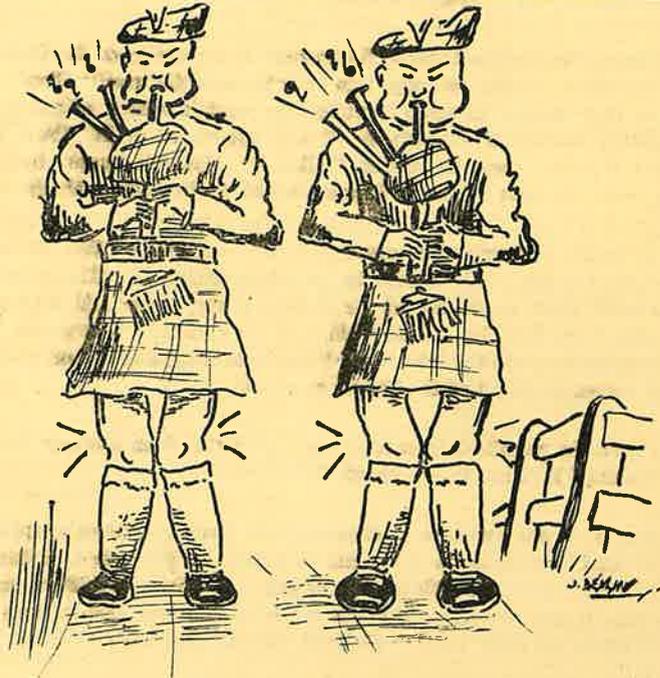
And our master says to teach us Maths.  
He really finds a bore;  
For such a lot of lazy louts  
He never met before.

On every Friday afternoon  
We have a " simple " test,  
To see, as our good teacher says,  
If we have done our best.

But the triangles and the circles  
Are all the same to me;  
And I sit and chew my pencil  
While my comrades work with glee.

It can really be so vexing,  
Climbing learning's rugged paths,  
To work "cuts" and "props" and problems;  
Who on earth invented Maths. ?

C. KENNEDY. Form E. 2.



**KNOCK, KNOCK!**



luét féacanna. Ní hamlaíó abíonn an reéal amháid. Sgoilteada móra de éarraigheada fíara fánaáa amháil ip dá mbéad an talam réabta poillte ó bun go barr a bíonn ann. Ní bíonn fíú fíuota coramlaáta ionn don dá éarraig aca. Féacann ré go reois um éraéhnóna asur an shian as véanaí a psáileanna dá curó móir-éioó. Searruigeann Dúin árra Mhe Dhré amaé i na donari asur é as tabairt toub-rlan shairceáca na gearraig n-uilg. Tamall larciaí de reo píneann na ró-énuic i na nóruiim ip i na nóruiim go ngoraio amaé i na bfaill móir millteannaig. De bhrí go bfuil trí h-uamáca fan ionaó reo, tustar Cnoc na nUamáca ar an gCnoc an Lá atá ionu ann.

Bíonn na cloca véanta de éioic-aoil-gháic-tréic a báneann le furmóir na gearraig i gConntae Dontríoma. Barrá móir de shian-éioic abíonn i na luige anuar air.

Ip móir an tionsnaó a tásann ar an tuine nac breacaíó an maóaric éana. As págáil bóear dontríoma óó taréir a trí nó a ceatáir de mille rúige'-shabáil aise, éiríó ré caráinín enocá as díru ar an mullaé anfor go mall réró. Sabann an tiam tar bhrágo an caráinín éáona mar ip eol do muinntir Shinne Shuirnéla. Ip mó cor a éuiréann ré dé ó veit roir asur riar éré bealaige psácaá na coille craobaige. Tásann an shian as sealaó na rúige anran, asur f as rpalraó anuar ar na tailte fhaócaá. Ó'n bpoimnte reo anuar beiréann an maóaric an éraob ar áilheáct asur ar doibneap lá breag Shamraó. I tgorac na éáo uamáige tís leat féacáint anuar ar Loé Ueil Feirte asur é as pínead amaé uait amháil ip dá mbéad ré "leagá ar páir." U'fáda an lá go breicféá Carr Muinne asur Cnoc i na rliab maon basaréac; nac ionann an car do éarraig feargura asur a fean-éairleán réim as fluicad a éoire ra tráile? Nac ionann an reéal do Deannóir asur do árra Mhe Narca asur dor na Sháio Uaitte eile nac iad ar asaró Cnuic na hUamáca amaé? Ar do lámh éeir éitear caatáir Ueil Feirte asur i báirte n-a curó veataig doal-tuib réim. Nac ann reo a tárla an móir-éomla úó ra éúigimáó doir véas nuair a éuaró muinntir Clainne Sabaoire asur muinntir Clainne Mhe Siolla Móir ingteie.

Ip feara a éuirtear an réró asur an t-aimhéiró ó veit as rearáir ar Uair Veinne Dúin Mhe Dhré 1188 trois tar éótríom na rairrige. Samluigtear tuit go bfuil éruaca na h-Alban éiar éuaró i na néalltaib dána i na luige ar iozáir na rreíre. Éitear Oileán Manainn réim nuair a amárcann tú ionneo Doimnac Ói. Nac leigear ar fáile cinne Loé Cuain asur na Deanna Boirde d'feircint árr. Ní luá na rruíoe ná na lonáa ré lán treoil ar an loé. Má éarann tú ó éuaró ní fáda go leasraíó tú an tráil ar loé n-éacá asur ar Stéir Mhe áit 'nar éait Pádraic Árrul Éireann ré bliáona as mucaíveáct ip as buacáillveáct dá máirgirtir Miliúe. Ruó eile de eirigeann éruaca glara dontríoma in áiríoe asur iad as "basairte a gcinn éar úruim a ééile," asur a gcuro aillveáca móir millteáca a mbéad réim ra bfairrige.

## IRISH BUTTERFLIES

**S**TUDYING butterflies is certainly a most interesting pastime. You can always try to find out something new about these insects, and no matter where you are in the summer time in Ireland you are sure to find a butterfly. Butterflies are the most beautiful examples of insects and, next to birds, are probably the prettiest creatures of nature. Nature is a beauty given to us by God and it far exceeds all man-fashioned beauty. Yet few people search for beauties of nature which are on all sides; all butterflies are the same to them. Only when these people see some collection of Indian butterflies they admire them and do not think that beautiful specimens exist in their own country. Wordsworth is one of the poets who remark about these insects:

"While birds, and butterflies, and flowers  
Make all one band of parameas."

It is to be remembered that butterflies form part of that great division of insects, Lepidoptera or scale winged. The name, of course, refers to the closely knitted flakes of coloured dust which are on the wings of a butterfly or moth. The butterfly greatly differs from the moth: it flies during the day, while the moth is most often flying at dusk; the butterfly has clubbed antennae (the feelers which are projected from its head) while the moth's antennae are not clubbed but slender, or feathered; when the butterfly is at rest on a flower it closes its wings together, but when the moth is at rest its wings are open; another great difference is the colour of the wings of each, the butterfly being very brightly and gaily coloured.

Butterflies are divided under these headings—families, genera, and species like other animals. The Latin name of the insect is safer to go by since it is used in all the countries, the name invented by the first writer on the butterflies. For instance, the Large White belongs to the family Pieridae, genus *Pieris* and species *Brassicæ*. The Latin names are also used for the stages in the life of the insect and the parts of its body, e.g.—Ova, Larva, Pupa, Imago, Antennae, Thorax.

To speak about all the different British butterflies a whole book would be required, so I will just treat of a few common Irish butterflies. We have many rare visitors of remarkable beauty as the Milkweed, Camberwell Beauty. The Milkweed has appeared about three times in the South of Ireland; likewise the Camberwell Beauty, yet the latter has been caught just outside Belfast, about forty years ago. They are both large insects, the Milkweed being a migrant from North America, also called the Black-Veined-Brown.

### FAMILY SATYRIDÆ.

The first family mentioned into the classification of butterflies is the Satyridæ. This family in a broad sense includes all the brown butterflies not necessarily gaily-coloured. The first common butterfly in this section is the "Speckled Wood" (*Pararge Aegeria*). The old name for this insect was the "Wood Argus," which seems more fitting in describing the colour of its wings. As the name suggests, it is abundant in woods, the outskirts of woods, and shrubberies. It is speckled brown and cream in colour, with a lighter underside for protective resemblance when it is at rest on the bark of a tree or the ground. There is a small dark brown eye on each upper wing and about three or four small eyes on the lower wing. The caterpillar is green and feeds on various grasses.

The Wall Butterfly (*Pararge Megera*) of the same genus as the last one resembles it as regards to the caterpillar and chrysalis or pupa which are of

the same silky-green colour. The haunts of this insect are, however, very different. Ruins, churchyards, stony districts are its strange localities. Hence it is fairly common in Ireland. The Imago or perfect insect is reddish-brown in colour—vermilion would be a near equivalent to the colour—with one eye on each upper wing and four small eyes on each lower wing. The dark coloured veins are marked very distinctively on it. Ballynahinch is an example of its localities. It is abundant there in August.

The Grayling (*Eumenis Semele*) has also its distinctive localities where it is abundant. It frequents heaths, moors, chalkhills, cliffs, sand-dunes, anywhere where gravel, sand, limestone or chalk abounds or in stony places. The insect is darker in colour than the "Wall" butterfly. It has a greater wing span. There is a distinctive band of light colour parallel to the edge of each wing. There are two very small spots or eyes on the top wing of the butterfly and one on the bottom wing. The underwing is grey resembling the colour of weathered limestone. The caterpillar is yellow with brown stripes running parallel to its length. The chrysalis is red. The butterfly is on wing in July and September. The Cave Hill is a locality.

The Meadow Brown (*Maniola Jurtina*) is the most abundant of all British butterflies. Although the weather may be very stormy you will still see this insect in fields or woods, in all rural districts. It may be found in cities too, but it rather frequents the open fields. To describe it when its wings are open, it is very dark-brown with one white pupilled black spot on each upper wing. The female butterfly has a broad patch of light brown surrounding each 'eye.' The caterpillar is green generally with lighter green on its underside. Like others of its family it feeds on grasses during the night only.

The Small Heath (*Coenonympha Pamphilus*) is abundant on heaths, moors, and mountains. It is coloured light brown and has one black spot on each upper wing. The caterpillar is green with lighter coloured longitudinal stripes. The pupa is also green. This butterfly is very small and may be easily mistaken for a moth in flight.

The Large Heath (*Coenonympha Tullia*) is widely distributed throughout Ireland, and its haunts resemble those of the Small Heath. It is larger than the latter and has pupilled black spots on its lower wing. The caterpillar is green with longitudinal white stripes.

The Ringlet (*Aphantopus Hyperanthus*) is plentiful, even abundant in some parts of Ireland. The outskirts of woods are its chief localities. It is dark brown in colour and it has two black spots on both fore wing and hind wing; in the case of the female these are pupilled white. On the underside there are three white pupilled black spots on the fore wing and five on the hind wing in both cases. The caterpillar is of a straw-colour and could be mistaken for a grub.

#### FAMILY NYMPHALIDAE.

This family includes the most beautiful of British butterflies. The front legs of the butterfly are not developed fully. The caterpillar is hairy. The Fritillaries form a great section of this family. These are speckled butterflies and very hard to distinguish from one and another. The Dark Green Fritillary (*Argynnis Aglaia*) is the first common species. It haunts coastal districts in Ireland. Why it is called "Dark Green" is a mystery. The colour of the butterfly is vermilion or even lighter than that and it is mottled with black spots. The underside has pearl coloured spots which are very pretty, while the colour surrounding these is ochre. The colour of the larva is almost black, while the larva itself is hairy and feeds on Dog Violet. The pupa is dark red in colour.

The Silver-Washed Fritillary is common in the woods of Ireland, *Argynnis Paphia* being its classified name. It is the largest of the Fritillaries. The caterpillar is hairy, black, with two yellow stripes down its back, and feeds on Dog Violet.

There is also another Fritillary common in certain localities called the Marsh Fritillary. It is smaller than the previous two.

The Red Admiral (*Vanessa Atalanta*) is a very beautiful and well-known butterfly. It flies very majestically and seems very proud of its beauty—always visiting gardens with very beautiful flowers in bloom. It is rather large and conspicuous and easily recognised while flying from any other British butterfly. The general colour is black, which shows up the other gorgeous colours of red and white. The upper wings have bars of red passing across the middle of them, and between this red bar and the tip of the wings there are well defined white patches. The lower wings have red borders with four spots of black running down the middle of the red bar. The eggs of the Red Admiral are laid on nettle leaves. The caterpillar is black and hairy with an interrupted yellow line running down each side. The butterfly is widely distributed through Ireland in late August.

The Painted Lady (*Vanessa Cardui*) is the partner of the Red Admiral, for is oftimes seen flying with groups of Red Admirals. This butterfly is a great migrant and is supposed to fly in clouds from North Africa to as far north as Iceland. The main colour on its multi-coloured wings is light red with black blotches through the red. The tip is black with white spots. The underside of this insect is not black as the last species, but resembles the upper side of it's wings but being rather lighter in colour. The caterpillar is hairy, brown in colour with yellow stripes going longitudinally, one on each side and one on the middle of its back. The thistle is the food-plant of the caterpillar generally. This is well distributed throughout the British Isles and is found on wing in August. It also hibernates throughout the winter.

The Small Tortoiseshell (*Aglais Urticae*) is the commonest butterfly of this family. It is seen on wing from April to September and may be found hibernating under the roofs of country houses or barns during the cold months. The name itself suggests its colour, and the insect is so common that it needs no description. The caterpillar is grey and black and is not as hairy as the other caterpillars. The larvae may be found on almost every nettle shrubbery in the country. The chrysalis is gold or silver in colour. Full grown caterpillars found in July will produce imagines in August.

The next common butterfly is the Peacock (*Nymphalis Io*) which was at one time rare in the north but is now very common. It is, perhaps, the most beautiful of British butterflies. The colour of it is brown in general, with an "eye," with a yellow and light blue border and a red-brown inside or pupil. Between this and the body there are two patches of black. On each of the hind wings there is an eye with a large purple pupil. Bordering on the purple there is a light yellow ring. The caterpillar is black, velvety, with very small white spots, and has spikes coming out of its body. It is easily over two inches in length when full grown and is very terrifying to some people. Nettles are sometimes covered with these larvae in the month of July.

#### FAMILY LYCAENIDAE.

This family includes all the blue butterflies, coppers and hairstreaks. None of these butterflies are very large and each caterpillar is small, tapering to a point at each end, and is very like a slug to look at.

There are few fields in Ireland where this butterfly, the Common Blue (*Polyommatus Icarus*), does not visit during June and July. The upperside of the male is blue and a small white margin. The female is quite different from the male. The colour is darker and an interrupted battle of red or orange near the edges of the wing. The caterpillar is green with a darker colour in the middle of its back, and its food plant is bird's foot trefoil. The caterpillar tapers to a point at each end and is less than an inch long.

The Holly Blue (*Lycaenopsis Argiolus*) is common in some localities where the food plant of the caterpillar exists. The colour of the upperside is more darkly tipped than the Common Blue and the underside is almost white with black spots, unlike the other. The caterpillar feeds on holly, ivy, etc., and resembles that of the last insect, being green in colour.

The Small Blue (*Cupido Minimus*), common in coastal districts, is rather black round the body than blue. The underside is similar to that of the last. This is the smallest British butterfly. The colour of the larva varies. It feeds on the Kidney Vetch.

The Small Copper (*Lycaena Phlaeas*) is common throughout Ireland, especially during July and August. The fore-wings are red with a black outer margin and dotted with black, while the hind wings are grey with a red outer margin. The butterfly is, on the whole, small, the wing expanse being  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The caterpillar is green with very small legs, and it feeds on dock and sorrel. The caterpillar may be easily mistaken for some other insect-larvae.

The Hairstreaks, the lower wings of which have tails, are not common in the North of Ireland but a few species are locally found elsewhere: The Green Hairstreak (*Callophrys Rubi*), The Brown Hairstreak (*Thecla Betulae*), The Purple Hairstreak (*Thecla Quercus*). These butterflies prefer wooded districts and are quite rapid fliers. They are generally very beautiful. The caterpillars do not differ in shape from the Blues but feed on tree leaves.

#### FAMILY PIERIDAE.

The Family Pieridae includes all the white and yellow coloured butterflies.

The Large White (*Pieris Brassicae*), the largest of this family, is very common. It is more abundant in gardens, plots or cultivated ground. The male is easily described—it is almost all white on the upperside, except for black tips on the upper wings. The female has two extra black spots on the upper side of the fore wing. The egg of this insect, which is laid on cabbage leaves or any garden plant, is yellow and elliptical in shape tapering at each end. The caterpillar is yellow with two broad blue-black strips longitudinally on its back. The pupa is grey or white with black spots. The wing expanse of the insect is over two inches.

The Small White (*Pieris Rapae*) is more abundant than the Large White, but much inferior in size, although it resembles the latter in nearly every other respect. The caterpillar is green with yellow line proceeding down the middle of its back and yellow spots along each side. The larvae feed on many garden plants, specially the wrongly called Nasturtium and are the commonest breed of caterpillars in a garden. These caterpillars, like those of its predecessor are often attacked by insects known as Ichneumons, which lay their eggs in the caterpillar's body, and instead of the butterfly coming out of the pupa you have a number of small flies like midgets.

The Green-Veined White (*Pieris Napi*), a common field insect, differs from the last two in being more confined to the fields and wild districts and seldom visits

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the city gardens. The green-veins on this imago are more conspicuous than the veins of the Small White and when the wings are closed the lower wing has such broad green veins that you would imagine that the actual colour was light green, especially in the more defined summer breed. It is about the same size as the Small White. There is no yellow line in the middle of the back of the caterpillar which closely resembles that of the Small White, the Charlock, and the Cuckoo flower being its chief food sources.

The Orange Tip (*Euchloe Cardamines*) is very early on wing but very common in May. The name of the butterfly well describes its colour which is attracting. The apex of the wings of the male, both upper and under side, is covered with a broad orange patch, while the extreme tip is black on the upperside and green on the under side. The under side of the lower wing is dappled green and white. There is a black spot at the end of the orange on the upper wings near the body. The female has no orange on its wings at all. The caterpillar is green with white stripes along the sides and feeds on the Cuckoo Flower mainly. The chrysalis is curious in shape, being in modern terms "streamlined," which seems to describe it well. It is long, curved and tapering to points at each end, resembling a leaf or stem of its food plant. The pupa stage of the Orange Tip occupies eleven months.

The Clouded Yellow (*Colias Croceus*) is not a true Irish butterfly but comes from the South of France. It is only occasionally seen in Ireland and when seen, in abundance. It was in Belfast in 1935, but only in one district, where it was abundant on certain days. The reason it is not common is because the caterpillar can not live during the cold winter. The larvae feed on clover and lucerne and are green in colour with a yellow stripe running down each side. The wings are orange in colour with a broad black outer margin on both upper and lower wings, a circle of deeper colour being on each of the hind wings. The female has orange spots in the black margin.

The Brimstone (*Gonepteryx Rhamni*), the last butterfly of the family Pieridae, is not common in the North of Ireland, but is confined to the South East. The general colour is a lemon yellow in the male, with an orange spot on each upper and lower wing, the spots on the lower wings being the larger type. The female butterfly is cream in colour, almost white in fact. This butterfly has the longest period on wing—March to November. The caterpillar is green with a white stripe on the bottom of each side. The chrysalis resembles that of the Orange Tip, but is much broader.

#### FAMILY HESPERIDAE.

All the Skipper butterflies are included in this section. They are small with large bodies resembling a moth and have a rapid buzzing flight. They are only very local in Ireland. Colour is usually brown.

On the whole there are 68 known British Butterflies, of which only 44 have been found in Ireland and less than 20 species are common in the north. There are more than 250 species of moths in the British Isles. You can see that collecting or rearing butterflies is not easily done, but certainly is rather interesting and not all indoor work.

SEOIRSE O BROIN. Form E.2.

Teacher (on the telephone): "You say Billy Browne has a bad cold and can't attend school to-day. Who is speaking?"

Voice (hoarsely): "My father, sir."

## SCHOOLBOY "HOWLERS"

**A**N isosceles triangle is a three sided figure with two angles at the bottom equal to the opposite sides and any one of these equal to the third.

A pharmacy is a place where prescriptions are carefully confounded.

Herrings are caught in the North Sea. First they are smoked and then they become blotters.

Mark Anthony showed the multitude Caesar's corpse and rented suit.

"A coin of vantage," means a luck penny or a three penny piece with a hole in it.

An abstract noun is the name of anything which means nothing and which is not a name of anything.

The climate of Ireland is not very good and it is always the same, but the weather changes every day. The B.B.C. tells us all they know about the weather, and it is not much, but they do not tell us anything about climate, because they know nothing about climate.

Hargreaves had a spinning mule and named it after his wife, Jenny.

Before reindeer were brought into his country, the Eskimo ate and drank anything he could lay his hands on.

The mails are carried to India in the piano boats.

A compliment is when you say something to another which he knows isn't true.

Cereals are stories which last several weeks.

If the air contains more than 100 per cent. carbolic acid it is bad for the health and you are soon dead.

A parable is a short story you have been told with no earthly meaning.

A lighthouse has a spiral stairs going round and round inside it.

The lighthouse keeper saw a great flash, heard a bang, and rushed to the window. Next day the storms debated.

Capital punishment should be abolished in schools as many teachers are inclined to make too much use of it.

*Geometry Axiom:* When holes are added to holes the holes are holes.

A triangle is a square that has no fourth corner.

They journeyed around Venice in a Gorgonzola.

Banker's discount is the part of your money in the bank that the banker does not count.

A partridge is what you put into a gun to shoot off.

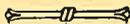
The weight of the body is the pull of gratitude on it towards the earth.

A ship going east will get a day ahead of the sun because by the time it gets to a certain line the crew will see two sunsets where they should see only one.

## THE MITCHER'S SOLILOQUY

**T**O go or not to go—that is the question,  
 Whether 'tis better to be caught upon the hike  
 Or to take arms against the savage horde of masters  
 And face their rotten straps. To hike—to mitch—  
 No more; and by the hike we say we end  
 The palm ache and the unnatural shocks  
 The strap hands out—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished. To hike—to mitch—  
 To come in the next day:—ay there's the rub;  
 For on that morrow comes the judgment,  
 Because we have shuffled off the yoke  
 Which we perforce must bear: there's the strap  
 That makes calamity of school life;  
 For why should I do lessons every night  
 And bear the masters' tongues and belts  
 When I myself might my quietus make  
 By staying on the hike?  
 Who would these burdens bear  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life  
 But the dread of that something after the hike?  
 The unexplored Office, from whose bourn,  
 No hiker e'er returned unless well scathed and torn,  
 Which makes us have a very strong dislike  
 For hiking when our lessons ain't done right.  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.  
 It is St. Mary's for me, I'll be candid,  
 Because four tough palmers although gall  
 Are better than six strokes when ta'en upended.  
 Perchance the old excuse will get me through,  
 "I left them at home, sir!" "Oh, yeah" he'll say, "Sez you."

LEONARD SMYTH. Form E. 1.



## OUR STRANGE OLD WORLD

**I**F you keep your ears open as you go through life it is wonderful all the things you hear,

If you keep them shut, maybe you are just as happy for it is a funny old world.

If a man marries a plain-looking girl, people ask "What did he marry her for or what did he see in her?"

If he marries a beautiful girl, they say "Beauty won't boil the pot," or such like.

If he does not marry at all, he is one of those selfish bachelors who is too niggardly to keep a wife.

If you buy a house, they tell you that you don't know what you are letting yourself in for with rates and taxes as high as they are.

If you don't buy a house, "You are very foolish, my dear."

If you dress well, you must be a spendthrift or a Don Juan.

If you dress carelessly, you are a miser or slovenly.

If you spend money freely, you are going straight to ruin.

If you spend it cautiously, you are "too cute"—unless you come from Scotland, when you are more to be pitied than blamed.

If you smoke or dance, you are "fast."

If you don't do these things, you are a "back number."

If a poor man is out of employment, he is a "slacker."

If a rich man does not work, he is one of the "idle rich."

If a boy studies, he is a "swot."

If he does not, he is a "slacker."

If a person is frank and outspoken, he is vulgar, ignorant, or a "bore."

If he is modest and retiring, he is a "nobody."

If he interposes his opinion occasionally, he is uninteresting.

If he "butts into" every discussion, he is cheeky.

If a boy is high-spirited, he is a hooligan.

If he is meek and quiet, he should have been a girl.

If a person is literally minded, he is a "book-worm."

If not, he is unread, and so his opinion on any matter should not be asked for.

If a person is sympathetic, he is "soft."

If he is unsympathetic, he is "callous."

If a person is vain, he is a "snob."

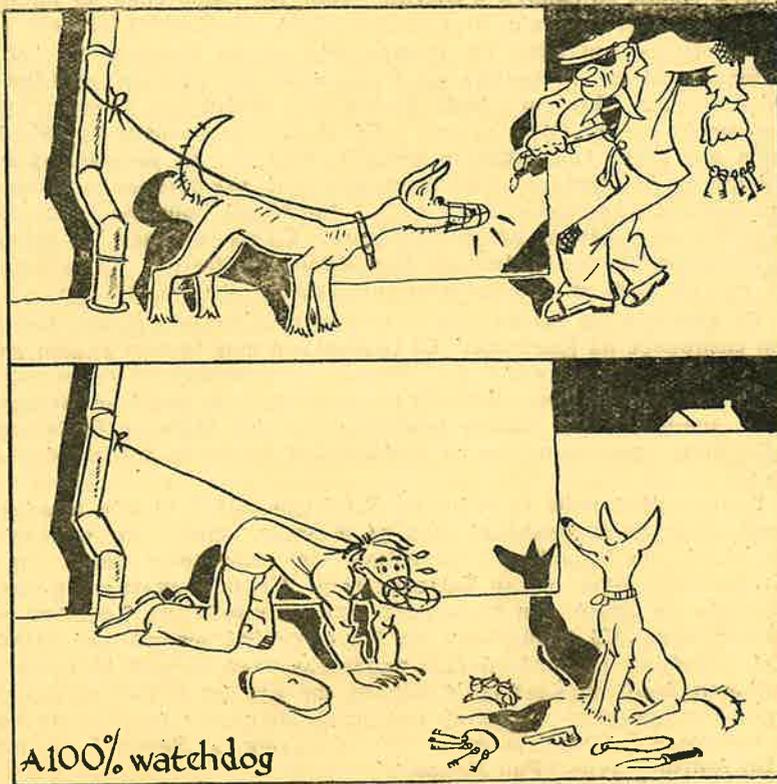
If he is not vain, he has no self-respect.

If we took in all things we hear people say, we would be like the man who tried to please everybody but pleased nobody and lost his donkey into the bargain.

BUT

If we could manage to mind our own business what a wonderful world we would have.

T. BOYD. Form E. 2.



## TEANGA NA h-ÉIREANN RAN AM ATÁ LE TEACHT—AN ŚAEOILS?

"Tíri san anam, tíri san teanga," a d'ubairt duine clúiteac éigin uair amháin, agus ba fíor nó é. Fao ó foim, nuair nac raib ran tíri reo ac na Śaebil féim, bí aon teanga amháin śá labairt—an Śaebil, ac annsin, nuair a táinig an Sapanac, o'iméig ar oteanga féim, agus cuiread an Déarla 'na h-ionad. Cá bfuil an Śaebil mar teanga úúéair moiu? San Śaébealtac, pé rin, i oTíri Conaill, i śConnamara, agus i śCiarraige, siota beas, agus ana-beas, de'n tíri reo; agus tá fíor agaimn uilig cas do éarla, tá na Śaebil san tíri san teanga.

Nuair a cuiread Connao na Śaebilge ar bun tamall soimio ó foim, bí an Śaebil ana las ar fao, ran Śaébealtac, agus so mói mói, ran Śallac. San am rin, céigead oaoimí óga na Śaébealtaca so Meirice, mar ná raib obair le faśail aca in-éirinn, b'éigean doib an Déarla a labairt ran tíri nuair, agus bí foim oira an teanga rin a fógluim, agus a labairt nuair abí riao ana ós ar fao. O'iméig na mílte Śaebil ran doig reo. O'fás riao na rean-oaoimí 'na noiaró cun na Śaebilge a faoiaó ó'n bair, agus o'fás riao curo maic de'n Déarla 'na n-ait búéair foira. Ac anoir nil ceao ag na oaoimí ool so Meirice a cuairtú oirre, agus ir éigean doib fanao pa baile, agus ran ait rin nil teanga na Sapanac a oit oira. Mar rin tá an Śaebil śá aiébeoiaó arii, ó tá oaoimí ann a tá abalta i a coimeao beo.

San Śallac tá rtaio na Śaebilge nfor feair anoir ná bí pí fíde bliadain ó foim, so mói mói ran tSaoirac. San ait rin caifro śac páirte reoile an teanga a fógluim, agus má bfoin foim ar duine ar bíe poira a faśail pé'n Riasaltar caifro an Śaebil a beic aige. Tá reoltaa ann agus nil teanga eile ac an Śaebil 'śá labairt ionnta, agus tá an teanga so h-ana maic ar fao ag reolair na reolac rin. Mar rin táimfo cinnce so mbéio an Śaebil ag an oream ós atá ag éirre anoir. Tá an teanga so maic ag mói-curo de'n aor fára leir, agus ir iomair duine atá le feiceail agus an fáinne oir 'na bholac aige. Caifrimio beic ana-buioeac do Connao na Śaebilge ar ron an méio reo. Inr na pé Connae foira tá an Śaebil ag śabail ar aśair so tapair. Tá na reoltaa 'śá mbuioeao o'airbeoin an iud a oem an Riasaltar ran ait rin. Cairbeannan pé reo so bfuil an fíor-ppioira ann, agus ir tuar maic é rin.

Tá iud eile ag cuioú leir an teangair a'cu ar aśair agus ir é rin licuioeac na Śaebilge. Tá leabarlann mói leabar agaimn anoir, curo maic aca airrege ó'n Déarla. Cabruigeann licuioeac na Śaebilge so mói leir an teanga a rpreasao, agus tá an licuioeac féim ana-maic. Ir iomair leabar a refoio Páoiris Ó Conaie i nŚaebil, agus duine de na refoioeair ba feair ran Euiróir a bí ann.

Nuair a féacaimfo ar rtaio na Śaebilge mar a bí fíde bliadain ó foim, agus ar an teangair mar tá pí anoir, cémfo so oeaair pí ar aśair ana tapair ar fao, o'éirre an rtaio nfor feair inr an Śaébealtac agus inr an Śallac leir. Tá an Riasaltar ag cur na teangra ar aśair ran tSaoirac, agus Connao na Śaebilge rífo éirinn uilig. Tá leabarlann na Śaebilge 'śá meaoú śac bliadain. Tá o-céigeao pí ar aśair com tapair ar feao na fíde bliadain atá romaimn, beao an Śaebil 'śálabairt inr śac ait ar iud na tíre reo, agus curoreao so mb'féoir nac bfuil an t-am i b'ao uaim nuair a cloirreair "Donoim Abú" nó "Cairraie, a Séimio" in ionao "Up Antrim" agus "Pull Jimmy."

SEARÓIO Ó PEACAM. e.2.

## ÉACHT AN MÁIRNÉALAIS

Uí feara ar an baile seo fadó ó roim aghur nuair a d'éirigh sé i n-aois go maó ré cúis nó ré bliathna deas d'fás sé a baile aghur d'imeáig sé 'na roiteáig aghur ó'n lá a d'imeáig sé níor reáib sé 'un a' baile aghur lá reolós ná rseála ní fuair ná leicir fá otaob dó níor mó. Uí cuio a deiread surs é an iuro a báitead é. Uí cuio eile a deiread surs é an iuro a bí sé pórtca i oírí comhéis acé ní maó tuine ar bíc ábalta an cúntar ceairt a éabairt cá maó sé.

Fa deiread nuair a bí sé d'omroim ruar ar a beic 'na sean tuine oar leir go bprilead sé 'na baile go breicead sé na sean fóite aghur go scaitead sé deiread a raosail ra baile. Nuair a táinig sé bí a muinn-tir uilig maó aghur ní maó fásta de'n teac ar cógadó ann é acé a duárait. Mar rin féin rinn sé boctós deas fóo ar bhuac d' élaóais aghur éuair 'a comnuide innce aghur ba rin an' áit áirneáil as sarraide d' baile a tigead fadó leir beagnaac ácan oíóce ó luápara go oteáigead an féil Eoim amac.

Oíóce amáin bí rseairte mói 'na ruidé earc aghur bí sé as innre rseil oadéta fá oíóce amáin a bí sé doóman i sceairt i bpaírte. Uí sé com ciúim aghur nac mbogfad iude ar do éann aghur bí sé com ooirca nac léar oit méar do éur i do fáil. Uí na maírneálais uilig 'na scoola aghur ní maó tuine ar bíc fásta i mbun na h-oibhe acé é féin. Fa deiread éuala sé moiread aghur rtróicead 'na oíair. D'amairc sé amac aghur caíóé bí ann acé péirt mói.

Cuala sé amáin dá scaiteáde iuro ar bíc ar an péirt go n-imteóad pí. Uí sean rcol 'na luáge ar bóro aghur cáit sé amac cuicé é. Slus ri é aghur moir imeáig pí le na linn rin. Táinig pí an oara h-uair ní ba tréine. Ní éann sé acé 'gabáil riar fadó leir an áit a maó an t-eallac aghur a gualaimn a éabairt do sean-buin aghur a caiteam amac. Slus pí an bó acé níor imeáig pí le na linn rin. Táinig pí an trítead uair ní ba tréine amair. Uí sean-cáilleac mói 'na luáge ar bóro aghur ní éann sé acé a breic uirceí roir éorp 'r éleiteaca aghur a caiteam amac. Slus pí an cáilleac acé níor imeáig pí le na linn rin. Táinig pí an ceacmaíad h-uair ní ba tréine ná táinig pí amáin aghur ní maó aige le deánad acé an cuio eile de na maírneálais a mupairt.

Cáit ríad amac eangacaí aghur moll pí i féin ruar ionnta. An céad iuro a rinn ríad, na rúile a baic airceí le pleag iairinn. Annrin cóg ríad irteac ar bóro i aghur d'fórcail ríad i aghur caíóé bí irceá innce acé an t-sean-cáilleac 'na ruidé ar an rcol as bleágan na bó.

AOB Ó NÉILL, e.2., a fuair.

Teacher: "That's the third time I've seen you looking into Brown's paper."

O'Brien: "Please, sir, Brown writes so badly."

## THE OTTER

**T**HE Otter lived in the bank of a stream that ran into a little reed-edged lake. He varied his diet between the fish he caught in the stream and the lake and the chickens and eggs he got in the farm yards near the stream. He was hated by the fishermen of the village because of the way he would single out the bigger trout and leave them half devoured on the bank. He was hated by the farmers because of the way in which he helped himself to their poultry and he was hated by Jack. Jack was a farmer, but he had not lost any chickens or eggs to the Otter. He hated him because of the wild duck.

Jack, during the shooting season, spent most of his spare time out with the gun and Toby his dog. Toby was a medium sized dog, reddish in colour. Once Jack, on a dusky evening, nearly shot him thinking he was the Otter. Toby had met the Otter once but the only result of the meeting was half of one of Toby's ears gone and the Otter with a crippled fore-paw. For this reason Toby hated the Otter, and Jack and he were always on the look out for the Otter's trail. Jack went out shooting, with Toby behind him, one bright summer's day. He went to the lake where he knew the wild duck gathered in great numbers. A small island, which was separated from the lake bank by about a foot of water, lay at one end of the lake. Jack made his way to this island and hid himself among some bushes there. Half an hour passed and out of the sky four or five specks appeared. Jack watched them anxiously. He turned round to caution Toby to be quiet but to his amazement found him gone. Toby was a well trained dog and only something unusual would make him do this. But Toby, while following his master, came upon the tracks of his enemy the Otter, and promptly gave chase. He lost the trail, however, and was now a considerable distance away from his master. Jack turned his eye back again to the sky and saw that the duck were much nearer. Suddenly from out of the reeds at the edge of the lake came a duck. He was only about twenty yards from Jack and was an easy shot. Jack did not know whether to kill him or wait for the others. But he thought of a plan. He would wait till the flock was flying overhead, shoot at the duck in the water and then fire at the flock. He carried out his plan. When he was raising his gun to shoot at the duck in the air he saw Toby's reddish form swim out to the dead duck in the water. His shot in the air was a failure and when he turned round he saw Toby sitting behind him, but there was no duck. Jack on looking closer saw that Toby's coat was not wet. That meant that Toby had not been in the lake. Jack ran down to the bank and searched about for tracks. Yes, there they were, quite fresh, just made in fact. Jack's duck had been retrieved all right, but it was by the Otter.

R. MAGEE, Form C.2.

"Uncle, will you give me a drum for my birthday like you gave Willy?"  
 "Why?" "Father gives him a shilling a week not to play it."

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Skinny: "I'm doing my best to get ahead."

Mac: "Well, everybody knows you need one."

\* \* \* \* \*

John: "Do you think the candidate put enough fire into his speech?"

Pat: "Oh, yes! The trouble was he didn't put enough of his speech into the fire."

\* \* \* \* \*

Teacher: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Student: "I suppose that's why we all failed in the exam."

## RED LETTER DAYS 1936-7

1936

- 17th AUGUST—School re-opened to-day after the long summer vacation. New-comers are standing about in little groups in the schoolyard waiting the big reception. But I was greeted with "Oh! did you fail too?"
- 31st AUGUST—Some Seniors returned to-day, alleging that being keen on work they did not like to return until classes were in full swing.
- 8th SEPTEMBER—Retreat beginning to-morrow, singing practice to-day. Entertained seasonably pious thoughts of a shorter term in purgatory after listening to that "singing."
- 9th—12th SEPTEMBER—Retreat conducted by Father Casimir, C.P.
- 14th SEPTEMBER—"Work Begins," says Br. Murray.
- 23rd SEPTEMBER—Secondary Schools' Examinations Prize List published. Harry McGreevy qualifies for two Exhibitions. Good man, Harry! The School gets a holiday.
- 2nd OCTOBER—Mr Carpenter borrowed my pencil this morning. Have had to buy a new one. Where do masters keep their consciences, anyhow, or have they any?
- 5th OCTOBER—Was informed by a certain reverend gentleman that I had no scruple in wasting valuable time.
- 10th OCTOBER—School team play Omagh C.B.S. in MacRory Cup Competition. A close game. We were worth a "draw."
- 13th OCTOBER—Practical science test. Found my apparatus looted when I came back after "borrowing" two rubber stoppers from "Tich."
- 21st OCTOBER—Played friendly with St. Malachy's. Mr. Cashman refereed. "Even though he teaches Latin he ought to know that 30 minutes make a half hour and 3 points one goal."
- 24th OCTOBER—School team in action against St. Patrick's, Cavan. Result unprintable. For a wonder the better team won.
- 2nd NOVEMBER—An unexpected and welcome holiday. They are few and far between this term.
- 7th NOVEMBER—School team—MacRory Cup Competition played St. Macartin's, Monaghan, in Monaghan. We had an enjoyable day, but we did not win.
- 20th NOVEMBER—Found a halfpenny in the yard. Br. B— claimed it for his "black babies." Br. N— has not spoken to me since for not devoting it to his. Well, of all the — ! ! !
- 1st DECEMBER—Term Exams on the horizon. My depressed appearance has been remarked on by several of the teachers. Who or what's to blame?

- 8th DECEMBER—Holy-day to-day. Thank goodness it did not fall in Sunday.
- 9th—14th DECEMBER—Struggling with exams. *Query.* Why don't the masters teach us instead of examining us? I wonder do they consider their holidays begin when they get us working at exams.
- 14th DECEMBER—Christmas Holidays. Hip! hip!! Hurrah!!!
- 1937
- 4th JANUARY—"Back to porridge." Full of New Year Resolutions, which I fear won't stand the test of time.
- 5th JANUARY—Answer books of term exams. returned with "suitable" comments. One has to do one's best to look penitent.
- 11th JANUARY—Christmas Exam. results sent home. We were not told of their dispatch beforehand, for fear of a raid on the G.P.O.
- 12th JANUARY—Many of the pupils prefer to stand to-day. *Verb. sap.*
- 13th JANUARY—'Flu raging. Mr. Carpenter is absent, needless to say we are heartbroken.
- 14th JANUARY—My desk mate has developed 'flu symptoms. I told him to cough and sneeze in my direction if he wishes, but in spite of all I fail to catch the germs.
- 15th JANUARY—My comrade absent. Some people have all the luck.
- 25th JANUARY—New Irish Grammar published. Great excitement in the Irish classes at its appearance. I wonder is it because there are more pages in it and it is 2d dearer than the old one.
- 29th JANUARY—Mr. C— still away. The class becomes uneasy wondering what may have happened to the "library money."
- 30th JANUARY—A heavy fall of snow, so we "set to" with a heart to enjoy it. And no one discovered who "bust" the lamp in Barrack Street and the window in C.1 Room.
- 8th FEBRUARY—Father G. Casey, S.J., Chinese Missioner, gave us a very interesting lecture on the Missions in China.
- 9th FEBRUARY—Jimmy McKenna, who passed into the Civil Service from the School a year ago, was buried to-day.—R.I.P.
- 9th FEBRUARY—Father Casey, S.J., and his colleague, Rev. T. Martin, S.J., gave us a most instructive film show on China this evening in the School at 7.30 p.m. We demolished the pancakes before turning up.

12th FEBRUARY—1.30 p.m. A crowd gathered around the School wanting to know what the noise was about. But they discovered that it was not an auction that was going on, but that a zealous teacher and his interested (?) class were carried away by the fascination of Science.

13th FEBRUARY—School team plays Ardoyne. Pessimists say it must have been the unlucky date.

23rd FEBRUARY—Mr. McGrath absent—the Geography exercise was for next Friday anyway.

29th FEBRUARY—Saw Paddy working, it never happened before, perhaps, the date had something to do with it.

1st MARCH—Strangers passing by School wish to know why it is that boys strolling in at 9.5. a.m. break into a trot before rounding the corner of the left-hand wing. "Is it an old School custom?" Well, if they knew who and what was around the corner they would run too.

5th MARCH—G. O'R gave a halfpenny to-day for the "Holy Childhood." A larger box is indicated.

12th MARCH—Snow, Snow, Snow! A very small attendance. Mr. Cashman makes a snowman in the yard, aided by Mr. Mulrean. News arrived about 2.30 p.m. that we shall have no school to-morrow. Houpee!

15th MARCH—Blizzard over but its results with us still. "Tich" in School. No truth in the rumour that he was lost in a snowdrift near the City Cemetery.

18th to 24th MARCH—Easter Term Exams. What a life?

19th MARCH—Our master forgot to go around with the "Holy Childhood" box to-day. Ma Trainor has no Woodbines left at 1 o'clock.

22nd MARCH—Mr. C. told O'N. that "Fools ask more questions than a wise man could answer." Now I know why I failed in my Christmas Exam.

24th MARCH—Holidays, even if only for twelve days.

T. CHARLETON. Form E.2

C. KENNEDY. Form E.2

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He: "I've eaten beef all my life, and now I'm as strong as an ox."

She: "That's funny, I've eaten fish all my life and I can't swim a stroke."

## DÓCAR NA CAILLIGE

Bí cailín ós 'na comhnuíde ran áit reo fadó ó foim agus bí sí 'na cailín iongantacá cráibíteac. Nacá veireacó na rean daoine i scomhnuíde, duine ós cráibíteac aódar rean-oiabail agus b'fíor oíobta? Do réir mar bí sí as éiríse dopta, bí sí as éiríse cianac conapac agus níor éruaíse duine ar bit acé an fear a maó a raogal le caiteam aise léite. Fa veireacó buail breoiteacé i agus b'éirísean oíte a leabair a glacaó. Rinne a fear a oíceall léite. O'fíac ré 'ac don léigear a scuata ré amam. Tus ré doctáirí ar bun doctáirí léite ac ní maó maí ann.

Oíóce amáin táinig fear boct so oí an doiar as iarratú lóiréin. Oubairt fear a'toíse so bfuíseacó ré rin dá mbéacó ré ábalta innhé caróe bí ceapir leir a' cailig. Cuair an fear boct irteacó agus o'amarc ré oiré. Breacnuis ré so sear i ar fearó tamail. Oubairt ré so maó an oiabal eadair a dá arsaill innce. Cuir fear a'toíse ceiré air an maó oíis ar bit é so cur ar fíubail. Oubairt an fear boct so maó oíis amáin; so maó crann as fár tall ra shéis agus so bfuíseacó ré trí pleirneacá do'n crann reo agus a noógaó faoi n-a saócran so scuipíde an oíir ar an oiabal.

Mairín lá ear na báracó cuir fear a'toíse teacóirne ar fíubail ra óinne trí pleirneacá de'n crann. Ar an bealac 'na cuair do'n teacóirne caracó fear air agus é as cóiriucaó rean báro. Cuir an fear oó, cá maó ré as sabail agus o'innir an teacóirne oó. "Tóitear oom sur fear amaroacó tú" ar reirean 'sabail fadó ar carán agus so noeapacó trí cinn de pleirneacá an báro reo sháite com maí.

Oar leir an teacóirne so mb'féoim so maó an ceapir aise. Tus ré leir trí cinn de na pleirneacá agus pill ré 'na baile. Nuair a táinig ré so teacó an cailín cuir ré na pleirneacá faoi n-a saócran agus cuir teimó ann. Nuair a bí an trleir veireapnacó comair a beic oíisge léim an oiabal amac ar a beal agus nuair a bí ré as oúl amac ar an doiar, ar reirean:—

"Can pleirneacá an trean-báro acé doócar na cailigé."

AOÓ Ó NÉILL, E.2., a Fuair.

Kind Old Lady: "Does your daddy ever give you anything for being a good boy."

Young Hopeful: "No—but he does when I'm not."

## POETRY—"A DISPERSED MEDITATION"

"BY poetry," says Macaulay, "we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the art of doing, by means of words, what the painter does by means of colours;" and it is interesting to note how the poet has endeavoured to do this.

Take the question of "The Ugly" in Poetry. To the modern eye the poet is a dreamer—a resident in an imaginary Utopia. His creations, beautiful and desirable though they may be, are built upon the fragile foundations of Fancy. The modern man is like the character in the poem:

"A primrose by the water's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him  
And it was nothing more."

He sees the world with the materialistic eye of the twentieth century, and hence has not time for what, to him, are but flights of fancy. Yet is the poet a resident in Utopia, or is he much more? Is he a discoverer of hidden beauty? Coleridge, in his Essay on Wordsworth, answers this question thus: "Like the moisture or the polish on a pebble, genius neither distorts nor false-colours its objects; but, on the contrary, brings out many a vein and many a tint, which escapes the eye of common observation, thus raising to the rank of gems what had often been kicked away by the hurrying foot of the traveller on the dusty highroad of custom." When the poet, therefore, selects these despised "pebbles" for his subjects, he is not writing beautiful impossibilities on things that always were and always will be ugly. He is merely looking below the surface and seeing the beauty that is hidden from the casual eye of the average man.

Edmund Blunden, for instance, selects a barn for the subject of a poem. To most of us a barn is not merely ugly but revolting. It is a house of grime, of smells. Yet, to Blunden the barn is a place from which

"All merry noise of hens astrir  
Or sparrows squabbling on the roof."

can be heard. It is a place of homely—not revolting—odours; a place where one can hear

"Only the farm's blithe cheerful noise."

Strange though "The Barn" may seem as a subject for poetry, Chesterton selects a still stranger subject "The Donkey." To the ordinary man a donkey is a "pebble" which no amount of polishing will beautify. It is a beast of burden pure and simple—is, in fact, one of the meanest of the beasts of burden. When Chesterton looks at a donkey, however, it is no mean animal he sees. He sees in it a beast that was honoured in a way that even mighty man has never been. He sees its "one far fierce hour and sweet" when

"There was a shout about its ears,  
And palms before its feet."

It is that grotesquely ugly animal, the bulldog, which inspired J. C. Squire to write a poem which is at once a touchingly pathetic elegy and a bitter condemnation of war. It was a bulldog which inspired him to write lines such as

"You'll never find Willy among the soldiers  
In even the longest street."

Francis Thompson sees in a snowflake beauty that the ordinary person could never have noticed. To him it is a thing "too costly for cost"; a thing which only the Creator could have wrought. Snow, however, has always had some attraction for all of us but rain never had, and, it is to be feared, never will have any such attraction. Yet it is this detested rain that has led the poet to write

" The soft rain is falling  
Round bushy isles  
Veiling the waters  
Over wet miles  
And hushing the grasses  
Where plovers call."

While Moira O'Neill sighs for

" Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain."

One, may at time find the antics of wild ducks amusing, yet one could scarcely call their noisy flight beautiful. Yet, to John Masefield, the flight of wild duck is so beautiful as to be comparable with the flight of a soul to its Maker.

Contrasting colours are so beautiful in the eyes of Gerald Manley Hopkins that he bursts forth "Glory to be God for dapple things." Common everyday objects, which one accepts as a matter of course, are so pleasing to the poetical eye and mind of Rupert Brooke that rather than lose them he "would cheat drowsy death."

The poet is no creator of beautiful imageries. He sees the world with a broader vision than others and hence can see beauty where others can not. He but goes below the surface and exposes hidden loveliness. What the world despises is, to him, beautiful and hence his song is fashioned and his tale is told "of the maimed, of the halt and the blind, in the rain and the cold."

But the poet not only "sees," he "feels," also, and as Emerson says "Poetry is the perpetual endeavour to express the spirit of the thing, and to pass the brute body and search the life and reason which causes it to exist." "Brute body," "life!" Yes, and "death." Shakespeare says

" All the world's a stage  
And all the men and women merely players."

He likens the life of man to the part of an actor who "struts his hour upon the stage."

Sir Walter Scott, whose novels have so much of the dramatic about them, gave us, perhaps, the most dramatic death picture in English literature in "Rosabelle"

" But the sea-caves rung and the wild winds sung  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle."

Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur" needs no introduction and his portrayal of the slaughter of Arthur's men is unrivalled:

" So all day long the noise of battle rolled  
Among the mountains by the wintry sea,  
Until King Arthur's table man by man  
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord."

Keats' pictures of the death scene, and more especially his yearnings for death are unique in the utter pathos he strikes. True, he had little to live for. With his health never good, his life was one long cross and there he hung waiting, expecting, and yearning for relief. The picture of life which he presents in the "Ode to be a Nightingale" is his own life story.

"Here where men sit and hear each other groan,  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow."

Death was for him an escape from all this. His only wish is to "leave the world unseen" and "fade far away into the forest dim." What could be so pathetic, what despair so heavy as his, when he exclaims

"many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful death,  
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath?"

In Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" we have Death, "the great leveller"

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike th'inevitable hour.  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

And this again is but an echo of Shakespeare's

"Golden lads and girls, all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

Or Shirley's figurative contrast

"Sceptre and Crown  
Must tumble down  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

In the couplet

"O! for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Tennyson makes us feel, with full realisation, the great gulf which lies between the dead and the living, and in one of Moore's melodies "Oft in the Stilly Night" we experience some of the loneliness which is the certain aftermath of the death of a loved one

"I feel like one who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted."

The awful mystery of death is depicted for us by Gray in the universally famous stanza

"Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?"

Herrick in "To Daffodils" gives a simple but, in its simplicity, an exquisite picture of life and its close. Speaking to the flowers he says

"We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay  
As you, or anything.  
We die,  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away  
Like to the summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew  
Ne'er to be found again."

And even more touching is W. S. Landor's simile

"I warmed both hands before the fire of life  
It sinks and I am ready to depart."

Modern re-armaments inevitably recall the great holocaust of 1914-1918, and many are the references which the "soldier poets" make to death "with whom they play." To Julian Grenfell death did not seem "as a pit into which he would be plunged headlong and despairing"; it was "the rest to which he would go as confidently as men go each night to bed."

"The thundering line of battle stands  
And in the air Death moans and sings;  
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And Night shall fold him in soft wings."

To Francis Ledwidge, Death was an enemy, to Siegfried Sassoon, it was a curse and battle was hell:

"You smug faced crowds with kindling eye,  
Who cheer when soldier lads march by,  
Sneak home and pray you'll never know  
The hell where youth and laughter go."

Nevertheless "dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." The supreme sacrifice is paid in defence of others, and "Greater love than this hath no man . . . ." In "Macbeth" Siward says of his son "I would not wish him to a fairer death"; and in contrast to the dirge of lovely Rosabelle, Collins gave us the dirge of a soldier and appropriately weaves around it an air of triumph and rest in peace

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honour come, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay."

But the poet is a songster singing "hymns unbidden" and we should expect him to feel drawn to those other songsters—the birds of the air. A birdless paradise of poets is unthinkable and English poetry teems with birds. Most of them are familiar, hardly any are exotic strangers; often they are a source of happy allusion: rarely have they a merely decorative significance; they have a definite place in the life and thoughts of our poets. It is interesting to note the influence of these 'ethereal minstrels.' Some poets they caused to pour forth their delight in short, light-hearted lines; others were forced, in their deep meditation, to give their ponderous thoughts to the world in longer, less rhythmic stanzas. Belloc, with childish simplicity, shows how birds are a source of delight even to God Himself

"He made Him small fowl out of clay,  
And blessed them till they flew away."

There is something of the same strain in Davies "Kingfisher"

"It was the rainbow gave thee birth,  
And left thee all her lovely hues."

though these lines portray a more unconquerable awe at the colours of the bird that "keeps in company with the trees that weep," than a delight such as is expressed in Belloc's poem.

In contrast to these, we have Hodgson's horrible picture of the vultures in "The Bull"

“ . . . . . the loathy birds  
Flocking . . . . from the skies  
Waiting for the flesh that dies.”

Few descriptions can compare with that of Masefield and demand a place in the reader's memory as does

“ Only the soul that goes  
Eager. Eager. Flying.  
Over the globe of the moon  
Over the wood that glows  
Wings linked. Necks astrain.  
A rush and a wild crying.”

where the wild duck crying with strange cries symbolises the passing of souls.

One of the favourite birds of poets is the nightingale. Perhaps its rarity attracted them, or its song may have captured their hearts. With Barnfield, the nightingale

“ . . . . . all forlorn,  
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty  
That to hear it was great pity.”

while to Wordsworth its song is not the “dolefull'st ditty” but something which cheers the heart of the downcast

“ No nightingale did ever chant  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt  
Among Arabian sands.”

Keats' equally enraptured by the bird's song gives us the most beautiful stanza in English poetry

“ The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown;  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn  
The same that oftimes hath  
Charm'd magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.”

De La Mare, at evening, sees

“ . . . . . all the birds that fly in heaven  
Flock singing home to sleep.”

The first of the lovely things of creation that comes to his mind is “The smooth-plumed bird in its emerald shade.” He sees that

“ The simplest bird entwines a nest  
Where she may lean her lovely breast,  
Couched in the silence of the bough.”

and he is moved to ask what rest has Man. His dreams are tales

“ Told in dim Eden  
By Eve's nightingales.”

The skylark, too, never failed to attract the poets. To one poet it is no bird but a "blithe spirit," an "unbodied joy," pouring forth its full heart "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art," while to another, it is a

"Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

all the while sending

". . . upon the world a flood  
Of harmony with instinct . . . . divine."

Bridges with perfect simplicity and grace and sincerity, celebrates the linnet's tender wooing, wistfully regretting that of the linnet's love "fall short our wiser natures." To Wordsworth, always a lover of nature in all its forms, the same bird proves a source of delight. He calls it

". . . . . the happiest guest  
In all this covert of the blest;  
. . . . . far above the rest  
In joy of voice and pinion."

Exquisite is Blunden's picture of the two alms-women praying that "wiseman linnet tinkling in his cage" may "end, too, with them, the friendship of old age," and Yeats' evening "full of the linnets wings."

Davies is moved to ecstasy at seeing a rainbow and at the same time hearing the cuckoo. How rich and great a time?

"A rainbow and a cuckoo's song  
May never come together again."

In Graves' "Wilderness" Christ heard the bittern's cry "Answered them brotherly" and held communion "With the she-pelican of lonely piety." Hodgson in "Stupidity Street" drives forcibly home to our hearts our crass stupidity and cruelty, "Singing birds sweet, sold . . . . . for people to eat."

"But," says Shelly, "poetry, in the general sense, may be defined to be the expression of the imagination," and what has captured and kindled the imagination of Man, from time immemorial, more than the Moon? It has always been a fitting subject for poetry, and many poets, even though not directly writing of it, often refer to it for the purpose of giving or making clear the atmosphere or setting. Many others have made it the subject of a poem as Bridges, De La Mare, and Davies who writes

"Who worships thee till music fails  
Is greater than thy nightingales."

In earlier times the moon was referred to by many names—Cynthia, Diana, etc. This idea was borrowed from the Latin poets and shows us that the moon was a favourite theme in the Golden Age of Latin poetry. Milton says

". . . . . Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
Gently o'er the accustomed oak."

She appears to him as a wanderer; one that has been lost in trackless wastes from which it is impossible to escape

". . . . . the wandering moon  
Riding near her highest noon  
Like one that hath been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way."

To Keats, the moon is like a queen on her throne with her attendants clustering around her

“ . . . . . the Queen moon is on her throne  
Clustered around by all her starry fays;”

while Shelley calls her “that orb'd maiden with white fire laden;” and Tennyson in “St. Agnes Eve” refers to it as if it were a sparkling emerald. The snows on the ‘convent roofs’ reflect her radiance and this ‘earthly taper’ appears dull and stained by contrast.

“ As this pale taper’s earthly spark  
To yonder argent round.”

In this poem, the moon gives atmosphere, reality and completeness to the picture. De La Mare sees the moon from a similar angle. Everything on which her rays fall becomes transformed to silver

“ A harvest mouse goes scampering by  
With silver claws and silver eye.”

and

“ Moveless fish in the water gleam  
By silver reeds in a silver stream.”

But he differs from the others in that in his case the moon “walks the height” instead of being lost in the pathless ways

“ This way, and that, she peers, and sees  
Silver fruit upon silver trees.”

One gets the same silvery effect from Masfield

“ A cry of the long pain  
In the reeds of a steel lagoon  
In the land that no man knows.”

The innate beauty of the moon appeals to Davies. Her beautiful light makes him cry out like

“ The little child that lifts each arm  
To press thee to her bosom warm;”

for he says

“ The beauty haunts me heart and soul  
Oh thou fair moon, so close and bright.”

Noyes in “The Highwayman” sees it as a ship on a very stormy sea

“ When the moon was a ghostly galleon  
Tossed upon cloudy seas.”

The fact that the moon was being disturbed brings more vividly before the mind the recklessness of the highwayman and the guile of the guards in that dark old inn-yard. And the same simile strikes Wordsworth who calls it the “Bright ship of heaven;” and James Elroy Flecker when he says

“ . . . . . still there moved the moon so pale  
A crescent ship without a sail.”

Many poets have coupled the moon and dawn. A. E. sees the moon and the stars at play

“ The sun was chasing the moon,  
The game was the same as the children’s,  
They (the stars) danced to the self-same tune.”

Bridges says

"The darkness silvers away, the moon doth break  
It leaps in the sky; unrisen lustres shake  
The o'ertaken moon."

Rupert Brooke, tired of travel and sweltering in the heat of a hot continental mid-summer's day, sighs for the peace and coolness of an English summer evening

"Oh, God! to see the branches stir  
Across the moon at Grantchester."

Thus Diana casts her spell. Some love her for the light she gives, others for her beauty, but most love her in the role of a great witch who transforms all things by touching them with her magic rays, as the Psalms say, we have ". . . . . abundance of peace as long as the moon endureth."

CHARLEYTON MURLACEY. Form E.2.



Lino-Cut.

By W. CHRISTIE.

"He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend  
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield  
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
Behind him cast. The broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fesole,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers or mountains, in her spotty globe."

—Paradise Lost, Bk. 1. 283-294.

## “LODGER” PERIOD

in

### ST. MARY'S TRAINING COLLEGE, STRAWBERRY HILL.

EVERYTHING was lovely in the garden until that first Monday night. St. Mary's was just going to be a home from home. So we thought as we wandered round the historic building and admired the beautiful architecture and viewed the fine playing fields from the top storey windows. And then the Seniors arrived and our little world stood on its head and flapped its ears. We had our little hour, we had been as demigods, and then we fell. What a fall was there, my countrymen! We crashed on that fatal Monday night and continued to do so for three weeks, three weeks which helped us to understand what is meant by an eternity.

We all dribbled into the smoke-room in twos and threes, and stood like milling cattle completely at sixes and sevens. But it was going to be a regular “wow,” a real scream. We had all heard of this before, but it wasn't goin to worry us—not much. And then the lights went out, and a scrum formed in the middle of the hall. We were still amused until a howl arose from the scrum: “Lodgers in Uniform,” at which we just gasped until something hit us on the back of the neck. In about two shakes of a lamb's tail we were in uniform—coats inside out, trousers rolled up above the knees, and ties made into a bow. Did we look swell? I grinned at “6ft. 2in.” opposite me, who was standing like Sir Galahad, but such levity was not to be tolerated, it showed a spirit of irreverence. I was warned, “Grin off, Lodger.”

That scrum began to look rather menacing. It came to life this way: “B—dy Lodger B—.” The bewildered Lodger in question advanced, and, before he knew, he was lying face downwards on the back of a rather hefty Senior, and there were six hands poised over that noble seat of learning. He took his medicine rather well however, even though his face had assumed a multitude of expressions and colours. We appreciated the rhythm of the operation at the time, but not afterwards. We were all “seen off” in the same way, from the Maltese student, who stood 4 feet nothing, to his highness 6ft. 2in., who stood for a long time afterwards. Having been thus subdued the rules were read.

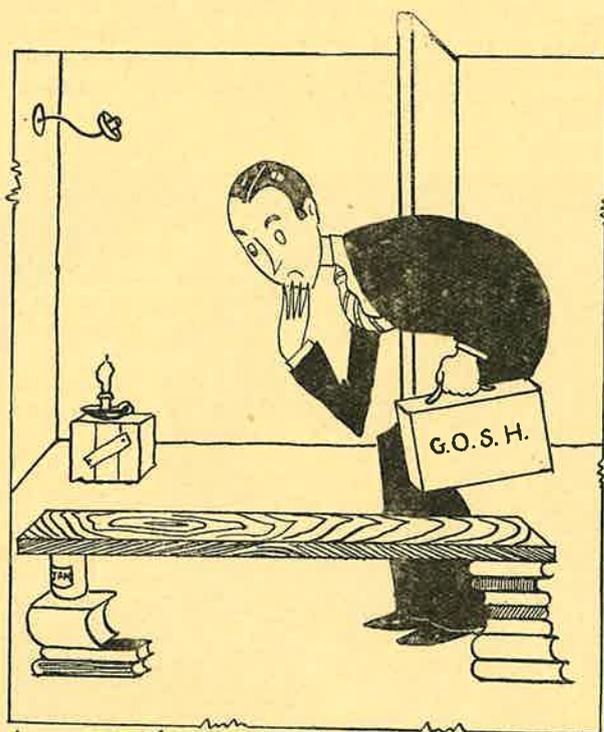
1. A Lodger is the lowest form of animal creation and has no rights whatever.
2. The said Lodger shall walk on the left-hand side of the road.
3. He shall not wear plus fours, a college tie or blazer, smoke a pipe, or wear a hat.
4. He shall not converse with any member of the other sex—fair or otherwise.
5. He shall recognise the authority of the Seniors, and always bear in mind the maxim, “Great is Allah, but greater is the 3rd Year.”

And so the “danger dont's” mounted up until we felt like going to the Seniors and handing over our shoes and socks. It seemed as if we would not need them any more.

Enough, however, for one night. We crawled to the chapel to pray, and it was noticed that every Lodger knelt straight up. And so to bed.

The next night the Seniors had arranged quite a nice programme for our benefit, consisting of games and other entertainments, which were, as they avered, a delight to the heart of the true Simmarian. The fact that we lacked in appreciation, only showed more strongly that we were not Simmarians, and they looked upon it as a duty to develop our aesthetic nature. So we had our little games.

Standing "in uniform" as usual we were packed at one end of the room and the Seniors gathered at the other end. Now, we were the Spanish "Reds" and they were Franco's men, and at the word we were to charge and incidentally to be mowed down by their gunfire. And so we charged and dutifully fell flat,



Accommodation for student. Nice  
dean comfortable board! Two guineas  
inclusive!!

losing a lot of wind in the process. As the tree falls so shall it lie, and so did we; we had to. We lay without a quiver until they came around among us. But we couldn't keep that up for long. Neither could you, if someone was pulling those long, tender hairs on the back of your leg. So we naturally jumped, jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, and were duly "seen off" for moving. Then we had a few obstacles races. We dived under heavy, low forms, skinning knees, elbows, and ankles. Of course there were always a few Seniors on top to help you on your way, for if you arrived last it was just too bad. Then we bowed down before the pictures on the walls—pictures of athletics of the Pawst—and in our best Eastern manner wailed in unison, "Woe is me for I am a B—dy Lodger." We continued until there were wrinkles on our spine, urged on by the admonition "Weep ye B—dy Lodgers, weep." We were then divided into choirs and sang limericks about the various Professors, until our vocal organs ceased to function.

Then  
such as  
If we g  
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if we s  
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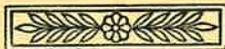
Then there were little intelligence tests arranged just for our benefit. Questions such as "Who wrote Gounod's 'Ave Maria' "? or "Who wrote Dante's Inferno"? If we gave Gounod or Dante as an answer we were "seen off" for cheating and reminded of the old maxim "Honesty is the best policy." We were set little posers, such as "What do you think of the Jakes Pie?" Again we were in a cleft stick. If we said it was good, we were again admonished for telling fibs, if we said it was awful the consequence was the same, being looked upon as belligerence on the part of the said Lodger. At any rate any kind of grub is good enough for a B—dy Lodger.

So we continued to exist until the last night of the Lodger period—Initiation night. I say with all truth that it left an impression on all of us which we will carry to the grave. To tell of the horrors we experienced on that night is forbidden—enough to dwell only on the results. I faced the ordeal with fear, and with a pair of good thick football pants beneath my trousers, but even those could not stem the tide.

We crawled to bed and examined the damage. I never knew there were so many different shades of blue, nor did I know that when one was covered with bruises the said bruises formed themselves into a definite series of more or less permanent waves. The more or less depended on the thickness of one's hide. We crawled to bed, sore in spirit, and in — Oh! Every Junior was just a universal pain. For myself, well, the parts of my hide, which were not sore, would not have made a pair of spats for a flea.

However, "all's well that ends well." On the morrow we awoke sadder and wiser men, but we were fully fledged Juniors and Simmarians, and there was an end to our Lodger Period.

P. McALEESE.



## THE CYNIC SPEAKS.

**AGNOSTIC:** A person who says he knows nothing about anything and gets very angry when you agree with him.

**BLOTTING PAPER:** Something you hunt about all over the place for, while the ink is getting dry.

**CIGARETTES:** Pleasures which turn to smoke and ashes.

**DOUGH:** That which everybody (k)needs—the ill—and the well-bred alike.

**EXCUSES:** The eggs that are hatched by chicken-hearted people.

**FOOLS:** The only green crop that keeps coming up all the year round.

**GENIUS:** Five per cent. inspiration and ninety-five per cent. perspiration.

**HASH:** The dish that another person makes of a thing that only you can do properly.

**INSURANCE:** The proof that most men are worth more dead than alive.

**JOB:** Any man's daily grind. Jobbery is axe-grinding.

**KNIFE:** An object that is always ready to cut friend and foe alike.

**LAZINESS:** A bodily affliction which mostly the young indulge in, and only the old can afford.

**MISTAKE:** Something we make that other people always know about before we do.

**NEIGHBOUR:** A man whom you either know too well or don't know at all.

**OPPORTUNIST:** What we call the person who got the same opportunities as we did but availed of them.

**PARROT:** One of the millions who talk about things they don't understand.

**QUARTER:** A boy's time to settle down at school.

**RESOLUTIONS:** The popular game on January 1. Making at nine; breaking at noon.

**SCULPTOR:** A man who makes faces and busts.

**TENNIS:** A very noisy game—all racquet and balls. ...

**UNCERTAINTY:** The one thing we are certain about in regard to the future.

**VERTEBRA:** A bone up and down the back. Your head sits on one end and you sit on the other.

**WORRY:** Interest paid on trouble before it becomes due.

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Lawyer: "Did the defendant talk to himself when alone?"

Witness: "I don't know. I was never with him when he was alone."

## THE LINEN INDUSTRY OF ULSTER

FLAX-GROWING is a very ancient Irish industry, traceable as far back as history goes, and its subsidiary industry—linen, is probably as old. Shortly after the English invasion this flax was largely exported to England or else made into a rough type of linen, of strips about 14 inches wide—called bundle cloth.

By 1545 Lancashire had established its supremacy over Scotland and Ireland by becoming the chief linen manufacturing area. Irish flax, usually in the form of yarn, was exported to Lancashire, and imported as the finished article. This was very uneconomic, but the Irish knew little as yet about the art of weaving fine linen, and adhered still to the coarser type. The flax growing counties then were Dublin and Wicklow, but very soon a great change was to alter this.

The exports of yarn kept on rising in quantity, and there seems to have been no attempt was made to manufacture linen on any sizeable scale whatsoever. By 1665 the value of exported yarn was about £700, equivalent to about £25,000 in modern currency.

Such a trade could not be harmed by war, as flax is neither food nor clothing for soldiers, and so the campaigns of 1689-1691 left it undisturbed, and even increasing. By 1695 the value of exported yarn was double that of 1665, and in 1710, it had grown to the immense sum of £20,000, which, however, was the peak point attained.

New factors were responsible for a decline in export—increasing manufacture, and political interference, which had been developing for almost a century. Stafford was the first to see the immense harm the Irish woollen industry was doing to the English trade. He, therefore, decided to smash the Irish trade, and establish linen, as a sort of recompense. That was as far as his planning went, and it was left to the Earl of Ormonde to make the first practical effort.

Ormonde was a close friend of Sir William Temple, the Ambassador to The Hague, who was very intimate with William III. By Temple's contrivance, Ormonde brought workers from the Netherlands to Chapelizod and Carrick-on-Suir. These workers were to improve the linen production, in quality and quantity; to instal better machinery; and, in full, to stimulate the linen trade. Again, in an Act of 1662, Protestant immigrants were granted land and money to settle in Ulster. Being mostly Scottish, they brought both skill and capital with them.

Louis Cromellin arrived in Ireland about the same time, bringing large numbers of Huguenots with him. These settled mainly in Ulster, and Cromellin became a signatory of a Royal Commission in 1698, which aimed at suppressing the Irish woollen industry, and fostering the linen industry. Cromellin, as more and more Huguenots arrived and settled in Ulster, had soon a large body of skilled linen workers, and, along with governments grants and the capital of progressive Scottish settlers, established linen mills in Ulster.

By the terms of the Commission, he also erected machinery and equipment for bleaching, to the value of £10,000, besides educating the Irish in linen weaving, receiving in return grants for himself and his colony. In 1712, testifying to the extent of Cromellin's labour, it was stated at the Linen Board that "the said Cromellin and colony have been very serviceable and greatly instrumental, in improving and propagating the flax industry in the Northern part of the kingdom."

But what of the Southern part of Ireland? The Southern trade was chiefly in coarse cloth, but Scotland manufactured this type also, and in larger quantities,

so that the South had a powerful competitor. Also, there were not the same advantages as in the North—there was not the required sort of water for bleaching, and not the same capital or skilled labour. Nevertheless, the industry was promising up to 1773, but the war of American Independence crippled it absolutely, leaving the manufacture of coarse cloth exclusively to Scotland, and the manufacture of Irish linen to Ulster, where it has remained prosperous ever since.

There is much to be proud of in this fact, but not just so much when it is understood that what one part of Ireland gained, the other part lost. By this is meant that the woollen industry was sacrificed for linen. In 1781 the Southern counties produced woollens to the value of £500,000, but in 18 short years it had decreased to £35,000.

The linen industry in Ulster, well organised and established, weathered the American Independence War, and then began its greatest period of prosperity.

A revolution in industry came at this period, and the ensuing discoveries and new methods greatly helped the linen industry in the North; but it was rivalry which was the greatest asset in favour of linen.

Cotton manufacture in Ulster began to boom very much between 1770 and 1800, with Belfast as the centre. As it was not such an old industry as linen, the cotton manufacturers were more adaptable to the new methods of manufacture, which was the main reason of the sudden rise in productivity.

The linen manufacturers were keen rivals of the cotton manufacturers, and the similarity in produce and machinery meant that such a rivalry could only be beneficial to both. Therefore the new inventions were fully tested for the linen industry, and put to work as soon as possible. The better wages and conditions in cotton were emulated by the linen industry, and the linen organisation in turn copied by the cotton industry, so that one tried to keep a step ahead of the other.

The finished product of the linen mills was the brown linen, which was bought by drapers for bleaching. The bleaching of linen was an expensive process about 1730, but the discovery of bleaching by Chloride of Lime considerably reduced the price of finished bleached linen, and led to a rise in the rate of production.

About 1800 cotton was imported from America, and flax to some extent imported from Russia. This import of flax increased greatly each year after 1815 for about 40 years. No Russian flax was obtainable up to 1815, and English buyers had to turn to Ireland for flax, and, as the South had almost completely abandoned growing it—less than one per cent. of the arable land being used for its cultivation—the acreage under flax increased greatly in Ulster, and yet the surplus after 1815 was easily used up, and Russian flax actually imported.

This import continued up to the Crimean War, when Ulster flax yield was again immensely increased. By the end of 1859 the total acreage under flax was 150,000 acres, rising to 300,000 acres in a further seven years; but this had dwindled to 50,000 acres in 1912, after which it again rose with a jump. It may seem strange that there should be any import of flax to a country so obviously able to produce her own raw material, but quality of flax has much to do with it.

To return again to manufacture—cotton spinning principles applied to linen, particularly "wet-spinning," was a decided advance. John Mulholland, a Belfastman, set up in York Street, 1829, a cotton mill, which was among the first run by steam power. The mill was burned down, and Mulholland turned his attention to linen, supplying several of the best cotton principles to its manufacture. Other

power mills were established throughout the country, using Kay's improved power loom, and, whereas in 1820 there was much hand loom weaving, there were in 1838 over 40 mills powered by steam, and by 1853 they had increased to 80. Actually, in 1830, there were more "wet spinning" spindles in Ulster than in either England and Scotland.

It will be remembered that there was very much more yarn exported than linen manufactured in the 16th century and early 17th century. In 1800 linen exported was 47 millions yards, and yarn 12 millions. This great production, although small in regard to present day standards of exported linen from Ulster, was due in no small manner to a new system of road, canal, rail, and steamship transport, which now carries Irish linen from Belfast, the world's greatest linen manufacturing city, to the very ends of the earth.

S. OWENS. Form E.2.



Lino-Cut.

By J. HANNON.

“BARCAROLLE”

## An Saḡart Mór aḡur Séan Mac Siolla bḡiḡde

Bí Saḡart Párlóirte nó mar éḡ na daoine aḡ an Saḡart Mór i  
SCARRAIS AḡTE.

Le linn a' párlóirte a b'eit̃ go boct̃ bíod̃ ré aḡ tabairt̃ comairle  
do na daoine dearmado a' deanao' de'n ḡaeolic aḡur D'éarla a labairt̃.  
Ní maḡ a' d'ac̃ á labairt̃ aḡ fuo na párlóirte ac̃ a' ḡaeolic ran am.  
Le linn an párlóirte a b'eit̃ go boct̃ aḡur ḡan aca ac̃ ḡiotaí beaḡa  
talam̃ b'í aḡ an caor̃ óḡ nuair̃ a' b'éat̃ ríad̃ cúis̃ nó a' ré de blianta,  
an baile a' fásáil aḡur imteac̃t̃ ruar̃ an tír̃ go leict̃ir̃ Ceannainn aḡur  
go mimic̃ fad̃ le Connrae tíne Eoḡain aḡur b'í cur̃ eile aca a' maḡat̃  
go h-Albain aḡur go deí an Talam̃ Uḡr le na mbeac̃at̃ a' ríad̃rú aḡur  
roin an fát̃ a' connaic̃ an Saḡart Mór go maḡ an D'éarla maḡtanao'  
ac̃ú (do na daoine le na linn rín).

San am reo b'í fear̃ na comhairle 'rna Dúnait̃ a' b'í aḡ comneáil  
ríopa beaḡ ac̃ mar̃ cá fíor̃ aḡ ḡac̃ tuine b'í na ríopaite i' b'rao ó n-a  
céile ran am reo. Ní maḡ ḡluairteáin ná triantaí ran am mar̃ ac̃á  
anoir̃ aḡur an áit̃ a' b'fuil bealaḡ mór̃a maíche moiu ní maḡ ann ac̃  
caráin ná maḡ ac̃ troiḡ aḡ leiteao. Aḡur aḡ an áob̃ar̃ roin b'í aḡ  
na daoimí̃ le na ḡcuro earraio' uilḡ a' iomc̃ar̃ le uḡam aḡur cléir̃  
aḡ óruim beac̃aḡ. Lá amáin b'í fear̃ an ríopa a' b'fuil mé aḡ triáct̃  
aḡ—ré rín Seán Mac Siolla bḡiḡde aḡ óul amaḡ go leict̃ir̃ Ceannainn  
fá' éinne lóo d'earraio' leir̃ an ḡléar̃ reo aḡur nuair̃ a' b'í ré in aice  
Carrais Aḡte, cé carat̃ aḡ ac̃ an Saḡart Mór̃ a' b'í a' óul amaḡ na  
tíne aḡ 'stations.' Nuair̃ a' carat̃ Séamar̃ aḡ r'car̃ ré aḡur dubairt̃  
ré "Good morning, James." Ó, a Saḡairt̃, a' tairc̃ir̃ labairt̃ ḡaeolic  
liom ná níl aḡam ac̃ cupla focaí D'éarla aḡur cá mé aḡ tabairt̃ aḡre  
dóḡda roin ná b'eit̃ ríad̃ a' d'ofḡbáil oḡim nuair̃ maḡar̃ mé go leict̃ir̃  
Ceannainn.



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## “PROOF POSITIVE”

RISING languidly Monsieur De Renand gave a mocking glance at his host. “I have enjoyed your tale, Franz,” he said, “but you are—shall I say—foolish to believe such nonsense.” “Well,” said his host, M. Debray, a little exasperated at his friend’s scepticism, “believe it or not, as you wish, but you cannot shake my belief that the house is haunted.” Helping himself to some Burgundy he gazed in silence at his friend, annoyed that he had refused to credit the truth of the tale. “If you are so positive of its impossibility,” he continued, “why not test the truth or otherwise of the matter by sleeping one night in the house.” “I will bet you a thousand livres that I do so,” said De Renand, ashesmilingly took up the challenge.

Certainly the outward appearance of the house accorded well with the grim stories related about it. Situated in its own grounds in the Auteuil district of Paris, it presented a grim and forbidding aspect. It was built of an Oriental stone of dark colour, more suitable for the interior of a mausoleum where the ghostliness and ghastriness of the place combine to strike a feeling of terror in the intruder. A vast hall with a gallery running above it occupied the main bulk of this ancient, rambling, thirteenth century mansion. This was the picture gallery and contained the portraits of many former occupants. Here and there a laughing face peeped from beneath the dust and grime of centuries, in others there was such a realistic frown or sneer fashioned on the picture that a glimpse of these distasteful visages was sufficient to chill the bravest heart. Here indeed were masterpieces unknown to the world of art.

The rooms, on the whole, were cheerful, though there was one room, in the right wing, shunned by all. It had been used as a mourning room but looked more like a camouflaged drungeon. The overlarge bed was canopied in blood-red damask; the walls were hung with a purplish red material of smooth but slimy texture, while a heavy purple curtain obscured the door. Most terrifying of all, however, was the dark, brown, bloodlike stain on the floor, suggestive of gruesome doings. The truth was that a former owner had here been brutally stabbed to death by a vengeful servant who had entered by a secret sliding panel of which his master was ignorant. It was in this room that Renand had volunteered to sleep.

As the time for action approached he found himself thinking of what his night’s sleep would be like. He wondered if, perhaps, there might be a ghost there, and if so, how he would avoid seeing it. The result was he became a mass of nerves. He fidgeted, smoked innumerable cigarettes, and drank endless glasses of wine until Debray was beginning to fear his friend would be too “merry” for the intended venture. Renand’s irritability amused him and it seemed he would like to “call off” the bet, but of course it was too late to do so for he already pledged his word.

He conducted Renand to “his room.” The brightly burning fire threw a ghostly light on the walls and it seemed as if myriads of ghosts were dancing and prancing in fiendish glee among the hanging folds of the tapestries. He grew more and more apprehensive. “I’ll take my leave of you now,” said his host, “as it is eleven o’clock and the ghost walks at twelve.” So saying he departed and the sound of the door closing in his wake seemed to awaken never ending echoes through the room. Alone in flickering light of the fire, Renand found himself thinking of the murder. He pictured the servant slipping through the panel; the master bending over the table; the murderous knife upraised; the groan of the dying man as he lay with his life blood ebbing away, soaking and saturating the wood with its ugly stain. He wiped his moist and clammy forehead and mastering his fears decided “to make the best of a bad job.” But horror of horrors, what was that? A sound as of a ghostly tread approached him from

the rear from the closed door. Slowly, stealthily it drew near; already he could feel claw-like hands stretching forth to clutch him. With the courage born of desperation he wheeled to face his spectral visitant. A sigh of relief escaped him—where before him was the black kitten of the house who unknown to them had been locked in the room with him.

With the exhaustion of relief he settled himself as comfortably as possible in the chair by the fire, previous to preparing himself for bed. Ere he knew it the clock had struck, with deep sonorous measure, twelve o'clock. His eyes swung to the panel in the wall. Slowly, silently the aperture widened and a shadowy form emerged. With knife upraised it approached with stately, ghostly pace. Already he could see myriad reflections of the firelight's glow in the brightly polished steel. With a cry he leapt to his feet and fled into the corridor. But he was not any the more immune here; shadowy forms were flitting up and down pointing at him and laughing derisively at him in ghoulish glee. A sudden icy blast seemed to pierce his very being—he saw a red blotch of blood appear in the distance. Nearer and nearer, and yet nearer it came, until it seemed as if it meant to smother him, but suddenly it retreated as it had come accompanied by a chorus of weird unearthly shrieks of devilish merriment. The eerie visitor to his room appeared again beside him, knife upraised, lips twisted back from his teeth in snarling grimace. Already Renand could feel the knife at his throat; a thousand voices clamoured in his brain; the blood rushing to his head seemed as if it would burst through; he sank into oblivion.

He awoke to the excited and impatient knocking of his friend at the room's door. It was morning, the sun was shining and everything seemed peaceful and quiet. He felt childish and futile at what after all must have been but the excited and jumbled thoughts of his disorganised imagination. On admitting his friend—who had never expected to find him alive—he sheepishly told his story and fortified by its telling soon returned to his normal state of mind and ridiculed the actuality of there ever having been anything unearthly or spectral in that room.

A hissing, snarling sound made them both turn towards the wall opposite the panel. A strange sight met their eyes. There stood the cat spitting and hissing. But it was not that that drew startled gasps of amazement and horror—the cat had turned white.

J. GALLAGHER. Form C. 3.

## GAELIC ULSTER

THE importance of education as an instrument of State Policy in the history of this country is not generally realised. The National Board did more in fifty years to anglicize Ireland than the more direct attacks of persecution and confiscation had done in five hundred.

The Treaty of Limerick marked the end of an epoch in culture as in politics. With the flight of the Wild Geese, the Gaelic poets and scholars lost the protection and hospitality of the native aristocracy, but still, the people, though dispossessed of their lands, though rack-rented and persecuted, managed to carry on the tradition of learning, and in the hedge schools of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Irish and Classical scholarship flourished. By 1860 it had almost completely disappeared.

In England and in this country the Ascendancy Party, unable to deny the existence of the hedge schools and unable to entice the children away from them

(Erasmus Smith wrote, "My Lords, my designe is not to reflect upon any, only I give my judgment why those schooles are so consumptive, which was, and is, and will be—if not prevented—the many Popish schooles, their neighbours, which as succors do starve the tree . . ."), fostered a legend of dissolute schoolmasters and filthy schools and idle scholars, and under cover of this screen foisted on the people a so called "National" system of education—a system fettered to the utilitarian philosophy of the Industrial Revolution—and so starved to death a truly national and popular tradition of education.

Within recent years Irish scholars have shown how untrue this legend was. In "The Hidden Ireland" Daniel Corkery, using his profound and exact knowledge of the Gaelic literature of the period as a basis, has recreated imaginatively the secret heart of the people, where poetry lived its lonely and harassed life. More recently, Dr. Brenan, Professor of Education, Maynooth, in "The Schools of Kildare and Leighlin," and Dr. Dowling in "The Hedge Schools" have produced abundant and well-substantiated evidence of the extent and scope of the work done in these schools—evidence that refutes conclusively the official legend.

The purpose of this article is to bring forward some evidence relating to Co. Derry, which is typical of the situation in Ireland generally. It is taken from volume 1 of Mason's "Parochial Survey" (Dublin, 1814), and it was written by the Rev. Alexander Ross, Protestant Rector of Dungiven. It will show how Gaelic culture, allied to Classical scholarship, survived in the Derry mountains, and it will draw a clear line of demarcation between this traditional learning and the schools of the Protestant settlers in the more fertile lowlands.

Describing the people of his parish, the Rev. Mr. Ross writes:—"The inhabitants of the lowlands are, in general, an educated people, that is they can all almost read and write, and understand a little of arithmetic; but it is very rare to meet among them any traces of remarkable talent, either for writing or conversation. Among these, prudence and good sense predominate, rather than literary taste or lively fancy; but in the mountains, where education does not so generally prevail, the few who receive any kind of instruction, surmount by ardent zeal and persevering talent, every obstacle to knowledge, and often arrive at attainments in literature, of which their wealthier and more favoured neighbours never dream. They have more peculiarly a taste for, and facility in acquiring languages, which is very remarkable; everyone who converses with a mountaineer, acquainted with the English language, must be struck with the singular precision and eloquence of his expressions, which have rather the air of a written than a colloquial style. Even in the wildest districts it is not unusual to meet good classical scholars; and there are several young mountaineers of the writer's acquaintance, whose knowledge and taste in the Latin poets might put to the blush many who have all the advantages of established schools and regular instruction. As a specimen of native talent we shall here subjoin an imitation of the first Ode of Horace, which, without considering the circumstances of the author, may be esteemed as no mean attempt at accurate poetic translation. It was composed by a mountain lad before the age of 18, and as the manuscript, in his own handwriting, has been in the possession of the writer of this survey almost from that period, and as the lad had assuredly but little opportunity of literary assistance, there is every reason to think it entirely his own."

This is a circumstantial account of the situation in this parish. It shows a high standard of attainment in Classics and a modern foreign language (English); it hints at the probable method of instruction in both languages, by translation from one into the other—a method well known to the hedge schoolmasters: and it definitely localises the tradition among the Catholic people of the parish. Further evidence on this last point is provided.

"There are, however, private schools in almost every townland, which are kept in general by the native Irish . . . . The school, more immediately under the incumbent's inspection in Termeel, is almost the only one in the parish which has a Protestant teacher."

Nor was the native tongue forgotten. Irish, even old Irish, was studied with critical scholarship and the heroic tales were objects of popular enthusiasm.

"The poems attributed to Ossian and the other bardic remains are still repeated here by the old Seanachies (as they are called) with visible exultation. Eight of these have been written down, at my request, by a young mountaineer, named Bernard MacLoskie, from whose acquaintance with the native traditions, customs, and language, the writer derived much assistance in this survey; he is himself a good Latin scholar, and possesses, by every account, a critical knowledge of the ancient Irish . . . .

"The manner of preserving the accuracy of tradition is singular and worthy of notice. In the winter evenings a number of Seanachies frequently meet together and recite alternately their traditional stories. If any one repeats a passage, which appears to another to be incorrect, he is immediately stopped, when each gives a reason for his way of reciting the passage, the dispute is then referred to a vote of the meeting and the decision of the majority becomes imperative on the subject for the future. This plan, aided by the measure of the poetry, and also that of music, may account for the accurate preservation of these ancient poems."

This is a remarkable picture of native culture surviving in the Derry mountains, surrounded on all sides by the descendants of English and Scottish planters. But before fifty years had passed it had vanished almost completely. The farmers, ruined by the famine, could no longer afford even food and shelter to the schoolmaster. Bread and butter education was provided by the National Schools, and there official policy saw to it that there would be no dangerous teaching of Classics, such as would breed discontent among the people, nor of Irish language and tradition to breed rebellion.

The Rev. D. Moriarty, D.D., President, All Hallows, giving evidence before the Royal Commission in 1855, told a sorrowful tale of the decline of these local schools. He said:—"The means and opportunities of procuring preparatory education are less than they were some years ago. The famine nearly eliminated classical education; and the better class of farmers, who used to procure such education for their children, has been broken down or has emigrated. The smaller classical schools are nearly all gone, the masters were in many instances obliged to take refuge in the poor house or on the public works."

To-day Northern Ireland has officially turned its back on the Gaelic tradition and there are times when even the Nationalist minority feels that it may have more in common, as far as racial antecedents go, with its fellow citizens of Scottish descent than with the Gaels of Kerry and Clare. That is a mood that overwhelms us at times, when weariness overtakes the mind tired of political ostracism and denied its natural outlet for self-expression. It is well for us, therefore, to remember that we have common traditions with the South, and that in this very field of education, as in most other activities of the national spirit, we have a record that equals, if it does not surpass, that of any other province of Ireland.

D. B. K.

## A DARK DEED

THE room was in darkness, except for the faint glow that issued from the embers of the dying fire, which failed to reveal the figure which crouched well back on a divan chair. No sound of traffic penetrated the stout walls; all was silent as a tomb. The occupant of the chair remained impassive—scarcely seeming to breathe.

Suddenly there came a slight sound, so slight that it was hardly noticeable, the watcher stiffened in the chair. Again came the sound; it was like the faint tapping of file on finger nails; the dark form became perfectly rigid and a murderous look shone in his eyes that boded ill for the intruder.

Quietly he entered, unaware that his presence was known, slowly, stealthily advancing, apparently intent on rifling the sideboard of its contents. With infinite care, the occupant of the chair slipped his feet to the ground and noiselessly crossed the floor.

Intent on his nefarious work, the thief did not at once discover his presence; then becoming aware of it, sprang back with a terrified scream. Immediately he was seized and held fast; the struggle was short and decisive, for he was a poor, puny, half-nourished creature, while his assailant was, to him, a giant in size and strength.

There was no mercy in that strangling hold; dumbly the victim raised his eyes to meet the revengeful gleam in his captor's. This was not the first time he had purloined in this house, so he knew his punishment would be heavy. Presently the strain became so great, that the weaker one, with despairing gasp, sank limply to the floor.

At that moment the door handle turned, there was a sharp click and the room was flooded with light. A young lady stepped forward and stood surveying the tragic scene. Did she scream or faint or was she bold enough to secure help? Sad to relate, she did none of these things. She simply smiled and said "Another mouse. Good Tibby."

T. BOYD. Form E. 2.

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## CATSPAW FOR GANGSTERS

"THERE'S a likely looking guy over there," said Mike Donovan, indicating a tall muscular youth who was sitting reading a newspaper in a cafe on Pender Street, Vancouver. "It's O.K. if he can drive," commented Staton. Donovan and Staton went over and sat at the table where the youth sat. "Say Buddy," Donovan said, "can you drive a car?" "Sure I can."

"We want you to drive a car down to Seattle to-night. We'll pay you a hundred dollars."

The youth, whose name was Browne, pondered the matter, "Well," he said at last, "it don't make sense to me, but I'll have a go." They left the restaurant and went to a disused warehouse, near Granville Bridge. In a garage there, a mechanic was warming up a limousine. Staton asked Donovan to get into the car, and turning to the youth, said "O.K. Buddy, we're to move off."

"Before we go any further, Mister," said Browne, "When do I get paid?" Staton smiled and took a wallet from his inside pocket. "Now if you like," he said, counting out a hundred dollars in five and ten dollar notes. "By the way," he added, "here's your driving licence. Your name's John Harvey, Savvy? There's a certain amount of risk attached to this trip, but if you keep your head you'll be O.K."

Browne turned round and regarded the speaker curiously. "Maybe if you tell me what this racket is," he said, "I'll know what I am doing." "Ask no questions about that," Staton said, "all you've got to do is to drive this bus." Browne put the car in gear, and soon it was humming down the Pacific highway towards the American border.

Browne liked the feel of this powerful machine. It reminded him of England, when he used to drive his father's Bentley. That was five years ago. Lots had happened since then. He had gone to Canada against his father's wishes. A summer working on the prairie had almost killed him. Winters working in Montreal as a dishwasher, and riding the rods of freight trains across the Continent had given him a bitter taste of adventure.

Before he met his present associates he wanted to go home. This job had come at a time when he was on his beam ends. Just before they had approached him he had spent his last half-dollar on food. Had he known what the men's business was he would have felt happier. The mention of risk made him apprehensive.

He wondered what it was. From what he saw of the men he guessed they were gangsters. Anyhow it was futile worrying now. He was in it up to the neck. The outcome was in the hands of the gods. They passed swiftly through New Westminster. The two passengers in the back seat were silent. They sat pensively smoking cigars. It was not until they were approaching the border town of Blaine that they spoke to the driver.

"In case they ask you," Staton said, as the car pulled up behind a long queue waiting for permission, "We're on our way to Seattle on business." Two revenue men gave the car the "once over." An immigration officer asked questions as to their destination and the probable length of their stay. A half-hour later the car was speeding down the dead-straight road that led to Bellingham. "Say, what's that ahead?" Staton suddenly exclaimed, leaning forward and indicating a car that was visible in a patch of moonlight three hundred yards ahead. "Suppose it's Lefty's car," Donovan murmured. "You don't suppose he'd try any high-jackin' stuff, do you?"

He leaned over to the driver, "Say you," he shouted, "WHEN YOU GET TO THE LEVEL OF THAT CAR STEP ON IT LIKE HELL!!! IF ANY OF THE MUGS STAND IN THE WAY RUN THEM DOWN!"

Browne's face paled, he knew he was in for it now. It was just as he expected. The men were gangsters. He watched the car backed at right-angles across the road.

He drove as if he were going to smash into the stationary vehicle, but a few yards before reaching it he swerved to the left. More by luck than judgment Browne missed the blockading auto, but in doing so almost overturned his own car. On the road again he was startled by a volley of shots from behind. One bullet drilled a hole through the windshield close to his head. He ducked involuntarily.

"STEP ON IT LIKE HELL!" yelled Donovan, "GIVE IT THE JUICE." He was going all out now. The powerful engine of the car roared furiously in the night. The speedometer needle was quivering near the "ninty-mile" mark. "Once we get to Bellingham we're safe," Staton shouted, "the boys are picking us up there."

"They'll never catch us now," said Donovan, glancing over his shoulder. Just outside Bellingham he told Browne to pull up beside a petrol station on the right. As he drove up he saw another car standing in the shadows.

It was full of dark, vicious looking men. When the car had stopped he told Browne to get out. A tall sinister man spoke to Staton. "Who's the guy?"

Staton explained. "O.K. Buddy," the newcomer said to Browne. The speaker climbed into the car, sat in the driver's seat, and drove off. The other car followed. When the first car came into the light of the neon front, Browne saw two bullet holes in the body from which flowed liquid. He glanced down at the ground where the car had stood, and beheld a small pool. Stooping down he dipped his fingers into the pool and smelt them.

"Say," said the station attendant, following Browne's example, "It's booze. That's a new one to me."

"What is?" Browne asked him.

"Why, running hooch in a car with hollow coach work."

Pretty smart, Browne thought, but what he couldn't understand was why the bootleggers had hired him to drive the car. The only explanation was that something must have happened to their regular driver. Anyway, the hundred dollars was a godsend to him. It enabled him to get back to England in comfort.

DESMOND NOLAN. Form C. 3.

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## ART FOR ART'S SAKE

AT the present day, much is heard about art for art's sake. Generally it is made an excuse for any particular craze which happens to be in favour at the moment. "Art for art's sake" has been the motto of many who have given much to the world's enjoyment, either in painting, sculpture, literature, or any other art. On the other hand, "art for art's sake," is often used, especially in recent years, as an excuse for fanatics to foist on the world ideas which it could very well do without.

Art for art's sake may be very good in theory; in practice, unfortunately, it too often means anything for art's sake. There are some who can really follow out "Art for art's sake," and by doing so increase both the amount of knowledge and the store of pleasure in the world. The great majority, however, would not bother much with art, unless they thought that they would get a more substantial return for their labour than satisfaction for a good deed well done.

At the present time, Surrealists and other so-called Bohemians say that their motto is "Art for art's sake." If one takes them at their word, it certainly does not say much for the maxim. There is scarcely anyone who has the slightest regard for their ideas. When the public does not like a thing it does not buy it, and the result of the folly of "art for art's sake" is shown. There is no sale

for the absurdities of these cranks, and consequently many are deserting these new movements. The devotees of "art for art's sake," themselves, clearly show whether love of beauty or love of gain is uppermost in men's minds.

In the years following the war there was a spate of immoral literature. The excuse put forward for this was also the hackneyed, "Art for art's sake." In comparison with this all the great Roman writers, both in prose and poetry, made it clear that they did not believe in art for art's sake, but art for the sake of gaining the patronage of those whom they praised in their works. The works of those who believed in art for art's sake are forgotten already, although it is only a decade since they were in the limelight. Scott's novels, written a century ago, still retain their popularity, and Scott wrote them not for "art's sake," but for the very materialistic motive of paying his debts.

Even more noticeable is the difference in esteem in which the paintings of the "Old Master's" and those of the present-day artists are held. The possessor of an "Old Master" can command any price he cares to mention, and be sure of getting it. On the other hand, the owner of one of the so-called "modern" paintings is quite likely to find difficulties in giving it away. However, nothing is heard about art for art's sake in connection with the "Old Masters." They painted well so that they might command a good price for their works, not to gratify their love for art.

Of course there is such a thing as taking a pleasure in one's work. In every case, this leads to more interest in the work, and consequently better work. It is quite a different matter, however, when the pleasure becomes the main object and the work is only done to secure it. This is putting the cart before the horse, and everyone knows that a profitable and, at the same time, an enjoyable drive is impossible under those conditions. It is a law of nature that man must work to live. Pleasure, although a very good thing in its own place, cannot take the place of work. Man can live without pleasure, but he cannot exist without work.

A man will put more into an occupation for the purpose of earning his bread-and-butter than he will into one giving him mere pleasure. There are very few in this world who do not suspect an ulterior motive behind everything that their neighbour does. Since this is so, would it not be better to make as much as possible from one's talents, for one might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb.

J. CRILLY. Form E. 2.

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## NEWSBOYS

WE are all extremely susceptible to street affronts: the jeers and taunts of the populace: the ill-bred triumph it displays over the casual trip or splashed trouser. It is usually when our accustomed dignity has been so disturbed that we first notice the newsboys, those bare-footed atoms of humanity, hidden behind their bundles of "Expresses," "Mails," and "Echoes," or rather, is it that they bring themselves to our notice? Yet we can endure the jocularities of these young scamps with something more than forgiveness, for it is in such moments that they appear to us, as we have never seen them before.

There they stand at all important junctions, foundered and frozen. Surely they are lost, surely they have no parents, else they would not be permitted to stand or loiter there, lost to all comforts. Their ragged clothes, and worn boots,

if they possess such a luxury, tone with the poor and precarious existence they scrape from their servitude. Servants are they? Worse still, servants of servants they are, ever ready to dash and scramble into a headlong race at the beck of a finger or nod of a head. Their bare feet and scanty clothing lend them that speed which is all important in their business, for if they do not reach that buyer first, the race is lost—only one paper is bought. The winner marches back to his post, victorious.

His burden has been decreased, it is slowly lightening, but this lightening is incomparable with the lightening of his countenance. The grin of a victor is on his face. Not a sneering grin, but a grin with the maximum of glee. The others return to their arduous tasks, not with a downcast or defeated look, but with a determination to make the next race a victory. The grin on the victor's face compensates for the time and money spent, in fact, if you are soft hearted you will be tempted to spend the time till midnight buying papers, just to see the lesson set to mankind by these models of patience; to see, reacted once again how Horatius smiled in victory on the bridge, or how Napoleon bore the news of his defeat.

In the mornings with their little professional calls sounding like the peep-peep of a young sparrow they awaken us. We may have a kindly yearning towards these youngsters, but when we scramble from bed, a few moments early to read of some incident, artistically dramatised by these heralders of the dawn, only to find that it is some common-place affair, our consciences scourge us for having, the very night before, paid tribute to their virtues. When we hear them, like a lark not seldom fortelling the sunrise, we are generally too sleepy to stimulate ourselves to think of the unearthly hour at which they are abroad. When a few hours later we hasten to our posts, they are gone, gone to some unknown haunt, only to reappear again to cry the evening news. Where have they been? Snatching a few hours sleep? No! Their business has been calling—they were at the distributor's office, bargaining to the last halfpenny, for a halfpenny may be a greater percentage of their earnings than a pound would be of yours.

When the night closes down on the city and the lights gleam on the sidewalk on either side of the road, now crossed and gullied by lawless streams and swept by marauding winds, they remain at their posts. A bad night means poor business and so longer hours. They cannot leave till their stock is gone, for to-morrow dawns a new sun and brings a new edition and fresher news.

If the night is calm and warm business will be good, and finished early. Then we see them clustered round, testing their varying fortunes in their gambling game of toss. Each one is watching the tosser. Up go a pair of halfpennies—a metallic jingle. Then all crush forward and we know who has won by his shouts and scramble for his halfpennies.

No matter how unusual the hour you are abroad you will see these imps at their arduous profession, but mark you, it must be an unusual hour, for these bats seldom appear in the daytime.

However, if you are ever unfortunate enough to be afoot at these unusual hours, and if you meet one of these small gentry, it is good to give him a penny, or, better still, two pennies. If it be starving weather, and to the plentiful troubles of his occupation, a pair of bare feet be superadded, the demand on your humanity will surely rise to a sixpence.

## PAST PUPILS

**B**Y request we give a brief account of some of those who have completed their education in St. Mary's during the past four years. The list is not an exhaustive one, as in the haste required to have the particulars ready for the printer, some names have been unintentionally omitted and others do not appear through lack of knowledge of their present business. In future issues of "The Simmarian" these omissions will be rectified.

CHARLES BREADY and WALTER LARKIN completed the Senior Certificate course with remarkable success in the summer of 1934, the latter securing two distinctions and six credits, as well as an exhibition in the Junior Certificate Examination of 1932. In October, 1934, both entered St. Malachy's College to pursue the necessary University studies before proceeding to Maynooth. THOMAS McKILLOP did likewise in October of 1936 after securing the Senior Certificate.

VINCENT DENNY and THOMAS MAGEE joined the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in the autumn of 1933. Both completed the Senior Certificate course, Vincent getting two distinctions and six credits. They are now completing their Ecclesiastical studies in the Oblate Schoolasticate, Daingean, Offally.

FREDERICK HANSON joined the Society of the Maynooth Mission to China, after passing the Senior Certificate Examination in the summer of 1933. He is now doing the necessary courses prior to Ordination, in the House of Studies, Dalgan Park, Co. Galway.

JOSEPH MAGUIRE, MAURICE MAGUIRE, DENIS MAGUIRE, and DANIEL CANNON entered the African Missionary Society after having passed the Senior Certificate Examination. Joseph and Dan are now finishing their studies in the Missionary College, Dramantine, Co. Down, while Maurice and Denis are doing their religious Novitiate in the Novitiate College, Kilcolgan, Co. Galway.

DENIS O'NEILL passed the Senior Certificate Examination in the summer of 1934. He then did a course of study for two years in Queen's University, Belfast. In the summer of 1936 he entered the Capuchin Order and is now doing his religious Novitiate in St. Bonaventure's College, Rochestown, Co. Cork.

PATRICK McGOWAN and FRED DUNNE having passed the Junior Certificate Examination in the summer of 1935 entered the Juninate of the Redemptorist Fathers at Limerick. OWEN TONER secured the Junior Certificate Examination in 1935 and entered the Juninate of the Holy Ghost Fathers at Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

JOHN McGREEVY, HENRY McGREEVY, and PEARSE McFARLAND joined the Congregation of the Irish Christian Brothers. John and Henry won an exhibition in the Junior Certificate Examination, in the Senior Henry gained a first class Mathematical exhibition and a first class Literary one, while John secured a prize. Pearse, along with passing the Senior Certificate, got first division in the King's Scholarship Examination. At present John is completing his training in St. Mary's College, Strawberry Hill; Henry is doing his religious Novitiate in St. Mary's College, Carlett Park, Eastham; and Pearse is studying in the Training College, St. Mary's, Marino, Dublin.

TERENCE DEVITT and SEAN McGOWAN passed the Junior Certificate Examination in the summer of 1933. In February of 1934 they entered the

Novitiate of the Irish Christian Brothers at St. Helen's, Booterstown, Co. Dublin. Terence is presently completing his training in the Christian Brothers' Schools, Drogheda, and Sean is in the Training College, St. Mary's, Marino, Dublin.

ART MAGILL and JAMES McGEAGH passed the Junior Certificate Examination, the latter in 1935, and the former in 1936. Both entered the Congregation of the Irish Christian Brothers. Art is in the Juninate at Baldoye and James is in the Novitiate College, St. Helen's, Booterstown.

The following entered the Novitiate of the Irish Christian Brothers at St. Mary's, Carlett Park, Eastham:—PATRICK O'REILLY, JAMES REARDON, KEVIN ROONEY, FRANCIS CASEY, JAMES O'BRIEN, and PATRICK LAMONT. These had the Junoir Certificate course completed.

PATRICK HUGHES having completed two years of the Junior Certificate course entered the Juninate of the De La Salle Christian Brothers.

The following group includes those who got scholarships to St. Mary's Training College, Strawberry Hill:—HENRY GUNNING (1933), THOMAS McKEITH (1933), GERALD KELLY (1935), GERALD HANNA (1934), DANIEL WHYTE (1934), GERALD FITZPATRICK (1935), ALFRED MURRAY (1934), THOMAS CORR (1936), PATRICK McALEESE (1936), HENRY GORMAN (1936). Some of these have already completed their training; Alfred Murray is assistant teacher in Tanaghmore P.E.S., Lurgan, Gerald Hanna has been appointed principal teacher in Cabra P.E.S., County Down, Thomas McKeith is assistant teacher in Christian Brothers' Schools, Donegall Street, Belfast, and Daniel Whyte is engaged in the Christian Brothers' Schools, Divis Street, Belfast. Henry Gunning is teaching in Orange's Civil Service Academy, Castle Street, Belfast.

IRISH FREE STATE CIVIL SERVICE:—The following received appointments in Dublin after having secured good places in the competitive examination for CLERICAL OFFICERS:—

JOHN IRVINE (1933), EUGENE McRANDAL (1934), JAMES MAGENNIS (1934), JOHN CHARLETON (1934), BRENDAN McCREESH (1935), MAURICE IRVINE (1936), THOMAS MISKELLY (1936). In the summer of 1934 JOHN IRVINE achieved further success by being appointed a Customs officer in Dublin. JOHN CHARLETON also added lustre to his old Alma Mater by securing appointment in the summer of 1936 as a Junior Executive officer in Dublin.

IMPERIAL CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION, SEPTEMBER, 1933. HUGH HILL secured a very high place and was appointed to the Customs Department, Belfast.

IMPERIAL CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION OF SEPTEMBER, 1934:—The following received appointments as a result of being successful in the above examination—the place in brackets indicating station of employment:—WALTER HOPLEY (Liverpool), JAMES BOYLE (Bury), THOMAS WHELAN (London), PATRICK DALY (Belfast), HONAN McKAY (Belfast), DESMOND SPENCE (Newry), GEORGE McCAFFREY (Glasgow), JOHN BOYD (London).

IMPERIAL CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION OF SEPTEMBER, 1935:—In this examination the following were successful:—VINCENT DOYLE (London), JOHN HANSON (London), FRANCIS McCLOSKEY (Tilbury, London).

IMPERIAL CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION IN CONNECTION WITH POST OFFICE DEPARTMENTS:—In the autumn of 1934 LAURENCE McGRADY

won first place in this competition, and was appointed to the Central Post Office, Belfast. In the autumn of 1935 PATRICK McCRISKEN followed McGrady's example by securing first place and being also appointed to the Central Post Office, Belfast.

**IMPERIAL CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION OF MAY, 1936:**—In this contest a good many of our pupils were successful, being appointed as follows:—HENRY McWHINNEY (London), JOHN McDONALD (London), WILLIAM DIAMOND (London), DENIS O'LEARY (London), MALACHY DRAYNE (London), ERIC O'NEILL (London), JOHN MARTIN (London).

**CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION OF NORTHERN IRELAND GOVERNMENT OF OCTOBER, 1936:**—PEARSE McGRATH won twentieth place in this competition, and in January, 1937, was appointed to the Ministry of Finance at Stormont.

**QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, BELFAST, MEDICAL COURSE:**—The following having passed the Senior Certificate Examination entered the University to study the necessary Medical courses:—JONAH LAZARUS (1933), MYER FISHER (1933), BERNARD CONLON (1935), PHILIP BRADLEY (1935), LESLIE HERBERT (1934), JOHN A. KELLY (1936).

**QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, ARTS COURSE:**—After securing the Senior Certificate the following students started the Arts courses in the University:—JOHN O'NEILL (1935), JOSEPH BRADY (1935), PEARSE STINSON (1935), BRIAN GREGORY (1936), KELVIN HALLER (1936).

PEARSE DEMPSEY, MICHAEL McFARLAND and MALACHY SHERIDAN secured the Senior Certificate and are now studying in the Veterinary College, Dublin.

JOSEPH McEVOY passed the Senior Certificate Examination in the summer of 1933. In the autumn of that year he secured an appointment in the Civic Guards, Irish Free State, and is now in the Clerical Department, Phoenix Park Depot, Dublin.

WILLIAM McEVOY passed the Senior Certificate Examination in 1935, and is now doing the necessary courses for qualification as Quantity Surveyor.

WILLIAM DELANEY passed the Senior Certificate Examination in 1933, and is doing the necessary courses for qualification as a Pharmaceutical Chemist.

MICHAEL BOYLE completed the Senior programme in 1935, and in 1936 secured an appointment in the Prudential Insurance Company.

HARRY GALLAGHER completed the Senior programme in 1934, and early in 1935 entered the Engineering Department of the Central Post Office, Belfast.

PATRICK DELARGY after completing the Senior programme in 1936 he began the necessary courses for qualification as Solicitor.

FREDERICK DELANEY passed the Senior Certificate Examination in the summer of 1934, and is now studying the necessary legal courses for qualification as a Solicitor.

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES IN SPORT

THIS year saw a marked revival in organised sport in St. Mary's—no less than five teams figured in the various competitions promoted by the different associations under the jurisdiction of G.A.A. This in itself was a great achievement, and the success with which it was accomplished must be attributed to the unstinted energy of Bros. Nagle, Magee, Farrell, Mullins, and Messrs. Kane, Cashman, and McGrath, coupled with the enthusiasm and spirit of the boys themselves.

After a lapse of several years a team was entered in the MacRory Cup competition, and though not so successful as one would have wished, the team rendered an excellent account of itself against teams of greater experience from the other Ulster colleges. The team is young and the lessons learned from this year's matches will be extremely valuable in the same competition in future games.

The Minor League team competed in the Minor Competitions promoted by the South Antrim Committee of G.A.A. Here greater success came our way and twelve points were collected out of a possible sixteen, and the team finished in second place in the League table.

Danny McRandall, captain of the MacRory Cup team, has been honoured by the Antrim Committee of G.A.A., being chosen on Antrim Senior football team. This is a great honour, not only for Danny himself but for the School, and we are confident that the whole-hearted enthusiasm, which characterised his play in the colleges games, will be manifest in the county games.

### ST. MARY'S v. OMAGH.

Team—Linden; Gribben, McRandall, Woodhouse; Owens, Charleton; McAllister, Waters, McCavana, McGettigan, Campbell, McDonagh, Molloy.

Our first match at home was against Omagh. St. Mary's opened strongly, snatching an early point. The pressure continued, but the defence of the visitors was in great form and refused to capitulate. A couple of breakaways by Omagh brought them two snap goals. In the second half St. Mary's pressed continuously, but poor shooting by the forwards nullified the good work of the centre-field players. Pressure eventually told and the scores were levelled. There were only a few minutes left for play when the Omagh backs relieved the pressure on their goal and a rapid advance to St. Mary's end brought another goal. Back Mary's came to the attack, but it availed them nothing. The game ended with Omagh rather lucky winners on the score of 9pts. to 6pts.

### ST. MARY'S v. CAVAN.

Team—L. Hyman; Gribben, McRandall, Hannan; Sreenan, Owens; Charleton, Robinson, McAllister, Campbell, Molloy, Woodhouse.

Cavan brought a very strong team including several players with senior county experience. For the first ten minutes of the game, which was played under wretched weather conditions, St. Mary's more than held their own. A couple of opportunities of scoring were inexplicably missed, and had they been embraced the result of the game might have been different. Greater experience and delightful team work won the day, and before half-time Cavan had registered two goals. In the second half Cavan, with the elements in their favour, dominated the game and won very easily. Positional play, safe catching and stern tackling were points in which Cavan showed a marked superiority.

## ST. MARY'S v. MONAGHAN.

Team—Hyman; Gribben, Maguire, Owens; McRandall, Hannan; McAllister, Charleton, Woodhouse, McGettigan, Waters, Campbell, Molloy.

The School team travelled to Monaghan for this match, and the wretched weather conditions which marked the Cavan game were again manifest. Showing much better form than in the previous games, again St. Mary's had to bow to defeat. Stern and vigorous tackling by a heavier team had much to do with the result. Our lads gave a much finer display of football in this game, their positioning was much better, catching and fielding superior to previous efforts. After a very even first half the stamina of Monaghan prevailed, and the final score was 20pts. to 5pts. in their favour. One of the features of this match was the excellent goalkeeping of L. Hyman.

## ST. MARY'S v. DOWNPATRICK.

Team—Bready; Maguire, Duignan, Waters; McCavana, McGettigan; Charleton, Moore, McGrath, McRandall, Robin, McDonagh, A. Hyman.

This was St. Mary's first win. Downpatrick were overwhelmed by a persistent attack in the first half, and on the turn over St. Mary's had piled up a large score. Downpatrick improved in the second half and fought back pluckily. The leeway was too much to make up, and St. Mary's emerged victors on the score of 20pts. to 16pts.

## ST. MARY'S v. ST. MALACHY'S COLLEGE.

Team—Linden; Sreenan, Hannan, Robinson; Schiëss McCavana, Owens; McAllister, D. Molloy, W. Molloy; Devitt, Sherry, Woodhouse, Campbell, Gribben.

This was probably our best game against a college team. Ground was hard, due to frost, and there was no breeze. A thick fog which descended during the game, however, helped to render the final stages of play rather farcical. From the outset St. Mary's pressed, the strong kicking of the centre-fields, and the much improved efforts of the forwards, brought several scores. At half-time the School led by 4pts. The descending fog hampered the defence in the second half and Collegians gradually drew up, the final score being 9pts. each.

In the Minor League, against teams drawn from sources other than the colleges, St. Mary's had a series of comfortable victories. Among the teams defeated were Wolfe Tones, St. Gall's, Mellowes, and Sarsfields, whilst Ardoyne and O'Donnell's had victories over them by small margins.

In the Junior School, teams were entered for the competitions sponsored by the Belfast Schools' Gaelic Association. Here we had a succession of victories. In the 1935-36 Football League we finished in third place, winning 5 matches, losing 1, and drawing 1. In hurling the results were similar—5 victories, 1 defeat, and 1 draw.

A seven-aside competition promoted by the MacRory Park Aeridheacht Committee saw the hurling and football teams render a good account of their capabilities—a narrow defeat in the semi-final round of the hurling and an equally narrow defeat in the final round of the football competition.

The competitions promoted by the Schools' Association for 1936-37 saw the School team at the top. In a supplementary Hurling League easy victories were gained in five games, and in one game St. Finian's were rather fortunate to gain

the victory by a single score. However, the School team came out clear League winners, scoring more than 150pts. in their six games and having less than 30pts. recorded against them. Generally, the standard of hurling was much below that of former years.

The Junior football team in the current competitions have defeated all-comers handsomely. The match against St. Gall's deserves special mention. It took place in MacRory Park under weather and ground conditions which were wicked. It says much for the grit of the lads engaged that they battled through to the end and emerged victors by 11pts. to 1pt. Several players, including Loughhead, Kennedy and McGione, deserve special praise for the manner in which they played. These players dictated the course of the game, and ably backed by their team mates won a great victory as stated.

A more juvenile team has also been organised, and though the numbers to select from are very small they have ably held their own, winning two and drawing one of the three games in which they have taken part. These lads deserve every encouragement, as in a few short years they will be wearing the School colours in more important matches.

Along with serving the School, eight of the Junior hurlers and footballers have also had the honour of representing the Belfast Schools against the Dublin Schools. Defeated in both games our representatives played valiantly, and the defeats cannot be laid at their charge. The lads honoured were Loughhead, McCavana, Kilfeather, Hinds, Gallagher, Ackerman, Sweeney, and Corr.

Another interesting revival was in athletics. The N.A.C.A.I. organised and promoted a championship sports for Secondary Schools and Colleges in Ulster. The sports were held in glorious weather in MacRory Park on Sunday 17th May, 1936. Representatives from schools and colleges in Armagh, Down, Antrim, and Tyrone completed, and the aggregate of wins gave the Championship trophy to St. Mary's, entitling them to the proud title of Ulster champions for season 1936-37. We succeeded in winning more than 25 individual championship medals for running, weight-putting and jumping. Those who so ably upheld the Schools' honour that day were McArdle, McGettigan, McAllister, Woodhouse, McFarland, McCavana, Connell, Hanna, Robinson, and McGreevy, each of whom had at least one medal at the end of the day's sport. These results, which followed a short period of training under the watchful eyes of Br. Nagle and an "old boy," F. Gallagher (high jump champion of Ulster), reflect great credit on the thorough tuition of their mentors and the determination and enthusiasm of the boys themselves. In passing, it is worthy of notice that McArdle ran under great difficulties, having torn a muscle during training. Notwithstanding this handicap he ran very courageously in all events in which he competed. This was the first organised venture in athletics in which the School had competed for a very long period, and the victory will surely give a stimulus to this side of sport activities and encourage the younger boys to take up these beneficial exercises for their health sake and the honour of the School.

The Inter-Colleges handball competition for the MacRory Cup, which is open to all Ulster colleges, also saw the School represented. Without any real facilities our pair, P. Murphy and J. Duignan, put up a very creditable show. They readily defeated a pair from St. Malachy's College, but travelling to Newry they were beaten by a clever combination from St. Mary's College, Dundalk.

On the whole, games have been exceedingly well catered for, and, with all boys taking advantage of the organised class games on the evenings allotted to them, it should not be long until the School takes a very prominent position in the colleges and school athletic sphere.

## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT FOOTBALLER

It is an ancient footballer,  
In twenty thirty six,  
That stops two youths with football  
boots,  
In the City of the Bricks.

"Oh, stop us not," the youths  
protest,  
"Here comes the trolly-bus,  
'Twill soon be dark, and in the  
Park  
The master waits for us."

He holds them with his goalman's  
eye,  
"I'm Flanagan," quoth he,  
"Flanagan from the Whiterock  
Road,  
By the City Cemetrie."

The 'bus is gone, they must stay on,  
And now it is too late.  
Down goes the sun, the game's  
begun  
With only twenty eight.

He still doth gaze to their amaze—  
"There was a team," quoth he,  
"A team by heck, St. Mary's Sec.,  
The goal was kept by me."

A tram speeds on, but the glaring  
eye  
Still holds them to the spot,  
And thus spake on that ancient  
man,  
Whether they will or not.

"The coin was tossed, St. Mary's  
lost,  
I manned the upper goals.  
Oh, how I trembled when I stood  
Between the fateful poles.

"In front of me stood Joe McGlone,  
A great wee man of steel,  
On his left hand there took his  
stand  
The doughty John O'Neill.

"And on the right Hugh Meegan  
stood,  
A splendid back was he—  
Another 'bus has come and gone,  
The youths resigned must be.

"St. Gall's defence fell into place,  
And down about half way  
Sixteen braw boys stood face to face,  
All ready for the fray.

"Eight black and amber stalwart lads,  
Eight sturdy boys in blue,  
And every man was spick and span—  
The ball was nearly new.

"The skies did frown, the rain came  
down,  
And it grew fairly cold,  
So on I shoves my goalie gloves.  
(I blew on them I'm told)

"And then I jazzed and tripped about  
And jumped to tip the bar,  
Till came at last the whistle blast,  
McGlone says 'Here we are.'

"The referee had turned his back  
And thrown the ball on high,  
A youth called Jackie Kennedy  
Did field it in the sky.

"And then he drew a mighty kick,  
E'en yet I hear the thud,  
But like a brick it fell to stick  
In half a foot of mud.

"Our forwards charged to rush it  
through,  
Our fans began to cheer  
Till a fair-haired brave burst out to  
save,  
His name, I think, was Teer.

"And now the Blues came down and  
they  
Were dexterous and strong,  
They broke away; with lightning  
play  
They sent the ball along.

" They swarmed our forty yards  
within,  
A shiver ran down my spine  
To see their Donnelly and Quinn  
Smash through our half-back line.

" McGlone was here, McGlone was  
there,  
McGlone was all around,  
I saw him drive, I saw him dive,  
I saw him leap and bound,  
I saw him fist where others missed—  
Oh, must our last line yield!  
I saw his boot smack out and shoot  
The ball to centre-field.

" John Gallagher drew, the mud it  
flew,  
St. Mary's followed free  
Past Teer, O'Neill and Connolly,  
And centred to McKee,  
McKee sent back to Captain Jack,  
McDonald cleared his line  
But Kennedy and George O'Neill  
Rushed back in grand combine.

" God save thee ancient Goalman!  
Why quiverest thou e'en yet  
With joyful glare?—For I was there  
When "Olly" found the net.

" About, about, in reel and rout,  
St. Mary's lads once more  
Through mud and slush essayed to  
rush  
Another major score.

" But Fox was there, within the  
square,  
A veritable star,  
He slipped them all, and the greasy  
ball  
He punted out afar.

" Jack Kennedy beat St. Gall's O'Neill  
Full nine times out of ten,  
They rushed pell-mell, they slipped,  
they fell,  
They rose and charged again.

" Time after time, time after time,  
(How oft I have no notion)—  
They weltered like two muddy seals  
In a very muddy ocean.

" John Goodall sadly shook his head,  
' The pitch is ruined,' quoth he,  
' No team can play before next May  
In this here park—Whoopee!!'

" Why does he shout and dance about?  
Why soars his cap on high?  
Because our Fergus lashes out,  
And rends the net, that's why.

" I stopped my ears against the cheers  
I turned me round and round,  
Once more I pranced (they say I  
danced),  
With joy I could have swowned.  
I shot a glance adown the field,  
Our boys were wild with glee.  
The ref. doth blow, away they go,  
A thrilling sight to see.

" Sheaken sent along the wing,  
McDonald sent to Quinn,  
The latter drew, the leather flew,  
I shivered in my skin,  
But Frank Gilmartin and McCabe  
Broke up their gallant drive,  
With might and main they tried in  
vain  
Our stout defence to rive.

" McCabe sent down to Rafferty  
Who raced with lightning speed,  
The wing along, before a throng  
Whom he amazed indeed.

" The Blues tore out to stop the rout,  
Oh, boy! to see the fun,  
With a heavy plop in the muddy  
slop  
They fell down one by one.

" But Rafferty, Ed., still goalwards  
sped,  
Then he lashed the ball full well,  
'Twas heard afar as it skimmed the  
bar  
With the whizz of a Krupper-Shell.

" St. Gall's came racing up the field  
Determined to break through,  
Up, up, they ran—and every man  
A flash of muddy blue.

- “ Our back-men tried to stem the  
tide,  
But Fortune seemed to frown,  
I saw them fall, McGlone and all,  
But fighting they went down.”
- “ We fear thee ancient goalman!  
With that skinny hand so brown.”
- “ Fear not, dear youths, with shaky  
boots,  
This body dropped not down.
- “ Carey sent a raking shot;  
Oh, must the flag be raised!  
Like a lion I sprang, the cheers out  
rang  
As I fiercely caught and blazed.
- “ Oh, you should see St. Mary’s then!  
(E’en yet I’m feeling proud).  
They played like—well, old records  
tell  
That they amazed the crowd.  
They sent the ball like lightning  
greased,  
You’d think ’twas fixed on wires—  
The way it spun from one to one  
Of those fleet-footed flyers.
- “ Marshall sent it down the wing,  
And like a mountain hare  
McCurry darted through the mud  
Into the very square.  
He dodged around, then from the  
ground  
He smartly did let fly,  
And yet once more a cap did soar  
Into the wintry sky.
- “ McDonnell tore along the left,  
Out of the mud came he.  
I saw him swing along the wing  
And pass to Donnelly.  
The Blues rushed in, I saved again,  
Hugh Meegan cleared in style,  
And Frank Gilmartin’s powerful kick  
Relieved us for a while.
- “ But only for a while, I say—  
Despite the very best,  
The Blues came back in fierce  
attack  
And hot and hard they pressed.  
They kicked, they heeled, they  
dodged, they wheeled,  
Says I with pride ‘ Thus far ’—  
I spoke too soon, for a wee gorsoon  
Sent a stinger o’er the bar.
- “ Encourged by their well-won point  
They rallied strength, and now  
They launched attacks against our  
backs  
Who stood the test—and how!  
’Twas fine to see our full-back three,  
O’Neill, McGlone, and Hugh  
Stand firm as rocks against the  
shocks  
Launched by the boys in Blue.
- “ Gilmartin tacked toward centre-field,  
John Gallagher broke away;  
John Loughhead caught and sent a  
shot,  
’Twas then we saw the play.
- “ Our forwards dashing headlong in  
Like greyhounds on the course—  
I saw a flash, I heard a crash,  
Our fans went shouting hoarse.
- “ St. Gall’s sent out the twenty one,  
St. Mary’s sent it back.  
’Twas out, ’twas in, ’twas out again,  
And play began to slack.
- “ Then passed a time, a weary time,  
The game was getting slow,  
A weary, weary, dreary time,  
For friend and fan and foe.
- “ The match dragged on, for strength  
was gone,  
Their weary limbs were sore,  
’Twas ‘ mark your man,’ ‘ do all  
you can,’  
‘ Prevent a further score.’
- “ They floundered deeper in the mud,  
I turned and heaved a sigh,  
When looking upward I beheld  
A something in the sky.
- “ Oh, what was that, a hat, a hat!  
The final whistle’s gone,  
The game is done, we’ve won,  
we’ve won  
Eleven points to one!
- “ I made a bee-line down the pitch,  
(It seems like yesterday!),  
Gramercy I for joy did shout,  
I leapt and flung my arms about,  
And yelled ‘ Hurray, hurray!’

" A dozen hands reached out to  
mine,  
A dozen clapped my back,  
Rushed every fan to greet some  
man,  
They mobbed our captain, Jack.

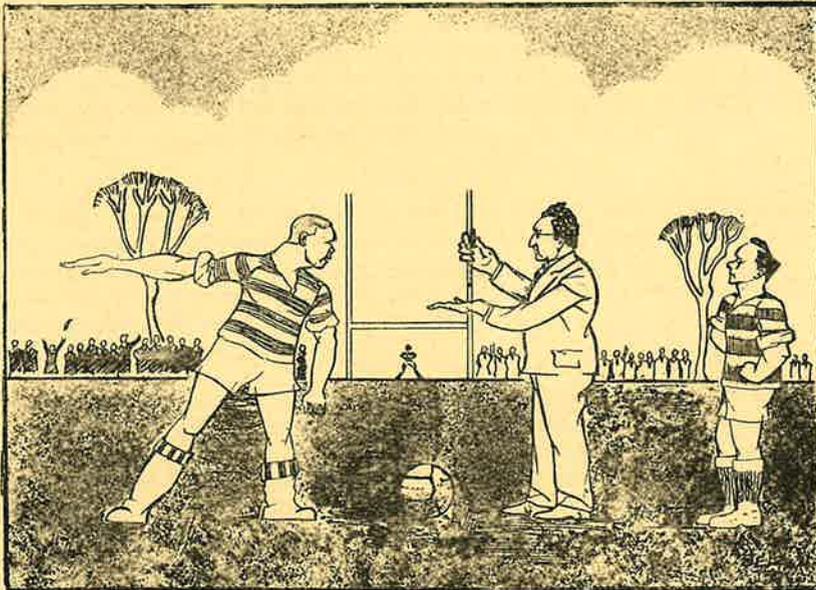
" Oh, Glory be what looks had we,  
Of joy from old and young,  
Our names were cheered, our  
smiles revered,  
Our gallant deeds were sung.

" That's how your fathers' fathers  
played  
In nineteen thirty six,  
To do or die for the old school tie  
In the city of the Bricks.

" And that concludes my broadcast,  
so  
Here's luck the story's told  
Of Loughead's gang—excuse the  
slang,  
In the brave days of old."

#### FEDERATION OF RIMERS.

Form. A.1.



"A DANIEL COMES TO JUDGEMENT!"

## THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

President ..... Mr. T. Kane.  
 Hon. Secretary ..... Mr. D. Losty.  
 Hon. Treasurer ..... Mr. V. Mullowney

**C**OMPARED with 1935-36 the number of members in the Society has decreased this year, but the enthusiasm, and, without any disrespect to the original members, the ability displayed have increased. The officers of the Society have frequently been urged to take measures to increase the membership, either by some form of bribery or by coercion. They have consistently refused to do this, holding firmly to their original plan, which was, that the Society should be a voluntary activity open to all pupils of the school who are interested in Science.

This year's work has justified their attitude in as much as all the papers have been read by student members, who have shown interest in their subjects and ability in expounding them. The paper by J. Sherry on "Television" and his unprepared contribution to the discussion which followed, showed admirably what the Society can do. Nor were the other papers—"Explosives," by H. Shiel; "Astronomy," by C. Forrester; "Electric Batteries," by D. Losty; "The Church and Science," by D. O'Reilly—any less interesting and able than his.

The Society's policy of stimulating interest in Applied Science has been carried on by visits to Caffrey's Brewery to the British Oxygen Co.'s works and to the "Belfast Telegraph." It wishes to record here its thanks to the owners and managers of these works for permission to visit them and for the courtesy with which its members were received.

Our thanks are also due to the Rev. Brother Murray for the use of a room for meetings and for his interest in the Society; and to the Rev. Brother Burke, who enabled the Society's library to acquire a number of new books.

## THE FILM SOCIETY

IT is generally recognised that films play a part—whether big or small, we are not prepared to discuss—in education. As a result of this widespread recognition, films are used to supplement oral instruction in most schools. Like all innovations it has its opponents—some utterly antagonistic, others mildly sceptical. Some there are who regard films as highly necessary and essential to the normally equipped school. We must confess that we belong to the latter.

During the year 1936-37 a Film Society was formed in the School. Members, on payment of a nominal subscription, were enrolled by Mr. Mulrean. This money enabled us to join a Film Library and covered fees and postage.

The Film Society held two meetings during the first term, the first of which was on the 4th November, and the second on 1st December. The meetings were very well attended and this in itself showed that the idea of a Film Society had been well received. At the first meeting seven films were shown, dealing with scenery, foreign lands, mountaineering, zoos, and wild animals. To lighten the "bill" a few comics were shown. The second meeting was as well supplied with films as the first, and aroused, if possible, more enthusiasm. We think that the members, on seeing these shows, realised that their subscription money was well and carefully spent. The films were selected with a view to pleasing all tastes, and the classes, where possible, were consulted on what particular type of film they would like to see. We think that this lends more interest to the films, and we are grateful for the co-operation we have received in this respect. That we have been catholic in our choice of films is vouched for by our programmes, and we are sure that those who saw them will agree with us in this. Those that like scenery will have appreciated such films as "Cruising on the Volga" and "Spring Comes to Germany." The "Kruger National Park" has been shown for those who like animal pictures. There is one type of film that we are sure has met with universal approval and has been included in all the programmes, that is the comic film. We need not recall any special instance as pictures of this type are easily remembered. Films of general interest have been used to supplement our programmes.

A third show was held on February 3rd. It reached, both in quality of films and attendance, the same high standard set by the other shows. It proved to all doubters that the Film Society was well and truly established. The films, as we have said before, were excellent and pleased the members, if we are to judge by the applause with which they were greeted.

The apparatus used to project the films was exceptionally good, and the films were clear and distinct. We think ourselves fortunate in securing a machine of such a high standard of efficiency. A very special word of thanks is due to Mr. F. Collins for placing both his valuable time and apparatus at the disposal of the Society. Indeed, without his help we would have been unable to function. His unflinching courtesy has been an inspiration to us.

## JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

IN the 1936 "SIMMARIAN" a contributor stated that St. Mary's was actually going "highbrow." Whether this was correct or not is not for me to say, but I do know that we of the Junior Division are—if not actually "highbrow"—well on our way to that state.

We felt that a want existed somehow and somewhere. A pioneering spirit—vague but nevertheless active—was aroused. The idea of a debating society was suggested by Mr. Mulrean and under his direction was started. The inaugural meeting was held on 19th October, and the very satisfactory attendance of thirty-eight members was recorded. Rules of procedure were drawn up, times of meeting arranged and a Secretary, in the person of J. Gallagher, elected. For the purpose of guidance it was agreed that Mr. Mulrean should act as Chairman. It was decided that the Society should meet fortnightly, and that there should be six speakers—three for and three against the motion for debate.

The first debate was on the motion "That Examinations should be Abolished." A very interesting discussion took place and, allowing for the nervousness usual to such initial ventures, the speakers acquitted themselves quite creditably—in fact, so creditably that it augured well for the session. The motion, strange to say, was defeated by a substantial majority.

The second meeting debated the topical question, "Should Games be Compulsory or Voluntary." That games should be voluntary was the decision of the house. Our next subject was one which caused a rather one-sided debate. The subject was "Does the Town or Country Contribute more to the State." The town, as was natural, from a group of town boys, received an overwhelming majority.

Our next was a venture into the realm of politics, the subject for debate being "That the Future of Africa lies in the Hands of the Native Races." The motion was carried by a small majority.

Owing to the prevalence of 'flu no meetings were held during January. We opened our new session on 1st February with a subject that is much before the public—"Voluntary or Compulsory Military Service." The standard of debate was much higher than than of any previous meeting. The house, by a small majority, was in favour of compulsory military service. As the zeal for discussing political questions had by no means abated, our next subject was "Democracy versus Dictatorship." Despite the eloquence of the speakers in favour of democracy, dictatorship carried the house. An intelligent grasp of contemporary events and a decided admiration for political leaders, who get things done, were shown.

"That Germany should get back her Colonies" was the subject chosen, by general assent, for the next meeting. It gave rise to a lively and interesting debate. Enthusiasm ran rather high, and as a result some rather sweeping statements were made. On the whole, however, the level of debate was high. It was the opinion of the house that Germany should get back her Colonies.

It is to be hoped that the Debating Society will be of much benefit and interest to the Junior Division. Already a marked improvement in delivery is noted among the members,

J. GALLAGHER. Form, C.3.

## “CERTA BONUM CERTAMEN”

CATHOLIC Action is something above the individual, yet each individual is an indispensable part. Surrounded on all sides by a multitude of false doctrines, which are in many cases backed by the wealth of the nations, the Catholic must have an intimate and detailed knowledge of his religion. Mere passive Faith is no longer sufficient. The fight against Catholicism is being waged in every quarter of the world, and this city of ours yields to none in the bitterness of the struggle. No longer are non-Catholics satisfied with jeering at and insulting us. They have clever and plausible arguments to place before us and they have studied every art and trick that might possibly be effective in the contest. They dangle the monetary bait before the hungry eyes of poverty, they try to play the workingman against the Church, and mix nationalism with religion. As it is the duty of the educated Catholic to be able to account for the Faith that is in him and to understand clearly the Catholic view-point on controversial matters, it is up to him to increase his knowledge of those things, and one of the most effective ways of doing this is by becoming an active member of a Study Circle. The intellectual co-operation that is secured by the pooling of the knowledge and experience of a number of enthusiastic students, and the frank and friendly examination of each others' views by Catholic principles and in a Catholic atmosphere increases the interests of all and encourages all to become better acquainted with the apologetic side of Catholicity.

It may be objected that we can increase the knowledge of our Faith by hearing sermons, by reading Catholic papers, books and pamphlets. This is no doubt true, but yet these do not affect the individual as the Study Circle does, for the personal contact between members, the sharpening of one's wits by pitting them against those of one's fellow students, the knowledge obtained by the preparation of Papers for discussion, all tend to give one more practical information on social questions and train one at the same time to express one's views cogently and effectively. The Study Circle is the best training ground for the lay apostle whom Pope Pius XI considers the mainspring of Catholic Action; for the intelligent study of Papal Encyclicals and other such letters, under proper guidance, by an interested body of students increases the number of the laity who are capable of "participating in hierarchical apostolate."

Our particular Study Circle in St. Mary's, though in existence only two years, is in a vigorous and healthy state. Well attended meetings of enthusiastic and keenly interested members are held every Friday evening in the School and informative papers of a high standard are read. The discussions that follow are intelligent and enlightening. *Floreat!*

H. WATERS, Secretary.



# Programme of Students' Study Circle

for Senior Classes in St. Mary's Christian Brothers' School.

Chairman: SEAN CARSON. Secretary: HENRY WATERS.

SECOND YEAR.

## "CERTA BONUM CERTAMEN"

Meetings every Friday at 7.30 p.m. in School. First Term—Sept. to Dec., 1936

DOGMATIC COURSE—by Spiritual  
Director.

PAPERS—by Students.

THE CHURCH.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION.  
Encyclical "Rerum Novarum."

25th September, 1936.

1. The Church a Mystery. Its  
supernatural Character.

1. Statement of Social Problem.  
Causes thereof. *Henry McWhinney.*

2nd October, 1936.

2. The Mystic Body. Christ  
identifies Himself with His Church.

2. The Socialist Remedy—trans-  
ference of ownership to the State—  
rejected. Why? *Sean Carson.*

9th October, 1936.

3. The Church promised and hoped  
for in the Old Testament.

3. The Right to Private Property  
Established. A Natural Right—proved  
from the Nature of Man. In accord  
with the Natural and Divine Law.  
*Maurice McCavana.*

16th October, 1936.

4. The Founding of the Church.

4. Refutation of False Opinions:  
(a) The State can provide for all  
(b) The land is common to all  
*Patrick McLornan.*

## 23rd October, 1936.

5. The Church in Fulfilment. Acts of the Apostles. Tradition.

5. The Family a True Society. Rights of the Family. Right to Private Property proved from the Family. Duty of State towards Family. Undue State interference Mischievous.

*John McCann.*

## 30th October, 1936.

6. Identification of the Church The Notes — Unity, Catholicity, Holiness, Apostolicity.

6. The True Remedy—none without the influence of Religion and the Church. Inequalities inevitable. To suffer and to endure is the lot of Man. Class War wrong. *Brian Devitt.*

## 6th November, 1936.

7. Infallibility of the Church.

7. Duties of Working Man and Employer.

(a) On the part of the Workman.

(b) On the part of the Employer *Terence Charleton.*

## 13th November, 1936.

8. The Constitution of the Church.

8. The Church teaches the true value of things. Right use of money. Almsgiving. Poverty and work, not things to be ashamed of. True worth of man. *James Cunningham.*

## 20th November, 1936

9. Membership of the Church.

9. The Social action of the Church. The Witness of History. Church not concerned with soul alone. Care of the poor. *James Owens.*

## 27th November, 1936.

10. The Threefold Power of the Church.

10. Social action of the State. All interests must be safeguarded. Duties to Working Class. State Interference. Claims of Poor. Private Property to be safeguarded. Strikes to be prevented by remedial measures. *Seamus O'Reilly.*

## 4th December, 1936.

11. The Pope.

11. Spiritual Interests of the Workingman must be safeguarded. State regulation of Work. Living and Just Wage. Owning of Property to be encouraged. Good results of Ownership.

*Gerald Peyton.*

11th December, 1936,

12. The Roman Congregations.

12. Organisations of Employers and Employed. Benefits of these. Trade Unions. Right to form these Associations. Dangerous Associations to be avoided. Duties and activities of Associations. *Francis Park.*

SECOND TERM—January to March, 1937.

DOGMATIC COURSE—by Spiritual Director. PAPERS—by Students.

THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION.

Text: The Mystical Christ by Rev. John C. Gruden, S.T.L.

Encyclical "Quadragesimo Anno."

8th January, 1937.

1. The Catholic Church is a 'Body.'
  - (a) Analogy between Social Organisations and Human Bodies.
  - (b) St. Paul's conception of the Church as a "Body."

1. The Occasion of "Rerum Novarum." Its Chief Headings. Scope of the "Quadragesimo Anno." *George Burns.*

15th January, 1937.

2. The Church is the Body of Christ The general notion of the Church in the Synoptic Gospels.

2. Benefits due to "Rerum Novarum." What has been done (A) by the Church in the matter of teaching, in practical application. (B) by the Civil Authority. *Seamus Cregg.*

22nd January, 1937.

3. The Church is the Body of Christ. (contd.) Notion of this in the Epistles of St. Paul.

3. Benefits due to "Rerum Novarum." (contd.) What has been done (C) by the parties concerned: (a) Workingmen's Unions. (b) Associations of Employers. The R.N. the Magna Charta of the Social Order.

*Gerard Cannon.*

29th January, 1937.

4. The Church is the Mystical Body of Christ. Meaning of the term "Mystical Body of Christ."

4. Authority of the Church in Social and Economic Spheres. The right of property, obligations of ownership, the power of the State, obligations regarding surplus income, titles in acquiring ownership. *Thomas Woodhouse.*

## 5th February, 1937.

5. Jesus Christ the Head of the Church. St. Paul's notion of Christ the Head and Source of Supernatural Life. The Church the fullness of Christ.

5. Capital and Labour. Unjust claims of (a) capital, (b) labour Principle of just distribution. Uplifting of the proletariat. Proletarian conditions and property. *James Crilly.*

## 12th February, 1937.

6. The Mystical Christ. The Mystical Christ identical with the Church. (a) In the Epistles of St. Paul. (b) In the writings of the Fathers of the Church.

6. A Just Wage. Three points to be considered: (a) Support of the workingman and his family, (b) state of business, (c) the needs of the common good. *Pearse McGrath.*

## 19th February, 1937.

7. Christ and the Church in the writings of St. John. (a) In the Apocalypse. (b) In his Gospel and first Epistle.

7. The Reconstruction of the Social Order. Collaboration between vocational groups. The restoration of a guiding principle. *Charles McGettigan.*

## 26th February, 1937.

8. Doctrine of the Mystical Body in the Writings of the Fathers. The Apostolic Fathers — St. Clement, St. Ignatius. Fathers of the 2nd Century, St. Irenaeus.

8. The change in economic conditions. Domination has followed from free competition. Disastrous consequences. Remedies. *Anthony Gartlan.*

## 5th March, 1937.

9. In the Fathers and Ecclesiastical Writers of the 3rd and 4th centuries. Origen, Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. Athanasius, St. Hilary, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. John Chrysostom.

9. The changes in socialism (a) The more violent—communism; (b) the more moderate—Socialism. Its attitude on class-warfare and property. No middle course possible. Catholic and Socialist contradictory. *Archie Flood.*

## 12th March, 1937.

10. In the Fathers of the 5th century—St. Cyril of Alexandria, St. Augustine.

10. The root of Social disorder—Moral renovation—Ruin of Souls—Cause of this. *Patrick Delargy.*

## 19th March, 1937.

11. The Inner Supernatural Life of the Church, the Principal Constituent of the Mystical Body. The Mystical Body and the Communion of Saints.

11. Remedies: (a) Economic life must be inspired by Christian principles. (b) The law of charity must operate. A difficult task. Course to be followed. Intimate union and harmony necessary. *Joseph Connell.*

### THIRD TERM—Easter to Summer, 1937.

DOGMATIC COURSE—by Spiritual Director. PAPERS—by Students.

#### THE MYSTERIES OF CHRIST

#### CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION

Text: Christ in His Mysteries.  
Abbot Marmion.

Encyclical: "Divini Redemptoris" on  
Atheistic Communism.

#### 9th April, 1937.

1. The Mysteries of Christ are our Mysteries. Advent Christmastide, Epiphany, and Presentation in Temple

1. Attitude of the Church towards Communism. Communism in Theory and Practice. Spread of Communism explaining sad consequences in the world.  
*Leonard Smyth.*

#### 16th April, 1937.

2. Septuagesima, Sexagesima, Quinquagesima and Lent.

2. Doctrines of the Church in contrast—God the Supreme Reality. Man and family according to reason and Faith. Beauty of Church's Doctrine. Alleged conflict between Doctrine and Practice.  
*Thomas Boyd.*

#### 23rd April, 1937.

3. Passiontide and Holy Week. "Christ loved the Church and delivered Himself up that He might sanctify it."

3. Defensive and Constructive Programme. Renewal of Christian Life. Fundamental Remedy — Detachment from worldly goods. Christian Charity. Duty of strict Justice. Social Study and Propaganda. Distrust of Communist Tactics. Prayer and Penance.  
*Brendan O'Callaghan.*

#### 30th April, 1937.

4. Pascal time. Ascension. Corpus Christi. Feast of the Sacred Heart. "You are risen with Christ."

4. Ministers and Co-Workers in Catholic Social Action. Priests. Catholic Action. Homogeneous Groups. Appeal to Catholic Workers. Need of Uuity among Catholics. Duties of the Christian State.  
*Hugh O'Neill.*

#### 7th May, 1937.

5. Pentecost and after. The Mission of the Holy Spirit;

5. General Discussion on Subject to be appointed,

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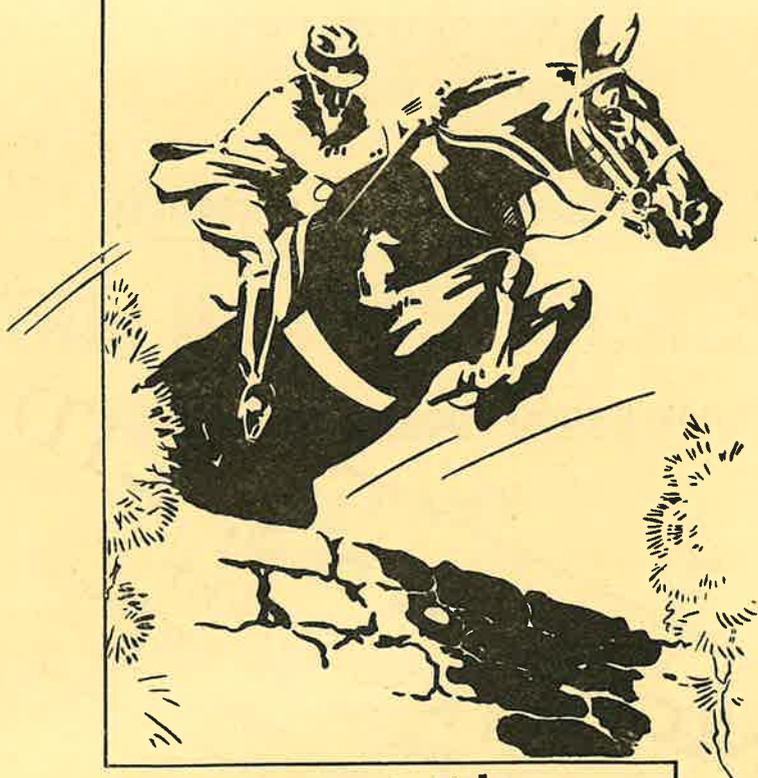
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