



THE SUMMARIAN

ST. MARY'S  
CHRISTIAN BROS.  
SCHOOL  
BELFAST

1938.

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

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*May, 1938.*

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Published by J. WOODS & CO.,  
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For  
ST. MARY'S CHRISTIAN BROS. SCHOOL, BELFAST.

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1938.

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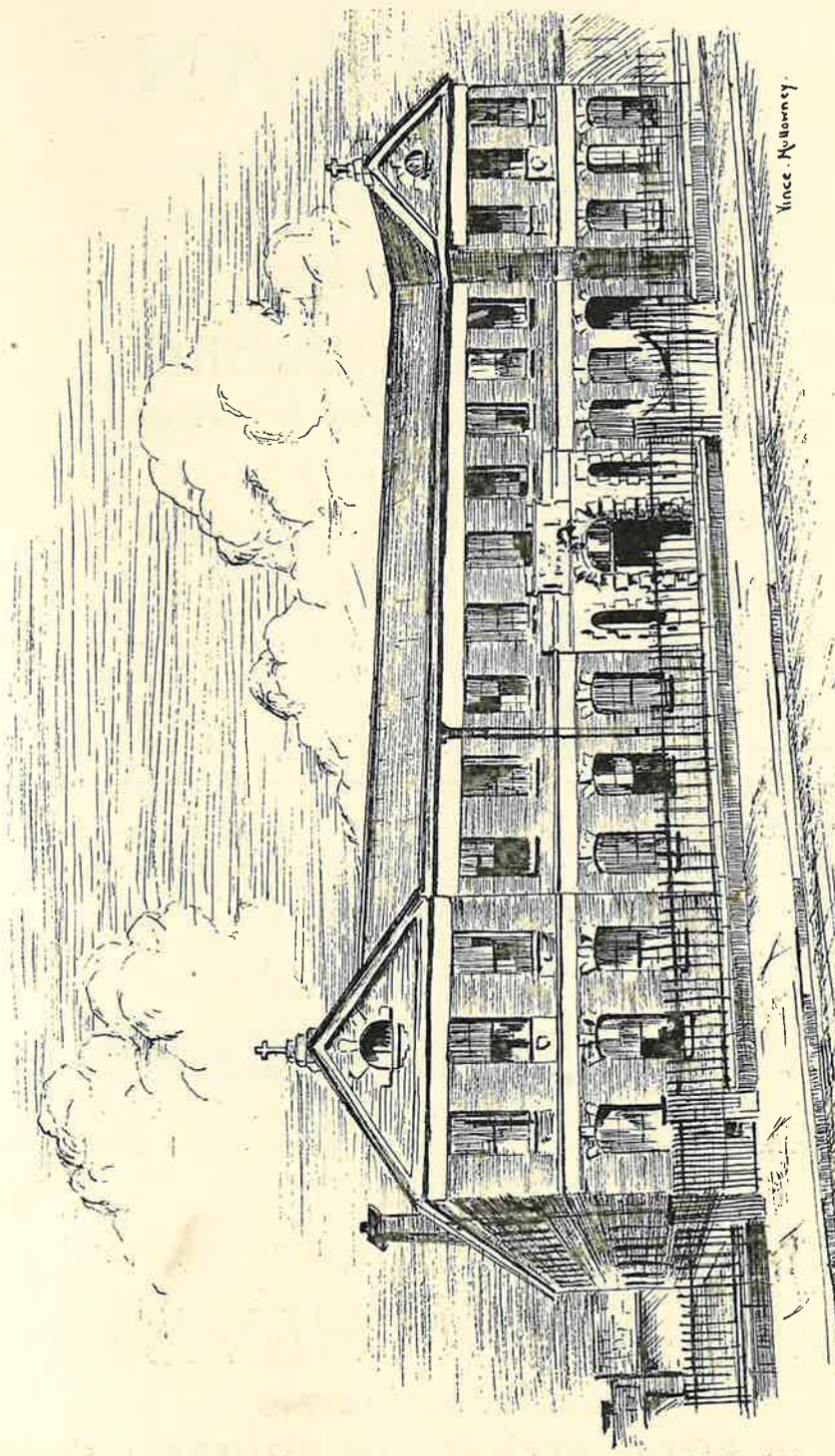
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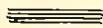
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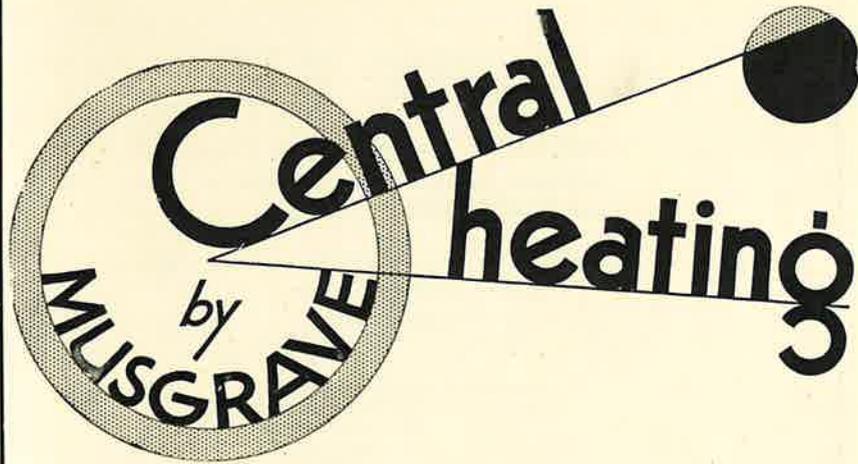
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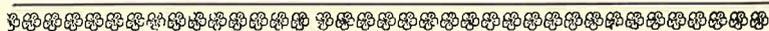
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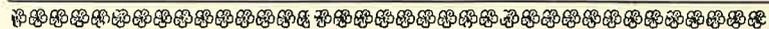
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# SIMMARIAN MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1938.

## Editorial.

Caution, reader, remember the words of Wordsworth—  
"Scorn not the sonnet; critic, you have frowned  
Mindless of its just honours."

Thus, with cautious step and wary eye, we venture once more into the whirling seas of literature. Perhaps in our midst, is some mute Milton, Shakespeare or Byron. Perhaps a Dickens or a Scott wanders aimlessly through our hallowed halls. Maybe, even a Rembrandt strolls unnoticed or a Bairnsfather sketches masterpieces in some secluded spot. Thus, we endeavour to give our contributors, as yet uninitiated into the mysteries of journalism, a worthy baptism into the literary world.

We but try to please. Be not harsh upon our humble efforts. We are quite aware of the tradition we have to live up to, even though this is but the third edition of the "Simmarian." It is to the credit of our predecessors that the "Simmarian" has reached so high a level, and therefore, it is in the words of the world-famous poet, we ask you not to scorn the Magazine or its ardent contributors. Even Wordsworth was a boy imbued with high ambitions.

No mere utilitarian spirit, no iron binding of the mind to grim realities, will give a harsh tone to our "Simmarian." We aspire to live in the affections of all. We hope to be the comrade of many people, of all ages and conditions, on whose faces we may never look. We endeavour to show all, that in all familiar things, even in those which are repellant on the surface, there is a joy if we will find it out;—to teach the hardest workers at this whirling wheel of toil, that their lot is not necessarily moody, brutal fact, excluded from the sympathies and graces of imagination; to bring back memories to the old boys and stir the imaginations of our successors—is the main object of the "Simmarian." It will not be echoes of the present time alone but of the past too.

In this issue, we are very pleased to record that a section of the Magazine has been entrusted to the members of the Old Boys' Association. Some are very old boys and are veering on the "Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans hair, sans everything" stage, but many are not so old. So, in this issue, we present what might be termed a medley of literary efforts and our only regret is that we cannot give our elders full scope to show their prowess, but we are publishing a School Magazine, not an encyclopaedia.

The adventurer in the old fairy tale, when climbing towards the summit of a steep hill, was surrounded by a roar of voices crying to him to turn back. All the voices we hear cry to go on. So, we do, or at least, try to do. "Hope springs eternal." Therefore, unabashed, we struggle on, hoping, aye, just hoping.

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## Historical Belfast.

In a city so comparatively young as Belfast the visitor may not unreasonably expect to find little historically interesting. He may not expect relics of antiquity, for Belfast is essentially a modern city, its story being mainly one of industrial progress, extending back no further than to the last century.

In 1660, it contained only five streets: High Street, Bridge Street, North Street, Skipper Street, and Waring Street. Yet at that time it was described as a very large town, and the greatest trading centre in the North of Ireland. Then, the shop and the home were one. Not so now. Though to-day imposing shops line the principal streets, the merchant and shopkeeper is not content to live over his place of business but erects for himself a comfortable mansion on the outskirts of the city.

Although Belfast as a town has no ancient history, a reference to certain events, which took place centuries ago on the spot where the city now stands, may be deemed of interest.

Belfast derives its name from "Beal-fearsad"—the mouth of the ford of the sand-bank—the name given to the lowest ford of the Lagan before it entered the sea. It was marked by a sandbank which had probably helped materially to make the river fordable just there. A tributary brook called the Farsat, taking its name from the sandbank, flowed eastwards into the Lagan at the ford. This brook in ancient times widened at its mouth into a little harbour near the present Albert Memorial. It still runs down High Street, though beneath the pavement. Bridge Street marks the site of an old Bridge over the little stream. The ford over the Lagan was afterwards replaced by the Long Bridges which crossed the river by a long row of piles. In the "Annals of the Four Masters" there is a battle mentioned as the battle of Fearsat; the Fearsat here spoken of being evidently at Bel-Fearsat, now Belfast.

In 1177 a Norman knight, John De Courcy, held possession of the counties of Antrim and Down and built what was the first Castle of Belfast. It is impossible to trace the history of the place, at least as a town, until the reign of Edward II., at which period the native Irish fired by the oppressions of the English, invited the Scots under Edward Bruce, 1316, to invade Ireland. Landing at Olderfleet, near Larne, with 6,000 men, and, having been joined by the Irish chiefs, Bruce fell upon the English settlements, and the town and castle of Belfast were destroyed.

In 1503, Gerald, Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy of Ireland, made an expedition into Ulster and destroyed the Castle of Belfast. It was fully restored and occupied by the O'Neills, but was again destroyed in 1512, by Kildare on a second incursion into the North. This fortress seems to have been the scene of many a sanguinary encounter, having been frequently taken and re-taken during this troublesome period. It may be noted here that the native Irish never took kindly to stone fortresses. An Irish chieftain of the reign of Elizabeth remarked that "it was contrary to his nature to live behind cold walls while the woods were so near." Sir Walter Scott, in Scotland echoes the same feeling in one of his books: "It is better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep."

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In 1604 there was a grant to Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Deputy of Ireland, of the town, manor, and Castle of Belfast, with much of the adjacent territory forfeited by the O'Neills of Clandeboyne. At this time Belfast was a mere village of a few scattered huts on the margin of the Lough, near the ford, and clustering for protection about the Castle; the population at that time amounting to about 500. The Ford, the Castle, and the Church formed the three distinguishing features of the place which made the locality known in early times.

In 1611 upon or near the site occupied by former castles, Sir Arthur Chichester built a stately palace which was the glory and the beauty of the town. This castle was the last of the fortified ones to hold and control the pass of the ford. It was burned in 1708 through the supposed carelessness of a servant, three daughters of Arthur, 3rd Earl of Donegall being burned to death.

The Castle stood in the middle of an extensive garden, between what is now Donegall Place and Corn Market; many names in the locality, as Castle Place, Castle Street, and Castle Lane are sufficient to show where it was situated.

It may be interesting to know how some of Belfast's principal streets got their names. "Cow Lane," now Victoria Street, was where the cows were driven through when they were to graze on the Strand Ground, and Goose Lane, now North Street, was named for a similar reason. Skipper Street was where the "skippers" or captains of the vessels lived, and it was then close to the docks. Bank Lane was once known as the "Bank of the River." Fountain Street was once called "Water Street," as it was there that the fountains were, which once supplied the town with water. Hercules Street, now Royal Avenue, was named after Sir Hercules Langford, and Sugar House Entry from the sugar-refining industry carried on there. It was to one of the houses of this entry that the dead body of Henry Joy McCracken was carried by his friends after he was hanged at the Market House in Cornmarket in 1798. On a tombstone over his sister's grave in the cemetery between Henry Place, the entrance to Victoria Barracks and the Antrim Road, may be read the following inscription: "Wept at her brother's scaffold." Corn Market was once called the "Shambles." It was a favourite place for butchers' shops, and from the Plough Hotel the last of the mail coaches ran to Dublin.

One of the most curious names remains with us in "The Donegall Pass." There was no road at one time between the Dublin and Ormeau Roads, but Lord Donegall opened six wide avenues through the woods, and they were known as the passes. Donegall Pass alone keeps the old name.

The Falls Road got its name from the Irish words, "Tuath-na-bhfa," district of the falls or hedges. Waring Street was named from Thomas Waring, who had tanneries there in 1645.

Within easy reach of Belfast are several places of historical interest. The first place worthy of mention is naturally "Cave Hill." The Cave Hill, known in ancient times as "Ben Madigan," is a prominent feature in the district from whatever position it is viewed, and one which is sure to impress a visitor on approaching Belfast by steamer. The fort-like prominence which may be seen from Donegall Place, is named Mac Art's Fort, probably from some O'Neill. The name appears again in Ballymacarret (The town of Mac Art). It was here on the crowning peak of Mac Art's Fort that Wolfe Tone, Thomas Russell, Samuel Neilson and other leaders met previous to the stirring times of '98, and registered a solemn vow that they would never rest until Ireland

would be free. Along the base of the cliffs and in the great hollow, called the Giant's Punchbowl, immediately in front of the first cave is said to have occurred a great battle between the Savage and MacGilmore clans in the fifteenth century.

Almost within hearing of Belfast's clanging trams is perhaps the most impressive prehistoric rath in Ireland, the Giant's Ring. It is situated on high ground about four miles from Belfast on the County Down side of the Lagan beyond Shaw's Bridge. This prehistoric remains is one of the most remarkable raths and structures of ancient Ireland, which are the more interesting because so little is known regarding them. The Giant's Ring is not far from Drumbo, where there exists the lower portion of a Round Tower. It is remarkable for its size and for the presence of a monument called the Druid's Altar inside its ramparts. It is two hundred and fifty yards across, and its enclosing banks are fifteen feet high and seventy-seven feet wide at the base. They were not dug out of the surrounding ground, but composed of small stones carried there. There is no surrounding ditch. It appears, therefore, that the ring was erected for commemoration rather than defence. This theory was further strengthened by excavation which disclosed burnt bones under the monument, showing that some one had been buried there in the distant past. But no pottery, bones, or worked utensils were found in the ring, although a large quantity of bones have from time to time been discovered outside. The ring therefore did not enclose a town, for, if so, broken pots, animal bones, and tools or weapons would have been found. The conclusion is that this was a sacred enclosure round a hero's grave. There are seven sections in the rampart, which may indicate that the person buried under the Druid's Altar, ruled over a confederation of seven tribes. The Druid's Altar consists, like most such monuments, of two lines of upright stones supporting one massive stone laid tablewise, but usually at a slant over the top. The monument has nothing to do with altars or druids, but is meant to indicate the burial place of a great chief.

Between Belfast and Carrickfergus were at one time several small castles, perhaps hardly more than fortified houses. There was one at Whitehouse, perhaps so called from the slabs of white oak which formed part of its walls. A similar colouring may have given rise to the name of Whiteabbey.

Thus, though comparatively new, as a town, Belfast is nevertheless rich in historical associations. Its towering buildings, immense factories and belching smoke stacks, may remind one of industrial England, but cannot take away its native position. The unnatural division of our country has perhaps cut us off from our fellow countrymen, but Mac Art's Fort, Ligoniel, Ballymacarrett, etc., will ever serve to remind us that we too share in the glorious and minstrel heritage of the Gael.

D. DIFFIN, D. I.

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## From Ballynick To Broadway.

A SCIENTIFIC ODYSSEY RELATED BY ANDY ESLER, N.T.

Maybe ye never heard tell of Ulysses Grant?

Aye, or maybe ye never heard tell of Wullie Thompson either till they gave him a title and called him Lord Kelvin?

Well, Ulysses never got a title, but the day is coming when ye'll have to agree with me that he was a bigger man nor Kelvin. It's only in his own townland of Ballynick that a wheen of scoffers persist in mocking him and his achievements. But that is always the way: a prophet is without honour in his own country.

Now I want to tell ye something about the man and his work, and why he is so famous in America and England and other foreign parts and almost unknown in his own country. And if yez is not completely deludhered with talking pictures and white bread, and Government inspectors, and runnin' the streets bareheaded, like the most people that's going nowadays, yez'll think shame of yersels and do something to commemorate his memory in his own country.

I taught him all he ever learnt at school, from his A-B-C up to the third book of Euclid, and I'm proud to say that I first set his feet on the path to Fame. He said as much himself after he came back from America the first time. I had retired by then with nothing to do all day but sit on the bridge and listen to the neighbours complainin' about the way their weans were being spoiled at school.

"Makin' putty pigs they ate," says big Dan O'Rourke, "instead of learnin' the Rule o' Three and Alligation. If they had to walk three or four miles barefut for the larnin' wi' their penny a week an' two turf they'd have less time for that sort o' nonsense!"

Ulysses was sittin' there too, and says he:

"True for you Dan. When I left the master here I knew the Geography of the whole world. There didn't seem to be a place left where the word 'Unexplored' could be written, and so my mind turned to the new world that was being discovered just then, the world of Science."

Man, I never was as proud of anything, barrin' the day Nellie—that's my goat—(a pure bred Nubian)—took first prize at Ballymena show.

He had hardly left school when he started the inventing. And the first thing he invented—and mind ye this was 40 years ago—was a kind of electric hare. Only, of course it wasn't electric. He turned the frame of a bicycle upside-down in big Dan O'Rourke's lea field and tied a rope to the back wheel. At the other end of the rope he had a hare skin stuffed with hay. Wee Paddy O'Rourke turned the pedals and off went the hare up the field. Two greyhounds were slipped about 20 yards behind it and the race was on. Wee Paddy pedalled away for dear life and just managed to keep the hare in front of the leading dog. The excitement was tremendous, for half the townland had bets on the result. Unfortunately Ulysses had forgotten to provide an escape for the hare, with the result that while one dog pulled the stuffing out of it the other pulled the corduroy pants off wee Paddy.

Boys, that was a scene ! One half the crowd looking to be paid their bets and the other half arguing the toss, and big Dan, who was making a book and stood to lose a power of money, roaring like a bull : " Nae race ! Nae race ! A' bets aff ! "

I daresay these difficulties could have been circumvented, but on the next Sabbath the sermon in First Ballynick was on " The Evils of Gambling," and that put an end to that.

The next thing he tried his hand at was a mechanical drum-beater for Ballynick L.O.L. 101. With a couple of cams on a rotating shaft he made a machine that made the nicest noise ye ever heard. The Lodge was that proud of it they challenged the Buckna Lodge to a drumming contest. But lo ! and behold ye, didn't the machine work that well that it burst the drum. Mind ye, the Lodge wasn't too pleased at havin' to buy a new drum for the Twelfth.

Howanever, Ulysses lived that down in a year or two, and then the next thing he made was a phonograph, and, dear but that was the unfortunate venture too.

Him and me had spent an afternoon in his father's hay loft, and while I melted down half a pound of candles he made a mould by putting a wee cocoa tin inside a bigger one. Then he poured the wax into the space between the two tins and left it to set. When it was hard he cut what he called a " sound-track " on the wax cylinder.

He was courtin' Sadie Carson at the time, and of course he had to tell her about the phonograph, and she insisted that he should make a record of her singing. Well, whether it was the fault of the phonograph or whether it was just Sadie's natural singing voice—I can't say. At any rate when she heard it she broke off the engagement. I won't say she did wrong for the Carson's is very decent people—they give me free grazing for the goat, and that means something to an old schoolmaster with very little of a pension. But Ulysses took it very badly, and in a month's time off he went to America.

I lost touch with him the 25 years he was away but he told me himself that he worked for a big telephone company in New York. He must have done well in it too for when he came back there wasn't much about electricity and wireless and suchlike that he didn't know. Of course there's ones here that say the nearest he got to America was seeing the tender sailing from Derry, but that's just envy. For when he came home he seemed to have plenty of money. He built himself a nice bungalow with a big shed attached to it that he called his laboratory—but mostly he used it as a garage, because at first he seemed to have lost heart with the experimenting. But it was only " seemed " for all the time his mind was working on a big idea that was to be a landmark in the history of science.

You'd see him whiles up by the moat, or along the river scribbling on bits of paper, then he'd go off to Belfast to consult the Scientific journals, he said, and maybe he'd be away two or three days. Of course the neighbours couldn't understand a man working like that. To them work was something you did with your hands, not with your head. And because big Dan O'Rourke used to go off on a spree now and then they said Ulysses did the same. But he proved them wrong in the end.

He confided to me that he was badly in debt. The apparatus for his experiments had cost a fortune, he said. He had put his creditors off with promises of payment as soon as he would have perfected his new invention. Finally, they would wait no

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longer, and, although he wasn't quite ready, he had invited them to Ballynick for the first public demonstration of the "Grant Telegnometer," as he called it. "I may not be quite ready, says he to me the evening before, "but I'll show them enough to surprise them." I have a copy of the type-written document he asked me to distribute to them on the afternoon they assembled in his garage—or laboratory, I should say. The world spread round the country, and every man, woman and child that wasn't engaged in lint-pulling was there too.

Here is the document :

"It has been pointed out that light travelling from a distant star to the earth may take several years to reach our planet. An inhabitant of a star, distant 20 light years from the earth, who possessed suitable apparatus for viewing our world would at this moment see events which took place 20 years ago. By passing further and further out into space it would be possible to retrace the entire course of history. This, I hope, to be able to do before many years have passed. In the meantime I have concentrated on the simpler problem of recapturing the comparatively slow-moving sound waves which have left the earth. By using electron radiation accelerated by suitable electric fields to set up new sources of disturbance in the escaping sound wave, coupled with proper detectors and amplifiers, I have recaptured sounds believed to have been lost to the earth."

Brave words them ! Aye, and mind ye, he actually had done it. As he explained to me on the night before the meeting, the voltage of the local power supply set a limit of about 50 years to the length of time he could go back and that didn't satisfy him. For the demonstration experiment he planned to go back 6,000 years into history. The result of this, he said, would rid the world of theological controversy. What great voice he meant to overhear he did not say. Maybe it's as well for us not to know. Anyway his fame and fortune depended on the result.

We were quare and excited as we gathered into the big shed on that warm, close August afternoon. I distributed the copies of statement I have just quoted for you and Ulysses made a bit of a speech. He told us, as well as I can mind, that to get a big enough power of electricity he was going to use a flash of lightning. He himself was going to the danger post in a wee hut built on to the back of the garage, where he kept the secret part of the apparatus.

He then left us and we sat and waited and stared at the big loud-speaker sitting on a table in front of us. I thought we must have waited for hours with ne'r a sound in the shed except an odd crackle from the loud-speaker and a snore from Dan O'Rourke, who had fallen asleep with the heat. It got that warm that I thought I was going to suffocate when eventually the storm broke. There were a few peals of thunder in the distance followed by rumbles from the loud-speaker, but nothing very intelligible, barring once, something that might have been Latin. Then all of a sudden a flash of lightning seemed to hit the shed. There was a roar from the loud-speaker that made big Dan nearly fall off his chair, and then —silence.

We sat for a moment, plain thunderstruck. Then thinking maybe Ulysses was hurt I ran round to the hut. But it was empty. Even the secret apparatus was gone.

I never heard the true story of what happened. I can only put two and two together. Ulysses likely hadn't the invention right finished and sooner than face his creditors he took the opportunity to clear out. I believe he went back to America where he became famous because Johnny Simpson of this townland, who ran away to sea, told me of a great monument erected to him in New York called "Grant's Tomb."

RANN NA FEIRSE. MAR CONNACTAS TOMH É.

Cuairim ar thí céad bliadhain ó foin, ní raib comnuide ar bit i Rann na Feirse. U'e an cead fear a munn comnuide ann, fear apb ainn uó Seán Ó Smanna, a táinig irteac ar an Tearmonn. Mangaire a bí ann a bí ag riubal ó áit go h-áit le paca ag uíol a cúro earrat. Ní raib bailte móra ar bit ran áit ran am acé rean éarán a bí ag coir na fairrige. Uí fearrraro ar Saot-Uóbdair agur ceann eile ar Saot na Uirágao agur an baile reo ag sabail amac i lár roir an dá fearrraro. Sanncuig ré an baile reo mar áit comnuide. Cuairt ré cuig an tigearna agur ceannuig ré an áit ar cúig púnta agur cúg reillinge de éior bliadhna. Rinn ré epó toige ann agur cuairt a comnuide ann agur éug Rann-na-Feirse mar ainn aip.

Pór ré bean 'e Daoigeallaic ar Inuir 'ic a' Duirn. Uí riat uaisneac ran áit leobta réim agur éug Seán leir a dearbátaip Pátruig le cuirteacá a coinneáil leir agur éug a bean léite a dearbátaip réim agur rin an uóig a ucáinig na Daoigeallaig na h-áite reo. Táinig fear 'e Uálaic anrrin agur pór ré nigean Seán agur éug Seán reiall talaim mar rpré uo n-a nigin. Rinn pí réim agur an Uálaic teac ar an talaim reo agur cuairt a comnuide ann agur rin an uóig a ucáinig na Uálaig 'na h-áite. Sa uóig céadna táinig fear re Sallóbdair, agur fear 'e Cloinn Ó Duibeanaig agur munn comnuide ann. U'e rin an cead line daoine i Rann-na-Feirse. Anoip tá curto mór treibeanna ann. Cuairt curto de'n line amac agur éug irteac rtráinréipí leo 'na baile

'San am reo ní raib carraic ná cloic le feiceáil ar a' baile, acé bí an rannairde ann a ba veire a téipeá i riubal lae agur é uilig cumnuighe le crainn riumair. Toirigeac a rann an baile agur a gearrao ruar an talaim agur b'éirean na crainn u'lig a gearrao. Rinneac aóbar teineac de na crainn agur an áit a mbeac ríota mar aómaro coinneócpairde é ra coinne ruo ní ba fóirrimige. Píro am, reac an t-aómaro agur toirigeac a baint mónao. Cíor i n-foctar a' baile a toirigeac ar túr, áit a ucustar ó'n lá rin go ucí an lá mruí, "Áro na mónao" ar. Uí an talaim ní b'fean ar an taob éiar de'n baile ná bí ré ar an taob coir. Dá bpiúg rin rannao an baile 'na dá cúro. Conghuig an taob éiar an t-ainm a bí aip agur Carraic an Cúill an t-ainm a tucao ar an taob coir acé mar rin réim bí Rann-na-Feirse aip i rcomnuide. Annran rannao an taob éiar na thí cúro. Tucao lár an baile ar cúro de, tóim an baile ar cúro eile agur na h-Deairí ar an rriomaó cúro.

Tá bealaic mór 'na píe píro Rann-na-Feirse, amac píro Loc-na-n-Deorán, agur amac 'na Clocáin-Léite. Téigean bódar eile píro an éaonán, a éis amac ar an bealaic mór aip. Tá an fairrige ar taob amáin de'n áit agur ar an taob eile tá na pléibte agur éaragal. Tá an áit ionganacá rarp ar rat. Tá carraiceacá le feiceáil ar rae áip—carraiceacá móra rroma.

Anoip tá Rann-na-Feirse ar ceann de na h-áiteacá ip fearr i n-éiminn le uo cúro laete-raoine a éarceam ann, ná, com mar le veit álunn, agur pláimteamail. pí an raeualtaic ip ream i n-éiminn agur tá rtoic na raeuile ac munnin na h-áite. Mar rin de, éaic mire mo cúro laete-raoine ann dá uain agur ní éiréócainn curreac de a coiróe. Cuairt mé cuig Tíreona'ill ar an rraen. Caítear áipac

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traenaic a d'eanam as an tSráic Dán agus as Leicticeanaimn. I n-oiaró Leicticeanaimn a fásáil, bí mé i tSráicnauil i gceart. Uos an traen léite níor go Cill Mhic Néanaim, agus ar rin go tóí an Craoirlac. D'iméig ní léite roim tar Saot-Doibair agus riar go Cnoc-Flige. Seo an áit is giorra do Rann-na-Feirte. Bí burannas agus gluairteáin annsin as fanacé leir na daoine a tabairt amac 'na Coláirte (ná is éun na Coláirte a bí mé as sabail, mé féin agus an rgarite a bí liom ar an traen).

Ar rcor ar bí, bain mé an Coláirte amac fá d'heicéad agus h-innreac dom cé'n teac a rab mé le beicé ann ar fead na míora. Táinis garúr ós fá mo tabairt 'un toige agus fíneamar linn ar mbeirte agus mo mála asam ar iomcár. Oirde deap éim d'ora a bí ann i mí an lúil. Ní rab fáil asam móran a feiceáil an oirde rin. Bí poluir le feiceáil asam éall agus i b'pof ríto an áit agus éiofraó liom cormán na fairsige móite a éluirctin amac uaim. Daineamar an teac amac. Cuairt an garúr beas irteac agus mire na óiaró. Bí faicéior oim, ná ní rab móran Saotilge asam an uair rin. Anuar le bean a' toige a éur fáilte nomam. "Sé do beata, a mic. Sab ar o'asat. Suiró irteac 'na teinead annsin agus deán do goraó. Cneirim go b'fuil tú tuirpeac i n-oiaró o'arcar. Déit an tae néitó tuic i gciann bomaite." Agus leosa is mé féin a bí tuirpeac agus ocrac forca, ná cuirpeann an t-aei : Rann-na-Feirte soile g'éar ar óuine. Táinis daoine eile 'un a' toige forca agus nuair bí ar gcuir deánta asann éuaómar uilig a luige.

Ar an lá tar na dánaic, o'éirig mé go moó. Maroin deap fam-paró a bí inné. Dáin fé cupla bomaite nó mar rin aram cuim-niúac cá rab mé. Connaic mé an t-eargal uaim. Ní rab ceo ar bí ar a dáir agus méar mé go mbéad amreap maic asainn. Cuairt na daoine uilig ruar 'na Coláirte níor fuide anonn ra lá. Fuarmar uilig maílaic agus cineál reannmóra ra éinne na míora. I n-oiaró an Coláirte a fásáil éoirig mé a b'heacniúac na tíre. Bí toigé beasa ceannroigeat r'gabéa tar ar 'adán taob de'n Coláirte. Tá na daoine uilig rial agus flaitéamail. Is cuma cé'n teac a éuairt mé irteac ann, ruair mé r'arac na fáilte i n'ac ceann aca. Ríto an lá bíonn na r'ir amuis as obair. Acé nuair a éiseap an oirde c'ruinnigean an teaglac irteac agus b'féioir daoine de éuro na comarrann. Níl ruo ar bí ioncúra le oirde áirneáil. Cuairt mire mé féin oirde amáin go teac móir ainneáil. Cuirtead céat míle fáilte nomam agus éuairt mé irteac. Bí c'rtinead móir fairsirig ann agus teime maic mónaó tíor. Tuar ra éluóac, bí rean-bean beas fá na curo r'ruaise gile na r'uirde as r'réaluirdeac fá Cúculainn agus na f'anna. Bí bean a' toigé gnoiteac fá'n teac agus r'ar a' toigé as cóirniúac a éuro eanac. Bí an teac lán eanar ós agus rean agus 'adán duine as éirteac leir an r'éal. Agus ba b'ead amac an r'éal agus ba b'eadéa an r'éaluirde. Nuair a bí r'í néitó leir, h-iarraó ar óuine éigin amán a rab. Toirig fé ar "Stoicé na b'Fian." O'éirig a glór binn r'ruamóa r'íto an éuineap. Ba maic an t-a m'ir áuirde é ran ammar. Duair an r'roileóim ruar r'ronacán ann-ran agus éoirig an taor ós a dáirra. Nuair o'éirig fé mall éoirig na daoine a o'iméacé na baile agus éuairt mire leo.

Tá raócal éuairt anróirdeac as muinntear Rann na Feirte. Níl an talam go nó maic, cionn 'r é beicé mó-éioac, agus is beas báin a baintear ar. Acé caiteann na r'ir an móir-éuro de n-a gcuir ama

a5 iarsairheact ar an fairsige. Iarsairí atá iní na fíri uilig agus ír ionúda oíóce éruaró, fuar a éaircear riad amuis ar an fairsige móir. I tairéaró a react a élog réaróann uime na báraf a feiceáil agus iad a5 sabail amac fíro an báise ruar éarí Saóé Uóbarí agus amac na fairsige. Éis riad ar air so luac ar maróin agus bíonn riad a5 obair ar an talam fíro an lá. So minic oibhúseann na mná ra éaró-rán agus téiseann na páirtí leo. Ar nóise caiteann na páirtí an éuro ír mó de 'n a sruo ama a5 buacailleact an eallais. Deantar muirinead agus éraénae agus éloga uóirlinge a bailuáó ar an éraíe. Cuirtear tuise ar na toigéirí leir an muirinead. Téiseann na fíri anonn so h Albain ra éoinne an fósámar. 'Sé reo ceann de na rúighe beata ír tábaécaise a5 na daoine. Iní na cuibhinn cuirtear pheadaí agus corice, agus eorina agus ar nóise leiscear to'n fíarí fáir fá éoinne an eallais i ré an éairíró.

Ói cupla lá fluic agann i ré na míora aet ampear máit ír mó abí agann. Agus de bhí an ampear a beir com máit rín éuaró mé a ríam so minic. Connac mé móran éraíseannaí aet ní fáca mé a leitéro de éraíe amam ríome agus tá : Rann-na-Feirte. Tá ré míle ar fat, ar a laáó agus nuair tá an lán mara éraíe tá ré cupla céaró ríac ar leítear. Tá an saeann bog buiré agus ír deap furar ríubal air. Nuair bíó ré lán éirínn ríam breaé. Agus ír annam a béaró an t-uirce fuar, ar reor ar bíe mó-fuar. Ír deap ríubal ó céann so ceann na éraíe. Bíonn na báraf feirteíe i searrais ann-reo agus annruo. Tá é-na-nóise éarí a5 ceann na éraíe. Tá reoil, teac-a'-Pobail agus reairín Sára Síócéana ann agus éis ná ré ríoraf forca.

Ói ré a5 éiríe mall. D'éisean uóim píllearó 'un toise. An oíóce rín i Céiróe Móir ra Coláirte. Ói ré le beir ann ón a hoct so ré a h-aon a élog ar maróin. Ói na daoine óra uris ann agus muinntir na toigéirí forca. Nuair éam míre an Coláirte amac bí uamra ar ríubal agus bí ré ná react éramí ó céann so ceann an halla, ar an uráir. Níl aon ruo ír deire ná uamra Saébealae fá éanam i searic a5 Saéóil. Stao an ceol. D'airí fearí a' toise ar éairín amíam a éabaric. Éis rí amíam binn, ceolmar. Ói ré aóirínn breaé aicí. Ói mé a5 breaénuáó an ríaricte a bí ann. Ói reanóaine ann, bí calíní óra deara, buacailí a5 camte leo agus sarúraf óra éorca a b'feairí leo ríup a éanam ná uamra. D'éiríe fearí a' toise agus ríaric ré "Corí na Síóéóe." D'éiríe na rínnce-óirí arí. Ói 'ácan uime ar a ríamín ríult. Ói móran céiróe ra Coláirte i ré na míora agus Céiróe Móir 'áca'n reactíam.

D'éisean uóim uú ar reoil 'áca 'n maróin. Fuairí mé ríealca agus cora camte agus rean éolaf annrín. Bíó Johné Séamuirín agus aóórafí Párafí aóórafí, aóórafí Míeí aóórafí agus Seán Nán a5 ríeaturéact. Fuairíeamar uair so leir fá éoinne ar nóinnear a fáraíil agus ra éraéóna bíó ríans ceoil agus ríans uamra agann. Éisearó mála ríom líreac írteac na Coláirte 'áca 'n lá agus réaréim-nuaréaréa so h-Oiríe an Póra.

Fíor-Saéóil atá i muinntir Rann-na-Feirte ar fat. Tá riad rearíóeac, so móir-móir na reanóaine agus éreóeann riad iní na reanóecla agus na ríreórafí a bí i n-éirínn fat ó agus tá na rean nóranafí aca so réoil. Tá na ríreórafí agus na nóranafí reo a5 sabail ar úrafí aet reíob mé ríor curó aca nuair bí mé ann. Bíonn óra aca fá éoinne an réiríó agus fá éoinne an léónta agus

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airfoeada eile. Ní éiredeann an t-aor ós ionnta anoir ac tá  
eiredeann móir as na peantaoime ionnta. San oróde t'is na calíni  
agus na buacailí irteac a' d'airneál, agus bíonn comórtairí aca  
so bfeicirí riad cé aise ip mó a bfuil rgealta agus amháin agus ip  
mimic a máirear beiric i scomórtar le céile ó sabbail ó folur tó so  
h-am luige. Bíonn na calíni a' cleiteáil agus bíonn comórtairí aca  
forra, agus beirtear moirneacán ar reo. Tá móran pírrheogáí a'  
baint le teac na fáire. Nuair a feirdear don tuine báp veantar an  
clog a rtoaró. Cuirtear an cat faoi béal cléib ar a' bomaite ná  
d'á dteigeat an cat taria an corp agus annsin a sabbail taria tuine  
ar bí eile, beirtear so bfuigirí an tuine rin báp taob' ircuig' de  
bliaóam. Ní leigtear to a' n' tuine coinneal a larat ar coinneal  
eile agus coinneiseann na pean-taoime rúil éruairí ar an t-aor ós i  
tceac na fáire. Baintear anuar na pictuirí beannuighe uilijs ná  
d'á d'cuirtear ceann aca ar an uirlár, seobat' tuine báp ran teac san  
moill. Ní bíonn ceat as don tuine beo teineat' a t'abairt leir ar an  
teinirí leir an bealac a larat 'na' b'aire. T'is na peantaoime irteac i  
m' an lae agus an t aor ós i m' na h-oróde. Sabann na mná ar a  
ngluine agus rearuigheann na rir fat agus bíor riad as cur páirtir,  
le anam an tuine atá marb. Beirtear páirtirín cúis nveicneadar  
t'eas ar uair an meadon oróde. I n'oiar an páirtirín caoineann na  
taoime a bí d'irteanaic' to'n t-é atá ar lár é, arir rúil a s'cuirtear  
an corp ra cóinnair agus arir eile i n'oiar an clár a cur ar an  
cóinnair. Tógan ceat'ar fear ve'n t'ploinneat' ée'ona leir an tuine  
atá marb ar a n'guar'neaca i agus ionc'arann riad 'na' poirige leo i.  
lá an t'ormáin níl ceat an cóinnair a t'airt t'ar'na an toige nó  
seobat' bunat' an toige báp moime bliaóam. Ní éigeann an mádar  
le t'ormáin an éeat' tuine cloinne nó d'á dteigeat' ba s'oiar so  
b'fuigheat' tuine eile ve'n t'ea'glac báp. Tá móran pírrheogáí eile acu,  
ac níl m'ire as b'raic iad uilijs a r'p'io'bat' r'ior annreo.

Ual, cuairt na lae'eanca t'airt de féir a céile, cur aca flúic agus  
an móir-cuir' deap, ce, t'irim. T'is mé cuairt ar na pléibte agus  
cuairdair, mé féin agus r'airte s'ar'ir eile, ruar so t'ci an mullac.  
Ba b'rae'as amac an ma'aric a bí asainn ó rin.

Bí an fáirge na luige roimáin so crúin ruaimneac' s'orm agus  
an s'rian as roillruig'at' anuar uir'ci agus t'ior as bun na pléibte, bí  
an bealac móir as líbairnaig' amac 'r irteac' so t'ci an Cloán Liaé  
Uair eile cuairt mé amac na fáirge móire agus o'amaric mé so  
r'gá'ct'ar ar na tonnaí móra as bualac' i n' éat' na mbeann agus cuala  
mé toimán na mara ar an t'raig.

Ac' ra veirteat' t'airt an lá agus b'éigean' t'uin im'leac' ar  
Rann-na-Feirte. So luac' ar ma'oin' t'oirig' mé ar an bealac' a'  
t'airnaig' ar r'airirín C'roc' S'lige. T'airt an t'raen anall ar ar  
Cloán Liaé. T'is mé amáric amáin veirteannaic' ar Rann-na-Feirte  
agus cuairt irteac' ra t'raen. Uos r'í léite. Slán asat, a Rann-  
na-Feirte. Nac' ma'ig' a ca'irtear t'ú a fá'gáil. Ac' beir' mé anoir  
arir' éusat. Slán asat a rúin

A. Ó COISLIG, e.2.

## Aurora Borealis.

It had been a dry, sultry day. In fact, life itself was sultry. The weather was depressing. Late afternoon saw school finished and dinner on its way. Then, a short walk and back to the toil (to some, a labour of love). Homework finished and tea demolished, I took myself off for my constitutional. The road quiet and my mind at rest, I was ruminating on—well, it doesn't matter, when suddenly I saw IT—a great red glow in the sky. A fire was my first thought. But no! the extent was too great. My curiosity changed slowly to wonder and then, without any apparent change, I realised I was afraid. And to make it worse, I did not know what I was afraid of. Was it

" That Day of Wrath, that dreadful day  
When Heaven and Earth shall pass away  
As David and the Sibyl say? "

Meanwhile the red became streaked with, and then superseded by, white, which in turn gave place to pale green. Then, as though the Great Painter had daubed his brush over the scene, they intermingled and ran licking and quivering over the sky. My reason having reasserted itself, I wondered at the phenomena and made tracks for the main road. People stood agape and wondered at the sight. Theories, original, varied and fantastic, came freely from one and all, ranging from the suggestion that it was a chemical action (whatever that is) to the bald statement that it was a case of mass hallucination. So, the night passed. Came the morrow, and having seen no paper, I asked my reverend tutor for an explanation. " The Aurora Borealis," says he, " yes," says I in my most learned tone. He then proceeded to enlighten me somewhat on the subject, but my insatiable curiosity aroused, off with me to the Public Library to hunt up data. But, I found that this learned institution had but a poor list of facts about the phenomena, or to be quite fair, perhaps some budding astronomer had forestalled me. But, all things considered, I obtained a fairly good theoretical knowledge of the wonder. But, before delving into its mysteries perhaps it would be well to define the terms. Aurora was the Goddess of the Dawn, so the word has been used by the poets to personify the dawn, and Borealis is a Latin word meaning " pertaining to the north". Similarly, in the Aurora Australis, Australis is a Latin word meaning of or pertaining to, or situated in or towards the south.

As everyone knows it is in the Arctic regions that the " Northern Lights " (to give them their more common name) are to be seen. There, where for months at a time the sun does not rise, the strange coruscations in the sky often afford a type of spectral daylight, which blends harmoniously with the scenery of the world of ice. The lights display astonishing colours, particularly red and green. The colours merge, contract, expand and change in an infinitesimally short time. Garrett P. Serviss describes a display he witnessed as follows: " A huge arch spanned an unusually dark segment resting on the horizon and above this arch sprang up beams and streamers in a state of incessant agitation, sometimes shooting up to the zenith with a velocity that took one's breath and sometimes falling into long ranks and marching, marching, marching like an endless phalanx of fiery spectres and moving always from East to West. The absolute silence with which these mysterious evolutions were performed and the quivering reflections which were thrown upon the ground increased the awfulness of the exhibitions. Occasionally, enormous curtains of lambent flame rolled and unrolled with a majestic motion or were shaken to and fro as if by a mighty noiseless wind. At times too, a sudden billowing rush would be made towards the zenith and for a minute the sky overhead would glow so brightly that the stars seemed to have been consumed. The spectacle continued with varying intensities for several hours.

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Great displays of the Auroral lights were recorded in the ancient "Zurich Chronicles" which extended from the year 1000 to the year 1800. John Evelyn writes in his diary of a display which he witnessed when on a visit to Hertfordshire on March 11, 1643. He says: "I must not forget what amazed us in the night before, viz., a shining cloud in the ayre, in shape resembling a sword, the point reaching to the North; it was bright as the moon, the rest of the sky being very serene. It began about 11 at night, and vanished not until about one, being seen by all the South of England." In November 1882, there was a brilliant display. Observers, 26 in all, in different parts of the country, saw a great upright beam, which stalked majestically through the background of the heavens, in a direct east to west course. By a curious and intricate calculation, it was estimated that the apparition was 133 miles tall and moved at a speed of 10 miles per second. These displays, it was found, played havoc with the magnetic needle and led to the discovery of its electro-magnetic nature. They also interfered with the sending of messages by telegraph and ocean cables became ineffective. On its recent appearance radio relays were interrupted. In fact, the whole phenomenon is scientifically known as a "magnetic" storm.

The aurora, it was found, was definitely connected with sunspots. On September 1st, 1859, two intensely brilliant points in a group of sunspots were noted by the Englishmen, Carrington and Hodgson. From August 28th to September 4th, an unparalleled magnetic storm raged over the entire globe. At the very instant the two astronomers witnessed the solar outburst, the photographic apparatus at Kew registered a marked disturbance of the magnetic elements. Shortly after the ensuing midnight, the electric agitation culminated and the whole atmosphere from pole to pole lighted up with coruscating splendours. The sunspot period, it is known, corresponds with the periodic fluctuations in the earth's magnetic state. For instance, when the sunspot period shortens, the auroral period shortens similarly; as the short sunspot periods usually bring the most intense periods of solar activity, so the corresponding short auroral periods are attended by the most violent magnetic storms and so on. The coincidences are so numerous and significant that they cannot be rejected. But a point that has not been definitely settled is that of how the influence is transmitted.

Some interesting theories have been put forward. Arrhenius, in his hypothesis, considers the earth itself a giant magnet, to be surrounded by lines of force like an ordinary magnet. These lines rise vertically from the poles and bend gradually, passing high over the equator and descending in converging sheaves to the opposite poles. The negatively charged particles pour from the sun, and encounter the lines of force at their highest point. They then follow the lines of force. At the equator they are not luminous as there is virtually no atmosphere; near the north and south, as they proceed along the lines of force, they meet a denser atmosphere and produce cathode rays. This glow is thought to represent the Aurora. This is the more generally accepted theory and seems to be more reasonable than the theory that the Aurora is due to reflection of sunlight on ice crystals in the upper atmosphere. The colours are different from those in sunlight and have a closer relation to certain substances found in the upper air. The far-reaching magnetic disturbances, already referred to, which frequently accompany the brilliant auroral displays also bear out the electrical theory.

This concludes my short account of the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights, which I think is one of the first, if not the first, of the heavenly curiosities to gate-crash into everyday conversations and to become a topic of debate and discussion for all children between the ages of nine and ninety.

T. BOYD, E. 2.

## A Respectable Gentleman in a bad Temper.

It was the morning of April 1st, and, of course, everything looked bright and cheerful. Even on the scrupulous tidiness of Mr. J. A. Throgmorton's bed-chamber the sun exercised an influence. The bright rays slanted through the window, casting the patterns of the richly embroidered lace curtains on the floor and imparted the general atmosphere of the morning to the mirror, which in its turn reflected its feelings to the heavy Victorian wardrobe which condescended to smile gravely and ponderously at the gently swaying pictures on the wall. Even the ticking clock on the mantle-piece, which spent its life dragging all respectable gentlemen, such as the aforementioned Mr. Throgmorton, out of bed, cast off its sombre and malicious cloak and struck 8 a.m. cheerfully and eagerly.

In short, the only obstacle to the brightness and cheerfulness of the scene was the tousled hair and disgruntled features of an old respectable gentleman, who, peering over the rim of his blankets, somewhat resembled a very dark cloud on an extremely bright horizon.

Slowly the cloud came over the horizon and Mr. Throgmorton rolled from his bed. He was in a bad temper and he was late, but who ever heard of a respectable gentleman in a bad temper being otherwise, and Mr. Throgmorton did not intend to hurry. Deliberately he washed, deliberately he dressed and deliberately he turned to survey his shoes. Should he put on the black ones or the brown ones, but, somehow, Mr. Throgmorton had a vague suspicion that brown shoes did not become a respectable gentleman in—a bad temper. Deliberately he put on the black ones.

Suddenly he remembered it was April 1st, and he pondered over this remarkable fact as he descended the stairs.

"Umph," he grumbled, "Those silly fools will be trying their idiotic jokes on all respectable bodies like myself. Blast 'em anyway, but—just let 'em try it, just let 'em."

And with this veiled threat on his lips Mr. Throgmorton, with a certain savage delight, kicked open the door and entered. A small son, dressed in a sailor's suit and with well-scrubbed face shining with enthusiasm rushed over to him.

"Oh, Daddy," he piped, with overdone seriousness, "your face is ALL black."

But "Daddy" knew perfectly well that his face was not black, and he merely froze with a glance his budding junior and continued his journey to the chair at the top of the table.

It was a quarter past nine when Mr. Throgmorton blundered into the office. He made his way to his desk refusing to return the smiles of greeting that were shot at him. After all what else could be expected of a respectable gentleman in a bad temper. A fly on the ceiling attracted his attention, and, leaning back, he examined it critically.

After a few minutes he found himself wondering if flies kept April 1st. No, he decided, they were too sensible for that. A cough at his elbow shattered his ruminations and he turned to meet the apologetic glance of a slight, bespectacled, young man who persisted in reminding him of Charles Dicken's Uriah Heep.

"Mr. Throgmorton, I—er—believe—er—ahem—that you have—er—if my eyes do not—ahem—deceive—ahem—that you have made—er—a mistake while dressing this morning—ahem—your feet—ahem—"

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Mr. Throgmorton stared speechless with rage. Next moment Mr. Uriah Heep the second retired disconcerted with the confirmed opinion that either he or Mr. Throgmorton had gone mad.

The forenoon passed and Mr. Throgmorton's temper was rapidly improving. Although several times he felt his indignation rising as he imagined "the very audacity of that man to insinuate that a respectable gentleman in a bad temper had been so careless as to—" and Mr. Throgmorton's feelings remained unexpressed; it amused him to think of the look "that came on the silly idiot's face when HE had finished with him." Of course, it was an April 1st joke, and he congratulated himself that he hadn't been an April fool. This consoled him so much that he almost felt like abandoning his role as respectable gentleman in a bad temper.

At last lunch-time came and found Mr. Throgmorton's role as respectable gentleman in a bad temper left far behind in the recesses of his brain. He strutted out of the office and was immediately joined by a hearty, red-faced, old gentleman.

"Howya, Throgmorton, ole boy," with a hearty thump on the back, "Comin' over to the cafe, eh, ole boy."

"Okay, okay, Thompson, okay I-I'm coming over all right, n-no need to hit me like that. I-I'm—I'm coming over, okay," stammered the gasping Throgmorton.

Chattering and talking the two descended the stairs and hurried across the street. Thirty minutes later they returned two nice, respectable gentlemen in extremely good tempers. They entered the office, Thompson with a great deal of composure and his companion benevolently smiling down his nose over his spectacles.

"As I was saying, Thompson, ever since I remember I—" Mr. Throgmorton stopped and stared at his friend.

"What's wrong," he said.

"Throgmorton, your feet—your stockings—your—Oh, my sacred Aunt," yelled a very excited Thompson.

"What's wrong with—" and then suddenly his mind flashed back to his interview with "Uriah Heep," and a triumphant grin illumed his features.

"Really, Thompson," he smiled, "I cannot understand why you April 1st jokers cannot think of anything else besides shoes, trouser legs, feet and—stockings," and with that he left a rather astonished Mr. Thompson.

The day progressed and so did Mr. Throgmorton's spirits. Every now and then an occasional burst of whistling or a throaty subterranean chuckle startled the office and sent a fresh look of fear into the saucer eyes of Mr. "Uriah Heep," serving to establish in that young gentleman's brain the confirmed opinion that Mr. Throgmorton had really and truly gone mad.

At last the day's work was over and Mr. Throgmorton, smiling amiably around, picked up his coat and hat and trotted forward to the door. As he came outside he drew alongside the angular form of Mr. Nasbury, the manager.

"Hello, Throgmorton," smiled the latter, "you're evidently in a hurry."

"Yes, yes, of course, I'm in a hurry and why not, the cheering power of Spring, the cheering power of Spring is the cause, Mr. Nasbury—" and Mr. Throgmorton chattered on amiably as they descended the stairs.

"You know, Mr. Nasbury, I really think there are some silly asses in this world, now, aren't there?"

"So there are, Throgmorton, so there are," said Mr. Nasbury, beginning to grow bored.

"For instance," continued Mr. Throgmorton, "to-day some of those silly idiots inside there were trying to fool me. Imagine trying to fool ME, Mr. Nasbury."

"They trying to fool you, just imagine," repeated Mr. Nasbury, although secretly he did not think it unlikely.

"And, Ha! Ha! the only thing they could think of was my shoes or my socks. It was positively amusing, Mr. Nasbury, positively amusing."

"So it was, so it was," repeated Nasbury mechanically his eyes travelling to the stockings in question.

"And the silly idiots couldn't think of anything else. Of course, I—er—I say, anything wrong, Mr. Nasbury?"

"T—Th—Throg—Throgmorton, your shoes," stammered Mr. Nasbury excitedly, "look at your shoes for Heaven's sake, look at 'em."

Mr. Throgmorton gazed open-mouthed at the excited Nasbury. Could it be possible? Was the usual astute "boss" trying to pull his leg? Had he descended to the infantile class of April 1st jokers? No, it couldn't be. It wasn't possible, decided Mr. Throgmorton, so—he had a quick glance at his feet and there his eyes remained.

One shoe was a light-brown colour which contrasted noticeably with the sombre blackness of the other.

"Haw, Haw—I mean—er—" Mr. Nasbury stopped in confusion, his hand to his mouth.

"Really, Mr.——" began Mr. Throgmorton indignantly, but the "boss" had gone. He had, perhaps, remembered about some trifle which he had left behind in the office.

Quite suddenly Mr. J. A. Throgmorton resolved once more to adopt his former role of respectable gentleman in a bad temper.

S. CREGG, C 1.

## War.

Once, a Seraph bright in heavenly sky  
 Did with pride deceitful, vainly wrought,  
 Wage unpious War 'gainst The Most High  
 So said Milton, so disciples taught.  
 War, no doubt, from lust of power created;  
 But not so the War 'twixt man and Satan  
 Ceaseless, hateful, momentary unabated,  
 As Augean Stables with burdens overladen.  
 War! to-day vibrates the thundering air;  
 Excites the minds of men, distrustful age;  
 Boastful they the wrath of God, do dare  
 While Satan mocks and goads them on to rage.  
 Peace! they know not the word nor its creation  
 Even now, now at Earth's devastation.

J. FLANAGAN, E 1.

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## A Defence of Slang.

The dictionary defines slang as "a name for a class of expressions used by educated or uneducated, but having hardly the stamp of general approval, and often to be regarded as inelegant, or even vulgar." The lexicographer gives himself a metaphorical pat on the back and says, "That's that." But the matter does not rest there, for, annoyed by the self-assurance of the definition, we decided to find out if slang could offer no defence. This is the result.

Slang is formed in many ways: sometimes it is a technical term which had been used in a profession or trade, and is now accepted for general use (that is, in ordinary speech), or it may be an abbreviation of a longer word like "phone" or "plane." Again, terms from the argot of "crooks" (pardon the "inelegant" expression) are often learned from the films, and finally there are words and phrases of obscure origin which are often wonderfully expressive.

It is usually forgotten that the best of these words will, in time, become part of the literary language. No one would call "mob" or "navy" slang, though it was as such that they started their career. "Taxi," "bus," "fan" (atic) and "vamp" (ire) were all slang at one time. And eventually it will be permitted to write "mike" for microphone, "exam," "bike," and to talk of a "dead cert." Modern speech abounds in these monosyllabic abbreviations, and perhaps their popularity is another proof of the modern love for speed. At any rate it cannot be denied that "pro" is considerably shorter than "professional."

The great masters of English were not nearly so shy of slang as modern pedantry would lead one to suppose. Shakespeare used slang unstintingly and to glorious purpose; hundreds of words found in his works are not used by his contemporaries, presumably because they were "inelegant." Examples are "eventful," "laughable," "loggerhead," and "gull," meaning in English "dupe," and in American "sucker." If Shakespeare had lived in 1930 he might well have used the word "sucker," which, as the newspapers say, "gives furiously to think."

Another reason for giving slang words fair play is that they often express a sentiment more tersely and exactly than their alternatives. Who will give a suitable substitute for "frame-up"? This compound has a definite meaning given by no other word. There are other examples of the apt compound in "hot-air," "dope-fiend," and "sob-stuff." And if we want an alternative to "highbrow" we have to borrow "intelligentsia" from the Russian. There are innumerable words of this type, mostly American loans, which, while perfectly clear in meaning, lose their vigour and force when translated into literary language. Their vigour is the vigour of life, for once a language ceases to change, and invent or borrow new words, it is dead. An inspector in an American factory, when he wants to give official intimation that a particular product is suitable for the market, "okays" it. Is this to save time? In the same way, a business man in New York "has a hunch and makes on it," whereas it would take an Englishman so long to put his "hunch" into elegant English that he certainly wouldn't "make on it."

In the formation of new verbs from old verbs and prepositions (or adverbs) slang is following closely the usual custom. This system has no particular recommendation, but at any rate those who scorn such locutions as "give somebody away," "fall for," "put it across," "get away with it" should remember the accepted phrases "put up with," "to turn up," "to put out to sea," and notice the analogy.

It must be admitted that there are circumlocutions in common use which can hardly be defended on the grounds that they are brief and expressive. An example is "easy to look at," or "easy on the eyes." These roundabout ways of expressing old ideas appeal only on account of their novelty, and cannot last. They are comparable with what Quiller-Couch calls "the Elegant Variation so rampant in the Sporting Press"—"the sphere was deflected into the citadel" (The "sphere" being a football, and the "citadel" the goal). Apart from these variations and some unnecessary synonyms, like "hit" for "success," slang words have every hope of long life.

Let those who now frown upon or revile slang, consider whether the object of their wrath conveys its meaning tolerably well; let them see if they can find a better substitute; let them distrust the pedant, who forces them to pronounce words in strict accordance with their long-obsolete spelling; let them remember that the most determined enemies of slang are either half-educated or belong to the mentally-lazy class who have their opinions manufactured for them by the newspapers; in fine, let them judge slang on its merits.

P. THORNTON, E. 2.

## Reverie.

The invisible city lay across the valley :  
 A thousand lights gleamed.  
 Its sinuous maze  
 From Castlereagh to Ben Madigan.  
 A ship struggled slowly downstream :  
 In blackest Lough a few lights twinkled fitfully  
 Like frightened gull 'gainst lowering sky.  
 A sudden roar  
 Growled from distant yard  
 As shape was punched and fashioned  
 Into metal hulks  
 Which towered gaunt o'er sweating men.  
 Blatant lights, green, red, and blue  
 Showed harsh  
 Where crowds gay thronged theatre and cinema.  
 Laughter had dwindled into noise,  
 Labour and life into bright lights  
 That must die e'er morn.  
 And still the cold stars,  
 Immutable, clear, twinkled mockingly.

S. O'NEILL.

"Hullo, fo  
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"How do  
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## Horatius—On The Air.

AS RELATED BY AMERICAN BOXING COMMENTATOR.

"Hullo, folks! This is radio Rome speaking. The Consul is raging up and down, chewing his nails and getting himself into one of those fits which he usually takes when his wife uses his favourite 'racing commentary' to light the fire with. It looks as if he's beaten this time, but wait a minute, folks, who is this guy pushing his way up to the 'mike?' Why, its our old friend Horatius, all ruffled up like an old fighting cock. He's going to do some tongue-wagging by the look of things, so I guess I'll switch off."

"How do, pards, dis is Horatius speaking. Now, quiet folks, give a guy a chance. I aint going to make any long-tongued speech, but as man to man, I ask ye, are we going to let these Tuscans wipe the floor with us? No! Well, to put it in a nutshell, you only gota die once, so what two guys are going to help keep those dirty tykes out of our burg? Now, don't all speak at once. Ah! there's my old pard Lartius. What about it, Lari, ain't you going to show those Tuscans where they get off? Ata, boy! I knew you had it in ya. Any more willing to join their godfathers. Just one more is needed. There looks a likely guy with a chest like a house side. Hi, bo! Just lift that carcass of yours up here. Well, I guess us three will be putting on the old war paint and hitting the trail."

"Well, folks, here I am back again. Horatius has just left the 'mike' and is hunting up his old lead slingers. His two companions are looking a bit green about the gills but showing a good front nevertheless. That consul guy is jumping about like a hen on a hot griddle and telling our three mugs to get a move on. Those Tuscans sure are stepping on the gas. What! has Herminius taken sick? Sorry, Ladies, my mistake. He was just forcing a smile when somebody asked him what kind of flowers he would like."

"The band is hitting up a new favourite and the three are actually smiling. What's up now? Lartius is asking could they not postpone the fight till to-morrow as that corn on his left foot was troubling him again, but the consul ain't having anything. The Tuscan army is now quite near and Horatius is fingering his short sword nervously. No, folks, that wasn't the crowd booing. Its just the Tuscans telling the bravadoes what they think of them."

"Yes folks, the big fight's on at last. It looks more like the Grand National to me. Nope, it ain't Steve or Gordon, its three Tuscan chiefs riding like demons. Very unsociable guys. Didn't even wait to announce their names before the fight. Lartius has just given the first blow, and Oh boy! what a blow! That Tusan chief has taken the air like a bird and made a forced landing a couple of yards away. Well, that's one point up for the Romans. Hold hard, folks, here comes another sucker to take his medicine, and does he get it? Herminius splits his head like a ripe tomato. Horatius isn't taking any nonsense either. What a thrust. I'm telling you folks, that Umbrian sure ploughed up the dust, and I don't mean maybe."

"A wave of silence has passed over the Tuscans. Some seem to have developed sore feet. There's a lot of pow-wowing going on over there, but so far no action. Nobody seems too anxious to have another round with the three. Wait, folks—the fight's not over yet. Here comes another bidder. Its Astur, the great big fellow with the small telegraph pole in one hand. Some say he's the lord of Luna. I was just think-

ing he was a bit of a luney, but still if there were no luney's there would be no fights. Yes, as I said before, he has got a telegraph pole in one hand and a barn door in t-ther. He kinda fancies himself, this big bozo. He's telling his right hand men just what he thinks of them. I didn't catch but it is something like ' You lotta yellow-livered rats,' and so forth. He's now making towards Hcratius, and he sure means business. Now that telegraph pole is doing its work.

Round, and round it goes  
And where it lands nobody knows.

Clash ! that was meant for Horatius's head but did it land ? No ! nothing seems too fast for Horatius. That shield of his had darted up in the nick of time, but it has not completely saved him. Lunie's great broadsword has flashed from the shield, and gashed his thigh. It looks as if Horatius is down this time. But hold on there a minute. Horatius is up again. Hot dog ! what's this, has Ho:atius gone mad ? He has flung himself at Astur, and Oh boy ! what a thrust ! what a thrust ! He has just driven his sword through that Umbrian's head as if it were so much soft butter. Gosh ! What a disaster ! The bridge has just fallen with a terrific splash into the river, and our poor Horatius is left in the lurch among his too, too dear neighbours, the kindly Tusks. But is Horatius grumbling about forgetting his return ticket ? I should say not. That guy's got more sand than it takes to tell. It ain't bath night, but Horatius is taking his just the same. There he goes with a beautiful dive into the river. He's striking out for the opposite shore, but I can't say whether he'll make it or not. The crowd's on its toes, and every figure's straining to catch a glimpse of the battling hero battling against death in the surging waters. Will he make it ? He's just within a couple of feet, but the current's dragging him on. His feet have touched the bottom and he's climbing up the bank slowly. He's made it, folks, he's standing on dry land again. The crowd's rushed forward and hoisted him shoulder high. It don't take any ref's decision to announce who's won this fight, and the crowd know it.

" Well, folks, this ends our programme for the night. Don't forget to tune in to Radio Rome to-morrow evening and hear another thrilling fight by your old announcer, " KNOCK-OUT."

A. McRANDAL, B 1.

## Post-Exam. Reflections.

Not a sound was heard, not a single note,  
As from the exam. room we hurried  
And sadly we thought of the rot that we wrote,  
With our brains so confoundedly flurried.  
We got away quickly, as fast as we could,  
Our papers we gladly relinquished ;  
We shook like the aspen, our heads felt like wood,  
And our status was sadly diminished.  
Few and short were the words that we said  
For we each had a common sorrow  
We gazed into space, each thought of his case  
And bitterly thought of the morrow.  
Slowly and sadly we gathered around  
For someone was telling a story  
Of how his sum was correct to a pound—  
But we left him alone in his glory.

K. FINLAY, E. 2.

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until eleven  
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## A Sleepless Night.

Nine o'clock often finds me in blanket land, sometimes I am not safely tucked in until eleven, and many times ten o'clock sees me just departing for bunk. Last night I went to bed at ten. It did not take me long to undress and get into bed, for the night air was chilly and had no sympathy for a half-dressed being. After jumping under the blankets I eagerly devoured several chapters of one of the latest detective stories. It was a book which contained more action than common sense, but still I enjoyed it.

After tossing away the book and extinguishing the light, I settled myself down to sleep. Notwithstanding it was a cold night, I grew warmer and warmer. At last through desperation I threw off some of the bed clothes so that the cold of the night might combat with the heat of my bed. The cool, enveloping air seemed to arrest the progress of the unbearable warmth but that was all. I tossed about in the bed; I lay on my back, stomach, and each side in turn, but still no sleep came to me. I changed the pillows over so that I might lie on their coolness but the pillows soon became warm.

I would have put on the light and started to read again if I had not been afraid I would drop off to sleep and leave the light on. Whether this was being pessimistic or optimistic I do not know. At any rate I did not sleep.

An hour before I had heard the church clock strike eleven, now I heard it strike twelve. I said good morning to myself in a loud voice, and was startled by the sound of my voice breaking the eerie stillness. I tried to count sheep but as I could not fashion sheep in my mind I gave it up and commenced counting from one to twenty over and over again. This effort did more to annoy me than to lull me to sleep so I stopped counting.

I then went through the school time table for each day of the week, but I could not remember what we had during the second period on Tuesday afternoon, and the thought infuriated me. So I got up out of bed and consulted my time-table, to find that history was the elusive subject. That sleep-producer did not tend to make me sleepy so I gave it up also.

Oh, how I longed for some veronal, bromide or other sleeping draught. I would even have used ether or the more violent chloroform if I possessed it. Luckily I think, I had no access to either of them. Somebody once told me that cigarette ash dissolved in tea procures sleep for the drinker. But I had no wish to experiment with my stomach, so I began thinking of something else.

I pictured myself in a play which I had seen previously. I, of course, was the hero. The play went well, but it concluded in time to let the church clock strike one.

I then threw everything up in despair, and I knew no more till I woke up this morning. Sleep may have eluded me last night, but it was difficult for us to depart from one another this morning.

MARTIN J. TUOHY, C. 4.

## A Shakespearean Romance.

- Who were the lovers?  
Romeo and Juliet.
- What was their courtship like?  
A Midsummer Night's Dream.
- What was her answer to his proposal?  
As You Like It.
- From whom did Romeo buy the ring?  
The Merchant of Venice.
- What time of the month were they married?  
Twelfth Night.
- Who were the best man and maid of honour?  
Anthony and Cleopatra.
- Who gave the reception?  
The Merry Wives of Windsor.
- In what kind of a place did they live?  
Hamlet.
- What caused their first quarrel?  
Much ado about Nothing.
- What was her disposition like?  
The Tempest.
- What followed when married?  
The Taming of the Shrew.
- What did they give each other?  
Measure for Measure.
- What did their Courtship prove to be?  
Love's Labour Lost.

DESMOND COLOHAN, C. 4.

## The Blindness of Milton.

Twilight, Eve of Light, not aged but blind  
Yet, saw more than mortal eye did see  
Unfolded a design from out his mind;  
Awful, daring, in its majesty.

None but he could dare try to explain  
Imagination would have failed to find  
That which Milton has now rendered vain;  
Because he understood, he was not Blind.

As he was merely deprived of his sight  
Imagination was stimulated;  
An onerous burden was made light  
And thus Paradise Lost created.

If from the Sins of Sight we were in security  
I wonder if less wordly blind we'd be.

J. FLANAGAN, E 1.

## ALARUM FALSALTA.

Deirim liú go mbéad pé com maic ag fear féacáil le rúic na mara 'pillead' agus féacáil le teangairí mná a éir 'n-a torc an uair a éis fonn cainte oirre. Níl mé ag iarraid' ar loct 'n-á toibéim a éabhairt doobta mar mna. Cán ar mo éirann-ra 'táimic a leicéio a deánad' ó táirbe gan mé a béit ro-éirim go fóill ar éal na gcluar. Mar rin féin tá pé de éliú acú go mbíonn tréan fonn cainte oirré ó mairín go h-oiréce.

Siúro ip nac' bfuil móran baint' ag an méio rin leir a' rceal reo, géanfaró pé graithe réamháiró oúinn.

Tá go maic ip tá oúil agam nac' bfuil go h-ole. Lá de na laete fá'n am ar ghráca le rin béit ag rmaoincuisad' ar úoigeannaí éasraimla leir an obair a féacnao, bí fear 'na -fuirde go rócamlac 'n-a oirre agus ríleao ar an obair ip ag bhuonglóirí.

Níl 'r agam cé air a maó re ag rmaoincuisad' óir níl mé, ar an oiré-uair oam' féin, ar na rerróndeorí oirdearica ar fupar leobta léigead' ar innéinn tuine eile. Ip leor a maó go maó pé 'n-a fuirde ó éarla gurad' iontóiró tuine a fuirde ar fead' fada go leor ip nár rmaoincuis' don rmaoinad' aham le n-a l'inn.

Seágan Ua Néill an t-ainm ip an rloinnead' a bí air. Géanfaró an t-ainm rin ar ngraithe lán cóim maic leir an t-ara ceann o'á bfuig-fimír ar "Stoinnte Geareal ip Fall." Má bí gaoil, aige do Seágan Mór an Oiomáir, b'éigean do'n gaoil rin a béit i b'fao amac—cóim fada amac, abuo cóir a maó, ip go maó pé ar aham ar cuimne.

Ní maó oiomáir o'á lágao i gceoirde an t-Seágan reo, gíreao go maó pé b'róamail ar an t'ip nó ceirre de m'í graithe 'bí ar a éionn. Dao é an maó a buó mó a éis buairdeao do eia mar maó aige an graithe a éoinneailt ar a rúile. Taoir amuis de rin, buairdeao níor éir buairdeao ar bíe aham air.

Tuine beag tanaide éirad' abí ionn. U'éigean tuine coinneail a tarad' le n-a feiceail i lár a' lae gíl, ip ná riubalad' pé ar loig a éaoirde ní feicfeá ar éor ar bíe é. Ac' cairéiró pé go maó tréit éiginteal éarantac' ann, nó b'féoir' gur fíor-éaric a bí na rin fá'n éomarranae, óir póir pé bean. Níl 'r nár b'féair a maó gur póir bean é. Ní maóamio a éoirróreac' fá'n léir-reic.

Saozal roiceamlae marbanta gan áirac a bío aige. Éigead' pé abairle tréchnóna, agus o'éirteao pé le n-a bean ag carairó ip ag éioimrad' ó rin go h-am luige. Go mion ip go mion, bío pé a' r'páirteoirreac' ríor ruar reomra an leabta ó am luige go boórranae an lae ag coinneailt an leim ar ghráca leir a éol a rceamlaig' fá'n am rin. Ní beag a mioncige a ghrótear amlaró mar doéarar fear póirca ar bíe le tuine. Céirdeao pé 'na h-oirre ar a naoi ar mairín. Nuair nac' mbío pé ag caint le doine ro-éirre nac' maó 'r acú soirde bí 'e oit' oirré, bío pé ag comrad' ríro an gúeán le n-a mnaoi nac' mbío 'r aici ac' oirreao.

Ip leor liom a maó gur bean mar gac' bean an bean ro abí aige Mac Uí Néill. Uí o'á rúil aici, beal faoi n-a ríon, o'á éoir faoite. Ip éroos ar a lámh éli. Dao ghráca léi labairt ríro an gúeán le

n-a curio de'n t-raozal—iomlán na reacc zloc de—fice uair ran lá. Corri-lá labairfead ní níba mhiniceada leir. Uair de na fice uair abí anoir ann.

Cá rað ann uilig ac cómpáó de'n éineál coitceanta—an bean as deánaó iomlán na cainnte asur an fear as ráó fead nó ní h-éad de réir mar mear pé a beic fóirreanaó. Leir an fírinne a deánaó, buó coramail nó so rað pé ar nóy cuma liom fá'n shraice uilig.

Baineaó rtaingáó i stoibinne ar nuair a éuala pé an uaili goit-neac a leig an bean a bí as caint leir airte féin.

“Oéru, a Óia!” Uaili corcraac asur tort.

h-ubraó ceana sur baineaó rtaingáó ar. U'feárr a ráóir sur mócuig pé amail ip óá stuiteaó leac-tonna pteácaí ar mullaó a éinn. Caimic an t-uacbar air a cuirfead cpeacaó ar éroide a buó éróda 'ná an ceann a bí aige-pean. Ói an cpeacáir boct fúó a céile ar fat ip ar bárr amain cpeaca le h-imníde fá n-a mínaoi, asur a éroide 'a éranhuagáó le cpaó fá n-a éloinn.

Cáimic an cuimne míócbair éuige ip goill pí air so linn buíde na gcaolán. Šab áicméálar é sur iméig pé ar maroin gan plán a fágaíl as a mínaoi, asur anoir b'féioir nac bpašpaó pé an óara h-áiméar le í a pósaó nó a bualaó le gaó.

Mair pí a cáinnt léi an maroin rin le linn a' bhuicpearta ar a' bean abí 'n-a corárram i mbéal an óorair acú, a ceannuig sluaireán bpeaš le n-a óiol ruar de réir na ráice. Mól bean Uí Néill ó'a fear ceann a ceannaó ar a' óóig rin forca. Nuair a máoio pé nac rað rin iondeanta éug a bean bail na muc ip na maóáó óó. 'Ráó ip de so ótabarfaó pí an cáint rin óó nuair nac rað pé coramail le muc nó le maóáó ar óóig na nóóigeann.

Šab óoirer ip óeirceán é. Ó'iarir pé oirre an buibín a óimgeaó 'n-a béal so ótaócpaóde í. Óubairt so rað pé as iméacó le gan pílleaó.

Ar a éloirteáil rin óaoice, ní óiocpaó a ráó so rað pí bhuicé-ráioóceac fá 'méio a óubairt pí; ac cinnce bí pí pláiceamail rial fá na foclaí. Mól pí ra' óeirceáó óó a šabail so h-áit ip teó 'ná an tír reo—áit nac bpuil ríoc nó rneacóta ac tear asur cpean curceacóta. Ó'iméig pé pé leir ar ríaran. Ní móioe sur beas óó a óuirce ar óain pé amac ciúinear a oirice féin féin.

Nuair a caráó 'na h-áice rin é, bí pé ruó beas ní buó roómaróe ran incinn. Fuaraóio ar bíe ó'a ócainic aríam air, bí pí ro-fíoómar le máirrean ar fead i bpaó. Ói pé so óirreac ar tí maiceamnar a íarparó ar a bean ip sluaireán a šeallamain óaoic. Cur pé i n-amail a ráioó a óó nó a tír ó'iarracaí, ac óain pí na foclaí ar a béal le maótaanna cáipe ip tarcuirne. Ói pé as rumeacáar so foicóeac so ócéioeac an tanpaó éart, nuair a leig pí an uaili corcraac óoais airte.

Šoioé an tubairte uacbarac a óain ó'a mínaoi? Sin an óeirce a éneac a bealac fúio na pé óro laig óe énaim ó'a óearnaó a éloirgeann. irceac i ngibé incinn a bí corruigóce ruar taóó artoig. Óuar pí tin-near cinn óó.

Ói a curio rmaoimóigeac éall ip óópor. Maróbuigeaó í. Šaoaódean-naí. Ói an Clú Clucy Clan a' bráé a leaná a fuadaó. Ó'fán ríao de cómar an toigse as ríunáioe na raille le n-a leaná a bpeic leo.

i n-aipeir ar an am a mbéat an bean fágtaí san cornaú san congham. Ní raib t'á meartaíde air sup mar rin a bí an rceál. Duó é an t-am ceannairé as n-a curo rmaoinciseac é.

Domairte roimhe rin t'á n-abaircaíde leir go marbócaíde a bean --tá t'áil asgam nac scuireann an bmaícar raor ar reacrán ríth--maícar ré a fionmairé fá'n t'áine a t'eairfao é. Asur b aimoctac an crut a raib ré anoir.

Dí a fáir fíor aise go scaitfead ré muo éigin a t'eairfao go sarta ac. i sceao t'á bfuil de reancáirde i n'éirinn, ní raib ré le fíor asur bí ré le h-amrair fá'n muo a b'feair t'á t'eairfao ré.

Nuair a bíor t'áine fá amrair ip feair t'ó an rceál a cur i lácair na b'feair. Deir ré ar a haca. Amac leir ip cáir fáir móran féir faoi n-a coraí sup bain amac Teac na b'feair.

Dí an ráirreant taob artois a' t'eairfao a reirte i scuireaceta buiréal t'eiré nglone t'e uirce beata 'bí ar a' tabla ór a c'oinne. Mar rin féin, bí ré as t'eairfao lionn t'áil fá san ac t'eiré nglomf a t'eiré fá' buiréal ip a' leat-curo t'e ólta ceana féin aise.

Táine Seašan irteac mar beao t'á t'áil na fíor-rocais faoi. a raib t'e t'áil-t'áil ar ipreann ra t'áir air, blaícairí t'eiré le n-a fála, asur é 'n-a muo com t'eirreac rin ip sup éisean t'ó'n t-rairreant amair fá t'ó air pul má t'as ré fa t'eair go raib curo-eaceta aise. Cuir ré a buiréal ar amair ip táine Seašan amrair sup feairis ór a c'oinne.

T'áine roicléac t'eairfao a bí ann, nac raib ar t'áir ar bí rconnarac. ip a t'áine leir a curo róite a c'oinneait fá n'a éli go raic. T'áine ré go réir-cuiré ar an feair a bí i n'óir t'eac ip t'áirreant t'e--"T'áine t'á ór?"

T'áine Seašan ar asair t'áir an t-rairreant, asur buail upráir leir an óir é mar buailfead tonna b'raí t'áir a' t'á f'áil é.

"Mó curo éat'as, ar n'óise." ar ré, "b'fuil t'á caoé?" "Uir." ar fáir ráirreant ip rinn ré uallacac nó t'á uallacac f'áil a t'áir. Duó roilléir nac raib an t-oiriseac réo com cáir-reair le Séan ip t'áirreant ré a t'eir le feair a raib uprall an buairra fá na c'áirde ip t'áir-néall an b'áir ór a c'oinne.

T'áirreant Séašan a t'eir go t'eair tuairreanná mar t'eairfao lionn a' t'eac amac ar buiréal. Duó t'áir a t'eirreait le linn é t'eir ar aná asur as úirreant i n'áirreant an b'áir. Le n-a c'áir rin. an rceál a bí a' t'eairfao ionat a t'eirre. níor c'áir rin leir asair a c'áir ar a curo tuairreann

Duó é an t-eol ar a bain an ráirreant ar na tuairreanná i n'áirreant na t'áil go t'áine an feair réo c'áir t'áirreant áir a t'áir ar na t'eair. go t'áine muo éirreac uac'áir ar t'áir--muo náir n'ó leir: sup bain t'áirreant millt'eair t'ó t'áir an f'áir réo; sup t'eirre sup marb'áir i. Níor c'áir rin a' ráirreant faoi rmuairrean. Ip amair a bí an rceál as upráirreant a t'eairrean ip a t'eairreant (mar t'eair an fáil) cé náir leir ré a t'áir leir an feair eile.

Asur a annairreant a t'áir c'áir ar c'áir fá'n c'áirreant ar t'áir náir c'áir t'áirreant a t'eir 'n-a t'eir ar an t-rairreant má rinn ré t'áirreant ip moill t'eair le rmuairreant ar an t'áirreant. D'áir aise nac raib t'eairreant le t'eairfao aise ip é t'áirreant ar an t'áirreant ip ar t'eir an t'áirreant.

Cé ead nac náb ré tugta do bheir fubairt a tabairt minnead taróbrean do sur éoir do na péar cuiruisaó leir an fear éiríte reo. Casan ré a sheann-luarde, tócar a ceann, ferioib ríor toinnán ar leabair a bí ar a' bhóro aige ir reáiric amac ar siollaí na leirteán.

Táimic irteac ríde péar fá iomlán airm ir éirtead. Uí oirteat sunna leo ir tá de fúinneógaí ar teac na mDoct. Seairió Seagan as amáiric oirú domairte mar béad fear ann a rug bailteannaí na luápara airm asur é amuis ar a' blár san fofeacó san éota fearcanna. O'imtíis ríad i seuirteaceta a bheir ar an tóimíarbhéoir.

Cé go deacáid ríad éar le teac leanna nó do ar an bealac, cá deapnaó ríad ná mórcóimnarde sur baim ríad an teac míofórtúnac amac. Seairis tríúr leir an toirar amuis. Cuairt an éuir eile acú irteac.

Cá náb beo ná ceo ar a namáiric nó ar a n-éirteac. Tus an ráirreant amáiric néata éar airm. Uí ré i seairir an éuir ra' máo. Cuir ré tríúr eile péar ar a loir. Cuairt ré féim ir Mac Uí Néill ir a náb fásgaí acú de péar irteac i reomra na leabta.

Uí an gúeán ar ríleacó anuar ar a téat. Uí an bean 'n-a luíre ar flaic éil a cinn ar an uirlár. Ní náb bogad aírte. Tus Seacán boct a'n amáiric amáiric oirre sur mócuig mar éuirrúde ríaróm ar a rúctógaí, mar nac mbéad a ae ir é féim ar na h-óig le céile.

O'amáiric a náb de fíj cáma ra treomra ar an mínaoi a bí ar lár. Daó coramail taoit go náb rí airm fearbairt fearcála. Cuairt an ráirreant fáo léi. Cuiread fear ríor fá éomne uirce. Tugad deoc taoit.

Cuairt deoir nó do ríor a míneál. Tá' r asaid féim an ríud a shídear an t-uirce ruar do túime an uair a téit ré ríor a míneál. Níor éaire do'n mínaoi reo.

Táimic rí éuirí féim de réir a céile. Ní náb rí i n-ann anál a éarraig ar féad tamail big. Sá' veiread labair rí ríro rmeacáir-nais mar labairreacó túime a béad i mriaró ríam ó Calair go Dóibéar. "Tá ré . . . fá'n teac . . . i n áit . . . éigintecac, U'féirir . . . go mbéad ré . . . raor'n . . . leabairt nó . . . i reomra na . . . n-éatad. Ac tá ré . . . go fóill . . . ann. Ríoc ré . . . arior . . . fáo liom . . ."

Cuir an ráirreant irteac oirre—"Cia leir a náb ré coramail?" "Oéru!" ar ríre. "bí ré coramail amac le . . . le luéóig ar bíe eile o'á bfacar."

Cuairt an ráirreant Seagan as deanaó tuaimneam toll mar béad uirce as imteac ar dábad. O'amáiric ré éar airm. Uí na coraí ar folúamain raor'n éreacúir sur ríud ré ríor ar a beal ir ar a ríon i ríeom laigé ar an uirlár

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## National Songs.

"Let me make a nation's songs and I care not who makes its laws," is a well-known and truthful saying, which shows a shrewd knowledge of human character. We owe to poetry our earliest historical records and it cannot be ignored that past events play an important part in developing the character of future generations. Palgrave, the compiler of the "Golden Treasury," speaking on poetry, says: "Poetry gives treasures more golden than gold, leading us in higher and healthier ways than those of the world." The Romans, ancient Greeks, and Egyptians obtained their valuable information from rude ballads current amongst the country folk, whence we have learned of some of the greatest episodes of history. The telling effect of such work can only be realized when we read of nations being roused to arms by the strains of some patriotic song and marching to glorious victory proudly chanting its words. France rose to:

"Ye sons of France, awake to glory!  
Hark, hark, what myriads bid ye rise!  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries.  
Shall lawless tyrants mischief breeding  
With hireling host, a ruffian band  
Affright and desolate the land  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding.  
To arms! to arms! ye brave,  
The avenging sword unsheath,  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On Liberty or Death."

The same feeling inspired the Gael:—

"Rally, then, rally!  
Irishmen, rally!  
Fight now or never!  
Now and for ever!"

Laws are in vain without swords to maintain  
So muster as fast as the fall of the rain:  
Serried and rough as a field of ripe grain,  
Stand by your flag upon mountain and plain:  
Charge till yourselves or your foemen are slain!  
Fight till yourselves or your foemen are slain.

The thought of wrongs suffered gave:—

". . . fling your green flag to the sky,  
Be 'Limerick' your battle cry,  
And fight till blood flows fetlock high."

The wars, now long past, in which O'Neill and O'Donnell fought against the pride of Elizabethin armies, remain an undying record in the nation's heart:

"Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing,  
With many a chieftain and warrior-clan;  
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing,  
'Neath the borderers brave from the banks of the Bann,  
Many a heart shall quail  
Under his coat of mail;

Deeply the merciless foemen shall rue,  
 When on his ear shall ring,  
 Borne on the breeze's wing,  
 Tir Conaills dread war cry—O'Donnell abu."

The songs of Sir Walter Scott tell of lost freedom of Scotland; the "passionate" outbursts of Rudyard Kipling of England tell of ruling predominance.

" God of our fathers, known of old,  
 Lord of our far-flung battle line  
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine."

Sanctimonious essays are often written for some political end and are influenced by political prejudices, but songs that deal with outstanding national events come straight from the heart, burning with righteous indignation or infused with heroism, as that of the dying patriot:—

" Sleep not my country; though night is here, afar  
 Your children of the morning, are clamorous for war:  
 Fire in the night, O dreams!  
 Though she send you as she sent you, long ago,  
 South to desert, east to ocean, west to snow,  
 West of these, out to seas, colder than the Hebrides I must go  
 Where the fleet of stars is anchored and the young Star-captains glow."

Men have been known to have fought in remote mountain passes and glens where royal militia men never thought of penetrating:

" As Rory's men lay in the glen at the setting of the sun,  
 Amongst the trees and bushes where the Mourne waters run,  
 Songs and jests passed freely round and laughs of mirth and glee,  
 And tales were told of freemen old beneath the greenwood tree."

This was due to their hearts being roused by a few patriotic words, which were chanted around the hearth or played to the strains of the war-pipes or the bard's lute or harp. These few simple words can do more, and have done it, than all the eloquence of frenzied orators.

As different ages are distinguished by different customs, so also each country has its own characteristic style of songs. They are the sudden impulse of the inner life of nations. They don't forget to mark an incident which brought glory to them by an abundance of song, and from this do we get a thorough vision of the past with all its glories.

" In valley green, on towering crag,  
 Our fathers fought before us  
 And conquered 'neath the same old flag  
 That's proudly floating over us,  
 We're children of a fighting race  
 That never yet has known disgrace,  
 And as we march, the foe to face  
 We'll chant a soldier's song."

Some of them may be crude in their very nature, but men know their truthfulness and are affected thereby. The authors of most such poems never ranked themselves in the same sphere as those of the Golden Age, for their object was not to write for gain or win laurels or applause, but as men speaking to their fellow countrymen with a common impulse at heart. Here it would be interesting to note how such poems and songs spread far and wide, when the radio and press were but a fantastic dream, and communication and travel, at the best, was slow and difficult. We hear of them being in the amphitheatre, in the village inn, and even in remote habitations. This very fact shows the penetrating power such works possess.

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Circumstances, however, arise which give a special feeling of warmth and throw light on particular phases of character. It is a well-established fact that inhabitants of mountainous districts show a greater love of home and fatherland, and are always first to rally round the war standard :—

" Come from the deep glen, and  
From mountain so rocky ;  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlochy,  
Come every hill-plaid, and  
True heart that wears one,  
Come every steel blade, and  
Strong hand that bears one.  
Fast they come, fast they come ;  
See how they gather !  
Wide waves the eagle plume  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Foward each man set !  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu  
Knell for the onset ! "

On the other hand the inhabitants of a rich, warm, and flat country show vivid imagination and exalted passion. They are less war-minded and their enthusiasm is more difficult to arouse as peace and prosperity is their chief aim :—

" And peace upon your pasture-land I found,  
Where grazing flocks drift on continually,  
As little clouds that travel with no sound  
Across a windless sky."

Besides arousing patriotism, National songs give us valuable information about the social and economic progress of a country. We read of industry and trade flourishing and the franchise being placed within the grasp of the people, so that they might take a greater interest in their country's welfare. Moreover, they spread the seeds of poetry and romance in the young minds of the inhabitants, and prepare them for the arduous task, which as citizens they are bound to undertake, and by doing so, keep the memories of their forefathers alive.

" The dead but sceptered sovereign that still rule  
Our spirits from their urn."

C. E. McGETTIGAN, E. 2.

## Phonetic Love.

O.M.L.E., what X.T.C.  
I always feel when U.I.C.  
I used to rave of L.N's eyes,  
For K.T. I gave countless sighs  
For L.C. too and L.N.R.  
I was a keen competitor.  
But now they are a non-N.T.T.  
For U.X.L. them all U.C.

O. GALLAGHER, E.2.

## The Open Road.

" It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where,  
 Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither nor why ;  
 Through the grey light drift of the dust in the keen cool rush of the air,  
 Under flying white clouds and the broad blue lift of the sky."

Ah? for the open road : ah? for the scent of the flowers and the new-mown hay with the nauseating stench of petrol-fumes and the screech of rusty brakes. That is the open road. How fine it feels out in a wilderness of barren countryside with not a soul in sight. Does this not force an urge into the soul to get out of the smoky city and sally forth into the country? Personally, I would prefer to go to the pictures.

But the open road would be beautiful and fine if two conditions were fulfilled, the first being that dear Mother Nature should be in her kindest and most generous mood; and the second that those sleek, roaring, polished, touring cars, which frighten one out of one's life be forbidden the countryside. If these could be, I would not in the least mind " the open road."

Let us see what a typical " hike " of to-day is like. For a whole week there is preparation and pre-arranging that the " tramp " may be an enjoyable one. Then at last the great morning arrives ; that morning looked forward to so impatiently. With full and heavy knapsacks, we move off.

As we leave the town and enter the country, we take a deep breath of the clean invigorating air. This, however, proves fatal to such of our party as are not used to fresh air, and we are delayed for some time till those affected are recovered. Again we step forward with sprightly gait, each trying to delude his neighbour by enthusing on the great life of the country. Before us shines—

" . . . a glorious world—  
 Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled."

As we trudge ahead " admiring nature's beauties "

" The naked earth is warm with Spring,  
 And with green grass and bursting trees  
 Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,  
 And quivers in the sunny breeze."

Suddenly a buzz is heard in the distance. The buzz develops into a roar and flash ! a high-powered car has passed us in a cloud of dust. " That's Shell — that was." We do not really mind this at first, but when it constantly occurs, it irritates. Nevertheless, we march on, our sprightly gait a little less sprightly now.

Soon a damp mysterious moisture alights like a descending snowflake on the face. All feel it. But it is not rain. " Oh ! no." " It cannot be rain," we tell each other.

Some suggest it is the morning dew being blown off the grass, others that it is the moist breeze from some nearby river which we all know is not nearby. But when " the sky opens " and down comes real honest-to-goodness rain and fears materialise to mock us. Ere ten minutes have elapsed, we are soaked to the skin, a mournful damp, glum expression on each countenance. To parody the poet—

" Was ever anything so damp, so wet  
 As me ?  
 My hat, my clothes, my tie, my boots )

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Were wet as wet  
 Could be,  
 And midst of all was my cold, white face,  
 And eyes that looked wearily."

"That rain came as a surprise," lies someone. "Yes! it *was* a surprise," we all lie together. "Should we continue on," ventures the boldest spirit of us. There is no uncertainty in that definite and devastating "No!"

Fortunately a lorry arrives on the scene and the gentleman with the kind face gives us a "lift." Thus we arrive home damp and discouraged, the hike which had been planned so carefully and enthusiastically, literally and metaphorically "washed out."

Yes—, my dear reader, this is a sample of what the open road offers you. Yet, strange as it seems, every week-end, particularly during the summer, we see the roads outside the city teeming with hordes of fresh air enthusiasts in the shape of hikers, bikers and still more hikers, and all these seem to be enjoying themselves. Perhaps you may feel encouraged to take to the bike, or hike. But beware, dear friend, for no matter when I attempt to go out, it always rains—or, something, yet Masfield says:—

"O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely smell of the earth,  
 Is a time for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of words;  
 And the blessed, green, comely meadows are all a-ripple with mirth,  
 Or the noise of the lambs at play and the dear wild cry of the birds."

T. FOLEY, D I.

## The Race.

What does it matter, when running a Race,  
 Which of the runners shall win,  
 What does it matter, when running a Race,  
 Who is the last one in.

If the spirit is good, and the race is true,  
 And the start of the race is fair,  
 What does it matter who gets there first?  
 So long as they both get there.

Someone is going to win the prize,  
 And someone to lose the race,  
 But isn't the loser winning as well  
 If he loses with manly grace.

What does it matter when running a race  
 And everyone takes his part,  
 If he runs it as well as he possibly can  
 And enters with all his heart.

T. McDERMOTT, C 2.

## “A Night of Fights” or “much ado about very little”

It is a few days after Christmas—two to be exact, and that “after holiday” feeling weighs one down. One has for the present lost all sense of taste and time; you know what it is like. In the panty one eyes askance the frayed frame of a turkey, makes a wry grimace at the little hummock of plum pudding isolated on the sprig-pattern dish, mutters to the family an indistinct something about a pantomime and rushes from the house. These holidays are so confusing and so disorganise routine that one must get out or do something rash. To-day is Monday, or so they say, but where on the clothes-pulley are the garments whose dangling sleeves weekly deal one moist slaps on the cheek and drag awry most carefully arranged shades—they are absent this week and Monday is bereft of all character! One’s head is in a whirl and thoughts, detached, and aimless, chase one another in quick succession through one’s mind until, with a quick shake of the head one endeavours to concentrate. So this is Monday, yes; and with what else does one associate this day one remembers; why, of course, and with quickening footsteps heads for the other side of the town. On the way the mind becomes a turn-stiling crowd of hustling thoughts. Perhaps one would be late; why hadn’t it occurred to one to do this before; it would be a last holiday amusement, for to-morrow would see again the starting of the business of a mundane and worrying world!

At last! here is the place. Sight of it makes one instantly regret not wearing that old cap that hangs unclaimed in the hall-way at home. It is not, mind you, that the donning of a cap would confer just the proper social status for admission to this place—no, but a cap affords a certain measure of disguise to one who prefers always his own company, anyway the night is cold. After some wandering about one by now has moved inside, but once past the entrance, has quickly halted. The place is small, and despite its somewhat classical name, has nothing aesthetic or classical to show in the way of architecture or decoration; truly, this is no Harringay or Wembley Stadium, but who cares? What if the place is a little bigger or better than a shack; that is soon forgotten as one’s eyes wander to the raised structure in the middle of the floor—a boxing ring! Bathed in a white light by two big lamps, the surfaces of which are covered with pierced lettering advertising the refreshing beverages of the local mineral water company. With an earthly smell in one’s nose, one moves in the shadows to the far side of the ring. None too soon has a seat been found, for both entrances are crowded with pressing queues, and the mind taking another capricious turn brings up from some deep recess:—

“And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
In murmur’d pity or loud-roared applause,  
As man was slaughtered by his fellow men;  
Wherefore not . . .”

But enough of this reverie—here comes a noisy nuisance who is likely to force his way through the throng to have a seat beside one. Ah! the holiday madness has him in its grip, and he trips past, his eyes fastened on the glowing tip of his Woodbine. With a great sigh one’s head come upright to notice through hovering wreaths of tobacco smoke that the wooden building is nearly packed. On every tier and in most of the dearest seats are caps, caps, caps and one recalls an article in an English weekly which designated cap-wearing “fight fans” as the “peak-capped chip and fish brigade.” These “fans,” of course, are quite unaffected by any form of snobbery or scorn. A figure in flannels and white sweater is moving about in the ring vigorously shaking resin from a tin, for all the world like somebody in a chip shop. Why, maybe there was something in that article—but no, it is just the queer turn of the mind again.

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At last, to a deafening roar comes the first of the boxers, a coat about his shoulders, to be followed shortly by his opponent. The babble of voices rises to a loud pitch as seconds, referee and M.C. enter the ring. In ringing tones, one and all are informed that Kid Chocolate is on the left and weighs 10 stones 6 lbs. (the very strapping solid Kid here jumps from his stool and does a quick little canter in his corner), and Boyo Lynch is on the right at 10 stone 11 lbs. (the Boyo rises from his stool just a little, though in that slight movement there is a suggestion of "Don't worry if you have not seen me, I'll be in action in a moment or two). The referee calls both men to the centre of the ring, and from his actions and their serious demeanour it would appear that he is "lecturing," but one knows that this is not the case, in fact one knows all about that mid-ring ceremony, and just as the child never forgets that nursery rhyme "Jack and Jill went up the hill," so the fan gets to know and remembers the referee's parting advice, "Keep your punches up, break clean, come out of your corner fighting, and may the better man win." Clang! the lights fade out and the boxers come out to the centre of the ring; it is all very quick, though not as quick as the swinging left which sends the mature Kid down almost in his own corner. One clamours with the rest of the madly yelling crowd, while hearing dimly "One—two—three—four," at which the Kid struggles up. One still yells—nothing very definite or inspiring but just yells. Peering over his gloves and weaving his body as he advances Boyo drives the bemused Kid into a corner and bang! bang! a left and right to the body bring down protecting fore-arms and a fast-moving right hand lands on the Kid's jaw. Over and down he goes like a felled tree to land with his face on the canvas. One immediately senses that the one—two, started by the timekeeper and taken up by the referee is quite unnecessary, and sure enough it is so. The victor, even after his success does no bow or canter and one likes him for that. These glove-waving, back-patting fighters are never really good, now, if one were a boxer—

Here comes the M.C. again—"Ladies and Gentlemen, the next contest—" and even his stentorian voice trails off as the active mind grapples with the opening words—"Ladies and Gentlemen," and one looks quickly around—caps, caps, but no freak headgear which means that the very first word is "superfluous," unless of course, one includes the dim amorphous shape of the obese proprietress, who piles up her sixpences and shillings in neat stacks, and like some inscrutable squaw heeds not the oratory of the M.C. or the peroration of the referee. One is just in time to catch the last of the M.C.'s announcement, attracted by its unusual wording—"under nine stone." As the boxer indicated sits down one resolves to pay more attention, although in this case one is at once aware of the cause of that discreet and maybe untrue statement. Here is a regional champion who must soon defend his title at a specific weight and not being anywhere near the weight at present, stalls and covers up from the wrath of his supporters by having the M.C. announce the indefinite and misleading statement. The clear clang of the gong brings the boxers out, the champion content to dance about on his toes while his opponent (a Scot) tries two lefts, which are blocked and a right swing which misses, is followed by a clinch in which the Scot delivers some short painful jabs to the body. The fight is mostly on the same lines with the "under nine stone champion" giving ground throughout. Encouragement is forthcoming from all parts and cries of "Come on the champion" and "use your right" and advice to assault his opponent with the appurtenances of the roped square are heard, and the "house" roars at the original advice of wags and at those whose cries are taken from the joke pages of magazines. During an interval the M.C. cries "the bills for Friday night and Saturday night are." (and from a wit who would defy the Corporation, comes "What's for Sunday night?")—and the spectators roar anew.

The last contest is between two very light boys. One sticks out his upper lip in a pugnacious manner as though he would smite the other boy right into the sixpenny seats; that lip gives an air of fierce determination though it is really caused by an oversized gum-shield and an over-fired imagination. A quick feint draws a blow which

strikes air and a hard right lands on the projecting lip. Back goes his head and a shower of punches puts the determined youth half through the bottom rope. He drags himself up brushing resin from his gloves, but no sooner is he upright than another barrage of blows puts an end to the fight and the noise, and all is quiet now while the fatal ten is tolled.

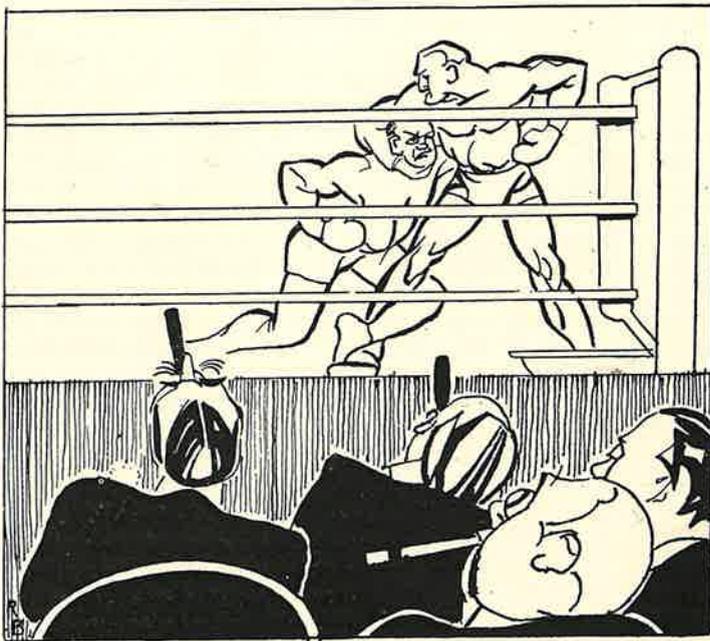
There is something melodramatic and irrevocable, something final and striking in the posture of the referee as he reaches ten. He bends low over the fallen fighter, his hand rising and falling with the count, and at the end he crosses his arms and swings them out wide as he straightens up with a hopeless sort of gesture, which clearly signifies *finis*! And as one surges out with the crowd these lines come to mind :--

"What matter where we fall, on battle plain or listed spot,  
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot . . ."

Trudging homewards the events of the evening produce this from an addled head :--

"The boxer knows a deal about straight lefts and hooks and swings,  
And holds the crowd in silence tense as from his stool he springs,  
It matters not if his technique is unlike that of Tunney,  
Why, win or lose, earn cheers or boos, he's sure to get his money.  
But don't forget the strenuous lives these modern fighters live,  
There is a code of "play the game and learn to take and give"  
They take hard knocks on their way through life and come back with a smile  
If all this policy would adopt then life would be worth while."

R. BELL.



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## The Beauty of the Antrim Glens.

(25th March, 1938.)

Already, despite the vagaries of the weather, and the fact that we are privileged to sample the four seasons all in one day, thoughts of pleasant hours free from toil are beginning to form in the mind of the average man and woman fortunate enough to anticipate a brief respite from business cares and worries. Unfortunately the inclination is all too prevalent here at home to seek our pleasures elsewhere than in our own country, and while we know, deep in our hearts that within the four shores of Eire we have unlimited opportunities for spending a pleasant and profitable holiday, our snobbish propensities lead us elsewhere, so that we may be considered "fashionable." Therefore we betake ourselves to England and Scotland, the more affluent of us patronise Continental resorts and more often than not our wanderings in foreign fields end in lighter pockets and shaken nerves before the holiday is at an end.

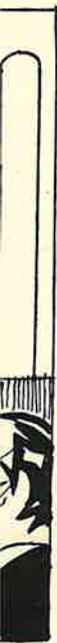
What should they know of Europe who only Blackpool, Paris, London, Killarney or even Norway know? How much do you know of your own County Antrim? You know Portrush, the Giants Causeway and Ballycastle, perhaps. If your knowledge of County Antrim ends there, I assure you, you have even greater things in store for you, providing you seek in "further fields." Even if you are only on a day's excursion the glory of the "Glens" must surely appeal to you.

He would be imaginative indeed who could conjure up a vision of more enchanting scenery than that which abounds along the route from the moment the city is left behind. Towering hills and well sheltered valleys, roaring cascades and wave-washed coast combine to charm the visitor. Each district passed through has its own charms but throughout all the same leading characteristics are apparent. The historian and antiquarian, too, will find much to interest them, for the region is one of the most storyful in Eire, and is as rich in legendary lore as it is in scenic wealth.

Spinning along the Glenarm Road we are soon revelling in our first real whiff of the open sea. Far out are the lonely "Maidens" while passing down channel is a stately liner. We are never out of touch with the sea as we travel along the level shelf of the Coast Road for over twenty miles, passing through Glenarm and Carnlough. And then we reach Red Bay with its ruined castle poised high on a promontory overlooking the road. This was the stronghold of the MacDonnell Clan in far-off days and from the appearance of the battered old walls one can easily imagine the fierce onslaughts this fortress had withstood. As we tour around Red Bay, well may we feel what a joyful thing is life and nature unspoiled by the work of the would-be improver. A few miles along the road we reach Cushendall the capital of the "Glens" district. This little village and its surrounding countryside must truthfully be the historians' paradise for the town itself is associated with the story of the great soldier-poet Ossian, whose grave stands on the shoulder of a little hillock not far distant from the town. For the antiquarian there is the ruins of Layde Monastery and grave-yard, with the gravestones on the slopes of the hill scattered here and there, some upright, some horizontal, almost as if the last trumpet had sounded and the stones had moved to release the dead. In the midst of all this decay, however, there stands majestically one lovely and perfectly preserved Celtic Cross in memory of the MacDonnells. Also in the same vicinity is Layde Castle or what remains of that once stately castle. "It is not used now," you are told by a resident of the district—he expressing the obvious with the utmost pleasure. Only a few miles further ahead is Cushendun, which little village is also steeped in history, for it is near here that Shane O'Neill fought his last despairing battle. Nature is here seen at her wildest—Glendun, Torr, Murlough and Cushleake—there is magic even in the sound of their names, perhaps in them Moira O'Neill found the inspiration for many of her enchanting poems.

with a smile

R. BELL.



And now let me take you further inland in the Glens—in fact, to the Glens of Antrim themselves. All the way it is a glorious panorama, and when we come to the valleys we experience the happiness mere wealth cannot bring. A little stream finds its way down the centre of each glade to the sea, now murmuring between piles of grey rock overhung with hoary trees, and again stealing quietly onwards through stretches of corn and meadowland. The humble homesteads to which these fields belong are old-fashioned, but have an air of decent comfort, and even dignity, which modern and more pretentious farmhouses do not exhibit. From the porches of these quaint habitations there are wonderful views of the Channel: and many a tale of love and war, of peril and shipwreck and enchantment are, in the light of the turf fires, rehearsed from generation to generation.

On the beauty of the Glenariff Waterfalls themselves I do not intend to dwell. Others have described them with more eloquence than I, and thereby hangs a tale, for on a summer day the "Glens" are certainly like Whit Monday by the sea, which I suppose is quite in order, yet all the same "an overdose of human nature in a nature recipe somewhat spoils the pie."

And now we actually turn inland from the sea with sorrow: "parting is such sweet sorrow here," but soon new joys cheer us for we reach Parkmore Glen. To gaze upon that placid vale, with the kingly Lurigedan Mountain on the immediate left, is to find rest and comfort more soothing than any tonic. It is nature's elixir. Meanwhile however we have been climbing to the uplands, and quickly we pass through scenes of rural bliss and rusticity—scenes such as Cowper delighted to paint so well. Continuing on our way we reach the outskirts of towns which are all too soon becoming miniature cities and in the extension of which Nature and the architect did not by any means work hand in hand.

Perhaps my musings have awakened your interest in your own country. If so, I thank the Antrim Glens alone for the inspiration I received from them while merely reminiscing in their beauties, and for my own pleasure, and might I say yours also, I quote the thoughts in verse of one who loved the district next to his God and family:

" Thus day and night I'm dreaming  
Of the Glens and Cushedall,  
And when I wake I pray to sleep  
To dream of Cushendall.  
The poet's theme, the artist's dream  
The theme that's dear to all,  
The paradise of fairies  
The Glens and Cushendall."

PAT DE LARGY

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## Schoolboys—by one of themselves.

Though there has been much written concerning the schoolboy character, the majority of such literature has come from those who had long forgotten their younger days. Therefore, it might be interesting to hear some truth on the matter from one who is in a position to know schoolboys, namely, one of themselves. That old adage: "Boys will be Boys," is never truer than when applied to schoolboys. Where they congregate, where they find kindred spirits, and where they may conspire, joke or "dodge" with one another, their spirits run free. Shakespeare, that great observer of human character, knew schoolboys, and typified them in a few apt words, as "the whining schoolboy, with his shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school." There is less cause nowadays for "whining," or "creeping," but the picture remains true. Goldsmith, at a later age, also knew schoolboys. Of his schoolmaster he says: "I knew him well, and every truant knew." He tells us that

" Full well, the boding tremblers learned to trace,  
The day's disasters, in his morning face,  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frown'd."

How true are all these at present. Even on his entering the room, the appearance of the schoolmaster is noted, and the knowledge circulated in a few seconds. His jokes, too, are the subject of more mirth than if told by any other. Thus we see that the schoolboy's character has not varied through the ages. Like Julius Caesar, it is "as constant as the Northern star."

There are, in general, two types of schoolboy, the "dodger" and the ambitious boy. A time ago there used to be another type, the honest schoolboy, but under the favourable conditions and "humane treatment" of modern life, this class has faded out. The "dodger" is undoubtedly the more interesting class of the two. He is always a good-humoured lad, who in carefree fashion looks at the pleasant side of life. No real dodger is of that type who hates everyone, that sullen, morose, type who keeps always alone and who declines the assistance or sympathy of companions. These, happily few enough not to form a class, are not dodgers. These are misanthropes in their wrong setting. But a dodger is a likeable type. He does not hate his teachers. Usually, he does not hate anyone. His dodgery is to him as picking pockets was to Charlie Bates, a cheerful and profitable pastime. Yet, as Charlie was disgusted at murder, so does a dodger dislike one who hates a teacher. To him a teacher is a person on whom to practice his cleverness, a source of humour, the object of witty verses, and one whose commands are to be treated either as a challenge or joke. I used to know a boy called John —, a typical dodger. He was a character whom all except the very sternest, liked. He used to keep us all in fits of helpless laughter which even the teacher's glare could not quell. His weird gesticulations and looks of feigned wonderment when the teacher would explain something difficult or intricate would have amused the teacher himself had he seen him. How he could avoid all homework, too! His excuses were real masterpieces, but he did not rely solely on these to save him. With the good-humoured masters, he would smile, be witty and play on their sense of humour, till he made them smile, after which it would not be seeming to punish him. In dealing with stern or serious masters he would be serious himself, with a repentant expression, and many promises of amendment. Thus, he would eventually soften their firm resolves, and escape all retribution.

A few examples of his tricks would perhaps better illustrate his character. One sunny day in May a comrade said to him :

" We've got old —— this afternoon." " Heavens ! what a day too," was the reply. After some conversation, they hit on a bold plan, and when the bell rang after break the two walked unconcernedly out of the school gates. They passed two teachers at the gate, merely saying " Halloo, sir." They knew it would be taken for granted that they had been allowed out. " Old ——" never guessed but that the two had been absent all day ; so the bold trick succeeded. Another tale concerning John illustrates even better his character, and since it has been verified from different sources, we may regard it as true. He awoke one morning at his mother's call, with no work done and no lesson prepared except the little he had done the previous night in bed, having managed to slip his books upstairs. He was both worried and tired, and thus did not rise. But he made a loud disturbance in the bedroom. His mother, assured that he would soon be down, went out. John slept for about an hour, then awoke, wondering why he had not been called again, for he knew his mother was never long out. Then he saw light. She thought he was already gone. What a chance. He slept blissfully for a few hours, till nearly break-time. Then he rose, dressed, and with a comb, a mirror, and his handkerchief, gave himself a waking and respectable appearance. He collected his books, crept downstairs, then speedily but cautiously slipped out into the street. After walking twice round the square he knocked at his own door again and told his mother he had been given a half-day.

The scene of a great number of his escapades was a little clubroom adjacent to the school. John would often pay a visit here during school-hours, particularly when the class was due for a spell with a " soft, or absent-minded teacher. For an hour of ease, he would smoke and play billiards, casting an occasional sorrowful glance in the direction of the school, though mingled with a humorous pity for the unlucky students inside. He would return about five minutes before the end of the period, wait in the cloakroom until the bell rang and the " soft " master departed, then, amid the bustle at the end of the class, slip unnoticed inside. Thus is a real " dodger." His motto is " Have a good time " ; so he is not sullen, nor does he destroy his happiness by brooding or hatred. He is a rather pleasant, witty character, gifted with an immense amount of nerve.

The ambitious boys are composed of two classes, those who like to learn, and those who learn because they dislike punishment. There is not much to say of the former class. They are not, as many novelists would have it, hated and despised by all their fellow pupils. In most schools no one pays any serious attention to them. The moderate boys, who fluctuate between the two classes are mildly interested in them, just as they would be about some Australian child of six, who could multiply by anything up to a million in his head. They are as dim stars who are generally forgotten, but sometimes remembered by the " slacker " when he required assistance at a " tough " piece of home-work. The assisted one is interested, but much more affected with momentary surprise than with interest, at the ease with which the other surmounts the formidable barriers which the difficult problems present. The " dodgers " and " wits " of the class are inclined to jibe good humouredly at the ambitious boy and amuse themselves at his expense, while the other is often totally unaware of it, for it is not unusual that those least inclined to work are those gifted with the most nimble brain.

The other class of ambitious worker is he whose aim is to edge his way into the teacher's favour, and, in a less honourable way than the " dodger," to earn an easy life. This is the only type of boy who is generally disliked, for his methods are totally without consideration for others ; in fact, his vocation often necessitates the lowering of his companions, to show, by the contrast, his own virtues. His hand is always flailing the air, accompanied by eager " Sir ! sir ! " or " Yessir ! yessir ! " For this reason they are now gradually coming into possession of the pseudonym " Yes, boys " " Yes,

boys" are usually impervious to even the bluntest criticism, and are the target of the wit and eloquence of the "dodgers." But even this cannot change their evil ways ; so the rest of the boys, angry at seeing their leaders ignored, cordially hate the "Yes-boys."

It is impossible in small space to tell all about schoolboys and their ways. They would fill volumes, so varied and so interesting are both the boys and their adventures, but a little truth on the general character should suggest typical adventures, and cast some light on that much-written-of, but little known, class.

D. MARRON, C. 4.

## An Autumn Evening in County Down.

The evening sun is sinking fast,  
Cool and softly falls the dew ;  
Outlined in gold, the graceful birch  
Stands 'gainst a sky of tender blue.

On Donard's head the sun is low,  
Than summer sun it shines more bright ;  
The ancient wood seems cool and bare,  
In valleys deep lies hoar-frost white.

Gently whispers the evening breeze  
The hills and groves of Down among ;  
Softly it stirs the sere brown leaves  
To join a moving, merry throng.

The winding Lagan glides along,  
And on its blue and sparkling waves,  
It bears the gull and snow-white swan,  
And wild duck, too, all danger braves.

From yonder church the Angelus rings,  
A day of toil comes to a close.  
O'er head the little robin sings  
His joyful song ere he seeks repose.

By yonder river's grassy banks,  
'Mid trees of ash and stately pine,  
Young rabbits play their merry pranks,  
While calmly wait the peaceful kine.

The milkmaid soon with merry song  
Trips lightly to the milking-shed,  
From field and brake comes a merry throng,  
To the wood's recess the doves have fled.

As evening shadows lengthen fast,  
The cawing crows speed through the air,  
They homeward fly ere day has passed  
To yon shady grove they now repair.

Darkness wings across the sky,  
The sun drops low in the golden west,  
Silence deep on earth doth lie,  
And drowsy nature's lulled to rest.

## Rathlin in Retrospect.

To most people the name Rathlin Island conveys little. They may have seen it from Ballycastle as a rocky and forbidding island, or they may remember it as the locale of the legend of Bruce and the Spider. This exhausts their interest and their knowledge or should I say, that this was formerly the extent of their knowledge. Those who read the more popular newspapers, in late January and early February, had their knowledge added to with great vividness. Sensational journalists literally discovered Rathlin and to their readers they presented fanciful pictures of a semi-civilised and quaintly dressed people, eking out a meagre existence from a barren soil and occasionally relieving the tedium of their lot by indulging in barbaric dancing. This, as I see it, is the impression which people now have of Rathlin and its inhabitants.

But Rathlin's history dates back beyond January, 1938. The Roman Pliny, in the 1st and the Greek Ptolmey in the 2nd centuries both make references to it. Indeed, before the Christian Era, we find the mysterious Firbolg had landed on its rocky shores. The historian, Nennius writes: "The Ferbolg seized on Mann and in like manner Ara, Ili and Rachra." In one of the legends of Deirdri, we find refence to "Rachlin between Eire and Alba."

Except for the fact that in 580 St. Comgall established a church on the island, which remained under the jurisdiction of Bangor Monastery until the latter's dissolution, the history of Rathlin is shrouded in mystery. In 1045, the Danes overran the island, slaying three hundred of its inhabitants. After the English invasion of Ireland it became part of the territory of the Earls of Ulster, but in 1215, it was granted by King John to the Earl of Galloway. Towards the end of the 13th century, it again came under the control of the Earls of Ulster. In view of various controversies as to the payment of rates by the islanders, it is interesting to note that about this time, *i.e.* 1279, its value is given as £4 8s. 5d. In 1306, occurred the episode which alone in Rathlin's chequered history has claimed the attention of the public, Robert Bruce landed on the island. During the winter of that year he had occasion to escape from Scotland. He spent the month of his exile on Rathlin, inhabiting the castle, of which the ruins still bear his name. The cave where the episode of the spider is reputed to have occurred is an opening in the cliffs near the place on which the castle stood.

By the year 1551, the MacDonnells had possession of the island. In 1575, an Elizabethan force under Essex, landed, and six hundred inhabitants who were in sympathy with the claims of Sorley Boy were brutally massacred. This defeat of the islanders won the approbation of Elizabeth, and both Essex and his lieutenants were highly commended for their services. The garrison left to keep the island in subjection was continually harassed by the inhabitants, and before long, the English were withdrawn. One of the soldiers, writing at this time, records his impressions in the following words: "The island of Rathlin is very barren, full of heath and rocks, and there are no woods at all in it."

By 1586, Sorley Boy had become lord of the island, and in 1603, the grant was confirmed in the name of Sir Randal, his son. The claim of the MacDonnells was hotly contested by a descendant of the Earls of Galloway, who had held the island in the thirteenth century. The case finally resolved itself into deciding whether Rathlin could be proved to be part of Ireland or Scotland. One of the proofs put forward in support of the MacDonnells' claim was that the "nature of the soil neither breeds nor nourishes any living thing venomous, but is as clear of them as Ireland, whereas the Isles of Scotland and England in the same sea breed and nourish them." There is no indication as to the ultimate settlement of the case, but the foregoing argument must have influenced those responsible in favour of the MacDonnells as Rathlin continued in their possession until more than one hundred years later.

In 1642, occurred another dreadful massacre, in which almost all the islanders were either put to the sword, or hurled alive from the cliffs into the sea, this time the Scottish Campbells were responsible. Since that time, the history of the Island has been less stirring. By 1740, the MacDonnells sold the Island to a family named Gage, who still have associations with it, although the Land Commission had purchased it towards the end of the nineteenth century. Under the Gages, a system akin to feudalism was practised, each tenant had to do a certain amount of work for the landlord, in addition to giving up an agreed proportion of his crops and stock. Some of the older inhabitants at the present time can recall the paying of these duties. During the famine period the landlord is said to have received some money from America to aid the distressed. The money was used as directed, but those receiving aid had to assist in the building of a wall which stretches across the Island, and although no mortar of any kind was used, this wall is still serviceable.

The population of the Island has, however, declined considerably. In 1784, the Catholic priest decided to put a levy of 1s. per head on all over 16 years to meet the cost of erecting a small church. Those who were called upon to pay numbered eleven hundred. If to this we add the number of Catholic children and the number of non-Catholics, it will be seen that the population was probably in the region of fourteen to fifteen hundred. At the present time it has fallen to 250.

This, in brief, is the history of Rathlin, a history as stirring as that of any other part of Ireland. From the casual visitor, however, its tragedy is hidden: to him it presents an excellent opportunity of a holiday with a difference. The artist will find many scenes worthy of his brush, and for the archeologist, it is a treasure house. The remains of a Monastery, the discovery of many stone-lined graves and flint arrow heads will give the lover of the past much to occupy his time.

The fact that on Rathlin sea birds are protected, has resulted in many interesting specimens making it their abode. The appearance and the clamour made by the thousands of sea birds which have made their home close to the Bull Light are indescribable. These birds, too, present the botanist with many interesting problems. Coming long distances, they have carried the seeds of plants, and many varieties of flowers are found in Rathlin, which cannot be discovered in other parts of Ireland.

To the person who cannot lay claim to any of these hobbies, Rathlin can still offer many charms. The scenery on the Island itself and the magnificent views which present themselves from the hill-tops can have few rivals in Northern Ireland. To the north, the Scottish Islands can be clearly seen, with the mountains of Argyle rising faintly in the distance, to the east the Argyleshire Hills, and to the west, the Donegall Highlands forming a misty background to the Inishowen Peninsula.

Those who have not visited Rathlin should brave the discomforts of the crossing from Ballycastle. The beauty of the Island, and the kindness of the Islanders would be ample reward. There are some, however, who would see in the Island abundant opportunities for establishing a modern seaside resort, who would erect concrete hotels, replace the sea birds' cry with the moaning of saxophones, and see in the rolling moorlands potential fairways. These I would ask to pass on their way, and leave the charm of Rathlin unimpaired.

E. G. CAVANAGH.

## “Philharmonicus—A—Um!”

To the Editor—“The Simmarian.”

Dear Editor,—I have been informed that a certain section of the school intend holding a Philharmonic concert in the near future, and doubtless in the proposed entertainment they mean to embrace the various school activities. Unfortunately, however, rumour is already rife that the promoters are finding difficulty in compiling a satisfactory programme. Hence I request that through the medium of your columns I may be allowed to put forward a few suggestions.

Most entertainments of this nature close, as you know, with the National Anthem, The Philharmonicists of St. Mary's, however, not being ordinary common-or-garden philharmonicists, will, of course be opposite to the common mob and will aim at something highly original, so I suggest that instead of closing the entertainment with the Anthem, they might do just the opposite, namely open it. The song, naturally would have to be revised to suit them (these Philharmonicists are so exclusive, you know, so exclusive!) so I propose that Item 1 on the Programme might read as follows:—

“Anthem Song Scenario,”

By a Gent. of the “Hairios” (in all senses of the word) of Class Ez,

“Oh, shave our noble chins.

Don't you think it would look just too delicious on the programme, Mr. Editor. The effect, of course, would be heightened and the scenario made to look more natural by the introduction of a solid partition as a background against which the aforementioned “Hairios” might lean. In the event of any difficulty in providing such a partition a brick wall might do just as well as that is probably what they lean against out of school-hours.

To counteract the rather solemn character of Item 1, Item 2 might be something in a more melodramatic vein, such as an operatic tragedy in one act based on the song:

“We won't go, we won't go, we won't go,  
Will anybody make us—No! No! No!”

The actors naturally would be Cannon & Co., and the scene would be laid in the school-yard at park-time on Wednesday afternoon. It will, of course, be unnecessary for me to point out where the tragedy enters.

Again, in the same scene, just to show there's no ill-feeling, a chorus of those few enthusiastic “parkites” which the school contains (there really are some, Mr. Editor, though you may not think so), might render “Off to the Greenwood,” to the strains of Mr. Cashman's whistle or Mr. Carpenter's melodious “rasper.”

As against the rather conflicting character of the above two items, a little pathos might now be introduced by a dramatisation of the well-known poem,

“Only a penny a ballot,” he said,

“But the gentleman turned away his head.”

The scene would be laid in one of our main thoroughfares, with a doughty junior attempting to sell a ballot-ticket to a rather obstinate (or is it sensible?) citizen who stoutly refuses to purchase. The pathos might be made more evident and incidentally more touching by a few tears on the part of the junior as he casts mournful eyes on the background of “labour, labour and more labour” that falls the lot of those who simply can't get their tickets sold.

The audience would by now have grown weary of short items, so I suggest the inclusion by the promoters, in the programme of a long play. As the entertainment is intended to be scholastic in its essence, do you not, Mr. Editor, consider it advisable

to dramatise the school-day in a play of eight Acts. Some may suggest that such an item would be rather prosaic, but surely our histrionic experts could succeed in introducing a little excitement.

The first act of the school-day is, of course, getting up, so the first Act of the proposed play might be captioned by the striking, suggestive, yet non-committal title,

"I strike out!"

Late comers would require no explanation for the title of Act 2, namely "The Bottom-Step Episode," nor for that of Act 3, "The Gates of Death." Some may believe that "The Doors of Death" would be more appropriate as, after all, the entrances to the class-rooms are made of wood not iron. Nevertheless, the word "Gates" used in this sense, has surrounded itself with a glamour that is all its own, and which the word "doors" has not and never will have.

The arrival of a certain educational instructor would provide material for the fourth Act, under the heading of "I meet with a Madman," while the incoming of certain others with collecting boxes, would give rise to the fifth, namely, "Fallen among Thieves." Geography and Science classes might seem rather dull as the 6th and 7th Acts, but with a little ingenuity they might be transformed into something quite exciting, as, for instance—

Act 6.—"Exploring Wildest Africa."

Act 7.—"Ye'lls and Smells in Stinkland."

The play would now be drawn to a close by the short Act, "To Hell or to Connaught," or, in other words, to go home and do exercises or to go home and not do them, whichever is, not the better, but the less bad.

So far, you will have noticed the programme has been without anything strictly educational. Mike, however, might be induced to remedy this defect by a few readings from the well-known book, "Shakespeare in County Down." It is unnecessary for me to dwell at any great length on the highly educational and instructive value of this widely-read and much appreciated text. One example will, I think, suffice. Thus for

"Hail! Great Caesar." Mike has. "Come in, Julius. Is it yourself or is it your ghost? Shure 'tis fine and well you're looking, glory be to the saints."

The entertainment would now be nearing its end and it might be brought to a close by a few musical items. Perhaps a few of the juniors would be so kind, so extraordinarily kind as to render the song scenario,

"Exercise! Exercise!"

In the morning when you rise."

the scenario being C4 room at 8-30 a.m., with the Juniors copying Latin exercises beneath the desks. The aspirants to punctuality could follow this by a Castle Junction scene, singing, "When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there," as they gaze hopefully up Castle Street. The curtain might then be rung down by Mr. McGettigan and friends in a scene anticipatory of the close of the Seniors singing the grand old chorus:—

"What the H—— do we care now,"

with

"Give me the wide open spaces"

as an encore.

Trusting that you will give these suggestions of mine a place in your excellent columns and that our very exclusive Philharmonic Society may be graciously pleased to accept them, I assure you, Mr. Editor, that I am,

Yours very sincerely,

CHERRY TARLETON.

## The Scientific Society.

<i>President</i> ... ..	Mr. T. KANE, B.Sc.
<i>Hon. Secretary</i> ... ..	„ A. McDADE.
<i>Hon. Treasurer</i> ... ..	„ P. MALLAGHAN.
<i>Librarian</i> ... ..	„ D. O'REILLY.

The Scientific Society held six meetings in the Session 1937—38. Members willingly volunteered to read papers, and an interesting programme was gone through. The Society is indebted to the following for the labour and enthusiasm which they devoted to the work :—

C. FORRESTER ... ..	Paper on	<i>Louis Pasteur.</i>
P. MALLAGHAN ... ..	„ „	<i>The Dispersion of Seeds.</i>
J. SHERRY ... ..	„ „	<i>Linen.</i>
A. McDADE ... ..	„ „	<i>Phosphates.</i>
T. McLISTER ... ..	„ „	<i>The Chemist as a Creator.</i>
D. O'REILLY ... ..	„ „	<i>Medical Research.</i>

Visits were paid to Telephone House, Cromac Square, and to the B.B.C. Studios, Linenhall Street. The Society wishes to record its thanks to the directors of these institutions for the permission, so readily granted, to see over them.

All students of the school who are interested in Science are invited to join the Society. They will find in it an opportunity for exploring many of the branches of that subject not touched on in the school curriculum.

## Television.

Based on Paper read at the School Scientific Society.

Television as an idea dates back over half a century to 1876 when Bell's invention of the telephone created a stir in the Scientific World.

This event was followed almost immediately by the publication of numerous theories for the transmission of light by electricity. These theories strangely enough, were in the main, identical in conception with the most important principles on which Television to-day operates.

It is one thing to postulate a theory and quite another to produce an actual working mechanism. Bell's telephone had been anticipated in theory, so were Edison's Phonograph and Marconi's Wireless experiments, yet many years had to elapse before the theory of television reached practical accomplishment. The man who succeeded in that vital step was John Logie Baird.

There were many early theorists : outstanding among these are :—1, Nipkow. It is his spiral disc which forms a prominent part in the present day televising apparatus ; 2, Weiller, the originator of the mirror drum which forms the basis of certain apparatus which has just emerged from the experimental stage. Although these theorists were early in the field with a description of their apparatus, nearly 30 years elapsed before Television was actually achieved.

A public demonstration of the transmission of outlines was given at Selfridge's, London, in April 1925, when Mr. Baird with the crudest of apparatus transmitted by wireless the outlines of simple objects. In addition, in America a man by the name of Jenkins in July 1925, transmitted silhouettes. But it was not until January 1926, that true television was accomplished and the gigantic step of transmission of real images. On the 27th of January, 1926, Mr. Baird gave a demonstration of the transmission of real images between one room and another by Television—the living human face being transmitted. This was the first time in history that actual television had been demonstrated.

The next noteworthy step in the progress of Television took place on the 30th December, 1926, when Mr. Baird demonstrated the vision of objects in total darkness by applying Infra Red Rays to Television. On the 9th of November, 1928, the public were startled to learn that the Atlantic had been spanned by vision. Using an ultra short wave station, situated at Coulsden, Baird had succeeded in transmitting images to Hartsdale, a suburb in New York. This transmission was followed almost immediately by the transmission to the S.S. Berengaria in mid-ocean. Then followed in June, 1928, daylight Television, after which came Television in natural colours, and probably the greatest advance since the coming of Television itself, the daily programme transmitted from the B.B.C. Studio at Alexandra Palace, London, which began in 1936.

By the aid of television one can visually witness what is happening at some distant place, just as if one were an eyewitness on the spot. In its strictest sense true Television can be defined as the ability to see, with the aid of electrical methods of transmission, a reproduction on a screen of the images of moving or stationary objects situated at any distance from the observer.

Now, one might ask is this seeing by means of land cables or wireless any more complicated than listening on the telephone or hearing by wireless? At the present stage of development of the science, it would be foolish to reply in the negative; but let it be said immediately that the extra complications are only of a relatively minor order so far as the actual operator at the receiving end is concerned.

New in the Baird Television the person to be televised stands or sits in front of four light sensitive or photo electric cells. These cells have the wonderful property of responding in an electrical sense to varying amounts of light and shadow, and converting them faithfully into electrical variations of corresponding strength. In other words they can be looked upon as acting in the nature of a very efficient light microphone, in somewhat similar manner to the speech microphones.

Located behind these cells but in front of the Televised object, there is an optical apparatus consisting of a rapidly revolving metal disc around whose periphery or circumference is arranged a series of 30 holes in the form of a spiral. Through these perforations are focussed rays of light from a high candle power lamp so that they are projected upon the person sitting in front of the apparatus.

#### THE WORK OF THE PHOTO ELECTRIC CELLS.

Owing to the revolving disc the narrow pencils of light pass over the person's face, and sub-divide the features into a number of strips, and it will be seen that every part of the face is successively illuminated by a small point of light, the speed with which this process takes place being dependant upon the disc revolutions per minute. Depending upon what part of the face the light spot is moving over, so a variation of light and shade is thrown back and reflected on to the photo Electric Cells. Thus on the forehead a considerable amount of light would be reflected, whereas when the spot traversed black or dark hair very little light would be thrown back. According to the amount

of reflected light picked up by the cells, so it is converted into electrical currents of proportional amplitude, and therefore as the spot of light makes a complete traversal of the subject image, a current of varying intensity is sent out from the cell. No personal discomfort is experienced by the person being televised and the resultant current variations, owing to their minute nature, have to be amplified and then made to modulate a high frequency carrier wave at the transmitting station, and finally are propelled into space as waves similar to speech waves. Anyone tuning in their wireless set to this transmission will be rewarded with a distinctive note emanating from the loud speaker, something like a high pitched drone.

#### A PROCESS OF CONVERSION.

The next point that arises of course is how can this be re-converted to a plain reproduction of the person at the studio?

To think for a moment, have you ever tuned in a strong signal on your wireless set and then substituted a neon lamp for the loud speaker? If this is done the signals become visible instead of audible, for the set owner would see the flickerings of the lamp in place of hearing the vibrations of the diaphragm. But, supposing you had tuned in a television transmission, what then, why the flickerings of the lamp with the varying signal intensity are producing the reflected light from the original object.

#### FORMING A PICTURE.

All that remains is to arrange the series of light flashes over a surface or area corresponding to that occupied by the subject. That is, a picture must be formed out of the successions of light and shade, just as the artist forms his picture from a succession of brush touches on canvas, bearing in mind that we are to take advantage of the peculiar property of this peculiar neon lamp, which responds instantly to the varying currents in the output circuit of the last valve of the wireless receiving set.

Obviously our requirements call for a duplication of the transmitter scanning disc, that is, it must have the same number of holes as the transmitter disc, although its size can be adjusted to any proportional dimension. Another factor is both the transmitter and receiver discs must revolve in synchronism, or in simpler language, the discs must run at the same speed and be in the same phase relationship. This item is of extreme importance, indeed it can be regarded as the crux of our television system.

#### THE PICTURE CANVAS.

Provided these conditions are satisfied and regarding the glowing plate of our near lamp as the canvas for our picture, then with the receiver disc revolving in front of the near lamp, the light from this lamp passes through the holes of the disc and reaches the eyes of the observer. When the first hole of the transmitter disc explores a line across the object and lets the beams or pencils of light fall in succession on the photo electric "Microphone" so the receiver disc has a hole which explores a line across the glowing plate of the lamp, and it is soon bright in one spot and brighter or darker in another, as it flickers.

There must be perfect synchronism between the two discs, so that the line viewed across the glowing plate varies in light intensity exactly as does the line explored across the object. A succession of such lines side by side will make an image having the same gradations of light and shade as the original object, owing to the phenomena known as "persistence of vision." This natural property of the eye makes the whole image appear simultaneously and resembles that of the principle whereby in cinematography, owing to the rapidity of motion, the pictures we view are a moving, continuous whole, and not a succession of still pictures.

## CREATING FORM FROM STRIPS OF LIGHT.

The previously disintegrated object is now reintegrated, and built up completely by the succession of impulses. We have spread them over a surface, thus creating form. It must be carried out quickly enough, generally at the rate of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  to 15 complete pictures explorations in one second, corresponding to a sheet of, from 750 pictures per minute ; so that the eye does not have the opportunity of dwelling on the mechanics of the process, but sees only the flashes in their proper place, rather than as a sequence.

We can look upon the revolving disc and neon lamp which recreate the image as serving the eye in a similar manner as the loud speaker serves the ear, and just as in the case of a first class wireless receiver and associated loud speaker we are struck with the quality of reproduction as judged by the ear, so with the television one cannot fail to appreciate the beauty as revealed by the eye.

J. SHERRY, E. I.

## Ye Lakes of Ireland.

Ye lakes of Ireland ! precious gems all set  
 In purest em'rald ! ne'er pen of mine could pay  
 Just tribute to your beauty ; nor has yet  
 The poet lived who could, in song or lay,  
 Describe the wondrous glory of your sheen  
 Beneath the sun, within your beds of green.

How oft the charmed pilgrim would return  
 If Duty stern raised not a staying hand—  
 To view the lovely Corrib, Neagh and Erne  
 Or by Killarney's silver waters stand !  
 Serenely beautiful and calm you lie,  
 Crystal mirrors of a fickle sky.

Sparkling diamonds of the early morn  
 When Sol—arisen—reaches forth his light  
 In fond caress, you magically transform  
 To brilliant rubies 'ere the fall of night.  
 Dear Irish lakes ! how e'er can I unfold  
 That beauty which made mute the bards of old !

SEAN DYNAN.

## Winter.

Bleak and cold Winter's icy hand,  
 Descends with lightning swiftness,  
 On the still and silent land.  
 With the creaking of the door,  
 The tempest's screaming blast,  
 Is heard above the torrent's roar,  
 When midnight's chime is past.

Ink-black darkness everywhere is nigh ;  
 Save when vivid lightning flashes.  
 Across the ebony sky,  
 In every dark corner  
 Strange shadows loom.  
 Then comes the chill sleet's spatter,  
 And the thunder's rumbling boom.

P. CASEY, C. I.

## Victory Ballad of the "Legion."

The Legion's in the Manual Room,  
Munching the sweets they've won,  
"O where shall we get a skeely songster  
To sing the deeds we've done?"

O up and spak' Steve Toman,  
Steve with the dark brown eye,  
"I'm a first-rate poet boys myself,  
Just leave the job to me."

Good Steve has made a right wee poem,  
And writ it with his hand  
Without a doubt, when folks find out,  
They'll wreck the bally land.

Now fold your arms and close your eyes  
While Stephen clears his throat,  
And give your souls a chance to drink  
The music, note by note.

"From Lur-a-gan, from Lur-a-gan,  
From Lur-a-gan down the line,  
Magee and Cusker have arrived  
At twenty-five past nine.

The Legionaires are gathered now,  
Such silence! Hear the clock!  
It seems to say to me 'Serve!  
*Addisce, Hic, haec, hoc?*

Our hearts are thumping in our ears—  
My own says 'qui, quae, quod,  
Good listeners, pause, 'tis not because  
We fear the master's rod.

This calm is not begot of fear—  
The calm before the storm—  
A nobler motive urgeth us:  
The honour of our Form.

In five days' time a stiff exam.  
Will test our Latin powers  
A test in view means deadly stew  
Through long nocturnal hours.

The optimates of A1  
Are swotting might and main;  
Yes, yes, 'tis true although they do  
Pretend they've all the brain.

That *qui, quae, quod*, the Bangor squad  
Can manage to a 'T'  
And Norfolk Drive is quite a hive  
If Latin industry.

The Ormeau gang don't care a hang  
For any student here,  
They'll whack us flat, they say, and that  
Upon the lowest gear.

"*Ille, illa, illud* is cakes,"  
Jim Hunter said to-day,  
And Séamus Goff is trying to scoff  
At us saying "*filie*."

Young Basil Hughes gives me the blues,  
His haughty look doth say  
*Stultissimus apud nostros*  
*Est doctior multo te.*

O'Callaghan condescends to smile  
At our outrageous neck,  
And Tommie Carson doth revile  
Our class—the little speck!

"Teach Latin to A1," he says,  
"You're bringing coals to Tyne;  
Teach Latin to A2 and you  
Are casting pearls to swine."

I got a frown from boastful Brown  
That nearly brought a tear,  
It plainly said, "God help your head"  
McSherry sneered a sneer.

No wonder that James Rice arose  
To calm our rising rage,  
No wonder that McCusker looked  
Like a lion in a cage.

"O men from Falls and Springfield Roads,  
O men from Cliftonville,  
From Carrickfergus and Dromore,  
Restrain your wrath, keep still.

Sit down my Lurgan Legionaires,  
Be patient Old Park Rangers  
A wiser course than fisty force  
I see, less fraught with dangers.

Five days remain ere once again  
We face the starting-post,  
To "also-run" providing fun  
For Campbell's haughty host.

Five days through which I'll hold my tongue<sup>uc</sup>  
In savage indignation,  
Will next week see my napper hung  
In more humiliation?

O who will bear the jeers of Brown  
Or Gerry Gartland's grin,  
Or Larkin's cheer, or 'Sherry's sneer,  
After the next day's win;

Or all that Brendan Black will say,  
Too sore just now to mention  
When Brian bows and lifts his brows  
In super-condenscension.

Stand up each worthy Legionaire  
And with a willing hand  
Approach the torch of knowledge,  
And relight your blackened brand,

And by its light, both day and night,  
Swot your "Hallidie"  
From "do, das, dat, and no, nas, nat"  
As far as "peperci."

And when the fateful day will come,  
We'll sweep away the prize—  
At will rue to see us chew  
The swag before their eyes."

He ceased ; and there was silence  
Until he made his bow  
"Tick-tock, tick-tock," said old man clock  
O Holy smokes ! what now ?

Three dozen approbative yells  
Burst forth from every breast,  
The desks are whacked and backs are smacked,  
The roof doth stand a test.

The yell was heard in Sandy Row ;  
'Twas heard on Carrick Hill ;  
A horse of Wordies' nearly met  
The fate of Jack and Jill.

Ma Trainor's window rattled mad ;  
And Paddy McCann woke up ;  
A leather dropped, its owner stopped  
In the middle of "Eat your supp— ?"

All Number Four rushed out the door  
Thinking the roof was in,  
Or that C3 were at Chemistry  
Preparing Hydrogen.

The pigeons flappered up in fright  
And Mr. Brown's wee boys  
Forgot their drill and stood stock still  
Astounded by the noise.

And as the tram goes up the road  
With hiss and lurch and rattle  
Conveying its badly jostled load  
Recalls the din of battle :

With grinding wheels and screechy squeals  
It tears in mad endeavour ;  
The clanging bell doth discord spell  
For ever and for ever.

So did that yell of triumph rise  
To rattle door and window,  
To swell to reach the very skies  
In resolute crescendo

To notify the elements  
Of our determination . . .  
The gods were pleased and promptly sneezed  
To make reverberation.

At last the final echo  
Rolled over Creagagh Hill ;  
"O'Grady" spoke ; A3 awoke,  
And recommenced their drill.

The leather was picked up again  
To the tune of "Eat your dinner ?"  
And Paddy went out to dodge about  
And try to spot a winner.

At were gathered in once more  
To do Geometry.  
"Tick-tock, tick-tock," said the manual clock,  
But never a word said we.

For we had made a grim resolve  
To settle down to books,  
The master smiled like a three years' child  
When he saw our grumpy looks.

#### PART II.

Five rainy suns had risen,  
Five rainy suns gone down ;  
A sixth was struggling through the fog  
Which overhung the town.

Its efforts failed, the fog prevailed,  
The clouds rushed in together ;  
'Twas sad to see the mercury  
Forecasting dirty weather.

A dreary, half-lit rainy morn  
Emerged towards half-past eight—  
What time you hear the Springfield horn  
And Paddy opes the gate.

The roofs are glistening in the gloom ;  
The windows are all clouded ;  
You feel a pang when you hear the clang  
Of your tram-car overcrowded.

A morn to spend in blanket-land,  
Or else beside the fire,  
Watching the rain run down the pane  
Or guarding the fragrant frier.

A morn that gives you leaden eyes,  
And a head that's nearly sore,  
And swollen glands and heavy hands  
And sweat from every pore.

The lights are on in Barrack Street  
The pipes are blazing hot  
All, all our men are here again  
Including the Tiny Tot.

If cats and dogs came hurtling down  
From the bursting wintry sky,  
Each Legionaire would grin and bear  
The torment caused thereby.

Yes, look at them in bright-lit rows  
Grave, upright, silent, steady,  
Their papers out before them spread,  
Their pens are at the ready.

All eyes are trained upon the board  
Which shows in black and white—  
What you have guessed—a Latin test,  
Some Comp. and Trans. at Sight.

The verbs which take a Dative case ;  
The neuter nouns in *us* ;  
The *i* stem nouns ; the names of towns  
Small islands, *domus, rus* ;

Exceptions to the gender rules ;  
The syncopated *niger* ;  
The words for dearer, further, nearer,  
Better, smaller, bigger.

And when the clock struck half-past nine  
The pens flew towards the papers,  
A1 to bring their coals to Tyne  
With cocksure crowing capers ;

A2 to gather up the pearls  
And to set them in their crown ;  
To slog their best and win the test  
Or else go gamely down.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, said O. M. clock,  
Scrape, scrape said Morgan's pen,  
And question one is half way done  
At twenty-five to ten.

And Pat O'Kane's as busy now  
As any man alive,  
He has got through the most of two  
Before nine-forty-five.

There's one wee boy with smiles of joy  
Has number three complete,  
He means to drag his share of swag  
Away to Violet Street.

A fair haired man who rarely smiles  
Has finished number four.  
He seeks no fame, but all the same  
He's loyal to the core.

Another lad with golden curls  
Has mastered every rule,  
A cute wee boy whose greatest joy  
Is " hopping " it to school.

The Shamrock boy is well away  
With seven out of seven ;  
McCusker still doth scrawl away  
At twenty to eleven.

Jennings finds that *no, nas, nat*  
Is harder far than slimming  
G. K. suggests that Latin tests  
Are excellent for swimming.

Tick-tock, tick-tock croaked out the clock  
Time up my darling swotters ;  
When all have sighed the pens are dried  
With corners of the blotters.

Five minutes more and No. Four  
Was packed with anxious faces,  
With necks all craned and eyes all strained  
For wobbly moods and cases.

A1 corrected our exam.  
And we corrected theirs,  
No marks that day were thrown away  
At least on Legionnaires.

By twelve all honest marks were down ;  
(Foul markers being ejected)  
The totals found, two boys went round  
To have the sheets collected.

And presently a tot appeared  
Three dozen numbers long ;  
'Twas added by a galaxy  
Six dozen units strong.

One thousand seven hundred marks  
Was roughly what we found—  
You'd hear a feather fall, I trow,  
And roll along the ground.

One thousand seven hundred marks  
Is increased a hundred fold ;  
The mark p.c. is found and we  
Can feel our blood run cold.

For we got eighty-eight per cent.  
It was a brave wee score,  
But what are marks if the Bangor sharks  
Can gain a fraction more.

The Optimates' marks are down  
Ah me ! 'tis an anxious minute :  
There's figure eight ! O blakers Kate !  
And we are going to lose or win it ?

The Units' digit tells the tale—  
There ! Down it goes ! 'tis three !  
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree.

Need I describe what followed ?  
Need I describe the row ?  
I'd better not, for the space I've got  
Would ne'er permit it now.

O lang, lang may A1 boys sit  
Wi' their pens into their hand  
Before they see the box of sweets  
Wi' the lovely " Air Mail " Brand.

And lang, lang may they sit and sigh  
With their shades upon their hair,  
But the pence they paid before they played  
They'll never again see mair.

For over in the Manual room  
The Legionnaires make fun  
Where midst applause they work their jaws  
Munching the sweets they've won.

By the A2 Swotters' Association.

## A Neolithic Community Near Belfast.

Nobody really knows how long the neolithic period lasted ; but we do know that it came to an end about 2,000 B.C., when bronze was introduced. Commerce at this time must have been very primitive and in a country without metal like our own the neolithic period may have lasted much longer. Belfast four thousand years ago was probably a swamp. The Lagan valley rises very gradually, and to-day the tide affects the river as high up as the Belfast Boat Club. Possibly at no very distant date the river was tidal almost to Shaw's Bridge. It is hard to tell the exact spot because the level of the water has been raised artificially by a canal. I think it is reasonable to suppose that in 2,000 B.C. the river was fordable a short distance above where Shaw's Bridge now stands. This is the place where we might expect to find evidence of the existence of neolithic man. The townland here is called Drumbo, and on the County Down bank about three and a half miles from Belfast there is an ancient monument known as the Giant's ring.

I am going to refer to the pile of stones in the ring as a cromlech. I require a word, and this one seems at least as good as the many others. I won't discuss the meaning of the word or use a definition for it, and I am anxious to avoid as far as possible any controversy about cromlechs. Archaeologists may divide themselves into rival camps and argue loud and long as to whether or not these structures are chambered tumuli denuded of their mounds. I am definitely on the side of those who think cromlechs never had mounds ; but I admit that many learned people take the opposite view.

After all there is common ground and nobody denies that the monument was built by men. The question that interests me is " How many men built the Giant's ring ? " This seems a fairly easy problem, and looking at the structure and keeping in mind the implements at the disposal of the builders most people would guess two hundred. No one can contradict because the time taken to do the work is, of course, unknown. I am going to assume for reasons which I hope will be apparent later that the people who did the building were a community who settled in the Lagan valley. If this is true our figure of two hundred would be half children and half adult, and half of the adult population would be women. This leaves fifty men available for the work. Of these some were old and the whole community required shelter and food. Cromlechs were a luxury only to be built on fine days and when food was plentiful. For these reasons the figure of two hundred seems small. There is another reason why the figure is low. We must allow a certain minimum figure on account of their isolation. A small isolated community would soon degenerate into an overgrown family. Let us assume a certain amount of communication with other people of the same stock, and put their numbers at five hundred and say that this is the lowest that seems reasonable.

I take it that I have now justified my title of a neolithic community near Belfast, and furthermore it was a settled community. We might now ask how the settlers got to Drumbo. They may have sailed or rowed up the river to a spot where the bank was firm and the water shallow. They probably came from other parts of Ireland, and at first thought it is easier to assume that they came by land. There is no doubt that they could build boats capable of going into the Irish Sea. If we can point to a cromlech in England we remove any shadow of doubt on this point. We only require one English cromlech, and it is to be found on the east bank of the Medway. Locally the Kentish folk call this cromlech " Kits Coty House." It bears a very close resemblance to the stones at the Giant's ring. Although the stones themselves are different, the general shape cannot be mistaken. I don't wish to suggest that our community

came from Kent ; but I think they must have been a very similar race. Ulster in Shane O'Neill's time was a wild and inaccessible place. Thousands of years ago it must have been very much worse. There were no roads or maps, and there were dense forests, and dangerous animals in the forests. Rivers like the Lagan were the safe highways for pioneers accompanied by women and children.

These people of the Lagan valley were by no means vagabonds on the face of the earth. They were highly civilised. It is well known that they had a religion. They buried their dead in simple stone lined tombs which are described nowadays as neolithic cists. These graves often contain an earthenware bowl in addition to human remains. The dust in the bowl has been investigated and found to be the remains of cereals. The religion of the people was therefore of such a nature that they placed food in their burial places for the spirit which was going on a journey.

It follows that we are dealing with an agricultural people who probably understood something about the domestication of animals, and if they discovered cereals they must have known about alcohol.

The next point I wish to make about these people is very complicated, and depends on the theory that hunting as a means of livelihood is more primitive or older than agriculture. Our neolithic people must have given up hunting and taken to agriculture. I don't say that they made the change all at once or that they made it in Ireland. It probably took a very long time for men to discover the domestication of plants and this far reaching discovery established settled community life. Land that was cleared of trees and stones became valuable, and sons inherited something of value from their fathers. Law became necessary to determine ownership of land.

Changing from a diet of meat to a vegetable diet may have other results on a race. It may influence the amount of pigment in the body. A dark haired hunting race taking to agriculture may become less pigmented or fairer. Their hair and eyes and skin may become lighter in colour. I say, might, because there are many reasons why some modern people are dark and others fair.

There is a far greater contrast between a hunting tribe and an agricultural people than the colour of their skin. The hunter lives from day to day, unsettled he follows the prey. Courage and physical strength and fierceness are the qualities he breeds in his children. An agricultural community require knowledge about seasons, soil and plants. The leader must advise about these things, and the laws relating to them. Life on the land placing as it does a premium upon knowledge renders civilisation possible. A hunting race will hunt for thousands of years in the same way without making a single step towards civilisation.

There are twenty-five cromlechs in Antrim and Down. Probably many more have been destroyed. Generally speaking they are to be seen in the river valleys, and on the headlands or near the coast. If my contention that a cromlech indicates a community is right it follows that the two counties were inhabited along the coast and valleys. A map of Ireland with all the cromlechs marked on it would give a fair idea of the distribution of this ancient race. I have never seen such a map ; but I think it would be a simple matter to prepare one. It has not been my purpose to write down everything that is known about these people of the cromlechs, instead I have tried to stimulate interest in this race and the strange monuments they have left behind.

MAURICE LAVERY.

## A Slight Mistake.

P. Washington Hanna, the well-known Movie Magnate and Chain Store Croesus, entered the railway carriage and dumped his case on the floor. He was an American "go-getter" and satisfied himself that he was still a super-salesman by taking advantage occasionally of the opportunities for a direct contact afforded by the English railway compartment. Like many millionaires, he was an extreme egotist and liked talking to strangers about his various successful business deals and ventures. Hence he did not hesitate, as soon as the train had started, to open his case and address the only other occupant of the compartment.

"Can I interest you in clothes-brushes, combs, studs, toothpaste, hair-oil, stationery, etc.?"

"For goodness sake! Who do you think you are? —Mr. Woolworth?" snapped the other and now irate passenger.

"No, sir! I'm P. Washington Hanna, Director of Hanna's Flicking Films, owner of Hanna's Shilling Stores, manufacturer of Hanna's Herbs for Happy Horses, Hanna's Food for Fickle——"

At this point the attention of his listener was aroused and a light of wonder shone in his eyes. "Not P. Washington Hanna?" he said in a doubting voice. "Yes, sir. That's me. The one and only P. Washington Hanna," said our Yankee friend, tilting the cigar in his mouth and leaning forward all aglow with zeal for conquest. "Talking of names," he went on, "let me tell you a very funny story of how I got the world-famous star, Marie Chautemps, to sign on the dotted line to work in our films."

The cornered passenger made an attempt to rise, but P. Washington exerted his almighty will-power and continued in a loud voice: "Doubtless you know that six months ago all the Hollywood producers were fighting for her signature. She was temperamental, you see, and had the idea that she could work only under the auspices of a producer who was notably valiant and courageous. Isaac Ibstein of Mosaic Motivations climbed the scaffolding of N. B. house during rebuilding in an effort to win her regard. Hamish McTavish of Extravagganzas Incorp. tried to show his courage by hitting a cop., but only got arrested and jailed for assault. Obediah Hiram Kelly, of the Emerald and Harp Studios made an ineffectual attempt to rescue a drowning cat. But though all these events were given prominent headlines by New York's enterprising reporters, they had as little effect on the scintillating Marie as a peashooter on an elephant.

"One day, rushing into Central Station to catch my train, I collided with an individual on his way out. Muttering hasty apologies, I snatched up my hat, displaced in the collision, and hurried to my train, which I managed to catch as it moved out of the depot. It was not until I took my seat that I noticed that the hat I had picked up was not mine, for there was a press card inserted in the hatband. 'Some poor reporter will receive a shock,' says I. On examining the pass, I found that it gave permission to be present at the Naval Dockyard for the launching of a new super-battleship, and, thinking that a golden opportunity was not to be missed, I decided to attend instead of the reporter.

"On the great day, I found when I arrived at the harbour gates that there was a huge throng of disappointed would-be spectators. Giving an imitation of a corkscrew, I eventually succeeded in piercing this mass of humanity, and, presenting my ticket, made my way to the place set apart for the Press. Here I found myself placed beside

Marchitov Bolovsky, the famous Anti-Revolutionist, and in front of two blackbearded fellows, whom I did not recognise, but who seemed to know me for they nudged each other and grinned when I looked at them. Naturally I was pleased with the recognition and felt like renewing their obvious acquaintance, but the show was on and I soon had forgotten about them. Then I noticed that Marie Chautemps was also close beside me, and looking in my direction. Although I raised my hat, she did not seem to recognise me, so I turned my attention to the display.

"Everything was going with a bang, when, suddenly, one of the officials fell into the water with a tremendous splash. Just then the ground seemed to slip away from me and I found myself in the water too. My first thought was to save myself, but shouts of "Bravo!" made it clear to my mind that my accident had been taken for an attempt at rescue. Naturally then, I made for my fellow sufferer who so far had been making quite a decent effort to retain what P. G. Wodehouse describes as 'The fashionable exclusiveness of a West-End Club.'

"I hissed in his ear that all was well and to take it easy, but judge of my surprise when he said, 'Don't be a fool, I can swim all right.' Needless to say, I had to humour him, and eventually we both reached the jetty. It was with difficulty I escaped from the cheering throng and clicking cameras. Marchitov Bolovsky fell on my neck. 'Sir, vor saving my life, I you thank,' says he, and then I understood from his garbled and excited Russo-English that I had been pushed into the water by my two blackbearded acquaintances, Russian Revolutionaries, in mistake for him.

"Then Marie Chautemps came hurrying up to me, and boy! was she excited? I'll tell the world she was! 'You are my hero,' she cried, clasping her hands and looking at me with adoring eyes. Next morning, my 'heroic' deed appeared in roaring, flashing headlines in all the daily papers, the 'Daily Howl' carrying in addition the following brief notice:

"Mr. Jackson, our reporter, who so heroically distinguished himself . . . has tendered his resignation from the Staff of this Paper, which resignation we have reluctantly accepted. We wish him all success in the new sphere which his courage and promptitude of mind deserve.'

"Subsequently I heard that he had resigned rather than face the ridicule of his fellow-reporters if he should have denied the accounts of his bravery.

"I called at Marie's hotel. I soon had her eating out of my hand. In twenty minutes I had her signature on the dotted line."

"What do you think of that? Funny wasn't it?"

"It was not!" declared the other passenger, emphatically and truculently.

J. Washington jumped like a bull stung by a bee. He was not used to people objecting to his stories.

"Come, come, sir. Why not?"

"I was the reporter," was the tart rejoinder.

R. HUGHES, D. I

## The Poets and Home.

Realism is to a certain extent the keynote of verse, more so in modern verse than in that of older days. The moderns are more observant and descriptive than emotional. Mr. Masfield says: "Most roads lead homewards. Mine leads me forth." This is essentially a cold statement, yet the same poet in "Widow in the Bye Street" can say:

" Sometimes she fell asleep, she stitched so hard,  
Letting the linen fall upon the floor ;  
And hungry cats would steal in from the yard,  
And mangy chickens pecked about the door,  
Craning their necks so ragged and so sore  
To search the house for breadcrumbs or for mouse,  
But they got nothing in the Widow's house."

Osbert Sitwell shows his powers of observation by :—

" In the drawing room  
The fireplace is set  
With green tiles  
Of an Acanthus pattern."

Edmund Blunden gives a vivid description in "Almswomen" of the house of two old maids—

" They feed the fire that flings a freakish light  
On pictured kings and queens grotesquely bright,  
Platters and pictures, faded calendars,  
And graceful hour glass, trim with lavenders."

Harold Monro draws a charming poem picture in "Solitude." All things are tidied for the night ; and in the firelight the "large and gentle furniture stands with the old kindness of domestic wood," while on the hearth—

" The little dog rolls over half awake  
Stretches his paws, yawns, looking up at you."

Of the older poets, Gray reminiscently paints in exquisite language the beauty and joy, of an average working man's home in telling us what the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" have lost—

" For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knee, the envied kiss to share."

Padraic Colum gives rather a pathetic view of the yearning of an elderly woman for a home of her own—

" To have a clock with weights and chains  
And pendulum swinging up and down,  
A dresser filled with shining delph  
Speckled and white and blue and brown.

W. B. Yeats in "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" yearns for a quiet, peaceful home in this manner :—

" I will arise and go now and go to Innisfree  
And a small cabin build there of clay and wattles made !  
Nine bean rows shall I have there, a hive for the honey-bee  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade."

T. Campbell gives a glimpse of the yearning heart of a man separated from home by duty—

" Then pledged we the wine cup and fondly, I swore,  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;  
My little ones kissed me a thousand time o'er,  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart."

" Corrymeela " typifies the manner in which a woman exile would yearn for home as seen by Moira O'Neill.

" There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the trees,  
This livin' air is moithered wi' the hummin' o' the bees  
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat  
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it."

Teresa Hooley, who gives such a magnificent interpretation of the quiet, affectionate aspects of life has a lovely picture of the Home life of the Holy Family—

" O'er his task, intent,  
The carpenter Joseph stooped  
The shavings fell,  
Curled and white,  
Soft as the fall of leaves, to the sanded floor.  
And a child stood watching with wide-eyed serious gaze.  
A smile,  
Little and tender,  
Softened the rugged face as the craftsman worked,  
And ever and anon  
He bent his regard on the Child—  
The Christ-child with the eyes sea-deep, miraculous.  
His labour done,  
He turned, and laid in the small expectant hand  
A plaything,  
Fashioned with cunning art by the fingers of love—  
A little wooden lamb."

Robert Louis Stevenson describes beautifully the feelings of one whose home is a thing of the past, and intermingles it with a concise vivid description of the late home—

" Here was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,  
Here was home then, my dear, happy for the child  
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland  
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild."

Dr. Bridges gives a fine clear insight into a frequent domestic scene—

" A winter's night with snow about :  
'Twas silent within and cold without :  
Both Father and Mother to bed were gone :  
The Son sat yet by the fire alone,  
He gazed on the fire and dreamed again  
Of one that was now no more among men."

The modern poets catch the common sounds of the home. Thus, John Drinkwater in " A Town Window "—

" And when the tramway down the hill  
Across the cobbles moans did ring  
There is about my window sill  
The turmoil of a thousand wings."

Again, in "The Country Bedroom," Mrs. Frances Cornford says :—

"My room's a square and candle-lighted boat,  
In the surrounded depths of night afloat,  
My windows are the port-holes, and the seas  
The sound of rain on the dark apple-trees."

In conclusion, is it any wonder why Edward Tennant in "Home Thoughts in Levantie" says :—

"Home—what a perfect place."

T. BOYD. E 2



"I hope he remembers what we've taught him to say!"

## SZEAL AN ÉLUIS.

## I.

Clang! clang! clang! i mé na hoirde rin bí an báo as iméadé le rrué inr an ceo asur a curo reóltac a' bpatšail so fallra i n-éadan an ériann asur ar fead an ama uilg éualéar triup an éluig, mar a bead ré 'á leanrtan. Ní éamig átrac ar bí le linn breacaó an lae nó connacéar do luét an báio so rab an ceo as éirige ní ba méara, má b'féioir rin. Ní rab rmuo saoiúe ann. Úi ré com ciúin a' r nac mbogfad rube ar do éeann. Ní rab a óac ar bí le feiceáil nó le cluinrint ac amáin an clog mí-foirtúnac rin. Úi ré a' veánam imriúe do na mairnéalag. Tá fíor as cac so mbíonn na mairnéalag i scoinnriúe tugta do pírréosa. Asur an uair a feibeáó ríao fail éruinnigeáó ríao éar i mbáicli asur éoirigeáó ríao a éainnt asur a cómpáó. San am rin bí an cairtín a' rparíteóráct anonn asur anall ar óruim an báio asur b'fuir a síne nac rab acan ruo mar o'iarraó a beal a beic.

Úi rcaíte beag 'na fearam oi otoiúeac an báio asur san ar a mbéal ac an clog.

"Éirtigíó" arra fear amáin, "ran an clog malluigé rin arírc. Tá ré a' bualaó mar rin le conablaó dá lá. Clang! clang! ní éaic- nígeann rin liom-ra, a veim-ra lib-re."

"Ní éaicnígeann ré liom-ra," ac o'rao, "arra'n óara fear ríio a ríacta "ir fada míre a' reoltóráct asur a'n uair a éualéar a óac ar bí ve'n t-reórc rin, bain cairme do'n báo nó do óuine eiginéacé óá rab ar boio. 'Sé mo óaramail so óruil ruo uacóárac eiginéacé i noán do'n báo reo, glacagíó m'focal-ra air."

"M'anam sur ruo an fírinne," arra'n tríomáó fear, "ir míne a éualaró mé m'áair-órára ó Óia ar an óuine boct"—a' ráiúó so scluineann mairnéalag clog ve'n cineál rin so oíreac pul a scaill-tear a mbáo."

"Amairig!" arra óuine caob éiar oóóca asur nuair a o'ámarc ríao éar cé connac ríao ac an Cairtín asur cuma fíor-mí-rára air. "A feara, ná leigíó do ruo beag coramail le rin amadóin a óeánam óaio. A léicéio ve éainnt ar éluig asur ar óuineáó lonš níor mócuig mé amam. Anoir bígíó ar oóair asur ná cluinrean a óac ar bí eile ve'n éineál rin arírc."

Nuair a o'iméig na ríi leóóca a óeanam a gcuro o'bre, éoirig an ceáó oirigeac a éainnt leir an cairtín fá'n élog. ainóeóin ar óubairc a' óuine rin.

"Óíonn a óaramail féin as acan óuine, a óuine uarail," ar reirean "ac tá mé cíocáó ve sur cómarca mí-áio an clog óamannca rin."

"Seo! reo!" arra'n Cairtín, óá fíreáairc, "ran bomairc asur cuir do curo rmaoicigeac i gcíonn a céile. 'Á noéántá rin, beáó fíor asac so óruil ruo-inne a' sabail le rrué asur surab ionann an cáp do'n élog rin. 'Sé mo óaramail sur bulla, a óruil clog air a rcaoiéáó ve éairme."

O'iméig an Cairtín leir 'un a éabáin agus fásaó an éas oifigeac leir féin go cionn tamailt bis. Fear mór aró deásh-cumta a bí ann. Ac an t-é nac mbéaró aithe maic aige ar deárfao pé go ra an Oálaé-Seanre Ó Oálaig a b'ainm do'n éas oifigeac-cineál beag tubhúnta, le rin carat an dara h-oifigeac ar fear com bhréag aigeantac a'r éonnaic tó ar buille do dá fúil amam aró ainm do Míceal Mac Snianna. "An macaró asainn a fásaíl reitócigirte leir an éas reo a éoitóce," ar reirean, "ir tóitce go bfuil mura fá turar dá lá ve baile an dá Cairraig agus san ar ar n-amarc ac ceo, ceo, ceo ar acan taoib óinn. Ói mé a' tóil lé paróto zarra 'na baile. Déir Máirín a' panaét lom agus —."

"Caro tuige go bfuil a léiteo rin ve deirene ort," arfa An Oálaé, a' cur irteac ar. "Sin an éas mura 'a bfogluimeann maimealac— acan mura a slacat mar a éig pé."

"Se cinnte," arfa Míceal, "ac na nac bfuil fíor asat go bporfar mire agus Máirín, le curóú an Ríog, an t-reactóimain reo éugainn. Fuair mé ceo ó'n Cairtín, tá cupla lá ó rom, agus tá Máirín toiltineac."

"Ar éuala tú rin?" arfa'n Oálaé go tobann, a' breic Sreim Láime ar Míceal, "rin an cloig arírt. Ir cuma caróe veir an Cairtín, tá mire fíor-cinnte nac mbaineann tuine ar bit ve luét an báro reo, nac mbaineann rin baile an dá Cairraig amac."

Tuairim 'r ar dá uair, 'na óiaró rin, táimig luét fairre ar íóctar an báro agus cuma orca nac mac ríao i bfar 'na ruidé agus go mac éas orca leir an éuro a mac a gcuro oibre oibre deánta aca agus a bí a sabat fíor le n-a reitíte a deánam. Ac ní mac an dara h-oifigeac i n-am, mura a b'annam do. O'fan an Oálaé as teac an roca, a deánam, do réir éoraílaéta, go otioctaró a' fear eile. Sa veireacó o'iméig fear go cabán Míeíl ac ní mac Míceal annrin. Táimig easla ar éuro aca a'r rinn 'ríao amac go murglócat ríao an Cairtín. Murgal. O'órouig reirean oóéca mion-éuracú a deánam ar as báro uilig, ac ní mac maic ann.

"Cairtíró pé gur éur pé tar bóro a tuine uarail," arfa 'n Oálaé, "na ir roileir nac bfuil pé ar an báro agus níl zar báro a éur amac a éuracú 'na leiteo rin o'airrin."

Ní mac an Cairtín 'n-a éadon rin. Óa lá 'na óiaró rin bain an "Roirín Dub," euan baile an dá Cairraig amac, h-innreacó annrin gur cailleacó Míceal Mac Snianna, an dara h-oifigeac, dá lá noime rin, ve éairme.

## II.

Leasacó amac go mbéaró an "Roirín Dub" a' panaét go cionn torrnán maic reactóimaineac i scrué 'r go scuirteóe tóig uiré. Easor an dá am, o'iméig luét an báro, acan tuine a' tarraingt ar a baile féin Ói an Cairtín 'na éonnuiré i n-aice leir an élavac agus san aige ac a ngean, Máirín. Ói an éas oifigeac 'na éonnuiré leir féin i teac beag a bí reitíte amuig ar an uaignear. Ói an teac ar an élavac fá leir-míle do teac an Cairtín.

I gcóir ama bí Máirín faoi rníro ar fad ac' uo péirí a céile éiríís rí a léigint ar dearmad an t-íom-buille a buail an Cinneamain uirthé. Tisead an Dála, an céad oifigeac, irteac' coirí-uairí a' déanam' tamailt áinneáil leir an Cairtín. Dal, ríh an muo a' d'ubairt reiréan ar r'íor ar bí, ac' ba dall an té nac' léir' uó' sup' ar' curleac'ta Máirín a' ba' mó' a' d'ain' ré' pléiríuir' asur' rult.

Tráéhnóna amain, nuair a' bí a' h-ácair' éior' as' an' éuan' asur' san' ir'cís' aice' ac' an' Dála, beir' ré' s'neim' láime' uirthé' asur' d'ubairt' ré' léite.

"A Máirín cao' tuise' nac' b'fuil' tú' go' maic' d'ain'-ra?"

"A Séoirre, nac' b'feiceann' tú' go' b'fuil' mé?"

"C'is' leat'-ra' rín' a' ráirt. Ac' ar' uó'is' e'is'inteac'c' t'ítear' d'ain'-ra' so' mbíonn' tú' cineál' beas' fuar'-b'ruite' liom' i' s'comnuiré. Tá' m'íre' go' maic' tuic, com' maic' asur' bí' a' d'acan' u'ine' amain' asur' ba' d' maic' liom' tú' a' beic' mar' rín' liom'-ra. Asur' lá' e'is'inteac'c' fear'ca' tá' rúil' as'am' go' —."

"So'icé' mar' a' c'is' leat'-ra' muo' ar' bí' mar' rín' a' ráirt, i' noiait' com' cair'annac' a' bí' n'ire' asur' Míceal—i' b'fao' u'ainn' s'ac' olc—le' céile?"

...

"Anoir' a' Máirín' tá' f'ior' as'ac' asur' tá' f'ior' as' an' t-rao'sal' mó' nac' u'ic'is' ré' ar' air' asur' so'icé' an' maic' u'ine' a' beic' 'na' Oirín' i' noiait' na' b'fian?"

"Ac' a' Séoirre, t'ítear' d'ain'-ra' i' n-amannai' nac' b'fuil' ré' cailte, go' b'fuil' ré' i' noear' d'ain'-ra' "

"T'ei' Dia' rín, b'as' na' mná' i' u'ólaim' a' bí' an' t-rámlait'ac'c', tá' an' u'ine' bo'c' —."

Le' rín' o'f'orcail' an' Cairtín' an' u'oir' asur' beannu'is' Séoirre' uó'. Sur' an' beir' fear' a' c'ainn'ic' 'r' as' com'pá'c' pá' é'ur'pai' b'á'ú'íreac'c' go' u'ic' sup' d'ubairt' Séoirre' go' mbain'feac'c' ré' an' baile' amac'. Nuair' a' bí' ré' a' s'abail' amac' ar' an' u'oir', éionn'cu'is' ré' asur' labair' ré' le' Máirín.

"So' u'cu'sait' Dia' o'icé' maic' tuic, a' Máirín. An' r'maoite'ac'c'ait' tú' ar' an' muo' a' d'ubairt' mé' leat'."

"So' u'c'í'is'ic' tú' plán' 'na' b'ar'le," ar' r'íre' asur' r'í'f'ead' go' mba' maic' léite' san' f'reas'ar' a' d'ubairt' ar' an' é'ir'c' u'oi. O'í'm'c'is' ré' ann'rin.

Ni' fac'car' Séoirre' Ó' Dála'is' i' u'ceac' an' Cairtín' go' éionn' e'uc'aoire' nó' ni' fac'car' i' n-á'c' ar' bí' eile. Ac' é'ain'is' o'icé' amain' asur' d'ar' leat' sup' é'ur' an' t'oin' amac' ar' na' r'p'eá'í'ca'í, bí' ré' com' flúic' rín. Bí' an' Cairtín' 'na' r'ur'óe' as' an' teim'ic' asur' é' as' lé'ig'eam'. Bí' Máirín' 'na' r'ur'óe' as' n-a' é'ao'ic' asur' i' as' cleiteáil. Tuairim' 'r' ar' a' u'eic' a' é'ios' mo'cu'is' r'ia'c' to'rimán' na' s'cor' mar' a' b'ead' u'ine' a' 'm'ic' ionn' ar' an' teac' asur' b'omate' 'na' u'iar' rín' buail'feac'c' an' calaim' rín' ar' an' u'oir.

O'é'ir'is' an' Cairtín' asur' é'uar' é'ur'is' an' u'oir. Nuair' a' o'f'orcail' ré' an' u'oir' cé' é'onnac' ré' o'p' a' é'oinne' ac' Séoirre' Ó' Dála'is'.

“Faidere ircead agus fuiré as an teimrú go n-éanairé tú ‘o  
 zoraó,” arfa’n Cairtín. “Uain díot ‘o naca agus ‘o éota. ‘Oia  
 ár rábáil, tá cuma r-zannruigéte oit. Silfeadó uime go bfacea tú  
 caróbre. An bfuil a ‘oac ár bié ceárr?”

Acé éa ‘otus an ‘Oálaé rreágar ar bié air acé fuiré ré ríor as an  
 teimrú. ‘O’fíor ‘o’n Cairtín. ‘Oí cuma milltmeac éit-eaglaé ar  
 agus é ar bárr amáin creata. I zcionn éupla bomaite éus ré  
 a aáaró ar an Cairtín.

“Níl ruo ar bié ceárr liom-ra,” ar rreiean, “a ‘oac ár bié ar  
 cor ar bié. Níl a’ cur orm-ra acé an fuacé agus an t-uaisnear.”

Agus rin ar ‘ubairt ré go cionn uaire nó mar rin. Anrin nuair  
 a éonnaic ré Máirín agus an Cairtín a’ ‘eánairé réir le ábail rá  
 éomuiré, éir ré ruar ar a érean meáruigéte.

“An bfuil ceao aáam-ra fanacé anreao go maróin,” ar rreiean  
 leir an Cairtín.

“Ar noóig tá ceao aáac,” arfa ‘n Cairtín, “acé, a Seoirre, innir  
 uúinn zoióé tá a’ cur ircead ar ‘o fuáimnear.”

“Ná cur an éiré rin orm,” arfa’n ‘Oálaé go bhróac. “Anoir, anoir  
 bíod cracán ééile aáac,” arfa’n Cairtín, “innir caróé ir ciall ‘e’n  
 inniré acá oit.”

Sa ‘eireadó ‘o’innir ré. Cuala ré, ‘ubairt ré, clog dá bualaó  
 acán oitce ar fead na cucaoire reo éaitte—an clog ceanann céatna  
 a éuala ré tamallt-rul ar ealléadó Míceal Mac Sruanna, an ‘Oara  
 h-Oirigeac agus acán oitce éonnaicéar ‘o go rab an clog a’ ceacé  
 ní ba ‘eire ‘o’n teac. “Mionnócainn,” ar rreiean, “zurró i an  
 clog ceatna a éualéar ar an páróio ‘na baile. Ná h-amairc orm-ra  
 mar rin. Sin an fírinne, éuala mé é aréir agus aréir aréir—  
 ó a ‘Oia caróé rin a éluinn?”

‘O’éiré acán uime.

“Ní éluinn-ra a ‘oac ár bié,” arfa ‘n Cairtín. “Seo, ‘eánairó  
 Máirín zreim bíó réir rá ‘o éinne agus anrin éus leac-ra a ábail  
 a luigé agus bé’ó tú i zceáir ar maróin.”

Acé ní éus Seoirre lá áiró ‘air agus lean dá rceal.

“Cuala mé anoécé é agus rin an fáé zur iméig mé a éarrainz  
 ar an ceacé r’ acáir-re. Rit mé an méro a bí i mo ééiré énáma acé  
 ba éuma, bí an clog ‘amannra rin ‘á mo learréan.”

‘O’éiré ré ó n-a éatáoir agus éoiré ré a rrairceóracé aníor agus  
 ríor, anoir agus anall agus é a’ camte go h-íreál leir féin. ‘Oí a  
 éuro camte ‘o-éiré acé éualéar go rreiré é a’raíóé.

“‘O’féiré anoécé. Ó a ‘Oia, anoécé!”

Éus an Cairtín a aáaró ar Máirín.

"Α Μάριμ, cuir ciall ra tuine bóct," ar reirean, "innir tu nac bfuil ann ac amarois."

Ac ní ceartn Máriim ac tpaocao de záire.

"O péitir go bfuil an ceart aige," ar pite "Amarois! Amarois ar fad ar fad," arpa 'n Cairtín asur é i ncear oo beit a' reairceat rean-ápo a éinn, amarois! tá pé —."

Stao pé go tobann. Caróe rin a éualao pé? Sil pé sur éualao pé clog dá bualaó asur é siota maic ar fiubal uat. O'eirt pé. Uí pé a' ceact ní ba cómgaraige! Uí acan ruo ciúin, com ciúin le cill ran oíóce.

"Tá pé a' ceact ar mo loig," reairt an Oálaó mar a béao fear mipe ann.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Uí an tuaim a' ceact ní ba cómgaraige oo'n teac asur oo péir mar a bí, bí glór an Oálaig as éirige ní ba doirve asur é as mámaillig mar béao zeat ann

"Cáimig pé fá mo éoinne ra veireat," ar reirean i nglór ápo éruascánte." "Oia veán tpoairte oim. Uí fiop asam go otioctao pé. Ac ná leigisro oo baint uam. Mipe a éait éar a' bópo é ac ní jab fiop asam caróe bí mé a ueánam. Ná leigisro oo baint uam. Mipe a éait éar a' bópo é ac ní jab fiop asam caróe bí mé a ueánam. Ná leigisro oo baint uam."

Uí an trup millmeac uacbápac a' tarramge ar an teac. Sa veireat forclao an dopar asur cé éaimig irteac ac Míceal Mac Smaim asur clog 'na lám leir! San am rin bí an Oálaó a' eaimnt go mí-éillitoe ac nuair a éonnate pé an uapa h-oirigeat éuit pé 'na énap ar an uplár.

Níopte fáoa sur innir Míceal an reéal. Uí pé a' riubal ar uacbar nuair a veir an Oálaó ar go tobann asur an céao bomaite eile bí pé ran uirce. Ní jab pé abáita an báo a fpoideactáil ariit ve éairve an ceo. Uí pé a' rnah nuair a éaimig pé ar builla a jab clog air. O'fán pé ar an clog go cionn tamailt móir go oti sur carao báo air. Ac éus pé leir an clog mar éuimneacán. Hám pé an baile amac asur cé carao air ac Máriim asur o'innir pite goitoe mar a bí na gnaice. Oíóce i noiaro na h-oíóce buail pé an clog taob amuis ve teac an Oálaig, a' gabail ní ba cómgaraige acan o'óce go oti go otus pé air a éoir a adháil.

An céao lá eile nuair a éuaro Máriim asur Míceal éart fá éeac an Oálaig ní ra beo ná ceo le feiceáil ann. Asur ní fáctar an Oálaó ar an baile rin ní ba mó.

An t-reactimam reo éart éualtar clog dá bualaó ariit.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Ac níop cuir rin eagla ná rganhrat ar tuine ar bit—a acnac rin ar fad. Uí an clog as iarrat an Máriim asur ar Míceal a ceact go teac a' pobail le túr maic a éur leir an t-paozal a bí riao le caiceam i gcuireacta a éeite.

## A Lunch-Time Pastime.

It is not known who commenced the custom of playing football "round the side" at the extreme south end of the school yard, but that it has grown to be an obsession with the soccer enthusiasts among the senior boys, is indisputable. Other "young men" may stroll down town in aimless fashion and consider themselves the elite of Simmarians in doing so, but we, though deriving our lunch-time recreation from a sixpenny rubber ball, enjoy ourselves and flatter ourselves we are doing "the right thing."

At twelve o'clock each day, when Gozo slips up to the master's desk, seizes on the ball therein, and clasps it to him lovingly, we smile a knowing anticipatory smile, and during the subsequent half-hour, mentally dwell on delights in store.

At last the bell goes, and as one man, we hasten forth to do or die. After some good-tempered pushing and kicking (just to get the feel of things, you know), two cold-blooded and extremely candid youths are told off to pick sides, and then something like order ensues.

We're off. The enemy feature a swift opening rush, but an inimitable Gozo swing puts them to the right-about, and in an instant we are bearing down on the goal of our ambitions. One obstacle stands in our way, brave "Percy" Woodman, who, we are told, is proficient at the game of hockey. We can well believe it for his style is something entirely new. He walks in on what he considers his victim backways, but as his fame has preceded him, a bony knee greets his posterior, and the way thus cleared, in the racy language of Ben Madigan, we make no mistake.

To the accompaniment of mingled expostulations and threats from Percy, the ball is again set in motion. We are sorry for Percy, we feel for him deeply, but really, the game calls us, and its call must be obeyed. Tich, that doughty little warrior, is our full back, and he appears to be in form. He has cleared with an ambitious kick, and the ball, having canoned off both walls and several heads drops to the feet of Robbin, most consistent of foragers. Evading a determined Mick Murray tackle which would cause Mr. Harry Natrass to open his eyes in wide surprise, he moves forward as he has seen others do, and, having taken care to turn his toes down and throw his ears well back, with a superb grounder, he causes the long-legged Junior in goal to bend and grope for the ball in that hallowed spot expressively termed "the bage."

The goalkeeper, in response to such injunctions as "hurry-up," and "get a move on," throws the ball high and hard right into our goalmouth. There is a concerted rush towards it, and from now on, opportunities to score have to be made, and "gifts" are at a premium.

About ten per cent. of the players have intentions which are constructive. The policy of the remainder is purely negative. We have even one or two whose policy is that of benevolent neutrality. Needless to say, the latter are not popular, at least between half-twelve and one o'clock. To give of one's best in these cramped conditions, one must be warm, either physically or mentally. Nothing warms one quite like a tap on the shin. After five minutes' play, half of the players are warm—due to their own exertions and much resented co-operation on the part of opponents. After ten minutes, all are warm, including the goalkeepers. After fifteen minutes, the hunted are back on the hunt again, bearing the marks of their trade, and eager and curious to see how much they can get away with.

When enthusiasm is at its height, some unfortunate puts the ball across the wall into the precincts of the "Durham Social Club." Everyone immediately assumes a properly indignant expression, and as the culprit laboriously scales the railings preparatory to fetching the ball, some call after him ironically, "don't hurry yourself," while others remark, "stupid mug," "some of these fellows can't keep the ball low." Then we loll against the wall, attacking the lunches forgotten in the struggle, and discussing the fortunes of the game. If the ball is not returned fairly quickly, someone asks, "Who went round besides ——" ? and the reply invariably is "McKenzie, of course, who do you think?" Jim, through constant practice, can take the railings in his stride, but it is all voluntary practice, as he is the most careful and accurate shot of us all. He accompanies, even precedes, the person whose feet are at fault, and has never been known to return minus the ball. It is, as many have remarked from time to time, "only for McKenzie there'd be no football here."

When Mick Murray and we in our forward line are not "getting stuck into one another" we are engaged in wordy warfare. Mick, we feel compelled to say, has strange notions on the abstract and very irritating topic of "offside." It is his and Woodman's last despairing cry when the ball has evaded their clutches (literally their clutches, for Percy can work his shoulders like a foreigner, and manoeuvre his arms like a mechanical man when the ball is coming awkwardly) and little Mac, operating on our right wing, has slipped through a daisy-cutter. "Offside" shouts Mick hoarsely, "yon wee lad's poochin'." Woodman echoes the sentiment, and Robinson endorses it. Triumphant, we retort, "you can't take it," and the modernity and finality of our words give us the last say.

Sometime before one, Br. Ryan joins the fray, and in company with Lennon, (commander-in-charge), Smyth and McKeever renews the assault on our citadel, so heroically defended by Lacy, Park, and McLornan. But G. G. does not neglect the very welcome addition to the fray, not by any means, and reassured in mind, we cut a lusty path towards Meekin, the son of his father.

But the pace and opposition has become even hotter still. It has been so far a couple of minutes past, and strangely enough, two minutes ago a man outside the railings stopped to watch us play. Apparently his arrival has something to do with it. Why else this diffusion of flushed cheeks and panting sobs, this frenzy, this TURMOIL ? and then I guess the reason. Of course, that's it. Some of the other side have recognised that old ex-footballer, and think that a few good deeds on their part will bring about a visit from the gentleman who controls the destiny of the Stripes. Poor fellows. how foolish they are and how vain their efforts. They fail to see that we are regular players and are never caught napping. Again we net per McGettigan, super-optimist of our kind, and then the bell goes and Br. Ryan sweeps our joy, our ball away, and lays it in an ordinary teacher's desk in a school-classroom.

Resignedly we follow him, a happy bedraggled crowd. All petty animosities are now set aside and the best of good fellowship prevails. A Woolworth's comb is in circuit. An old boot rag is in much demand. And as we climb the stairs, we all agree that "it was good to-day" and we could wish that life were always so.

D. B. O'CALLAGHAN, E 2.

## The Film Society, 1937-8.

The Film Society came as a balm to many of us, harassed school-boys, when the term opened on the 17th August, 1937. We returned to school leaving behind us the glory and freedom of holiday-life, and, instead, were confronted by the assortment of triangles, rectangles, Latin verbs and history dates which comprise school-life. Almost poetical in our lamentations we longed for "the days that used to be," and then, like a light to the darkness, came the Society.

Mr. Mulrean, as before, collected our subscriptions, and most of us, I am sure, readily and eagerly gave it, knowing well that, judging from the 1936-7 performances, we would get our money's worth.

There were three meetings of the Society in the Christmas term. One on the 26th October, one on the 14th November, and the last on the 7th December. The first show was one fit enough to open the session. Several interesting geographical films were shown, and a few "Felix" and "Our Gang" ones served to bring the meeting to a successful close. The second and third meetings were also very successful. Such shots as a "Negro Coronation" and several films on native customs and wild life in Africa received a great amount of applause.

After the last meeting the hurry and flurry of exams. diverted our thoughts from films and film-societies to the usual "stewing" or "cogging," as the case might have been, and in a few weeks we found ourselves in the middle of the Christmas holidays which came, passed and bundled us back to school with the impression that we had spent a rather pleasant week-end.

The first show of the new term was on the 26th January. This promised to be one of the most popular of the year. Although several complained that they had already seen the film, "Grey Owl and his Wife," still interest was unabated, while "Fishing in Canada" was received satisfactorily. Several other shots and a few comics were shown.

The second meeting was held on the 23rd February. This show did not, perhaps, turn out such a success as its predecessors, owing largely to the non-arrival of several of the most important films, but, nevertheless, the audience showed the same enthusiasm and numbers as before. "The Three Metal Workmen" was rather interesting, while older films were shown to supplement those which had failed to come.

The last meeting of the year, on the 23rd March, made up for the failure of the 23rd February by its riot of comedy, which included an "Our Gang," a "Laurel and Hardy," and many other films.

These films were not only shown for entertainment but also for education. To the average school-boy, accustomed to learn from a book, and urged on by the hovering cane, the geographical films, being novel to him, served to imprint outstanding facts on his mind, and enabled him to increase his knowledge of Geography better and easier in this way than by that method of reading from a book.

We must, therefore, congratulate the Society on its success in achieving these aims, and we are, also, under a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. F. Collins, who placed both his valuable time and apparatus at our disposal.

STEPHEN CREGG, C. I.

## The Paper-knife.

I had known Dick for many years, and knew him to be a somewhat reckless individual. When he entered a lawyer's office I thought that this trait would be suppressed. But the office proved to be too tedious for him and he left. Shortly afterwards he obtained a post of trust in a Stockbroker's firm. Here he did well and gradually worked his way up in the business. With his ability and a small legacy left to him by an uncle, he was soon able to secure a directorship, and under his influence his firm prospered.

For some five or six years after his appointment as a director I did not see him. Then one day, while I was waiting for the tram, my gaze happened to fall on a figure on the other side of the road. I looked at it for a minute or two before I recognised it was Dick. I dashed across the road with a shout of joy, leaving in my wake a few very startled people and a motorist who was calling down the vengeance of the gods on me. Dick turned at my shout and I saw that his face was the picture of despair. He had a very frightened look in his eyes and appeared to be very nervous. However when I shook hands with him he brightened up and began to talk of old times. As we talked his face regained some of the old smile which I knew so well. I asked him about himself expecting to be told that he was out of work. But he surprised me by saying that he was now chief director of his firm. Perceiving that I was thinking of his appearance he hastened to assure me that he had been overworked lately and as soon as a certain deal was arranged he would take a holiday. We talked on for a while and then after making me promise to visit him, he went off.

A week later I remembered this promise as I was writing a few letters, and somehow as I dated them the date stuck in my mind. It was the 30th of October. I went out and posted my letters. Thinking that this was as good a day as any to see Dick, I boarded a tram and soon arrived near his home. Here I alighted and marched up the steps to his door, for it was a very large house, rang the bell and was ushered in by Dick himself. He explained to me that he had seen me coming off the tram. I congratulated him on the size of his house and he showed me all over it. Then he brought me into his study, and this was decorated in the same lavish style as the rest of the house. His desk was covered with papers and folios. On the corner of it was a glittering object that took my eye at once. I picked it up and saw that it was a small Moorish dagger with a beautiful inlaid handle. Perched on the top of the handle was a small idol with an ugly, weird grin.

Dick told me he had bought it in an antique shop some years before and that he used it as a paper-knife. As I was examining the dagger Dick suddenly burst out in a torrent of speech declaring that it was the dagger's fault that he had been dogged by bad luck. I turned to him in surprise, for I had never known him to be superstitious. He was shaking as if in a fever. I threw the knife down and fetched him a drink. In a few minutes he was himself again, and asked me not to heed what he had said. He commenced to talk to me about his work. As we talked darkness fell and we sat in the flickering light of the fire. At last I rose to go, saying that Dick should come to see me. He promised. The last thing I remember seeing as I went out of his study was the hideous grin of the knife-idol lying on his desk.

Somehow I could not rid myself of the mental picture of that grin, and I had the absurd feeling that the idol possessed some devilish power. The very sight of it was enough immediately to draw one's attention, and if it were watched, as long as I had watched it, its presence could become almost terrifying. It was quite easy to conjure up scenes of violence in which the dagger had played the principal part. Thinking,

in this strain led me to fear for Dick. I knew that he was greatly unnerved, even though he had tried to mask it during our talk, and sometimes had actually forgotten it, when discussing a particular laughable exploit we had performed years ago. My anxiety for him was caused by the horrid thought that gazing at the dagger might tempt him to perform with it some dreadful deed on himself.

That night my sleep was disturbed by dreams of the idol's grin and by the strained expression of Dick's face. I saw, in a dream, the dagger grow to a monstrous size, and watched it wielded by some gigantic hand, descend with crushing force on Dick's unprotected head. He screamed, and I awoke in a cold sweat with his death-cry ringing in my ears. It was not yet time to get up, and I lay debating whether I should call and see if Dick were all right. Finally, I dismissed the thought as ridiculous; dressed and went down to breakfast. During the meal the thought of Dick kept coming into my mind, and, do what I could, I felt that he was in some danger. Several times during the day I started out to see him, but the feeling that I was giving in to a stupid superstition made me ashamed of myself, and each time I broke off my journey.

That night, being Hallow-eve, I sat reading ghost stories. About half-past eleven I went to put my book back in the book-case. The lower shelves were filled, and as I strained to place it in a higher one, I tilted the book-case and was immediately drowned in a deluge of books. Everything went black, and I awoke to find Dick standing over me. I was surprised to see him. He looked very white and anxious. No sooner had I staggered to my feet than he began to tell me a strange story in a husky gasping voice. He told me, how he had squandered his firm's money, how he had tried to make a fortune gambling with stocks and shares, how all had failed and how he was now at the end of his endurance. Then quite dramatically he said he was going to end it all and pulled out the Moorish dagger. I told him not to be silly and ordered him to leave it on my table. He did so and sat staring at me. As I looked at him an agonizing pain shot through my head. Dick's face became blurred and indistinct. Once more I was overwhelmed by darkness. I was awakened this time by a violent knocking at the door.

Rising, I staggered into the hall and opened it. A telegraph boy stood before me. He handed me a telegram which I quickly opened. It was from Dick's firm saying that he had been found dead just two hours past. I was startled; but thinking that the blow on the head must have made me imagine I had seen Dick that night. I rushed off to put my coat on and go to his house. When I had my coat on I went into my study to get my hat. I stopped dead in the middle of the room; a cold sweat broke out on my brow, for there, on my table lay the Moorish dagger.

R. MAGEE. D.I.

## Ulster Schools - The Christian Brothers'.

My story of the Christian Brothers' Schools starts well over 100 years ago. In the beginning of the last century, Edmund Rice, a prosperous Waterford merchant, was thinking of retiring from the world and devoting himself more closely to the service of God in the monastic life. He decided on a monastery somewhere in Europe and told a friend of his, Miss Power, what he intended doing. She replied frankly that she thought it would be a great pity if he went away from his own country and buried himself in a monastery when so many of the young people of Ireland were so ignorant that they badly needed some practical assistance in the way of education. Surely Mr. Rice would be doing a much greater service if he devoted the remainder of his life and wealth to the education of these neglected children.

At first Mr. Rice was not so sure, but, as he passed through Waterford every day in the course of his business, he noticed the groups of poor lads standing about and doing nothing, and gradually the force of Miss Power's words came fully home to him. He realised that his true vocation lay in helping these young people and in founding some kind of educational centre for them. He didn't for a moment think that his task would be easy, but being certain that he was doing God's will he went straight ahead in spite of the difficulties.

In 1802 he got episcopal sanction for his undertaking, and, having sold his business, opened his first school in temporary premises. This was soon filled with eager boys and he had to employ two young men to assist him. In a few months he had got a site for a permanent residence and schools and on the first of June the foundation stone of a new building was laid. It was christened Mount Sion.

Mr. Rice's first disappointment came when his two paid assistants left him, but he managed to get their places taken by voluntary helpers and so the good work went on.

In 1806 the first offshoot of Mount Sion was established in Carrick-on-Suir, and during the next ten years branches were opened in Cork, Dublin, Thurles and Limerick.

In 1820 the new Society, officially known as the Congregation of the Brothers of the Christian Schools of Ireland, or Christian Brothers, received the approval of the Pope, and in the following years schools were opened throughout Ireland and England. When the founder died in 1844, the Congregation had no fewer than 78 schools with 12,280 pupils. At the present time there are Christian Brothers' Schools in Ireland, England, United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, Gibraltar and Rome.

But our concern this evening is with the Christian Brothers' Schools in Northern Ireland. So I think I had better tel' you something about the establishment of each of our schools in this area before I speak of the type of education they provide and what some of our old boys are doing.

Newry was the first town in the North to have a Christian Brothers' School. The Brothers came there in February 1851, on the invitation of the Bishop of Dromore, Most Rev. Dr. Blake. Owing to increasing numbers, the two school rooms in Chapel Street soon became inadequate, and in 1865 a new school was built in Margaret Street.

With the passing of the Intermediate Education Act of 1878, the boys remained longer at school and still larger premises had to be obtained. One of the rooms in Margaret Street was given to the Intermediate classes, and two further rooms made available in 1881 by remodelling the old Wesleyan Chapel in Kilmorey Street. The

establishment of the Department of Technical Instruction in 1902 encouraged the teaching of science, so a third storey was put on the Margaret Street building to provide a laboratory and extra class-room. This school continued to grow so intermediate classes were transferred in 1918 to "The Abbey" which the Brothers had previously bought as a residence, and the old school in Chapel Street was closed.

I might say, in passing, that "The Abbey" was the site of an old Cistercian monastery founded in 1140 by St. Malachy. In the grounds were two yew trees believed to have been planted by St. Patrick, and from those trees the town got its name—*Iubhair Cinn Tragha*—"the yew trees at the head of the strand." Both the trees and the Abbey were destroyed by fire in 1162. But I must get on with my story.

As years passed, the schools at Kilmorey Street and Margaret Street became inadequate, and at the present time a magnificent Public Elementary School is being erected in the Abbey Grounds from funds provided by the Bishop, clergy and people, assisted by a grant from the Ministry.

The people of Newry have always appreciated the work of the Brothers but there is one man for whom they have a particular affection. He is Brother Dempsey, who laboured among them for 30 years. One of his past pupils, a Chief Justice of the New York High Court, wrote lately: "There are statues in Ireland to people who did not do half as much for the country as Br. Dempsey."

In October, 1851, the Brothers came to Armagh on the invitation of His Grace Archbishop Cullen. The community lived at first in Irish Street, where the school was started in a store. But this state of affairs only lasted for about a year, for in 1852 Dr. Cullen presented to the Brothers the house and property known as Greenpark. Here two class-rooms were built, which soon became filled, and the Archbishop was so pleased with the work done that any important visitors of his were brought to see the classes.

As I am speaking of these early days in Armagh it may be of interest to mention an extraordinary occurrence which worried the Brothers very much. Shortly after occupying Greenpark they were awakened one night by the noise of a carriage arriving at the hall door. A rat-tat was sounded, but before anyone could open to the midnight callers, footsteps were heard passing through the hall, ascending the stairs and going into a vacant bedroom. Despite investigation no trace of the visitors could be found.

This terrifying experience went on nightly and the noises became so nerve-wracking that the Brothers often had to spend the night in the lawn in front of the house. At last the Archbishop was informed of the matter and he used his power of exorcism over the whole building, and since then the community has been free from ghostly visitors.

Work at Armagh went on steadily and unobtrusively, and though the school was enlarged in 1903 to give an extra class-room and a science laboratory to the Intermediate pupils, a new Secondary School is now being built to cope with the large numbers.

The older generation of Greenpark pupils never forgot Br. Caton who worked for them for 20 years, and in 1904 they put up a memorial statue over his tomb in the local cemetery.

Derry was the scene of the next venture by the Brothers. The Bishop, Dr. Kelly, asked for a school there and in March, 1854, at the "Brow of the Hill" two class-rooms were opened. 290 boys presented themselves, a number beyond expectations, and an extra Brother had to be got immediately. By July of that year a further Brother came and joined the staff. The buildings gradually increased, and when the Depart-

ment of Technical Instruction was founded in 1902, a new science laboratory was added. The Department helped to build this with a substantial grant, as it declared that "this school deals with the class of pupils for whom Technical Instruction is specially required."

In 1925 a Junior Technical School under the Ministry of Education was started, but the work was rather hindered owing to lack of space. Accordingly, during the school year 1929-30, the Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. O'Kane, provided out of diocesan funds a fine school containing a well-fitted laboratory, a spacious General Room, and a well-lighted Art Room. The old Science Room was fitted up as a Metalwork Room with the most up-to-date equipment. The Grand Old Man of the Derry Community was Br. John Austin Murray, who worked at the "Brow" from 1887 to 1914.

The Brothers came to Omagh, again on the invitation of the Bishop, Dr. Kelly, in January, 1861, and found ready for them a new residence and schools, built by the parish. We learn that of the 120 boys who attended on the opening day 72 could not read the First Book, and only 27 were fit for the Third Reader. However, I am glad to say that a marked improvement soon began to be noticed, and when the older boys went in for the examinations of the Intermediate Board they were extraordinarily successful from the beginning. I think I can say that this high standard has been maintained ever since.

The school was enlarged in 1903 to provide Science and Manual Instruction Rooms, but in the nineteen-twenties it had to expand still further. So in 1931, through the kindness and energy of the Parish Priest, Dr. M'Shane, a new Secondary School of five Classrooms, a Science Room and Manual Room was built.

I should just like to mention two past headmasters of Omagh, yet alive, thank God, whose earnest and self-sacrificing labours helped the school to reach its present high position. They are Brothers Franklin and Kean, who are still remembered with affection by their former pupils.

In November, 1866, Dr. Dorrian, Bishop of Down and Connor, brought the Brothers to Belfast. School was opened at Divis Street and the Brothers lived in 26, Regent Street until the present Monastery in Crumlin Road was completed early in 1867. A second school of four large Classrooms, in Donegal Street, was given by the Bishop in November of that year, and on the first morning 400 boys presented themselves. In 1874 a third school began in Oxford Street, through the generosity of a Miss Magill. In Belfast, as in their other schools, the Brothers adopted the Intermediate Education system from which I think the pupils profitted. Laboratories were provided in Divis Street and Donegall Street to enable the boys to take up Experimental Science.

The Brothers kept in touch with the practical side of education, so important in an industrial city like Belfast, and in 1903 they established a Junior Technical School in Harding Street. Here an intensive course in Science, Mathematics, Wood and Metal Work, as well as in English and Geography was provided.

The equipment was the very latest and the many financial difficulties were made much easier by the practical assistance given by the Belfast Corporation and the Department of Technical Instruction. A great interest was also taken in the school by Sir Horace Plunkett, Lord Pirrie, and other well-wishers.

The school had an attendance of 56 in its first year and to-day has 140. The problem of expansion in our ordinary schools became acute from 1920 onwards. Fortunately, it was solved by the erection in 1929 of the new Secondary School in Barrack Street—the Divis Street, Donegall Street and Oxford Street Schools being left entirely to elementary boys.

Some of the Belfast old boys listening to me will, I'm sure, remember Brothers Craven and Young. Both were devoted teachers and excellent organisers, and under them the schools prospered. Br. Craven has gone to his reward, but Br. Young, after labouring for 30 years in Belfast, was transferred to Dublin and is now one of the Executive Government of the Congregation.

Perhaps you'll be interested if I give some idea of the methods and principles of education used by the pioneer Brothers. It must be remembered that they were the first to provide free education in Ireland and as they were handicapped by the lack of assistance they had to develop their own system.

Our founder, Br. Rice, tells us: "The sole objects for which the Brothers have associated are their own eternal welfare and the instruction of the children. Their system of education not only imparts knowledge to their pupils in secular subjects, but it, moreover, strongly inculcates the maxims of a virtuous life, and makes the moral improvement of the scholars a duty of the first importance. Hence the Brothers labour to train up the children in early habits of virtue and instil in their minds principles of integrity, veracity and social order."

It was rightly felt that religion should be the guiding influence in the child's life and the Brothers did all they could to impress religious principles and moral lessons in the minds of their pupils. They issued a series of readers containing literary, historical, and religious lessons of high ethical and educational value, and the boys were taught the history of their country. They learned the poetry, music and traditions of the Gael, and were brought into touch with the culture and spirit of their ancient race.

From the beginning, too, in the senior classes, a practical bias was given to the education. Knowing that most of the pupils leaving the schools would enter the commercial, trading and industrial life of the country, the Brothers adapted their programme accordingly. And so besides the three "R's" the boys were taught book-keeping, geography, mensuration, drawing, mechanics, surveying, and in the seaport towns elementary astronomy and the principles of navigation. How well the Brothers succeeded in their efforts is shown by the independent testimony in the reports of various Royal Commissions on Education. I should like to have quoted *in extenso* the remarks of one Commissioner, in 1870, about our school in Donegall Street, but I haven't time. Here is a short extract from another Commissioner, Dr. M'Blain: "I was much impressed by the general aspect presented by these schools and particularly with their discipline and order, combined with the cheerfulness and docility of the pupils. The boys educated in the Christian Brothers' Schools have, in general, attained an unusual degree of proficiency in the different branches of learning in which they are instructed."

And now what of the pupils themselves? Well, the successful careers that most of our former scholars carved out for themselves show that their training in the Christian Brothers' Schools was not wasted. Former pupils of our Northern schools can be found in every walk of life, not only in Ireland but throughout the world. Many entered the Church and we are justly proud of them. They are working hard in the various Northern dioceses, in the Religious Orders and Congregations and as missionaries in foreign lands. Several have joined our own and other teaching Congregations.

The last Under-Secretary for Ireland was an old boy of our schools and past pupils represented Irish constituencies in the Imperial Parliament. One, though he has passed off the stage of life, is still remembered by Ulster listeners of all creeds for his championship of everything he believed to be beneficial to the province and particularly for his successful fight for better conditions for the millhand and shipyard worker in Belfast. Most of you, I expect, will know who I mean.

Our past pupils are to be found in the Executive Council of the Irish Free State, and in the Parliament of Northern Ireland. One is a Judge in the Supreme Court of the Free State, one is a Resident Magistrate of the City of Belfast, several are successful barristers, soicitors and doctors ; four are professors in the National University of Ireland, one in the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore ; large numbers are successful teachers in Public, Elementary and Secondary Schools ; some have been and some are famed in the world of literature. Several have entered the Civil Service—Imperial, Northern Ireland and Free State, and many have done well in business and in industry. We are proud of all of them, whether of high or low degree, who by their good Christian lives are putting in practice the lessons they learned in our schools. Whether they received five talents or only two, they may look forward to the great Examination Day when they will be commended : " Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."



SO THAT'S WHERE PETER GOT HIS WEE SAILS FROM!!

## The Late W. C. Davidson.

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By the death of Mr. W. C. Davidson, L.T.S.C., on 3rd October, 1937, we lost the services of one who had worked with us for almost a quarter of a century.

Mr. Davidson was appointed to teach music in our Belfast schools in 1913, having been previously music organiser to the National Board of Education, Dublin. He was also for some time Lecturer in Music at the Stranmillis Training College and at St. Mary's Training College, Falls Road. His work showed all the knowledge and systematic thoroughness of the experience and expert teacher. The many generations of Old Boys who passed through his hands will remember him with affection.

His work was known and appreciated too by a wider public. At the concerts formerly held in the Ulster Hall the massed school choir conducted by Mr. Davidson year after year delighted large audiences with its singing.

Although a Scotsman by birth (and by choice—for he loved his native country) he knew Ireland intimately from Belfast to Cork, from Dublin to Clare, and he could find common ground with members of our Staff in every corner of Ireland. He had, too, the true Scotsman's religious sincerity which commanded respect from those of a different faith.

In his colleagues' hearts, as in those of his former pupils, he has that best memorial of a good man—the memory of a life-time of conscientious service.

## School Activities in Sport.

A review of the activities of the school during the last year, in the field of sport, reveals the fact that a lean period is being experienced—a state of affairs which must be remedied, if St. Mary's is to keep up her high standard in the sphere of local games and athletics. The slump became apparent shortly after the summer holidays when defeats rather than victories were common. Enthusiasm was lacking and a state of listlessness was obvious. The causes of this change are difficult to place, as the numbers of players have not decreased and the same teachers are anxious to maintain the standard reached in previous years. Of late an effort is being made to re-create the enthusiasm which has long been characteristic of St. Mary's at play. Leagues for football are being organised so that every boy in the establishment will be encouraged to play and improve his game.

The Junior School Hurling team annexed two trophies in competitions promoted by the Belfast Schools' Gaelic Association. These were the Beringer Cup, which has so often found a resting place in St. Mary's, and the Milestone Cup, a new trophy. The winning of the latter Cup gave much pleasure, as the conditions governing the Competition somewhat limited our selection of players. In the subsidiary Hurling Competition the School record was not very convincing, yet we finished third place in the League's Tables. In the Football Competition, the standard of the School team was very much below that of previous years, however we obtained second place, suffering two defeats in six matches.

In the Senior School a team competed in the Minor Football Competitions managed by the South Antrim Committee of the Gaelic Athletic Association. In the League, which was finished in February, mixed fortunes were our lot, but still in the face of difficulties, the team battled along quite bravely. We played 9 matches and won 5. In the Championship, just completed, the team reaped the reward of its persistency. The Competition was played on the League system—one round—and we won every match. The following are particulars of these Championship games:—

ST. MARY'S *v.* SARSFIELDS.—Played 26th February, 1938.

*Team* : J. Sheeky, J. Hannan, G. Robinson, J. Sherry, J. McLister, T. McLister, E. Sreenan, A. Molloy, T. McCavana, J. O'Kane, B. Devitt, J. Gallagher, A. McDade, H. Greenwood, G. Quinn.

*Result* : St. Mary's, 1 goal, 3 points. Sarsfields, 1 goal, 2 points.

ST. MARY'S *v.* WOLFE TONES.—Played 5th March, 1938.

*Team* : J. Sheeky, J. Hannan, G. Robinson, J. Sherry, J. McLister, T. McLister, E. Sreenan, A. Molloy, T. McCavana, B. Devitt, J. Gallagher, H. Greenwood, T. Woodhouse, G. Quinn, J. McCallum.

*Result* : St. Mary's, 4 goals 4 points. Wolfe Tones, 1 point.

ST. MARY'S *v.* ARDOYNE.—Played 12th March, 1938.

*Team* : J. Sheeky, J. Hannon, G. Robinson, E. Toner, E. Sreenan, A. Molloy, T. Woodhouse, J. McLister, T. McCavana, J. Gallagher, G. Quinn, B. Devitt, J. McCallum, J. McGlone, H. Greenwood.

*Result* : St. Mary's, 1 goal 5 points. Ardoyne, 2 points.

ST. MALACHY'S COLLEGE *v.* ST. MARY'S.—Played 19th March, 1938.

*Team* : J. Sheeky, J. Hannon, G. Robinson, E. Toner, J. McGlone, E. Sreenan, J. McLister, T. Woodhouse, T. McCavana, J. Gallagher, J. McCallum, B. Devitt, E. Sherry, J. McKenna, G. Quinn.

*Result* : St. Mary's, 4 goals 5 points. St. Malachy's College, 2 goals 8 points.

ST. MARY'S v. CROWLEYS.—Played 26th March, 1938.

Result : St. Mary's awarded match, Crowleys scratched.

ST. MARY'S v. MILLTOWN.—Played 9th April, 1938.

Team : J. Sheeky, J. Hannon, G. Robinson, E. Toner, E. Sreenan, J. McGlone, J. McLister, T. Woodhouse, H. Greenwood, T. McCavana, J. Gallagher, J. McCallum, B. Devitt, E. Sherry, A. Molloy.

Result : St. Mary's, 4 goals 4 points. Milltown, 2 points.

ST. MARY'S v. MCKELVEYS.—Played 30th April, 1938.

Team : J. Sheeky, G. Robinson, E. Toner, E. Sreenan, J. McLister, T. McLister, T. Woodhouse, H. Greenwood, T. McCavana, J. Gallagher, B. Devitt, E. Sherry, A. Molloy, G. Quinn, W. Ackerman.

Result : St. Mary's, 1 goal 9 points. McKelveys, nil.

### School Football Team.



Winners of South Antrim Minor Championship 1937-8.

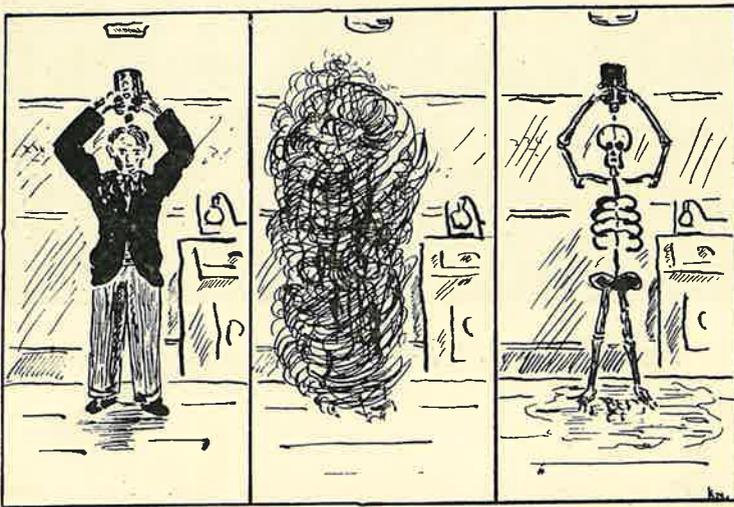
We played two friendly matches with Newry C.B.S. Team. The first was played in McRory Park in October and Newry won comfortably. The return match was fought out in the Abbey Grounds, Newry, on Easter Sunday, April 17th. It was a rousing keenly-contested game, and fast, clever football was an outstanding feature of it. The result was St. Mary's, 3 goals 9 points. Newry C.B.S., 1 goal 9 points.

In representative school games against Dublin and Derry selected school teams, St. Mary's representatives rendered valiant service, and the Junior Antrim Football team which contested the All-Ireland Semi-Final was well served by some of the School's most prominent players.

In Athletics there was a real slump—no Team went to Newry to compete in the N.A.C.A. Ulster College Championships, though we were holders of the Trophy. The organisers of this meeting have to shoulder some of the blame for this as it was rather difficult to get definite information regarding the events. At any rate facilities for the training of athletes in the local grounds are primitive, in fact it is almost criminal to require boys to attempt running on the uneven, broken surfaces of these fields.

Swimming, which is not organised on a school basis, has its followers in St. Mary's, and a squadron of four, ably tutored by an ex-pupil, annexed the schools' race at a local gala. So impressive in style and speed were these boys that enquiries were made to ascertain the possibility of their joining some of the Senior Swimming Clubs in the City.

The pessimism with which I opened has gradually vanished, and probably the revival in enthusiasm referred to earlier will have its effects, and soon again St. Mary's Secondary School will occupy the high position she held in former years in local school games, and her representatives remain models of good sportmanship—smiling in defeat and modest in victory.



"GIVE YOURSELVES THE ACID TEST BOYS"

THE STUDENT WHO TOOK IT LITERALLY

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## Past Pupils'

Before giving the destination of some of our very recent past pupils we must first respectfully and sincerely congratulate on their elevation to the Priesthood, REV. WILLIAM CONWAY (June 1937), REV. JOHN MCCREESH (June 1937), REV. DANIEL CORVIN, A.M., December, 1937. The Mission of Fathers Conway and McCreesh is in the Diocese of Down and Connor, and Father Corvin, distant Africa. We wish them many years of fruitful service in God's Vineyard.

We also wish to congratulate :—

FREDERICK J. BEREEN, B.Sc., on obtaining in December, 1937, the degree M.B., B.A.O., B.Ch.

WILLIAM A. FERRISS on obtaining his L.D.S. in December 1937.

CHARLES BREADY and WALTER LARKIN on obtaining the B.A. degree, and proceeding to Maynooth to complete their Theological Studies for the Priesthood.

ANDREW BREADY has entered the Philosophical Seminary of the African Mission Society, in Kilcolgan, Co. Galway.

KEVIN BREADY and SEAMUS CREGG are gone to the Capuchin Novitiate, Rochestown, Cork.

JOHN HILLAN is in St. Malachy's College studying for the Priesthood.

FRANCIS MCSWIGGAN has entered the Dominican Order, and is at present in the Novitiate in Cork.

JOSEPH CONNELL and COLUM JACKSON are in the Christian Brothers' Juniorate, Bray, Co. Wicklow; BERNARD J. DONNELLY and JOHN CAROLAR are in our Juniorate, Baldoyle, Co. Dublin, and JAMES REARDON is in our Juniorate, Carlett Park, Eastham, Cheshire, England.

THOMAS BOYD, GEORGE BURNS, TERENCE CHARLETON, CHARLES KENNEDY, DESMOND LOSTY, PATRICK McLARNON, BERNARD O'NEILL, and LEONARD SMYTH passed the Clerical Officers Examination of the Imperial Civil Service in 1937, and are all stationed in London, except Terence Charleton, who is in the Custom House, Belfast.

ARTHUR CHARLETON entered the Northern Ireland Civil Service by the Examination held in October, 1937.

GERALD PEYTON, having passed the Clerical Officers' Examination of the Eire Civil Service in July 1937, is now in the Department of Industry and Commerce, Dublin.

PEARSE MURPHY is in Glasslough, Co. Monaghan, having secured the Preventative Officers' Examination of the Eire Civil Service.

PATRICK NUGENT is in the Ordinance Survey Branch of the Government of Northern Ireland, having passed the Examination in July 1937.

JOHN MCCANN, JOSEPH McDONNELL, and JAMES OWENS entered the Engineering Department of the Post Office by Examination in 1937.

VINCENT MULLOWNEY secured the London Matriculation Examination in June 1937, and is now doing the Engineering Course in the Queen's University, Belfast.

JAMES CRILLY, SAMUEL GLOVER, RALPH HYMAN, GERALD MURTAGH and EDMUND QUIERY, having obtained the Senior Leaving Certificate and the Pre-Registration Examination of the Faculty of Medicine, are now pursuing their Medical Course in the Queen's University, Belfast.

DANIEL McRANDALL is studying Architecture.

EDWARD GRIBBEN secured an appointment with the Industrial Bankers' Insurance Company.

Past Pupils Ordained Priests in 1937.



Rev. Daniel Corvin, A.M.



Rev. William Conway.



Rev. John McCreesh.

Past Pupils in St. Mary's Training College Strawberry Hill.



Standing : Henry Goman, Br. P. C. McFarland, Patrick McAleese.  
Sitting : Br. J. B. McGreevy, Thomas Corr.

Past Pupils in Eire Civil Service.



Standing L. to R. Joseph Charleton, Thomas Miskelly, James Mc.Guinness,  
Brendan Mc.Crees; and Eugene Mc.Randall.  
Sitting L. to R. Maurice Irvine, Gerald Peyton, John Charleton and John Irvine

Past Pupils in Imperial Civil Service in London.



Standing left to right J. Devlin, John Mc.Donald, William Diamond, George Burns,  
John Martin, Eric Oniell, Malachy Drain, Francis Morgan, Patrick Mc.Larnon,  
Sitting left to right Leonard Smyth, Henry Mc.Whinney, Vincent Doyle, John Hanson,  
Francis McCloskey, Denis O'Leary, Charles Kennedy.

Past Pupils in Imperial and Northern Ireland Civil Service in  
Northern Ireland.



Standing left to right Patrick Nugent, James Owens, Arthur Charlton, Laurence Mc.Grady,  
Patrick Daly, Terence Charlton, Joseph Mc.Donnell, John Mc.Cann, Patrick Mc.Crisken,  
Sitting left to right Pearse Mc.Grath, Desmond Spence, Honan Mc.Kay, Hugh Hill,  
John Boyd, Desmond Losty.



Walter Hopley, Liverpool.



Thomas Whelan, London



James Boyle, Rochdale.



George Mc.Caffrey, Strabane.



Pearse Murphy, Glasslough.



Thomas Woodhouse, Belfast



Thomas Boyd, London



Brian O'Neill, London.

## The Union and its Objects.

The Union was formally inaugurated at a meeting held in St. Mary's Secondary School, Barrack Street, Belfast, on Sunday, 6th June, 1937. The Very Rev. Vincent Davey, P.P., presided over an attendance of approximately three hundred and fifty former students, and Mr. Thomas Ivory, M.A., acted as Deputy-Chairman. At that meeting a constitution was adopted and a Provisional Committee was appointed to carry on the affairs of the Union and make arrangements for its first Annual General Meeting. The Provisional Committee threw itself into the work of organisation with energy and enthusiasm, and by the beginning of the winter it had achieved a sound nucleus of membership on which to build the Union.

The First Annual General Meeting was held on Sunday, 24th October, in St. Mary's Schools. Mr. Maurice Lavery, F.R.C.S.(Eng.) was unanimously elected first President and the following were selected as Vice-Presidents: Very Rev. Canon J. O'Neill, P.P., V.F., Very Rev. Vincent Davey, P.P., F. McSorley, Esq., M.D. D.Ph., F.R.C.P., and E. F. McEntee, Esq., M.B. A representative Executive Committee was chosen in accordance with the Constitution and charged with the management of the affairs of the Union between General Meetings.

Full or ordinary membership of the Union is open to past pupils of the Christian Brothers' Schools in Belfast. This includes all former students of the Secondary, Primary and Technical Schools, and hence covers ex-pupils of St. Mary's, Barrack Street; St. Patrick's, Donegall Street; St. Malachy's, Oxford Street; and the Junior Technical School at Hardinge Street. It is essential that this condition of membership be stressed because in the early months of the Union the impression seemed to be that membership was confined to past pupils of St. Mary's Secondary School; such is not the case.

Associate membership is open to past pupils educated at Christian Brothers' Schools outside Belfast. This clause was introduced to embrace all former pupils of the Christian Brothers now at present living in Belfast and desirous of taking part in Union activities. It has already justified itself because there are at present quite a number of Associate members taking an active part in many branches of Union work.

Honorary membership is open to members of the Christian Brothers' Congregation; to lay teachers in the Christian Brothers' Schools, who are not past pupils; and to such other persons as the executive committee, at its discretion, considers suitable.

The acquisition of suitable premises, to constitute Union Headquarters, is considered to be of vital importance to the future success of the organisation. The executive committee is fully aware of the urgency of the matter and will leave no stone unturned in its search for suitable premises. Meanwhile the Union has been accommodated in a suite of rooms in St. Mary's Hall. In these rooms members meet one another for the purpose of social intercourse, for lectures, debates and games. The rooms are open on five nights each week, e.g., Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays and they are being well patronised by many members.

The objects of the Union are "to promote the Spiritual, Social, Intellectual, and Material welfare of the Members." The main activities of the Union clearly illustrate these objects. There is the Study Circle, which, founded by permission of the Most Rev. Dr. Mageean, meets every Sunday at three p.m., in St. Mary's Hall. A comprehensive programme of study, embracing Catholic Apologetics and Christian Social Science was drawn up, and at each meeting a keen discussion takes place on some aspect of Catholic religious or social teaching.

The Spiritual Director of the Circle is the Rev. P. J. McAtamney, C.C., St. Mary's, Belfast, who has been elected an Honorary Member of the Union by the Executive Committee.

On the intellectual side there is the Literary Society which meets every Friday night in the Union Rooms. The activities of this section are varied, comprising lectures, readings of papers, debates and discussions. Two notable lectures which took place during the year were Mr. J. J. Cosgrave's learned discourse on the Spanish Inquisition and Mr. S. Dynan's illustrated lecture on the X-Ray. In addition, discussions on national and international politics were often featured. The Union also possesses a very promising Dramatic Society, which should prove a training ground for many aspiring actors. The Society's first public appearance was on Sunday, 20th February, in St. Mary's Hall, where it presented "Magic," a fantastic comedy by the late G. K. Chesterton, in the Catholic Drama Festival.

On the Social and Recreational side the Union has a Table Tennis Club, which it hopes to enter in the Catholic Table Tennis League next winter, while other pastimes notably Billiards, Chess, Card-playing and even Darts and Dancing are available in the Club Premises. It is hoped also to institute, in the near future, athletic and swimming clubs, and in this way cater for the wishes of the more actively-inclined members.

The Union is yet in its infancy. How, and in what directions it will develop rests entirely in the hands of its members. The President and Vice-Presidents and the members of the Executive Committee have great hopes for the future and they are doing everything possible, to date, to bring those hopes to fruition. The Constitution provides the widest possible latitude to members, and within its framework it should be possible to build up an organisation second to none in ideals, opinions and activities. The most intense co-operation of all members will be required to complete this task. That this co-operation will be forthcoming is not too much to expect, especially when it is remembered that it is being sought from a body of men bound together by the noblest of all traditions, the tradition of an Irish and Christian education.

P. CHARLETON.

### "Our Cecil."

Of his lovely voice that's never loud  
 Cecil F. is very proud.  
 Correct as Oxford, smooth as Borax,  
 He's wired for sound from lip to thorax  
 He minds his Q's, he minds his P's,  
 He draws his U's, he flutes his G's,  
 Each liquid L, M, N, and R  
 Is whispered like an angel's prayer  
 His S is a sigh of pious glee  
 Through his four front teeth he sounds each T,  
 Hark to his bell-like, broadened A,  
 —But, nuts, the guy has naught to say.

F. CRILLY, E 2.

## Certa Bonum Certamen.

"To me the meanest flower that blows—." A flower is a thing of beauty, perhaps the most beautiful thing that God made. Flawlessly complete, yet only a part, for it is not merely a thing of beauty, but a symbol of a world of beauty, a world of nature, a world of flowers.

Such is the Study Circle. Perfect in itself, flawlessly complete, yet only a part—a mere tiny part of a great world, the world of Catholic Action. Complete in itself, for each Study-Circle is, as it were, an individual cell, doing its own set work in its own quiet way. A mere part, for its score or so members are but one cell among many, one little group attempting to know the Catholic Faith better, eager to throw off the onslaughts of its enemies, and answering in a practical way the call of the Church, the Pope, to Catholic Action.

St. Mary's School Study Circle has just completed its third year of existence, triumphant despite such tremendous difficulties as an arduous and difficult programme and an almost entirely new membership, caused by the loss of old and staunch members who have left school, ready, we hope, to carry out the advice of the motto of our Study Circle, to fight the good fight in life's battle. It says much for the present Circle that against this opposition it has triumphed, and the Third Year will go down in the history of the Study Circle as a year of achievement, a year distinguished by several commendable innovations. We had a very interesting debate at the last meeting of the First Term, and during the Second Term we had an exhaustive and informative account of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Legion of Mary from Mr. Mulrean, and an illuminating and detailed description of the working of a Catholic Boys' Club, attached to St. Peter's Parish, from Mr. Magee, P.E.T., Secretary. We are very grateful to both.

With regard to coming years, the outlook is definitely promising. The Study Circle has now successfully passed through the difficult period of its foundation, and guided by three years of experience the road to a glorious future lies open. May it go from strength to strength?

T. CHARLETON, *Chairman.*

## Students' Study Circle.

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Secretary : CECIL P. FORRESTER.

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THIRD YEAR—FIRST TERM—SEPT. to DEC. 1937.

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Dogmatic Course—by Spiritual Director.      Papers by Students.

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THE CHURCH'S ATTITUDE IN REGARD TO  
THIS WORLD.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION.

Text : The Church—A. D. Sertillanges.

Encyclical—Christian Education of Youth.

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24th September, 1937.

- f. The Church's Attitude to the Religions that preceded Her.      1. Why the Pope treats of Christian Education, Nature, Importance and Excellence of Christian Education.  
*James Cunningham*
- 

1st October, 1937.

2. The Church's Attitude to Contemporary Religions.      2. To whom does Education belong? In general. In particular I.—To the Church Pre-eminently. Supernatural Motherhood. Extent of the Rights of the Church. Harmony between the Rights of the Church and those of Family and State.  
*Joseph McGowan.*
- 

8th October, 1937.

3. The Church's Attitude to Separated Religious Bodies.      3. II.—To the Family. Right anterior to that of the State. Inviolable right but not despotic. Recognised by Civil Law. Tutelage of the Church  
*Francis Park,*
- 

15th October, 1937.

4. The Church's Attitude to Religious and Lay Morals.      4. III.—To the State. For the public good. Twofold function. Certain forms of Education reserved to itself.  
*Anthony Gartlan.*
- 

22nd October, 1937.

5. The Church's Attitude to Civilisation in General.      5. To the State (*contd.*) Relation between Church and State. Necessity and advantages of mutual agreement.  
*Hugh O'Neill.*
- 

29th October, 1937.

6. Material Civilisation.      6. Subject of Education. The whole man fallen but redeemed. Naturalism in Education false and damaging. Sex Instruction. Co-education.  
*Leonard Smyth.*
- 

5th November, 1937.

7. Intellectual Culture.      7. Environment of Education. (a) The Christian Family. (b) The Church and her Educational Works.—  
*Patrick McLarnon.*
-

12th November, 1937.

8. The Church's Attitude to Art.      8. Same contd. (c) The School—Neutral, Lay Mixed and Unique. Catholic Schools.  
*Gerald Pexton.*

19th November, 1937.

9. The Church's Attitude to Social Life.      8. Same contd. Catholic Action through the School. Good Teachers.  
*Brian Devitt.*

26th November, 1937.

10. The Church's Attitude to Politics.      10. Environment of Education. (d) The World and its dangers.  
*James F. Lawlor.*

3rd December, 1937.

11. The Church's Attitude to International Life.      11. The End and Object of Christian Education.  
*Terence Charleton.*

10th December, 1937.

12. The Church and Peace.      12. Free Discussion on subject to be decided on.

SECOND TERM—JAN. to APRIL, 1938

Dogmatic Course—by Spiritual Director. Papers—by Students.

RELIGION AND LEADERSHIP.

Text: "Religion and Leadership,"  
by Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

CATHOLIC ACTION.

Text: "A Manual of Catholic Action,"  
by Civardi-Martindale.

7th January, 1938.

1. Qualities expected of a Catholic Student of any Catholic Leader. Faith.      1. The Idea of Catholic Action—meaning of the name—activities and institutions—teaching of the Holy See. Essential Elements—Definition of Pius XI.  
*Charles McGettigan.*

4th January, 1938.

2. The Same continued. A Shining Example.      2. The Ends of Catholic Action. Various aims -- interior and exterior, supreme and general. Immediate aim—formation of Consciences—religious — moral — social — apostolic  
*Desmond McNichol.*

21st January, 1938.

3. The Same continued. The Use of Opportunities.      3. The Ends of Catholic Action contd. Particular Aims — diffusion of Christian Culture — Christiani-

sation of the Family—defence of the rights and liberties of the Church. Catholic action in the School — Press — Christian Solution of Social Problem  
*Kevin McCusker.*

28th January, 1938.

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| 4. The Same continued.<br>Honour and Honesty. | 4. The Apostolate of Catholic Action. Characteristics of the C.A. Apostolate. The Lay Apostolate. Auxiliary Apostolate. Dignity of Catholic Action.<br><i>Cecil Forrester.</i> |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

4th February, 1938.

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| 5. The Same continued.<br>Comradeship. | 5. The Apostolate of C.A. contd. Obligatory—Precept of the Church. Duty of Charity towards God and the Neighbour. Teaching of the "OUR FATHER." Obligation arising from Baptism and Confirmation. Duty of C.A.<br><i>John Sherry.</i> |
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11th February, 1938.

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| 6. The Church and History. | 6. The Organisation of Catholic Action. Fundamental lines — Central Diocesan and Parochial Elements. Utility of this for the members, for the Diffusion of Good, for the Hindrance of Evil.<br><i>Thomas McLister.</i> |
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18th February, 1938.

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| 7. The Church and the Present. | 7. The Necessity of Catholic Action. Paganised Society—results of Secularism. Insufficiency of the Clergy. Nothing new in C.A.<br><i>Peter Carey</i> |
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25th February, 1938.

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| 8. The Church as Christ's Representative. | 8. Catholic Action and the Hierarchy. Dependence on the Hierarchy — Direct and Indirect. Lay Direction. Advantages of Union with the Hierarchy.<br><i>Daniel O'Reilly.</i> |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

4th March, 1938.

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| 9. The Same continued. | 9. Discourse on a particular aspect of Catholic Action.<br><i>Mr. B. Mulrean, M.A.</i> |
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11th March, 1938.

10. Great Catholics.

10. Catholic Action and the Clergy.  
Task of the Clergy within C.A.  
Assistant—Guardian Angel. Duty  
of C.A. towards the Clergy.  
*Thomas Brown.*

18th March, 1938.

11. The Catholic Faith as a Working  
System of Life.

11. Catholic Action and "Politics." The  
Authority of the Church in  
Political Matters. Legitimate  
Intervention. The attitude of  
C.A. to Politics and Political  
Parties. Conduct of Catholics in  
Political Field.  
*Peter Mallaghan.*

25th March, 1938.

12. Purity.

12. Catholic Action and its Auxiliary  
Works. Difference between C.A.  
and Religious Associations. Re-  
lations between them. The Works  
of the Church.  
*James McKenzie.*

1st April, 1938.

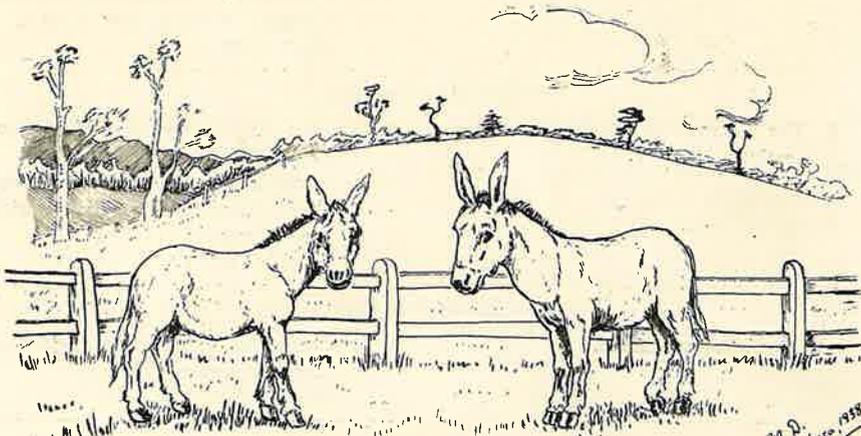
13. Loyalty to the Person of Jesus Christ.

13. Catholic Action and Social-Economic  
Works. The Church and the  
Social Question. The Call of the  
Holy See. Practical Relationships.  
Exhortation of Pius XI.  
*Kevin Finlay.*

8th April, 1938.

14. The Living and the Present Christ.

14. Free Discussion of an appointed  
subject.



When Shall We Three Meet Again?

## WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Mr. Jones was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was astonished to see in the paper an announcement of his own death. He rang up his friend Smith.

"Hello, Smith," he said, "Have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

"Oh, yes," replied Smith, "where are you speaking from?"

"Do you give a guarantee with this hair restorer?"

"Guarantee, sir? Why we give a comb."

"It's my belief," declared the scientific lecturer, "that the end of the world will come in two hundred and seventeen million years." A member of the audience jumped to his feet and cried out in great agitation "How many did you say?"

"Two hundred and seventeen million," replied the lecturer.

The inquirer sat down with a sigh of relief. "I had such a fright," he explained.

"I thought you said one hundred and seventeen million."

"Do you find it difficult to get servants in the country?"

"Gracious, no! We have had eight in the last five weeks."

"Do you anything about football?" said the sportsmaster to a likely-looking new boy.

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the boy, "I help father to fill in his coupon every week."

A Scotsman gave his blood to save a millionaire's life. He was paid £500. A second transfusion was found to be necessary and the Scotsman again obliged. For this operation he received £100. To complete the cure the Scotsman gave his blood the third time. The millionaire was completely restored to health. There was no further payment.

"Your doctor's out here with a flat tyre."

"Diagnose it as flatulency of the perimeter and charge him accordingly," said the garage proprietor. "That's how he does."

A man raced past the policeman at the corner and the local publican toiled far behind. "Why didn't you stop him?" panted the publican. "He told me you were racing him for a drink," said the policeman. "So I am," shouted the publican. "He hasn't paid for it."

"Now then," said the irate principal. "You must be at school at 9 o'clock precisely. And when I say 9 o'clock, I don't mean 5 past, I mean 5 to."

"So, we find that X equals zero," said the Maths. Professor, after finishing a long problem.

Pupil: "All that work for nothing."

"Ah, well," said the optimist, "somewhere behind the clouds, the sun is shining."

"Maybe," replied the pessimist, "and under the sea is land, but that doesn't help a fellow when he falls overboard."

## Schoolboy Howlers.

An oboe is an American tramp who plays in a B.B.C. Dance Band.

A fort is a place where men prisoners are kept in war time and a fortress is where women prisoners are kept.

Prevailing winds are winds that always blow where other winds have stopped blowing.

Lambert Simnel offended King Henry and was made a turnstile in the Palace.

Every dentist likes to have L.S.D. after his name for then he is a real dentist and can do anything he likes with you.

School games cultivate healthy corporations.

Archimedes' Principle is when a man gets into a bath he immediately expels his equal amount of water and it is called his eureka.

Unemployment Insurance is, if you die you would get your money back.

The logarithm of a given number is the number of times the given number must be squared in order that the given number may be equal to this number.

One of the labours of Hercules was to catch the Golden Fleas.

The results did not come up to his expectations.

A compass tells a man where he ought to go ; it always points up the pole north or South.

He was suffering from pantomime poisoning.

Sir Francis Drake said he was going fishing but he went and seized the King of Spain's beer and then he burnt it.

A cycle made so that two people can ride on, it is called a tantrum.

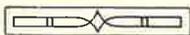
The Plague spread rapidly because insects and other things built their nests in the waste material in the street.

Longitude is the distance East or West of gratitude.

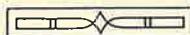
A trochee is a foot of two syllables, the first eccentric and the second ineccentric.

The boats in Venice are called gwendolines.

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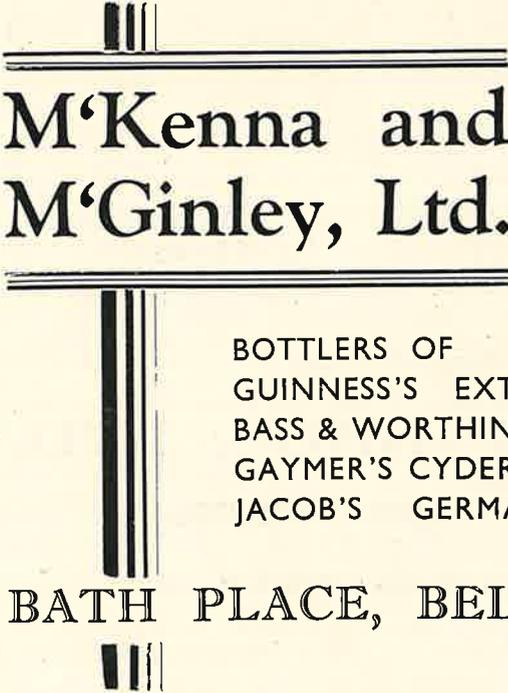
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