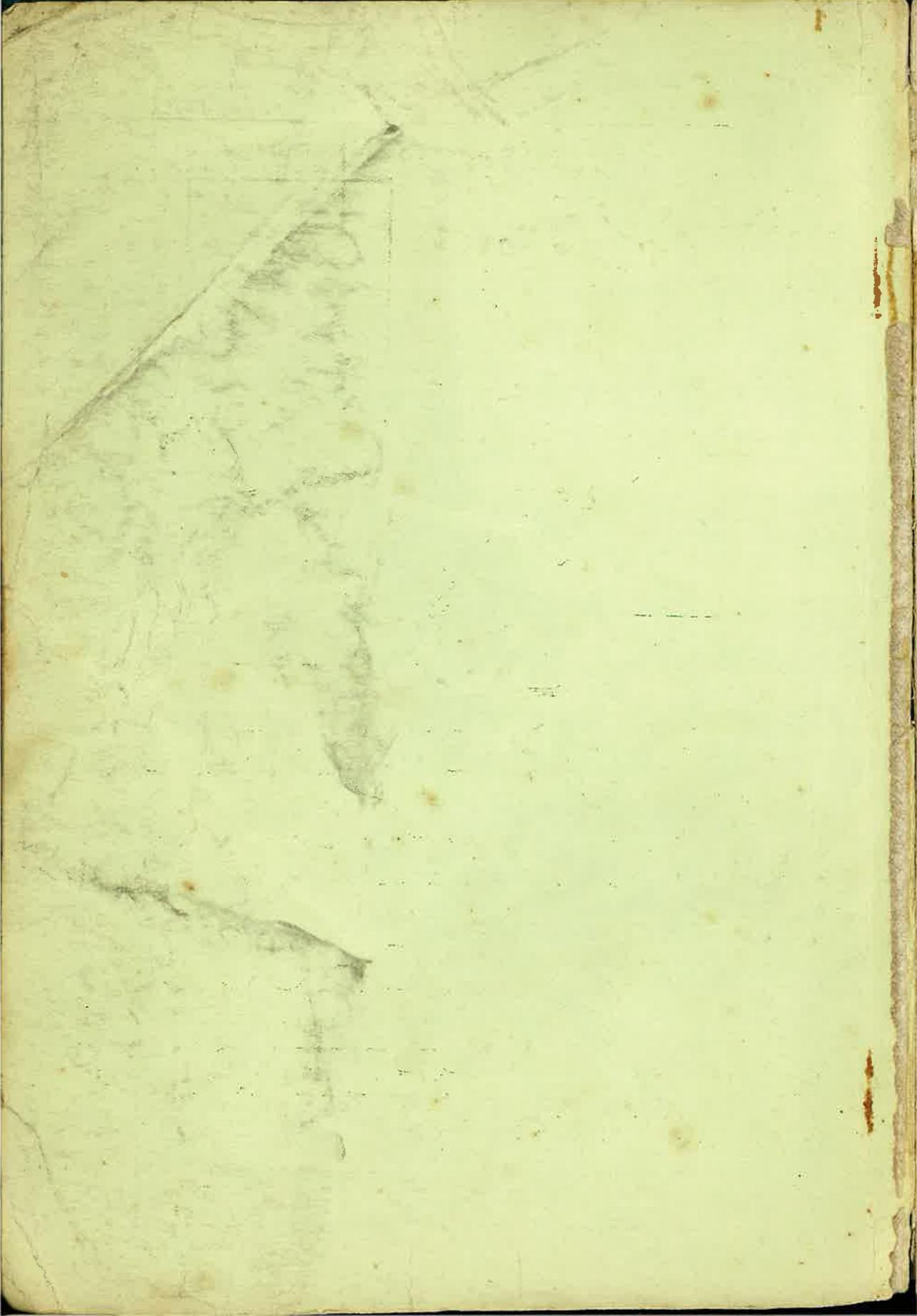




THE SIMMARIAN

ST. MARY'S
CHRISTIAN BROS'
SCHOOL
BELFAST

JUNE, 1942



The
Simmarian
Magazine



June, 1942.



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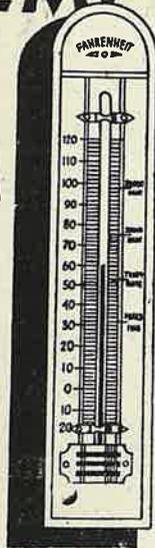
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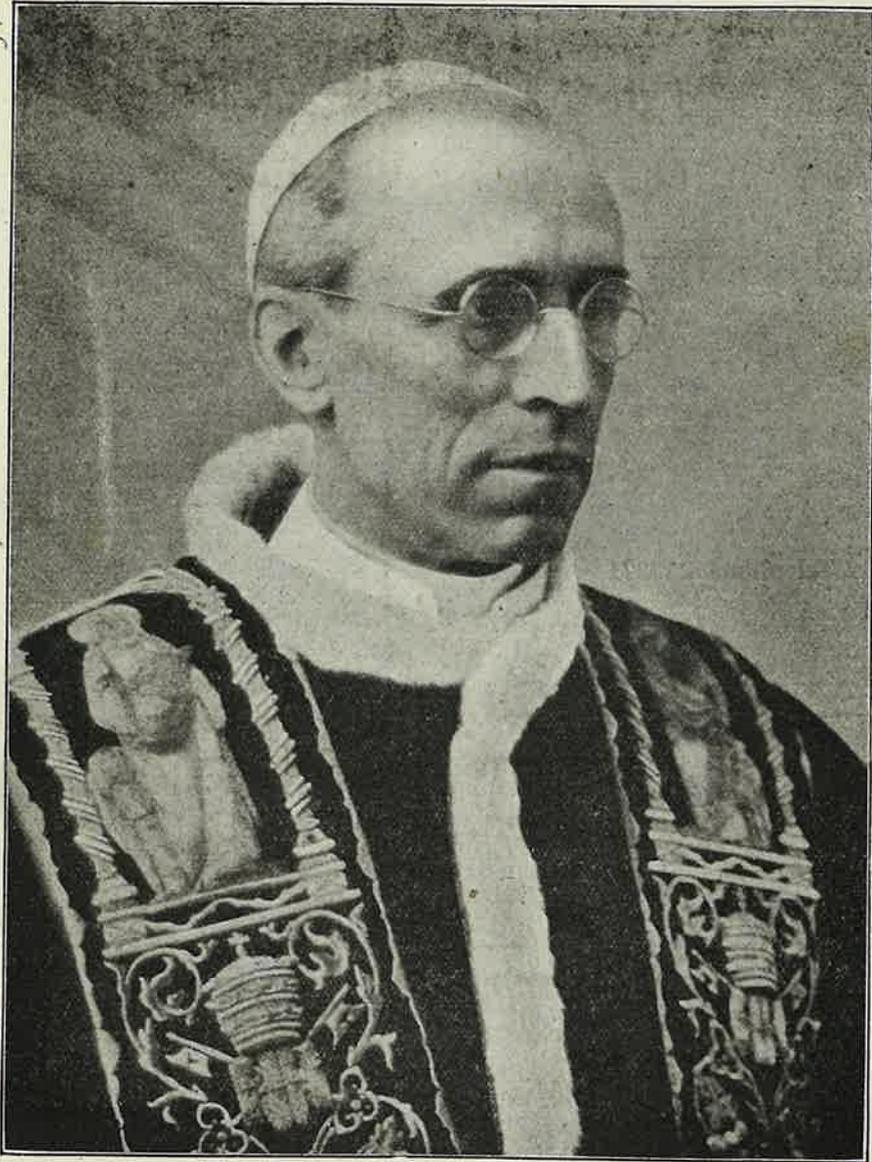
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Simmarian Magazine

JUNE, 1942.

FIFTH YEAR.

EDITORIAL



In bringing out this war-time publication of "The Simmarian" we have been prompted by a desire to preserve a spark of life in the magazine, which, unfortunately, fell into abeyance last year. Although we cannot hope to rival our predecessors, we are sincerely desirous of doing more than merely bringing it forth from its winter quarters, in order to maintain in it a dull existence. It has been our aim, as far as lies in our power, to make "The Simmarian" a magazine worth the reading, to entertain and interest you.

Humour you will find in abundance, tempered by serious articles of topical interest. However, this is principally a school-boys' magazine, and we beg our more seasoned readers, who have reached a mature age of sense and reason, to bear with us and excuse the predominance of wit in this, our ambitious inroad into the realms of literature.

Other apologies we will not make. Here you have represented, to please you, the youthful talent of St. Mary's School. What it lacks in a profound manner and a clear judgment, by unenlightened adolescences, is compensated for by the enthusiasm and exuberance of its outpouring.

We beg of you to read it kindly, not critically, keeping in mind the urgent youthful spirit behind it, that is, as yet, but standing on the threshold of literature; and, if you read it thus, we will presume to take the liberty of believing that it cannot fail to please you.

WHY DOESN'T THE POPE DO SOMETHING ?

This leading question is often asked, and frequently supplies answers that are grossly misleading. Have not many of the answers supplied reams of dubious speculation about the Pope's attitude, objectives and activity bearing on the war, cloaking it in layers of mystery? There is no need of looking to gossip or crystal gazing for the facts. The person who will carefully read the Holy Father's several pronouncements on the war, before it began and since, can get an exact appreciation of where he stands.

A brief consideration of a few simple points manifests the Pope's own answer to the above question. He has done something. He has done everything in his power. Before the inception of hostilities, he bent every effort to prevent the possible international strife. Into his very first message to the world he put "an invitation to, and indeed an augury of, peace;" also he writes "as Vicar on earth of the Prince of Peace, from the first days of Our Pontificate we have dedicated Our efforts and Our solicitude to the purpose of maintaining peace, and afterwards of re-establishing it." He is the first to admit, with poignant regret, that these efforts failed: "Our advice, respectfully listened to, was not taken."

Almost all of those who clamour for a papal appraisal of the merits of the opposing sides in the war, really want, not an impartial judgment, but rather a flat endorsement of themselves! As the Holy Father has said, he is "beyond every rivalry and outside every party." The Papacy is a universal institution. The Pope has spiritual children by the million in almost all the belligerent countries. Further, he knows his mission to be to all men everywhere. He cannot be anyone's cats-paw.

He pronounces on the moral aspect of issues and conflicts, laying down principles, enunciating duties, indicating which aberrations from the right are responsible for particular difficulties. He takes the long view, back into past history, and forward to future developments, and expediency has no part in his thinking. Analyzing the present situation, he sees it as the consequence of a moral sickness, common to the whole world. He knows that no military victory, whoever wins it, is going to set all things right.

Rather a universal spiritual renewal, is requisite for the settlement of the temporary crisis, of which the war is but one aspect. But "calm views and long views are mistaken for weakness and indecision." One of the most appalling features of the present condition of mankind is the fact that, in the plainest language and trumpet-tongued, the Pope tells the world that what is wrong is a moral matter, very few have any notion of what he is talking about. For "the fundamental conception of justice and love, which make for individual happiness and the nobility of common social life, have, in many respects, fallen into oblivion or contempt."

The Pope points out that the advice which he offers sometimes arouses suspicions of the ill-disposed, makes them think that the whole structure of civil authority is being threatened, and that its rights are being invaded. Although he is "as far removed as possible from any intentions of that kind" and appeals to men "not asking to have dominion over them, but, in every possible way, to be their servant," men of ill will spread preposterous notions; the credulous believe them, and the Pope is left out of the picture until the picture disintegrates.

The Pope has no way, save moral suasion, of enforcing what he knows to be right and healthful to society. He cannot exert physical compulsion on men, nor does he wish to.

Having considered the preceding simple points, we naturally ask, whether the Holy Father despairs of accomplishing anything. No! There are certainly men of good-will left on earth; indeed their name is legion. There are men in all countries, in and out of the Church, who are intellectually honest and humble. It is to these the Holy Father speaks again and again.

First and foremost, he says, the principal cause of our ills is our individual and social desertion of God, the widespread denial of His existence and authority. "Our troubles have one bitter root, terrible in its fertility: the ignoring of God's majesty, the complete neglect of His heavenly commandments." The Supreme Pontiff, reviewing history in perspective, logically following the course of human conduct to its consequences, shows that men, having set aside God and all He represents, inevitably embark on a career of disaster.

Professed atheism is rampant, deliberately fostered by anti-religious governments and also by that irresponsible intelligentsia typified for instance by H. G. Wells. Even more common, and certainly more damaging, is the practical atheism of those nominally Christian. This stems largely from the old liberal heresy which put God and religion into one hermetically sealed compartment of human affairs and denied their relevance to other phases of Life, such as the economic and social. Common in all countries is a "training of the young which neglects of deliberate purpose, to direct their minds towards a heavenly country as well;" which "points them to a wrong goal" and "secretly or openly encourages them to turn their backs on their Divine Redeemer."

Pope Pius says that, with the denial of God and His exclusion from human affairs, "the only possible foundation of peace and permanence has been undermined," and "nothing can breed peace or preserve prosperity." This he illustrates by singling out that cardinal error of the times, namely the divine of "civil authority from any connection at all with the Divine Being."

The result is that several states are not slow to usurp the place from which God has been eliminated. Each presumes that it has "unlimited competence." Each votes itself "into the privileges of omnipotence," and the state is treated "as the end to which all human actions must tend and the rule by which all legal and moral questions must be judged." There are no common principles, given by God, to regulate the actions of all men; there is no code of morality, defined by God, binding on all. Then the "new morality" divined from all connection with a Divine law is fashioned by each state to suit itself. Thus you have a number of states "each making up its own morality as it goes along," with no two codes agreeing. There is now no common ground on which the disputants can meet with that confidence in each other's integrity which the Holy Father sees as indispensable to peace, for "discussions and clear adjustments of mutual relations." There is no other alternative to war. Even in the midst of this inferno of hatred, it is plain that men do not see what is at the bottom of their distress, and persist in supposing that genuine, organic and lasting peace can be brought about by military victory. "It is not from outward pressure," said His Holiness, "it is not from the sword that deliverance comes to nations; the sword cannot breed peace, it can only impose terms of peace. The forces, the influences, that are to renew the face of the earth, must spring from men's hearts."

This sounds like pious cant to the majority of men. Some political leaders may pay such a notion lip service, but, as their actions prove, there is little conviction in their hearts. His Holiness grants that "our present troubles may have the effect of opening many blind eyes." But the signs of any universal awakening are discouragingly few. That is why he says: "There are more reasons than one for apprehending that the hour of darkness is upon us, an hour in which the storms of violence and discord pour out, as from a chalice of blood, countless sorrows, countless troubles upon the earth." We "are experiencing, as yet perhaps, only the beginnings of sorrows." "A common peril, one and the same everywhere, hangs over us all." He does not hold out any glittering suggestion of a spectacular miracle restoring peace. God could work such a wonder. But we must always remember two things:—

First, He made us free; and Second, whether or not we acknowledge the fact, we live in a moral order. God gives us his Grace to help us to do what is right. But He does not destroy or limit our free initiative.

Here is a simple fact to remember. A stable and healthy order of things can exist only when built on the foundations of nature. The only authority competent to trace these foundations and determine their materials is He, Who by the Author of Nature, has been appointed Chief of Humanity. From the spiritual teaching of Jesus alone, taken in its integrity, can be deduced the theory of living which makes for the earthly well-being of person and society. There is only one Voice that has power authoritatively to outline that theory, that is to enunciate the principles which are at the basis of a healthy domestic society, of a just and prosperous state life, and of the conditions for peace and security in international relations since the theory of life, is one that accords with right reason, it is one that can be accepted, even by those who do not profess allegiance to the Catholic Church.

Pope Pius states very simply the elements of the prescription for the world peace: (1) acknowledgment and service of God; (2) living every phase of life, whether it be the life of the individual or of nations, according to Godly principles, specially those of justice and charity, with particular attention to social justice; (3) the protection and fostering of that "primary and indispensable cell of human society," the family against which so many elements in modern life are in conspiracy; (4) education devoted, not only to developing powers of mind and body and the formation in the child of social and civic sense, but also to telling him of his nature and destiny; (5) government "according to the directions of things which is immutable because it reposes on the universal laws and principles which govern it."

This "renewal of men's minds, this remaking of the face of the earth," will not be easy. For, as His Holiness says, there are "formidable obstacles and difficulties in this age as perhaps in no other." But it can be done. God's Grace is not lacking. Addressing himself to Catholics, the Holy Father tells them they have a mission to perform, a priestly work to do. He urges them to arm themselves with Prayer, mortification, the sacramental aids, to "live in the same bond of Faith and Charity, so that men may see the Power and active Influence of the atonement of Christ."

W. McDERMOTT.

Editor.

THE GLENS OF ANTRIM.

I love the Glens of Antrim,
 Their beauty ever rare,
 Patrick spent his boyhood,
 In the Slemish mountain air;
 Lovely old Glenariffe,
 With her enchanted fall,
 Her beauty formed from Nature,
 The loveliest of them all.

A. ANGLIN, C1.

SUFFERING!

I am troubled to-night with a gnawing pain,
 'Tis not from cuts or bruises;
 I didn't fall into a drain,
 No blood from my body oozes.
 'Tis not a pain of body or heart,
 That's causing all my sorrow,
 The reason for all this trouble is—
 I've got MATHS.—tough MATHS—for to-morrow.

JIM CONROY, A2.

ST. MARY'S POST-WAR IMPROVEMENTS.

The newspapers are full of ideas for post-war improvements, improvements for everyone except school-boys, particularly those of this beloved establishment. So, in the absence of others interested in our post-war position, we have decided to bring to light suggestions that have been hiding in the back of our minds, and which, up till now, have found no practical means of making themselves known.

The first grievance affects, not all students, but the chosen Senior Classes whose beards are hoary white and who sport tufts of down on either cheek, those who shave now and then in the vain hope of obtaining something akin to a walrus moustache.

At 10-40 a.m. every day the bell goes and the clamouring crowds pour out from their respective classrooms, teachers included. The teachers race to their room, there to enjoy the life-giving weed or else to slake their thirst according to taste. What of the boys? Where are they to go? The juniors run about playing and shaking off cares and memories of unfinished exercises in the open air. But what of the sages, the intelligentes of the upper floor? Surely no senior would think of shaking off cares in such a way? No, their complaint requires something stronger. Whiskey is out of the question when teachers are hovering around. It is a luxury to be enjoyed in the privacy of some quiet 'pub.' So the next best thing is to follow the teachers' example and join the adherents of Lady Nicotine. Consequently, at 10-40 a.m. clouds of smoke may be seen pouring from both the teachers' room and from another section of the yard, remote from prying eyes. These "hairo's" desire some room in the school to be set apart for the peaceful enjoyment of a smoke at 9-15 a.m., 10-40 a.m., 12-30 p.m., 12-55 p.m., and 3-5 p.m. These are the times when the need for a quiet 'draw' is most pressing, and such a place, furnished with deep cushy chairs and a blazing-fire (we will consider a radiator) would keep the juniors away from the bad-example and premature senile decay, while the old men smoke or even burn if they felt like it. Even the teachers could come in for a light, if Mr. Cashman found Mr. Kane's petrol bottle empty some day and was faced with the awful necessity of having to buy some of his own. I am sure the smoking fraternity would be obliged if he did not make a habit of coming in too often. Brother Nagle could present a few hundred cigarettes to this smoking club to set it on its feet, as it were. He must have close on a thousand saved up now.

The second grievance is the depositing of crusts and crumbs in Mr. Kane's chamber of horrors, namely, the lower Chemistry Lab. We come into it on Mondays and Thursdays for the first period after lunch and find papers, cigarette-butts, and crusts deeply imprinted with the marks of the molars of some costly set of teeth. Maybe the mice Coburn bought in Smithfield are responsible, but what mouse ever smoked? No, we must be firm. This kind of vandalism must cease since it only encourages crust-fights which do not lend themselves to the preservation of the discipline Mr. Kane would desire. Bottles of a suspicious design have been seen around, very unlike the conventional bottle used for milk-carrying. Perhaps some have played a fast one and labelled their bottles H²O or H²SO₄ to prevent discovery. Of course, anyone seen drinking 'something' out of an acid bottle with all signs of relish will have to be watched. It is often wondered how Mr. Kane has kept off the drink with all the legitimate occasions in his life for the use of alcohol, but perhaps "Red Biddy" means nothing more to him than C₂H₆O.

To travel further afield, we find another grievance in the A classes. It concerns a promised feast which did not materialize. It seems the poor dears sang for a certain person on the understanding that something in the line of a party would be forthcoming. Maybe they are "making a mountain out of a mole-HILL", as George said. However, in the New Order such promises must be fulfilled and we hope the proper authorities will see to it that the villain of this episode meets his Nemesis. He should

follow the example of another teacher, chiefly concerned with the C classes, who is supposed to have great, sumptuous parties of lemonade and biscuits and whose capacity for lowering tuck is remarkable.

So, is exhausted my supply of grievances and suggested improvements, for the present, but should any reader think of any others, it would be of great benefit to the boys of St. MARY'S if they were made known through the medium of the "Simmarian".

MAURICE WRIGHT E. 3.

BUTCH'S DREAM.

Butch is in the blankets till the time for school is past
(Get up there, Jim, or late you'll surely be!),
Slung atween the bed posts and sleeping there so fast,
And dreaming of the match he longed to see.
Thunder stand the goal-posts; thunder stretch the nets;
The Celtic lads are flashing to and fro.
Boy! the ball is moving and the crowds are shoving,
He sees it all so plainly as if he were below.

Butch he is a Belfast man and likes the mountain breeze
(Get up there, Jim, or late for school you'll be!)
Though the hadn't got his eckers done, he went to bed at ease
And dreamed about a Celtic Victory.
Kick the ball, you blighter, drive it towards the net;
Field it with your head or with your toe!—
How the bed is creaking and the mattress squeaking,
When he thinks he meets and combats "Blue" supporters, blow for
blow.

Butch, he's in the blankets till the German raiders come,
Get up there, Jim, or blitzed you'll surely be!
Slung atween the bed posts and listening for the hum,
Yet dreaming of the match he longed to see.
Call him when the guns go, call him at that sound,
Call him when you hear the sirens roar;
When the bombs are flying and the houses lying,
You shall find him up the mountain, as you found him there before.

MALACHY BURNS, C4.

THE BLACKSMITH'S RISE TO FAME.

Under a worthless canopy, the village blacksmith sits;
Before him is a touring car, broken to little bits.
And the owner and the driver, too, have almost lost their wits.

The village blacksmith smiles with glee, as he smokes his fat
Havana,
He tells his helpers what to do to straighten up the car;
And the owner and the driver, too, stand humbly where they are

The village blacksmith puffs his weed, and smiles a smile of cheer,
The while his helpers pump the tyres and monkey with the gear—
And the owner and the driver, too, stand patiently near.

The children, going home from school, look in at the open door,
They like to see him make his bills and hear the owners roar.
And the drivers weep as they declare they ne'er paid that before.

He goes each morning to the bank, and stores away his cash;
A high silk hat and long frock coat, help him to cut a dash—
But the owner and driver, too, their teeth they vainly gnash.

The chestnut tree long since has died, the smith does not regret;
His humble shop has grown into a building big and fine,
And it bears "Garage" above the door,
On a huge electric sign.

HUGH MACKBOWN, E1.

MAIRBPIÓ MÉ É!

Tá fear a5 gabail timcheall an domhan anois le cúis bliadhna nó mar sin. Ní tuis leis an fear sin baint faoi i n-áit ar bit faoi roctá na gréine le na sáiste a' deanaí. Bíonn sé i gcomnuirde a5 bogadai5 tairt ó áit go h-áit mar fear a mbéad acan diabal dá rab i n-ípreann 'sa' tóir air. 'Siomda' duine a síl roimhe seo go rab an fear sin ar mire. Agus níó nac iongnad, ná ó n-a bfuil de fir ar an domhan, níl a macas-amail eile le pasáil agus éan ionann sin a's na breága. Bíonn sean-culaic' donn air nac b'pactás ariam é san i a beir air. Tá ceann ghuaise cataige air agus acan ribe de comh bán leis an tsneadta, cé nac bfuil sé caosa bliadhain 'o'ois go fóill. Ac an ruo is mó a gcuirtear sónn-ru5ad ann—níl lionnir ar bit 'na súile; tá sia' comh marb is dá mbíod an fear é féin faoi na fóide. Ac ní h-é sin a bfuil ann. Nuair a tóí sé stráinséar téio sé fao leis agus stáineann sé go g'éar ar a a5aíó san focal a ráó; ac bíonn dá ball beaga dearga ar a leicne agus a anál i mbarr a foib leis agus bíonn greim aige ar ruo éigin na póca. Tá sé ar lorg fir éiginthead a bfuil puat na námad aige air agus tá sé fá coinne an fear sin a marbáó. Píostal atá na póca aige agus nuair caspar a námad air, cuirpió sé piléar frió a croiúe agus cuirpió sé a mállact leis go h-ípreann. Cairde mar tá fios agam? Mise an fear sin a bfuil an ghuas liat air agus na súile agus san loinnir ionntú! Tá tú a5 masáó faom, a ógánaig, ac éist anois agus ionneosaíó mé s'geal' duit a b'ainpeas na deora asat.

Tá mise trí bliadhna 'gus dá ficead 'o'ois ac ba 'óig' leat go rab mé i gcionn mo seadctmogaó bliadhain. Sé bliadhna ó sóin bí mé 'mo fear breag' 'óigeamail, ac 'o'imt'ig an lá sin. Cairde an tubaiste a rinn m'átrac? Cairpió mé tús a cur ar an scéal corrad le fice bliadhain ó sóin. Pósad mé nuair bí mé oét mbliadhna deas c'ois. Ar fearó cúpla bliadhain bíomar ar ar sáimin suilt agus dar linn gur breag' an áit an saogal. Bí an mac amáin agáinn agus tóspaimis é ar ar mbosa, bíomar comh tugta sin 'ó. Ac táinig tinneas ar mo bean agus i gcionn coicriúise bí sí marb. Ní rab mo brón ar don fear ariam. Ac cé go rab sí 'na coúlad' 'sa' roil'ig big ar taob an chuib, dar liom go rab sí beó go fóill, ná an fásúr beag a bí comh h-ó5 is nar tuis sé go rab a máctair fuar marb, ba é an máctair ar áit-préataí é. Agus na foclaí deireannaaca a dubairt sí liom—aire máit a tabairt 'o'á mac agus san doéar ar bit a leigint air.

Agus rinn mé sin. Níor pós mé bean eile mar deapad' curó mór fear. Níor pós. Ac bí mo croiúe astoig ins an leanb agus bí mé leis mar bead máctair leis. Bí dá súil gorma air agus ghuas mar bead ór buirde ann, agus bí sé comh cumta 'óigeamail sin nac mbéiceá a5 deanaó gur fásúr a bí ann ar scor ar bit ac gur gíorsac é. Agus bí sé a5 teact aníos rit an ama agus é a5 éirge láid'ir cruaid' liomta. Ac bí sé 'óigeamail go fóill. Bíod an beirt agáinn le céite i gcomnuirde— a5 siudal, a5 iascaireact nó a5 seil'g. Bí mo sáit saib'bris agam agus ní rab ruo ar bit a 'óig'vái' air ariam nac b'fuair sé. Sí' sé an t'ub-ruo dom-sa agus bí mise mar an gceáona leis.

Bí go máit go rab sé i gcionn a oét mbliadhain deas. Bí sé ar cólaiste i m'baile áta Cliat agus i gcionn cúpla seadctmain eile bead sé a5 teact 'na' baile ar a laete saoire. Bí sé 'na' ád'bar sagairt ac nuair táinig sé 'na' baile ní rab sé a5 cainnt ar an tSoisgeal nó ruo ar bit mar sin. Ní rab. Níor cuata mé uair ac gur máit leis gabail 'na' h-éorpa, ná gur máit an ruo 'dul go Meiriceá, agus cainnt mar sin. Nuair connaic mé nac rab gur dom' iarraíó air panaect i n-Éirinn, cuir

mé ceist air cé leis a rab sé ag dul. “Fan go bpeicid tú!” ar seisean, agus cupla oirde ‘na diaid sin tug sé fear leis ‘na’ baile—fear mór oiread agus cuma air go rab sé i gcionn a deic mbliadain ficéad. Fear breá a bí ann i gcosamlaict, fear a rab aoid an fáire air i gcómnuidé, agus fear a cuirfead tar an abainn tirm tú le n-a cúro cainnte. Dubairt sé liom gur maic an rud do’n buacail an saogal mór a feiceáil, go mbéad sé ag obair do-sán agus go dtabarrfad sé aire maic do. D’éist mé le n-a cúro plásaidéacta agus creid mé é. Fá cionn míosa bí an beirt ar siubal go Meiriceá. Ba gnátae liom leicir a fágáil ó Séamas (sin an t-ainm atá ar mo mac) acan mí agus anois agus arís sgríobad Mr. Carter eugam. Ins na leitreaca sin d’innsead Séamas dom fá na h-áiteannaí ‘na rab sé agus fá’n méid airgid a bí aige. Ac dá réir a céile stad na leitreaca a teact go dtí sa deiread nac rab tásc ná tuairisc ar an beirt.

Bí mise pásta liom péin ar an uaigneas agus croide cráidte ‘mo éliab. An buacail sin a ndéanfaínn gar ar bit do, rinn sé dearmad doim. Sin a síl mé san am, ac ní h-ámlaí a bí. Ba foirid ‘na diaid sin go bfuair mé scéala ó baile mór i Meiriceá go rab mo mac agus Mr. Carter i bpríosún. Nuair cuata mé sin d’imtis mé de léim gan scriosán éadaig a tabairt liom. Nuair táinig mé i dtír i Meiriceá cuaird mé caol oiread cuig an baile ‘na rab Séamas faoi glas agus b’fuide ná míle bliadain acan domaité go mbéinn ag n-a taoib. Ní tíoctad liom ac a beit ag smuaintuigad ar Séamas rit an ama—Cao cuige go rab sé i bpríosún? Carde rinn sé? Agus cao cuige gur leis Mr. Carter do é a deanaí? Ac, nac rab seisean i bpríosún postá! Eisean a rinn an éagóir agus a tug mo mac leis go príosún.

Ac ní tíoctad liom beit cinnte gur síoic mé an áit. Ar baint na h-áite amac dom h-innsead dom gur marb an beirt acú sean-fear a rab ór as cuimse aige agus gur foirid síad leo an cúro ba mó de. Annsin cuaird mé istead cuig Séamas. Bí sé ‘na’ suide ar leabair beag caol agus a ceann crom eadar a láma. Nuair connaic sé mise bhis an gol air agus caoin sé a sáit. Nuair stad sé d’innis sé an scéal dom—ní rab fios aige carde bí Mr. Carter a deanaí. Níor marb seisean an sean-duine. Ní tearn sé ac cuiridugad le Mr. Carter a trí nó a ceathair de boscá a ioncar ó teac éigin go dtí an gluasteán. Creid mise é; bí fios agam nac dtearn seisean a leitéir de rud. Ac nuair tugad ‘na cúirte é, níor creid an breiteam é, ná d’innis Mr. Carter sgéal fá Séamas a cuir ‘na croice é com cinnte is cuir an breiteam cuicé é. Dubairt sé gur buacail gan maic a bí ann mar Séamas, go rab seisean i gcómnuidé ag iarrad Séamas a cur ar bealac a leasa. Ac nac rab áir ar bit ag Séamas ar doinne; nac rab fios aige gur marb an gasúr an sean-duine agus gur foirid sé an t-ór go dtáinig na póilios cuige. Agus creidead é agus cuiread mo caoin-mac ‘na croice. Crocad é sé seactmáin ‘na diaid sin agus leigead ceo a cinn le Mr. Carter. Is doice go rab fios aige gur b’é an rún a bí agam é a marbad, ná d’imtis sé as an baile sin com tuig gear agus táinig leis sul a rab faill agam breic air. Sin an rud a cuir an t-átrae orm! Tá mé sa tóir ar an fear sin le bliadanta. Tá mé ag éirge lag tuirseac, ac geobair mé é sul a brafaird mé bás, agus annsin mairbaird mé é! Mairbaird mé é...!

SEÁN DEARDEN.

THE PENALTY MUST BE PAID.

Day struggled to break through the murky grey mist which hung gloomily over Heathmoor Prison. Gradually the mist stole away, leaving the stone buildings looking dank and miserable in the uncertain light.

The sullen booming of the prison clock in the East Tower awoke John Fletcher. He counted the strokes: five—six—seven! In one hour's time—he shuddered slightly.

He looked through the barred windows: how miserable everything seemed. In the west division—the burial ground—two prisoners were digging a grave. He knew that over in the mortuary lay an empty coffin—a coffin whose sides were perforated. He tore his eyes away from the sight. Down in the courtyard he saw a car draw up, on the wind-screen was a card printed: "PRESS." Well, it was what was to be expected. Turning from the window, he dressed slowly and carefully. His dress had always been a care of his and he had no intention of being careless on that day.

As he combed back his hair, a warder knocked at the door and came in. "Breakfast, Sir?" he asked. "Yes," Fletcher replied. Whatever they might think of him, it was still "Sir," he had always commanded respect. He forced himself to eat his breakfast, though he had no appetite for his food.

For days he had been thinking how he would behave on this day. Would he be unperturbed or would he "fall to pieces?" It was not what was to come that worried him, but the actuality of the present. For a while he thought he would not be able to bear the disgrace of it all. Few of his friends believed in him now—he couldn't blame them. Yet some whom he had imagined real friends had abandoned him at the first sign of scandal. He had acted stupidly, not deliberately. There had been no necessity for doing what he had done. Things might have righted themselves eventually, but everything had looked so desperate that he had acted without thinking. But what was the good? Thinking would avail him nothing now. Thought would only drive him mad.

He stood up from the table. After a minute the warder came in and took the tray away. As he left, chaplain entered. The chaplain, Fletcher thought, was the only man who was sorry for him. "It's time to go now," he said, "they're waiting for you." "Yes," Fletcher replied with a sigh, "I suppose they are." They went together.

The head warder met them at the end of the corridor, and all three walked slowly along, out through the door and across the courtyard. Fletcher talked about trivial subjects. By mutual consent they did not mention what was coming on the other side of that door, a little way off. As he neared door, he stopped talking. Outwardly he was composed, but his heart was pounding. This was the moment he had dreaded. He walked on, getting nearer to the door. As he approached it, it opened before them. Fletcher walked in after the warder. He walked over and took his place, he was ready. The worst was over. He thought that he could face the rest now.

He, John Fletcher, was ready to account for his misdeeds. The men, around him, looked grave. To them it was a serious business. They, as Board of Commissioners, wanted to hear Governor Fletcher's explanation of the falsification of his accounts.

GEORGE ROBINSON, E3.

DE HIBERNIA HIBERNISQUE.

Do you know that:—

Nearly one-third of the total episcopate of the Catholic Church bear Irish names.

Sax Rohmer, the author of the world famous "Fu Manchu" stories is an Irishman.

The first "steeplechase" was run in Ireland in 1752.

The Renaissance began in Ireland 700 years before it was known in Italy.

Lord Kelvin invented the mariners' compass now in use in the navies and merchant services of the world.

An Irishwoman, had her aim been a quarter of an inch nearer her target, would have changed the course of Italian history. She made an attempt on Mussolini's life, shooting him in the nose, in 1926.

The first man to place white discs on letter boxes giving times of collection was Mr. Michael McGrath, one-time postmaster of Dun Laoghaire.

Streamline houses were built on the Kerry coast in ancient Ireland, to offer the minimum resistance to the Atlantic winds and rains.

Spencer said that the Irish imparted to the English an alphabet!

When asked if he disliked the Irish, as his ballads seemed to ridicule them, W. M. Thackeray answered: "God help me! All I love best in the world is Irish."

The black-out was in use in Ireland in 1641. The following order was proclaimed in a garrison: "Lights in or oute of the Lanthorns shall not be hung in the fortress of Charlemont from doore or windowe in the darke from sunset!"

The inventor of the submarine was John Holland, of Clare. It was expressly designed to fight against the British Navy and was called "The Fenian Whale"

Another Fenian, J. J. O'Kelly, invented a practical torpedo.

A "Magnet Line" is known to have been in existence in County Armagh in 141 A.D.

Commodore John Barry, from Wexford, founded the United States Navy, while Admiral Brown, from Mayo, founded the Argentine; and the Chilean Navy was founded by a Mayo man, Admiral O'Higgins.

An Irish girl, Miss Thomson, of Cork, was Empress of Morocco in the 18th century.

The "Hammer and Sickle" was the symbol of a Co. Antrim organisation in 1769!

Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was the grandson of an Irish emigrant.

General Sir John Moore introduced light troops in the Peninsular War, whose activities he modelled on the Irish Shelmaliers.

Henry J. O'Reilly built the first telegraph line in the United States.

The women of ancient Ireland were allowed to study medicine, to practise as physicians, and to contend for the honours awarded to those most skilled in the various arts.

It is said that maps have been discovered in the Vatican showing that the whole coast of N. America, from Nova Scotia to Florida, was known to Irish missionaries, in the 9th century, as Ireland the Great.

Experts are now almost certain that the Tara Brooch displays marvellous workmanship which could not be executed to-day!

Aside from the Aran islands, the tallest population of Ireland lives along the western coast, from Galway to Kerry; the shortest in the east, in Wicklow, Carlow and Dublin; the heaviest in Mayo, Galway, Roscommon and Kerry.

The principle of the circulation of the blood was known to the physicians of the Kings of Thomond, the 'Hickeys, long before Harvey's time.

Sir H. Plunkett once said: "Irish history is for Englishmen to remember, Irishmen to forget."

"Rome has conquered nations, Ireland has conquered Races"—G. K. Chesterton.

G. DOWNEY, D.I.

THE MARCH OF TIME.

"When I was young"—what a well-known phrase, and how often do we hear our grandparents quoting it. Generally it is used despairingly of modern times and conditions, but glance at those "young" days and what do we find.

Travelling was slow and difficult with the possibility of a hold up. Now, fast, luxuriantly, comfortable trains, buses, ships and aeroplanes make travelling swift, safe and inexpensive. Communications, too, have been standardized, and now a message which formerly took several months by sailing ship to reach America, arrives in less than five minutes by means of wireless telegraphy.

Nature, herself, has been conquered. In countries where little rain falls systems of irrigation are introduced. Dams are constructed across rivers to accumulate water which is then spread over the country by means of canals. This makes the soil fertile and fruitbearing. An example of this may be seen by the banks of the Nile, where lands, which were at one time only desert, are now fertile and productive.

In medicine great strides have been made. But a few centuries ago the barber was the doctor. Before the use of antiseptics, worms which crawled out from the stump of an amputated limb were thought to be good, since they were supposed to eat all the germs on the limb. Doctors were dressed in tall hats and tail-coats, their reputation varying as to the amount of stains on the coat. The first thing they did when blood came forth was to stick their coats to the wound. It must be remembered that these coats were never washed lest the stains should be washed away. Anaesthetics were unknown. Thus all operations were performed in full view of the victim, who was strapped down.

Prisons, workhouses and reform schools were also pools of vice. The asylums were the worst. A man, through spite, could go to the authorities and state that another man was mad. Immediately the authorities threw the innocent victim into the asylum; and once a person was inside, there was no getting out. Every day people came to "have fun" at the expense of these poor wretches. Whips were supplied and the "lunatics" were flogged.

Conditions in factories were no better, and children of eight and nine had to drag coal bogies along passages of eighteen inches in height many hundreds of feet underground. Also, children had to operate machines in which their hands or hair caught, often resulting in accidents which left them deformed for life.

What, then, are we to think of that old cliché—"when I was young"—even though this younger generation cannot perceive how great the change has been. Shall we, too, in later life say the same thing to our grandchildren? Who knows? Only the gods can tell!

JOHN GLASS, D.I.

TÍR SAN TEANGAÍD ?

Mura bhfuil túil againn a beit san teangaírd i gceann tamail, caitepmíó-ne annseo i n-Éirinn tuillead a deánam ar son teangta ar tíre. Is cuma fá rud ar bit eile! Dá mbíod ar oteangaírd beó agus láirdir, ní beáó moill orainn teact i gcionn a céile mar tír amáin.

Cao cúige nac mbéad acan tuine as deánam a úicill agus as foğluim na Gaedilge? Mura bhfuil, agus má tá ghráó ar bit acú do n-a tír, nil leitsgeal acú. Aét tá daoine ann agus síleann siad cionn is go mbíonn siad as gabáil go dtí acan céitíde, go bhfuil siad as deánam obair mór ar son a tíre. Aét san am céatóna, ní cuireann na síleann siad go bhfuil léigeann go leor acú. Tá siad sásta a beit mar tá siad san eolas ar an rud is tábaétaige, an teangaírd.

'Sna scoltaéa, teagasctar Gaedealgs. Tá sin ceart go leor. Aét cao cúige go bhfuil sé ar an clár mar teangaírd coimigteac cosamail le Lárdéan nó Frainnis. Nil seo ceart ar cor ar bit. Is mór an truas go gcuirtear níos mó spéise san céad díoclaonaó agus rudaí mar sin ná san teangaírd beó.

Dá ndéanad na h-oidí na ceactannaí níos spéiseamla, ba maít leis na daoine óga a beit as cainnt i n-Gaedilgs agus ní beáó siad as foğluim Gaedilge mar ceact. Is iomda tuine a d'Éirig tub-dóigste de'n Gaedilgs ar an ábbar go rab an méro sin graiméir le foğluim. Dá mbíod na daoine óga i n-innim Gaedealgs simplíde a labairt ó-n-a-n-óige d'Éireocad siad cleacta léite. Ní fuigead tuine ar bit eolas ó rangannaí goiríde aét dá mbíod cainnt i n-Gaedilgs ar siubal i gcomnuíde 'sna rangannaí seo, ní beáó sé com h-ole agus tá. Aét caitepmíó na h-oidí a beit cúramac nac ndéan siad dearmad nac bhfuil an méro Gaedilge as na scoláirí agus tá acú péin agus go rab siad, lá de'n t-saogal, mar atá na scoláirí anois.

Deirtear go mbíonn na h-Éireannaig as am troíó i gcomnuíde. D'féidíó go bhfuil seo fíor agus is féidíó nac bhfuil, mar is iomda bréas a cluin tú fá tcaob de Éirinn. Aét ar scor ar bit, nil amhras ar bit ann ná tá curó mór de na daoine 'san tír as obair ar son a oteangta. Tis leo a beit as cainnt fá tcaob de na rudaí a rinne siad agus a deánfad siad. Aét as cainnt i mBearla atá a mbunadós uilig cé go n-abrann siad péin gur Gaedil atá ionnta. Gaedil greammára atá ionnta dar m'focal! Gaedil nac dtis leo focal amáin Gaedilge a labairt!

Díonn na daoine céatóna as ráó nac bhfuil gar ann a beit as foğluim na Gaedilge; nac dtis leo úsáid ar bit a baint aisti; nac dtis leo airgead a saotrú aisti. Béad Éire níos fearr san na daoine seo. Tuine nac gcuireann spéis i oteangaírd a tíre, nil tír-gráó aige-sean. Is cuma cairde a veir sé. Tá an té nac bhfuil as tabairt iarraíó iarraíó Gaedealgs a foğluim, tá an té sin as marbad Éireann, mar is i teangaírd na tíre, fuil na tíre.

Tá daoine eile ann posta agus tá siad sásta a gabáil cart san spéis i rud ar bit. Tá siad beó ac sin a bhfuil de. Ciofad leis na daoine eile an obair a deánam. Tá siad ró-aosta nó ró-ós nó rud éigin teact mar sin. Leis an fírinne a innsint, tá siad ró-fálisa agus is goiríó go mbíó siad ró-máil. Annsin deirpmíó siad nac bhfuair siad seans rud ar bit a deánam.

Ác, mar is gnáta, tá dá taoib ar an ceist, mar tá daoine as obair go dian díceallac ar son na Saeóilge. Tá siad as iarraio Saeóeals a spréidead ar fuo na tíre. Agus burdeacas do Dia, tá as éirge go maic leo agus le curioú Dé, leanfaio siad do'n obair maic.

Tá sé ceart go leor Saeóeals a beit as duine tall agus i bpus ác ní ceart d'aon duine a beit sásta go oí go mbio an Saeóeals as ácan duine. Go oí an t-am sin, is éigin do sác aon duine, aosta agus ós, saioibir agus daioibir a díceall a deánam ar son na Saeóilge. Mura ndean siad seo, caillfimid ar deangaió agus annsin beio muid féin caillte go deo mar ní féidir le tír buille sa béim tabairt san a teangaió a beit mar taca. Tá tír agus teangaió i dtuilleamaio a céile asainn: san teangaió tá an tír baib, san tír tá an teangaió bacac.

Lá de'n tsáogal, bio' muintir na dtíorta eile as amarc ar éirinn mar sompla de fíor-tír. Inoio is fiú duinn amarc ar na tíorta eile. Is dóca nac bpuil tír ar bit eile ar druim an domain élaír nac bpuil a teangaió beo ác éire boct. Nac bpuil seo milltineac ar fad? Agus mar sin, deirim le sác aon duine "Fogluim an Saeóeals agus labair i. Deán seo agus tá tú as troio: as troio ar doig nac mbionn ar oír san a teangaió féin a coioce."

SEÓIRSE MAC ROIBÍN.

SOLDIERS ALL.

O'Neill and O'Donnel and dauntless Red Hugh,
Here's to the brave and the true!
Who fought for old Ireland, for you and me too,
And never would bend to the foe.
Soldiers all, for Ireland's sake,
Honour is yours and fame!
Your sacred mem'ries we'll never forsake,
Nor Sarsfield's peerless name!
Soldiers all for Ireland's sake,
Honour is yours and fame!
And long, long will the Saxon quake,
At Sarsfield's peerless name.

O'Neill was camping at Yellow Ford,
With Bagenal's army in sight,
"Awake!" says he, "my hearty horde,
For we must fight to-night!"
They "licked" them, there and then, my lads!
Fifty hundred strong,
So give three cheers just now, my lads!
For the victorious Irish throng.
Soldiers all for Ireland's sake,
Honour is yours and fame!
And long, long will the Saxon quake,
At Sarsfield's peerless name.

Sarsfield never a Saxon feared,
Their leaders, he drove insane,
When their glorious "siege-train" never more
Was heard of, or seen again.
He was staying at Limerick, that "treatied" town,
When the Williamite armies came,
But the treacherous Saxon let him down,
And called it all "part of the game."
Soldiers all for Ireland's sake,
Honour is yours and FAME!
AND LONG, LONG WILL THE SAXON QUAKE,
AT SARSFIELD'S PEERLESS NAME!

JOHN RICE, C4.

"THE DEATH OF A PATRIOT"
or **"IRELAND'S UNKNOWN WARRIOR."**

A pale wintry sky, streaked with patches of filmy grey cloud through which a latent sun feebly shone, overhung the grim fortress-prison standing in the market town of B——. Before the prison gates, his waterproof cape clinging to his sodden uniform, stamped a sullen sentry, alternately cursing his ill-luck and reviling his commander. Now and again he would glance, half-angrily, half entreatingly, at the Town Clock, which stood almost directly opposite. He would be relieved at nine.

As the clock struck eight, the prison bell began to toll. Slowly, hauntingly, its fearsome notes resounded through the town, calling the people into the street, sounding the death knell of another Irishman. Immediately the sentry drew himself up to attention, and as he did so, the heavy prison gates swung slowly open.

A few minutes of brooding silence and then a company of Dragoons clattered slowly through the archway, their black jack-boots and reins highly polished, while their silver saddle accoutrements and weapons flashed and shone in the light of day. Their black chargers, filled with fire and spirit, pranced and curvetted in the cobbled highway. As they passed, the sentry presented arms. Behind them came a company of infantry, in their khaki uniforms and Sam Brown belts, forming a hollow square, in the centre of which marched the prisoner with head erect, eyes fearlessly fixed before him, and his uniform hanging in tatters about him. On his right hand side marched the executioner, clad in flowing black robes with a black mask, in which eyeholes had been cut, over his head. On his other side walked an alien clergyman, the only man the law permitted to attend to spiritual needs, even in this, his hour of death. In the rear, in a "whippet" car, surrounded by a strong force of dragoons, came the governor of the prison, who was also a Justice of the Peace, a person all-powerful in his own domain.

Slowly the grim procession wound through the streets, past houses, from the windows of which fellow-Gaels gazed sadly on the prisoner, who represented another extinguished spark of freedom. Down into the market-place they came, and the Dragoons formed a square around the gallows, while the foot-soldiers divided to allow the prisoner and his two attendants to ascend the steps, to the place of execution. Then the governor, surrounded by his picked bodyguard of sharpshooters, descended from the "whippet" car and climbed on to the platform. By this time a large crowd of townspeople had gathered in the square and feeling, against the military, was running high. The prisoner took a few steps forward. He had been granted permission to speak, but his words were brief and in Irish, which tongue none of the foreigners could understand.

"Sons of the Gael, the day has almost arrived when our holy land shall be free. Heed my words. The rising of the moon shall see the land run red with blood, and I tell you the accursed Saccanachs shall be blasted into the sea by the might of the Gael. The day of Freedom is at hand, God grant it may be soon!"

He stepped back, and the mask and ropes were adjusted. The clergyman's voice rose aloud in prayer. The trap fell. Through the quiet air came the golden, liquid notes of the Last Post sounded from a bugle high in the hills beyond. The people bowed their heads in prayer.

So died a patriot. "May God have mercy on the soul of thy servant, Ireland's Unknown Warrior, and of his comrades scattered throughout the length and breadth of this holy Isle, and grant them eternal life and peace. Amen!"

G. SMYTH, C.

THE PIONEER TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION OF THE SACRED HEART.

In December, 1940 a branch of the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association was first formed in St. Mary's Secondary School. Its originator and first secretary, Desmond McComb, deserves all credit for the valuable assistance which he rendered in making the formation of this branch possible, and for smoothing out many difficulties which at first presented themselves. By careful guidance and nourishment the branch slowly made progress and gradually took a firm grip. Many were the difficulties which first confronted us, lack of funds being the most pressing. But all these obstacles have been successfully surmounted, and thus from a very small organisation comprising of only twelve members, the movement in time became firmly rooted.

Since its foundation this branch has performed meritorious work within the confines of the school. At present, its work is mainly confined to the Senior Classes, and despite the fact that an abundant harvest has already been reaped from these classes, there are still many who stand aloof. In course of time it is hoped to extend the scope of the branch and hence envelope the entire school within its folds. This means, of course, the formation of a Juvenile Branch, to cope with the younger students, and under present conditions, this is not yet possible. The branch now comprises about seventy pioneers and probationers, and the number of applications is steadily increasing, till, please God, we will have soon the whole school on our rolls.

The management of the branch is satisfactorily carried on by an Executive Committee of three and a Working Council of four. In passing, I would like to add a word of praise for these members who perform their various duties willingly, in most cases with great inconvenience to themselves, as the Monthly General Meetings are held on the first Saturday of every month after school. Also I would like to convey my hearty thanks, on behalf of the whole Working Council, to Rev. Bro. Ryan, our Spiritual Adviser, for his great assistance to us in our difficulties.

The number of voluntary applications for enrollment are very encouraging indeed, for it shows that these applicants entirely comprehend the motive behind the Pioneer Pledge. But on the other hand, there are some who wish to be forced to join the Total Abstinence Association, and as an applicant has to join the Association of his own free-will, this method of compulsion is entirely out of the question. Again, there is another class of individuals, who think that, owing to the fact that they never indulged in intoxicating liquor, and have faithfully kept their Confirmation Pledge, there is no urgent necessity for them to join such an Association. They are under the impression that the Pioneer Association only exists for out-an-out drunkards. To these people, I say that it is just as necessary for them to join the Pioneer Association as it is for one who is addicted to drink. Surely they do not hope to withstand the terrible temptations of intemperance by their own feeble strength. Surely they do not imagine they can resist the onslaughts of the Evil One unaided. By his faithful observance of the Heroic Offering, the Pioneer obtains from Almighty God the strength and grace to keep his Pledge, and more than that by the good example which he gives to his fellowmen by refusing intoxicating liquor, and by wearing publically his Pioneer Emblem, he is performing a great act of Christian Charity. Further, by his self-sacrifice he offers to God reparation for the sins of intemperance and prays for the conversion of excessive drinkers.

Indeed, no one can perform a greater act of charity than by labouring for the salvation and edification of his fellow-man, for which little act he will be rewarded a hundred-fold. For these reasons, I would appeal for members to join the Association, and I earnestly assure them that they will never regret the day they entered the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association of the Sacred Heart.

JOHN J. LARKIN, Secretary

SEPTEMBER, THIRD.

The dawn was dreary, dull and dark, on that September morn;
 And all the world slept peacefully—a lull before a storm!
 For that peacefulness was shattered ere many hours had passed,
 And fear clutched many manly hearts as o'er the oceans vast
 The voice of Mr. Chamberlain, with sadness overcast,
 Sent out the tragic message: "The days of peace are past"

And then, as if in protest strong, the heaven's roared in rage,
 At this new viciousness of men in this "enlightened age!"
 The sky grew black, and lightning flashed, and thunder crashed
 and pealed,

As if to mock the mighty guns of the Polish battlefield.
 Then Venus, Jove and all the stars of heaven's firmament
 Wept copious show'rs of rainy tears in pitying lament.

Oh! Fateful Omens! Why can men not take Thy counsel wise?
 Why must their lust for worldly gains blindfold their greedy eyes
 To that result which must emerge from their outrageous act?
 Can they deny that wrong is done?—they can't—for 'tis a fact!
 But if a lesson can be learnt—if peace with justice reign;
 If men can see where they are wrong—then it is not in vain!

LEO CANNON, E2.

MUSIC.

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;
 There's music in the gushing of a rill;
 There's music in a'l things, if man had ears."

—Byron.

Primitive man enjoyed sitting round his camp fire, listening to the songs of his tribes prowess, as they were recited by the tribal poet to the beat of a drum and the rhythmical movements of dancers. When men became civilised, they learned to construct musical instruments on which they could portray their inmost feelings and emotions.

Then music advanced and enabled those, who were learned in the art, not only to express their own emotions in beautiful sounds, but to awake similar emotions in the hearts of others. Later men learned to write music and thus to hand down for the pleasure of their descendants those harmonies which thrilled their own souls.

Music, or at least an appreciation of it, is practically an essential attribute of a cultured man; whether he be the poor man, who delights in the stirring marches played by the local brass band, or the rich man, who can spend his leisure hours listening to the compositions of famous musicians, played by the best orchestras.

But let us turn from music to the men who have made music; those men who have given us exquisite harmonies; those men who have expressed in sounds, what the poet tries to express in words, and the artist in colours. Who are those men? Like famous poets and artists, many of them live and die unknown, but when they are gone, their names live forever in their works. Schubert, Beethoven and Haydn died, and no one noticed their passing; but who, to-day, has not heard of them and their music?

Lastly, let us examine the orchestra, which is to the composer what his colour-box is to the artist. We can imagine how hampered painters would be if they had not a wide range of colours, and we can see how every addition to the number of colours or shades will give a new impulse to the painter's imagination. So with the orchestra; certain things simply could not be said and done in music, until the necessary orchestra colours have been found and with every increase in the numbers and range of these colours, comes an extension in the field of musical thought.

The gramophone and wireless encourage people to listen to good music. It is possible that the historian of culture, fifty years hence, will see in these the two most powerful factors in the popularisation of good music. But, alas, these also make us content to listen to the works of men of other days, reproduced mechanically, rather than to play their music ourselves, and recapture some of their sublimest thoughts.

T. S. DUNNE, D1.

THE STUDY CIRCLE.

The Study Circle, inaugurated some six years ago, holds its meetings as usual on Friday evenings. It is a very active Society in the School, and is striving earnestly to achieve the aims outlined by late Holy Father. The attendance ranges from twenty-five to thirty, on special occasions even greater. A good deal of variety is attached to the work of the Circle, and every opportunity is given to individual members to do their part. Plenty of scope is afforded for speaking to papers, asking questions or taking part in debates. Some excellent results have been achieved in testing out the members' ideas through debates. Occasionally the Circle gets a chance of lectures from visitors on interesting topics. During the past two years quite a number of such lectures were enjoyed. Rev. Fr. Sebastian, D.F.M., who had just returned from Louvain, gave a wonderful survey of European conditions just prior to and following the outbreak of the present war. His familiarity with many of the places gave something real to the lecture. Rev. Fr. Kelly, B.A., Dean of Queen's University, Belfast and a former pupil of St. Mary's, enlightened the circle on the Mass and its part in our life. He had made a special study of the Mass from what might be called the layman's stand-point. The results of his lecture were manifested in the series of practical questions asked at the end of it, and by the surprisingly good summings up given by three of the members. The whole group felt they had gained something of eternal value from the lecture.

Prior to the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. Fr. Placid, C.P., also a former pupil, dealt with the history and events leading to the defining of the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. His talk apart from the actual information given, proved an inspiration to greater love of our Blessed Lady.

Another distinguished ex-pupil, Rev. Dr. W. Conway, outlined in a clear and simple, the part played by the Sacraments in the economy of God's dealings with man. His lecture was valuable to the circle in giving helpful background to much of its work during the year. Following his lecture, he described his experiences in Rome and his journey home following the outbreak of war. A very vivid picture of the present Holy Father was given when Dr. Conway told of the audience he, with some other Irish priests, had.

Shortly after Japan entered the war, Rev. T. Murphy, C.S.S.R., gave a graphic picture of the Philippines. This was all the more interesting, for Fr. Murphy had spent many years of missionary activity in the Philippines.

Then, quite recently, the members enjoyed and appreciated two talks from two ex-pupils, members of the African Missionary Society, Rev. D. Cannon and Rev. Fr. Russell. Father Cannon indicated what the Study Circle should achieve and gave a practical interpretation of Catholic action.

Father Russell delivered his lecture in a rather novel way by answering the questions asked concerning his Missionary work in Africa. He had spent five years on the Mission and thus proved expert in dealing with the questions put to him.

A general outline of the programme covered during the last two years will prove interesting to our readers. A great deal of time was given to a study of the Church, The Mystic Body of Christ, with a view of realising what membership means and gleaning light to show others the wonderfulness of being a part of that Mystic Body. Likewise, the Mass was fully covered. The previous Study of the Church as the Mystic Body of Christ leading to an application of the Mass as our sacrifice, and placing it as the centre of our lives.

The Sacraments were treated from their logical application to our lives as members or branches of the True Vine. The Sacrament of Matrimony was dealt with in detail. Then there was a light historical side

attached to the work in connection with the Reformation. This proved interesting and enlightening especially in discerning the causes of the world's present tragedy. Occasionally papers were read by members dealing with the Church's view on important questions and her fundamental and sole right to give the principles underlying all phases of life. Time was also found in short debates, proving a successful way for testing our grasp of ordinary first principles. Curiosity is not our aim, but a desire to realise more fully with the light of the Holy Spirit the greatness of our Life in Christ.

H. SPENCE, Chairman.

C. B. P. P. U.

To those who leave this term.

What is the future of youth? Will youth be required to retain its present statue quo, when the folly of war has been realized? What does the future hold for our Church and country in the years which will follow the present world conflict? Can the leakage problem be solved? Youth—you alone can supply the answers to these questions. The regeneration of the world lies in your hands. The Church and State, recognising this fact, call upon you to harness yourselves for the fray, to prepare for the battle which fast approaches.

A national cry for Boys' Clubs sweeps the country, clubs in which Youth will be trained spiritually, morally and physically for the work which lies ahead. You, the pupils of The Christian Brothers' Schools, are fortunate in having already existant in Belfast such a club—the Christian Brothers' Past Pupils' Union.

Founded five years ago, the Union has been slow, but steady, in its growth. Originally designed as the usual old boys' club of the over 21 type, it was realised by the Governing body that youths, between the ages of 16 and 21, must be served. So, to facilitate this, the present Junior Section was formed. To-day, the total membership is 500, of whom 100 are enrolled in the Junior Branch.

The activities of the Union are so widespread that practically every one of you will find in the sub-sections something to interest you. The thinker, the dreamer, the athlete, the fellow who just wants to be left alone, are all welcome to the club room in St. Mary's Hall.

If you are interested in drama, if you enjoy an argument, if you know a bit about photography, if you sing, if you are a footballer, or a hurler you will be a welcome addition to the Union.

Remember, this—The Union belongs to its members. They govern it, they direct its policy. There is no dictatorship, no petty class distinction within its ranks. The process of joining is simple. Just apply to—

JOHN KILFEATHER (Hon. Sec.), Junior Committee, or

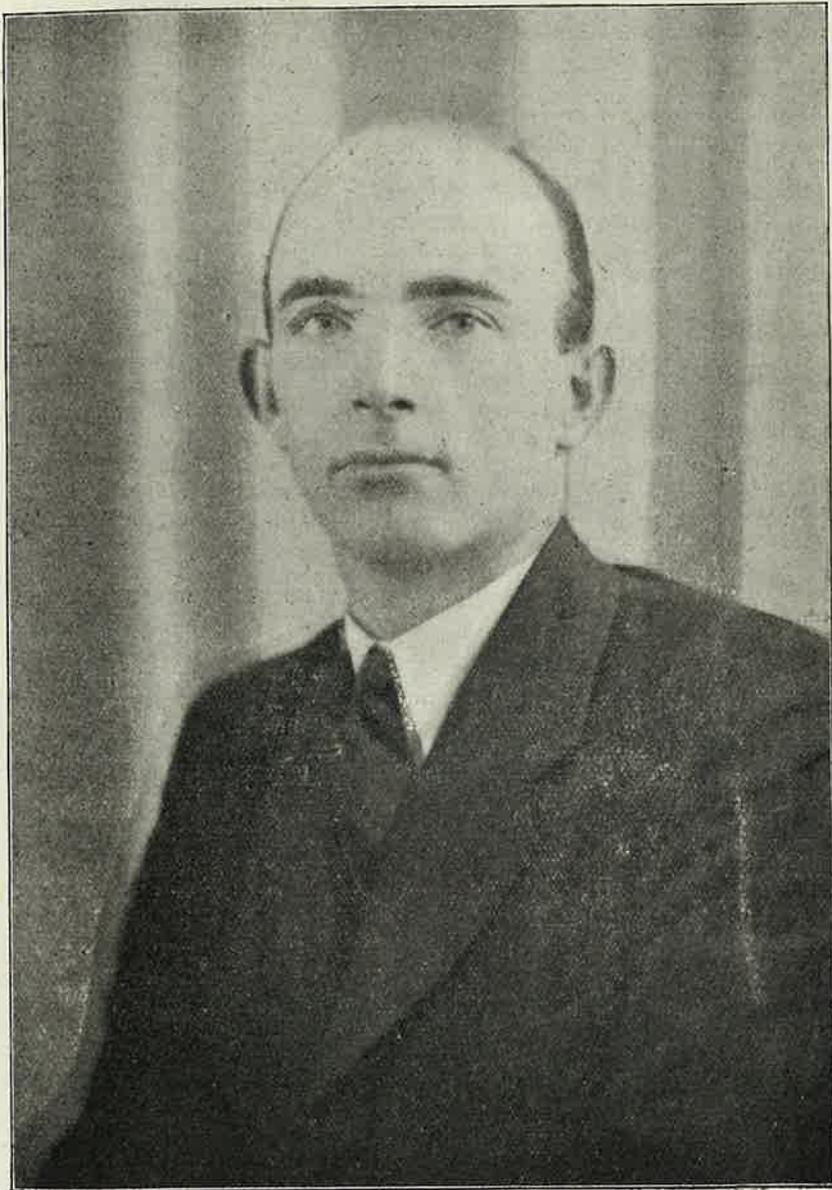
WILLIAM MULLIGAN, c/o Columban Rooms, St. Mary's Hall, and they will be only too pleased to make sure your name is entered in the register.

The actual activities of the Union are summarized under the following headings:—

- Dramatic Society.
- Study Circle.
- Literary and Debating Society.
- Choral and Orchestral Group.
- Gaelic and Athletic Section.
- Golf Section.
- Swimming Club
- Camera Club
- Table Tennis and other indoor Recreations.

J. SLOAN.

FIFTH PRESIDENT CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' PAST PUPILS' UNION



FRANK MARTIN, Solicitor.

SAGART-UASAL NA JAEDILGE.

Tá an deá-sagart Jaedealac Lorcán Ó Muireadaig ar sluaig na marb. Nuair a fuair sé bás ar an 25^ú de mí an Meiteamh ar an bliadain 's cuairt tairt, caillead an cara agus an cúltaca ad' fearr dá rab ag cúis na Jaedilge i gcúig Ulad. As Uib Méit a táinig an Sagart Ó Muireadaig. Ó'n am a rab sé 'na Sasúr ós bí dúil mór aige 'san Jaedilg. Rinnead sagart de agus cuairt sé go dtí an t-Oileán Úr. An ttearn sé dearmad de'n oilean beas glas a t'páig sé 'na diair, ná an ttearn sé dearmad de'n croid a bí fios aige beir roim na Jaedil da leigti do'n teangair bás a fágáil. Ní dearn sé dearmad díobta ar cor ar bit. Bliadain inoiaró na bliadna eile, pillead sé ar ais go h-Uib Méit ar a laete-saoire, le ceoltaí agus nósanna na Jaedealacáta a foghlum ó na cannteoirí dúicáise. 'Sa deiread táinig sé 'na baile arís agus níor imtíg sé coróce. Cuairt sé a t'obair ar teann a dítcillt agus níor stad sé se'n obair sin go dtí lá a bás.

'Seo an cuspóir a bí ag an t-Sagart Ó Muireadaig: "An Jaedilg a cur faoi réim arís ar fud Éireann uilig ionnus go mbéad tír saor Jaedealac innti at-uair." I dtús ama bí fios aige go maic guró pé oir do dhúine teact go sradamad fíro cúro de na scráduigse is prímléoiúge 'sa tír san don focal amáin Jaedilge a labairt ariam le na saogal. Bí fios aige, posta, nac rab ac don dóig amáin leis an teangair a foghlum go beact:—i a cluinsint dá labairt ag na daoine a rab sí acu as an leanbardeact. Mothuig sé posta guró é an t-aos ós ar ceart do a spreagad cun oibre:

"Nuair a críonas an t-slac ní bíonn uirtí clact mar bios ar na crannaib óga."

Ac b'é an rud ba mó a rabtar ag dúil leis, áit éigin a fágáil mar a mbéad an Jaedilg le cluinstit ó dub-mairne go dub-oidce. Cá rab a leitéro de áit le fágáil. Fuair sé i 'sa deiread, mar tá Rann na Feirste. Bí tuillead a díc ar an t-Sagart Ó Muireadaig. Bí filid-eact agus litrid-eact, ceol agus seandús—bí siad uilig a díc air. Fuair sé iad uilig i Rann na Feirste. Rinne sé halla admuir agus bí an coláiste ar obair aige 'sa t-samrad 1926. An bliadain sin ní rab aige acé trí píro sgoiláir inoiaró cúig céad, nó mar sin, a beir aige in Uib Méit an bliadain roime sin. I mí na b'faoilleac, 1927, táinig spéirling millteanac agus siad an coláiste cun an talaim. Ac ní tug sin péim mí-uctac do'n dtair Ó Muireadaig. Bí sé ró-mór-croideac agus ró dócasac. Rinnead halla úr de cloic is d'aoi dó, agus é dá uair com mór leis an halla eile. I samrad na bliadna, 1927, cuiread scéim na scoiláireact ar bun, agus as sin amac, feibeat sé airgead pá na coinne ó na cáirde i Sasain agus 'san Oileán Úr. Bí a t'oraó aige, mar cuairt an scéim i méro gur éirig sí com mór agus tá inoiu.

Ní tearnad obair ar bit ar son an Jaedealacais nac rab lám ag an t-Sagart Ó Muireadaig innti. 'Sa bliadain 1924, cuir sé páipéar Jaedilge ar bun—"An t-Ultac"—Tug sé curduigad airgíó dó, agus tá "An t-Ultac" dá foillsiugad go fóill, buidéalas do'n dtair Ó Muireadaig. Bí sé 'na cátaoirleac ar Comairle Lugháige de Cumann Lúit-Cleas Jaedeal agus bí sé ar an Coiste Sháite, ar coiste an fáinne, an Oireactais agus tuillead nac luaidim. Bí srad mór aige ar a tír, agus taisbeáin sé é. Bí Éire agus an Jaedilg agus an Creiream fígte fuigte dá céile aige. Agus cad cúigé nac mbéad—"Éireannac a bí ann agus níor náir leis é," bí meas agus meas mór

aiġe ar Rann na Feirstoe agus ar na daoine ann, agus ar an taob' eile 've sin, bi meas mór acú-san air. Bi dúil a croidre 'sna páisí, 'sna daoine óġa a fuair aicne air i Rann na Feirstoe.

Δ léigsteoir an rað tū péin ariam i Rann na Feirstoe? Bi. Δġus an óráio úo sin Δ rinn an saġarc breáġ mór ar an lá inoiario tū ceact; nað b'fuil Δ mac-atla i 'oo óluasa ġo fóill mar tá sé i mo óluasa péin? Ó Δ léigsteoir, maraim ġo b'fuil. Téio tū 'na seasam annsin i lár an halla é, óluinó tū Δ ġuð trom pearamail, Δġus é lán 've feirs óuġ na 'daoine sin Δ labaireas 'Véarla na Sasanað in áit nað mbíod ac ġaedilġ binn na nġaedéal 'oá labairt innti, ó mair Cú Cúlaimn Δġus ri'oiri an óraobruaide. Tá fuat 'oo'n 'Véarla le peiceáil ġo soiléir ar Δ aġair. Éist leis. "Bíod fíos aġaid-sa uilġ," ar seisean, "má óluinim aon focat amáin péin 've'n 'Véarla 'oá rað, ġo raðair an té Δ 'veir an focat sin, ġo raðair sé cun an baile ar an céao traen i mbárac. Is paða Δġus is ró-paða an lá, Éire beit pá réim Sasana. Ca bíonn muid saor ġo 'oú ġo mbíonn ar 'oceanġa 'oúteais 'oá labairt aġainn:— 'Tír ġan teanġair, tír ġan anam. An 'oúigeann sib mé?" An neart ġráda 'oo Éirinn Δ bi le moctáail ins an beaġán focat sin aige— noct sé rún Δ croidre 'oúinn uilġ, Δġus b'fíor 'oo ġac aon briatar 've. 'Da é an rud ba mó Δ bi aġ cur inni'oe ar an átair Ó Muireadóais, eagla beit air ġo 'oúġad sé páisí ġo Rann na Feirstoe nað b'péarad mórán ġaedilġ Δ labairt, Δġus 'oá labairead siad sin 'Véarla, b'féioir ġo 'oúġad siad an teanġa sin isteac 'san ġaedéaltaact. Δc rinne sé an contabairt sin Δ coimead ġo n-ionġantac ġéar, Δġus ní táimġ an taisme ar óor ar bit.

Nuair Δ casað an t-átair Ó Muireadóais orm 'oo'n céao uair, bi mé i sráio-baile beaġ baioieac i 'oTír Eoġain. 'Véarad sé cuairteanna ar na scoltaða uilġ i b'pairce Árd Mada, Δġus bi fíos aġ an 'oóman mór, ġur ġnátað leis iarraio órainn na h-urnaiġte Δ rað i nġaedilġ. 'Oíarr sé sin órainn, ní'oo nað ionġnað, Δġus annsin, 'oíarr sé órainn iomán ġaedilġe Δ ceól 'oo. Ní rað ceann ar bit aġainn, Δġus 'o'éirġ sé mí-sásta linn Δġus 'o'éirġeamar mí-sásta linn péin. 'Oudráo leis ġo rað an "Tantum Ergo" aġainn, Δc ní 'dearn sí sin, Δc tuillead feirġe Δ cur air. "Ní fíú bíorán, iomán Larone beit aġaid mura b'fuil ceann 've curo mur nġaedilġe péin aġaid," ar seisean. "ġaedil Δ beireas sib óraio péin, an ead?"

Taisbeánann an scéal seo cáioé an cinéal fíir Δ bi ann, mar an átair Lorcán Ó Muireadóais. Muscail sé an sean-spiorao ins na ġaedil aris, spiorao na náisiúntaacta Δġus spiorao na ġaedilġe.

Téim 'na seasam ós coinne siopa Searcaġ ġo fóill é, Δġus é aġ amarc amac ar an tráġ báin. Óluinim an "Dia 'oí" 'oéaġ-croidreamail sin aige aġ 'oúl tarc leis 'oúinn. An-pear Δ bi ann—pear ar 'oúġ. Rinne sé níos mó ar son na ġaedilġe ná rinne aon ultac eile 'san áois seo aġainn. Δc anois, tá sé ar sluaġ na marb.

"i b'flaitis aoi'binn i measc na n-aoim ġo rað Δ anam."

ġeardio ó cinnéioe.

HERE'S AN IDEA.

Did you ever study the "In Memoriam" columns of our evening press? And did you never feel a pity for the dead who were made the victims of such frightful "doggerel" as most of the memorial verses are? You will remember the metre of the greater portion of them: "Diddle-diddle—diddle-dumpty; dumpty-diddle—diddle-ee!" Isn't it terrible stuff? However, it is amusing in a way. The other evening, for instance, having nothing better to do, I began thinking how lively this particular column would become if the verse was specially written by some pals of the deceased, who knew his little weaknesses, or his vocation, and so on. Something like this, written more in sorrow than in anger, by a group of seaside landladies:

"Though he's gone we can't forget him
'Cos he left his debts behind"

or, this one, written by a group of long-suffering students, of their erst-while hostess:

"In life you were always a tinker,
To students who sat up at night,
To freeze by a grate full of clinker,
And study by one feeble light.
But now that you've gone o'er "the border,"
We hope that St. Peter will say:
'The geyser has gone out of order,
If you want to stay up, you must pay!"

Then again, we could have a rub at some unpopular, but long-dead politician, each time his anniversary came round, by inserting a mild, little thing like this, in the opposition papers:

"As a statesman, you were rotten,
But no worse than all the rest—
Now you're gone, but not forgotten,
Yet—tho', faith, we've done our best!"

On the other hand, a group of convivial pals could pay an annual tribute to one of their number, long since passed from among them, with something like this:

"We shall always love him dearly,
As he always loved his beer,
And we hope he's happy, where he
's getting 'Younger' every year."

The idea has possibilities. However, I'd better stop before I become too engrossed. The fire has gone out, and the minute hand is pointing to twelve. I don't want the ghost of some ex-landlady to come back and haunt me with a sarcastic—and ghostly—"Sez you!"

SEAN DYNAN.

"Hark," I hear cry of pain,
Some poor wretch is caught in a snare,
"Hark," I hear that cry again,
But I cannot tell from where.
But, soft it comes from the school house,
And, lo, who should be standing there,
But the brawny Latin master,
The dark eyed Latin master,
Thumping the Latin language
Into the 'loving' pupils there.

E. TURK.

"B U T C H E R ."

Butcher was the biggest brute of a cat you ever saw. He stood a full eighteen inches with his ears cocked, and he had claws like fish-hooks. His heart was as black and as wicked as the "Ould Boy's" itself, and he could have eaten his way through a hen-roost in ten minutes. Some said that Tom, the Vet., had gone to great pains to get the big, black cat, but whether or not he had any business object in view when he bought "Butcher," he certainly had very little reason to regret the purchase afterwards—for daily a string of casualties were treated at his surgery. There were cats with their ears hanging all askew; there were cats without ears. There cats minus tails; there were tails minus cats. There were cats that had lost a few patches of fur, and some that had lost all but a few patches. In a word, "Butcher" was the terror of every cat in the countryside, and there was scarcely a dog either but had a great respect for the big cat's fighting powers.

But when "Butcher" killed and ate Pat Connor's two prize rabbits, in the words of Pat himself, its goose was cooked. When Pat came across the remains of the two rabbits, he spluttered and stammered and walked slowly around, muttering to himself, for a minute or so, then finished up by shaking his fist after the big cat and yelling: "You wait, me bucko! If I don't see that devil's carcass of yours stretched as stiff as a poker in a week, me name's not Pat Connor!"

From that moment war was declared. Pat took down his shot-gun and oiled it. He set the big rat-trap and baited it with half of a herring, and he put up an empty tin at one end of the forge, and every now and then he would let fly at it with a hammer, just 'getting his eye in' as you might say. But "Butcher" was cute and didn't give Pat the chance to fill him with buck-shot. He never went near the trap either, and as for hitting him with the hammer, Pat hadn't the ghost of a chance, for the big fellow was like greased lightning. To make matters worse, "Butcher," as if to break down the morale of his enemy, began to rove Pat's garden at night, until the blacksmith, between getting no sleep and breaking two or three panes in his new hot-house with throwing things at the vocalist, became thoroughly exasperated. Day after day he fretted and fumed, and racked his brain for some plan, until at last inspiration came in a flash to light up his face with a smile. He whistled and hummed to himself as he went about his work at the forge and everyone knew that Pat had something up his sleeve.

That evening, as it was growing dark, he slipped out of town, across the river, and long after midnight returned, carrying under his arm a box punched full of holes; and the smiles that wreathed his face as he let himself into his cottage bodied ill for Tom's big cat. Next day the whole village was eager to know what surprise he had prepared, for by this time, everyone knew of the strife between him and "Butcher." His friends gathered into the forge to get news, until at last he was forced to reveal his secret to five or six, who could not be put off. "Alright, boys," he at last agreed, and going into the kitchen brought in the card-board box, and, as he lifted the lid, a fat, brownish-coloured cat, a full six inches shorter than "Butcher," jumped out. "There he is," said the grinning Pat, "An' he's the one'll knock the stuffin' outa thon black devil."

Six pairs of eyes looked at the wee, queer-looking cat and, as it nipped playfully at Pat's finger, six minds were of the same opinion—

"Butcher'll ate that thing."

"Ach! poor ould Pat, he's clean lost his head," muttered wee McGrath to his neighbour, "But we don't want to hurt his feelin's." So, setting the example himself, he said aloud: "Man, that's a quare cat you have, Pat." Immediately from all over came murmurs of approval: "D'ye see them shoulders?" "Them's powerful thighs he has." "Boys o' boys, what a chest!" and, before the day was out, many who had picked up the praise in the wrong way, and who did not wish to seem ignorant of the fighting abilities of cats in general and of Pat's in particular, even went so far as to bet a 'bob' or two on "Brownie," as the challenger was quickly named. "Butcher" remained favourite, however, especially when the Vet. himself, peering short-sightedly through his thick glasses at

"Brownie," bet Pat five pounds that "Butcher" would slaughter his cat.

Of course, to have just gone and put the two cats at each other's throat would have brought the sergeant, in his official capacity, on the scene, but everyone, that worthy individual included, was on the look-out and when, a few days later, by a number of extraordinary coincidences, "Butcher" came upon "Brownie" lolling in the sun outside the forge door, there was not an able-bodied man in the district but was on the spot in a jiffy. Quickly a semi-circle formed and all held their breath, waiting for the first move. Some expected the fight to be short and sweet, and in a way they were not disappointed.

Slowly the big, black cat moved forward, eyeing suspiciously the unconcerned "Brownie," rolling in the dust. Then the great paw shot out and the sharp claws sank into the soft, glossy-brown skin. What happened afterwards no one, least of all "Butcher," ever rightly knew. There was a snarl, a streak of brown, a sharp piercing shriek, and next moment a huge, black body flew through the air and landed with a thud among the gaping spectators. "Butcher" was dead before he even hit the ground, and dazedly Tom handed over five crisp notes to the smiling Pat.

It was about a week later, when patients were getting scarce, that Tom came and asked Pat to sell him "Brownie." "I haven't got him now, Tom," said Pat, "But d'ye know Ballydun?" "I do," replied Tom, for Ballydun was a wee town about five miles away. "Well," said Pat, "Go to the circus there, to me cousin Mike Mulligan. Ask him to sell you that wee lion cub he lent me last week—Caesar's its name. Tell him you're a special friend of mine and he'll give you it cheap for fifty pounds or so."

He chuckled, as Tom stalked off with a brow like thunder.

JOHN CONNOLLY, E2.

E. 3.

The scholars come in, two-by-two,
Coburn, the boy who never grew,
And "Birdie," one of the chosen few,
Whose Irish flows out free.

J. Dearden then and Willie Mac,
The lads, I'm sure, will get the sack,
When Bro. Brady gets on their track,
For pulling the teachers' leg.

Now coming in at a gentle crawl,
"Chuck" relates in a Western drawl,
How last night he lifted all,
With his usual run of luck.

"Jake" Gourley then with with springing tread,
Surely wishing he was back in bed,
Some people think that Jake's a Red,
Coming from the 'Dee.

Ah! Now we see young "Hendy" Clarke,
Who once played hurley in the park,
And "Fider" 'then whose hair is dark,
Both sailing in to school.

A gentle hum—we turn to see
John Larkin and sweet George E.,
They look so nice; we'll let them be,
And finish up our task.

I wish I could have made this brighter,
But still I'm only a budding "Wrighter,"
I trust I've made your spirits lighter,
With the "muinntear" of E. 3.

M. WRIGHT, E.3.

TRIALS OF AN AUTHOR.

It is a remarkable thing. I sat down with the full intention of writing about something absolutely original, something nobody had ever written or talked about before. But, for the life of me, I could not think of anything.

After gazing at my unsullied manuscript for half an hour without having achieved any result such as might have roused a bored reader to enthusiasm, though an amateur psychologist might have passed a few enjoyable hours deducing facts about my personality from the geometrical designs I had drawn on the table cloth, I began to think that what I needed was, as they say in Hollywood, 'atmosphere.'

From a recent visit to the cinema, I had brought home memories of a Sherlock Holmes' film, in which Sherlock had been in the same mess as I was in now. In a word, he was stuck—baffled by a 'red herring' or some other kind of fish, which the master-criminal had drawn, very unkindly, over the trail, thereby, figuratively speaking, wiping Sherlock in the eye. But is Sherlock dismayed?—and it seems to me that decayed red herring would dismay anyone except our cat Tibs. No, sir! He just loads his pipe, unpacks his fiddle, dons his most gaudy dressing-gown and right then his brain begins to 'click.' And in less than no time, that master-criminal begins to realize, that even had he unloaded the whole Dogger Bank catch across the trail, it would not have done him any good, and that he might as well tell the milkman to leave no milk till about 1962.

So, without further ado, I procured my elder brother's dressing-gown, which certainly fitted the bill in so far as gaudiness was concerned, stuck my father's pipe between my teeth and sat myself at the piano, which I hoped would do as well as the violin. It took a good deal of coughing and spluttering to get the pipe going, not to mention about twenty-three matches, but I eventually settled down to serious concentration. Now, my repertoire is not extensive and my technique somewhat unorthodox, but I played "Nellie Bligh," "Clementine" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers" about ten times without even a glimmer of inspiration. True to the family motto 'Nil Desperandum,' however, I then played them in reverse order, and even with crossed hands, but still I felt none of that inward surge such as might precede a world-shaking discovery. In desperation I played those three pieces backwards, forwards, downwards, vertically, diagonally and horizontally till at last it began to dawn on me that even if I could play Mozart's Fifth Piano Concerto in three movements, with one finger, it would be all the same.

This 'Aid to Composition' à la Hollywood, having failed me, I cast around for some other method. I remembered having heard that the great composer Beethoven, when composing, used to stride up and down his room, pouring water over his hands and roaring at the top of his voice. I may mention, in passing, that Beethoven lived in 'digs,' and as a consequence of this little peculiarity of his, spent a good deal of time looking for new ones, so that it seems that landladies display as little respect for genius as for their less talented victims.

It is with regret that I admit that, even at the best of times I have very little confidence in the efficacy of water to produce anything in the line of inspiration, unless I except the very pungent feelings of bitterness it evokes in me, when it treacherously trickles between my neck and my collar when I wash. But, at that moment, so strong was my desire to make the literary reviewers sit up and take notice, that for once I conquered my decided innate suspicions of water, and, with a few preliminary bellows that would have caused Tarzan to turn green with envy, I commenced operations.

Well, I started in a fairly mild baritone, but when I timidly poured the first douché of cold water on my wrists and it—oh unkindest cut of all—ran half way up my sleeve, I emitted a yell which resembled nothing quite so much as the death-rattle of an operatic-tenor as the final curtain descends. Luckily, I had the home to myself, and, undisturbed for the moment, proceeded according to plan. To no avail, however, for after a good twenty minutes of alternative roaring and pouring, I was

left with a sore throat which lasted for a week, not to speak of the pools of water through which I was now splashing, and which made me wish I had had the foresight to don thigh-boots. These, however, were minor discomforts. The real tragedy was that my brain was still as empty as the "pubs" are supposed to be on the Sabbath.

As I have indicated, the room was now rather untidy, due mostly to the lack of foresight on the part of the architect to provide facilities for a building author. Nevertheless I was inclined to think that my mother might not share my opinion, so I decided to commit a manoeuvre, necessitated by the pincer-movement pressure of discomfort and parental authority—in a word, I evacuated.

The reason why I then went to the Park is clear, when I state that for a year I so industriously and assiduously manoeuvred that I never once in that time got "bagged" for missing my Wordsworth. During the difficult period I had learned that this man Wordsworth had been so keen on nature, that he had written books and poems on such things as, Dandelions, Daffodils and Daisies, finally achieving the dubious distinction of becoming a school subject.

None of the aforesaid flowers being in evidence, I made do with the pansy-bed. Here, staring at the flowers in the attitude of intense concentration, I perambulated for a good half hour, hoping that thus 'in pensive mood' something might flash 'upon the inward eye.' It was only, when turning for home, that I noticed that I was not alone in my meditation. A dozen other people appeared to be similarly stricken, and one poor fellow was down on hands and knees, clawing the grass in a most piteous manner. I stood, momentarily dumbfounded, till it suddenly dawned on me that they were looking for something they thought I had dropped. Well, of course, I hadn't lost anything, though I was certainly trying to find something—an idea in fact; but I am not the one to spoil other people's fun. So I explained to one of these people that I had dropped a ten pound note, and asked him to forward it to my address. This, I resume, was the reason for the report in the local Press several days later, of the Park outrage, when a considerable area of grass round the Pansy Bed was found to have been entirely removed.

You can imagine that, after all this, a fellow would be ready to do justice to a hearty tea, and you would have imagined rightly. It would be natural to expect, too, that parents would look with pride and consideration on the struggles of a rising literary genius in the bosom of their family, and certainly that they would be disposed to overlook certain little eccentricities of the aforesaid genius, such as, a burned dressing gown, ashy piano keys, and some slight moisture on the carpet. But here your expectations would be entirely wrong—yes, gravely in error, I regret to say.

I forbear to harrow your feeling by recounting painful scenes. What hapened then was so grievous, that it marked indelibly on another part of my anatomy. At that moment, I felt that the R.S.P.C.A. should be the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors

It was, then, at last, that I got an inspiration—yes, an inspiration never to attempt to write again, which I have since perceived seems to be most satisfactory to all concerned.

CHARLES MULHOLLAND, E.2.

On an expedition to Europe, the father was delighted to find his son very anxious to see Vergil's tomb. They stayed at Naples and went out next day to see the burial place. The father was shocked to see his son rush up and spit on the tomb. "What on earth are you doing?" asked he. "That's for myself," replied the boy, spitting again, "And that's for the other chaps at school."

Master (to latecomer): "Well, what kept you, Tom?"

Tom: "I slept in, dreaming I was going off to America."

Master (to another latecomer): "And where were you, John?"

John: "I was at the boat, seeing him off, sir!"

sean-ballóg.

"Orú, an sean-creatalac bradaic cuirfead sé aingle na Glóire Sile i mbárr a gcéille," arsa mise le mo caraio Donncaó nuair a stad an carr i mbéal na séibe ag tógail malaíca ví. Teann mé ar an coscán le muid a sábdail ar gabail síos an cnoc arís.

"Nac mór an" plairic tú a leitíro a tabairt orainn a deánam, aicshiorra a gearrad frió na cnuic iargcúlta seo le cupla uair a sábdail, nuair a tíocead linn dul ar an bus nó ar an traen gan a dat 'e draodar a cur orainn féin; deáman gur gasta a téro-an céim ar an tsaozal seo ina cionn 'do duine," ars eisean ag leigint a raic' amad.

"Caitfimid cur suas leis anois," arsa mise, "creidim go bfuil éad ort cionnus go dearnad rúnairde dom, ac ná bac leis sin, turling agus cuiris liom bail a cur ar an ruo mí-náduirdá seo, an t-inneal atá i gceist agam."

Turling muid 'ar mbeirt agus tug iarraid ar an inneal ac goide'n maic beic do, mar caic muid trí h-uair leis agus ní rab paic o'a bárr agaimn agus ní facamar Críostairde dub, bán nó riabac 'san am. Bí an oirdce ag druoidim tarc orainn agus an srian ag gabail a luige mar bead mór-míola órda ins na cnuic. Ní rab a dat eile le deánam agaimn ac a gabail ar agair a feiceáil an tíocead linn teact ar árus nó t'idean le linn é a beic soiléir bí sé ceart go leor act bí fallaing dub na h-oirdce ag teact orainn agus bí an bealac, cloac, briste, cnápanac.

Bí a trí nó a ceatair de mílte de'n bōtar seo curta óinn nuair a connaiceamar an marb-solas beag pann i bpad taob t'iar óinn. Níor fanamar le n-a tuillead act tarrainng air ar ceann ar n-anama. Bí muid pice domairde, má's curim liom go maic, ag teact suas leis. Sean-teac meirgeac, eascáirdeac, scaitte, scárta a bí ann, ina seasam ina stacán dub. Cuadamar go t'ci an doras tosaig agus buail mé tailm air act t'foscail an doras ar a conlán féin. Sgairt mé sean-árd mo cinn an rab a'n duine astoig. Táinig na macallai ar ais go pann fonómardeac, ag lagougaó i mbriig go t'ceatáir síad i t'cáim.

Leis sin noct seanuine beag peirde, seargta, a rab ghuag bricliac sgeadac ar a ceann, loinnir diabalta ina súite agus meirgeall beag ciorca. Le taoid an meirgill big sin bí cuma air nac rab sé ac indiaró éirge as a leabair. Dubairt muid leis goide t'arluing uíinn agus tug sé cuiread teact istead uíinn, agus cuair a deánam réir trát bíó uíinn. Leoga féin ba beag dublaidce ceatárda an trát bíó é, cupa cócó, agus a do nó a trí de ceapairí cáise. Act níor dubairt muid inne a dat act cuair a luige nuair a teisbeain seisean an seomra uíinn.

Bí coinleac ar acan ruo agus bí an seanuine go t'ireac mar a bead coinleac air-sean mar an gcéadna. Bí greasáin dubán allair ar ruo an toige agus toisig lucósaí agus a leitíroí a síosarnais ar na cláraíca t'irime nuair táinigamar. Mar sin féin cuadamar a luige agus t'orainn féin a bí an sásam leabair a beic fúinn. Cōdail muid go

sám gur muscail uailí domáin neam-áaoǵalta sinn a bí eadár ina béic agus ina uailí éadócais.

Suiré muid aniar 'sa' leabair ar an domáite. Cualamar an glór toll, agus an béic neam-áaoǵalta at-uair áct ní tíocead linn a deánam amac eadár na poclaí. Síleamar go rab na cinn dá réabad agusinn agus bí an fuil as greadad go torannac ins na cuisleannaca, agus an pionntad ina seasam orainn, bíomar siocáí san áit a radamar, agus baramail agusinn go rabmuid greamuighe do'n leabair le dlút-ceanǵal do-briste.

Táinig an suaimneas. D'imtigh an bhuidearnac neam-trócaireac ins na cuisleannaca. D'éirigh muid 'nar suide agus cuir na cosa go fáiltiúde fáiltiúleac faoinn ar eagla go radad na clárad a ériogán faoi'n meadócan. D'éaluigheamar síos na stairí ar an dóig seo agus o'poscail muid doras na cisteanaighe fao siar 'sa' dóig 's guró féidir linn amarc istead tar ceann a céite.

D'éirigh lampa an tábla agus táinig sé anuas ar ceann an tsean-úine mar béad lám do-feicsionac éiginthead 'a diubracad. Fásad dearg ina cuipola é. Ní rab ac coinneal amáin pásta anois agus bí bearrad fuar gaoithe príó an tseomra agus an blaóaire fann as creapadaig 'sa' gaoit. Nuair táinig uctac eugainn ar ais cuairé muid anonn fao leis an tseanúine. Bí sé as págáil báis. Dubairt sé linn leigint do, agus o'innis sé a sgeal úinn. Bí muid 'comair beic as ár meabair le h-uaigneas faoi seo agus níor lagúig an sgeal seo é. Dubairt sé linn gur díol sé a anam leis an diabál, go rab air acan rud dá dubairt an t-ainspiorad sin leis a deánam. Díod sé amuig annseo le dol a cur ar na daoine 'sna cnuic agus iad a meallaó cuig an teac agus annsin iad a marbad.

'Sa' deiread díultuig sé sinn a marbad agus o'pás an diabál dearg ina cuipola é. Da máirg ariam a táinig air ar cor ar bit. Ní deánfaid mé dearmad go deo de'n dteac a bí ar aghaid an tsean-úine as págáil báis do. Nuair bí sé siotlóduighe, o'pásamar an teac com tuig gear agus tíocead linn. Bí ball bán as teac ar an lá an uair a sroic muid teac-cóirighe cárr agus dubairt muid leis an gíolla caróe bain do'n cárr. Cuir muid paisnéis pá'n tsean-teac.

"Níl teac nó áit ar bit annsin, a cara," ars eisean, "ac amáin sean-ballóg." "Tá sin saoitiamail amac 's amac," arsa mise liom péin. Nuair a táinig muid fao leis an áit a rab an sean-teac, o'amarc muid air. Ac deamán sean-teac nó cuip de sean-teac a bí annsin, agus caróe bí ann ac ballóg mór caisteáin pá n-a cumhad eidean agus uile. O'amarc mise agus Donncaó istead i síite a céite.

R. mac niccoil.

RETRIBUTION.

In answer to the numerous queries,
 Received on Masters of St. Mary's,
 A few of them I'll try to sketch,
 Although a storm its sure to fetch.

?

Short and springy,
 Strap that's stingy,
 Wins the toss by fluke.
 Eyes that glint
 Upon the print
 Of some strange English book.

?

Hair that's curly,
 Figure burly,
 Decker with Roman nose.
 A heart of gold,
 Or so I'm told,
 You believe it, I suppose.

?

A smiling grin,
 To hide the sin
 Of spreading a false tale.
 Confusing the mag.
 With the D one rag!
 The man ought 'a be in jail.

?

Scarce on top,
 Nicknamed "Pop,"
 He must have came on the Ark.
 His stories told,
 Nothing unfold,
 And leave us in the dark.

?

His smile is bold,
 Revealing gold,
 A treasure gone for good.
 Not to saw
 His upper jaw,
 But to masticate his food.

?

Far too stout
 For a boxing bout;
 We hear he's lost some tea.
 His hen fruit
 Someone did loot,
 And boiled them for him free.

?

Small and stocky
 Like a jockey,
 Stands the drawing master.
 A good projection
 Of a section,
 Makes his heart beat faster.

?

Voice is doused,
 Until he's roused,
 Then its sharp and shrill.
 And with Geogy.,
 Until they're foggy,
 Our brains he tries to fill.

The poem's o'er, now buried deep,
 So, masters dear, before you sleep,
 Determine with the rising sun,
 You'll think of life as just begun,
 And to-morrow I hope—I pray—
 You'll forget that ecer. for yesterday.

WILLIAM MacDERMOTT, E.3.

HOWLERS.

Queen Elizabeth had a quiet reign because she never married.
 Pompeii was destroyed by an overflow of saliva from Vesuvius.
 Bacchus is the god of horseracing.
 A magnet is a small insect found in cheese.
 Impersonal means neuter gender.
 Robert Clive was born in Shropshire when he was 18 years old.
 The female of moth is myth.
 Future Tense of "He drinks" is "He is drunk."
 A barber-surgeon is a man who nearly operates on your face while shaving you.
 A Volcano is due to the infernal heat of the earth.
 Glassography is the study of shiny surfaces.
 Milestones are things which should be placed closer together.
 The feminine of apostle is epistle.
 The Pope lives in the Vacuum.
 The Mediterranean is joined to the Red Sea by the Sewage Canal.
 A pistil is a small firearm.
 A faunist is one who courts fauns.

G. DOWNEY, D1.

Old Gent: "You ought to be ashamed—hitting a small boy. What do you expect to be when you grow up?"
 Boy: "A schoolmaster, sir."

Latin is a language as dead, as dead can be;
 It killed the ancient Romans, and now it's killing me.
 All are dead who wrote it.
 All are dead who spoke it.
 All are dead who learned it:
 Lucky dead—they earned it.

No wonder people drink—They are raised "on the bottle" and finish up "on the bier."

ON BEING FAMOUS.

"But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend."

Fame is only a false illusion of this world, which we all strive after, but which only a few of us eventually attain. We all put our foot on the bottom rung of ambition's ladder. Some progress steadily, rung by rung, until they reach the top. Others do not move at all from the bottom rung; whilst still others climb up a certain distance and then can proceed no further. This last class forms the majority of those on the ladder. What hinders this class from attaining the top of the ladder which we shall call fame? Of course, all cannot become famous but lack of initiative seems to be the main reason for their failure.

When a person becomes famous, it is a common fault to misuse this fame. Cassius says of Caesar:

"Why man, he doth bstride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates,
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

We have many glaring examples of this ill-treatment or mis-use of fame in our present day world. Take, for example, the rise of Hitler to fame. Who would have thought that that insignificant corporal of the Kaiser's mighty army, one who was by birth an Austrian, was destined to be the leader of a new Germany. Hitler must have had ambition and what is more his initiative or will power must have been superb. They say that 'the greatest fault is to be conscious of none.' When a person reaches this stage, he is either a tyrant or an imbecile. Shakespeare aptly sums up the abuse of fame:—

"The abuses of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power."

Life has been compared to a race, but the most swift are ever the least manageable. Fame is bought at a dear price—for some a very dear price. All through the centuries we have people seizing on Fame, regardless of sin or retribution, by murder, plunder and sacrilege. A famous millionaire, who had worked his way to fame from a newspaper boy in the street, gave as his golden 'maxim'—'Walk on the other fellow, or he will walk on you.' Perhaps he is right, as far as this world goes, but then there is the other aspect of the business—the eternal aspect. Only too true is the maxim: "The paths of glory led but to the grave." After all, if a man believes in the 'here-after,' why should he want to make a name for himself in this world? Of course, some do become famous, not that they want fame, but because it is pressed on them by the multitude. Authors and ecclesiastics come under this category. Then there is that section of the people who have been despised and treated as outcasts in life, but who after their deaths have become famous. Many of the saints can be ranked in this class.

The famed are often despised. It is hard to get the man who is liked by all his compatriots. It is hard to find the ruler to fit the character of Hamlet:

"The courtiers, soldiers, scholars, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of this fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."

Finally, in seeking fame there seems to be one evil to be guarded against—the 'misuse of fame.' Do not pursue its attainment relentlessly, as Macbeth himself admitted he was doing.

"I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which a'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other."

G. KENNEDY, E2.

JOHN GRIBBEN.

"We have loved him in life, let us not forget him in death."

St. Ambrose.

John died on the 22nd September, 1941, following an operation for appendicitis. He had just been a few weeks in the E' Senior class. All his class mates were deeply grieved at the sad news, for John was popular and his influence worth while. The great guarantee of his goodness was noticed in all feeling that he was prepared to die. He was a really great boy; he valued life, but was strong to part with it willingly, as it was a life of loyal service to his Divine Master. Short contact with him proved this. No wonder his quiet, simple manner was a powerful incentive to his fellow companions, and his happy death an encouragement to all of them to go and live likewise.

On the evening of the 23rd, all his class mates joined in carrying his remains to St. Columcille's Church and, on the following morning, attended Mass and received Holy Communion for the repose of his soul.

A few days afterwards they arranged for a Solemn Requiem in St. Mary's Church, the Mass being celebrated by Rev. Charles Bready, a recently ordained ex-pupil of the School. They paid a worthy tribute to one they loved, and John's example will play no small part in guiding them to Eternal Happiness.

Life is great and fruitful when lived well.

A DRY STORY.

An Englishman met a Scotchman in a pub. The Englishman had no money.

Mr. Kane (to Chemistry class): "I am about to do a very dangerous experiment. If anything goes wrong, I'll be blown through the roof. Stand closer so that you can follow me closely."

Mr. Carpenter: "None of you can do that proposition? Dear! Dear! Look up here at the board and I'll go through it."

A doctor never has his bad work returned for correction.

A guard found a hobo in one of the trucks. On being met with a stream of curses, he said reprovingly: "My man, you're on the road to Hell!" The hobo leapt up, "Just my luck" said he, climbing out, "I thought I was on the road to Chicago!"

The new cook came in.

Master: "It's about time. Are the oysters ready yet?"

Cook: "Yes, sah! But what I job I had cleaning dem out!"

Candidate: "Will you vote for me?"

Voter: "Not if you were St. Peter himself."

Candidate: "If I were St. Peter, you would not be in my constituency"

"OUT WEST"

The sun dipped low over Shot-gun Canyon, casting a red light on the snow-capped Blackfort Mountains and, at the same time, making the sombre valleys stand out in their bleak emptiness. The cactus shoots spread long shadows towards the East to await the following day. Heedless to these changes, a rider could be seen threading his way through the cactus and between the boulders. His head drooped on his breast, his hands resting heavily on the saddle-horn. Yes, Mr. Samuel P. Jones, of New York, was no cowboy.

It had happened one July day when Jones had come home to the boarding house, after a tiring day in the service of "Smithers and Catsmeat, Solicitors." His holidays were due in a week's time, but he had no particular place in mind where he would like to go. Being rather weedy, the beach held no attraction for him; while his sole sporting ability consisted of being able to balance on his nose a piece of cheese, and thence to drop it into his mouth. This he had done often to the amusement and giggles of the two typists employed by "Smithers and Catsmeat."

The trouble began when Catsmeat junior was enrolled in the firm. Fresh from Yale with a recently acquired Law Degree, he struck those musty old offices like a typhoon, and, since he was heavily built and fairly tall, it was no small typhoon. To get to the source of Jones' trouble, we must see the disparity of character, as well as physique, between himself and young Catsmeat. Catsmeat was well-built; he was not. Catsmeat was fresh, too fresh; he was entering a stage of mental stagnation, and "the most unkindest cut of all," the two typists lost their interest in his cheese balancing feat. They talked of golf, tennis and swimming and flattered young Catsmeat at the same time. Poor old Jones was on the verge of despair, and at length when just about to plunge to the depths, the bright idea struck him—he would make a man of himself: he would take his holidays out West and live his life in the raw. A month's "roughing it" would improve him beyond all recognition.

That afternoon he checked over his bank account, found he had about seven thousand dollars to his credit, and then made tracks for "Mansfields," the largest sports outfitters in New York, and consequently, the largest in the world, as neon-lights blatantly made known to the shoppers. He was soon fastened upon by two young assistants, and poured forth his intentions to them.

"I want an entire outfit for a month's vacation out West," he explained, "nothing unnecessary, of course, just the bare essentials."

"Well, sir, you'll need a tent, to begin with, a cooking stove, a camp bed, cooking utensils, a collapsible boat for negotiating rivers and lakes, and, of course, sir, the proper clothes. No warm woollies out there, you know. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Gentlemen, I'm completely in your hands," replied Mr. Jones, sagging into a chair. After about two hours his list was complete and, in addition to those articles already mentioned, he had a pocket knife with blades and contrivances to meet any emergency, a pocket torch, a revolver and a box of cartridges, as well as two sporting rifles with an ample supply of ammunition.

His journey on the train out West was uneventful, and it was with an expectant heart that he stepped off at his final outpost of civilization, as he thought. The place seemed modern enough. He had been reading all the novels and magazines dealing with cowboys and settlers, Red Indians and trail-blazers, that he could get his hands on and, now, felt confident that he could speak to any 'cow-poke' in his own language. He was disappointed at not seeing a "Joe's Saloon" or "The Lucky Chance" or any of the pillars of the magazine Western social life. A large bus drove up and a smartly uniformed driver jumped out.

"Going to the hotel, sir?" he enquired. "See heah, buddy, is dis dah West?" Jones asked in his best cow-poke tones. "Yes, this is the West. Get into the bus and I'll drive you up to the hotel. The station wagon will call for your baggage."

Dazed, Jones entered the bus and sat down heavily. He passed his hand over his face and relaxed into a morose silence. After some time, he had sufficiently gathered his senses and shattered nerves to move up beside the driver and try to begin a conversation.

"Nice prairie land around here—plenty of scrub and cactus," he murmured. "Its a disgrace, but next year we intend to have a block of holiday flats built just over there," said the driver, pointing.

"Well, could I hire a horse and pack-pony at the hotel?" asked Jones, as a last hope. "Yes, sir, we have a well equipped riding-school, but I am not sure about the pack-pony. We have also two swimming pools, indoor and outdoor, a dance band, a cocktail bar, a fleet of cars, a well stocked library, and, in fact, everything for 'roughing it' in comfort."

"Stop!" screamed Jones.

Soon the bus drew up in front of a dazzling building. A commissionaire, in the uniform of a Swiss Admiral, opened the door and bowed him in. A page-boy jumped forward and took his small travelling case. In a dream, Jones went over to the reception desk, signed his name and went to his room.

The next morning, after breakfast in bed and a warm bath, Jones descended, dressed in Mansfield's conception of what the well dressed cowboy should wear. Everyone turned to look at him, and suppressed titters could be heard coming from young men in immaculate tennis-flannels and females in the height of fashionable summer wear. Jones was in heavy laced-up boots, coarse cotton shirt and baggy trousers. He had even contrived to walk with a roll.

"Get out of here, you old ruffian!" a voice snapped behind him and, on turning, he saw the manager glaring at him. Jones swelled and drew himself up to his full five feet.

"Let me inform you that I am Samuel P. Jones from New York. How dare you call me an old ruffian!"

"I-I-I'm sorry, sir, but your clothes, they are so-o-o-er, unorthodox," stuttered the manager.

"Humph!" snorted Jones, and stamped out.

He went out to the riding school and, getting a nice quiet mare, rocked his way down the drive and out into open country. So we find him at sundown in Shot-gun Canyon, lost both in mind and in reality.

Needless to say, he spent a wretched month, being laughed at and uncomfortable, while his baggage lay unused in his room. However, when the month was up, he came back to New York. Did he tell of his disillusionment? No! He came back with stories of nights alone in the great forests, hunting, shooting and fishing, camping out beneath the stars. Perhaps they believed him back at home and perhaps they smiled at his tall stories, but he could truthfully say that he had learnt something while out West, and that was, that like everything else, 'the West ain't what it used to be!'



MIRTH PAGE.

"Why are you moving so soon? You have only been there 6 months!"
 "We've just discovered there are no taps on the bath."

1st Jew to second on seeing a fire brigade rushing past: "Der they go—interfering again."

A broadcast of a religious service was marred by the dropping of a collection plate. Next morning several Scots were admitted into hospital with their heads jammed into radio sets.

Irishman: "My! Things are certainly speeding up in Ireland."

American: "Listen, bo! When I was going to Mass one day, the foundations of a skyscraper were being laid. On my way back, I met several tenants put out for not paying rent! When you speed up to that you can brag."

Owner: "What do you think of the house as a whole?"

Prospective Buyer: "As a hole it's all right, but as a house it's rotten!"

"Darling," said the wife, "I'm afraid cook has burned the bacon. You'll have to do with a kiss for breakfast."

"All right," said the husband peevishly, "Send her in."

Dying business man to partner: "I've got a confession to make—I embezzled £10,000 from the firm's money."

Partner: "That's all right, Joe—I poisoned you."

A young boy was buying a collar for his father: "I want a collar, please."

"What style?"

"Well—er—"

"Like mine, sonny?"

"No fears, I want a clean one!"

The tipplers gave up golf when they realised that at one part of the game they were over 2 miles from the bar.

He: "May I throw you a kiss?"

She: "Don't be so lazy."

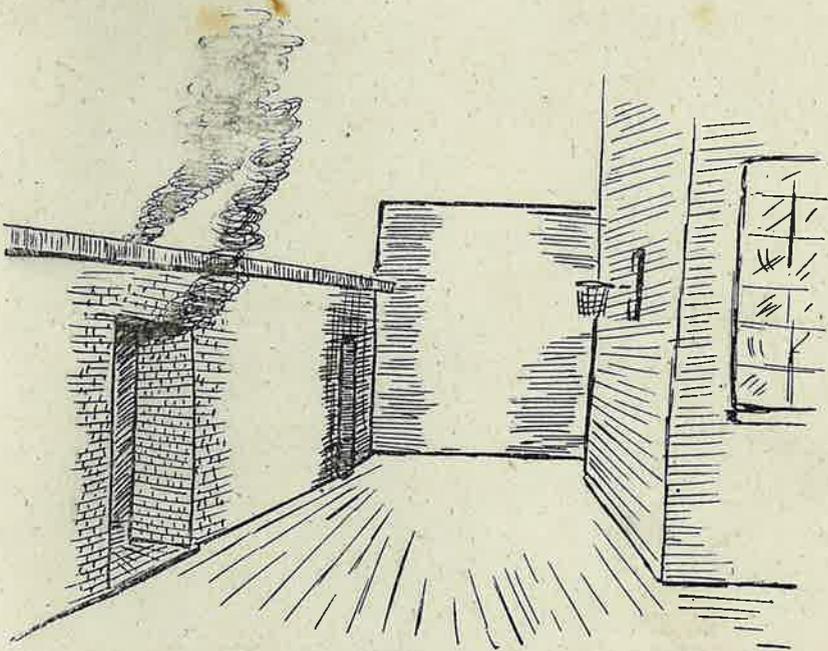
EPILOGUE**A THOUGHT FOR THOSE LEAVING ST. MARY'S.**

Your attitude to life and the living of your life will depend on your attitude to Prayer. Prayer is your connecting link with the source of life, and when this connecting link is absent, all is meaningless. Prayer likewise reaches its logical climax in the Mass, your great sacrifice and your great and real participation in the Sacrifice of Calvary. Thus it must be the centre of your life, the source of your strength, and lead also to a logical climax in your reception like the celebrant of the Pure Blood of Christ.

Only in proportion to your living in accordance with these vital facts has St. Mary's proved useful to you.

E. F. R.

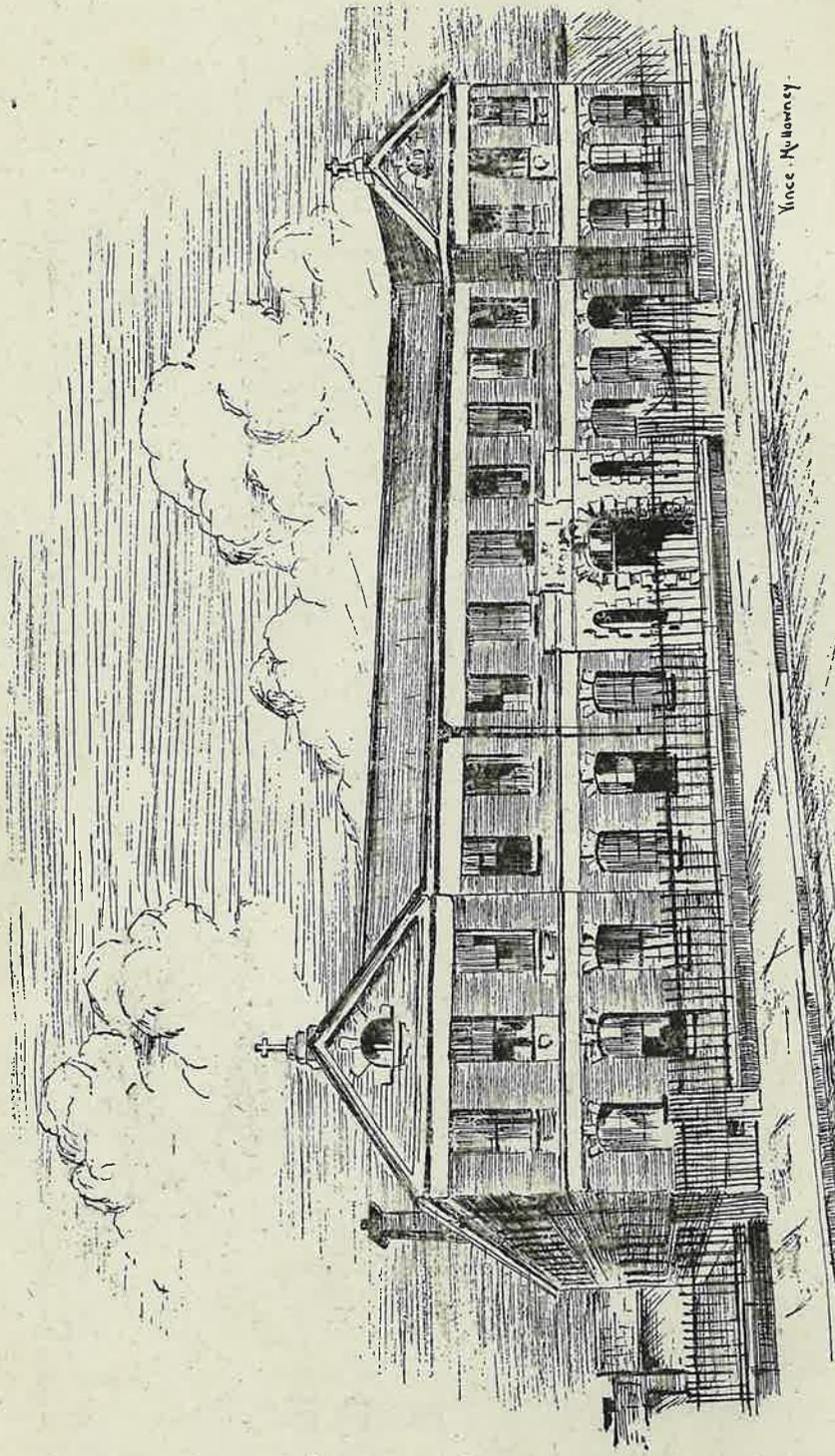
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