

AN
RÉALITÉ

1947



*A Magazine published by the students
of St. Mary's College, C.S.Sp., Rathmines.*

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CIRCULATION PRIVATE

EASTER TERM, 1947.

fé Coimisce Muire Réalt na Mara.

An Réalt

VOL. 1

EASTER TERM 1947

Editorial Committee :— G. Tannam, P. Funge, D. Murphy, A. Geoghegan and G. Montgomery.

OUR FIRST ISSUE

In this, the first number of "An Réalt" we have tried to the best of our ability to supply a want long felt in St. Mary's that is, a magazine produced entirely by the students. As it is our first venture, the failings and weak points of "An Réalt" will surely be pardoned. We are breaking new ground and consequently we have received no help from the mistakes of previous productions. With complete confidence we leave it to future St. Mary's boys to improve upon our efforts and to make "An Réalt" a magazine truly worthy of our college.

The significance of the name of our magazine is obvious. An Réalt—the Star, is the emblem of St. Mary's. A white star on a blue background is the flag of the College. Our football colours are a blue jersey with a white star. What name could be more symbolic? What choice could be better?

For the design of the cover we are indebted to Fr. Gilmore. It is our intention to use it for all future issues.

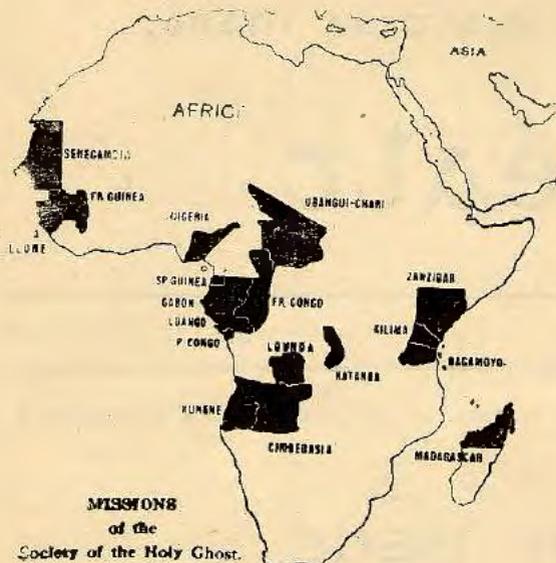
Our aims are easily stated. We hope through the medium of an all-student production to sustain interest in College activities among both Seniors and Juniors. Accordingly we have endeavoured to make "An Réalt" representative of every grade in the College by reporting on every form of college activity.

We wish to keep the Past intimately in touch with current events in the College. The general summaries of College activities should help to achieve this aim. We hope, too, to keep the Present in touch with the Past. For this reason we have offered the hospitality of our pages to the Past in "Out of the Past." Thus we hope to strengthen the bond of union and co-operation between Past and Present.

We know that there is plenty of talent to be found in our midst. For many years it has been lying dormant. It is the express purpose of "An Réalt" to encourage and make use of this talent. As the magazine is the work of the students we do not expect polished or perfect articles. Accordingly we have not been too exacting in our criticisms and rejections lest promising writers might be discouraged in the future by the fear of the "The Editor regrets etc." So, budding writers send in your article, poem or short story for the next issue.

To conclude, it is our fervent hope that "An Réalt" will become a permanent feature in St. Mary's. We would impress upon Present and Past that it is only through active co-operation on their part that this venture will continue successfully.

ST. MARY'S MISSIONARIES



The St. Mary's Missionary Band has been recently formed in the College. The object of the Band is to keep Present and Past students in touch with St. Mary's boys and prefects who, as priests, are now working on the missions. This is the age of pen friends. Why not therefore take one of these priests as a pen friend and thus continue an old friendship?

There are many St. Mary's men out in Africa. Fr. Joe Whelan, once our Dean of Studies, is now in Nigeria. Fr. Jack Branagan is in Nairobi. Fr. Tom O'Sullivan, another past Dean of St. Mary's, is in Mangu, on the East Coast. You would be surprised how delighted these men are to receive news of the old school and their classmates or pupils.

Fr. Lehane, before he left for Nigeria, was told about the Band and its objects. He was delighted and told us that he was looking forward to receiving letters.

It is our intention to devote this page regularly to news from our Missionaries. We shall be glad to publish extracts or items of interest from the letters of missionaries—so please pass them on to us.

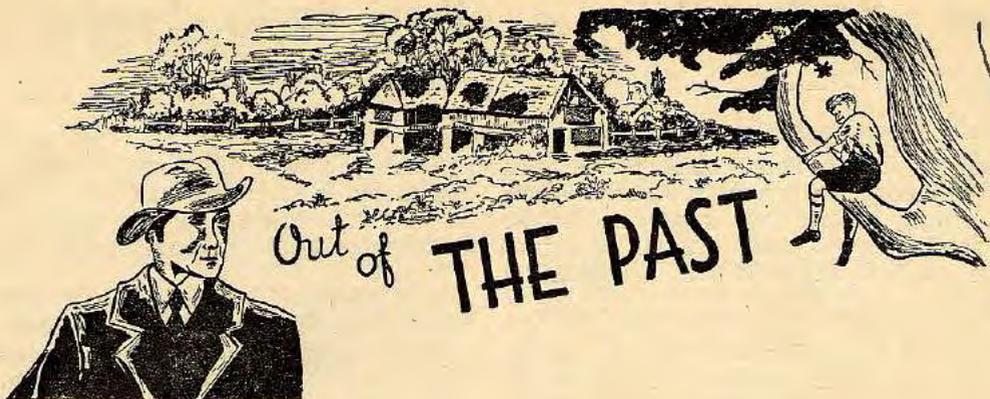
Below we give a list of St. Mary's past students, prefects and priests now out on the missions. You know these men either as old school pals, prefects or priests. A letter from you will be most welcome.

Write. Please do Write.

P. Funge,
(VI Year).

NAMES AND ADDRESSES

1. Fr. James Kavanagh—Catholic Missions, Machakos, East Africa.
2. Fr. Jack Quinn—Catholic Mission, Amaigbo, Orlu, Nigeria, West Africa.
3. Fr. George Lahiffe—Catholic Mission, Nsu, Umuahia, Nigeria, West Africa.
4. Fr. Gerard Foley—St. Mary's College, Nairobi, P.O. Box 423, East Africa.
5. Fr. John Haurigan—Catholic Mission, Adazi, Awka, Nigeria, West Africa.
6. Fr. Robert Madigan—Catholic Mission, C/o. St. Edward's College, Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Africa.
7. Fr. Joe Whelan—Okpala, Aba, Nigeria, West Africa.
8. Fr. T. O'Sullivan—Holy Ghost High School, Mangu, P.O. Thicka, East Africa.
9. Fr. Sean Nealon—Mauritius.
10. Fr. MacMahon—Catholic Mission, Emekuku, Owerri, Nigeria, West Africa.
11. Mr. Galt—Fribourg, Switzerland.
12. Mr. Troy—Fribourg, Switzerland.
13. Fr. R. Lehane—Onitsha, Nigeria, West Africa.
14. Fr. P. Cremins—Holy Family Church, Nairobi, P.O. Box 891, East Africa.
15. Fr. Niall MacAuley—St. Peter Clavers, Catholic Mission, Nairobi, P.O. Box 1065, East Africa.
16. Fr. Martin O'Dwyer—St. Mary's College, Trinidad, Port of Spain.
17. Fr. Austin Lynch—Catholic Mission, Kilima Mbogo, P.O. Thika, East Africa.
18. Fr. K. Devinish—Catholic Mission, San Salvatore, Addis-Ababa, Ethiopia, East Africa.
19. Fr. J. Gilteran—Catholic Mission, Siriana, P.O. Mariakani.
20. Fr. J. Branagan—St. Mary's College, Nairobi, P.O. Box 423.
21. Fr. M. Frawley—Christ the King College,
22. Fr. F. Culhane—Villa N. Dame, Montana Sur Sierra, Valais Suisse.
Dritha, S. Nigeria.



Out of THE PAST

It is customary for editors of school magazines to include in their publications articles dealing with the successes achieved by past students of the school in question.

It would be quite an easy matter for me to write below a long and very impressive list of past pupils of St. Mary's who during living memory have established reputations for social academic or professional success. But I doubt would that serve any useful purpose.

However to fulfil the terms of my contract, I suppose I must give some indication of the manner in which the good name of St. Mary's is being maintained. Our men are doing as well as ever in the professions. Russell Murphy came thru' his difficult final accountancy recently, with high honours, in company with Terry Coveney. In medicine, Pat Sullivan recently followed Brendan O'Sullivan, Tom Lynch, Stafford Adye-Curran and Noel Becker, in passing his final. Benny Lynch and Tommy Kearns are two names which come to mind as having qualified in Engineering, while Charlie Dillon and now Sean Coakley maintain a high standard in this branch of learning. Brian O Ceallaigh, B.A., L.L.B., Solicitor, graduated finally last year, after a long and popular career in U.C.D. Others of his generation are Denis Holmes, M.A., B.Comm., and Brendan O'Farrell, M.A., B.Comm. Brendan holds his M.A. on the strength of a thesis on "L'element militaire dans les oeuvres de Balzac."

As regards U.C.D., a feature of the group of St. Mary's men there is their frontal position in committees and representative bodies. The one and only Ulic H. O'Connor, (who on earth is he?) has already established a reputation for that enthusiasm which always distinguished him in St. Mary's.

But there is something more in being a St. Mary's man than being a friend and companion of brilliant or at least well-known students.

It is something which makes past pupils look anxiously at the Leinster Schools Rugby team, to see does the magic name appear. It is something which results in severe hoarseness among past pupils when certain Schools Cup matches take place. It is something which makes us proud of that distinctive blue-and-white scarf, to such an extent that the blue and white appears everywhere we find our way: in city offices, in business-houses, in colleges—everywhere. It is something which makes us glad to come back on Sports Day, which makes us glad that Cyril Byrne, Sean Farrell, Tom Byrne, Cothraight and Gerry Gogan are there to make sure that St. Mary's will go on giving to others what was given to us. It is what philosophers and theorists have for centuries been trying to explain, analyse and define—it is a good education. And it is something for which we have good reason to be thankful!

A. MacLochlainn.

* * *



"The student who stated he would never fall off a horse."

Past Pupils' Union.

Past Rugby Football Club.

St. Mary's College Past Pupils' Union is a living force among the present and past students of the College; a force that is working for the greatest good of its associates. A short sketch of the year's activities will show how its objects are achieved.

Last May a Missa Cantata was held in the College Oratory for the success of the College and the Union. Most of the Union members, young and old, attended.

In October we held our Annual Dinner in a city hotel where we met again both our old school chums and our old professors. The Captain of the school is always a guest at this function and he forms a link between present and past.

On the first Sunday in November we attended Mass in the College for the repose of the souls of our deceased comrades and teachers. This impressive ceremony brings to mind the number of prayers offered up for our deceased members and thus the great spiritual advantage of Union Membership.

The Dance and Whist Drive took place in December and were a great social success. The Club mainly sponsored by the Union is the Rugby Club. I would counsel everyone to join it on leaving school.

The Past Pupils' Debating Society will shortly be in action again. This year, we hope to hold an inter-debate with the thriving College Debating Society and reawaken the interest of the Past. The interest which the present pupils have in debating will, I hope, persevere when they leave school. Next year, the Dramatic Society intends, with the co-operation of the younger members, to re-appear on the boards.

The Present should take a greater interest in the Union. Remember, it will be **your** Union when you leave school. If you take an interest in its activities now, you will help, in later years, to lead it on to even greater things.

Michael MacCormac,

Hon. Sec.

Rugby Football holds pride of place amongst the many sporting activities engaged in by St. Mary's. It is not surprising therefore to see a flourishing Club in existence for the "Old Boys."

Our grounds at Kimmage Grove present a busy spectacle on Saturday afternoons, for at least two of our four teams play there each week. This season, we played in Galway and received visits from Belfast and Cork clubs. The members of the Club have every reason to feel proud of their club and its achievements.

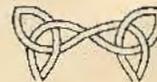
The President and Community of the College are our best friends for they are always willing to give us their advice and guidance and a great deal more besides. The members, whose playing days are over, give us their generous support. Of these Fr. Ernest Farrell is outstanding. The club that boasts such men as Fr. Ernest is truly fortunate.

Each year sees someone "hanging up his boots." New blood must come to replace them. Those of you who are still at school, remember that when you leave your playing days are not ended. You have a Club to join, a Club where you can meet again your old school friends and continue to play in the Colours of St. Mary's.

Michael Waldron,
Captain.

Present to Past.

The Present wish the Past good luck in the coming cup competition. Hard luck, Seconds, on going down by a solitary point in the Metropolitan. Keep it up, Thirds, and win that Minor.



OUR HARVEST EFFORT

This year St. Mary's boys added to their manifold activities. They were already footballers, cricketers, swimmers and artful dodgers of all forms of work. Now they turned their hands to farming. Out on the plains of Dublin and Kildare they braved the dangers of hail, rain and sandwiches to do their bit in saving the nation's wheat. For days they toiled behind the scythe men, in soggy fields, lifting, tying and stooking the blackened and weather-beaten crop. Then when nightfall brought their labours to a close they gathered into the lorry and sat huddled together on its very often rain swept box for the fifteen or twenty miles of the road home.

In all three full scale expeditions (not to mention many individual efforts) were organised and carried out by the boys.

Inspired by the enthusiasm and example of my schoolmates, I decided, in a burst of patriotism and self-sacrifice to accompany them on one of their expeditions. Thus it was that one Saturday morning I arrived to swell the crowd waiting for the transport which was to bring us to the scene of our great efforts.

The transport arrived in the form of a builders lorry into which we packed ourselves with an agility which many a sardine might have envied. Having seated myself comfortably on the toe of someone's boot, I was quite ready for the Great Adventure and we started off in high spirits.

We stopped but once. It was at a public house where both passengers and crew of the lorry purchased lemonade, in case of drought during the day which was a very fine one.

We arrived at last: Work immediately. We were told to tie into sheaves corn cut by a mowing machine, and, as I had gloves, I was put to work in a spot with much more nettles than wheat to be seen. This would have been perfectly all right if the leather didn't start springing leakes in a multitude of places.

This part of the work was soon done, and the remaining ten hours of the day were spent loading the sheaves into lorries. Very soon my arm muscles began to ache; a short while afterwards my back felt as if it were about to cave in; and after what must have been only two hours, I was a complete mass of pains and

aches, from my eyebrow muscles to those used in wriggling my toes in order to remove such portions of the farm as may have got into my shoes.

However all things come to an end, and so, quite soon after a sterling dinner of potatoes, cabbage and salt the time for departure arrived. I was this time on the floor and some other unfortunate was on my boots. But in case I should get qualms of conscience about my good fortune, I soon found myself to be sitting on a sharp bolt, which made the return journey, if anything, more uncomfortable than the first. However we were conscious of being patriotic harvesters and we raised a hoarse and feeble cheer as we passed all the familiar spots and crawled home.

John Drumm (VI year)
&
David Judge (IV year)

* * *

A VETERAN'S LAMENT

I

Oh! for the touch of the oval ball
The glorious feel of the leather,
Oh! for the sound of the leader's cry
And not a care for the weather.

II

Give me the joy of an even match
With thirty stalwarts trying
Give me the courage to stop a rush
With sixteen forwards crying.

III

Let me be on the field again,
Let years no longer shackle,
There's not a man in Ireland left
Who will get past my tackle.

IV

Oh! for the peep of the referee's whistle
The cheery blast for a try
But in vain do I long for those youthful days
It is but an old man's sigh.

John F. Hughes,
(V. year).

CHILDREN OF MARY SODALITY

St. Mary's is under the special patronage of Mary, the Mother of God. It is natural, therefore, that devotion to Our Lady should be strong in the College. Evidence of this is to be found in the Children of Mary Sodality.

Since the introduction of the Sodality (it dates from the very foundation of the College) it has never enjoyed so high a membership. At present there are thirty nine members. Of these, twenty nine are aspirants. The Spiritual Director of the Sodality is Father Barry.

Apart from the principal aim which is the sanctification of its own members, the Sodality, gives help to the Intermediate Praesidium of the Legion of Mary by preparing Sodalists for future membership in the Legion. Many members of the Sodality are Auxiliary Legionaries who assist the active workers by their prayers. Supplies of comics, stamps, and rosary beads are collected for distribution by the Legion in the Childrens' Hospital.

The weekly meeting of the Sodality is held on Fridays at 9 o'clock. Despite the early hour the attendance is exceptionally high. The Sodality has a small but interesting supply of books and an unlimited quantity of pamphlets.

Members of the Sodality, having been solemnly consecrated to the service of Mary, leave to embark on the adventure of life knowing that they are under the special protection of Mary, the Mother of God.

G. Drumm, (IV year),
President.

THE WEEKLY REPORT

I

The Weekly Report comes out once a week
You have six for your Latin, and five for your Greek
When it's shown to your mother, she faints with the fright
And you have to tell her that it is all right.

II

But wait till next day when the Dean cometh in
His hands they are clenched and his face, it is grim
And when he looks round and at you he stares
You slip under the desk and say your last prayers.

III

His glance is terrific—all thunder and gloom
When he takes from his pocket the Note-Book of Doom,
And again he looks round, and he calleth you forth
"Oh! you have three fives for your Weekly Report."

Benson McDowell,
(I. year).

SNOW

I

Down to earth the snowflakes fall
Covering all in a snow white pall,
Woods and fields and mountains tall
Cities and towns and hamlets small.

II

Man has covered the earth's surface
With works, some noble, others base
But nature spreads before God's face
Her snowy mantle's shining grace.

Richard O'Shea,
(IV. year).

THE SENIOR ENGLISH DEBATING SOCIETY.

The officers for year 1946-47.

Chairman: Rev. P. J. Murray, C.S.Sp.,
Dean of Studies.

Auditor: Mr. P. Funge.
Hon. Secretary: Mr. F. Fennell.

Committee: Messrs. C. Maguire, D. Judge
and J. Drumm.

This year it was decided to hold the meetings on a Saturday night at 7-15 p.m. This innovation has proved a great success.

For the Inaugural Meeting, the motion was "That the 20th Century is a barbaric one." It was defeated by a majority of eight.

The second meeting proved highly successful. We had Mr. Frank Duff, President of the Concilium of the Legion of Mary, to speak on "The Spread of the Legion." A very large audience thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Duff's most interesting lecture.

For our third meeting the motion "That continued emigration from Ireland must lead to our economic downfall" was defeated.

Undoubtedly the most successful meeting this year was the Impromptu Debate held on March 1st.

The most outstanding speech of the night was Mr. Ryan's on "Something must be done." In his own inimitable style Mr. Ryan referred to the butter ration, the wet turf and the coal and food crisis in England. Mr. Ryan was voted the best speaker of the night getting 16 out of a possible 24 votes.

All the speakers were excellent considering it was an impromptu debate. We are looking forward to the Past versus Present Inter-debate on Wednesday next 19th March at 7-15 p.m.

F. Fennell,
(V. Year) Hon. Sec.

ROUND AND ABOUT

Boxing Club

Boxing has been started again in St. Mary's. It is under the supervision of Mr. Frank Cooper, former European Welter Weight Champion and well-known trainer of the Irish team. We know that the sport will flourish under his guiding hands.

We paid the club a visit recently. Three things stood out. The number present between 30 and 40; the stance and style of Nickie Corrigan definitely of the John L. Sullivan period; lastly, Frank Fennell has certainly got potential boxing ability. To our boxers we wish good luck.

So keep 'em boxing, Mr. Cooper.

* * *

Congratulations to the staff of "The Echo" for their unstinted generosity in giving up so much of their spare time to help the Holy Childhood. All praise is due to them for their publication. We wish them even greater success in the future.

* * *

The most unusual thing we saw in St. Mary's this term was Senior and Junior footballers practising in the snow. In parts it was over six inches deep and running in it was like ploughing through the Sahara. Rathmines people were also surprised judging by the facial expression of amazement which they portrayed as they leaned over the wall

* * *

Congratulations to Dermot Walsh on achieving fame so quickly in film-land. We remember Dermot here as a player of villainous roles. He capped all his previous performances by his playing of Basanio in the Merchant of Venice. That was in 1940 wasn't it Dermot? We hope to see him soon in "Hungry Hill", and after that, in many more leads.

* * *

Chess Club

This year St. Mary's again entered a team for the Leinster Schools Competitions. Charlie Mills and Des. Mulligan represented us in the Senior Competition while Frank Murphy and Conor McCarthy did duty in the Junior. We did not win, but the teams put up a good show and we know it won't be long until St. Mary's are Champions.

Now that chess has really got under way in the College it is our hope that it will be well supported. So, lads, give the old brain box a rattle and learn how to move that pawn.

* * *

Congratulations to Michael Waters (alias Watters) on getting his Leinster Junior Inter-Pro. Cap.

* * *

The pipes in St. Mary's did not escape the general freeze up in February, and we had to tearfully tear ourselves away from the Alma Mater and remain at home for three days.

(Sob. Sob. Sob.).

* * *

During the snow we availed ourselves of the opportunity to indulge in the joys of winter sports. One thing we did get to learn about tobogganing—There's many a bump between the top and bottom of the hill.

* * *

Overheard in the 6th Year Classroom :-
"Spéir-bhean—that's an Air Hostess isn't it, sir?"

* * *

A Hunting we will go!

Did you know we have a School of Equitation in St. Mary's. We went along to the first lesson to see how this riding business was done. One student stated that he would never fall off a horse. Our artist has sketched the result of this huntsman's first descent.

Congrats to Neil and John Doherty on successes in jumping competitions since summer.

* * *

An Cighre : Cad a bhíonn a dheanamh agat nuair a bhíonn síoc ar an dtalamh.

An Scoilaire : Slaghdán, a dhuine uaisle.

* * *

A Junior Debating Society was started last term and is doing well under the able guidance of Joe Wood.



SENIOR CUP TEAM

As we rush to press our S.C.T. is eagerly waiting the signal to go. On Tuesday they are due to do battle against our old rivals "The Rock." In the past our matches with 'Rock' have always been tough and exciting. This one, we are sure, will prove no exception.

This year we were unfortunate in that only four of last year's team were under age. New players had to be recruited. It took some time for these to blend and form a fighting combination. Consequently our friendly matches were not too successful.

Our forwards are rather light. The backs with three of last year's Junior team are on the youthful side. Still we know they will all give of their best and put up a really good show.

St. Mary's teams have made a great name for themselves as real cup fighters. The team this year will, undoubtedly, keep up the tradition.

We shall be there to cheer you on, Seniors, so 'Good Luck'.

LATE NEWS

St. Mary's go down fighting. Blackrock won 10-3.

WELL DONE SENIORS!

HOLY CHILDHOOD LEAGUE

Like all football the Holy Childhood matches have been held up. Consequently the competition is far behind schedule.

At present St. Peter's are leading the table with 10 pts. The nearest rivals, St. Paul's are 3 pts. behind them. St. Mark's with only five matches played stand an excellent chance.

The coming matches St. Peter's v. St. Paul's, St. Mark's v. St. Peter's, and St. Mark's v. St. John's seem to hold the destination of the shield. Be it said for St. Matthew's and St. Luke's, that despite their lowly position in the table they are both capable of springing a surprise and thus the leaders must not treat them lightly.

How Teams Stand Now

| | P. | W. | D. | L. | PTS. |
|-------------------|----|----|----|----|------|
| St. Peter's ... | 6 | 4 | 2 | 0 | 10 |
| St. Paul's ... | 6 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 7 |
| St. John's ... | 6 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 6 |
| St. Mark's ... | 5 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 5 |
| St. Luke's ... | 5 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 3 |
| St. Matthew's ... | 6 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 3 |

The Junior Cup Team

Congrats to Tom (Tucker) Nolan and Junius (Little Totem) Horne on being elected Captain and Vice-Captain respectively.

Very little information is available at the time of going to press regarding their cup-match on Friday, 13th March against C.B.S. Dun Laoghaire. Judging by our record in friendly matches we stand a great chance. It is in fact not too much to hope that the team will bring back the Junior Cup to St. Mary's.

Several of last year's team are under age again. The outstanding feature of the Juniors is their fine line of three-quarters with the Captain, Tom Nolan, a dangerous centre. The forwards are exceptionally heavy and are notable for their fine play in the line-out and the agility of the wing forwards.

In closing, a word of appreciation must be expressed for the training of Fr. Seagrave, ably assisted by Mr. O'Mahony.

So Juniors bring back that Cup.

* * *

PLAY THE GAME

I

If you want to win your matches,
Play the game,

Whether forward, scrum or back,
Play the game,

Though spectators shout or boo,
Everything depends on you

But no matter what you do,—
Play the game.

II

Though the wind is dead against you,
Play the game,

Though that hefty back outweighs you,
Play the game,

Tackle hard and low and straight
Get your man and never wait

Just forget your battered state—
Play the game.

III

When you're beaten in the line out
Play the game,

When you're baffled by a hand-off,
Play the game,

Try a clean and ready pass
Neat and steady, not too-fast

It's the really manly way to—
Play the game.

G. Tannam,
(VI. year).



Legion of Mary

Intermediate Praesidium.

Shortly before "An Réalt" went to press the 6th Annual Report of the Stella Maris Intermediate Praesidium was submitted to the Curia. We think the report gives a good general idea of the present position of the Praesidium and so we have included extracts from it to keep Past and Present up-to-date with Legion activities.

"Membership, though varying from year to year, is good. This year Legionaries on the whole numbered twenty, recruited from 5th and 6th years."

"Works which have always been interesting and varied, have been steadily increasing and this year finds us with a list of 24 works, most of which are closely connected with the College life."

"The visitation of the Children's Hospital is our primary and most important work. Six brothers visit the hospital weekly and there encourage the young patients to say their daily prayers." (All Present boys please note, when you are asked for old rosary beads or comics think of the wonderful pleasure they will give some boy lying in a hospital ward).

"The English and Irish Debating Societies organised by the Legionaries have been particularly successful this year. At a recent meeting of the English Society, Mr. Frank Duff delivered a lecture on "The Legion in Other Lands" which proved very successful."

"The circulation of Catholic books from the Legion Library has increased this year, while Catholic papers sold by the Legionaries are popular." (Readers! do you know that "The Standard," "Our Boys" and "C.T.S." pamphlets are on sale regularly in the College?).

These are only a few of the many works performed by Legionaries in St. Mary's.

Recently the Praesidium in conjunction with the Senior Praesidium held their Annual Re-Union. A very enjoyable night was had by all.

May Our Lady continue to bless her Praesidium in St. Mary's.

Colm Brady,
President.

1847 -- 1947

In 1847 Sir John Franklin discovered the much discussed North West Passage. To commemorate the fact his party built a cairn upon the point called Point Victory, and enclosed in a tin canister which they deposited under the cairn, a record of their trip and its results. Twelve years later this record was found and by it the honour due to Franklin for the discovery of the Passage was confirmed.

1847 found famine raging in Ireland and the Youth of the country emigrating in thousands in the coffin ships. Relief committees were set up in America and food was rushed to Ireland.

Thomas Alva Edison, founder of modern "gadget" America, was born in Milan, Ohio in 1847. Edison worked as news vendor and telegraphist on the railroads. He became interested in electricity. He sold his telephone patent to Bell Company in 1875. When he had perfected the filament lamp, he erected the first commercial power house, at New York in 1879. Inventor of the phonograph and one of the first sponsors of the talkie films, Edison took out over 3,000 patents before his death in 1931.

Recently the territory of the white Rajah of Sarawak was incorporated in the British Empire. In 1847 Rupert Brooke, the first Rajah of Sarawak, returned to England to be knighted. Son of an Anglo-Indian he had helped the Sultan of Sarawak to quell a rebellion in 1839 and thus became chieftain of the district. Since then his descendants have ruled Sarawak.

In 1847 a young Frenchman graduated from the Ecole Normale as Doctor in Sciences. Today he is chiefly remembered for the system of milk pasteurization which he discovered. His name, of course—Louis Pasteur.

UNDER 13's.

The Under 13's Provincial Cup competition with Blackrock is coming off soon. Things at the moment look blue for us as Ken Sparrow, the Captain, is ill in hospital. Still we know that the Under 13's will do well and look to them to return the Provincial's Cup to its natural home—St. Mary's.



AEOLIAN AIRS



TREES

I

They live in the living ages, those bleak barbarian trees,
 In seasons when the great storm rages, and the wild
 winds lash the seas,
 On the sides of storm-scared ridges are their black
 battalions massed,
 Some spring from the gloom of the canyon's depth free
 from the tempest's blast.

II

When the summer sun bursts forth, their foliage
 becomes perfumed,
 They then transformed and stately are, as chariot
 horses plumed,
 A whispered song whirls through their boughs, that the
 world of men may know,
 The stately tree was the first to come, and will be the
 last to go.

Leslie Downes,
 (IV. year).

SNOW

I

See, we've had a fall of snow,
 It covers all the ground,
 The biting cruel wind doth blow,
 It makes a whistling sound.

II

The countryside looks cheery,
 In its gentle coat of white
 It is said that snow is dreary
 But I think it makes things bright.

Leo Gibney,
 (II. year).

SPRING

Spring will soon be here again,
 The grass begins to grow
 The flowers will show their beauty
 Amid the sunshine's glow.

II

The birds will build their little nests
 Upon the tree tops high
 The bees will murmur 'mong the flowers
 Beneath the bright blue sky.

Charles Mills,
 (V. year).

THE QUEUER

I

The rich may drive around the town
 In limousines so sleek
 Seán Citizen must queue for trams
 Just seven days a week.

II

In hail or rain, in frost or snow
 You'll find him in the queue
 With icy blast the wind doth blow
 It makes his nose turn blue.

III

When first Seán joins the waiting throng
 Some hope lights up his eye,
 Perhaps the tram will not be long
 Perhaps the time will fly.

IV

Down falls the rain from one black cloud
 And he doth sigh like sedge
 Gloom covers all like a heavy shroud
 Upon the coffin's edge.

V

Then passes by a weary time,
 And glazed is each eye,
 A weary time, a weary time,
 How glazed each weary eye.
 When looking southward, he beholds
 A something drawing nigh.

VI

Is it a tram that nears and nears
 Along the crowded street?
 It is! It is! No more he fears
 It stops right at his feet.

VII

He puts his foot upon the step
 There's triumph in his face,
 Conductor shouts "No more, car full!"
 Seán drops back to his place.

Anthony Geoghegan,
 (V. year).

THE FLU

The 'Flu, the 'Flu,
 The ever true
 it comes from me
 And it goes to you
 If ever a thing I'd like to do
 I'd like to do away with the 'Flu.

Jim Byrne,
 (II. year).

An Ciarraigeach Mor

Tamall beag o shoin agus me ag dul tre irisleabhair miosamhail chonnachas aiste suimeamhail. Ni raibh 'san aiste ach gearrcuntas ar chuairt a thug an t-ughdhar go Doire Naoidean, tigh comhnuidhte an Chonallaigh Mhoir agus na smaointi a rith tre 'na aigne agus e a breathnu ar iarsmai an fhir mhoir. Leigheas e go cruinn agus thosnuigheas a'smaoineamh.

Anois agus aris cimid scriobhnoiri nar dhein rud ar bith ar son a dtire dhuthcais, ag maslu agus ag lochtu Dhomhnaill Mhoir Uí Chonaill. Ach feach go cruinn ar a ghníomhartha agus admhothaídh tu nar naire ar bith dho fein no do mhuintear na h-Eireann, ar dhein se. Go dtí aois an Chonallaigh bhí fir cailmheara i n-Eirinn a rinne gníomhartha a raibh eifeacht agus maitheas ionnta, ach mar sin fein, Ultaigh no Connachtaigh, laighnigh no Mumhanaigh, ab'eadh iad, agus níor oibruigheadar ach ar son a gcuide fein. Ach Eireannach a b'eadh Dhomhnaill O Conaill. D'oibruigh se are son na h-Eireann uilig agus chuaidh toradh a ghnóta cun tairbhe na tire, do Mumhanaigh comh maith is d'Ultaigh.

Mar sin de ní saothar i n-aisge duinn breathnu siar ar shaoghal agus ar bheatha Dhomhnaill Uí Chonaill, an te a bhain Saoirse Creidheamh, amach duinn a dhein trean iarracht an Reacht Aontuighthe a cur ar ceal agus nuair theip air fuair bas ar an Mor Roinn cead bliadhain o shoin ar an cuigheadh la deag de mhí na Bealtaine, bliadhain ar d'Tighearna, 1847.

Ciarraigeach a b'eadh Dhomhnaill O Conaill. Rughadh i gCaorthann e sa bhliadhain 1775. Os rud e go raibh na Pein-Dlighthé i bhfeidhm fa'n am ní h-aon amhreas gur b'eigean do dul go dtí an Mor Roinn le leigheann i sgoileanna na h-Eorpa d'fhaghail. Ar dteacht arais dho'na dhiaidh sin, chuaidh se le dligeadoireacht agus níorbh fhada go raibh se soileir do gach aoinne nach raibh a sharu le faghail i ndispoireacht no i bpleidheail.

Ní sa gairm bheatha san, amhthach, a thuill an Conallach cail agus onoir, ach 'san obair mhór san "Ceist an Creidhimh" agus "Ceist na bPein-Dlighthé." Arist bhí laoch Eireannach eile a dubhairt "Musgail do mhíneach a Banba." Ach ní cun troda ar son ri saoghalta mar Stiuirteach eigin ach cun troda ar son Saoirse Creidhimh a mhugail se muinntear na h-Eireann. Sa deire le gach Catoiliceach 'sa tir (agus roinnt mhaith Protustunaigh freisin) a cabhru leis, fuair Dhomhnaill O Conaill saoirse creidimh d'Eirinn, obair a fhaghfaidh a ainm fe gradam agus onoir i gcroidhthibh Catoilicigh na h-Eireann go deo no ndeor.

Le linn a shaoghail go leir d'oibhruigh se go dian ag cabhru le h-Eireannaigh, bocht no uasal ba cuma leis. Thuil se go leor airgid mar dligeadoir ach caith se go fialach e. Ag iarraidh saoirse eigin do Gaelaibh d'fhaghail a chaith se furmhor a shaoghail. Theip air sa deire an Reacht Aontuighthe a cur ar ceal ach ma theip air thug se a bheatha ina ionad.

Thosnuigh a shlaointe ag meath agus b'eigean do dul go dtí an Mor Roinn ar ordu a dhochtura. Do dhein se iarracht an Roimh a bhaint amharch ach i Genoa 'san t-slighe a fuair se bas, bas bronach truaighmheileach a bhí ann mar bhí fhois aige nach raibh a chuid oibre leath-criothnuighthe aige. Rud eile, bhí ceasadh na h-Eireann ag tosnu fa'n am san, bliadhain 1847, bliarhain an gorta a bhí ann.

Indiu, ce gur naire dhom a radh, ní canann Eireannaigh ach lochta an Conallaigh ach is cuma caide mar bhreathnuighimid air, fear thar laochra uilig na h-Eireann a bhí ins an Eireannach san Dhomhnaill Mor O Conaill.

G. Tannam,
(VI bl.).

Cumann Diospoireacht na Gaedhilge

Toghadh na h-oifigigh seo leanas i gcoir na bliana 1946-47.

Cathaoirleach: An t-Ath O Chinnéide, C.S.Sp.
Auditor: S. O Dubhláin.

Rúnaidhe: A Mag Eochagain.

Ar dtús ba mhaith linn fáilte a chur roimh an cathaoirleach nua, an t-Ath. O Chinnéide. Bhí cúpla díospóireacht againn cheana, agus i gcomparáid leis na blianta eile, bhí roinnt mhaith buachaillí i láthair. San chéad díospóireacht sé sin "go mbeidh coga eile againn sar a bhad" bhí furmhor na ndaltaí ar taobh an rúin. San tarna díospóireacht cailleadh an rún—"Nar cheart au t-slat a úsáid 'sna scoileanna."

Feasa tá ar aigne againn díospóireachtaí a bheith againn níos minice. Iarraimid oraibh teacht go dtí na díospóireachtaí ar son na teangan is ar bhur son féin. 'Sna díospóireachtaí go dtí seo labhair gach aoinne a bhí i láthair, acht ní raibh níos mó ná sé dhuinne déag i láthair. Dá bhrígh sin, tá súil againn go mbeidh níos mó ag na díospóireacht as go amach agus go mbeidh ana-chuid aighnis mhaithe againn.

A. Mag Eochagain,
Rúnaidhe.

The 7th Dublin Scout Unit.

In September 1941, a troop of Catholic Boy Scouts was founded in St. Mary's. The initial work was undertaken by Scout-Master Frank Purcell and the Rev. Fr. Fullen, C.S.Sp., Troop Chaplain. A Troop Committee was established which consisted of Very Rev. Fr. Walsh, C.S.Sp., President of the College, who consented to act as chairman, Mr. G. E. Condell and the Scoutmaster and Chaplain.



The Scouters and boys got down to work immediately and in November, twenty four boys were invested as Rawly Scouts. From this moment, the troop never looked back. An intensive programme of hiking and camping was got under way at once. The first Summer Camp, held in conjunction with the Blackrock Troop (77th), at St. Columba's, Navan, was an unqualified success.

Fr. Seagrave succeeded Fr. Fullen as Chaplain, the latter resigning owing to pressure of work. Meanwhile the troop was growing in spirit, tradition and numbers. On 17th March, 1943, the troop produced a play—"Tarcissus" which was very successful.

In the Autumn of 1943, the troop lost their Scout-Master Frank Purcell who resigned owing to pressure of work. This was a hard blow but luckily the troop had an able substitute in the person of Mr. D. Tannam who had joined the troop in October. Mr. Tannam threw himself whole-heartedly into the work of holding the troop together.

The summer of 1945 was marked by a very enjoyable camp held in Rathdrum and was also notable for it being the first summer that the Pack, which had been in existence for a year, went on camp. During Summer 1946, the Troop, the Pack, and the Clan were all under canvas and had on the whole a great time.

Thus the Unit, now three score strong, continues in its course, developing the physical and mental and moral qualities of its members for the service of the Greatest Scout of All.

D. Murphy,
Troop Scribe.

The Holy Childhood Association.

The Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood was founded in 1843 in honour of "The Sacred Infancy of Our Divine Saviour." Its principal object is the rescue of abandoned pagan children. St. Mary's College has a flourishing branch of the Association. All the Junior School and the younger boys of the Senior School are members, and they take a great interest in its various activities.

The increasing needs of the Association are prayers and money. In St. Mary's the members help by saying, every morning, one Hail Mary and the Invocation "Holy Virgin Mary pray for us and for all poor pagan children." They subscribe one penny every week, and any lost money which is unclaimed is put in the Holy Childhood collection box. Each year a raffle is conducted and the proceeds make a welcome addition to the funds. Another source of help is the annual operetta. For the last performance, tickets and programmes are sold and the entire sum realised is given to the Association.

The benefits for membership of the Association are many. Members share in indulgences, special Masses and the prayers and merits of thousands of missionaries. They also share in the prayers of other members and of the rescued children who are baptized and educated in the Catholic Faith.

In St. Mary's there is a Holy Childhood Rugby Cup and Cricket Shield. Competitions for these are worked on the league system and are very keenly contested. The finals are the most exciting events of the Junior School sports year and always attract many supporters.

St. Mary's, in common with many other schools all over Ireland, has a great opportunity of helping in this missionary work for which great graces are promised. "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it for one of these My least brethren you did it to Me."

Fred Kelly

(Year V, Junior School).



MAN OF THE MONTH



THE VENERABLE FRANCIS MARY PAUL LIBERMANN

Apostle of the Negro.

FEAST 2nd FEBRUARY.

Born in Saverne (Alsace) 1802, son of a Rabbi. Lost his faith in religion. Converted to the True Faith, 1826. Studied for the priesthood. Struck down by epilepsy on eve of ordination to Subdiaconate. There followed a period of intense and varied sufferings. Walked to Rome, 1840, to get permission to start Congregation for conversion of Negroes. Cured of epilepsy at Shrine of Loreto. Ordained Priest 1841. Starts his new Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. 1848 Libermann's Congregation united to the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, founded 1707 by Claude Francis Poullart des Places. Fr. Libermann died in the odour of sanctity, 2nd February 1852. Declared Venerable by Pius IX, 1876. 1910 decree issued by Holy See on the heroicity of his virtues. To-day over three thousand Holy Ghost Missionaries are engaged in the work of the conversion of the Black Race.

Francis Murphy,
(Year IV).

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

Patron of Schools.

FEAST 7th MARCH.

Born at Aquino, Italy, 1227 A.D., of noble family. Placed as a youth under care of Benedictines at Monte Cassino. His desire to join the Dominican Order violently opposed by his family. Kept prisoner for two years by his brothers in his father's castle at Rocca Secca. Escaped, and joined the Dominicans at Naples. Studied under St. Albert the Great at Cologne. Known to his fellow-students as "The Dumb Ox" Ordained Priest about 1250. He is the undisputed Master of Theology. His "Summa Theologica" a monument of Christian genius. Renowned for his learning, his purity, his holiness. Died on his way to Rome, 7th March, 1274 at the Cistercian Abbey of Fossa.

Michael Corcoran,
(Year III)

ST. JOHN BOSCO

Patron of Youth.

FEAST 31st JANUARY.

August 1815 a blue Italian sky, overhead, the village of Becchi in the foreground. In a poor peasant's cottage a child has been born. His name—John Bosco.

Again, on the hillside above Becchi, a very small boy trying hard to learn from a book. He is minding cattle which beside him look immense. Years later near Becchi, a small boy amuses his companions with his conjuring tricks and acrobatics. He keeps them from sin.

A golden moon peeping through a bedroom window—1825, finds John dreaming a strange dream—Far away in the great cities, Milan, Turin, Rome, Venice and Florence, hungry miserable homeless boys are wandering. They are given to crime. He sees them changed to beasts and realizes he must change them to lambs.

1841, at the age of 26, John is ordained. His vocation is the reclaiming of Italy's lost and fallen youth, to God.

Boys love him—why not? He loves boys. At 31 he founds the Salesian Society for the care of neglected boys.

His enemies have tried to lay him by the heels. They now try to poison him. A strange thing happens. A dog appears from nowhere. It protects him and then disappears, when danger has passed.

At 73, he sees his houses flourishing all over Italy. He is content to die.

At Turin, 1888, John Bosco lies dead. Great crowds attend his funeral. Some of his first "bad lads" are there, boys for whom he gave his life.

John O'Grady,
(Year II.)

THE HIDDEN CITY

It was a petty revolution that brought me to the jungle and wastes of Peru in South America. It was my job to track down the leader, a Col. Lopez, late of the Peru Police.

The day of my departure arrived and I found myself on the runway talking to my bat-man and pilot, Lieut. Rogan. Though I had been on many expeditions before, I could not suppress a feeling of excitement. About an hour later we took off.

We were soon high above the jungle and flying beautifully. To the West lay the glittering Pacific and to the East the long stretches of verdant jungle. Suddenly Rogan slumped in his seat. The plane fell into a steep dive. I grabbed at the joy stick and tried desperately to level off but the controls refused to respond. I got a vague feeling of despair and then everything went black.

I awoke with a terrible throbbing in my head. I discovered I was in a comfortably furnished room with draperies hanging on the walls in real Tudor tapestry. Being weak from fatigue and hunger I fell into a fitful sleep.

When I wakened again I received a bigger shock—for standing before me was a soldier such as one might read about in a book. He wore a beautiful leather jerkin fringed with gold and metal clasps. He had high boots and at his side, a short sword hung from an embroidered belt. On his head was a large helmet with the figure of a crouching lion carved on its top making it look like a Roman helmet of bygone days.

He carried a plate which he passed to me. It was filled with fruits of every variety. He, curtly, told me (in English!) to eat. With this order I ravenously complied. During my meal I tried to question him as to my whereabouts. I got but one answer. "Thou art in Maribana" he said in commanding tones. He then withdrew and I was left alone with my thoughts.

For several days I remained in that bed. The soldier brought me my food every day but he refused to speak about Maribana. Soon I was well and strong again. My guard informed me that I would be allowed to go anywhere except through one particular gate. He also told me that he must always escort me.

The following morning I set out to satisfy my curiosity about Maribana. According to orders I was escorted by the guard whose name I found

out was Seymour. The first thing I saw in Maribana was a tall church steeple. I realised then for the first time that I was in a city.

I wished to make the acquaintance of some of these strange English speaking people. So as we neared a side street I dodged down it and away from Seymour. Turning left at the bottom of the street I came upon a tavern bearing the name "Ye Olde Inn." I slipped inside. I noticed that the architecture of the building itself was a combination of Aztec and Elizabethan styles.

The men in the Inn were a fine well built lot with dark tanned faces. I got talking with an old man in the corner. By diplomatic questions and a few drinks I got him to tell me the history of Maribana. From what he said I gathered that about 1585 some English sailors, possibly under Drake, had been left in S. America and had found their way to Peru. They had intermarried with some Aztecs whom Cortez had driven from Mexico. At this moment Seymour burst into the tavern. He gripped my arm and none-too-gently brought me back to my place of confinement.

There was some trouble when we got back and I decided that to save my life I should have to escape. That night when Seymour brought in my supper I pretended to be asleep. I caught him off his guard and quickly over-powered him. Armed with his sword and my Walkie-Talkie, the only article remaining to me from the crash I made my escape.

I made for the Forbidden Gate. On opening it I found it was pitch dark beyond and at the first step I took I felt myself falling. I fell at least six feet or more before landing in the swirling waters of a fast flowing river. The river swept me through a tunnel for about three miles before I came to the open. I clambered on to the bank and found I was no longer in Maribana. With the aid of my Walkie-Talkie I contacted Stephenstown. I was soon rescued.

Nobody would believe me about Maribana, the Hidden City. I petitioned General Carruther, Governor of Stephenstown, to fit me out with an expedition. He granted my request and thus two months later I went in search of Maribana. Though we searched for three months we never found the Hidden City. It is a mystery which will never be solved—or will it?

Stephen O'Brien,
(Year V, Junior School).

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CIRCULATION PRIVATE

SUMMER TERM, 1947.

An Réalt

fé Coimisce muire Réalt na Mara.

VOL. 2 NO. 2

SUMMER TERM 1947

Editorial Committee :— G. Tannam, P. Funge, M. Clancy and J. Hughes.

AN IMPROVEMENT

Encouraged by the enthusiasm and appreciation shown by Past and Present and by all friends of the College upon the publication of our first effort last March, we present the second issue, the Summer edition of "An Réalt."

Once again the Editorial Committee have faced that heartbreak common to all of their kind—the composition of the Editorial. From under piles of rejected copy—copy written, rejected, re-written and rejected again—we have tried to select a leading article which will tell our readers anything they wish to know concerning our hopes, our methods or the extension of our aims. This has been no easy task.

We have no hesitation in claiming that this issue is an improvement in many ways on our first attempt. Most of the features have been retained but their interest has been widened. There are more articles and poems and so, we hope, something to suit everybody. For the members of Sixth Year this should be a souvenir issue as we include a photograph of the class. The Operetta group will claim attention in the Junior School while the Irish course group will recall pleasant memories.

Thus have we tried to make our publication of interest to everybody. After the first issue we received kind advice and constructive criticism and we hope we have profited by them.

The response to our appeal for matter was wonderfully answered. It looked for a short period as if the snow was still falling and that shovels would be needed to dig out the Editorial Committee. This is only as it should be. The more we get the better we like it. We want everybody to "have a go." As we have said before, a perfectly written article is not expected, but we do like to see everybody trying. The range of subjects is unlimited. You may write on anything from your pet cat to the formula for the volume of a cone. So what about it

We wish to thank Father Kennedy for his help with the photographic department. Also, Mr. Keogh for the photograph of the Operetta group. To Father Kennedy we say—"We'll call again."

All that remains to be said concerns the Sixth Year. For them this Summer Term means more than cricket, athletics and the drill display. It means the bitter-sweet experience of leaving the College and all the name connotes—the free days, the debates, the outings, the play nights and sports day.

And now An Réalt is firmly established in St. Mary's and we know the talent and ability of those coming after us will guarantee that the tradition established will be handed down and that the issues of An Réalt will get bigger and better.

ST. MARY'S MISSIONARIES

*Have you
written
yet ?*



Dublin, May 1947

MISSIONARY MAIL

Fr. Jack Branagan (St. Mary's 1926-1932) writes from St. Mary's School, P.O. Box 580, Nairobi, Kenya :

I am transferred to a native mission—about 50 miles outside Nairobi. Before taking up residence in my new mission I am to proceed to Zanzibar island—about 500 miles away—to replace a Father who has been sick for some time. At present there is difficulty about getting to Zanzibar as transport is poor. Meanwhile I stay at St. Mary's. We are in great elation here at the moment having won a boxing tournament against Prince of Wales School—the biggest boys' school in Kenya. The tournament took place in the St. Mary's boxing ring, situated in a natural amphitheatre in the grounds, in the presence of our pupils, those of Prince of Wales, and the pupils of Loretto—the last-named sporting blue and white flowers, the colours of St. Mary's—and a big number of parents. There will be danger from undue "radio-activity" round the scene of the tournament for days to come as a result of the tension and excitement of the afternoon. The boys out here can give and take an amazing amount of rough treatment in the boxing ring. Three k.o.'s. is a big proportion in a schoolboy tournament. St. Mary's morale and prestige is very high at the moment and we remain unconquered in the boxing arena.

Having been privileged to be "in" at the rebirth of St. Mary's in 1926, as a Prefect, it was a very real pleasure to visit the School twenty-one years later, to find a flourishing College with some four hundred odd boys instead of the forty odd. The welcome from staff and students alike was both cordial and sincere. The College struck me as being intensely *alive*—the many activities—apart from rugby and cricket—they were all there ; but the extra ones, particularly the St. Mary's Missionary Band, delighted the heart of one who had spent nearly thirteen years in East Africa. This idea is a grand one, and I can assure the members that we missionaries will be delighted to hear from them, to receive news of the College and to send them in return, news of our missions.

It happens occasionally, in Africa, that one visits a neighbouring mission and meets either an old St. Mary's boy or an ex-prefect, and almost the first greeting is—"Any news of the cup matches?" or, "Have you any news of St. Mary's?" This traditional and close bond of union between St. Mary's, past and present is a very real thing and immensely consoling to us missionaries in Africa. Keep it up boys, and perhaps some day, one or other, or indeed many of you, will come in person to post us up-to-date with the latest news of the old College. There is ample scope in Africa, East and West, for greater numbers, and work is as interesting—even if not without its difficulties,—as it is varied. So, how about it, lads ?

Rev. K. L. Devenish, C.S.Sp.

MISSIONARY BAND

Rev. M. Troy,

Fribourg.

17th March 1947.

Am working 62 secs. per minute. Have an important exam. in July. Was ordained Sub-Deacon on January 5th, Deacon on 22nd March and will be priest on 20th July. Am very content here—even jealous of all the snow you are having. It was too cold here for snow but we had ice and some lakes were frozen for first time in eighteen years. I have made great progress with the skating and also with the skiing during the very limited time we have for recreation.

Fr. Tom Reynolds writes from Catholic Mission, Mbutu Okohia, Werrinto P.O., Via Aba, S. Nigeria.

On St. Patrick's day, from all parts of our huge parish bands came playing in from the bush and the boys and girls from every school marched in great parades. I was really thrilled. I had thousands of children around me all dressed in their Sunday best. Then we held a huge sports meeting, and after prize-giving in the evening I got on my motor-bicycle and rode to St. Patrick's Seminary, tired but happy. This thing of getting to love Africa has caught me, even in the short time I have been here.

CINDERELLA 1947

Cinderella was seated by the radio in the drawing-room of a self-contained flat in Rathmines and was just about to listen to "Dick Barton," when "Arsenic," one of her ugly sisters popped in. She told Cinderella to shut off the Radio and mix her a "quick-one" before she went to the Lord Mayor's "hop." Her second ugly sister, "Old Lace," delt her a "clip" on the ear for reasons known only to Cinderella, her sister and the Tobacconist. The sisters caught a fourteen tram and went to the "hop" in their satin frocks and Woolworth-jewellery.

Cinderella was sitting in front of the wet turf, counting the drops as they fell on the grate. A grubby of Dutch "chocs" were at her side and as she took the final "drag" from a "Craven A" she heard a peculiar noise. On looking out the window she saw her fairy-godmother on her twin-engined broom-stick making a "three-point" landing on the fire-escape. The godmother "zoomed" in through the window and settled on the hearth. "Why art thou not cutting the rug, baby?" asked the fairy. "My sisters would not let me, and have used all my coupons," replied Cinders.

The fairy-godmother tapped a Dutch "choc" with her wand and turned it into a Chrysler

Windsor. She gave Cinderella plenty of clothes to go to the "hop," but she warned her to be home before the Rathmines Town Hall clock struck twelve.

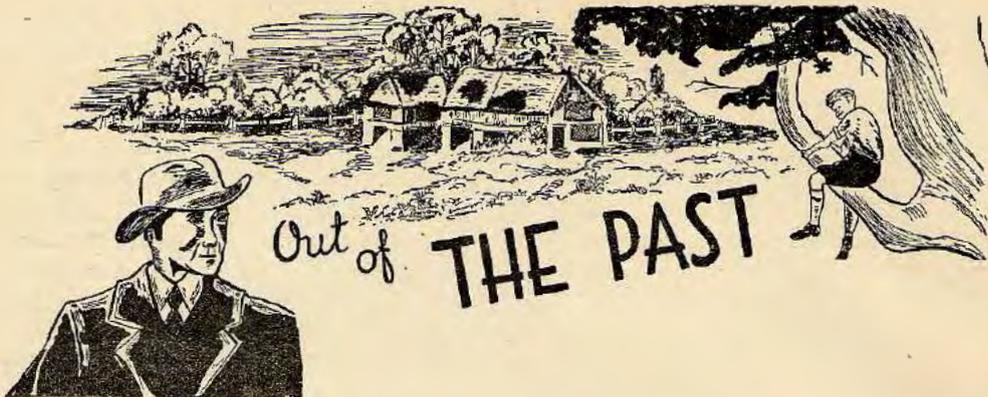
Cinderella went at a furious rate to the Mansion house taking the Dawson Street corner on two wheels. She was greeted by the Lord Mayor with whom she danced all night. As the Mansion House clock (installed recently) struck twelve she rushed out, dropping a slipper on the way. She found her limousine was gone, and she had to queue for a "fourteen."

The next day the Lord Mayor came round seeking the girl to whom the slipper belonged. The two ugly sisters hid Cinderella in the fridge. One cut off her own toe in effort to make the shoe fit. At that moment Cinderella broke out and the Lord Mayor tried the slipper on her. It fitted perfectly.

He married Cinderella, and they got a "pre-fab" in Kimmage, and there they lived happily ever after.

Leo Gibney,

(II Year).



INTERMEDIATE RESULTS 1908
St. Mary's College, Rathmines
 (From the FREEMAN'S JOURNAL)

This year, as usual, St. Mary's wins a large number of distinctions. In the Senior Grade, Magennis and Blunden carry off laurels in Literary, Mathematical, and Science Groups. Master O'Loughlin and Master Smith are no less victorious in the same groups in the Middle Grade. Masters Allen, Smith, and Brickell sustain the honour of the Juniors in the Literary Group, while C. Smith upholds the Mathematics. A Composition Prize in French is carried off by M. Lynch; his class-fellow, Master Brickell, scores more than 91 per cent. in English Composition, and takes consequently a high place among the Prizewinners. Fourteen distinctions in every Grade, and almost every Group, is a record of which even St. Mary's may feel proud.

Master C. Bergin had hard luck in being over age for Junior Grade—he gets no credit in the "Exhibition and Prize Lists" for his brilliant achievement.

This student won a First-class Exhibition in the Mathematical Group and a High Exhibition also in the Modern Group.

Dublin News.

AND NOW, WHAT OF 1947?

Note—The M. Lynch referred to above is father of Brendan Lynch, IV Year. Will history repeat itself in 1947?

—:—

The following extract from "Sense, Common-sense, and Nonsense" seems to point to a School of Equitation in St. Mary's in 1906.

Now you all know a fellow named Fry
 Who for horse flesh, has got a great eye
 But I want to know why
 He always will fly
 Right away when a horse starts to shy.

A. E. O'B.

It is a far cry from 5th year classroom to the sultry fields of Japan. Those of us who remember Alan Baker will not be surprised to hear that he is stationed in the Land of the Rising Sun. He is a member of the R.A.F. radar department there.

On his way out he spent two days at Singapore. There he went to a Chinese play of which he did not understand a word. He landed at Kure last September, and passed Hiroshima on his way to Iwakuni.

He was posted to the American Zone for special work for six weeks. Alan has experienced an earthquake which was less than seventy miles away.

At Christmas he attended Midnight Mass. He played Rugby on Christmas Day in a match—Officers v. Airmen.

To him we wish good luck and hope that it will not be long till we see him again.

We exhort the Sixth Year students leaving this year to join the Past Pupils' Union. Remember it is **your** Union. So it is up to you to support it.

We note, with interest, the retirement of Mr. Seamus O Braonáin, Director of Broadcasting. Mr. O Braonáin who is a past pupil of St. Mary's and a keen Irish scholar leaves behind him a record of devotion and courage.

May we wish 'good luck' to Jim Reardon who is going to Switzerland to compete there in an athletic meeting.

U. O'Connor.

"A ROYAL JESTER"



OPERETTA

This year the Junior School Dramatic Society added to their long list of successes with a fine performance of "A Royal Jester."

First on the list for congratulations must come Fr. Gilmore who put a tremendous amount of work into the production. Mr. Carragher and Mr. Shine must also be congratulated and thanked as Fr. Gilmore's assistants.

The production, setting, lighting and make-up, particularly that of the ladies of the chorus, were excellent. Nor must we forget to thank our faithful friends, the Orchestra,—Mrs. Moore, Miss M. Mullally, Miss P. Mulally and Mr. B. Woodcock.

The singing all round was good and the chorus work was particularly so. Outstanding in an outstanding performance were Phil Brady who sang beautifully; C. Brennan whose acting as the Lord Chancellor was refreshingly natural; Joe Wood gave a fine account of himself as Commander of the Army; D. Cantwell as Admiral of the Fleet; E. O'Toole was a charming princess and A Bushnell gave a spirited performance as Puck, the Spirit of Mirth.

Thanks, Juniors, for a very enjoyable evening.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A PET MOTH

I

Once I had a little pet
It was a small, black moth
And it was known to all the boys
As Brendan's little Black Spot.

II

No mate, no comrade Blackie knew
He dwelleth inside a chest
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Upon a woollen vest.

III

This story, you see
Is in the past tense
That's because my Black Spot
Jumped over the fence.

IV

He crossed the path, he made the road
He wandered up and down
And many a hill did Blackie climb
But never reached the town.

V

A lorry driver came along
He did not see my moth
He passed our house and left behind
An ever-widening blot.

VI

Next day I found his footmarks
I tracked them one by one
Into the middle of the road
And further there were none.

B. Gallagher (II. Year)



ON LETTERS TO THE NEWSPAPERS

Whatever genius first thought of writing letters to the Editor was obviously not on the staff of any newspaper. Day after day, the offices are flooded with letters about the fourteen trams, a lost pokenese, the many and varied faults of the Government, and any other grouse which comes to mind.

One of the most frequent of letter-writers is our friend "paterfamilias." This gem of humanity is certainly ubiquitous. He lives in Dalkey, Rathgar, Drumcondra, and in all the other suburbs. He has even been known to write from the country.

His choice of subjects is very varied. One day, from Terenure, he will complain about fish queues. The next day, having moved to the ancient and historical district of Ringsend, he will give vent to his feelings on such matters as the smoke from the Pidgeon House. Truly, the voice of the people.

Robust arguments often start between readers whose views differ somewhat. I know one individual who derives great pleasure from sending in a letter one day and sending another next day contradicting himself. This has gone on for days. Ah! Strange are the ways of human nature. A most interesting section of the letters is the Canine Corner. The following is a sample of the usual type found therein :-

"Dear Sir,

I am sore distressed as I have lost my dear little doggie. He is very small, with beautiful silky hair, a soft nose, and the cutest little tale (he looks so sweet when he wags it). He answers to the name of "Snookie Wookie," (it is written on his collar). He was lost somewhere near Harold's Cross, as he jumped off a moving bus about there.

I will be very grateful for the return of the dear little doggie.

Johanna Ukeria Peabody.

P.S.—If anyone finds Snookie Wookie, he likes a rasher and egg for his dinner, with a marsh-mallow on top."

The next day is likely to produce another letter something like this :-

42 Larkfield Avenue,
Harold's Cross.

"Dear Sir,

Sad to say, I have found the animal which your correspondent, Miss Peabody, has lost. (Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the said animal found me).

I was alighting from a bus yesterday, when this small woolly bundle attached itself viciously to my trouser-leg. Same trouser-leg is now past repair. This animal came into my house and would not leave. He sat on the kitchen table for some time, and grinned, (or whatever dogs do when they are amused). He then proceeded to oscillate his appendage (that act referred to by Miss Peabody as being so cute), and knocked over the milk jug.

Trusting your correspondent will call for this thing, as soon as possible. She shall then be presented with the bills which her pet has incurred.

John O'Neill."

And so dogs are lost, dogs are found, governments are blamed, governments are praised, trams come (even fourteens, now and then) and trams go, but letters to the Editor go on for ever.

Valentine J. Joyce, (V Year).

ON DRILL

When I consider how my time is spent
On Friday Afternoons at half past four
When to the College Hall we boys are sent
To crawl and jump like insects on the floor.
To grow large muscles drill we have to do ;
We run and spring so lightly round the hall
Obedient to the stern stentorian call.
And when I feel, fair exercise of bliss
That of thy joys I'll not partake ere long
For when in Sixth Year sadly shall I miss,
That happy hour, when mixing with the throng
We drilled so freely to our heart's content
And longed to linger when the school bell went.

Frank Fennell, (Year V).

ROUND AND ABOUT

Croquet

Croquet has been started again in St. Mary's and is being played by a large number of Juniors. This ancient and popular game bids fair to outdo the honourable sport of marbles. A league has been formed and Matches are arousing tense excitement.

New method of choosing essay. Seen at Easter Exams. Place names of essays on pieces of paper and hey presto!—Pick your choice.

School of Equitation

In the gymkana held in Miss Kellett's, we note that Henry O'Kelly got First Place in the Musical Chairs (Junior), and that in the Senior Jumping Niall Doherty and Paddy O'Kelly tied for Third Place.

Three Film Shows were held in the College last winter. Films shown were "The Tower of London," "Oh, Mr. Porter," and "Captain Fury" as well as many educational shorts.

Sixth Year Students noted with interest that Gerry (Dempsey) and Dizzie (Tannam) paid a visit to a well-known Dublin theatre recently.

We are interested to know what others think of An Réalt. After the write-up Argus gave us in the Herald, we had nearly all to go out and get hats a few sizes bigger. Thanks, Argus!

Father Kevin Devinish who was a prefect in St. Mary's from 1926-28 is home again after spending thirteen years in East Africa and Ethiopia. We welcome him back and thank him for the interesting lecture he gave us, and the nice things he said about An Réalt, particularly about the Missionary Band.

The return of Fr. Devinish brings to mind the successes of his old school, St. Mary's, Port-of-Spain, in the recent Cambridge Higher School Certificate Examinations. It won 17 of the first 21 places in the three groups,—Modern Studies, Mathematics and Science.

St. Mary's is the largest secondary school in the Caribbean. It has more than 1,500 pupils on the rolls. The Principal is Very Rev. Dr. J. J. Meenan, B.Sc., Ph.D. who is a native of Belfast.

Legion of Mary

On Ascension Thursday, 15th May, twenty legionaries, Father Murray and Father Kennedy and three prefects Messrs. O'Mahony, Jenkinson and Fitzgerald set out for Navan on the annual legion outing. The trip was such a success that it has been proposed to hold another.

We exhort the legionaries who are leaving school this year to join the Senior Praesidium and thus continue their work for Mary.

Children of Mary

On Sunday, 18th May at 7 p.m. the Children of Mary Reception was held. About twenty were received. Old members renewed their promise.

Tennis has been started again in the College. Though the court is not exactly up to Wimbledon standard it serves the purpose, and it is noticed that many seniors are taking advantage of it. Great credit must go to Mr. Fitzgerald for reviving a game which was once very popular in St. Mary's

Professor: What did Shelley mean when he wrote—

"A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed one too like thee"?

IV Year Student: Time is getting me down.

We want to thank Des. Dempsey for the great help he gave us with the selling of An Réalt. Des. is certainly a salesman. We are very grateful too to Mr. Shine who disposed of so many copies among the Juniors.

This year a retreat for 5th and 6th years will be held for the first time. It is to be held on Sunday, 1st June. An t-Athair Mac Aodhagain, who is well known in Gaelic circles and who is, at present, adding sub-titles to the new French picture "Les Enfants du Paradis," is to conduct the retreat.

P. Funge,
(VI Year).

We wish to express our sincere sympathy to David Judge and his family on their recent sad bereavement. R.I.P.



RUGBY RETROSPECT

Another year has passed, and the cups have not returned to St. Mary's. Yet it must be said that both Seniors and Juniors maintained the high standard and tradition of St. Mary's in the cup matches.

The Seniors covered themselves with glory, and confounded the critics in their match with Blackrock (Leinster Cup Finalists). The result, 10-3, might have been a lot closer.

The play of the forwards was amazing. When one considers their lack of weight and height, one marvels even more. They were beaten in the tight, but made up for it by their great play in the loose. Particularly noticeable were Nickie Corrigan, who had a great game; Dermot Ryan in the line-out, and the two wing-forwards, Bartholomew Fitzsimon and Michael Clancy.

Of the backs we feel we must mention Gerry Fearon (captain) for his super crash-tackling at centre, and John Hughes, out-half, for some grand hard runs, and a good penalty.

The J.C.T. had an easy, but not very glorious victory over C.B.S., Dun Laoghaire, in the first round of the Junior Competition. In the second round they drew with Belvedere. In the replay they had the misfortune to have five of the regulars off. These included the centre and captain, Tom Nolan.

Great credit must go to the subs. who came on at the last moment. Let it be said that not one of them let down the side. Rarely before, we think, has any Junior as small as Jim Byrne played in a J.C.T. Cup Match. Donnybrook to him must have looked like the wide open spaces of the prairie.

Among the forwards, John Corrigan and John McLaughlin were outstanding. They were here, there, and everywhere. At scrum-half Michael O'Dwyer had a great game, and crowned it by battling his way over for a grand try. Kerry O'Rourke converted from a difficult angle.

Under 13's and Holy Childhood League.

Owing to the bad weather both the Provincial's Cup for Under 13's and the Holy Childhood League had to be cancelled this year.

Myles Cousins,
(VI Year).

* * * * *

BOXING

The Boxing Club is well under way, though of late, the number present has decreased slightly. This may be due to the call of cricket and athletics. The members are very enthusiastic. Frank Fennell, who carries a very heavy punch, and the very elusive Mick Clancy, are very much to the fore. John Hughes is also very promising. Other noteworthy members are J. Corrigan, B. Gogan, D. O'Connell, and N. Downes. The Club of course, is under the direction of Mr. Frank Cooper. Mr. Fitzgerald also lends an able hand.

Myles Cousins,
(VI Year).

* * * * *

SWIMMING CLUB

Two years ago, a swimming club was formed in St. Mary's. Teams have since been entered for the Leinster Schools Competitions. Unfortunately, the only available baths are Blackrock, and this is rather a long journey after school hours. Still, nothing daunts our swimmers, and despite the difficulties, they manage to get in quite a fair amount of practice.

There are many promising swimmers in the College, especially in second and third year. It is to be hoped that they will be given the opportunity to improve their swimming by competitions. They know that as well as improving their own style and prowess, they are also bringing glory to St. Mary's in yet another branch of sport. So take the plunge, swimmers!

Don O'Connell,
(V Year).

* * * * *

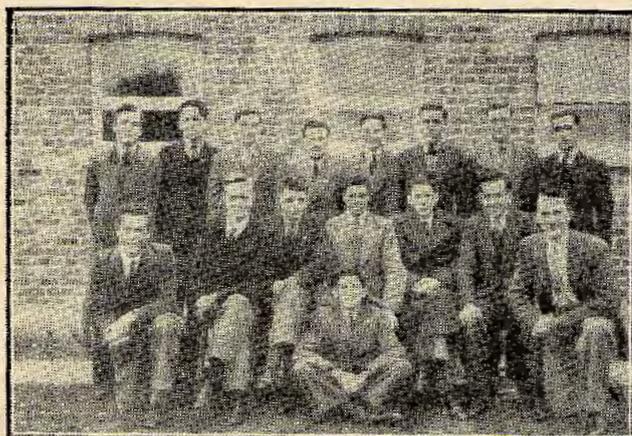
SNOW

See the little snow-flakes
Falling from the sky!
On the walls and house-tops
Soft and thick they lie.
On the window ledges,
On the branches bare,
See how fast they gather,
Filling all the air.

Look into the garden
Where the grass was green,
Covered now by snow-flakes
Not a blade is seen.

P. Fitzpatrick,
(Year 1).

SIXTH YEAR 1946-47



Standing : E. Moore, J. Ahearn, D. Dempsey, G. Tannam,
J. Drumm, J. Kavanagh, M. Cousins, P. Funge.
Seated : B. Fitzsimon., J. Graham, J. Walsh, C. Cairns,
P. McCarthy, D. Murphy, D. Ryan, J. Doolan.

ATHLETICS

Once again it is time to hang up the football gear and turn to Summer Sports. For most of us Summer sports and athletics are synonymous. All our athletes have been training hard. Great credit for this is due to Father Segrave whose stamina seems unlimited, Mr. O'Mahony and Mr. Fitzgerald who have been looking after the shot and discus training and Mr. Cunningham who has been supervising the jumping.

In the senior division we are rather weak. The items will be contested mainly by 5th year students. Cyril White looks an automatic choice for the 100 yards and the 220 yards. John O'Brien with his fine stride, looks cut out for a half-miler. John Hughes seems booked for the high jump and possibly the long. The shot will probably be put by Frank Fennell. Probable starters in the discus are Myles Cousins and Nicholas Corrigan.

We have a very strong Intermediate team, with Tony Geoghegan and Des Mulligan for the sprints, John Hughes and Gearoid Lynch in the high jump and probably John Hughes, who looks like having a busy time at the long jump. Michael Clancy seems good for his place in the shot.

In the Junior our forecast is that Niall Geoghegan will represent us.

To all out athletes we wish good-luck.

M. Clancy,
(V. Year).

To those leaving College this year we wish God's blessing in the careers they have chosen. We know that they will always remain good Catholics, good Irishmen and a credit to St. Mary's.

Go n'espóir a mbótar leo.

CRICKET

Senior Team

Captain : J. Hughes.

This year the Senior Team is rather weak. There are very few cricketers in the senior classes and consequently the team is very young. The bowling of G. Duffy, Gerry Drumm and Kerry O'Rourke is quite good.

The Seniors have a programme of matches with first class teams. Already they have met and were defeated by Phoenix. They have, however since beaten Belvedere. In the First Round of the Cup they were defeated by Masonic.

Junior Team

Captain : Kerry O'Rourke.

The Junior Team is exceptionally strong this year. I. Duff, Junius Horne and Bernard O'Kelly are very prominent. The Juniors have defeated both Blackrock and St. Andrew's decisively.

We look forward to seeing them in their cup matches.

Under Fourteen

Captain : I Duff.

This Under Fourteen's is probably the strongest team in the College this year. Prominent members are Ian Duff, Bernard O'Kelly (both of whom are on the Junior Team) and Noel Farreley.

Finally a word about the training. We must congratulate Fr. Barry. He gives to the teams all his time and really deserves more praise than can be given him.



AEOLIAN AIRS



ACCORDING TO THE BOOK

(From a magazine published by the American Province of the Holy Ghost Fathers).

I

Junior bit the meter-man—Junior
Kicked the cook
Junior's "antisocial" now—'cording
To the Book.

II

Junior smashed the clock and lamp
Junior hacked the tree
"Destructive trends are treated
In Chapters II and III."

III

Junior threw his milk at mom
Junior screamed for more
"Notes on self-assertiveness,
Appendix, Chapter IV."

IV

Junior set Dad's pants on fire
Salted Grandpa's Schnapps—
"That's to gain attention"
Quote from Dr. Grapps.

V

Grandpa seized a slipper
Slapped Junior 'cross his knee
Grandpa hasn't read a book
Since 1893.

—C.S.Sp.

ON, ON, WE GO

Laughter in our youthful days,
Careless thoughts and smiling ways,
Giving and receiving praise;
On, on, we go.

But later as the years roll by,
When comes the sorrow and the sigh,
Our thoughts then go to Him on high
On, on, we go.

N. Stannton,
(I Year).

THE JOLLY SCHOOLBOY

The jolly, jolly schoolboy
Has nothing else to do
But tackle little problems
Where "x" will equal two.
So everyone will tell you,
Alas! they do not know,
A schoolboy really is a saint,
Except for the halo.

T. O'Brien,
(Year I).



THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

When I consider how my light is spent,
That light that should have lasted until May
But has been burnt, the quota ebb'd away
Now useless gadgets in the house are pent.

With grief my garments then I could have rent
But that they were in rags this many a day,
And now not e'en one solitary ray,
From E.S.B. will show each tear, each rent.

I cried aloud but saw 'twas in vain,
Four weeks of utter gloom, of dark, of shade,
Yea, death-like darkness round me for a moon.
The humble candle I will not disdain
Those candles 'neath the counter now are laid,
In my sore plight they'll be a priceless boon.

Notes for the student

Line 4: This line refers to the switches, bells, electric heaters, radios, etc. worked on E.S.B. power.

Line 6: This would seem to show that the poet was short of either cash, or coupons C and D.

Line 13: Historians relate that unscrupulous shopkeepers did not hesitate to conceal goods from their customers reserving them for the more favoured ones in this way.

Line 14: "In my sore plight"—the poet expresses no hope for the future. His sonnet ends on the gloomy note with which it began.

J. Ahearn, (Year VI).

Slán agat a Coláiste Muipe !

440 Meádon Fómhair, 1941. Nac maic ip cuimhin liom an lá úr. Mé ag torthú ar Meádon Scoilurdeáct. Bí pé rocuigíte roim pé gur ar Coláirte Muipe a déanpaim ppearal nuair do beáó epioénuigíte agam ra Dun-Scoil.

Buacailli eile de'n eom-aoir pan halla liom. Saé duine aca pcamtead eaglaé: Saé mac maíar ag baint lám a dá pul ar saé duine eile. Buacailli beaga—briúci gearra orra—saé agharó bog epioceannac, iad ag rimaimead ar an pé bliadain iómpa—cao do buadórad air maí epuadótan.

Do pleannuig an t-am eóin taparó le gluairéadé peilimíde go dtí an céad Noúlaig. An céad Noúlaig, an céad peparóú, an céad tuaparébáil. Teapma in úiaró teapma. Scpúoi i noúlaró peparóú. Bliadain i noúlaró bliadóna

1945: Ceitpe bliadóna ipciú anoir—peparóú na meádon teipiméipeadéa. Táimro ag dul ar agharó. D'imtiú an t-am níor taparóla agur tá veipe an cúppa pphóirte agaimn anoir.

Agur nac aoirbinn an paogal do bí agaimn: pcata pcpóirpéipi a bí ánn an lá úr i Meádon Fómhair 1941. Scata cáirde atá annpó anoir dipróict móp eadpaimn ip an pcata eile pan halla an lá úr. Culaic ppi ar saé duine—gur ppi aige—pian an pápúpi ar saé agharó.

Ma bíomair dubaé bpdónac ar an gcéad Lá i gColáirte Naomh Muipe duinn, an mbeimíro ar a málaipre do epóirde agur pinne ag imteadé do'n uair veipeannac ar an gceata. Ní beimíro—beimíro epom epóirdeac air. Bí potain agaimn ó gaoé nimneac an domain—deag-éomairle na pasair ip na máigipití tuairde le págail ann. Saé duine poróneac—ip le déannaiúge do túigeamair com poróneac ip do bí saé orde—gan eíor, eáir, ná caú oraimn.

Caitpimíro agharó a tabairt ar an paogal móp anoir—an paogal móp leatán paiping atá taob amúig de fallai an Coláirte. Duairpimíro le eéile i gComluéct na Seana-Scoláipi. Go raib an raé ag pú oraimn ar paó—go raib an raé ag pú ar an gColáirte. Go dtuillíro saé pcoláipe 1941-47 epieadmaínt do'n oileamaint do puair pé ann. Go leanaíro pé deag-tpéitpe na bpéinne agur go dtairbeanaó pé “glome a gcpóirde agur neairt a ngéag agur beairt do péip a mbriatár.” Tap éeann saé uile níó go raib saé duine úilip do'n épíeodam. Slán agat a Coláirte Naomh Muipe.

Seán Ó h-Eiléitígeipin (VI. dl.)



An Cúppa Saéoilge

Bionn Cúppa Saéoilge ra Coláirte saé Saípaó. San cúppa ppeirialta peo, gérbeann na buacailli peapó pé leit eun blar agur liomháct na tceangan o'págail.

O'éipis go maic leip an cúppa anuparó. Bí roip pearga agur peact-moúga buacailli ag ppearal air. Saéoilg ar paó a bí á labairt ann. Do bí m. Uapal de nógla, m. Uapal Mac Caba agur m. Uapal Ó Duada, eaimntéop outeair, i gceannar na h-oibre. Do bí an cúppa ar piubal ar pead tpi peactmáine.

De báipi na gcuiprai peo tá peabap móp tagairde ar ann Saéoilg ra Coláirte agur ip beag duine a ppearail orra nac péioip compiáó puimeamháil do eóiméao ar piubal.

— m. hoetop (iv dl.)

THE BAKER'S ADVICE

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor Mr. A. E. O'Brien from "Sense, Commonsense, and Nonsense" a school magazine brought out in St. Mary's forty years ago)

Our local baker is a 'self made' man and as he is still working his way up the ladder of success may be termed 'self-rising'.

When I paid him a visit this week, he was inclined, at first, to be a bit 'crusty.' This I soon checked by making a few 'cutting' remarks which not only silenced him but forced him to display the 'softer' side of his nature. As he is a man who likes to talk about himself (a rare thing to meet these days!) he was quite delighted when he heard the object of my call and said he would be only too glad to give any little advice to those starting on a commercial career.

His idea is that all young men must needs 'roll' up their sleeves and 'ensconce' themselves at their desk ready for all work no matter how 'hard the tack' may be. Above all they must not give up their days to 'loafing' or they will never make a decent 'turn over' in the year. Never delay when any progressive movement is started but always see that you are in the 'van'. Stick to these principles and you will find the profits rolling in in abundance (nothing to do with the 'cakewalk'). When necessary you must be prepared to eat 'humble pie' but don't let your meekness be 'overdone'. On the other hand no matter how 'hot' or 'cross' you may be don't make 'tart' replies. When he started to explain that 'half a loaf is better than no bread' I left, but as I hurried through the door I heard him mutter 'that what is bread in the oven comes out in the van'.

The above is only an outline of what he said as his language was altogether too 'flowery' to reproduce here.

* * * * *

FLOWERS

I

Flowers in the garden
Plums upon a tree,
The plums for my father,
But the flowers for me.

II

Some like the tulip,
Some like the rose,
But I think the lily
Is the fairest flower that grows.

P. SHIEL,
(I Year)

CONTEMPLATION

(From the French of Baudelaire).

Be prudent, O my anguish, do not weep.
The evening you entreat; behold it looms,
Enveloping the town in sombre glooms,
To some it brings sad cares, to others, sleep.

Whilst mortal men go forth, a wretched heap,
Beneath the hangman Pleasure's whip of doom,
To find remorse in merry-making's tomb,
My Anguish come to me. Then with me creep

Far, far away.—There in the sky the years
Deceased are learning in their robes of cloud
And from the sea Regret is brought all smiles.
Beneath the rainbow sleeps the sun with fears.
My Anguish, listen. Like a winding shroud
Advances night so fragrant, sweet and mild.

D. J. DEMPSEY,
(VI Year).

* * * * *

DID YOU KNOW THAT

The marble lining the walls of University Church was presented to Cardinal Newman by Pope Pius IX?

The Irish Free State Constitution was first framed in a room in the Shelbourne Hotel in June 1922?

Percy B. Shelly stayed at No. 17 Grafton St., when he visited Dublin in 1812?

Thomas Davis died at 68 Lower Baggot St.?

Richard B. Sheridan was born at No. 12 Dorset Street in 1751?

St. Patrick's Hospital for mental cases was founded by Dean Swift?

Soda water was invented by a Dublin medical student—Augustine Thwaite?

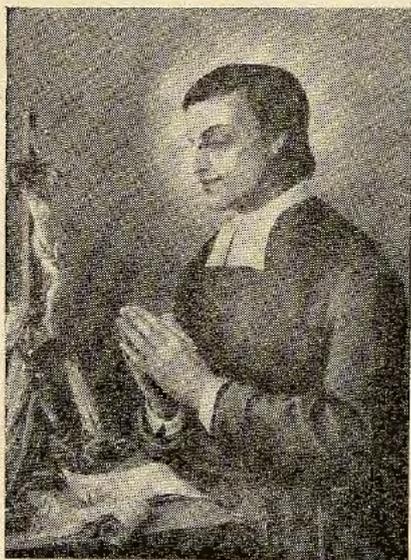
The Honorary Freedom of the City of Dublin was conferred on Ulysses S. Grant, Ex-President of U.S.A. in 1878?

At No. 78 Grafton Street there was a school at which Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Thomas Moore, Robert Emmet, George Petrie and the Duke of Wellington were pupils?

Trinity College has a library in which there are 450,000 books?

Nicholas Corrigan,
(IV Year).

MAN OF THE MONTH



Blessed Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort

On the last day of January 1673, a son was granted by God to a lawyer, in a little town in Brittany called Montfort-la-Cane. He was called Louis, his surname—Grignon. His mother was a most pious woman and the religious air of the household caught and held Louis. Even before he was eight years of age he said the Rosary daily. His piety and devotion to Our Lady gradually influenced his schoolmates.

At twelve he was sent to the Jesuit College at Rennes. He was an earnest student and for many years held first place in class. While at school he manifested charity, gentleness and love of the poor.

Here he felt a calling to the priesthood, but alas, the lack of money hindered the continuation of his studies. He walked to Paris and in 1695 entered a seminary. He became more and more attached to the devotion to Our Lady, whose name he had taken in confirmation. He was ordained on June 5th, 1700, and seven days later said his first Mass at Our Lady's Altar.

He began his priestly career in Nantes and from there he moved to Poitiers. He tended the sick and taught the poor whom he considered his masters.

On 2nd February, 1703 he founded his "Daughters of Wisdom." He aroused great

hostility against himself because he preached the doctrine of frequent communion.

In the Lent of 1706 he set out for Rome on foot. He had no money and depended solely on charity. Four months later he reached his destination. The Pope confirmed his doctrines and on returning to France he again pleaded for devotion to the Rosary.

He died in 1716 and left behind three organisations or orders: "Brothers of the Holy Spirit," "Daughters of Wisdom," and the "Company of Mary."

These extended far and wide and the reasons for his great success are, his fasting, prayers and above all his devotion to Our Lady.

Blessed Louis is to be canonised in July.

John O'Grady,
(II Year).

—:—

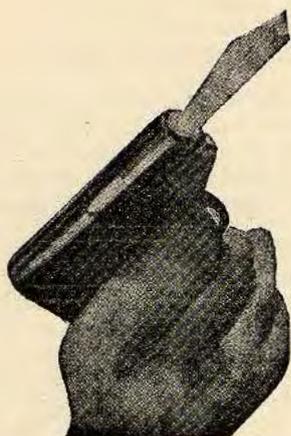
ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA Feast Day—21st June

St. Aloysius was born in 1567 and was of royal birth. He was heir to vast estates in Italy and was brought up amidst the greatest splendour of that time. But Aloysius was not impressed by all the pomp and riches which surrounded him. From his earliest years he sought solitude in prayers and preferred the company of his Sacramental Lord to the gay company of court life. Our Lady was particularly dear to him. It is little wonder then that Aloysius decided to give up this world to become a Jesuit priest, which he did in spite of strong opposition from his father, who had hoped Aloysius would one day take his place as head of the noble Gonzaga family.

Following his ordination Aloysius continued to lead a life of penance and prayer. He contracted his last illness while nursing the plague-stricken and died at the early age of 23. He is numbered amongst God's saints in Heaven and is recognised as one of the Patrons of Youth.

Patrick Loughrey,
(II Year).

THE PERFECT CRIME



The little man took one of the cigarettes Magee handed him, lit it and blew a cloud of smoke.

"The other night you were speaking of the perfect crime. I understood that you have little confidence in them," he said.

Magee replied with a nod. "Professor," he said "crooks have been trying to pull off a faultless job as far back as I can remember. I don't think it has been pulled off yet."

"But you believe it can be done?"

"Maybe."

The professor flicked the ash from his cigarette. "An idea occurred to me for a bank robbery. Perhaps you can tell me where the faults lie."

"Sure, I'll pull it to bits" Magee replied confidently.

"Let's say I studied theatrical make-up and practised it until I could disguise myself with a beard, a moustache and an artificial limp so that it would pass even the closest scrutiny.

The banker is seated in a swivel chair. The lower part of the window is covered with a lace curtain so that the people passing outside cannot see in. At the top, there is a large expanse of uncovered window. Most banker's rooms are like that.

All right, I walk in and introduce myself under an assumed name."

"Sure."

"We sit down and I tell him the sum of money I want. He thinks of course, I am speaking of a loan."

"Nacherly" Magee said. "But professor you got it all wrong. If your going to rob a place you don't shake hands with the guy. How you gonna scare him into giving you a wad of dough if you don't wave a "heater" in his face?"

"Easy enough. A person can be as easily frightened by something he can't see, but thinks is there, as by something he can see."

"I see whacha mean" Magee grinned.

"I ask him to observe a certain window on the second floor of the building opposite. I say a confederate of mine is behind that window with a rifle aimed at him. If he makes a single move or if I give a signal,—he will be killed instantly.

"If he makes a foolish move and gets shot" continues the professor, "then I have papers in my pocket to prove that I was only paying a business call when the shot was fired from outside."

Magee interrupted him. "But professor these banks have got push buttons in the floor, so that all the guy has to do is push 'em and the whole joint is swarming with cops. They are connected with the nearest copshop."

"I'd have anticipated that too. I would tell him that my friend has a short-wave radio and he would shoot at the first sound of alarm."

"But you gotta make a get-away," Magee reminded him.

"I'd fix that too, I'd tell him not to move for ten minutes after my departure or my confederate would shoot. I would then leave, plus the money, discard my disguise nearby and mingle with the crowd."

"That beats anything I ever heard of" Magee exclaimed. "Bust open a bank without even carrying a gun."

"Oh yes, guns are not needed at all."

"No gun!! What about the guy across the road?" "He, too, could be imaginary. He needn't be seen to be feared."

"What an idea! It just couldn't miss," Magee whispered softly.

"As a matter of fact, I put it to a test," the professor said carelessly.

"Man alive! What happened?"

"Every detail was planned to perfection."

"Gee, I bet you had him dead scared."

"He was scared all right almost petrified with fear when I warned him about the button."

"How come?"

The professor slowly walked over to the barred window of the cell.

"He had already pushed it" he said.

K. Sparrow.
(III Year).

PAST PUPILS' SUCCESSES

Congratulations to our Past Students who obtained so many and such varied distinctions in 1946.

Dr. Tom Lynch, 1st place, 1st class hon. College of Surgeons, Macnaughton Jones Medal and Council's Prize.

Dr. Stafford Adye-Curran, College of Surgeons.

Dr. Noel Becker, U.C.D.

Dr. Brendan O'Sullivan, Medical Society's Medal & More-O'Ferrall Medical, U.C.D.

Dr. Pat Sullivan, U.C.D.

Tom Kearns, B.E., U.C.D.

Brendan Lynch, B.E., U.C.D.

Charles Dillon, 1st place, 1st class hon. 3rd Year Engineering, U.C.D.

Sean Coakley, 1st place, 1st class hon. 1st Year Engineering, U.C.D.

Denis Holmes, 1st place, 1st class hon. M.A., U.C.D.

Pat. Seery, Hons. B.A. in Mental and Moral Philosophy, U.C.D.

Reg. Redmond, B.Comm., Commerce Society's Gold Medal for Oratory, U.C.D.

Michael MacCormac, 1st place, 1st class hon. 2nd year Commerce, U.C.D.

Maurice Corrigan, 2nd place 2nd year Commerce, U.C.D.

Pat Byrne, 3rd place 2nd year Commerce, U.C.D.

Russel Murphy, 2nd Place in Ireland, Final Examination in Accountancy.

Terry Coveny, Final Examination in Accountancy.

Harry, Lynch, 5th place in Ireland, Final Examination in Law.

Bernard O'Kelly, Final Examination in Law.

Lieut. Charles Cullen.

Lieut. Dermot Kehily.

Among the Results of Banking Examinations just published we noticed :

Diploma in Foreign Exchange : 2nd prize, J. Meany, Hibernian Bank, Navan.

Voluntary Subjects : 1st in French, J. Meany, Hibernian Bank, Navan.

Congratulations, Jack !

MY PET

I

I have a cat, and her name is Fluff.
And when I once gave her a pinch of snuff,
She started sneezing all over the house,
And did not stop till she caught a mouse.

II

One day she did a most foolish thing,
She started to play with a ball of string.
The string came unwound, and she ran round
the place,
And she left the drowing-room in a disgrace.

DENIS McARDLE,

ELO
PRESS

GENERAL PRINTERS

48 REUBEN AVENUE

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PHONE 51257

TO THE PAST PUPILS

In these times of high prices it is only natural that the production costs of a magazine like An Réalt are very high. While there is great enthusiasm amongst the Present it is to the Past we look for monetary support.

The Annual Subscription for three issues is 3/-. Orders may be sent to Sales Manager, St. Mary's College, C.S.Sp., Rathmines. An official receipt will be sent to all subscribers.

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AN
RÉALITÉ



*A Magazine published by the students
of St. Mary's College, C.S.Sp., Rathmines.*

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An Réalt

fé Coimirce muire Réalt na Mara.

VOL 3.

CHRISTMAS-TERM 1947

Editorial Committee :— J. Hughes, M. Clancy, V. Joyce and L. Downes.

VALE 1947.

What are the landmarks in a schoolboy's year? Put the question to that Senior sauntering up the avenue or put it to the Junior rounding the corner on his tricycle. The answer from both will likely be the same: Free days, Cup Matches, Examinations, the Annual Retreat, the Sports, Prize day. In regard to these 1947 has been kind to us. May 1948 be as generous.

Nature played her part in providing us with a few extra free days. That snow was the kindest we have had for many a long year. Truly it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

The results of the examinations were gratifying. So too, was the free day that followed. Some students thought they deserved a week !!!

Our Annual Retreat was conducted by Rev. Fr. Harris, C.S.S.R. It was highly successful. We thank Fr. Harris for all his kindness to us. The week-end Retreat in June for Fifth and Sixth years was conducted by Fr. Egan, C.S.Sp. It too was a great success thanks in great measure to Fr. Egan's tireless zeal and sympathetic understanding.

An innovation this year was the running of the College Sports on two consecutive Saturdays. The Senior's sports were held on the first Saturday and the "Giants" had theirs on the second day.

Once again Nature turned up trumps and both days enjoyed very fine weather.

Prize Day and the Junior operetta were run concurrently. The latter was a great success—one of the best produced in St. Mary's.

May we be pardoned if we mention the birth of "An Réalt" as one of the big events of 1947. We are grateful to our predecessors for having taken the plunge and for having shown us the way. Let us hope that "An Réalt" has come to stay. If you have any suggestions to make as to how this Magazine might be improved we shall be very glad to hear them. To all who contributed stories, articles, poems to this edition of "An Réalt" we say thank you. Without your co-operation there could be no An Réalt.

We wish to thank also the firms that gave us advertisements, and we ask our readers to support them.

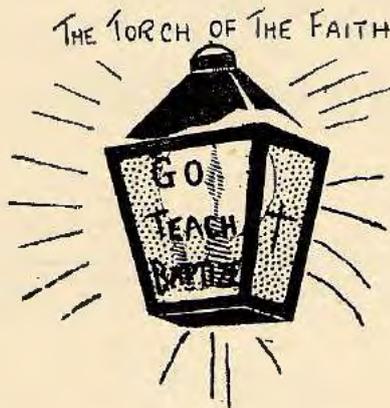
And so we come to the end of 1947. Good old 1947 !! We shall remember you with gratitude. May your successor, 1948, be as propitious to St. Mary's.

To all our readers we wish

Go mbronnadh fóragán Sonar 7 Sean Opaib

We have received the "Rock" and Rockwell Annal, which we acknowledge with thanks.

ST. MARY'S MISSIONARIES



As was stated in the first number of *An Réalt*, the object of the St. Mary's Missionary Band is to keep the Present and Past students in touch with St. Mary's boys and prefects, who as priests, are now working in the missions.

Anybody wishing to write to a friend in Africa, can obtain the address of his friend in the first number of *An Réalt* or by applying to the Editor.

In the ordinations to the priesthood of July, 1947, I notice that Fr. Ivan Galt, who was a prefect not so long ago in St. Mary's was ordained in Fribourg in Switzerland. Ordained with Fr. Galt was Fr. Lia-Fook, who will be remembered best by the present members of Sixth Year as he taught them French in Second Year. Both Fr. Galt and Fr. Lia-Fook are natives of Trinidad.

Another Past Prefect is Fr. Michael Troy also ordained in Fribourg. Fr. Troy is at present in Ireland, but will shortly return to the University of Fribourg to complete his higher studies, before going on to the foreign missions.

It will be interest to past students to know that Fr. Clerkin (Sierra Leone), Fr. Doody (B.E. Africa) Fr. J. Quinn (Nigeria), Fr. A. Lynch (B.E.A.) are home in Ireland on holiday's at present. These priests were prefects in St. Mary's from 1927 to 1936.

By the way Fr. P. Cunningham has been appointed to Zansibar in E. Africa, and Fr. Townsend to Nigera.

D. O'Sullivan,

(Year VI).

Envoys of Christ, glad tidings bearing
On ev'ry heathen shore,

The cross you raise on high

Proclaiming night is o'er,

And day at last is nigh.

"Lovely appear over the mountains

The feet of them that preach

And bring good news of peace."

LEGION OF MARY SENIOR PRAESIDIUM. St. Mary's College, C.S.Sp.

The Senior Praesidium is run by past pupils of the College under the presidency of Bro. P. Bolger and the spiritual direction of Rev. Fr. Fullen, C.S.Sp. The weekly meeting of the praesidium is held every Sunday morning at 12 o'clock in the College.

The main work of the praesidium is Club Work which is done on most nights of the week.

The club premises is divided into different training centres, in which trained instructors teach the boys carpentry, metal work, wood work, boot repairing and other crafts.

All is not work however, and two games rooms as well as a gymnasium are run every night. It is here that the Brothers fulfil their obligation for the week. The boys play table-tennis, billiards, drafts and other games under the supervision of a Brother. Even in a club such as this there are black sheep and when the opportunity arises the Brothers instil into these a few home-truths on behaviour and practice of religion. The Brothers also help in running a canteen for the boys on cold nights.

It is obvious that this work is interesting and absorbing. It is to be hoped that both Past and Present will support the Praesidium, and that the members of the Intermediate Praesidium will join the Seniors when they leave school and thus carry on the good work under the guidance of Mary—our Mother, our strength and our consolation.

C. Brady.

VENITE ADOREMUS



So mbronnad Íoragán
Sonar agur Séan ar ár
Léigteoirí uile.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

I

One wintry night, long long ago,
In a stable cold and bare,
Was born a child to a Virgin maid,
While shepherds tended their flocks and prayed,
And angels sang from the heavens aglow,
Of peace and joy to men below.

II

Three men, three kings, from the East afar
Led by the light of a lonely star,
Had brought their gifts so rich and rare
To place at the feet of the child so fair,
While Mary smiled, as Joseph had done,
Her blessing on those who adored her Son.

III

O Mary conceived without sin, I pray
That your Babe will bless us this Christmas day,
That His joy and peace in the world may reign
And the horrors of war, unleashed remain.
This is the prayer of all christian men
To Jesus and Mary in Bethlehem.

K. Sparrow,
(Year IV).

THE THREE KINGS.

I

On a starry winter's night
Three kings on camels strayed,
O'er the endless sands they toiled
And silently they prayed.

II

And each one thought within him
Has our searching been in vain?
Shall we leave the new-born King
And return to our homes again?

III

But out of the twinkling multitude
One star outshone them all,
And it led the Three Wise Kings
To a Babe in an ox's stall.

IV

On a starry winter's night
Three Kings in a stable cold
Knelt and offered the Infant Divine
Their frankincense, myrrh and gold.

Fergus O'Brien (Year II).

A SPONSORED PROGRAMME



Well, ladies and gentlemen, here again is the sponsored programme you have been waiting for. Your own "Snow-Wash" show. You all know that "Snow-Wash" washes cleaner, is cheaper, easily obtainable, and a boon to every housewife.

We have many requests for Frankie singing "Homesick," so here, the makers of "Snow-Wash" (it washes better, you know) give it to you.

"I miss the thrill—"

By the way, do you know that "Snow-Wash" is the only proven way of ensuring spotless clothes? I'm sure you would be very interested to hear the history of "Snow-Wash." Would you? I thought as much. Well, some years ago a chemist of renown discovered that by adding a little chemical compound to our "Snow-Cleaner," he produced a much better cleaner, which does not harm the clothes in any way, and removes the colour in the garment as well as making it perfectly clean..... and that is how "Snow-Wash" brought joy to thousands of housewives.

"I'm homesick—that's all."

I'm sure that made you swoon—yes? Well, if you see how well your's can be cleaned with "Snow-Wash," you'll swoon with joy.

Now in answer to numerous requests, here is Bing to sing "White Christmas."

"I'm dreaming—"

Bing Crosby reminds us of perfection in crooning, but "Snow-Wash" reminds us of perfection in washing. Here is some advice on the use of "Snow-Wash." When using "Snow-Wash," which, to practically all of us, is every wash-day, of course, be sure that the 'Snow-Wash' is put in after the water.....

"_____in the snow."

We hope these pointers will help you to better cleaning days.

"And may a-ll your Christ-masses be whi-te."

Now here is our weekly competition. We want you to think of a slogan for "Snow-Wash" such as, "Snow-Wash" makes sunny smiles show brighter" or "Snow-Wash" for snow-white cleanliness.

And—the prize—hold your breaths—is Six Packets of "Snow-Wash"!

And now "Snow-Wash" (for Sunday shine, you know) brings to the microphone that famous star of the stage, screen and radio, the popular leading lady, Miss Sylvia Slush!

Well, Miss Slush, and what is your latest film?

"It is called "Love in Bondage," and in it I co-star with Sydney Slop.

Well Miss Slush, that is something you have told us. Now let us tell you something. Do you know that your clothes last longer and look cleaner if you use "Snow-Wash" and that.....

"Really!"

Well, thank you, Miss Slush. Good-bye for the present, and don't forget that "Snow-Wash" washes cleaner, and I know "wash" I'm talking about! Haw, Haw, Haw!

And now, regretfully, we must part, for our time is nearly up. You can hear our excellent variety programme at the same time next week, so until then, this is your favourite announcer, Mr. Snow-Wash, saying Cheerio, and don't forget that "Snow-Wash" washes cleaner!

Pause.

"And here at last, ladies and gentlemen, is the news....."

V. Joyce,
(Year VI).

AUTUMN IDYLL.

I

The farmer stands in the stubble-field bare,
The reins in his hand; his plough and pair
Are resting a while from the toil of the day;
He lights his pipe and he puffs away.

II

The sheep-dog stretches his paws, and eyes
The wheeling gulls in the evening skies.
The curlew calls in his lonely flight,
And heralds the fast approaching night.

III

Twinkling of lights in valley below;
The cheerful flicker of firelight glow;
Reminders of supper and restful chair;
The farmer unyokes his team with care.

IV

Slowly their way to the stream they take;
Where horses and dog a deep thirst slake;
Then home to the stable and home to the fire
Farmer and horses and dog retire.

Richard A. Fahy,
(Year I).



Athletics.

"Beyond question, your outstanding athlete is J. P. Reardon. Apart from A. S. Wint, there is no one in Europe who can claim to be his superior over 400 metres. Reardon can do even better." These are the words of the well-known English coach J. G. Crump. Jimmy has been head-line news all during the past season. He broke the Irish 440 yds. record last June—a record which has stood for many years. His time was 49 secs., $\frac{2}{5}$ of a second better than the previous record. In the Athletic Association Championships, held in White City, he made history, being the first Irishman ever to win the 440 yards title. In August he beat the long-standing all comers record over 300 yards, his time being $31\frac{1}{5}$ secs. These achievements are but the beginning of a great career. St. Mary's may be justly proud. Here's to the Olympic Games and more success.

U. O'Connor may also represent Ireland in the Olympic's, being A.A.U. and all-Ireland pole vault champion for this year.

Rugby.

Four teams turning out every Saturday means hard work for our very energetic secretary, Paddy Branagan, but there are no limits to Paddy's capabilities as an executive. His work this season is somewhat lightened owing to the keen spirit infused into the club by our very popular and able Captain, Oliver Byrne. His team has not been so successful as yet but the team is young and will take a little time to settle down. Oliver will be away travelling in France during April as a member of the Wild Geese touring team.

The sincere thanks of the club are due to Jimmie Ganter, Paddy Bolger, Fr. Farrell and Fr. Kennedy for the truly prodigious amount of work they put into the club sweep, and it was due to their untiring efforts that it was such an outstanding success.

Golf.

Mr. T. Tierney, last year's President of the Union had a very successful summer's golf, and winning his place on the Milltown Junior Team he soon proved himself to be the sure "bet" of the side.

Congratulations to Eddie Kilduff on reaching the semi-final of the Irish open mixed foursomes championship last June. Also to Alex Hughes on winning the Tramore Open Week Challenge Cup.

You should have seen Lorcan Gogan playing the long seventeenth at Grange this year in the Lorcan Sherlock Cup. Talk about determination and "fidelitas in arduis!" We did not win but certainly gave a creditable display. We were represented by L. Gogan, T. Tierney, Dr. T. Lynch, A. Hughes and Dr. F. O'Grady.

In the Union of Irish Schools' Annual competition at Milltown we were level with Castleknock. Missed putts were in vogue, and one combination had the miserable experience of three-putting on ten greens and yet returning a 78. We'll win this event yet.

Ordinations.

Yet another old 'Mary's man has been raised to the altar. Fr. Vincent Stubbs was ordained in June in All-Hallows College. We wish him every success in his mission in South Africa.

Marriages.

We wish Russell Murphy, John Fearon and their charming brides every success and happiness in the many years of wedded life before them.

Departures.

Dr. Brendan O'Sullivan has taken up a hospital appointment in Winnipeg, Canada. Brendan brings with him the good wishes of all his old schoolmates. He represented St. Mary's First XV and St. Vincent's Hospital. He also represented Dublin Hospitals in London and his strung running on the wing was a feature of his robust play.

We learn with regret of the death of an old St. Mary's man, Dudley Digges, who won fame on stage and screen. May he rest in peace.

Union Notes.

On the first Sunday in November we attended Mass in the College for the repose of the souls of our deceased comrades and teachers. The Union Dinner held on 5th November was an unqualified success.

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

The success of St. Mary's past pupils in the academic sphere probably overshadows all other achievements.

Engineering.

Charlie Dillon secured First Place, First Class honours in his final examination in Engineering (Elect. and Mech.). He secured a Post Graduate Prize, a class prize, a Bursary in Engineering. He leaves shortly for Switzerland where he will be engaged in research.

John O'Gorman secured his B.E. in Civil Engineering.

Sean Coakley obtained Second Place, First Class honours and a scholarship in Second Year Engineering (Elect. and Mech.).

Medicine.

Seamus Cronin obtained honours and sixth place in the Third Year Medical Examination.

John Hennigan obtained a class prize in the Second Year Examination.

Arts and Commerce.

Denis Holmes, M.A. secured a travelling studentship in Economics. He is going to pursue his studies in Cambridge University.

Bernard O'Kelly obtained First Class honours in his M.A. He took as his thesis—"Fundamental Rights in the Irish Constitution."

Michael MacCormac obtained First Place, First Class honours in the B.A. degree in Economics. He also obtained First Class honours and fifth place in B.Comm. degree. He has been awarded a Post Graduate Scholarship.

Paddy Byrne obtained First Class honours and fourth place in B.Comm. examination.

Mr. Cyril Byrne, C.S.Sp. obtained First Class honours and fourth place in the B.A. degree. Incidentally Mr. Byrne and Mr. S. Farrell, C.S.Sp. are now prefects in their old school.

Mr. Sean Farrell, C.S.Sp. was also successful in the B.A. degree.

Alfie McGloughlin secured honours in the B.A. degree (Irish and French). He was awarded a special scholarship in French and spent six weeks during the summer attending the Sorbonne University, Paris.

Des. Tannam and Con. Fitzgerald both secured their B.Comm. degrees in the recent examinations.

Mr. C. Gogan, C.S.Sp. secured First Place, First Class honours in Second Arts. Exam., and for the second year in succession was awarded a £100 prize.

Maurice Corrigan obtained First Class honours, third place and a prize in Second Year Commerce exam. During the summer he spent six weeks in Spain.

Kevin Lynch obtained First Class honours and a prize in Second Arts. He spent six weeks of the summer in Sorbonne University, Paris.

Paddy Fearon obtained his B.Arch. degree.

Paddy Halton has been appointed chief chemist to the new Gyptex Factory in Kingcourt.

Jim Maguire obtained 2nd place in Dublin Corporation Clerkship Examination.

St. Mary's Past and Present congratulate you all and wish you God's blessing in the future.

Brendan A. Lynch

MY COUNTRY --- LITHUANIA

My country is in the North of Europe and is bordered by Poland, Germany, Estonia, Latvia and Russia. It is not big—scarcely 20,000 square miles in fact—yet it is the biggest of the three Baltic States. It has no high mountains nor any great rivers except the Niemen, which flows through our capital city—Kannas.

Before the war Lithuania had quite a flourishing dairy industry, and exported bacon, cattle, poultry and eggs.

The estimated population was about five millions. The people are mostly Catholic. There are very few Protestants or Jews. Our President until 1940 was Mr. A. Smitona. After that he had to leave because the Communists came to Lithuania. Russia had always been looking for a coastline on the Baltic and in that year seized her opportunity.

When the Soviet Army came in everything changed. They put all politically important

people into jail and killed most of the priests. They made picture houses out of the Churches. The young people were packed into trains and lorries and brought to Siberia to work there as slaves for the Soviet Union. Most of them died and it is impossible to get any news from those who are lucky enough to be still alive.

The Germans then came to Lithuania and ousted the Russians. They were not as bad and stayed in Lithuania for three years. They were, however, defeated by the Russians and the Communists came in again.

This time they were worse than before. They killed many more Lithuanian patriots and deported more of its priests and young men. We could not return to our country, but eventually we found our way to the friendly shores of Ireland—here to find peace, but not contentment for our hearts still yearn for Lithuania.

K. Skirpa (Year I).

ROUND AND ABOUT

Boxing Club.

The boxing club is already well under way, again excellently supervised by Mr. Frank Cooper, aided by Mr. Fitzgerald. Last year was their first with Mr. Cooper, and at the College Championships, we saw ample proof of the high standard reached by them under his experienced guidance. Frank Fennel and Nickie Corrigan had a very keen and close tussle in the final of the heavy-weight championship. Frank, who has style as well as a terrific punch, eventually emerged the winner. Other champions are: Light-heavy—John Corrigan; Feather—Paul Corrigan; Bantam—A. Wodehouse; Fly—John Doherty.

The laboratory has just been re-adjusted for Chemistry and Physics. Let us hope it survives the "explosive genius" of a certain Fifth year student!!

We congratulate Frank Fennel on being elected Captain of the School. He was, indeed a unanimous choice.

Mr. M. V. Cogley graciously paid us a visit after his return from New York, where he had been reporting the All Ireland Football Final for the Irish Independent. We were treated to a very interesting talk on his observations in New York. He gave us an account of a visit he paid to a base-ball stadium and explained to us how a "ball-game" is played.

We wish to thank Mr. Cogley for his kindness.

Three table-tennis tables have been secured for the use of the Seniors. We have to thank Fr. Seagrave for the revival in the College of this great indoor game.

You did not know we had a potential Jimmy Bruen in our midst, did you? Well, we have just discovered we have, and now wish to congratulate Donal Stuart on winning the Aspirant's Golf Cup at Bettystown this year.

Chess.

The Chess-Club got away to an early start this year, already the College Championships are well under way. They have played some matches against other schools in the Leinster Chess League. Mr. Farrel, the prefect in charge is a past pupil of the College and has given a lively start to a club which is usually 'slow on the move'! (sorry).

The foremost enthusiasts are C. Mills, F. Maher and D. Judge among the Seniors and Bernard Kelly, Derry and Brian Hussey among the Juniors.

Riding School.

Another season has opened for the riding school members. The seasoned members ride very well after a year's training and, we are sure, enjoy seeing the new members land themselves in unfortunate positions.

Congratulations to Neil and John Doherty on gaining twenty-seven rosettes during the Summer on their champion mount—Goldie.

Cricket Retrospect.

Following the coaching of L. N. Constantine—the West Indies Test Cricketer and at one time one of the five best bowlers in the world—our cricket teams did very well last season.

Congratulations to the Under "14" team who, coached by Fr. Barry and captained by J. Duff won the Under "14" schools' Cup. All through the season they played with great spirit and richly deserved their success. The Junior team reached the semi-final of the Junior Cup under the able captaincy of K. O'Rourke and the Senior team, which included a number of the Juniors did well although beaten in the first round.

We wish to congratulate Nickie Corrigan on his successes in the Skerries swimming festival this year. He won the men's 100 metres, was fourth in the pier race and capped it all by finishing second in the 1,000 metres.

We take this opportunity to congratulate Junius Horne on his displays in tennis championships last summer. Junius, though very small and light, has marvellous retrieving powers and was spoken of very highly in the press. Junius won the Leinster Junior Championship and reached the Final of the Irish Junior. Congrats on the Leinster and hard luck on the Irish, Junius!

Senior English Debating Society.

The Senior English Debating Society held its first debate on the 30th October. The motion was "That Films are the cause of juvenile delinquency." There was an excellent attendance of 33, 12 of whom spoke.

The motion was defeated by 18 votes to 15. Mr. Fennel and Mr. Judge were voted the best speakers of the night.

The Officers of the Society for 1947-48 are:
Chairman: The Rev. Dean of Studies.
Auditor: Mr. F. Fennel.
Secretary: Mr. F. Murphy.
Committee: Messrs. A. Geoghegan, D. Judge and R. Lewis.

L. Downes,
(Year V.)

THE LEGION OF MARY.

Stella Maris Intermediate Praesidium
St. Mary's College, C.S.Sp.

We held our first meeting of the year on Sunday, 14th September.

Two new officers were elected; Bro. Judge as Secretary, and Bro. O'Sullivan as Treasurer. At present there are twenty-three members on the roll.

Our works are practically the same as those we had last year, the most important of which is the weekly visting of the Children's Hospital. Rosary beads and comics for distribution among the patients will be gratefully received by the Brothers. Ask your parents and friends if they have any old broken Rosary Beads which they do not want. It does not matter in what condition they are, bring them along.

Every Christmas we bring toys down to the children. If you have any old toys or games (and you must have some) please bring them in so that you can bring happiness to some poor boy or girl less fortunate than yourself.

Two brothers act as Prefects of a St. Mary's guild in a local parish sodality.

The English Library which is confined to members of 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th years is opened by the Brothers every Monday after notes in 1B classroom or any other day if so desired. The Irish Library is open to all the Senior school. If you want an Irish book come to Michael Clancy or Francis Murphy and they will get you one.

Work in connection with the production of An Réalt is a new and important activity added to our work sheet this year.

We pray that under the guidance of Stella Maris we may be worthy Legionaries of Mary.

Christopher Maguire,

(Year VI).

SCOUTS.

Three very enjoyable Summer Camps ended a very successful year's scouting for the 7th Dublin Unit. The Clan spent a week in Rathdrum; the troop two weeks in Stradbally, while the Pack camped for a week in Rush. All three camps were favoured with very fine weather.

The Clan, which has now a membership of seven, with two novices, has planned a very active coming year, and intends to spend some time on the Continent next Summer.

The Troop has also a very busy year ahead, with a probable camp in England at the end.

The Macaoimh, a few members of which have gone to the Troop, has once more been brought up to full strength.

The Unit, since its foundation, has grown enormously, and with the help of God, will continue to thrive for many years to come.

Frank Fennell, A.C.M.

RUGBY

Once again the rugby season comes around and the question is asked: What are the teams like this season? Popular captain of the Seniors is lock-forward and leader of the pack Nicky Cornigan. John Hughes is vice-captain, and chief place kicker; he should be a steady force to the backs.

Of last year's cup team we have eight members under age this season. Joe Fanagan, who distinguished himself at Clongowes, returns to his old school, and is an accomplished player at the base of the scrum. Other recruits are Charlie Mills and Don O'Connell from last year's Seconds, and Tom Nolan, Kerry O'Rourk, John McLoughlin and Skipper's brother, John Corrigan from the Juniors.

The backs are sound, and with a little more practice should become a formidable force. The forwards, though light are plucky, and plenty of scrummaging practice should make up for their lack of weight. In the loose they can hold their own with any pack, and in the line-out, they have three very tall lads, who should be able to get the ball quickly to their backs.

The team is practising hard under the capable supervision of Fr. Seagrave, who is sparing no effort for their training. They should go far.

The Juniors are rather an unknown force so far. They are harder hit than the Seniors as regards players being over-age. They are training hard, and are the sort of team that will keep going despite the odds. Mr. Cyril Byrne, one time Captain of the school, and now a prefect, has charge of their training, and with his experience in school football he should get together a good team.

Captain and Vice-Captain this year are respectively:—Tim Harrington and Brian Gogan.

SCHOOLS' SEVEN-A-SIDE COMPETITION.

In the recent Seven-a-Side Competition held in Donnybrook, the team drawn from members of the S.C.T. put up a great show and lived up to their reputation in competitive rugby.

Although we had to play an extra match and extra time we reached the final. There a tired and leg-weary team went under to Newbridge. In our wake we left Pres. Glasthule, Masonic and Terenure. In the semi-final we defeated Terenure but it was only after extra time had been played. Our scorers were John Hughes (two tries), Frank Fennell (try) and David O'Sullivan (try and convert). If our performance in this competition is any indication of how the cup matches will go, well—who knows?

V. Joyce, (6th A.).

JUNIOR SCHOOL RUGBY

There are 202 boys in the Junior School this year. Over 200 partake in Games. Class ends at 3.30 p.m., and this regulation has proved most welcome to all.

After mature consideration and serious deliberation Fr. Gilmore decided on this new regulation to ward off "meningitis" which might result from a longer class period!

The Holy Childhood Rugby League is now in full swing. Rugby of a high standard is played in the front field each evening at 3.30 p.m. The backs are adepts at bursts of speed, sometimes in their haste leaving the ball behind!

The forwards have both speed and dash and specialise in low tackling.

The following are the list of teams and Captains
St. John's—Captain: J. Cooks.
St. Paul's—Captain: R. Doherty.
St. Michael's—Captain: F. Shiel.
St. Peter's—Captain: F. Montague.
St. Patrick's—Captain: P. Dowling.
St. Joseph's—Captain: J. Atkins.

The "Giants" are now initiated into the art of Rugby, and they follow the American style. Noel Claffey the 'Red-haired-Giant-Star' is the centre of attraction. This student is also rising to great heights in the school of equitation.

To date the Under 12's, Under 11's and Under 10's have played several other Colleges—including Willow Park, St. Michael's, St. Conleth's and St. Andrew's.

In our next communique from the Front field we will give the list of our victories, as these hard-training teams are not expected to be defeated (I hope).

Junior Sports Editor.

SUPERMAN!

He's a hero to his classmates,
He's a man of brain and brawn.
He plays Rugby on the field,
He plays tennis on the lawn.
At swimming he is like a fish;
And, say, that lad can fight!
See him chasing his opponents
Round the ring with left and right.
He puts the shot with mighty arm,
And sends it far away;
He runs three hundred metres
Like Jim Reardon, so they say.
When it comes to crossing hurdles
He is faster than the hare.
And his rivals think the world of him
For they know that he plays fair.

Eamonn Staunton,

(Year I).

MY FIRST INTERVIEW

(From "Sense, Commonsense and Nonsense"
Great-Grandfather of An Réalt!)

It was a bitterly cold frosty morning towards the end of July. The sun had just set as I was ushered into the presence of that brilliant humourist who, when in the right vein convulses all Terenure and Rathgar with laughter.

I had forgotten my cards but I wrote my name on a piece of newspaper and handed it to him. He smiled. He had a wonderful smile. It made me feel as if I was in the next room.

When his features resumed their normal composure I was at my ease again. I began "Sir, I have been selected from the staff"—there are several of us, the Editor, the printer, my humble self, the charwoman, and the boy who sells the paper—"of 'S.C.N.' to interview you. We are desperately short of copy, and as this is the silly season, the Editor said you'd be the very man."

"Very kind of him, I'm sure," he replied. "I hope you'll be able to knock some fun out of me. What shall I tell you?"

"Oh, anything Sir," I said, "anything that comes into your head."

"That's the idea," said he, "my head is too full of ideas to permit anything to come into it; I must relieve the congestion." Here he paused and rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"I gave a lecture on Bee Farming the other night," he said, "I hope you don't know anything about Bee farming. It's a terrible subject.—You see, when the bees begin to swarm on the branch of a tree say ten feet from the ground, there being no apples on the tree owing, of course, to the man, who stole the pink puce candle on the day of the auction of sawdust, being unable to carry home all the handboxes, he having given some matches to a policeman to strike on his trousers—now, the question is how did the Queen Bee come to occupy this position? Do you follow me?"

"No Sir," I said. "Shall I go for a doctor?"

"No," he yelled, "go to the duce."

"But, Sir," I said, "what about my copy?"

"You said this was the silly season. Give them what you've got, it's quite appropriate!"—And he left me. But I will return to the attack on another occasion, with, I hope, better result.

WINTER.

Every blade a spear of gray,
From the frost that breathed to-day.
The fallen leaves are sere and old,
All the bushes stiff with cold;
Lonesome days and dreary
Lagging hours and weary,
Only through the trees I see
A long dark shadow nearing me.

John McGloughlin,

(Year IV).



AEOLIAN AIRS



LOCHINVAR

I

O young Lochinvar galloped out of the West,
 Through all the cow-country his bronc was the best,
 And save his good pistol, he weapons had none
 He rode like the wind, with his hand on his gun.
 So daring in love and so quick on the draw
 There ne'er was a cow-boy like young Lochinvar.

II

He staid not for dinner, he stopped not for tea,
 But he rode through the night on his gallant gee-gee.
 And what was his hurry? You never could guess,
 A rival was going to walk off with his Bess,
 A tow-haired lounge lizard, a pal of her Pa,
 Was to wed the fair Bessie of slick Lochinvar.

III

He reached Bessie's ranch at a quarter-to-four,
 And the rival grew pale as he entered the door;
 Then spoke the gal's father, alert as he stood
 "O come ye for peace, pard, or come ye for blood?"
 "I've come to make whoopee, I've come from afar
 I've come for your daughter," said tough Lochinvar.

IV

Then strode he across to that lounge-lizard rat,
 A frown on his face and his hand on his gat,
 The snivelling coyote was biting his nails,
 But his stumps were knocked flat and scattered his hails,
 And in the confusion young Lochinvar beat it,
 He seized the fair Bessie and with her retreated.

V

And then there was mounting and spurring of steed,
 But young Lochinvar had a thousand yards lead.
 The huntin' and shootin' went on through the night
 But of young Lochinvar they had seen their last sight.
 It appears that he took to the trail out beyond
 And had made his escape with the Suicide Blonde.

Kevin Gilmer }
 Bernard Kelly } (Year IV).

A LAMENT

When I look back upon my days at school,
 With both a touch of joyfulness and grief,
 I realise that I was but a fool
 To put my faith in such a wrong belief.
 I thought that Fifth year was a year of rest
 And I was satisfied to rest my bean,
 So to my work I did not give my best
 In spite of all the warnings of the Dean.
 I thought, to work in Sixth would suffice,
 To get the Leaving Cert. and the Matric.,
 But then I found that it was not so nice
 The two-year course into the one to stick.
 So my advice to all you scholars bold
 Work well in Fifth and do as you are told.

Cristopher T. Maguire,
 (Year VI).



STRIKE.

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
 The boys of St. Mary's are parted and thrown,
 There'll be pickets outside the new bus-stop in Store
 Street
 Who'll have worn down a groove forty feet in the
 stone.

The trammen and busmen are fixed and determined
 Their wages are low and the strike must go on,
 Though their one pound a week is in decadent sterling,
 And buys but one dollar, the strike must go on.

And what of the public? the clerk? and the worker?
 Their bunions are huge, with the corns going strong,
 But they're used to is now; through tight lips they
 mutter
 "Sure the walking is grand and it makes the legs long."

Refrain :

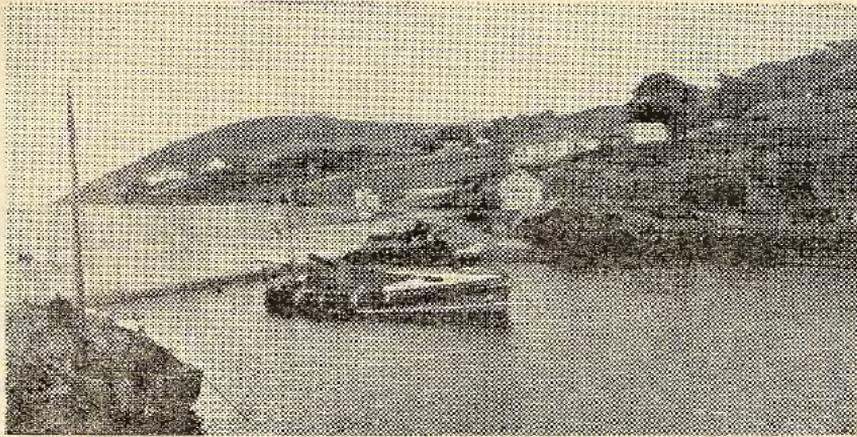
But willy or nilly, the citizen chilly
 Is aware all too well that the strike must go on.

Postscript :

So the prophet was wrong; in my beard I'm confuted,
 The trams and the buses are back on the lines
 But the boys of St. Mary's for years will remember
 The marathon walks from Dundrum to Rathmines.

D. Judge,
 (Year V).

Ceann Heilbhc



le ceann-ceath

("Scéala Éireann")

na Dóire

BÍ LÓIŢNE bog gaoite ar a maib bolad agus cumhacht na páite ag réitead aniar-antear im boinne. Soir amad ra bpaipge bí gaeite na gréine ag ritead anuar rom na rgamall mar coláim geal polair. I n-áice liom bí rgaic na rgamall ag cur cuma dúir tordá ar thoméla ar uirge.

Díor ar an gCathó íoctar i mBaite na nGall. Bí páirín ar a fuaimnear ag bun an falla rúm, ag cionán dó féin ir ag ól a píopa. D'iongantaic an fonn cainnte abí ar, an trádóna Samraicí reo, mar de ghaic ní bíod focal tar "Dia-r-Muire-óí" le raó áise. "Ir cumm liom go maic, a rtor, arpa pé ag réadaint go gáar ar an gColáirte," an uair naic rabtar ac ag tráic ar an rgoil pun do bunú. Ceap an curd ir mó dinn naic cógráí go deo é, ac . . . "Lean pé ag cur ar mar da ghaic leir ar ócáirí mar reo, ac ní rabar ag cur morán ruime ann in-aon cor.

Ní maib aon ruo a mhaolóad ar an rabaric acé point beag ceoró abí ran xep le neapc teapa agus bhoctáil. Soir uain bí Dúngarbán na luige i n-áice an Coilligeóin agus an blúipe rava talman pin, an Coimgeár, ag déanam tréarna ar a agairó.

Soir raó mo rabaric uain bí reana Roinn ag rué irtead ran bpaipge. Anoir an t-ruige go leir bí réim talman ag tuit i n-aoipoe go tóaimis pé paio le Ceann Heilbhc. An t-ruige ar raó i tóreó na binne bí an tír ag éirige níor uaigní, níor luime. Bí na tíge níor gaine, tíge írle le palláí bána agus bíona burde bailighe na rgaic beaga annro ir annróio. I meapg na mbánta agus na scleróeada lom gclóad bí gairt pé barráí prácáí nó arbar le peircint. Ag lastaoride baileóad na h-arpáirí reamnead, mar learpú talman xep na carraigeada túbá atá com plúipreac paol Ceann Heilbhc.

I m'áigne leanar an t-ruige amap ó deapgo tóí go maib na failteada le peircint agaim an áit na rúeann an raicad go raipir e. Níl failll aca rúio naic bpaip a ainn féin uirte agus beac páirín i ndan rseal d'impint i tóab raé aon ceann díob—Failll an Stáicín. Failll an Uirre, Failll an Píobairic, acé níl a leac díob agam.

Bí pé ag éirige deanaic agus d'iompuigear eun unteacá. Go hobann, táimis rgoile inr na rgamall agus lonnraic bótarín neam-péio ar báip na tóonn ó bun na faille rgaicmar amad go tóí an gman. Sar i bpaip do tóreacis an tír go leir.

—m. mac flannéada.

Cumann Dóispoirneacé na Gaéilge

Tógaó na hoipigis reo leanar i gcoir na bliana 1947-48.

Cataoirleac:- An t-á. Ó Cinneróe, C.S.Sp.

Inpúicoir:- M. Mac flannéada

Runáioe:- I. Deabáin

An Coirpoe:- A.Mac Eodagáin - M. Ó hEadair - S. Mac íoclainn



A
DISSERTATION
ON
ROAST POTATO

(With apologies to Charles Lamb).

On the sheltered side of the great Rocky Mountains there stands a group of Indian wigwams. Forming part of the North Canadian Reservation for Indians, these wigwams are the homes of the last living members of the famous Blackfoot Tribe.

Early in 1920 two members of the R.C.M.P., Corporal Downey and Trooper Jackson stopped at the village of Silent Shadow, Chief of the Blackfeet for a meal. When they had their venison and roast potato, Corporal Downey remarked that he often wondered how potatoes first came to be roasted. Silent Shadow, eager to entertain his guests, sent one of his braves to bring a large triangular stone which stood in the middle of the village. On this stone was written the history of the Blackfeet Indians. When the pipes were lit and all were seated in the traditional manner around the blazing fire, Silent Shadow read aloud the story of the original roast potato.

Nearly eight hundred years ago Sitting Bull was the mighty chief of the Blackfeet Tribe. One day while he was out hunting, his son, Bear Cub, instead of doing his home-work was shooting flaming arrows from his bow, a birthday present from his uncle, Crazy Horse, chief of the Sioux.

Bear Cub was a good shot with a bow, but this day he decided to see how high he could shoot a flaming arrow. But Bear Cub's mind was not entirely on his archery. He was wondering how he would solve a nasty quadratic equation given him for home-work. A careless aim caused one of those arrows to land on his father's wigwam and in a shorter time than it takes to tell, Sitting Bull's home was no more. Searching among the ruins, Bear Cub came upon some burnt potatoes which his father liked boiled for his tea. He put one to his mouth and on tasting the appetising food he sat down to satisfy his hunger.

Sitting Bull was very angry when he saw his ruined home, but on tasting a roast potato his wrath melted like snow in the sunshine. He immediately summoned his medicine men to produce greater quantities of both potatoes and wigwams, with the result that the medicine men's union went on strike for extra pay. "And that," concluded the Chief, "is the story of the first roast potato."

Michael Corcoran.
(Year IV).

* * *

WHAT MAKES A BOY

"After a male baby has grown out of long clothes and triangles and has acquired pants, freckles, and so much dirt that relatives do not dare to kiss it between meals, it becomes a Boy. A boy is Nature's answer to that false belief that there is no such thing as perpetual motion. A boy can swim like a fish, run like a deer, climb like a squirrel, balk like a mule, bellow like a bull, eat like a pig, or act like a jackass, according to climatic conditions.

"He is a piece of skin stretched over an appetite. A noise covered with smudges. He is called a tornado because he comes at the most unexpected times, hits the most unexpected places, and leaves everything a wreck behind him. He is a growing animal of superlative promise, to be fed, watered, and kept warm, a joy forever, a periodic nuisance, the problem of our times, the hope of a nation. Every boy born is evidence that God is not yet discouraged of man.

"Were it not for boys, the newspapers would go unread and a thousand picture shows would go bankrupt. Boys are useful in running errands. A boy can easily do the family errands with the aid of five or six adults. The zest with which a boy does an errand is equalled only by the speed of a turtle on a July day. The boy is a natural spectator. He watches parades, fires, fights, ball games, automobiles, boats, and airplanes with equal fervour, but will not watch the clock. The man who invents a clock that will stand on its head and sing a song when it strikes will win the undying gratitude of millions of families whose boys are forever coming to dinner about supper time.

"A boy, if not washed too often and kept in a cool, quiet place after each accident, will survive broken bones, hornets, swimming holes, fights, and nine helpings of pie."—Read by the Rev. Lew. F. Fahey at Regional Meeting on Vocations at New Orleans, Miss.

MAN OF THE MONTH

ST. LORCAN O'TOOLE

Principal Patron of Archdiocese of Dublin.

Feast 14th November.

Maurice O'Toole prince of Imalic was father of Lorcan O'Toole. Maurice quarrelled with Diarmuid, king of Leinster, and gave up his son as a hostage to Diarmuid. Diarmuid treated the boy unkindly, so Maurice captured twelve of Diarmuid's chiefs. Diarmuid was therefore forced to give the boy to the abbot of Glendalough. Lorcan stayed with the abbot for a while, and afterwards decided to give himself to God. After a few years the good old abbot died and Lorcan, who was only twenty-five, was elected abbot of the monastery.

In the year 1162 the See of Dublin was vacant and the abbot of Glendalough was elected by the clergy and people. He worked very hard at the affairs of his church and assisted the people in every way he could. He was often seen spending the whole night praying in the chapel. At this time the Normans were making themselves more powerful in Ireland. Lorcan did everything he could to unite the Irish princes. Thus it was as a result of his work that Roderick the High-king found himself at the head of a very large army.

Dublin was soon overpowered by the Normans. The people elected Lorcan as their ambassador. He then put himself in many dangers in order to help them. In 1175 Lorcan went to Canterbury and was nearly killed coming from the chapel in which he had just said Mass when a man struck him on the head with a club.

In 1179 he went to Rome to attend the General Council of the Lateran. When he returned home again, he went to England to settle an argument with Henry II. Henry gave orders that Lorcan should not be let into Ireland again. Henry then went to Normandy and Lorcan followed him. But on his way he was taken ill with fever. He retired to the monastery of Augum where he spent his last few days. When asked whether he wished to make a will, he said, "God knows that I have not at present as much as one penny under the sun."

On Friday the 14th of November, 1180 he died. About eighty-six years later he was canonized by Honorius III. Lorcan was the last canonized saint of Ireland.

Lorcan Bowden,
(Year II).

ST. PETER CLAVER.

Peter Claver—son of a Catalonian farmer—Jesuit priest—apostle of negroes, was canonized in Rome on January 15th, 1888, by Pope Leo XIII.

While Peter was a student, his receptive mind was impressed by Saint Alphonsus Rodriguez, who related to him the pitiable plight of the South American slaves. Rodriguez told him how human cattle dealers, such as the infamous Englishman, Sir John Hawkins, bought or kidnapped slaves in Africa, and literally brought them in droves to America, to be sold as slaves.

In the summer of 1610, the young priest, received his long awaited call to the colours of Christ's army of missionaries. No sooner had he arrived in S. America, than he began to go down among the slaves. He realised that to convert them himself, he would have to learn a few thousand different dialects, so instead he organized a system of polyglot catechists. It is estimated, that in the forty-four years he spent in Columbia, he converted 300,000 people.

Such magnificent work could not go unopposed by the spirit of darkness. Many people, even avowed Catholics, fought Claver. For a while, even his religious superiors, regarded his labours with disfavour. But Peter conquered. He knew when God wanted him to do and he did it.

When he died, in 1654, his work was carried on by his successors, till the abolition of slavery. He died in the knowledge of his success assured.

Brian Gogan,
(Year III).

POETRY

I

They say that a poet is born, and not made;
That story I well can believe,
For poetry certainly is not my trade,
How others can do it I cannot conceive.

II

It is all very well for the teacher to say,
"A poem you will write out to-night,"
A task of this kind can spoil all my day,
For indeed I am far from being bright.

III

I could dash off a verse of a little black cat,
That once was a great pet of mine,
But who would be bothered with verses like that?
They would be only wasting their time.

J. O'Donohue, Poet,

(Year II).

AUNT AGATHA'S AGONY COLUMN



INTRODUCING AUNT AGATHA'S AGONY COLUMN

My dear, dear nephews,

Here I am—your fond old Aunt Agatha—staging a “come-back” from the Museum or wherever they store superannuated aunties. They tried to keep me out, they did, but between you and me and the waste-paper basket, they were glad to have me in the end. They were up against it, they were, trying to solve your little problems, lifting the burdens off your little hearts. But they hadn't got it—the feminine touch, I mean. The instinctive intuition that escapes the Mere Male, the power to pour oil on troubled waters, to heal the broken heart, to soothe the silly sap.

The Editor comes to me the other day with tears in his eyes, a sob in his voice, and a letter in his hands. “Aggie” says he, pleading—like, “Let bygones be bygones. Forgive and forget, you know. As the poet says “What's done is done” or words to that effect. Here's a poor chap in Sixth year in a fix. His hair's falling out! Now what would you reply to that?”

I look at him over my spectacles. He visibly wilted under my gaze. “Am I to have a column in *An Réalt*, or am I not?” I asked in a voice that shook him from the bald patch on his pate to the hole in his sock.

“Ye-s, Ye-s, why of course!” he said weakly. “Here take them all, and answer them” and he thrust the whole correspondence into my arms. And so, here I am to answer all your difficulties, solve all your problems—barring honours Maths.

So, shoot, Nephews, shoot, don't be bashful, I was young myself once; I've heard them all before.

Your affectionate,
Aunt Agatha.

P.S.—Write on one side of the page only. If the matter is very, very—! enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

A. A.

Dear Aunt Agatha,

I am 17½ years old. You can imagine my horror when some of my friends told me that I was going bald. This unfortunately, is only too true. Please give me some remedy for this premature falling of hair.

Yours despairingly,

D. O'C.

My dear D. O'C.,

Yours is indeed a tricky problem but whatever you do, keep your hair on.

Dear Aunty,

I am worried, my title is in danger. Being heavyweight champion of the school I shall be called upon to defend my title in the near future. There is a challenge coming from a certain person who, I hear, has developed a new “atomic” punch. Last year I was not called upon to meet him as he was drawn in a different section of the division. However things are different this year. I am relying on your answer.

Your fond nephew,

F. F.

Dear F. F.,

Keep out!

Dear Aunty Agatha,

The other day I made a shocking discovery. I lost my diary in the back field. The loss is a most distressing and embarrassing one as you may well imagine. I have made diligent enquiries without result, however. Hoping you will help me.

Yours as my last support,

M. J. C.

Dear M. J. C.,

Don't write another diary, and if your lost one is found, disown it immediately.

A. A.

Dear Aunty A.,

I wish you could find me a cure for my inability to memorize dates. I am getting three every week for my History report as a result, and my pater, not to mention the Dean of Studies, takes a very poor view of this.

Your affectionate nephew,

G. F. M.

Dear G. F. M.,

As it happens I have an excellent cure for your trouble. I can quite understand your point of view, as dates are very important to remember. However, here is my cure. Suppose you wish to memorize the “Battle of Waterloo,” in 1815. First, take a dozen eggs, put them in a bowl and mash, then the dozen and half this number you multiply by 100. Thus you have 1800. Then you beat the eggs up completely and this time taking only ¼ of the dozen and the dozen you have 15. By a simple Arithmetic process known as addition you now have 1815. By this very simple and concise method, it is quite easy to memorize the hardest date. Hoping this will get you a Seven next week.

Yours, A. A.

RATHMINES IN HISTORY

How many of those who pass daily between Portobello and Castlewood Avenue realise that the fine modern thoroughfare, Rathmines Road, with its traffic lights at each end, was as late as 1820, fenced in on the eastern side by a ditch, with thorn hedges here and there? The watchman had his sentry box half way up, with only the large residences of Mount Anthony (now in Ardee Road) and Williams' Park for company during his nightly vigil.

Some would derive the name Rathmines from the 14th century Anglo-Norman, William De Moenes, who styled himself "Lord of Moensrath."

For centuries the neighbourhood was a battleground between the mountain Gaels and the Dublin English. During Hugh O'Neill's War of Liberation "night raids on the city were frequent."

The Battle of Rathmines, 1649, was not fought in Rathmines proper, but in the area lying between Palmerstown Park and Baggot Street Bridge. For generations after, bones, medals and musket balls were frequently dug up about Palmerston and the banks of the Dodder.

The oldest house in Rathmines, south of Portobello, is Mount Anthony, situated in Ardee Road, near St. Mary's College. The first owner, born in Minorca, was as a youth, an eye witness of the French Revolution. He came to Ireland in 1798, and built "Mount Anthony" about 1817.

Henry Grattan resided for some time near Portobello Bridge (south side) in a house presented to him by the citizens of Dublin. Portobello House, now a private hospital, was built in 1807, as a depot and hotel for those travelling by the "luxury liners" on the Grand Canal. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, during the stormy days of '98, lay safely in hiding near Portobello House.

As one proceeds along Rathgar Road (completed 1835) towards Rathfarnham, the mountains stand out bolder. On the top of one of these hills, Mount Pelier, is a large object, a ruined house.

Two centuries ago, the house was the home of an ill-famed brotherhood. It was, and is still, called "The Hell-Fire Club." It was built, 1725, by William Connolly, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. For some reason it was soon abandoned by Squire Connolly, and became the meeting-place of the "Hell-Fire Club." The name suggests unholy rites and it is believed that the members of the Club are the same as that body known as the "Blasters," whom Bishop

Berkeley accused of devil-worship. The country people were terrified at night by the doings of the members of this Club. For generations they left behind a reputation for lawless conduct.

Now this old building stands ruined and gaunt, a grim spectre, all that remains of the ill-famed Club.

Colm Caffrey,
(Year II).

* * *

WINDS.

I

Over the western isles afar
Over the trackless deep.
Over the rocks and the harbour bar,
Whistling through rigging and mast and spar
Hither the wild winds sweep.

II

Dashing the waves on the foaming beach
On to the rocky shore;
Driving the spray to the topmost reach,
Mingling their song with the seagulls' screech,
Hark, low they rage and roar!

III

Over the hilltop, over the bay,
Over the pine-clad height;
Chasing the billowy clouds away,
Howling and buffeting night and day,
Strong in their fierce delight.

IV

Singing and sighing and calling still,
Down in the fair green vale;
Over the meadows and up the hill,
Up in the tree tops loud and shrill
Hark, how they shriek and wail!

John McGloughlin,
(Year IV).

THE AUTUMN.

I

The gay flowers are dying,
Leaves on the ground are lying,
They cover the grass in yellow and brown,
They dance in the breeze in city and town,
The swallows sing as away they fly,
Good-bye, Summer, good-bye!

II

The joyful Summer has taken wing,
And winter looms ahead,
But cheerful hearts are happy still,
Each season brings its own good will.

Michael Martin,
(Year II).

WATERFALLS OF THE WORLD

J. Byrne (gr. III)

"Great and wonderful are thy works,
O Lord God Almighty."

In New Zealand there is a waterfall more than half the height of Carrantuohill, Ireland's highest mountain,—the Sutherland Falls.

You have heard too of the great Niagara Falls which are one hundred and sixty feet high but even these are not a tenth of the height of the Sutherland Falls, which are nineteen hundred and four feet high—the highest in the world.

The second highest are the Kaietur Falls of British Guiana, South America, which are eight hundred and twenty two feet high.

Next in height come the Victoria Falls of Southern Rhodesia—the greatest falls in the world. Though not as high as either the Kaietur or Sutherland, being four hundred and fifteen high, they are by far the greatest, stretching five thousand six hundred and twenty-five feet across the Zambezi River.

After the Victoria Falls come the great falls on the Orange River which are four hundred feet high, and the Niagara Falls.

There are many other high waterfalls such as the Mohawk and the Yellowstone, both about seventy feet high, but as there are so many of about this height it would take volumes to write about them.

In this modern age, man has brought waterfalls under his control and they are now harnessed to supply electric current. A good example of this is the great power scheme on the Niagara river which supplies the whole state of New York with electricity. In the Alpine and Scandinavian countries, electricity derived from water falls is the chief power. Switzerland actually exports electricity to Italy during the winter.

Waterfalls have been featured on many postage stamps. The Kaietur Falls on a British Guiana stamp and the Victoria Falls on a few Southern Rhodesian stamps.

The poets, too, have found inspiration in waterfalls. Wordsworth recalling his boyhood days writes

"The sounding cataract haunted me like a passion."

and again

"The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep."

Coleridge's lines are memorable

"And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,

As if this earth in fast, thick parts were breathing

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced."
In Suthey's lines on "The Cataract of Lodore" we seem to hear the thunder of the falls
—"confounding, astounding
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sounds."

EXAMINATION RESULTS 1947.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE

Honours

J. Ahearne, D. Dempsey, J. Drumm, P. Funge,
D. Murphy, G. Tannam.

Pass

J. Doolan, B. Fitzsimon, J. Graham, J. Walsh,
J. Kavanagh, D. Ryan.

MATRICULATION

J. Ahearne, D. Dempsey, B. Fitzsimon, P. Funge,
J. Graham, E. Moore, D. Murphy, G. Tannam,
D. Ryan, D. Mulligan, M. Clifton.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE

Honours

P. Doolan, L. Dowues, G. Drumm, N. Geoghegan,
J. Horne, D. Judge, G. Lynch, F. Maher, F.
Murphy, K. O'Kelly, H. Byers, S. Cantwell,
M. Corcoran, A. Lewis, R. Lewis, J. McGloughlin,
K. Sparrow.

Pass

N. Corrigan, D. Griffin, W. McManus, P. O'Reilly,
K. O'Rourke, R. O'Shea, S. Dowling, B. Kelly,
C. McCarthy, L. Plunkett.

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