

AN
RÉALITÉ



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

CIRCULATION PRIVATE

SUMMER TERM, 1948.

An Réalt

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VOL. 2. NO. 2.

SUMMER TERM 1948

Editorial Committee :—

J. Hughes, M. Clancy, V. Joyce, L. Downes, F. Murphy, and G. Drumm.

EDITORIAL

September, 1938! A group of boys gather in 1st Junior classroom. Some have known each other before. Others are strangers. Enter Fr. Gilmore, and soon we get to know each other.

June, 1948! Eleven of the original group have passed through the ten classes to Sixth Year, and now await the Leaving Certificate examination. Looking back over the last ten years, it is interesting to recall the events and the activities that made them pass so pleasantly and so quickly. Our first introduction to the sports field was the Holy Childhood League which hardened and trained us for the battlefields of Donnybrook and Lansdowne. In the summer term the Holy Childhood Cricket League introduced us to St. Mary's most popular summer sport, and prepared us for the big matches of later years. The Operettas too, were, and still are the big attraction of Junior School life. We shall long remember Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs. Most of the Dwarfs were selected from our class.

The Under Thirteen Rugby cup matches between Blackrock Boarders, Day Pupils, Willow Park and ourselves! Can we ever forget them? We created a record while in the Junior School by winning the cup on four successive occasions.

September, 1942! We enter the Senior School. They built a new wing for us! And we had a new Dean, too. Fr. Murray entered on his duties as Dean of Studies as we began our careers as Seniors. We thank him for his interest in us and in our studies.

While we were in 1st Year our Senior and Junior Cup teams reached the Final of their respective competitions. Fr. Fullen trained the Seniors, Fr. Seagrave the Juniors.

In 1943 Fr. Dowling died. We missed his gentle presence round the College. R.I.P. Fr. Seagrave replaced Fr. Fullen as Dean of Discipline.

So to Fourth Year and the Inter. Cert. Examination. In this examination we set up a record for the College in the number of passes and honours obtained.

Then our new President, Very Rev. Fr. Maguire, arrived and Fr. Walsh retired from that onerous office after long and generous service in the interests of the boys and the College. Fr. Maguire has ever since his arrival been a great and respected favourite among the boys.

The innovation of a week-end retreat for Fifth and Sixth Years in the summer term which was commenced last year has been an unqualified success, and has been of great help to us all.

And so we come to June, 1948, the end of our school careers. Before we leave we would say to all our professors who have helped us during our years at St. Mary's a sincere "Thank You." Soon we shall be Past Pupils, but no matter where we are our thoughts will often return to the happy days we spent as students of St. Mary's

ST. MARY'S MISSIONARIES

MOST REVEREND DR. JOSEPH WHELAN, C.S.Sp.

We read with interest in the Standard the account of the consecration of His Lordship, Dr. Whelan, C.S.Sp. We would have liked very much to have been there to witness the colourful and impressive scene. But if we were not there in the flesh, at least we were there in spirit by our prayers. May God favour his work with His richest blessings.

On Wednesday, 26th May, we were honoured with a visit from his Lordship. Dr. Whelan spoke to each class in the College and asked us to remember his mission and himself in our prayers.

He told us of some of the difficult problems that face him in Africa—shortage of schools, shortage of missionaries, and nearly three million pagans to be converted.

On Thursday, 27th May we were privileged to have Dr. Whelan with us again to present the prizes to the Senior School prizewinners.

We are grateful to his Lordship for asking for the Free Day. And we will remember his intentions in our prayers.



By Courtesy)

(The Irish Independent.

THE LATE FR. TOM REYNOLDS, C.S.Sp.

It was with profound regret that we learned of the sudden and tragic death of Fr. Tom Reynolds following a motor accident in Nigeria. The members of the Senior classes remember him as a prefect in the College in 1941-42. He was a past student of St. Mary's, and is remembered by his classmates as a perfect gentleman and a true friend. As a school-boy he represented the College on the sports field, and later as a Prefect he assisted the Past team. He was working in Most Reverend Dr. Whelan's Vicariate, Owerri. To His Lordship, his fellow-missionaries and his family we tender our most sincere sympathy. R.I.P.

Holy Mass was offered by the Most Rev. Dr. Whelan on the 26th May in the College chapel for the repose of his soul, and was attended by the boys and the staff.



Rugby.

Congratulations to Oliver Byrne and his First XV. on their fine achievement of reaching the semi-final of the Leinster Senior Cup. In all the Cup matches they aimed at open football and were rewarded with some excellent tries. The first match against Bective was very hard-fought in the first half, but our fast moving three-quarter line handled more surely in the second half to win comfortably by 13-3. Palmerston was the next obstacle. This match was a battle of forwards for a great part of the game, but two excellent movements ending in tries by Charlie O'Flanagan gave us victory. In the semi-final against Trinity, the wet day did nothing to help us, and in spite of good work by the forwards our three's only began to show their real form near the end. Thus ended our Rugby Season, on a very high note. Hopes for the future are very bright, as our team is still very young. We are expecting that with the experience of this year's matches and again under the leadership of Oliver Byrne our First XV. will go a step further than the semi-final in the coming Season.

First XV. Semi-Finalists—1948.

- F. P. Pratt, C. O'Flanagan, B. Lynch, M. Waters, T. Donnelly, T. M. Coveney, Noel Meegan, P. Sullivan, M. Waldron, S. Mulvey, O. J. Byrne, W. P. Burke, U. O'Connor, N. Fitzgerald, E. Mulvey.

Gerry Cox, College Captain 1930-1, and one of the prime movers in the reforming of the R.F.C. in 1932, is back in town after an absence of 10 yrs.

Dr. Ken Kelly is making his professional debut in Ballycastle, Co. Antrim.

The brothers Ryan, Jack and Fergus, are making a name for themselves in the art world. F. Aiden Ryan had two pictures hung in this years R.H.A. exhibition.

Mick Flynn, fourth year 1931, has now taken up medicine at Surgeons.

Lieut. C. J. Russell is now stationed at the Curragh.

Phelim Byrne is doing well in the construction business in East Africa.

Paddy Branagan, popular Secretary of the Football Club, and Captain of the School 1929-30, is in the Control Tower in Collinstown Airport. James Ganter.

Intermediate Results 1909.

(From the Freeman's Journal).

The number, the variety, and the quality of the successes achieved by the students of St. Mary's this year are not unworthy of note. Laurels have been won by the alumni of this institution in every grade and in every group. In the Senior Grade James Smith takes fifth place in Ireland in the Modern Group and qualifies, in addition, for prizes in the Mathematical and Science groups. The fifth place in Ireland on the exhibition list of the Middle Grade in the "Irish" group is taken by William O'Loughlin, who also wins a composition prize in English. His class-fellow, C. Smith, comes seventh in Ireland on the exhibition list, Literary Division, and carries off a composition prize in German. To this student belongs also the honour of qualifying for prizes in the Mathematical and Science, as well as in the Literary group. The Classical prestige of the College is sustained by William O'Reilly. This boy, though a prize-winner in the Literary gets a higher place, and consequently the award in the classical languages. A prominent place in the prize list, Junior Grade, is held by Thomas Christopher. The staff and students of the College merit congratulation on this brilliant record.

Ulick O'Connor must be our most versatile Past Student. His interests extend to conjuring, ventriloquism, acting, debating, golf, Rugby, athletics, boxing, cricket, swimming, and, in between times, study. He is a Second Arts student at U.C.D. He played wing-forward for our Senior team during the past season. He holds the A.A.U. pole-vault championship. At the University Boxing Championships held at U.C.G. this year Ulick won his title by defeating three opponents, knocking out his third opponent in the second round of their contest.

We wish Thomas F. O'Higgins, B.L., T.D., and Christopher Aliaga-Kelly and their brides every blessing and happiness in the years before them.

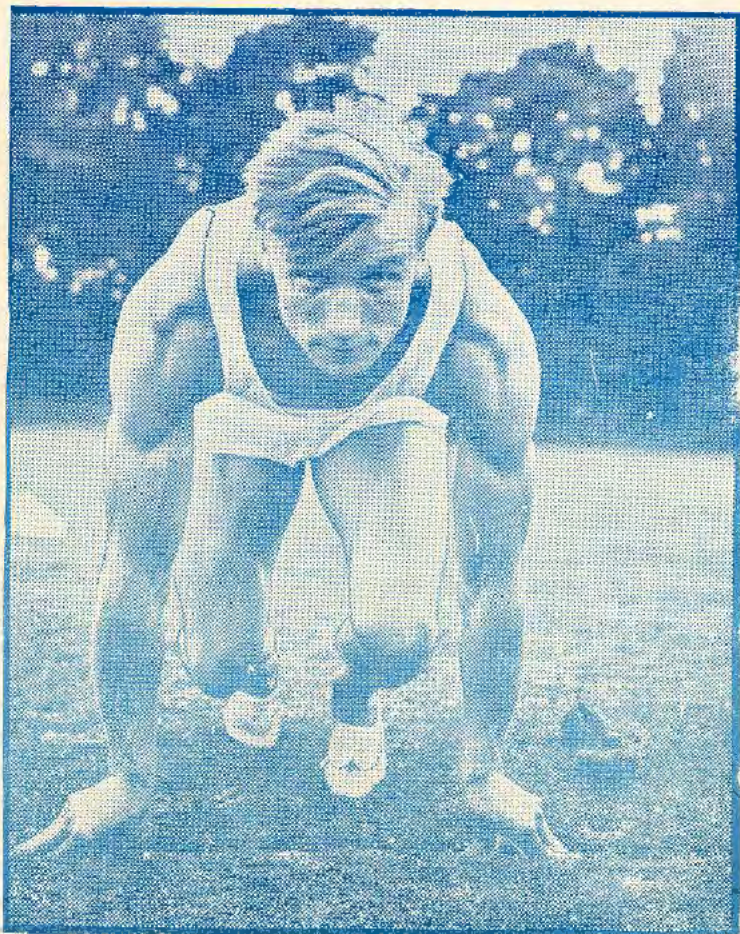
We hear that Vincent Merry is W/O in the Royal Engineers in Hong Kong. He is still interested in cricket, and captains the local army team. He is expected home in July.

Michael MacCormac read the paper at the Inaugural meeting of the Commerce Society and was awarded the Society's gold medal for oratory. Congratulations, Michael.

Congratulations to Charlie Wilson on his election to the Presidency of St. Mary's Past Pupils' Union. Charlie is the first of those who entered the College after it re-opened in 1926 to

be elected President. No more popular Past Pupil could be chosen. Charlie has always interested himself in the activities of the Union and its affiliated clubs. He was one of the founders of the St. Mary's cricket club, and played a prominent part in building it up. He was also an active member of the Dramatic Society and the Debating Society, and when a Praesidium of the Legion of Mary was formed among the Past Students, Charlie was one of its first Presidents. We wish him every success as President of the Union.

As we stated in the last issue of An Réalt, we would like to hear more of the Past for inclusion in this column. An Réalt should be a bond between Past and Present, and between Past and Past too. So grab your pens, Past, and let's hear from you.



JIM REARDON

OUR OLYMPIC HOPE

By Courtesy)

(The Irish Press.



Boxing.

The stage is set for the boxing finals and some excellent bouts are expected. On the way to the top we had some good fights, notably the semi-finals of the Heavy Weight championship between Nicholas Corrigan and Frank Fennell. The decision went to Frank who now meets Terry Gogan in the Final.

The Cruiser Weight final brings another Corrigan—John meets one of our most promising boxers in Brian Cogan.

Other finalists are :

Fly Weight : D. Thornton v Jn. Doherty.

Feather : P. Fitzpatrick v A. Rubener.

Bantam : F. Cogley v J. Horne.

Welter : J. Furlong v P. Corrigan.

Junior School :

A. Section : K. Lanigan v C. Curley.

B. Section Semi-Finals :

Don O'Connor v A. Curley.

Des. O'Connor v B. Reddy.

Swimming.

With summer here again, swimming has been resumed as another of the many activities of the College. Douglas Thornton is our major hope, and I don't think he will disappoint us. Messrs. Byrne and Petit are already engaged in coaching some thirty swimmers in the art of life-saving.

Congratulations to Tom Nolan on being selected to represent Ireland on the School-boys' Soccer XI.

Francis Murphy,
Year V.

Outings.

On Easter Monday the Children of Mary had their first outing of the year. Twenty members set out for the Sugar Loaf mountain, Co. Wicklow. After a hearty meal we climbed the mountain. We had a most enjoyable time, and all went according to plan until the return journey, when we were caught in a heavy rainstorm which pursued us all the way home.

The second hike, on Whit Monday, was a much more pleasant affair. This time we went to Lough Bray which is near Glencree Valley. Nearly all those on the outing got in for a swim. We climbed mountains and hills, took photos, and ate like wolves. It was really a wonderful day—one of our most successful outings.

Special thanks are due to Fr. Barry who organised the outings and also to the Prefects who accompanied us.

Sean Cantwell.

At the beginning of the term the English Debating Society was privileged to have a talk on "Darkest Africa" from Fr. Bernard Keane, C.S.Sp. of Angola. It was voted by all present the most interesting talk they had ever heard on Africa and its people, its customs, its wild life and its climate. We are looking forward to another talk from Fr. Keane before he returns to his very difficult mission.

CRICKET.

The crisp click of bat on ball reminds that cricket is with us again. Again we are indebted to Leinster Cricket Club for the use of their ground, and also the assistance of their coach, Mr. Harrison of Glamorgan C.C., now holding third place in English Counties League.

Seniors.

Captain : John Hughes. Vice-Capt. : G. Duffy.

Matches to date : Drew with Belvedere (A).

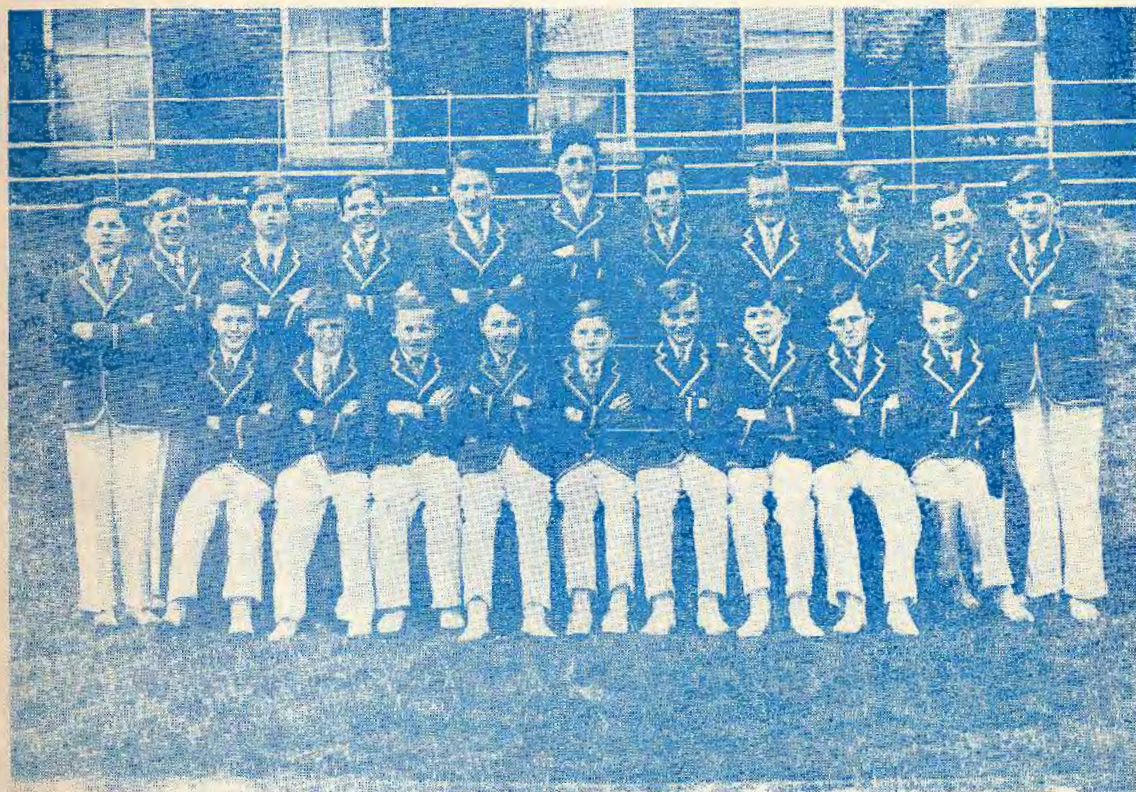
Defeated Leinster C.C.
Selected 157 to 155.

Defeated U.C.D. C.C.
Selected 125 to 53.

Defeated Sandford by an
innings and 11 runs.

Lost to Pembroke C.C., 80
to 89.

SENIOR VERSE-SPEAKING CHOIR



Congratulations to our Verse-Speaking Choirs on their successful début in the Father Mathew Féis competitions. The Senior Choir (Second year students) obtained second place in the Senior competition, being defeated for first place by one mark. The Junior Choir (First Year students) obtained fourth place. Eighteen choirs took part in the Junior Competition. On 15th May the Senior Choir conducted by Miss Máire Cranny,

gave a recital from Radio Éireann which received high praise from those who were listening-in. Radio Review commented on the high standard of the choir: "Under the guidance and tutelage of Miss Máire Cranny this choir has achieved a considerable degree of virtuosity in verse-speaking." Congratulations, Miss Cranny and Choir! May we have the pleasure of hearing you on the air soon again.

PRIZE WINNERS 1947-'48

SENIOR SCHOOL

St. Mary's College Union Gold Medals for General Merit :

Year VI. Anthony Geoghegan.
Year IV. Richard Lewis.

Good Conduct Gold Medal (Fr. Tom Farrell Memorial Medal presented by Rev. E. R. S. Farrell, C.C.): John O'Brien.

Religious Knowledge Gold Medal (presented by Rev. E. R. S. Farrell, C.C.): Francis Fennell.

Senior Honours List Medal : John Hughes.

Junior Honours List Medal : Colm Caffrey.

English Debating Society Medal for Oratory : David Judge.

Elocution Medals :

1st Neil Downes ; 2nd Paul Moore.

Book Prizes—Irish :

Year VI : Anthony Geoghegan.
Year V : Joseph Bevan.
Year IV : Richard Lewis.
Year III : Desmond Moore.
Year II : Colm Caffrey.
Year I : Fred. Kelly.

Book Prizes—General Merit :

Year VI : Christopher Maguire, Michael Clancy, Michael Clifton.

Year V : David Judge, Gerard Drumm, Micheal Hoctor, Joseph Bevan.

Year IV : Michael Corcoran, Kenneth Sparrow, Bernard Kelly.

Year IIIA : James Byrne, Desmond Moore, Leo Philip Brady.

Year IIIB : Thomas O'Connell, Kevin Batt, Gibney, Raymond Joyce.

Year IIA : Colm Caffrey, Fergus O'Brien, Patrick Fitzpatrick, Vincent O'Grady.

Year IIB : Edward Mooney, Lorcan Bowden, Brendan Cronin.

Year IA : Fredrick Kelly, James Dowling, Peter Byrne, Peter Thornton.

Year IB : Ignatius Lyons, Thomas Garvey, Michael Gibney.

First Year Elocution : C. Ardill, Axel Rubener.

JUNIOR SCHOOL

General Merit—Silver Medal : Patrick Dowling.

Honours List—Silver Medal : Matthew Cairns.

Catechism—Silver Medals :

Junior VA : Michael Burns.
.. VB : Dermot Hegarty.
.. IV : Thomas Maguire.
.. III : Gerald Cahill.
.. II : Lorcan Lawlor.
.. I : Eamon Madigan.

Book Prizes—General Merit :

Junior VA : Philip Corcoran, John Lee, Fergal Kenny, Michael Horgan, Conleth Curley.

Junior VB : Garry O'Connor, Gerard Davey, Desmond White, Willie Woodhouse, Conor Keaue.

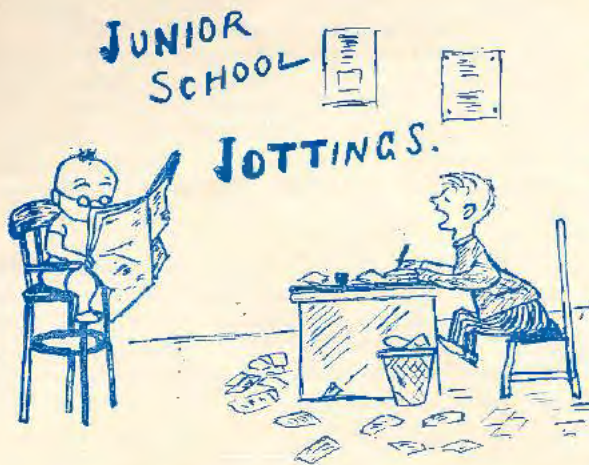
Junior IV : John Flavin, Patrick Walsh, John Bagnall, Joseph Egan, Tom Cullen.

Junior III : Michael Boyle, Desmond Shiel, Don Purcell, James O'Leary, Noel Searson.

Junior II : Peter Duffy, David Rutherford, Gregory McCambridge, Dermot McArdle.

Junior I : Patrick Cahill, Gerard Bowden, Sean Callan, Edward Foley, Joseph Boland.

JUNIOR SCHOOL JOTTINGS



CONFIRMATION. On Friday, 9th April, thirty-eight of our Juniors were Confirmed in Rathmines by His Grace, The Most Reverend Dr. McQuaid. Our beloved Parish Priest gave them a special word of praise for the excellent manner in which they answered their Catechism for the Archbishop. May the Holy Ghost aid them to live always as perfect Christians.

LEAVING THE JUNIOR SCHOOL— Reflections by Michael Burns, Junior VA.

It is possible that I may be leaving the Junior School at the end of the present term. I will miss my teachers. I will have longer school hours, and I shall miss the eleven o'clock recreation. And, whereas I was senior in the Junior School I will be only a Junior in the Senior School. However I shall have a longer period for games. At present I await the exam. that decides my fate on the 11th June.

The Junior School Operetta— "THE GOLDEN AMULET."

On Junior School Prize Day and Senior School Prize Day and again for the Holy Childhood the Junior School Dramatic Society presented their annual operetta. The task of the Producer, Fr. Gilmore, was the more difficult on account of the high standard set by last year's production. Those fortunate to be chosen as principals or members of the chorus threw themselves wholeheartedly into the unenviable and toilsome work of preparation. Just how unenviable this task was may be

realised when one recalls the beautiful evenings which had to be sacrificed. The fruit of so many Sunday evenings and sunny evenings sacrificed, was reaped by them in the generous applause of those who attended the performances on the three nights of the operetta. A noteworthy feature of the production was the perfection of the dances—thanks to the skill and zeal of Miss Timmons. The Producer, Fr. Gilmore, who spared neither time nor labour, and his assistants are to be congratulated on the success of the production.

ATHLETICS. The Junior School ground is a hive of activity this term. The Juniors have taken quickly to basket-ball, and they have wisely adopted only those rules which cannot lead to a dispute.

Croquet is favoured by the Giants. The balls, however, are wearing a "new Look" and the heads of the mallets are aching. This is due, not to the high standard of play, but to the cunning devices of the players, who knock chips off the balls that they may lie with ease against each other.

The Junior athletes, who achieved such a grand victory over Willow Park and St. Michael's in the Holy Childhood Shield, hope to repeat the performance this year. John Cooke and Matt Doolan, both under 12's, are jumping 4' 3". Des. White and Garry O'Connor, under 11's, are but three inches less. Our best runners are F. Montague, Don O'Connor, Joe Atkins, Michael Burns, R. Doherty, B. Rutledge, Eric Salmon and Jim Burke. They are receiving careful attention from their coach, Mr. Cunningham.

CRICKET. Captains of Junior School Cricket XI's are: P. Keogh, S. Cooke, J. Lee, J. Cunningham, G. O'Rourke and P. Coen. Both the Under 11's and under 12's are giving good accounts of themselves against other schools. Recently the Under 12's defeated High School, J. Cunningham making 42 runs. Other outstanding players are: C. Bevan, T. Loughney, G. & J. Smurfit, J. Flavin and P. Dowling.

All are most enthusiastic and are availing themselves of the fine weather.

Holy Childhood Rugby Final. This was won by St. Patrick's who defeated St. John's by a single try scored in the second half of a very exciting match.

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AUNT AGATHA'S AGONY COLUMN



My dear Nephews,

There are three people who have been having fun since you last heard from me—Jemmie the office boy, the honourable Editor, and yours truly. The poor office boy had been grumbling and like Vesuvius, we expected him to erupt, and he did! Not enough money. How could a poor chap keep himself in cigarettes, buy chocolates, go to the pictures, pay his Rugger sub, and clothe himself on the meagre wage afforded him by the Editor. Poor old Employer wrote to me for assistance. What was he to do? Give Jemmie 10 fags more per day treat him to the pictures and buy him a new suit of clothes every six months? Or should he stand firm and fire him? Delving into pre-historic ancient, middle-aged, old, and modern documents I searched for a solution. My reputation was at stake. Assist Jemmie and the gov. was my enemy. Assist the gov. and Jemmie was my enemy. I shuddered, for I hate enemies!

A meeting was arranged. Jemmie stuck to his previous claims. The poor Editor, God love him, tried to reason with him. Financial state was bad. Reporters had already received an increase. Photographers were getting a larger bonus. The result was stale-mate!

Brandishing my tomahawk I stepped between them. Glaring at Jemmie and the gov. in turn I put forward my suggestion. Let Jemmie have ten pulls to the Editor's six. Jemmie was to open all boxes of chocolates sent by kind admirers and have choice of the first lb. of sweets. Whenever

Jemmie was going out and needed to look spruce he was to have free access to the Editor's wardrobe. And finally the editor was to treat Jemmie to the pictures on Saturday nights. Jemmie, for some unknown reason refused to accompany the Editor on Saturday nights, so Wednesday night was agreed upon. The Editor meekly submitted. My reputation was intact and Jemmie is still with us.

Before going to the letters just let me comment on M. J. C's. This unfortunate youth who lost his diary some time ago, has been the subject of some secret service work. You see, lads, I have my Lemmy Cautions and my Sherlock Holmes, so beware!

Dear Aunt Agatha,

Last year I was elected to throw the Junior shot in the Leinster Sports. You can imagine my horror and disgust when I was assigned the Javelin this year. The javelin is by the way a long stick, weight $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. They also selected me for the Pole Vault and between you, me and the rest of the school I think it was in the hope that I might go up and stay up. Relying on you as my last support.

Tearfully yours,
M. J. C.

Dearest tearful M.J.C.,

Please do not cry! I do hate seeing tears. But seriously if I were you I wouldn't feel so bad. Take a gander at it like this. You put the 7 lb. shot 35 feet last year I believe. According to that principle you should be able to throw the Javelin 2,946 feet or a little over half a mile. Now between you, me and the rest of the school I think they are jealous of you. As regards the pole vaulting, well there's no fear of your not coming down as according to current rumour your place is anywhere but up there.

Hoping you have dried your tears!

A. A.

P.S.—Regarding that simple little arithmetic sum remember I said at the beginning of my career "Anything barring honours Maths."

AUNT AGATHA'S COLUMN (contd.)

ODE TO SIXTH YEAR

1947-48.

Dear Aunty,

My reputation is at stake. The playboy of the class has challenged me to fight him for 2/-. I'm in a predicament for two simple reasons. The first is that I'll be beaten 'round the ring and the second is that I have not the remotest chance of procuring 2/- within the next six weeks.

Do help me,

D. O'C.

Dear D. O'C.,

Put a horse-shoe in your glove. Then again it might be advisable to put one in each glove. And don't forget your feet. Footwork counts. A few nails come in useful at close quarters. If you win I shall expect 50% of the takings. If you lose I accept no responsibility.

Yours,

A. A.

Dear Aunt Agatha,

I am very fat and small—just like a tub. I was recently charged with eating too much and so trying to cause a famine and tried by the Peoples' Court of Third Year. I was found guilty by a "packed jury", and after a thorough "bumping" I was handed over to the mob who cried "Give 'im to us." How can I retaliate?

Yours sincerely,

T. C. D. O'C.

Dear T. C. D. O'C.,

Keep on eating.—If they keep you they will soon have the famine and will be glad to let you go.

A. A.

Long long ago, beyond the misty space of twice a thousand years,

In Dublin old there dwelt a mighty race. Where shall we find their peers?

Like oaks and towers they had a giant grace; for Drill, no fear.

In Mac an Glin's they had their meeting place, those ancient Rathmines seers.

Their 'all-round' chief was Donus On-the-Floor, whose playful tiffs

Did often end in sleep upon the board of leather mitts. Millso, the Lanky, full of Latin lore, gave Irish class a miss.

De Brun was their king of song and unto him they crooned in crazy fits.

O'Brien tilled the soil, Clanco cast the spear and climbed the pole.

Ardiffo, King of Weeds, for many a year did ride a foal. Mow Gay, the Hairy One, whom all did fear, lived like a mole,

While Magso, fleet-footed as the hunted deer, lived on the dole.

Their Photo-King was Out-of-Focus Twank whose skillful shots

In clarity so pure with Val's did rank as 'tops' for tiny-tots.

His fellows all thought Dinno, King of Pranks, was really dots,

While Robo, in his long white pants so swank, made all the noughts.

Shurchill The Silent One beside whom sat the Man from Park na Croake,

And Milch and Tone with gawf sticks oft did play a one-hole stroke;

But Fanno all the while with perfect calm did play at poke,

As Montos sang in very high sopran 'Beloved Folk'.

In after years they settled down as men with various jobs;

To offices retired the skilled of pen; to shoeing cobs

Some gave their time, while easily then to earn the bobs

Did lend a hand at emptying the dusty bin.

Francis Fennell,

Year VI.

AEOLIAN AIRS

THE SO-AND-SO

Now I'm a So-and-So,
And so my coat I sew.
In the garden seeds I sow,
So all day long I sew and sow.

Now I'm a So-and-So,
'Cos at the flower show,
The seeds I sew I show,
But all they say is, "So-So!"

Austin Healy,
Year IIIA.

THE HOUSE-FLY

All housewives they hate me,
And try obliterate me
With every old powder and pill.
They spray every room,
To kill me by fume,
But the house-fly is buzzing round still.

At school Billy Jones is a "swotter,"
His eyes glued all day to his jotter.
While his French text he read,
I tickled his head,
So he "swot" me down dead with his blotter.

Austin Healy,
Year IIIA.

THE BURNING BRAND

He looked unmoved upon her drooping head;
The torture things she feared lay close at hand.
"Prepare you for the ordeal now," he said,
"Though aged, I yet can wield a red-hot brand.
"Heat me the irons, bind my victim fast,
"Whilst I prepare me for the transformation,
"And ere another hour this night has passed
"It will be done—a deed of desecration.
"Now to my task. Before my victim's eyes
"From flaming furnace red-hot brands appear."
Within her bosom hope of mercy dies
Trembling she waits the irons that twist and sear.
He paused, and then, with resolution firm,
Rushed to the chair and gave a five-bob perm.

Gearoid Lynch,
Year V.



ON GOING BALD

When I have fears that they may cease to be,
I rub in oils and lotions—but in vain;
Already hair by hair they turn and flee,
Nor Silvikrin nor Dandrine can retain.
When I behold upon the mirror's face
Huge white expanses of exhausted skin
And realise the ever-growing space
Whose borders e'en are getting scant and thin.
And when I think, fair creatures of the past!
That I shall never look upon you more,
And ne'er have hope that nature might recast
My scalp with hair like that which once it wore;
Amongst my many friends I'll stand alone,
Until they're just like me—all scalp and bone.

Gerald Drumm,
Year V.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

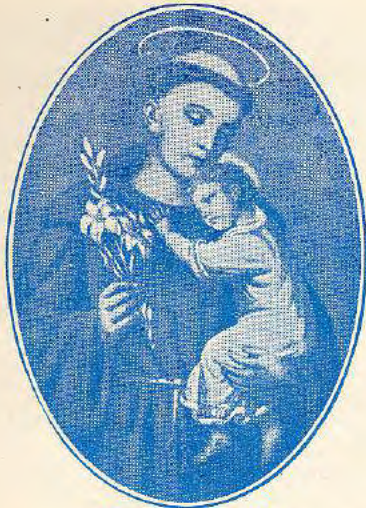
1
I remember, I remember
The School where I was taught;
The little shop across the road
Where sweets and buns I bought.

2
I tried to please my Daddy,
The highest marks I sought.
But alas! too frequently I found
The mark I got was nought.

David Corrigan,
Year I.

MAN OF THE MONTH

* * * *



ST. ANTHONY

Feast 13th June.

Whenever I lose anything my first thought is to say a prayer to St. Anthony to help me find it. Who is this saint who comes into our everyday lives so frequently? He was born at Lisbon,

1195. In 1210 he entered the Congregation of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. At the age of twenty-five he became a Franciscan that he might work in the mission fields of Africa. Ill health forced him to return to Europe. Until his death in 1231 he laboured in France and Italy in which countries the fame of his preaching and sanctity won countless souls to God. All his life he tried to help souls not merely in their spiritual needs, but in their temporal troubles also.

Early in the Sixteenth Century, St. Anthony appeared to a client who was praying for a particular intention in the Franciscan church at Boogna. He told her to visit a Franciscan church for nine consecutive Tuesdays in his honour. Thus started the famous devotion which binds so closely the great St. Anthony to millions of Catholics throughout the world.

Derek Crofton,

Year II.

SENIOR RETREAT

The Retreat for the Sixth and Fifth Year students held this year on 23rd-24th May was conducted by Fr. Brendan McCourt, C.S.Sp. who has returned home recently from St. Mary's College, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, and who is leaving for East Africa at the end of the Summer to join the staff of a newly-established college. We thank Fr. McCourt for his very instructive and helpful retreat, and we wish him every grace and blessing in his new Mission.

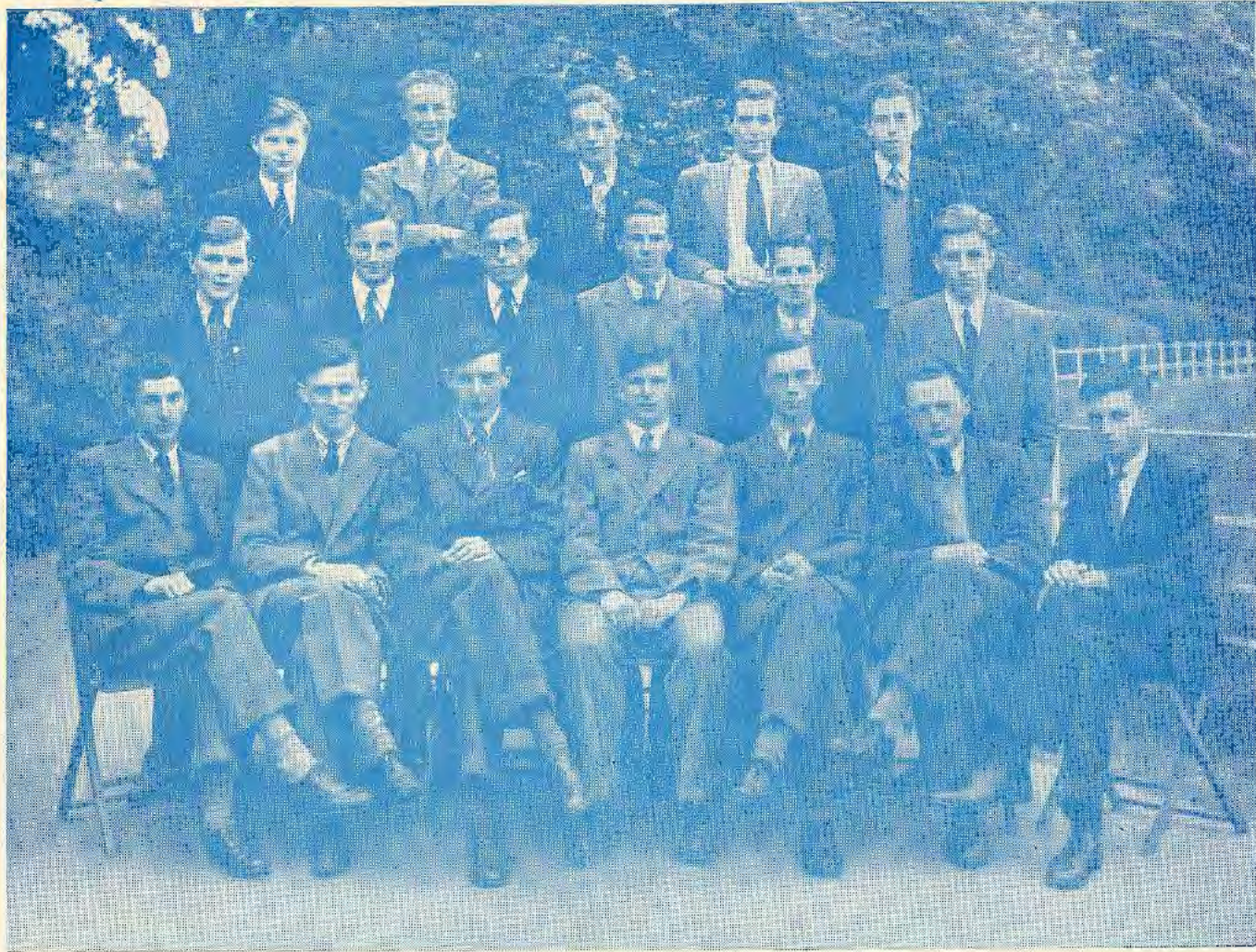


TRAGEDY

We all got back our copies.
All but one, I mean.
The teacher turned to me and said,
"Go, show yours to the Dean."
I climbed the stairs up to his room,
My copy in my hand.
I spun a yarn to tell the Dean,
But would he understand?
I knocked so softly on the door,
Just hoping for the best,
And quickly turned to go again
—My heart sank in my breast,
"Come in. Come in. OH, You again!
What has you back so soon?
This morning you were here before,
And twice this afternoon."
I told to him my story
While standing at the door,
He looked at me and smiled, and said,
"I've heard that one before."
I sadly walked adown the stairs—
He didn't understand.
A salty tear burst from my eye
And sizzled on my hand.

John Murray. Year II.

SIXTH YEAR 1947-48



Back : G. MONTGOMERY, V. JOYCE, H. ARDIFF, J. PANAGAN, B. BROWN.
Centre : D. O'CONNELL, M. CLIFTON, J. O'BRIEN, E. BURKE, C. MAGUIRE, D. O'SULLIVAN.
Front : F. SHORTELL, A. GEOGHIGAN, C. MILLS, F. BERNELL, M. CLANCY, J. FUGHIES, R. BURKE.

An Teasbaintear

Dob é cúlú glionndair do mhuintir na Cathrae agus na tuairte é ar feadh feadhmaine. Samhlaítear dom go raib an domhan ir a mácair ann, agus mé as riubal timéall an halla móir, mé as véanaí iongantair de gae son iuro. Cuirfead fáilte Uí Ceallaigh póimam as gae "árdán" agus a leitéir de madair ní feaca-ra pian

Ir ran halla móir a bí árdán as comluéatá móra na tíre agus raigad mé i mbannaí duit gurab é an feic raolta é; gae son comluéat as iarrad an céad comluéat eite a páru. Níl bréas á inniric agam nuair a veim nae raib órlae ceapnae ran halla nae raib clúdaigte le véantúirí náriúnta éigin. Bí árdán amáin a bí go páir-maíe - árdán móir iarrainn a Tuairpint. Ar feadh i bfead bíor as baint lán mo fúil ar na rghannáin abí ar riubal ann.

Bíor i gcair ioir dá comhairle an raigainn éun na h-innit feirmeoiréada o feirpint nó an raigainn éun comórtair léim na seapall o feirpint. Dár nóis focruigeas go raigainn éun na comórtairí agus o fíarriugeas o oirigeae an R.O.S. dá raib " páirce a léim". " Téigir ra treo rin, ir comgar é. " ar feirpint. Demeas iuro ar. Ac " má' cam oirigeae an póu, pé an bótar móir an t-aitéiorra " agus i bpar na fúil bíor t'péir toul amú.

Buel; a duine, o féadear im' timéall agus ead a éirinn ac na milte innit feirmeoiréada, innit bainte arbar agus céada de gae son traigar. Mire pé duit, go raib iongad an domhan oim nuair a connaeas an t-obair a veim euid oer na h-inneallab rin. Ac " ní tig leir an ngobadán an dá tráig a fíearpal " agus an t am go léir bí an comórtair léim ar riubal. Mar rin, tugar m'agair i oirpé na páirce agus níor éogar " an comgar " an uair péo.

Buel, a léigíteoir, ná tóg oim é muna bameas páraim ar an lá rin. Dameas lán mo fúil ar gae comórtair agus nuair a bí gae ceann acu epioénuigte bí rgeitimiri átar oim. Ní feaca-ra a leitéir de madair ó lá mo bpeite agus ní feirpint go oí lá píub a Cleite, geallam-pe duit. Agus muna raib glionndair époide oim agus ar an luéat féadana, ní lá go maroin é.

Cé nae raib pé aet a fead a élog bí gae somne iméigte abate agus éiteas leat, uair a éuig eite as riubal timéall na h-áite ar nóir Oirín inoair na féinne. Ac tar éir tamall o éirigeas bréan de agus tugar m'agair i oirpé an doirair. Dob é cúlú iongantair dom é, feirpint go raib pé as toul ó polur de agus gan a tuitte moille corpuigeas ar an rúge abate. Ir annrin a geallar dom péin go otabaffainn eumro ar gae Tearbáinteas a bead as an R.O.S. go oí go mbeim iméigte ar rúge na píinne. Agus, a léigíteoir, geallam-pe duit go otabaffad.

—S. Ó beadháin

, bliain V

THE LOONY-LOOK

Ian Duff—IV Year.

Boko Nightcap, that eminent cocktail connoisseur and man-about-town, gazed longingly at the window of a leading London tailor. The object of his attention was an exquisitely clothed dummy, sporting brown and white shoes, puce socks, cream trousers, a jade-green jacket, a brick coloured shirt, and,—horror of horrors—a yellow-and-pink tie decorated freely with gold spots and silver dragons.

Anyone not well acquainted with Boko would have wondered why he pined for the suit, for he was dressed in similar fashion himself. But Boko had a failing, he longed for new suits—always those which screamed aloud of their presence. The clubs of London abound with tales of those who, in advanced stages of alcoholic poisoning, had seen Boko in the early hours and become "T.T.'s" on the spot.

Pre-war when a pound was a pound and the only coupon was a football one, Boko, endowed with considerable "private-means"—left by an uncle who got "pie-eyed" (to quote Boko's expression) and lay down in a gutter in Venice—had been well supplied with them. But now in this post-war paradise where coupons are few and the basic is not, Boko got one suit in three months. So Boko pined!

Having gazed rapturously at the object of his desires he made up his mind to use his usual and never successful method, and entered the shop. He pleaded, threatened, coaxed, promised, cajoled, exhorted and finally, going down on his knees begged, sobbing, for the suit. The Russian answer being given to him, he changed his sobbing to a gush and from a gush to a deluge.

After fifteen minutes he stood up because the water had risen to three feet and was lapping round his neck. After another quarter of an hour the depth was six feet and Boko, now sitting in a floating pram, had to let go the manager's hair (he was no swimmer) with the air of a Russian peasant reluctantly throwing his infant son to the pursuing wolf-pack. When the manager went down for the third time Boko had sense enough to turn off the tap of sorrow. At that moment the doors burst open and Boko was borne out on the crest of a tidal wave. From then on things became a blurr.

His mind cleared while he was in prison, out of which he was bailed by his father soon after midnight. In his lonely vigil he had decided to start a new fashion. He was sure his old friend Fred Frisky would back him up.

That exclusive London club, the "Roosters," was as usual a hive of activity and chatter. As was also usual everyone was talking at once, but everyone was talking about the same thing. This certainly was unusual!

"You should have seen..." "I never saw such a

sight..." "I wonder why they..." "They must have bin shrunk" (the last remark from Pickled Popit, the pawnbroker's delight)... "The chap has gone loony, balmy, potty, crackers, if you know what I..." "He was wearing..." "Hello Willie."

This greeting was addressed to the Hon. Willie Flogol, who had just arrived in London from his country mansion.

"What on earth are they all talking about?" he asked Lord Fitzcombiefrothside, who had addressed him. (It might be mentioned that his Lordship had been awarded the "Order of the Plastic Braces" during the late war for meritorious service in the A.T.S.)

As one man the members opened their mouths, and, as one man lay down on the ground and laughed themselves sick. The Hon. William looked around and fainted on the spot.

For in the door-way was an apparition. It could have been Boko. It might have been Boko. It was Boko! He was heavily coated with the cosmetics which usually beautify, or try to, the female features. In place of a hat he wore an imitation bunch of fruit on which was perched a live pigeon, which had settled there as he was passing through Trafalgar Square. He wore an orange shirt, no collar, and a black-yellow-puce-skyblue-beige-and-scarlet tie. The jacket had no sleeves and was a petunia shade with cerise patch-pockets. The trousers were almost 'plus-fours', a rather vivid green. Suspenders were attached to the ends holding up white socks with blue and mauve strips. The shoes were a vermilion-suede with eight inch heels.

But Boko was a fugitive. On his trail were the Klu Klux Klan of Britain and the most powerful and terrible organisation in the world, the dreaded Housewives League. Along the street they marched, shoulder to shoulder, their banners waving in the breeze. All the pedestrians were running for their lives. A policeman blew his whistle, drew his truncheon and charged bravely into the front rank. When the mass had passed, his broken body was strewn on the road.

At the "Roosters," the members hearing the dreaded war cry turned from beetroot red to pale green. Lord Fitzcombiefrothside began to have hysterics. "Popit" even sobered a little. Boko, grey under the rouge, gasped for help. Hon. Willie, recovered himself, grabbed a suitcase containing clothes belonging to the Earl of Moonshine and shoved it into Boko's hand.

When the Housewives stormed through the building they found only a blazing fire and a man the colour of putty beside the other fifty odd wrecks.

In future if you ever meet a hunted look in front of a suit of very drab clothes, you have met Boko Nightcap.

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Cup Match: 1st Round v St. Columba's at Leinster Ground.

St. Columba's went in to bat first. Their first three batsmen brought the score up to 44 for 1. A change of bowling ends resulted in the fall of seven wickets for 5, Duffy getting a grand hat-trick, and Burke getting four wickets for one over. Columba's were all out for 61. Bowling: Duffy 5 for 25; Burke 5 for 16.

We then went in to bat and declared with 117 for 6. Duffy 57; Drumm 22. We meet Blackrock in the 2nd round.

Defeated Castleknock by five wickets.

Defeated St. Columba's by 69 to 57.

Defeated St. Columba's by 83 for 9 (dec) to 54.

Lost to Blackrock by 37 to 44.

First Cup Match against Belvedere won: St. Mary's 106 for 2; Belvedere 77. Ian Duff 76 not out.

Juniors.

Captain: Neal Geoghegan.

Vice-Captain: Michael O'Dwyer.

Matches to date: Defeated King's Hospital by six wickets.
Defeated Blackrock by two wickets.

Under 14's.

Skipped by P. Fitzpatrick, the Under XIV Eleven have won all their five League matches to date, accounting for Mountjoy, Terenure, Xavier's, High School and Wesley. Two remain to be played before the final. They have a solid batting side—Noel Farley and Freddie Kelly the best opening pair in three years. Freddie Cogley leads the attack with deadly bowling. The fielding is excellent. Win that Cup for the hat-trick this year Under Fourteens!

THE MISER

I

There once was an old man named Silas,
A stingy old miser was he.
He lived in a house in a side-street
As dirty as dirty could be.
He was a man without cousins,
Nor nieces nor nephews had he
But he hoarded bank notes in their dozens
Looked away in a dark cavity.

II

Sharp at nine every Saturday morning,
Despite his pretensions of gout,
He would put on his best Sunday garments,
And soon on his rounds he was out.
He would knock on the doors of his tenants
And bellow, "Pay up, or get out!"
For Silas was landlord to many,
And few of them dared him to flout.

III

One night he was counting his money,
From the pounds to the threepenny bits,
When Bill Sykes poked a gun through the window
And snarled, "You may stick up your mits."
Old Silas, he quivered and quibbled
And was frightened right out of his wits,
But Sykes took the trunk and the money,
And ever since dines at the Ritz.

Fred Kelly,

Year I.