

AN  
RÉALITÉ



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

CIRCULATION PRIVATE

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1949

# GING'S

*Ireland's Leading Theatrical Costumiers*

Contractors by appointment to :

THE BELVEDERE MUSICAL SOCIETY.  
RATHMINES AND RATHGAR MUSICAL SOCIETY.  
O'CONNELL'S SCHOOLS.  
BELVEDERE COLLEGE.  
ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.  
C.U.S. SCHOOLS.  
ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, NAVAN.  
MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.  
KING'S HOSPITAL.  
ST. LOUIS CONVENTS.  
LORETO CONVENTS.  
BLACKROCK COLLEGE, etc.  
AND THE DUBLIN & PROVINCIAL THEATRES.

**Plays and Operas now booking.**

★ *3 Dame Street, Dublin.* ★

Phone 51407 for Plays and Musicals.  
53589 for Gents Dress Wear and Carnival Novelties.

## BANAHANS

Phone 78767.



Household Hardware

Furniture and Toys



**44 Sth. Gt. George's St.  
DUBLIN.**

*Every Magazine  
You Want.....*

TOBACCO

SWEETS

PAPERS

---

## DAVIS

**103 Rathgar Road**

Opposite Highfield Road.

# An Réalt



fé Coimirce nuire Réalt na Mara.

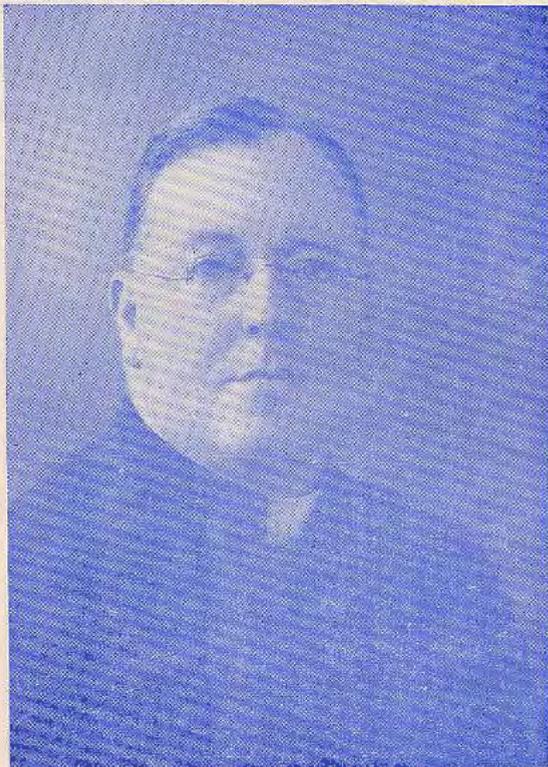
VOL. 3. NO. 3

CHRISTMAS TERM 1949

Editorial Committee:—

S. Cantwell, J. McGloughlin, R. Joyce, B. Gogan.

## EDITORIAL



VERY REV. ERNEST FARRELL, P.P.

**S**INCE the last issue of An Réalt two events have taken place which are of interest to all connected with St. Mary's. We refer firstly to the appointment of Fr. Ernest Farrell as Parish Priest. Both Past and Present rejoice at the honour conferred on one whom we have long learned to admire and respect as a priest and a gentleman, and to esteem as a friend. Fr. Ernest has ever been identified with the interests of St. Mary's. As a pupil he gave of his best for the Old School in class-room and playing field. As a Past Pupil his record of service, of loyalty, of self-sacrifice is second to none. The Past Pupils' Union, Football Club, Tennis Club, Dramatic Society—all are his debtors. Each has benefited by his counsel, his practical interest, his unstinted generosity. We of the Present, too, gratefully acknowledge his interest in us and in all our activities—our plays, our sports, our football and cricket matches—all are of interest to Fr. Ernest. Indeed we may say in truth that he sums up in himself our beautiful motto: "Fedelitas in Arduis." We wish him every grace and blessing in his labours for souls.

Towards the end of last term we learned with regret that Fr. Seagrave was leaving us to take up duties in S. Nigeria. Since his coming to St. Mary's, Fr. Seagrave toiled unsparingly and unceasingly in the interests of his charges. As Dean of Discipline he commanded the affection and the loyalty of every boy in the College, and he worked unremittingly to place St. Mary's in the first rank of every form of sport. The same self-sacrificing zeal characterised his efforts as trainer of the Past Football Club. He takes with him to Nigeria our very best wishes and our sincere gratitude. May God make fruitful his toil in His Vineyard.

# ★ ST. MARY'S MISSIONARIES ★

THE TORCH OF THE FAITH



Another St. Mary's missionary home at present is Fr. Tom O'Sullivan, former Dean of Discipline. He takes a keen interest in all the activities of his old pupils, and is an ardent follower of our teams.

Fr. G. Foley is also home from E. Africa. He was a Prefect in St. Mary's about 1935, and gave valuable help to the Past teams. He is at present stationed in Rockwell. He too is a keen supporter of our Past, and follows fortunes with interest—even from faraway Kenya.

If anyone wishes to correspond with Past Pupils or Past Prefects in Africa we shall be pleased to supply the address.

**West Africa:** Fr. G. Lahiffe is expected home soon from Nigeria where he has been labouring for the last five or six years. He will be remembered by students of the 1936-'38 period as a keen cricketer and a useful back.

Fr. E. Burke returned to Nigeria in September. He will be kept in mind and in prayer by the Junior School especially where he spent most of his short stay in St. Mary's. During the few months he was with us he made many friends, for his quiet kindly way attracted him to all. He took a keen interest in all that concerned the College—especially the Juniors to whom he was best known. We wish him every blessing and success in his mission.

All who attended a talk on "Darkest Africa" over a year ago will remember Fr. Keane. All agreed that it was one of the most interesting lectures they had ever heard. Fr. Keane is now back in his mission in Angola, Portuguese, West Africa, one of the most difficult missions in the Dark Continent. Do you remember the lions he spoke of? He had a visit from some of them recently, and they killed two cows and mauled a number of others. Perhaps some of those who listened to his lecture would like to write to him—he would be glad to hear from you.

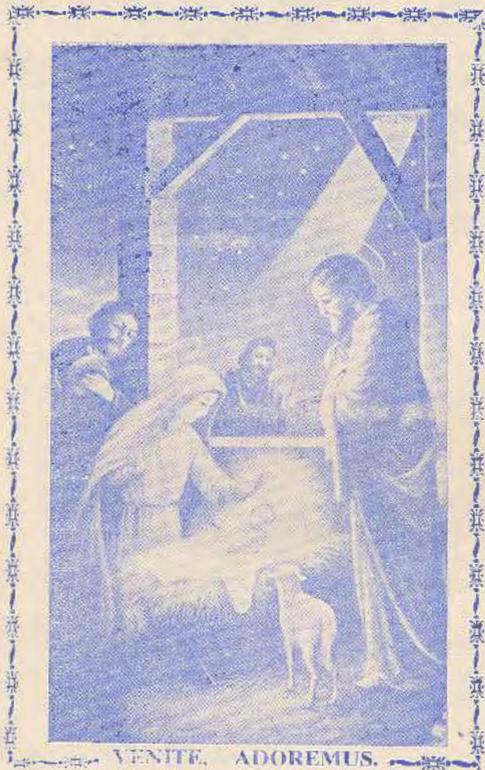
**East Africa:** Fr. Edward Colleton who conducted the College Retreat in September is a Past Pupil of St. Mary's. He is home on holidays from Kenya where he has been on mission work for the past eight years. All were delighted with his Retreat, and we thank him sincerely for the help he gave us.

## Gone to the Missions



REV. A. SEAGRAVE, C.S.Sp.

# Venite Adoremus



## THE BEGINNER.

Oh, God,  
Why can he never  
Pray to you  
With a sincere heart?  
Why must his mind  
Forever wander  
Through the well-worn lanes  
Of repeated thought?  
Why has he always  
Been a stranger  
To your generous Heart?  
Oh God, help him,  
Humble his stupid pride,  
And on his knees  
Let him creep to the cave-mouth  
Where you lie,  
Holding glorious court  
From your straw-filled manger.

Brian Gogan,  
Year V.

✠

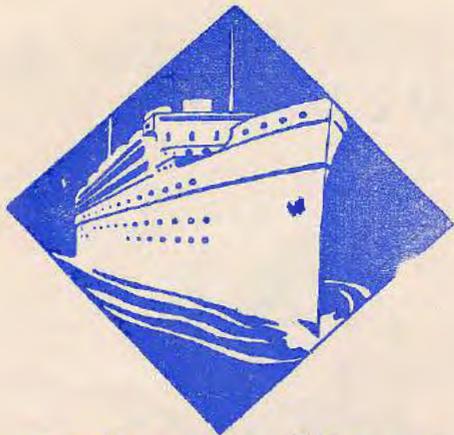
Ἰο μβρονναὸ  
ἰοσαζάν Σονας  
αζυς Σέαν αρ ἄρ  
Λεῖζτεοίρῖ υἱε.

✠

## A PRAYER.

Oh, Dear God,  
Your love for me  
Is an infinite ocean  
Spreading to the uttermost corners  
Of my soul;  
Purifying its impurities,  
Healing its wounds,  
Soothing its painful sores,  
And what is your return?  
A tiny rivulet of love  
Slowly seeping  
Through the barriers of sin  
To reach your Heart.  
Oh My God,  
May it become  
A roaring torrent,  
A raging-cataract,  
An Irresistible flood:  
Drowning me  
In the fury of its waves;  
Stifling me  
With the fierceness of its ardour,  
Holding me  
In the steadiness of this flow.

Brian Gogan,  
Year V.



# Outward Bound

(A day-to-day account of his journey to Africa.  
Kindly supplied by Fr. E. Burke, C.S.Sp.)

**Friday, 16th September:** My gratitude to Fr. Gilmore and Fr. Murray who with a number of missionary confreres came to wish me God-speed. Silently the **Lady Munster** moves out leaving the myriad lights of Dublin blinking behind. Darkness at length blots out the hills of Dublin—Farewell Ireland and St. Mary's!

**Tuesday, 20th September:** On board the **Fulani**—a cargo boat accommodating eight passengers. I share a large cabin with Fr. J. Murray, C.S.Sp., and two S.M.A. Fathers.

**Wednesday, 21st September:** No land in sight. Listened to Ireland's victory over England. Boat drill. Channel fairly calm.

**Saturday, 24th:** Along the coast of Portugal—memories of another returning in '43 with war planes zooming overhead and some of their victims in sore distress. A mighty ship passes at 9 p.m. ablaze with lights. "Ships that pass in the night!"

**Sunday, 25th:** All roads lead to Croke Park to-day. We are there in spirit. Sailing between Madeira and Cassablanca which sheltered some ship-wrecked Missionaries in '43.

**Monday, 26th:** At daybreak through the mist and rain the Canary Islands visible. Bare barren rocks at first—then a range of hills—some miniature Croagh Patricks. Into Las Palmas—a large town scattered along the waterfront. Brown, grey and yellow buildings with the Cathedral towering in the midst.

**Thursday, 29th:** Towards evening Gambia looms up in the distance. Africa once again! sailing up the Gambia river we pass some modern Inchape Bells before we anchor off Bathurst. Fr. Farrell, C.S.Sp. comes on board with a **cead mile failte**.

**Friday, 30th:** We visit the town—Schools run by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny for girls, and our own boys schools. We stay the night in the Mission and exchange news. We hear of Meath's victory. Next morning Mass in the beautiful Mission Church.

**Sunday, 2nd October:** Off again—flying fish scattering and shimmering before the prow. A porpoise wheels clumsily alongside.

**Tuesday, 4th:** Sierra Leone. The hills of Freetown confront us—"range after range extending to the skies." A big welcome from Fr. Clerkin, an old St. Mary's Prefect. He shows us the town.

**Wednesday, 5th:** At sea again. Land visible for some hours. A beautiful moon. Two sharks lift their ugly heads in the moonlight.

**Thursday, 6th:** Down by the Liberian coast—pass Monrovia the Negro Republic. Land in sight all day. Round Cape Palmas—lighthouse blinking in the distance.

**Saturday, 8th:** Along the Ivory Coast and Gold Coast and into Takoradi. Loading and unloading of ships for six long days. The **Accra** comes and goes. The little cruiser **Nigeria** presents a pleasant contrast to the huge cargo boats. A large number of children come on board, a conducted tour. At length the Blue Peter is hoisted. What a relief to be sailing again!

**Saturday, 15th:** At dawn we anchor at Accra and view the town scattered along the water-front. The sea is always very rough here and the swell at times terrific. No docks, so all the work is done by surf-boats.

**Sunday, 23rd:** Twenty-four hours to Lagos—some 4,300 miles from Liverpool.

**Monday, 24th:** Anchored outside Lagos. Many ships in the Lagoon. We take our place in the queue. **Nigeria** at last! We go aboard the **Tamele** to meet Fr. Segrave and companions. We meet Fr. B. Kelly, and wave to Fr. Segrave as our launches pass in the Lagoon.

**Saturday, 5th November:** The last lap. Anchored in mid-stream we watch the palm trees nodding on the mosquito-infested verdant banks of the river. Killed my first mosquito in the act of testing my refill of Irish blood. Port Harcourt at last. We can discern a group of Fathers and Sisters pacing the pier. The **Fulani** drops anchor. A great welcome awaits us after our 5,000 miles journey. One of the first to greet us is Fr. G. Healy, once a pupil of St. Mary's and now specially chosen to pioneer among the Ogoni tribe.



Tony Geoghegan and John O'Brien made their Religious Profession in the Holy Ghost Novitiate, Kilshane this Autumn. We congratulate them, and ask a remembrance in their prayers.

\* \* \* \*

Alfie McGloughlin and Michael MacCormac have returned from England. Alfie is in the Genealogical Department of the National Library, and Michael is an accountant. He is also lecturer in Economic Geography, U.C.D.

\* \* \* \*

Dermot Walsh returned to the stage for the Malvern Festival. He played the part of Joseph in "The Stars Bow Down", and also had a part in the new Shaw play "Boyant Billions", which went to London for a few weeks after the Festival. Dermot and his wife hope to make their home in Kent, in the heart of the country.

\* \* \* \*

George Norton seems a certainty for the Irish Fifteen in the Inter-national competitions in 1950. He has had a wonderful season so far and no rival has yet appeared on the horizon to dispute his right to the position. We only hope he does as well in the coming season as he did last season.

\* \* \* \*

We offer our sincere congratulations and good wishes to Fr. Leahy of Clonliffe College, and Fr. Gerry O'Brien, O.Cist, who were ordained over the Summer. *Ad multos annos!*

\* \* \* \*

Leo McKenny has left to take up an appointment in Kenya, East Africa.

\* \* \* \*

Sincere good wishes to Leo Early and John Fanagan and their brides. May they enjoy every grace and happiness.

\* \* \* \*

Congratulations to Dick Blake on passing his final examination in chartered Accountancy. We read recently the announcement of his engagement

to Joe Murray's sister. We wish them both every happiness.

\* \* \* \*

**Examination Successes:** We congratulate the following on their brilliant successes in public examinations:

Bernard O'Kelly, M.A. and Denis Holmes, M.A. on obtaining first and second places in the Third Secretaryship examination.

**Medicine:** Fintan Ryan, M.B., B.A.O., U.C.D. Jack Sullivan, L.R.C.P.I., L.R.C.S.I., College of Surgeons.

Dermot Lynch, 1st Medical, College of Surgeons, Second place with special prize in both anatomy and physiology.

Colm Brady, student the Richmond Hospital—two medals.

**Arts, Law, Engineering:**

Ulick O' Connor, B.A. Kevin Lynch, B.A., B.L. Brooks Scholarship winner 1949—value £150. Paddy Funge, 2nd place and prize—Second Year Commerce. Sean Coakley, B.E., B.Sc., Honours.

**Sport:** Maurice Corrigan played for the Rest of Leinster v. Universities. John Pettitt was a member of the team which won the Royal Life-Saving Championships.

\* \* \* \*

**Union Notes.**

The Annual Dance was held in October and was voted by all present a most enjoyable function.

The Annual Requiem Mass for departed Past Students and Professors of the College was offered in the College chapel in November. A number of the Past Students attended.

A Sale of Work was held in the College on 12th November under the auspices of the Union. It was quite successful. We wish to thank all who

## OUT OF THE PAST (contd.)

supported the Sale and all who gave gifts. Especially we thank the ladies who gave so generously of their service.

The Annual Dinner was held on 22nd November, and was an enjoyable event. This function gives the members of the Union an opportunity of meeting old friends and old class-mates, and it deserves to be supported by all Past Students.

Our next function will be the Annual Whist Drive, which will be held in the College, by kind permission of the President, Very Reverend Fr. Maguire, on 11th December. A big attendance is expected

\* \* \* \*

### Tennis Club.

The St. Mary's College Lawn Tennis Club was revived last season after a lapse of a few years. The use of the courts in Kenilworth Square was very kindly granted by Very Reverend Fr. Maguire. The success of the first season surpassed all the expectations of the Committee, the membership, which is confined to Past Students of the College and members of the Rugby Club, with associate lady members, totalled well over one hundred. This large membership justifies the opinion of the founders of the club that it supplies a long-felt want in social and sporting activities for the Summer. We are looking forward to an even more successful season next year.

W. D. Fagan,  
Hon. Secretary.

\* \* \* \*

## PAST STUDENTS DRAMATICS.

On Sunday, 30th October and Tuesday, 1st November the Past Students Musical and Dramatic Society presented "The Rigordans" by Edward Percy.

The acting and production were both excellent, and I think the society should be heartily congratulated on their high standard, which has been maintained since their first production last year.

James Kenny, as John Rigordan, must, I feel be given special mention, while G. Dempsey as the family physician was outstanding. Among the ladies, the performance of Eithne Gilsean as Jennie, was the most noteworthy.

A word of praise must also be given to the orchestra under the direction of Miss Jeanne McKeown, A.L.C.M., whose playing was much appreciated by the large audiences at both performances.

We are looking forward to their next production which will probably be a comedy, and which will take place early in the New Year.

John McGloughlin,  
Year VI.

## THE LEGION OF MARY Stella Maris Senior Praesidium.

Our Senior Praesidium has increased greatly in strength during the past year, due in main to generous transfusions of fresh blood that we received from the ranks of the Intermediate Praesidium. Gearoid Lynch is our acting secretary; David Judge and Frank Murphy are doing great work in the Boys' Club in Mount Street. Frank Fennell and Christy Maguire are with us since the previous year. Most recent recruits are Conal Gogan, Frank Kelly and Dermot Ryan. Paddy O'Beirne, Praesidium President, in spite of his many activities finds time to pilot the most important of our Past Pupils' works. Fr. Fullen, we are glad to record, is still our Spiritual Director. Our main work is helping to staff a boy's club in Mount Street. This important work is specially suited to past pupils of a Secondary School who should be only too glad to give back to these boys some of the many benefits of the education they received. They will learn many things from their work, including something of that side of life to which many of us prefer to close our eyes since we are comfortable ourselves. They will learn to look on the boys as brothers in Christ—a fact that is forgotten in this age of atom bombs and power politics.

Other works consist of sending two officers to the Intermediate Praesidium meeting, and taking out a book barrow in Rathmines each week. We pray that God and His Blessed Mother may continue to guide us in future as in the past.

J. J. Hennigan,  
Vice-President.

\* \* \* \*

## A RAILWAY STATION

I

It stands near the River Liffey,  
Its buildings are sombre and grey,  
It has weathered the passage of time  
While modern ideas hold sway.

II

Landmark for the people of Munster,  
Their travellers view it with pride,  
It is home for the lost ones returning:  
To those who with friends will abide.

III

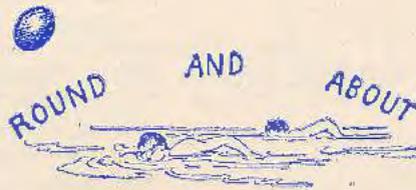
It is home to the people of Leinster  
Be they in Ireland or far distant lands;  
The exiles rejoice when approaching  
That spot where the station now stands.

IV

It is famed in our history's pages,  
It is linked with exiles o'er the sea,  
The rich and the poor give a welcome  
To the station called Droichead an Rí.

P. Corcoran,

Year IIIa.



We take this opportunity of welcoming Father McCarthy and Father Fitzwilliam to Saint Mary's. We trust that their stay with us will be a long and happy one.

#### Chess

This year our chess teams are as enthusiastic as ever. The senior team, with C. McCarthy playing as number one, has played several matches already and the results lead us to hope and expect that they will do well in the shield.

The junior team, under the leadership of D. Hussey, have won all their matches so far, and if the present high standard is kept up, they seem certainties for the junior championship.

#### Table-Tennis

The table-tennis team this year, has only two changes from that which was but narrowly defeated in last year's final. With this in mind we are looking forward to victories in all matches. The team is splendidly led by Brendan Gallagher, with J. Simpson playing at number two.

Some Sixth year geography students are rumoured to be behaving in a strange manner. Several have actually been seen with their pockets bulging with heavy lumps of igneous, metamorphic and other types of rock. It is claimed these stones are geological specimens, but I'm not so sure....

The school rugby teams paid their annual visit to Rockwell on the first of November. Everybody enjoyed the day thoroughly. As proof of this, three of the senior team were absent the next day! Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Nagle accompanied us on this trip, and strange to say, there was no Latin spoken, nor was the subject of honours maths introduced at all.

Congratulations to Desmond White on obtaining First Place for Piano under fifteen competition at the Feis Caoimhghin; also to Michael Byrne for obtaining Second Place in the Irish Dancing competition.

#### 7th DUBLIN UNIT C.B.S.I.

Another Camping Season has concluded for the Unit. Every week end from Easter until the end of September some members were under canvas. The Cub Pack camped in Castlebellingham over the August Bank holiday week end. The Troop were active in Fore, Co. Westmeath for a fortnight, while Virginia, Co. Cavan was the country residence of the Senior Section.

Once more the Clan emigrated temporarily to the Continent. The weather was ideal for camping throughout the Summer and it was definitely the best season's camping ever.

Since September many changes have taken place in the Unit. The lately formed Senior Troop is led by Senior Scouter Donal Murphy, assisted by Rovers John McGloughlin and Brian Gogan. Scouter Frank Fennell is in charge of the Troop helped by Rovers Harry Byers and Paddy Doolin. Rover Bernard Kelly becomes Ast. Cub Master. Scouter Pat McCarthy takes over the leadership of the Unit.

#### Results.

Congratulations to all who kept up our tradition for success at the public examinations this year! And thanks for the Free Day you earned us at the beginning of the term. It made the back-at-school feeling at least bearable. Thirty-two out of thirty-three! and twenty-one Honours! Yes, it certainly deserved the Free Day. And the one failure had honours in eight subjects. Hard luck, Vincent. You will do better next time.

Congratulations to Desmond Moore on obtaining an Intermediate Certificate Scholarship. And we must sympathise with Jim Byrne who cannot have been more than two or three marks short of winning a scholarship also.

And now, Fourth and Sixth years, it is up to you to make sure of the Free Day in September, 1950.



# Rugby Notes

The new school year brings the ever popular game of rugby into the limelight once more. So far, we have fielded the same number of teams as last year—two senior teams, a junior and an under-thirteen's.

**S.C.T.** J. McGloughlin was a very popular choice for the captaincy of the team. B. Kelly was elected vice-captain.

Up to this the team has played a number of friendly matches many of which were tense and exciting struggles. In the course of these games, B. Gogan and S. Cantwell have shown themselves to be fiery forwards with plenty of stamina. These were ably supported by B. O'Rourke and J. Corrigan, while B. Kelly was the pick of the backs. That more success has not attended the efforts of the team, is due in no small measure to injuries. It is to be feared that the services of the captain, a fine wing-forward, were sadly missed as also were those of T. Harrington, in the backs, in the beginning of the season. However, we are confident that under the training and guidance of Fr. Kennedy, and when at full strength, the team will do well in the cup matches.

Our second XV., under the capable leadership of A. Lewis has proved itself a good team, and there is every indication that it will continue to do so.

**J.C.T.** The junior team has improved considerably since the start of the season. This reflects well the fine training they are receiving from Mr. Farrel. He is sure to have them in top gear for the cup matches. Their leader this year is P. Fitzpatrick, who was outstanding in last year's cup matches, and C. Brennan, a strong running centre, is vice-captain.

E. Murphy,  
Year VI.

## ST. MARY'S COLLEGE MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The inaugural meeting of the Society for the school-year, 1949-50, was held on Saturday, 22nd October. We were very interested to hear that Mr. Killian, B.Mus., was coming along to give us a lecture on "How to listen to music," illustrating his talk by piano pieces and records. Our hopes were not disappointed, and Mr. Killian's lecture was most interesting and instructive. He played first the Minuet in G., by Paderewski, and then, as a contrast, the spectacular "Ritual Fire-Dance" by Manuel de Falla. He said that we must be always on the alert when listening to a piece, as the melody is sometimes played by the lower instruments of an orchestra, and the top notes have no direct importance except as accompaniment. As an example he played a clever arrangement of "The Soldier's Song" with the melody in the left hand part. He then played the following records, giving a short talk on each one:—"The Ruins of Athens" by Beethoven; "The Millar's Dance" (from the Three-cornered Hat) by Manuel de Falla; "Scheherezade" by Rimsky Korsokov; and finally Beethoven's 4th Symphony in B Flat Major.

Fr. Murray thanked Mr. Killian for the interest he had taken in our Society and for the very enjoyable evening he had given us. He felt sure that everyone present had benefited from his visit.

Raymond Joyce,  
Year V.

The second meeting of the Society for 1949 was held on Saturday, 26th November at 7.15 p.m. An excellent paper on Chopin, read by Jim Byrne, opened the meeting. This was followed by a most enjoyable recital given by Raymond Joyce. This included: Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata followed by Grieg's Wedding Day and Clair de Lune by Debussy.

Next we had a recording of the Overture "The Thieving Magpie" by Rossini. The remaining recordings of Chopin included: Etude in E Major, Etude in G Flat Major, Etude in C Minor, Waltz in C Sharp Minor and finally the Nocturne in F Sharp Major—all by Maluczynski.

Rev. Fr. Murray who presided congratulated Jim Byrne on his paper and Raymond Joyce on his playing. He said he was sure there was hidden talent in St. Mary's and he hoped the Society would bring it to light. From the attendance, it appears the Musical Society is increasing its well established popularity.

J. Simpson,  
Year V.

# IS THERE LIFE ON MARS?

That is a question which has been puzzling astronomers for over two hundred years. The answer has not yet been found, and is not likely to be so for another two hundred years.

But it is generally accepted among astronomers to-day that Mars is devoid of life. Again cold scientific reasoning blasts the colourful imagination! The following is just purely factual, and it shows that life, as we know it, is possible enough on Mars.

Mars is a planet. It goes round the sun once every 687 days, compared to the Earth's 360. It is considerably smaller than the earth. Its diameter is only 4,316 miles. Usually, it can be seen in the night sky as a dull red point.

For life, as we know it, there are four necessities,—air, heat, food, and water. We shall deal with the possibilities of each of these on Mars in turn.

Observation and calculation show that there is not much air on Mars. Since it is smaller than the earth, its force of gravity is considerably weaker (about one third of Earth's). Mars' atmosphere is a quarter times as dense as Earth's. Therefore it would be very hard for us to breathe there. Still, the Martians (if any) could have been created not to need as much air as we do. Oxygen is quite scarce.

Mars is very cold, being further away from the Sun. Its normal temperature is about  $-36^{\circ}$  C. Earth's is  $+19^{\circ}$  C. Some difference! Still it is warm enough, at certain times, in the Equatorial regions. At midday, on the Martian equator, the temperature rises to nearly  $50^{\circ}$  F. Outside these regions, the cold is so intense that we on earth could never experience it.

Recent observation shows that the vegetation probably consists of greenish-blue plants. Some of it is reported to wither and turn brown during the Martian summer, while other plants remain the same colour all the year round. So it seems the Martians are not badly off for fresh vegetables!

Mars has two snowcaps, one at each pole which expand and recede seasonably. The exact same happens on Earth. From this we can gather that water, in some state, exists on Mars. Also, water-vapour has been discovered in Mars' spectrum.

You can draw your own conclusions from this. The inhabitants would only need a slight adjustment of their organs, and a deadening of the

nervous system (so as to bear the cold), to live much the same as we do. This is my belief.

There is a lot of talk at present about inter-planetary supersonic rocket-planes. It is thought that in another hundred years or so, Earthmen will start invading other planets. But does anyone ever think of the possibility of our invasion by Martians, or other strangers, before we set out? It is quite possible that the Martians (if any) are more developed than we are. Even at this very moment, they may be fitting out an expedition for some intrepid explorer to come to the Earth! He may even be speeding on his way right now to find out what queer creatures we Earthmen are.

Brian O'Rourke,  
VI Year.

## Cumann Diaspóireachta na Gaeilge (1949-'50).

Ar an aomhadh lá déag de Mhí na Samhna, bhí Cumann Diaspóireachta na Gaeilge bailithe i gcóir "Tráth na gCeist". Bhí fóirne ó'n gcúigiú is ó'n séú rang san gcomórtas. Do bhuaidh an fuireann ó'n gcúigiú rang, agus bhuaidh S. O Grádaigh an chéad duais aonair mar dob é seisean a dhein an freagracht ab'fhearr. Fuair E. O Murchadha an tarna h-áit do'n séú bliain.

Ní raibh an t-Athair O Muireadhaigh i láthair, ach do bhí A. P. O Murchadha, C.S.Sp., mar chathaoirleach againn in a ionad. Do bhí S. Mach Lochlainn in a cheistighthéoir, agus ba mhór an spórt a bhí againn. Beartúfódh Tráth na gCeist eile a bheith ann sar abhfad ag an gcruinniú.

D. O Mórdha,  
(Cúigiú Bliain),  
Runaí.

## FEIS CAOIMHGHIN—November, 1949.

We have every reason to feel proud of the performance of our entrants for the Feis Caoimhghin Elocution competitions. All acquitted themselves with distinction and received high marks. Raymond O'Connor tied for 1st place in the Under Fourteen competition and received 98%. Our Second Senior Choral Verse Speaking Choir won the Senior Cup and received very high praise from the adjudicator. We congratulate them on their success and on the high standard they have attained to. We congratulate their teacher, Mrs. O'Donnell (formerly Miss M. Cranny), and we thank her for all she has done for them. We avail ourselves of this opportunity to wish her and Mr. O'Donnell every blessing and happiness.



ST. MARY'S, 1890.

# *The Story of the College*

(Condensed from the College Annual, 1940)

The story of St. Mary's falls into two periods: the first 1890-1916; the second 1926 to the present day. In the former, Fr. Tom Fogarty, Dr. Crehan (1900-1904), and Fr. Tom O'Hanlon, as Presidents guided the destinies of the school; in the latter, Fr. M. T. Meagher, Dr. Harnett (1927-1934), Fr. Peter Walsh and Fr. T. Maguire held the fort.

In the interval between 1916 and 1926, St. Mary's closed down as a day school. During that spell the successive Superiors were Fr. Con O'Shea, and Fr. M. T. Meagher (1922-27).

In 1890 there was a conviction, that to keep Catholic boys from attending non-Catholic Schools, a Catholic day College was urgently needed on this side of the City. Keenly alive to this need were Dr. Walshe, Archbishop of Dublin, and Canon Fricker, P.P. Rathmines. In response to their earnest request, St. Mary's was founded in 1890. The foundation staff consisted of Frs. Tom Fogarty, De Waubert, Evans and Norris.

Up till 1890, St. Mary's had been known as Larkhill and had been the residence of the Walker family. The house as it then stood, consisted of

the rectangular block of building to the south of the conservatory, and of some outhouses at the back. The entrance drive was a winding one, fetching a wide sweep southwards as it neared the house. In consequence, the front field was somewhat pear-shaped.

In the year 1890-1891 while the East and the South wings were being built, Fr. Fogarty and his staff resided in No. 13 Leinster Square. That year, in addition to the East and South wings, the Aula Maxima and the three rooms adjoining it on the north were constructed. In 1898 Fr. T. A. Pembroke organised a bazaar and raised funds, that enabled him to straighten out the winding avenue, and to square out and level the front playing fields.

As one looks back on those days, the faces that flit past, faces young and radiant! There is big strapping Billy Aherne, the idol of the juniors, for his strength and fleetness. T.B. battered down that strength a few years after he left St. Mary's. Then Joe Mooney, the sturdiest of our scrummagers. He lately found his last resting place away in the Argentine. Then Bobby Kinahan,

frail but sprightly. He was the star of the school; for he won first place in Ireland in the Junior Grade. He became a barrister; but death cut short a brilliant career. Then Rory O'Connor, a shy retiring lad, slender, dark-haired, with dark gentle eyes. Dreamy those eyes were, but little dreamt they then, of the stark activities, and of the firing squad of 1922. And Bosco Hogan too, laughing, harumscarum, irrepressible Bosco. A Boer bullet ploughed his handsome face, but it has left him as irrepressible as ever.

Once under way, St. Mary's made steady headway. Her numbers grew. She held her own in the Intermediate exams. Her rugger XV's did us credit. Indeed in 1913 Old St. Mary's entered the ranks of Senior football. Her cricket elevens were exceptionally good. In '92 on their first visit to Blackrock, they caused a sensation, by soundly beating Rock's 1st Junior XI. The hero of that day, with his hair flowing down on to his shoulders, looked a bit the Little Lord Fauntleroy type. But couldn't he bowl! He was Arthur Harrison. Later Dr. Crehan brought forward a gymnastic team, that soon won and held on to the Shield. All along the line St. Mary's was going strong, when in 1916, the new Provincial, Fr. O'Shea arrived with word, that G.H.Q. in Paris, had decreed, that St. Mary's was to cease to function as a day school. There was no gain-saying the command, but vox in Rama audita est.

In the period 1916-1926, St. Mary's was simultaneously, the abode of three separate categories. First, of the Provincial Administration. Second of the Propaganda. Third of the Students of the Order doing their N.U.I. course. In charge of them were Dr. E. Leen, Dr. Fahy, and Fr. P. Heery.

In 1920, there took place a disastrous fire in the Parish Church. The P.P., Canon Hatton asked us to let him use our hall as a parish chapel, and for three years, it was so used.

In 1924 word came that the new Superior General, Mgr. Le Hunsec had sanctioned the reopening of St. Mary's as a day school. A public petition to reopen it had been presented to him in Paris by Canon P. Hayden, P.P., Francis St.,

and by Michael Corrigan, Chief State Solicitor. Amongst the signatories to this petition were: the Archbishop of Dublin, the Diocesan Chapter, the three V.G's, Mgr. Dunne, Mgr. Wall, and Mgr. Walshe, the P.P's of Rathmines, Rathgar, Dolphin's Barn and three other adjoining parishes, the Governor General T. M. Healy, the President of the Executive Council W. T. Cosgrave, Judge Drumgoole, Hon. James McMahon, and Senator Barniville. When the two delegates reached Paris, there happened to be there as members of the C.S.Sp. General Chapter, Dr. O'Gorman of Sierra Leone, Dr. Shanahan of Nigeria, Dr. Harnett and Fr. M. T. Meagher. They all backed up the petition.

When in September 1926 the school re-opened, Fr. Sexton and I with three prefects, Messrs. P. O'Carroll, Devenish and Giltenan, and one lay professor, Mr. Gallagher from Rockwell, were the staff. Two of the Propaganda men lent a hand.

In June '27 Dr. Harnett and Fr. Meagher held the Samacora Bazaar to help to defray the College debt. In 1933 the South wing and the Aula Maxima were extended. The latter now contains a fine permanent stage, with up-to-date lighting and green-rooms complete.

Meantime our numbers were steadily growing; in the examinations we three times won the French Government prize; and in '34 our boys battled their way through seven cup-ties to win the Junior Schools' Rugger Cup; while earlier on, likewise under Fr. Sexton, our gymnasts again won the Shield. They still hold it.

Our Past, soon after '26, founded the College Union, with Fr. E. O'Farrell and Arthur O'Reilly as its mainstays.

In 1926 we re-opened with fifty-five boys. Owing to the ten years' break in continuity, St. Mary's had some heavy leeway to make up. She has made it up, and more than made it up, and is D.G., with a steady hand at the helm, still surging ahead.

The Late J. O'Neill, C.S.Sp.



## UNDER 14's CRICKET XI.

### LEINSTER CHAMPIONS

Block—Courtesy, Irish Independent



### HOBBIES—Third Year.

Have you a hobby? If you have, why not write and tell us about it? Perhaps others might be interested in it and might like to learn more about it from you. Perhaps you might even get together and form a Hobby Club. Some of the members of Third Year have very interesting Hobbies. But let them tell you of them themselves.

#### Chickens.

I have one of the most interesting hobbies, writes **Dan O'Brien**. It is keeping chickens. I first got the idea when I read about a new hatchery opened in the district. I decided to get some chickens, so I ordered fifty day-old cocks. I had great trouble at first because I didn't understand chickens, and they were dying off on me like flies. When they stopped dying I was left with twenty-five cockrels. Out of these I got nine pullets. Then I got a hen and put a setting of eggs under her, and four came out and one died. I was not satisfied with that, so I got another hen and put another setting of eggs under her. Nine came out. One of them died of weakness and two were taken by rats. That left me with six chickens, five of which were pullets.

My chickens are getting on great up to the present date. I mean to set some more eggs in the Spring, and I hope I shall be successful. And my opinion is that it is better to hatch our your chickens by hen than by the hoover, that is if you are not going in for them on a big scale.

\* \* \* \*

#### Pets.

I always had a liking for animals, writes **Fergus Cousins**, and have had a variety of pets, including rabbits, birds, mice and tortoise. The most successful animals I have had are pet mice. Although my mother does not like them she allowed me to keep them in the garage. At present I have three old mice, two for breeding and one as a pet. I have also a family of three-weeks old mice that have just opened their eyes. There are eight in the brood, but the last time there were only three. The mouse which I keep as a pet is one of the first brood, and I have trained it to sit on the head of the family dog.

He does not mind it except when the mouse's tail tickles his ears. The mouse climbs up my sleeves.

At first when I introduced the mouse to my sister she would not touch it. But she says it is very clean. I have a photo of my white mouse sitting on the dog's head. The dog is also white, but the mouse shows up fairly clearly. Mice are clean if cared for properly.

#### Trains.

It all started five years ago, writes **Noel Banahan**. I was given a small Hornby goods train for Christmas. During the next two years I bought parts for it. After four years I had three engines, a long goods train consisting of one milk tank, four turf wagons, one hopper wagon, two goods trucks and a guard's van. I have eight stations, level crossings, points, turntables, cross-tracks and many other accessories. I have also a breakdown train. On the layout I have two main stations. Outside one of them there is a goods yard for loading and unloading my goods trains. Past this there is a big engine shed where the engines are oiled and where they are wound for their journey. At each station there are points so as to allow trains to pass each other. Signals along the lines prevent crashes. This is a most absorbing hobby.

---

**Under 13's.** This year the under 13's are captained by J. Bagnall, a seasoned player of Holy Childhood League fame. We hope they will succeed in retaining the trophy and so keep up our proud record in this section. They will have to play well but we are confident that they will win through in the end. Mr. Boran, their enthusiastic trainer, is seeing to it that his men keep fit, and it will not be his fault if they fail to keep the Cup in St. Mary's.

Rev. Fr. Seagrave, C.S.Sp., who was Chaplain has gone to Africa and he will be a great loss to the Unit. Rev. Fr. McCarthy, C.S.Sp., has been appointed to act as our new Chaplain and he has already been welcomed by all the Sections of the Unit.

Rover Conor McCarthy, A.C.M.  
Year VI.

# JUNIOR SCHOOL

## JOTTINGS.



The fifth of September! All the old familiar faces on view again—except those who passed on to the Senior School—and over sixty new ones! Professors and pupils looking fit after the holidays. How many days to Christmas? When is the first Free Day?

Getting back to normal takes time. Lessons first, then games—though the process was reversed in some cases!

### Mass-serving and Benediction.

So many are anxious to learn to serve Mass that four groups had to be formed—St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. Patrick's, Bl. Martin's, with their captains: D. McArdle, F. Mangan, H. Reynolds and G. Cahill. Each group takes its turn in serving.

### Rugby.

The Holy Childhood knock-out competition for Juniors Three, Four, Five is the centre of attraction. All teams are very evenly balanced. The semi-final between St. Peter's and St. Paul's has had to be played four times. Most prominent among the players are D. Purcell, J. Atkins, S. Callan, D. Shiel and M. Kennedy.

The "Giants" have made history this year by almost finishing a second league in the first term.

The Under Twelves (Capt. T. Maguire) have improved very much since the beginning of the term. This is due to constant practice and expert training.

### Athletics.

The Under Elevens have not lost a match this year. This is due to their great team-spirit and the able leadership of D. McArdle.

The Under Tens (Capt. G. Whelan, V. Capt. W. Murray) are very promising. They are only beginning but they are anxious to learn.

Congratulations to the Holy Childhood Athletic team which brought the Shield back to St. Mary's

at the end of last term. Congratulations too to their trainers, Fr. Burke, now in Africa, and Mr. Malone. Eric Salmon played a big part in the success of the team. All enjoyed the excursion to Bray which followed the victory.

### Games of Skill.

After a successful chestnut season many Juniors turned their attention to a game called "Picties and Blanks". This game demands extraordinary dexterity and recklessness. It may be played anywhere; in fact it is played everywhere. Picture cards, a wall and at least two Juniors are all that are required. It seems to be a most fascinating occupation, judging by the numbers that play it, and the heated arguments it provokes.

Congratulations to Noel Claffey on winning First Prize with his canary at a Bird Show recently.

We wish all Juniors a very happy and holy Christmas.

Junior Jotter.

### THE JUNIOR MUSE.

#### MY DOG

I had a little dog and his name was Bill.  
When he was sick the doctor gave Bill a pill.  
Before he died he made his will.  
Oh! how I miss my poor dog Bill!

Desmond Shiel, Junior V.

#### MY WISH

I'd like to be a big, big Giant,  
Or at least a big, big man.  
But if I can't be either  
I'd like to stay as I am.

Billy Walshe, Junior IV.

#### THE PARTY

I was at a party  
In the house next-door.  
It was a Birthday Party—  
The little child was four.  
It was a lovely party,  
And everyone was gay,  
We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves  
All through the day.

It was a lovely party—  
We had eats and sweets galore,  
And there was a birthday cake  
With candles too, just four.

There were many songs to sing,  
And lots of games to play,  
And we were all so tired  
At the end of the day.

M. Cogan, Junior IV.

#### MY CRICKET BAT

My bat is yellow now  
With age and oil and lots of play.  
It is my joy to use it  
Almost every day.

D. Walton, Junior V.

# CRICKET



Rev. P. Walsh C.S.Sp. Vice-President, receiving Under Fourteens Cup from the Captain Fred Kelly.

During its season, cricket enjoyed one of the most enthusiastic followings ever in St. Mary's. Encouraged and trained by the Rev. Fr. Barry, all teams were confident of success, but unfortunately both Senior and Junior teams failed to get through. The Junior team, under the capable leadership of Bernard Kelly, got as far as the Semi-Final where they were defeated by King's Hospital. During the match, Freddy Cogly distinguished himself by his wonderful batting and during previous matches made quite a name for himself as a bowler.

The Senior team, with Gerry Drumm as its popular captain, had one of the greatest pieces of bad luck when they were beaten by three runs in their cup match against Belvedere.

Congratulations to Junius Horne who got, and easily earned, his Inter-Pro.

The under 14's, keeping up that high standard set in earlier years, romped home as easy winners of the Cup when they defeated Masonic in the final. Fred Kelly, their able captain, set a captain's example by getting the highest score in the match. Paul Cohen during this match showed he had the makings of a first class bowler by getting 5 wickets. The fielding, which was wonderful for a team of its age, showed the fruits of Fr. Barry's hard work.

Before we close this section we think we are right in saying that all teams are unanimous in their appreciation of Fr. Barry's efforts on their behalf. For them, we take the liberty of thanking him and wish him every success with his teams of the future.

S. Cantwell,  
Year VI.



## AEOLIAN AIRS

### ON MONDAY EVENING.

I

There is no sound in 3rd year A  
 Tho' 'tis the last class of the day.  
 The reason is at once apparent,  
 The boys don't talk because they daren't.

II

Row upon row of heads are bent  
 It would appear on work intent.  
 The thoughts of all these "hardened cases"  
 Are mask'ed behind angelic faces.

III

The door is opened from without;  
 This is he without a doubt.  
 I'm afraid my verse must be cut short—  
 It is the Dean with the week's Report.  
 David Corrigan.

Year 3A.

\* \* \* \*

### A COUNTRY EVENING.

Slowly the Autumn sun sinks low.  
 The night grows grey and chill.  
 What was the gentle flow  
 Of a stream,  
 Becomes a roaring rumbling noise.  
 A hawk hangs in the air,  
 We watch it poise.  
 We see it swoop, we hear a scream.  
 Its talons curled around its kill.  
 It rises and vanishes behind some hill.  
 And then we see no bird.  
 We hear only the lowing of the herd  
 In the sombre sleepy vale.

John McGloughlin,

Year VI.

### THE SCIENCE OF MATHEMATICS.

I do not think that we presume

If we assume

That  $x^2 - x^2 = x^2 - x^2$ ,

So therefore (do not miss)

We change not the relation

Between both sides

Of the equation

If we factorize

Like this.

On the left we take out x

Which then it is seen

$= (x - x)$ .

And the next

Step is by the means

Of the difference of two squares,

And so the right, it appears

$= (x - x)(x + x)$

And therefore by inference

The operation

Unfolds

That  $x(x - x)$

$= (x - x)(x + x)$

And the equation

Still holds.

And so by cancellation

Of  $(x - x)$  it now seems

That  $x = x + x$

Which also means

1 is equal to 2

Now this result

Is an insult

To any ORDINARY intelligence

But not if in the Fifth year sphere

You move

Where we appear to be

Able to prove

Any Absurdity.

#### Author's Note :

This Theorem, which is known among the mathematicians of Fifth year as the "Theorem of Imbecility" is set down here to disprove Euclid's dictum that the whole is greater than the part, which it is hoped will soon be removed from text-books. Nobody believes such sensible things now-a-days.

James Byrne.

Year V.

### Na Géabha Fiáine.

I

D'eiteal na géanna tharaim indé,  
 Na céata gé, ag cur an aer ag crith,  
 Ag réabadh na néal le n-a sgiatháin láidre  
 Ag taisteal go h-aerach thar tír, thar saíle.

II

D'eiteal na géanna tharaim indé,  
 Ach b'iad laochra Éireann ag imteacht i gcéin,  
 Fillfidh na h-éin, le h-imtheacht na gréine,  
 Ach ní fhillfidh na laochra tréana, no léan!

Brian Gogán.

Blíana V.



# DAY DREAMS



Tr-r-r-ring! The silence of my bedroom was broken by the rude clang of the alarm clock. Yet another day was beginning in the life of this ordinary civil-servant who had got only one promotion, and that a worthless one, since he joined the service ten years ago. After leaving school, I had great plans but they all fell through and somehow, I drifted into the drawer marked "very ordinary clerks."

However, at the sound of the alarm, I got up and went to the bathroom for a bath. The water felt very cold that morning, and as I submerged, I closed my eyes...

One mile off Dover the amazing channel-swimmer, and well known all-round athlete, Raymond Tarzan Joyce ploughed even faster through the chilly waters. The channel was rougher than ever before, but his even American crawl stroke and superbly timed kick bore him smoothly through the waves. His fierce eyes gleamed through his goggles as he set himself for the last stretch. His amazing stroke quickened. The land was drawing nearer and nearer. He put in the final spurt and then he was in Dover harbour. His time for this wonderful feat was only eleven hours. A great shout arose from the excited crowd on the pier as his strong fingers gripped the side of a boat.

"Mr. Joyce, kindly come out of that bathroom; there are others waiting for the last half-hour." With a dull shock I came back to this world with my hand clinging wildly to the side of the bath. I relaxed my grip and bashfully went back to my bedroom. I dressed and went down to breakfast. The morning paper lay open in my place at the table. A huge picture of Joe Louis appeared beneath the heading: "Joe Louis knooks out yet another in first round." I gazed at the picture and slowly it grew dimmer...

An excited crowd watched as the big strong figure of Joe Louis, world heavyweight champion, stepped through the ropes into the flood-lit ring followed by the bigger and stronger figure of the new challenger, Raymond "K.O." Joyce. They shook hands in the middle of the ring and went back to their corners. A moment later the bell went and out jumped Louis, looking for an early 'kill', but as his fist shot forward Joyce ducked and swung his right with all the strength of his mighty muscular body. There was a dull thud as the blow landed on Louis' jaw and dropped him to the floor in a heap. The referee counted ten. Joyce was the new world champion. The crowd went wild with excitement and cheered this mighty feat. President Truman left his ring-side seat and walked over to congratulate me. His voice rang out clearly...

"Mr. Joyce, your breakfast is cold and its long past your time," I came back with a start. The smart figure of Harry S. Truman gave way to the untidy form of my landlady who was shouting at me impatiently. I hurried through my breakfast, got out my bike and started down Rathmines Road. The town-hall clock said nine-thirty five, so I had to put on a great spurt. The wind blew strongly in my face as I sped on...

The last lap of the International T.T. race in the Isle of Man was in progress. There were only five contestants left in the running: the British ace who was travelling at nearly the same speed, and last of the five but gaining steadily was Raymond "Wreckless" Joyce. His machine had cracked up in the first lap and he had lost half an hour, but travelling at a phenomenal speed he had reduced the margin to five minutes. Could he increase this speed? Impossible! He passed out two Italians and came within sight of the leaders. There was but half-a-mile to go. His lips became a thin set line as he opened out still more. He entered the straight ten yards behind the ace. His machine seemed to leap off the road as he passed the leader fifty yards from the post. Joyce had won the most exciting T.T. race for years, touching one hundred and sixty miles per hour in his spurt, and lowering the lap and course records. The crowd roared its approval, and Joyce stepped up to the Royal Box to be congratulated. The king's voice boomed out to him...

"Will that cyclist please keep to the left and slow down." The police-car behind me soon told where the voice had come from. I turned dejectedly down the street into my office.

I worked hard all the morning and feeling tired I decided to return home on the bus. I joined the end of the queue and as I waited the sound of an aeroplane came to my ears. I looked up and saw one of the new jet planes cruising along at about three hundred miles-per-hour. I admired the smooth way it flew along as I gazed at it...

Ace war-pilot Air Commodore Raymond Joyce, stepped slowly on to the wing of his fighter plane. He lowered his tremendous body into the cockpit and only his head showed through the window. His face appeared hard and set and bent on a definite objective. He gave the signal "chocks away" and his machine rolled smoothly over the concrete, turned into the wind and gathering speed with every yard, soared into the clear air. It burst into the clouds and as it came into the blue above them, his object could clearly be seen. An enemy bomber, surrounded by six of the newest



# DAY DREAMS



and fastest fighters, was heading for the airport. Steeply banking his machine Joyce got between the enemy and the sun and roared down, a streak of death streaming from his guns. Three enemy fighters went down in flames beneath this torpedo of death. With nerve-breaking speed he swung back his plane at the other three. One of them came across his sights and disappeared in a ball of smoke. As the other two raced for home, Joyce turned his attention to the bomber. He held his fire till the very last second and then as he pressed the trigger button the bomber burst into flames with a loud explosion. Joyce turned for home, a satisfied man. A voice came from the receiver of his wireless. "Well done, Joyce, I've never seen a better show." It was the voice of the Commander in chief of the Air Force. Joyce smiled proudly. The voice continued...

"If you don't move along, young man, we shall have to take you into custody. Six buses are waiting for the queue to move on." The smile of triumph slowly faded from my face. Relaxing my grip on my umbrella, I bashfully boarded the bus and went home to dinner.

After dinner, as it was a Saturday, I decided to listen to the match on the wireless. It was to my surprise the triple crown final match. The voice of the commentator rang clearly through the room....

"There are five minutes left in this exciting International match between Ireland and Wales, at Ravenhill. At this stage Wales is leading by fourteen points to ten. There is now a scrummage on the half-way line and about ten yards from touch. The Irish scrum-half puts in the ball and..."

"There are one and-a-half minutes left in the triple-crown match. Wales is now leading by fourteen points to ten but the Irish team is doing its best to bring a late victory. They heel from a scrum on the half-way line. Scrum-half Strathdee picks up the ball now and flings it out to the already speeding form of the new hefty Irish out-half Raymond Joyce. Brilliantly catching the ball in full stride, Joyce passes—no, he suddenly cuts through with dazzling speed leaving the opposing defence far behind. He is coming up to the full-back now. Will he be tackled? Two yards from him, Joyce swerves in superb fashion. The full-back dives vainly and Joyce is over for a try at the corner flag. Wales now lead by fourteen to thirteen and the convert of this score will decide the result as time is just up. Who shall take this memorable kick? Karl Mullen is looking anxiously about him. His eyes have settled on the panting figure of this wonderful player, Joyce. There is the man to take the kick.

With steel nerves stretched taut he places the ball and steps back three paces. He is starting his run. The ball is on the ground. His foot is drawn back and, thud!! The ball rises cleanly into the air and sails straight through the posts! Ireland has won the triple-crown for the third year running! The final whistle has just faded away as the great crowd rushes on to the field and hoists Joyce high on their shoulders. They chant out his name:—"Joyce, we want Joyce, Joyce..."

"Mr. Joyce, for the fifth time will you come to your tea?" It was my landlady again. In despair I rushed up to my bedroom and dived under the bed clothes. No one could call me foolish for dreaming there.

Raymond Joyce,  
Year V.

\* \* \* \*

## CHARACTER OF A HAPPY GARDA.

Who is the happy Garda? Who is he  
That every civic guard should wish to be?  
... 'Tis first the Garda who remembers this:  
That members of the force are men of peace.  
So, should he meet, while on his beat at night,  
Some luckless cyclist out, without a light,  
He turns his back and stifles the temptation  
To order him, "Come with me to the station,  
With us you'll spend a nice fortnight's vacation".  
But says instead, "There really is no need,  
I'll mind my own affairs and pay no heed".  
... 'Tis next the Garda with a kindly heart,  
A sporting chap, devoted to the art  
Of football, and though marching on his beat  
Allows that game to be played in the street.  
And if so happen may, his marching peeves,  
He stops to look, then soon his duty leaves,  
Removes his helmet stern, rolls up his sleeves  
And demonstrates himself, how one should play  
Football in a scientific way.  
... 'Tis finally, the adventure-loving sleuth  
Who has for apples a discerning tooth,  
And should he see some bold law-breakers box  
Some appetising and unguarded fox—  
Which is a dreadful act, a crime most awful  
And cannot really be described as lawful—  
He does not try those robbers to attack,  
And to the station bring them handcuffed back,  
But makes a business deal—and holds the sack.  
... This is the happy Garda, this is he  
That every peaceful guard should aim to be.

James Byrne,  
Year V.

# MAN OF THE MONTH

## THE SAINT ON HORSEBACK.

### St. Martin of Tours — Feast: 11th November.

Though both of his parents were pagans, St. Martin at the age of ten, presented himself to the Bishop for the imposition of hands. Martin was born at Sabaria in 316 A.D. When still a young child he was brought with his parents to Pavia in Northern Italy.

At the age of twelve he was longing to go away and live in solitude. Fifteen years saw him forcibly enrolled in the Imperial army, in which his father held a high rank.

Officers in the army used to have as many slaves as they wanted, but St. Martin had only one all the time he was in the army. To him Martin was accustomed to bring his meals and to clean his shoes. Martin was esteemed and loved by all his comrades.

Four years of training over, Martin was commissioned in the cavalry and set out on active service.

In Amiens the most well-known event of his life took place. On a freezing day in winter, St. Martin was riding outside the walls of the city, when a beggar, without much clothing, came begging for relief. St. Martin could think of nothing to give him till he suddenly remembered a phrase in scripture. Telling the man to hold the edge of the cloak, he drew his sword and cut in half and gave the beggar one part.

In 341 the Franks invaded Gaul. The Emperor called up all his available troops and among them was St. Martin. He assembled them near Worms, and began to distribute money to the soldiers. When Martin's turn came, he refused it and asked

him to liberate him from service. The Emperor was angry and put him in prison, but the next morning he liberated him as a miracle had happened in his favour.

A few years later we find him in Poitiers. St. Hilary, who was the bishop of the city, ordained him a deacon, though not without some difficulty, as Martin thought himself unworthy of the dignity.

Two years later he went back to Pannonia where he converted his mother and many relatives. From now, he wandered about the country teaching and preaching. The saint met a priest one day, who like himself wished to live in solitude. They settled on an island far out in the Gulf of Genoa.

In 300 he left that island to meet St. Hilary. St. Hilary gave him a plot of land in Poitiers, and there grew up the monastery of Ligugé. At this time St. Hilary ordained him a priest. Martin remained here ten years.

St. Martin was made bishop of Tours in 371. After his consecration he continued to live in the same humble manner.

He ruled the see of Tours for twenty-six years, during which he worked many miracles and healed the sick. He spoke against the Emperors for the cause of justice and charity and he had some influence with them.

In 397, he got a high fever and died. He was eighty-one. His blessed body was buried near the walls of Tours on the 11th November. A chapel was built over the tomb and later on a more beautiful basilica erected.

This shrine has had a great many disasters, but each time it was rebuilt. In one fire his body was burned and now there are only two relics left.

Neil Downes.

---

## EXAMINATIONS RESULTS SUMMER 1949.

### Leaving Certificate :

Joseph Bevan, Leslie Downes, Gerard Drumm, Sean Furlong, Neal Geoghegan, Michael Hocter, Junius Horne, David Judge, Brendan Lynch, Francis Maher, Francis Murphy, Hugh O'Reilly, Richard O'Shea.

### N.U.I. Matriculation :

Patrick Doolan, Leslie Downes, Sean Furlong, Neal Geoghegan, Michael Hocter, Junius Horne, David Judge, Brendan Lynch, Francis Maher, Francis Murphy, Richard O'Shea, Hugh O'Reilly

### College of Surgeons Entrance Examination :

Gearoid Lynch—2nd Place, with £36 Prize.

### Architects' Preliminary Examination :

Dermot Whelan.

### Intermediate Certificate :

#### Honours

A. Bevan, S. Byrne, N. Downes, M. Durcan, C. Fagan, B. Gallagher, L. Gibney, B. Gogan, A. Healy, D. Joyce, R. Joyce, J. Keenan, P. Loughrey, D. Moore, P. Moore, J. Maguire, J. O'Grady, D. Thornton, C. Caffrey, P. Fitzpatrick, F. O'Brien.

#### Pass

K. Batt, P. Brady, W. Brosnan, T. Harrington, P. Murray, C. Murray, P. Maguire, T. O'Connell, J. Simpson, M. Ahern, P. Shiel.

### Intermediate Certificate Scholarship :

Desmond Moore.

## AUNT AGATHA'S COLUMN.



My dear, dear Nephews,

It warms my old heart to see you take such an interest in your fond Aunt Agatha. Your anxiety for my health quite touches me. I used to think that Nephews "touched" their Aunts only when the financial situation became embarrassing. But since the cold weather arrived I am inundated with inquiries about my rheumatism, my gout, my asthma, my bronchitis, my colitis, my—, but really boys, I am not such a chronic crook as most of you seem to imagine. I hasten to assure you that I am as hale and hearty an old girl as ever sniffed snuff. Not that I am addicted to that disgusting habit. As a matter of fact I am allergic to tobacco in any form—especially the odour of stale nicotine that exhales from the waistcoat pockets of Sean, the office boy.

I must tell you about Sean some other time. A most extraordinary person is Sean. He told me once confidentially that he was within five shillings of Leaving Certificate. Unfortunately, the horse lost, and he hadn't the heart to ask his Dad for another five shillings, or to tell him he lost his examination entrance fees on a nag called Nil Desperandum. Poor Sean! He never sat for that examination.

So Nephews dear, learn from the sad history of Sean, and keep away from the gee-gees.

Wishing all my nephews a very happy Christmas and a good report in the New Year.

Your affectionate Aunt Agatha.

\* \* \* \*

### Correspondence.

My dear Aunt,

When I told our teacher—"Nil aon scembra sa choip-leabhair" he nearly exploded. Why, I wonder?

Mise le meas,

Larry Leisce.

Larry, a chara.

You should be thankful that no explosion took place. Such a command of the idiom of our native

tongue would shake any professor. Let us know when your revised and simplified Irish Course is published. We shall all want to take it.

Mise A. A.

Dear Auntie A.,

I find it very hard to get out of the habit of work which I contracted in Fourth Year. In previous years my reputation as a drone was second to none. How can I get it back?

Weary-Willie.

Dear Weary Will,

What you need is a rest cure—a complete cessation from all intellectual effort, in other words, a month at home on the horizontal. When you eventually return, if ever, gradually decrease your working hours each night until you reach the desired minimum. If this does not work, I suggest you try a little morphia.

Dear Aunt Agatha,

Is it true that the office boy is resigning? If the job is going, please let me know by return. The pace in this class is too hot for your prostrate nephew.

Tired Tim.

Dear T. T.,

Job already secured by your rival, Weary Willie.

A. A.

### LEGION NOTES.

#### Stella Maris Intermediate Praesidium.

The numbers in the ranks of the legion rose to twenty-seven this year—a higher figure than has appeared for a number of years. Bro. Hennigan fills the Presidency again, and Bro. Judge is acting Vice-President pending an official appointment. Bro. S. Cantwell is our new Treasurer, and Bro. R. Joyce, the new Secretary. Both Fr. Murray, Spiritual Director, and Bro. Hennigan commented on the enthusiasm with which the members, both new, and old, were tackling the works allocated to them each week.

Our principal works are visitation of the Children's Hospital in Harcourt St., sacristy work in the College Chapel, and selling Catholic publications in the school, such as "Our Boys," "Gael Og," "Standards" etc. We also organise the Pioneer, K.B.S., and White Star League Sodalties, organise Irish and English Debates, and look after the College libraries.

Our Praesidium was well represented at both sessions of the Curia Congress held in the College on Sunday, 9th October.

We take this opportunity of asking all our readers to send in as many old comics, books, and toys as they can. Your kindness in this matter will help to brighten those unfortunate children who will have to spend Christmas 1949, in hospital.

We invoke the aid of Mary to bless our Praesidium and its members throughout the coming year as she has done in 1949.

Raymond Joyce, Year V.,  
Secretary.

---

# William H. Cavey & Sons

*Teas, Wines, Spirits and Provisions*

**CAMDEN STREET, DUBLIN.**

---

---

## THE ADVENTURES OF REICS CARLO

Ireland's Premier Private Detective

Here is a series of stories which will appeal to every boy. Rousing tales full of action and adventure which have been acclaimed by Press and Public.

Na Mairbh a d'Fhill

An tEiteallán Do-Fheicthe

An Corpán sa Trúnc

Dún-Mharbhú i bPáirc an Chrócaigh

Uathbhás i mBrugh na Bóinne

An Gluaisteán Sídhe

Súile an Iodhail

By CATHAL O SANDAIR     ::     6d. Each

Obtainable through any Bookseller, or direct from

**FOILSEACÁIN RIALTAIS**

3-4 COLLEGE STREET, DUBLIN

---

**an tÚm**

---

*BUY YOUR  
PRESENTS*

*at*

**WINSTONS**  
GEORGE'S ST., DUBLIN

*our selection of*

Handbags, Gloves, Scarves, Jumpers,  
Cardigans, Twin Sets, Blouses, Skirts,  
Umbrellas, Underwear and Slumber-  
wear. Stockings, Frock Coats etc.  
for ladies.

Shirts, ties, suits, coats, slipovers,  
underwear for men and boys.

Kiddies Wear and Household Goods.

*will solve your gift problem*

---

SUPPORT OUR  
★  
ADVERTISERS  
★

---

With Compliments  
from

**BURKE MORAN**

*Fruiterer and Florist*

6 Sth. Richmond St.  
DUBLIN

**J. LAWLOR**

High Class Beef and  
Pork Butchers.



Pork and Pork Sausages  
fresh daily.

**143 UPR. RATHMINES  
ROAD, DUBLIN.**

**ALTAR CANDLES**

65% and 25% of Beeswax  
Bleached at our own  
Works. Shrine Candles  
Charcoal and Incense.

SANCTUARY OIL A SPECIALITY

**LALOR LTD.**

*14 Lr. Ormond Quay  
Dublin.*

Cork Branch: — 12 Cook Street  
Phone No. 73533 Grams "Beeswax Dublin"

**Gorevan  
BROS, Ltd.**

General Drapers  
and

House Furnishers  
Beds & Beddings  
Carpets, Linoleums Etc.

Special Terms to  
Convents, Colleges & Institutions

**Camden St. & Montague St.  
DUBLIN.**

# SEARSON

Family Grocer

---

*Sherries and Ports*  
*Shipped Direct*

---

**C. SEARSON**  
PORTOBELLO BRIDGE

# EGAN BROS.

---

## DUBLIN'S

---

Leading Victuallers

# HERATY'S PHARMACY

RATHGAR

---

PRESCRIPTIONS  
COSMETICS  
TOILET &  
BABY GOODS  
Etc., Etc.

# ELO PRESS

PHONE 51257

---

General Printers  
REUBEN AVENUE, DOLPHIN'S BARN,  
DUBLIN.

---