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An Réalt ARCHIVES

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VOL. 5. NO. 1.

CHRISTMAS TERM 1950

Editorial Committee :-

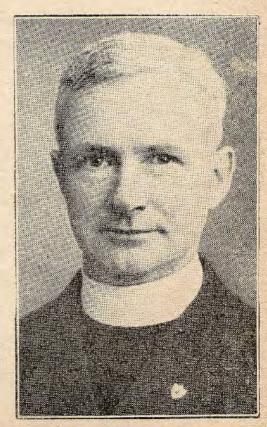
A. Healy. R. Joyce, J. Byrne, G. Reynolds, B. Gogan, F. Cogley,

EDITORIAL

It was with feelings of pride and pleasure that we learned of the election of an Irishman, Very Reverend Fr. Francis Griffin, C.S.Sp., to the high office of Superior General of the Holy Ghost Congregation. We respectfully offer him our sincere congratulations, and we assure him of our fibial devotion and loyalty. Some of us of the Editorial Committee have grateful memories of his kindness to us in the Mother House in Paris on our way to Rome early in the Summer. We look forward to meeting him again when he next pays a visit to Ireland. To him we respectfully dedicate this number of "An Réalt".

The news that Fr. Fullen was leaving St. Mary's came as a great surprise. During his ten years in the College he made friends of both Past and Present students of St. Mary's. As Dean of Discipline he did all in his power to further the interests of the boys in every way, and he trained one of the strongest teams ever to represent St. Mary's in schools' rugby. It was by the narrowest of margins they were defeated in the final in one of the most exciting games ever seen at Lansdowne Road. As Bursar and as Spiritual Director of the Pioneer Sodality and of the Senior Praesidium of the Legion of Mary he continued his good work for Past and Present. He takes with him to Africa our sincere good wishes and our grateful thanks.

We welcome to St. Mary's, Dr. M. Kennedy, C.S.Sp. and Fr. J. Walsh, C.S.Sp., and we hope that they will be long with us.



Fr. Fred Fullen, whose heart's desire will be fulfilled this year, when he sails for Owerri, W. Africa.

PILGRIMS PROGRESS

Jim Byrne, Austin Healy and Joe Simpson give an account of their Holy Year Pilgrimage.

June, Wednesday 14th—Left for the boat in the Simpson car. A slight change of plan was necessary due to Mr. Simpson, Jr., having left his sandwiches behind, which sandwiches were to cause a lot of trouble later on. As might be expected, we were last on the boat.

Thursday 15th—We arrived in London today and did the usual sights including Madame Tussauds.

Saturday 17th—We got into Paris today after a nice crossing of the channel. The underground railway is not a nice place to walk around for four solid hours. Austin decides to learn French when he gets home. V. Rev. Fr. Griffin, C.S.Sp. kindly came to the rescue and we got accommodation for the night.

Sunday 18th—Iim's birthday is celebrated by a three point assault on the Eiffel Tower.

Tuesday 20th—Arrival in Nice. This is the beginning of three days of sun, swimming, table tennis and boating. Austin has his hair cut.

Friday 23rd—We get our first sight of battered Genoa, and a certain Father Roberts gives us a party. An Italian vocabulary of "signior" and "macaroni" does not get one very far.

Saturday 24th—Today we arrive in Rome. Were it not that for some reason we were told to get off the train at Rapballo, we would have been in time for the Canonization of Maria Goretti.

Sunday 25th—Rev. Fr. Kennedy, C.S.Sp., got us tickets for the Pontifical Mass in St. Peter's. It was a wonderful ceremony. In the evening we went to an open-air concert in Constantine's first Basilica.

Monday 26th—Today, guided by Fr. O'Sullivan, C.S.Sp., we did the round of the four Basilicas for the Jubilee Indulgence. In the afternoon besides other places of interest we visited the spot where St. Paul was executed and the nearby Grotto of Our Lady of Revelation.

Tuesday 27th—This was a very full day—the catacombs of St. Calixt in the morning and the Vatican City with the Sistine Chapel. In the afternoon we went into the Colosseum and a 2,000 year old prison.

Wednesday 28th—The last day in Rome. We went to the top of-St. Peter's in the morning and in the afternoon left for Florence.

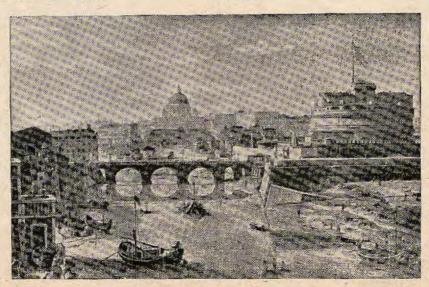
Thursday 29th—S.S. Peter and Paul. At mass this morning we had the privilege of witnessing two Italian weddings. The heat here is depressing.

Friday 36th—Like Hannibal, today we crossed the Alps into Switzerland. The mountains were wonderful. Here began another few days of sun on the lake of Geneva.

July 4th—Back in Paris. We left almost immediately for Dieppe.

July 6th—Home again—when we left the rain was pouring, when we arrived home it hadn't yet stopped. It was just as expected.

We would like to thank very sincerely Very Rev. Fr. Griffin, C.S.Sp., now Superior General, for his kindness to us in Paris, and Very Rev. Dr. D. Kennedy, C.S.Sp. and his community in Rome for their gracious hospitality and kindness.





Many Past Students made the pilgrimage to Rome during the holidays. Michael Clancy, John Hughes, and Don O'Connell cycled tandem through France and Italy, and took five weeks. Going into Paris John Hughes lost all his money and change of clothing, but found them waiting for him in Rome!

John Petit, Bat. Fitzsimon, Pat McCarthy, and Frank Fennell made the pilgrimage by motor cycle. John hopes to meet that frontier guard who over-charged him again! Others to go to Rome were David O'Sullivan and Paddy Brannagan.

* * * *

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to welcome our new Union President, Mr. A. Boland. We wish him a long and successful tenure of office and we assure him of our constant co-operation and loyalty.

* * * *

We offer our sincere congratulations to our Past Students who graduated this year:

Rev. Cothraighe Gogan, C.S.Sp., M.A.—1st place, 1st Class honours and prize.

Rev. Tom Maguire, C.S.Sp., B.A.

Charlie Dillon, M.E.—Charlie completed his thesis in five weeks!

Paddy Funge, B.Comm.—2nd place, 1st class honours and prize.

Conall Gogan, B.Comm.-2nd class honours.

Des. Mulligan, B.A., B.Comm—2nd class honours and prize.

John A. Waldron, B.E. Mec. Elec.

Tim Brooder, L.D.S.I.

Chris. Dardis, B.Archt

* * *

Congratulations to Fr. Paddy Seery who was ordained in Clonliff College in June, and to Rev. Hugh O'Reilly, C.S.Sp., who was professed in September. Fr. Seery said Mass for the present students in the College Chapel before the Summer holidays, and imparted his blessing to each one.

* * * *

We noted with pleasure that Tony Lalor was successful at the recent Municipal elections. Congratulations, Councellor Lalor.

* * * *

The Union Dinner, which was held on 18th October, was very enjoyable and a record number of Past Students attended. A notable feature was the marked increase in the numbers of recent Past Students present. Outstanding contributors to the night's entertainment were: Jimmy Ganter, Frank Purcell, Ken O'Dea, Dr. O'Grady, Bill Hogharty, and Ulick O'Connor.

* * * *

The Annual Mass for deceased Past Students and Professors was offered in the College chapel on 5th November and was well attended.

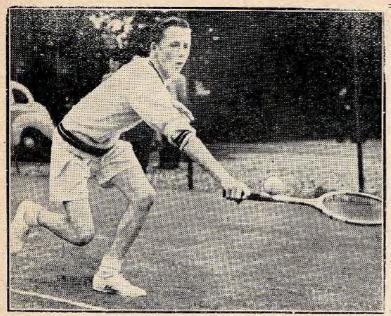
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Ulick O'Connor seems to have enjoyed his six months in the U.S. He reports that Jimmy Reardon and Colm Clancy are upholding the honeur of the Old Country in Athletic circles. Ulick himself has plunged into print—the latest of his seemingly endless activities. His article on Francis Thompson in HIBERNIA was highly praised, and we found his "World Spotlight" article in the INDEPENDENT on New Orleans very interesting.

Sincere good wishes to the Past Students and their brides who were married during the Summer: Dick Blake, Jim Burgess, Alfie McGloughlin, Michael MacCormac, Bernard O'Kelly, and Terry Coveney.

* * * *

Dr. Seamus Cronin sailed for S. Nigeria, B.W. Africa during the Summer. He is to work with the Medical Missionaries of Mary. May God reward his labours in the mission field. We wish him every success and blessing.



SPORTS

Junius Horne in action.

Photo Irish Independent.

Last Summer was an interesting one for St. Mary's. A Summer in which both her Senior and Junior Cricket elevens got to their respective semi-final. However at this stage fate turned against them and although Senior captain B. Kelly and Junior skipper P. Fitzpatrick did everything in their power to gain victory, their efforts were of no avail. So, coach Fr. Barry will have to wait until next year when, we hope, both Cricket Cups will come back to Rathmines. During the Summer, it is interesting to note, three of the Senior team were invited to play for Belvedere during a short tour of England. They were B. Kelly, I. Duff and P. Murray.

Those who didn't play Cricket turned their attention towards Basket-ball, which seems to have become exceptionally popular. Keen competition was witnessed during all the league matches as the various teams fought for the points which would enable them to be first winners of the Sexton Memorial Cup. This cup was presented by Mr. C. Wilson and was eventually won by B. Whelan's team.

On Wednesday, May 31st the Annual Sports were held. The weather was good and a large attendance enjoyed a good afternoons athletics, the highlight of which was the Senior 100 yards Championship which was won, for the second year in succession, by fl. Byrne. After the meeting as we made our way homeward we had visions of ourselves playing Rughy. Now after a rainy holiday those visions have jumped to life.

Brian Gogan captains the Senior XV with Tim Harrington as vice-captain. The spirit in this team is good. Fr. Kennedy, the coach, is insisting that the ball is given plenty of air, the backs are getting plenty of it. The forwards are a lively pack and although not very heavy, they should hold their own with even the best packs, in the loose. C. Fagan is showing exceptionally good form, and in a drawn game with last years finalists, Castleknock, heeled many balls always against the push. So it looks as if our Senior team can go places if they practise hard enough.

The Junior team is lead by Colm Brennan with Fom Garvey second in command. The backline can be very dangerous and with Mr. Lehane working very hard with them, they should certainly stand up to the best in Leinster. The forwards are being moulded into a hefty bunch under the guidance of Fr. McCarthy.

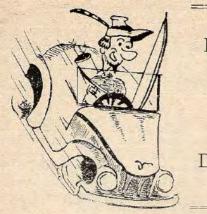
Captain Don Purcell and coach Mr. Sheridan are seeing that the Under Thirteens get down to hard training so that they can win all their matches and bring that cup back to St. Mary's.

Mr. Foley has started a new league for those whose interests in Rugby are limited. His efforts have been rewarded to an extent which is almost unbelievable and in the opening two games quite a high standard was reached. This new league has aroused considerable interest throughout the school and I wonder which team will have a cheering-squad first.

Table Tennis also has a strong following and St. Mary's should do well this year with Brendan Gallagher captaining nearly the same team as last year with promising reserves Paul Cohen and Fred Kelly, nearly up to Senior standard.

Well, so it looks as if the forthcoming season shall be a bright one for St. Mary's. Anyhow, here's hoping!

FRED COGLEY, Year V.



ROBIN
HOOD
and
DUBLIN

by Captain Gerard S. Cox.

To the schoolboys of my generation the heroes of Sherwood Forest loomed far larger and life-like than either Cuchulain or Finn Mac Cool. The reason is not far to seek. The sagas of the Fenian or Ultonian cycles were not encouraged by an alien government. The names of Robin and Maid Marian, of Little John and Friar Tuck were commonplace ones in my youthful mind. With the passage of time they had become dimmer and dimmer until they had almost passed into the limbo of forgotten things.

I have on my bookshelf, a battered volume entitled "Anthologia Hibernica 1794". This monthly publication was a cross between a digest, a learned journal published by the Institutes for Advanced Studies or the Royal Irish Academy, and the statements of the Government Information Bureau. I bought it for a few pence some years ago, intending to read it as soon as I got sufficient leisure. Alas, for good intentions. It was only the other evening, that having nothing else to read, I took down the volume and opened it at random.

The first article I came across was entitled "Description of the City of Dublin from Holmshed's Chronicle" and to my vast amazement here I discovered a connection between one of my boyhood heroes and my native city. After a vivid if somewhat inaccurate account of the founding of the City, the author goes on to detail the history of the areas surrounding Dublin, in particular he describes the foundation of Ostmantown or to use its modern name, Oxmantown. The Danes according to the Chronicle, planted themselves hard by the waterside near Dublin and "discomfited at Clontarfe in a skirmish devuse of the Irish. The names of the Irish captains

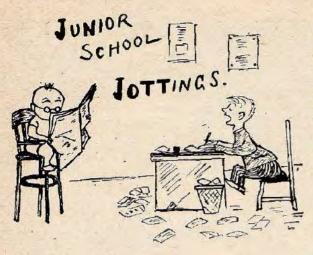
slaine were Brian Borrough, Miagh Macke Bren, Tadie O Kellie, Dolin Abertegan, Gille Barramede. These were Irish potentates and before their discomfiture they ruled the roost". Shades of Hayden and Moonan!

However, passing over this distorted version of Irish History, I found a reference to a hillock standing in Oxmantown Green called "Little John, his shot"; rather intrigued by this title I read further and discovered that there was a strong tradition of Iittle John's presence in Dublin.

* The hevday of Robin Hood and the boys in Lincoln Green was in the latter half of the eleventh century. These outlaws were in all probability the remnants of the Saxon nobility who took to the woods like our rapparees of later days. As we know, Robin Hood and Little John were the leaders of this band and have the doubtful distinction of being described as "of all thieves doubtless the most courteous". It is said that Robin was betrayed and captured at the convent of Bricklies in Scotland and his band scattered. Little John fled to Dublin and remained in hiding for some days. Venturing out at last, he in the course of conversation, boasted of his powers as an archer. He was immediately challenged to show what he could do. Nothing loath, and forgetful of his safety. Little John took his stand on Dublin Bridge as I can calculate the distance would be between 700 and 808 vards-a prodigious shot for those days, astonishment of the onlookers Little John's arrow hit the mark.

It might have been nice to record that little John lived happily in Dublin after his tremendous feat but alas, it was not to be. However, his name lived on, because for centuries the hillock on Oxmantown Green was known as 'Little John's Shot'.

Attracted by the talk of the remarkable feat, the City Fathers commenced an investigation, and poor Little John had to go "on the run" once more. He fled into Scotland where he died in Moray. It is said that his skeleton was exhumed centuries later and astounded the examiners, as from the size of the bones, little John was over fourteen feet in height. It must have been very hard for a man of that size to keep out of sight in medieval Dublin. But as Hollingshed rightly says "(He left) behind him a monument, rather by his posterite to be wondered, than possible by any man living to be counterscored."



We have pleasure in congratulating Mr. O'Mahony on his recent wedding and we wish him many years of blessings and happiness.

FLASH BACK

The Opera, "Columbus in a Merry Key", produced by the Junior School in the summer proved an unqualified success, and was a credit to the young players. We hope to see many of these boys again on the stage, either in future operas, or in Senior School productions.

PICTIES

One of the most prominent features of the Junior School this year is the popularity of "picties". Even some prefects have been seen to indulge in the game, and all have been forced to climb into very dangerous places to recover valuable weight of eigarette cards, or to act as intermediaries in warm arguments about "swaps" or "sticks".

JUNIOR SCHOOL RUGBY

All teams in the Junior School have been doing well so far this season. The Under 12's, who insist that they are the seniors of the Junior School, have set a very fine example. Every available moment of every recreation is used for training. The official trainer is Mr. Kennedy, and his charge has already succeeded in matches against the stalwarts of all the rugby-playing schools of Dublin.

HOLY YEAR CUP

This year there is a special Holy Year Memorial Cup to be competed for by the Under 12's, and our opponents will be St. Michael's and Willow Park. We hope to bring this reminder of the Holy Year to St. Mary's.

The Under II's, also have enhanced the rugby traditions of the Junior School by clear victories over many opponents.

And lastly, we come to the most enthusiastic of all, the Under 10's. These are only allowed rarely to match their skill against other schools, but we have no doubt but that they will give a good account of themselves. This team is chosen from those who show ability in the Giants' League. This year the League is proving a great success and there are noisy arguments after each game.

Pat Cullen is always a tower of strength, but the crash-tackling of little Mattie Jones often proves a stumbling-block. Indeed, even those who are only in their first term at St. Mary's are proving themselves to be speedy learners in the art of rugby, and their enthusiasm is evident from the numbers who grace the front field for the curtain-raiser on half-days.

The Holy Childhood League is also running its course, and many players are proving their worth in the battle for the coveted trophy. We hope that Maurice Dee will soon be able to take his place at out-half for St. Edward's. His team will, in the meantime regret his shoulder injury.

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MY HOBBY.

A hobby—the dictionary says—is any favourite plan or pursuit which one pursues with delight. Well, my hobby is music. I love music of all kinds, and I play the piano, as I like that instrument best.

I think music is very interesting. Every day I find something new which makes me want to know more and more about it. The books I have collected on the great masters about their lives and works, are most wonderful, especially those on Bach and Mozart which I have read many times.

I was invited last week to a Bach organ recital which I liked very much. There were many of Bach's favourite works including prelndes, toccata and choral works.

Perhaps most boys would not find this hobby very exciting, as it seems like hard work, but to me it is the only hobby of which I never get tired.

The most wonderful thing about music is the joy it can give to others. Music has different effects on people: some it makes sad and others happy, and as my Mammy says 'without music without country'.

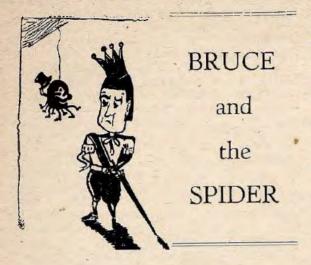
ARTHUR MARTIN, Year IB.

美术共享状态的变形状态的实验的数据数据的现在形式

MY DOG.

I have a little dog, and his name is Ned, He got up the stairs, and jumped into my bed, What a good little dog, is my dog Ned.

BRIAN O'CONAILL, Junior III.



We have heard the story of King Robert Bruce's fortunate escape from his pursuers simply and solely because of the industry of a spider. The story is too well known to need retelling. But a point which has puzzled many historians since, is why the spider should have spun his web so conveniently for the king—and in such a short time too, for, according to spiders whose word cannot be doubted, a large or two-and-six-penny size web, takes some spinning. After many years of ceaseless research I have discovered the answer. It will become clear to all from the following conversation, which I have translated directly from an ancient manuscript written in the middle spider-dialect which is now dead.

"Now look what you've done", said the Spider.

"What?" panted the king, who was out of breath.

"You've snapped my new web," grumbled the Spider.

"I'm sorry", said the king, apologetically.

"So you should be", said the Spider "and some of my best material has gone into that, stuff that's not on the market now-a-days".

"The war, I suppose?" the king murmured sympathe-

tically.

"The war it is", said the Spider shortly,—then, in a more conciliatory tone, "never mind, it doesn't matter, it's nearly closing-time anyway". He paused a moment,—"What are you doing here—the fly-cops on your trail?"

"I'm afraid they are" said the king with a sigh.

"You're as good as dead so", said the Spider cheerfully "Your number's up".

"Too true-unless of course-?" - hopefully.

"Of course what ?" - suspiciously.

"Unless you could rig up some kind of curtain across the door."

"Me!" cried the Spider in amazement, "D'you mean me?—and after hours too!—sure what would the Union say?"

"But I'm the king," said Robert Bruce.

"So you are," admitted the Spider. "Well, perhaps we

could make a bargain—. "Kings (he continued) never realise the value of their lesser subjects until they need their help. Take spiders, for instance,—famed in song and story—ever hear this line?

'And spiders' hammocks swung on balf oped things'.

"I make hammocks myself, I've a nice green one here. Now if—".

"I think you're a bit before your time" the king interrupted hastily, fearing what seemed to him a sales-talk, "that line has not been written yet".

"What matter, you could give me another spider-line yourself, I daresay?" retorted the Spider.

"Surely" agreed the king.

'Spider, spider on the wall

Aint you got no home at all?' SQUASH!

"I was'nt thinking of that kind of line", the Spider admitted in a somewhat agricved tone.

"I apologise," said the king, "—there was some talk of a bargain?—strictly business of course."

"Strictly business—spiders and business are synonomous terms".

"And what do you offer me, Mr. Business?"

"Well" said the Spider "if you agree to take the tax off the webbing industry and allow free imports of all materials needed by the industry, I'll see what I can do in the way of a temporary door".

"That suits me" said the king, "but hurry, for I can hear some horsemen in the distance".

"The real stuff?" pressed the Spider-"Pure Indian?"

"The real stuff", repeated the king.

"None of your South American liquid plastic?"

"No" said the king.

"No increased Income Tax, Super Tax and humbug about the "Rising Cost of Living?"

"No" said the king again, this time impatiently.

"Right" said the spider, and deftly untying a clove hitch in a piece of webbing that hung on the wall, he let it slide gently across the mouth of the cave.

The king was amazed, "you had one there already" he cried "why-?"

"You know the old story—come into my parlonr—the path into this cave is one-way only..."

A thunder of hooves sounded outside the cave. The Spider went on, "you're safe here, they'll never look now".

"Yes I'm safe here", the king said slowly.

There was a few moments silence.

"Your a marvel" said the King.

"I am" agreed the Spider.

"The 'Bee's Knees'" said the king.

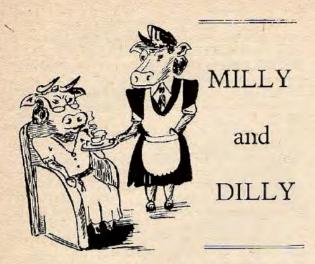
"The what?" said the spider sharply.

"I mean, of course—" the king corrected himself hastily—"I mean of course the 'Spider's Ankles'."

*

And that is the true account of what took place in the cave where Robert Bruce was hidden from his enemies by a spider's web.

JIM BYRNE, Year VI.



During a recent rustic vacation, it was my custom to assist the farmer's son in his labours, by every morning milking a big brown cow. After the first few days, during which she treated me with scorn, and I treated her with a cautious respect, we became quite friendly, and soon, she seemed to look forward to being milked by me. One day, as I was milking away, she looked at me, and said: "It's very strange how frienship can survive so many dangers, and still flourish anew after each one." I said "Yes"! but didn't really bother about her statement. "So your not interested", she replied, "Well, I'll tell you a little story to show you what I mean." "Oh! all right," I said, "go ahead."

Once upon a time, there grazed in a field near the little village of Stirlingville, two young cows named Milly and Dilly. They were young and, as any young Romeo bull would have told you, very, very attractive. From the very first day they were put out to graze together, they were the very best of friends. Wherever Milly went, Dilly was sure to be there too. It seemed at one time that nothing but death could come between them, so dear were they to each other. But, now we are coming to the point of the story.

One day, as they were rubbing noses in the field, a noise in the neighbouring field attracted their attention. They looked over the hedge, and there was the most handsome bull you could lay your eyes on. He was strong and healthy, and from his deep-set eyes, there showed a glow of keen intelligence. He was, in all details the cow's "dream-bull". With a meek sigh of delight Milly and Dilly swooned simultaneously. They soon recovered, however, and raced over to the gap in the hedge. Yes! he was still there, and he was crooning softly, "I only have eyes for you!" Dilly gave a discreet moo. The great bull raised his lovely eyes and gazed at the two cows. "Hi-ya! girls," he drawled out in a distinctly American accent, "I guess I ought'a introduce myself as I'm goin' to be around here for quite a while. The name is Frankie; the home-town is Chicago, and I'm sure they're mighty lonely, to have me overseas, back in the States. However I hope to get first prize at your Spring Show in Dublin, and bring fame to my hometown. Now that's enough about me. How about you two chickens giving me the lowdown on yourselves." "I'm Milly," and "I'm Dilly," said the cows. "We were born and bred in Ireland, and we're proud of our native-land, too". "Say! you pair are mighty cute," went on the bull, "and as I'll be around here for a while, we should see quite a bit of each other." "Oh! boy!" said the cows together, "I mean, er-eh that will be very nice. But just now we must go in to be milked. See you again." "Good-bye", said the bull, and added, "Au revoir".

Milly and Dilly were strangely quiet on the way into the cow-house, an unusual state of affairs, for their conversation could usually be heard for many fields around. As the evening wore on, their friendship seemed to fade out. Jealousy had crept in between the cows, and the rift widened gradually until Milly completely ignored Dilly and vice-versa. The reason was, of course, that they both had fallen for Frankie, and each was determined to have him for herself. One at a time they used to chat with their hero, and though neither of them made any startling progress, each said that she was the one the bull wanted.

And so the quarrel went on, until at last the day dawned on which Frankie was to return to Chicago. Both Milly and Dilly were confidently expecting a proposal from him, and accordingly they were looking their best. Dilly was first to reach the field. She tripped over to the hedge and smiled sweetly at the monster. He came over to talk to her. "Well, Dilly", he said, "I guess you know that I'll be hitting the homeward trail to-night". "Yes, I know", said Dilly hopefully. "I must say I've enjoyed your cheerful company very much, and now', went on Frankie as Dilly nearly came through the hedge with excitement, "and now I'll have to say goodbye. I'll miss you, but it'll be a relief to get back to the wife and kids-oh! say, didn't I tell you about them. Aw! Gee! my wife's a swell girl....."

It is not necessary to relate now what happened, but briefly, Dilly listened with amazement, and having said farewell to Frankie, went into a quiet corner to think things over. Of course poor Milly went through a similar scene and as chance would have it, she went into the same corner to think things over. They looked at each-other shamefully. "Oh! Dilly," said Milly, "I've been a complete beast, an utter cad. Will you ever forgive me?" "Forgive you?" rejoined Dilly, "Why, it was all my fault, Milly; I was the mean one". And together they watched as Frankie from Chicago was pushed into a lorry. As the last fumes of the exhaust died away, Milly and Dilly looked tenderly at each-other and vowed never to let anything separate them again.

"So now you see what I mean when I talk about friend-ship", concluded the cow, as I got the last drop of milk into the bucket. I said I saw what she meant alright, though I did not pay much attention to her story really, and besides I just remembered, cows can't talk!



RUGBY CLUB NOTES

The gasping, grunting, groaning, and wheezing that could be heard issuing from the front field of St. Mary's College, Rathmines in the latter weeks of September which heralded in a new Rugby season for the past pupils of that distinguished College so far have paid good dividends. Up to date all the teams that turn out every week have had a very successful record and as you know a good start is half the battle, here's hoping that the good work will continue. The 1st XV started off in convincing fashion with a six points to nil win over Blackrock College and followed it up a week later with a nineteen points to three win over Monkstown. Then to Cork where their unbeaten record went wallop to Sunday's Well who also held an unbeaten record. In the match at Cork we started off in grand style and after scoring our first try we looked set for an easy win but it was not to be, for we gradually faded out and were beaten 11-9. must have been the long journey to the Southern Capital that took toil of our strength. Ahem!

So far the first's have played rugby of the highest class with the main objective to get the ball to the fast back line on every possible occasion and this has been done in fine style by a mobile hard working pack. Morris Corrigan is to be congratulated on the line he has taken to play brighter and better football. There were no newcomers to the first team with the exception of Aiden Lehane. Mr. to you present pupils. Aiden is playing the type of rugby which made him one of the outstanding centres in Irish schools football in the season 1943-44.

The 2nd XV are also lucky in the choice of their captain Dick Whitty who has a shrewd head on such young shoulders and is usually right in the choice of players he makes for his side which should do well in the league and cup.

This fast young side was seen to advantage in the first league match against Monkstown whom they beat by fifteen points. Keep up this style of play and you will be going places.

The captain of the thirds, Willie Scott, who has been on the winning Moran Cup team for the past two seasons, has a good side under him and hope to be well up the League table if not win it when the season draws to a close. So far the response to training has been a huge success and if it continues St. Mary's will be dubbed with the name of being one of the fittest sides in Leinster.

We members of the past thank you Father Lahiffe for taking us in hand and training us and only hope that the hard work you put into your task will be amply rewarded.

At the Annual General meeting the following officers were elected:—

Captain 1st XV: M. P. Corrigan.
Vice-Captain: N. G. Meagan.
Captain 2nd XV: R. J. Whitty.
Vice-Captain: J. F. Hughes.
Captain 3rd XV: W. D. Scott.
Vice-Captain: M. G. Gilsenan.
Captain 3rd A. XV: R. K. Maher.
Vice-Captain: K. Gilmer,
Captain 3rd B. XV: G. A. Duffy.
Vice-Captain: J. J. Hennigan.

Popular Hon. Treasurer, J. J. "Jimmy" Ganter and Hon. Secretary, P. A. "Paddy" Branagan were returned unopposed.

NOEL MEAGAN.

SOME DUBLIN MUSICAL YESTERDAYS

Paper read at St. Mary's Musical Society.

Not a little regret must have been felt recently when it was announced that Beniamino Gigli would not appear in Dublin at a Celebrity Concert, advertised. The Dublin musical public remembers many great artists who have come to Dublin and received the welcome which only Irish hearts can give. It might appear that such Celebrity Concerts are a recent feature and in general a new form of entertainment. So far is this from being the truth that Dublin newspapers and tradition in Dublin cherish the memory of a long line of artists who have made the highest contribution to musical art and to the world's enjoyment of that art.

HANDEL IN DUBLIN.

On April 13, 1742 in Neals "Musick" Hall, Fishamble Street, there was performed for the first time the world-famous oratorio the "Messiah" by Handel. Dublin owes to Handel's enemies this first production. For some years Handel laboured in England where he accumulated more enemies than money; and by 1742 he was getting very tired of London and was beginning to turn his eyes from an ungrateful English public towards Ireland. Handel was very fond of the Irish, and he numbered them amongst his friends and admirers.

A deserving charity.

The Duke of Devonshire, Lord-Lieutenant, had asked Handel over, and an influential society of amateurs in Dublin requested him to come and compose music for a festival in aid of "poor and distressed prisoners for debt" in the Marshalsea of Dublin. The Dublin papers announced that on the "18th of November, 1741, Dr. Handel arrived here in the packet-boat from Holyhead; a gentleman universally known by his excellent composition in all kinds of music." From the moment of his arrival Handel's house in Abbey Street, near Liffey Street. became the resort of all the professors and amateurs in Dublin. No time was lost in producing selections from the splendid-repertory of music which the German composer had brought over with him. One after another his principal works were unfolded to an admiring audience in the New Music Hall, Fishamble Street. The crush was so great to hear the Allegro and Penseroso that the doors had to be closed, and a handbill put up to say that no more money could be taken. The paper declared there never had been such a scene. Handel gave twelve performances at incredibly short intervals, comprising almost all his finest and chiefly his latest works. In these concerts the ACIS and ALEXANDER'S FEAST held the most prominent places. But the lustre even of these compositions was about to pale before the MESSIAH, as the mere vestibule is forgotten when we stand at last by the sacred shrine of the inner temple.

At midday of the 13th April, 1742, the great hall in Fishamble Street was densely crowded with an enthusiastic audience. Mr. Handel's new oratorio, the MESSIAH, composed in England especially for Dublin, was to be performed for the first time. Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Avolio, and Mr. Dubourg were the chief singers, and, following the example of Handel, they gave their services gratuitously; for by a remarkable and perhaps not wholly undesigned coincidence the first performance of the MESSIAH literally proclaimed deliverance to the captives, for it was, as we have said, for the benefit and enlargement of poor distressed prisoners for debt in the several prisons in the city of Dublin.

The newspapers and the critics, the poets and the tattlers, exhausted every trope and figure in their praise of the new oratorio.

JOHN FIELD, THE FATHER OF THE NOCTURNE.

Most people would tell you that the Nocturne was invented by the illustrious musical genius Chopin. This is not so. The father of the Nocturne was John Field born in Dublin 1782, that is to say whilst Haydn was in his prime and when Beethoven was a mere lad. John Field was writing Nocturnes before Chopin was put into trousers. Field died 1837. It was in the Rotunda, Dublin, that Field made his bow, 1792, being then aged ten years. Field was to go far living in famous cities like London and St. Petersburg, now Leningrad.

The word 'Nocturne' means, of course, just a Night Piece—the sort of dreamy, tender music that might come into a composer's head as he stood looking over the fields or the sea on a starlight or moonlight night. Chopin built his own edifice upon foundations laid by Field. The Nocturnes of Field though not so deeply poetical as Chopin's, are refined and beautiful and worth more playing than they get.

PAGANINI AND STRAUSS.

In 1831, Niccolo Paganini, the wizard of the violin, gave a public performance during the "Grand Musical Festival" in aid of Dublin charities.

In 1838 in the Supper Room of the Rotunda (now the Gate Theatre) Johann Strauss, the Viennese waltz-king, gave two concerts.

FRANZ LISZT.

At the age of thirty FRANZ LISZT gave three concerts in the Round Room, Rotunda in 1840. Liszt was then at the zenith of his power as a pianist. Tickets were seven shillings each, a large sum for those days. An English singer, who accompanied Liszt on his Irish visit tells us that there were 1,200 people at least present at the first concert. Liszt gave a superb transcription of Rossini's "William Tell" Overture. The Lord Lieutenant attended with a guard of honour. There was an overture of seventy performers, the Duke of Leinster playing the principal bass, Sir Gore Booth the 'cello.

MICHAEL KELLY-Singer.

Michael Kelly, 1764-1826, was at fifteen years of age the boy wonder of Crowe Street Theatre, Dublin. Kelly's father was a Dublin merchant and at the early age of fifteen young Kelly had earned enough money as a singer to enable him to pay for his musical education abroad. Michael Kelly studied at Naples and Palermo, and sang at Florence 1780, Venice, and other Italian cities; when principal tenor in Italian opera at Vienna 1783-6, was prepared by Gluck to sing in "Iphigenia in Tauride' and by Mozart for Basilio in the first performance of 'Nozze di Figaro', sang in Mozart's Sunday concerts; appeared in opera at Drury Lane Theatre, 1787-1808, singing also in oratorios at the Ancient

Concerts, 1789-91, and in Scotland and Ireland; as musical director at Drury Lane Theatre and joint-director at the King's Theatre, London, composed settings of Sheridan's 'Pizarro,' Coleridge's 'Remorse,' and other plays; last seen on the stage at Dublin,, 1811. When Kelly returned from the continent he took composing seriously, but his compositions were neither original nor inspired. When he opened a music-shop in Pall Mall, London, Sheridan suggested that it should be inscribed, "Michael Kelly, Composer of Wine and Importer of Music"; whilst Moore said, "Poor Mick is an imposer rather than a composer." Kelly's last appearance on any stage was in Dublin in September, 1811, in the theatre where he had first appeared. He died on October 9th, 1826, and was buried in the churchvard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, London.

SOME OF DUBLIN'S FAVOURITES.

Hundreds of old Dubliners will tell you how their hearts were rayished in the days of their youth by the delightful melodies in their favourite operas, the "BOHEMIAN GIRL". MARITANA" and "THE LILY OF KILLARNEY". "Faust" also was a favourite but not so beloved two generations ago as the ever popular works of Balfe and Wallace. The house where Balfe was born, is behind Grafton Street, and in the thoroughfare now bearing the composer's name BALFE STREET. Wallace was born in Waterford and the girl destined to be his wife was a pupil of The Ursuline Convent, Thurles, where Wallace for a time was teacher of music. There is still for hundreds delight and charm that gently stir the heart in lyrics like "The Heart Bowed Down", "There is a Flower that Bloometh", "I Dream't that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "Eileen Mavonrneen", "In a Wild Mountain Valley". These were the songs sung in home gatherings in the houses of Dublin before radiogram and wireless stations took charge of our entertainments and before they undertook to make us grow up or down May God rest Balfe, Wallace and Julius musically. Benedict, who gave our fathers so many happy moments day by day and who can still give us happy moments if we care to enjoy them.

COLM CAFFREY, Year V.





Michael Corcoran.

University Scholarship, Dublin Corporation. Junior Executive Officership Examination. 2nd place in Ireland in French and Physics, Leaving Certificate examination 1950.



Richard Lewis.

University Scholarship, Dublin Corporation. Fourth place in Ireland in French, Leaving Certificate examination 1950.



Kenneth Sparrow.

University Scholarship,, Dublin Corporation.



Leo Gibney.

Captain of the School.



Brian Maguire.

Entrance to Military Training College, Curragh.



Brian Gogan.

Captain S. C. T.





Frederick Kelly.

First place in Ireland in French, Intermediate Certificate examination, 1950, Awarded French Government Prize,

EXAMNAITION RESULTS SUMMER 1950 LEAVING CERTIFICATE (Nineteen Presented) HONOURS

H. Byers: Honours—English, French, History;
Pass—Irish, Mathematics, Latin, Physics.

S. Cantwell: Honours—English, Latin, French;
Pass—Irish, History, Physics.

M. Corcoran: Honours—Irish, English, Latin, French, History, Mathematics, Physics.

M. Duffy: Honours—English, Latin, Geography, Mathematics, Drawing; Pass—Irish.

B. Kelly: Honours—English, French, Mathematics;
Pass—Irish, Latin, History, Physics.

R. Lewis: Honours—English, Irish, Latin, French Mathematics, Physics; Pass—History.

J. McGloughlin: Honours—Irish, English, French;
Pass—Latin, Geography, Mathematics.

E. Murphy: Honours—English, Latin, French, Geography, Mathematics;

Pass-Irish, History.

B. O'Rourke: Honours—Irish, English, French, Mathematics, Physics;

Pass-Latin, History.

K. Sparrow: Honnours—Irish, English, French, Latin, History, Mathematics, Physics. PASS

J. Corrigan, I. Duff (Hons. Geography), P. Duffy (Hons. Drawing), P. King, A. Lewis, B. Maguire, C. McCarthy (Hons. French).

DUBLIN CORPORATION UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS:

Michael Corcoran, Richard Lewis, Kenneth Sparrow.

JUNIOR EXECUTIVE OFFICERSHIP EXAM.:

Michael Corcoran-Twentieth place in all Ireland.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION (Thirty-Nine Presented). HONOURS

C. Caffrey, N. Downes, M. Farley, P. Fitzpatrick, B. Hussey, D. Hussey, D. McArdle, P. Moore, F. O'Brien, V. O'Grady, D. Bergin, G. Reynolds, P. Byrne, J. Dowling, F. Kelly, I. Lyons, M. Moore, J. O'Byrne.

PASS

D. Barrett, W. Meagan, E. Mooney, C. O'Broin, J. O'Donoghue, P. Shiel, A. Woodhouse, L. Bowden, B. Byrne, F. Cogley, B. Corcoran, J. Hughes, B. Kavanagh, D. Cantwell, S. Conroy, M. Cullen, T. Garvey, V. McGovern, K. Murphy, J. O'Brien.

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

Once again we have a very successful summer's activity to report, the Cub Pack, Troop, and Senior Troop all having completed their respective programmes. The Pack, under Cubber Reggie Redmond went to Rathdrum towards the end of July, for a pleasant five days camp. S.M. Frank Fennell brought his troop to Stradbally, Co. Waterford. Although the weather, to put it mildly, was putrid, it was quite an enjoyable two weeks. The surrounding district was explored in a series of patrol hikes, while the excellent swimming and baseball facilities in the cove were by no means neglected. The cuisine was excellent, but the numbers on our camp showed a downward trend.

The Senior Troop spent ten days in the Wicklow hills under Scouter Donal Murphy. Using the Copse, Rathdrum, as a base-camp, two-man expeditions were sent out in search of new camp sites. The Clan did not have a special camp of its own, but supplied scouts to the other sections of the Unit. Three Rovers—Pat McCarthy, Bart. Fitzsimons, and Barney Kelly went to Rome: the first pair went on motor-bikes, while Barney went with the H.Q. Unit pilgrimage. Scouts D. Corrigan and Peadar Byrne went with an English troop.

All sections of the Unit have a busy winter programme ahead. When this article appears, our General Investiture and Parent's Meeting on Sunday, November 19th and the Whist Drive on November 26th, run by our Parent's Committee, will have taken place. These functions show the wide range of membership of our Unit, for not only do past and present pupils of the College take part, but also the parents of our boys. Another forthcoming engagment is our Annual Concert, which comes off some time in January.

A large increase of membership was reported in the Pack, Troop, and S. Troop, but of late, the number of resignations in the S. Troop has been rather disquieting. A reorganisation campaign is in the melting pot. Even so, all departments, except the Clan, are very active, and are looking forward to a busy year's scouting, with perhaps, some innovations.

BRIAN GOGAN, R.S.

* * * *

STELLA MARIS INTERMEDIATE PRAESIDIUM.

Fifth Year filled the vacancies made in Legion ranks by the departure of last year's Sixth Year members. The new Legionaries are keeping up the fine tradition of the Praesidium, and good work is been done.

After having been three times postponed on account of the 1950 "Summer", our annual outing took place early in July. We—all that were still in the neighbourhood of the College—went to Donabate where we spent a rather enjoyable day in spite of the cold breeze and the cloudy sky. Our next function will be the Annual Re-Union.

J. REYNOLDS, Secretary.

OUR CAT

We had a little kitten And her name was Lad. She ran away from home And we were very sad.

We found her in the dustbin, Eating bread and mice. When we took her out again She was not very nice.

JOHN HANLON, Junior I.

GROWN-UPS AND THEIR HABITS.

Grown-ups are very superior in their ways, and do everything against their will. This makes their life miserable. For instance, when you see a grown-up coming down the stairs you know he feels like kicking his leg across the banisters and sliding down them just as children do.

Grown-ups think they should be much different from children, but really they are the same, only they act differently. When boys are studying the lessons they didn't do the night before, the men are reading the next instalment of 'Hopalong Cassidy', and other silly cartoons. Just because they are big they think they are not like children, but they are. We can prove this because our comic papers are stolen by them,

You know when you grow big, and you just can't grow big from nothing, something must grow small inside you. Doctors have not found it out yet, but it stands to reason that it must be your brain. Maybe when I grow big I will tell the world of my wonderful discovery.

Most men smoke cigarettes because they don't like to be seen putting their thumbs or soothers into their mouths. This proves their brains are small. Men are not as hardy as children so they love to wear long trousers.

They believe in flying saucers and they think there are fairies in them. Even children do not believe that,

So you see that grown--ups are very silly and they have kept it hidden for centuries, but they could not keep it hidden from such wise children as there are now-a-days.

JOHN MOORE, Junior V.

BALANCING THE SCHOOLBOY'S BUDGET.

Question: What can anybody do with a measly two-

shillings a week?

Answer: Nothing.

There should be a law passed that every father should give his son at least ten shillings a week. The cost of living is continually risng, but the schoolboy's budget is continually sinking.

Now even the price into the pictures has gone up. If you go to the pictures on Sunday you have only sixpence left for the rest of the week. That sort of thing might have been all right in 1920, but this is 1950.

Sixpence left for the rest of the week—that goes on Monday. On Tuesday you are in debt when the "Wizard" and "Adventure" come in. Wednesday—minus eightpence. Thursday, "Rover"—minus one-and-fourpence. Friday, broke. Saturday, pay debts.

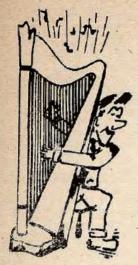
And such is the schoolboy's budget. What is to become of us if the cost of living goes up any further?

J. BAGNALL, Year II.

MY TASK.

"A poem" said Mr. O'Arcv. Why, I can't even write! "He should be in my house" thought I, "He'd surely die of fright". First I have no pencil-No paper, pen nor ink, And all my folks are worried In helping me to think. I'm hopeless at my lessons Although I do my best, I add and spell, but all the same I never pass a test. The family's in a riot, With clues and words galore, And then when they have finished I'm worse off than before. Please take this poor excuse Of words "they" call a "poem". You'll realize, of course, by now These words are not my "ow(e)n" Entered by:

EAMMON McHENRY, Junior II.



ST. MARY'S COLLEGE MUSICAL and DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Season 1950-51.

The opening meeting for the 1950-51 scason was held in the College on Saturday, 14th October. A very interesting paper on Gilbert and Sullivan was read by Jim Byrne. This was followed by the playing of the records of the "Mikado".

The second meeting of the Society was held on Saturday, 18th November. Colm Caffrey read a paper on "Some Dublin Musical Yesterdays" in which he dealt with many of the great musicians who had some connect-

ion with Dublin. Recordings of their works illustrated the paper. Highlights of a very beautiful selection of records were: the overture and Halelujah Chorus from Handel's "Messiah". Chopin's Military Polonaise and the Eb Nocturne, played by Rubenstein. Paganin's "Moto Perpetuo" played by Menuhin. "The Immortal Strauss"—a medley of his works. The Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12 in C minor, and Liebestraum by Listz. The Grand March from Tannhauser by Wagner; The "William Tell" and "Marriage of Figaro" overtures. Finally, some recordings of the late John Count McCormack.

Dr. Kennedy, C.S.Sp. gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the composers whose work had been chosen for the concert. We hope to hear him often at our meetings.

In bringing a very enjoyable meeting to a close, Fr. Murray expressed the Society's gratitude to Colm Caffrey for his truly excellent paper, and to Dr. Kennedy for his very interesting talk.

Members of the Society attended both the Bach Bi-Centenary concerts and enjoyed them very much.

The Society is growing in strength and popularity in the College. We have now a first-class record player and a growing library of records of the works of the masters, performed by the world's greatest musicians.

RAYMOND JOYCE, Year VI.

FEIS CAOIMHGHIN 1950

At the recent Feis competitions Neil Downes and Tom Gogan obtained third and fourth places and were very highly commended in the Senior Elocution class. In the Boys' Elocution (under 17) Earnonn O'Toole obtained first place and Raymond O'Connor second place. We congratulate them and their teacher Miss C. Cranny, on their success. The St. Mary's tradition is being well upheld.

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SITUATIONS VACANT

Required immediately young man to assist in the Street Sweeping Department. Apply, stating qualifications, to Dublin Corporation.

Hons. B.A., B.Comm. desires position as Baby-Sitter to respectable family. Holds First Aid and Life Saving Certs. Experience in sitting on all types of babies. The bigger the baby the better. Reply: R.I.B. J., C/o. An Réalt.

SITUATIONS REQUIRED

Young man seeks post as street sweeper. Highly qualified in Arts, Science, Medicine, Law. Studied brush types for B.A. Wrote M.A. thesis on history, evolution, and future of the Common Broom. Of doubtful honesty and uncertain veracity. Reply; B. G., C/o. An Réalt.

Required urgently an experienced Baby-Sitter. Must be strict T.T. University Degree an advantage. First applicant not necessarily accepted. Reply: J. H. Psmythe, Esq., C/o. An Réalt.

Wanted experienced book-keeper. Must have passed Entrance Exam. to Secondary School in Reading, Writing, and Spelling. Reply: Messrs. Hick, Hake, Hock & Co., C/o. An Réalt.

Competent clerk, at present employed by Messrs. Dawdle, Dilly, Dally & Delay, seeks change for private reasons. Excellent references. Box 999. An Réalt.

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AUNT AGATHA'S AGONY COLUMN



My dear nephews,

The office-boy here—Sean, you know—came over to my desk the other day. I could see by the inflated look on his face, that he wanted to tell me something urgently, so I said, "what is it?" in the usual make-it-as-quick-as-you-can tone of voice, required on such occasions.

Well, he deflated himself thus—"I'm jus' after thinkin' of a joke for yer nex' 'Aggie's Ag'ny Col'm'." "What is it?" said I surrendering in despair. "Well, yuh see, I'm Shawn by name an' nature, 'cos as well as bein' called Shawn, I'm shawin' people the way to the Editors Office, all day long. Haw, Haw, Hee, Hee."

Sorry for that one nephews. Now to get down to my correspondence. The first letter I have here says:

Dear Aunt Agatha,

Due to the amount of studying I have to do, I cannot find time to shave very often, with the terrifying result that my beard is growing very considerably, and is being a great distraction to me. Being a Sixth Year student, I am expected to keep up appearances, but at the monment, I can only look barbarous.

Your loving nephew,

B. G.

To whom I replied:

Dear B. G.,

I can see that you have your nose to the grind-stone these days, and my solution is, for you to put your grizz to the grind-stone too, as you have not time to shave in the orthodox fashion.

Yours,

Aunt Agatha.

Another nephew writes:

Dear Aunt Agatha,

I am a keen follower of the speedway racing, that has become so popular in Dublin recently. Coming down the avenue on my way home from the J.C.T. practices, I have been trying out, on my push-bike, the technique of the motor-cyclists. I regret to say that the bend on the avenue is a very poor one, and it hampers me greatly in practicing my sharp bends.

The edge of the bend on the avenue would need to be sloped up steeply on the bend itself, and gradually dropping again, to ground level. I thought it a good idea, to bring this before the authorities, through your column, so that something might soon be done to further the interests of this great sport in the College.

Your fond nephew,

C. B.

Dear C. B.,

I am very glad to read that you have Rugger practices after school, for if you were to appear on the avenue of our dear College at about 4.30, when the majority of the boys are going home, I could imagine the road-accident rate soaring up.

Yours affectionately,

Aunt Agatha.

Here's an unfortunate nephew who writes:

Dear Aunt Agatha.

On the bus down to Rockwell, I lost a considerable sum of money, and it wasn't through a crack in the floor either!! I had to borrow off the conductor, and now cannot pay it back to him. Could I promise him some of the C.I.E. Shares, that are coming to me when I'm twenty-one?

Your "broke" nephew,

C. F.

Dear C. F., -

As I told you in a previous epistle, my favourite subjects in school were Needle-Work and Cookery, not Commerce and Higher Maths. Why not go to the right source of information?

Yours sincerely,

Aunt Agatha.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE PAST STUDENTS' DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Officers :--

President: C. Keegan,
Hon. Treasurer: M. Gilsenan,
Hon. Secretary: P. Funge.

Committee:

J. Kenny, M. Cousins and D. Dempsey.

After only two years in the Amateur Dramatic life of Dublin, we feel that the establishment of our Society is accomplished, and we enter our third season with confidence. We are pleased to record that we have several new members from the recent past, and we hope that they will be happy with us. Our first production of this season will take place in January '51, and our second is planned for the end of March.

It is with pride that we now announce that we have secured permission to perform the European premiere of Myron C. Fagan's "Red Rainbow". A truly remarkable play, it exposes Communism, and its methods in America, while remaining a very fine thriller with a plot that should keep any audience guessing right up to the final

curtain. No effort is being spared to make this production our finest to date, and to ensure that "Red Rainbow" receives a premiere fitting its importance. We feel sure that it will arouse interest far beyond St. Mary's, and we ask all students, Past and Present, to assist us in making the initial performances in the College a complete success.

May we again appeal to Past students to become Full Members of our Society. On payment of £1-1-0 annually, a Full Member is entitled to two free tickets for each production of the season. Subscriptions will be gratefully acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, Matthew Gilsenan, 122 Rathgar Road.

"Red Rainbow" will be presented in St. Mary's College, by kind permission of V. Rev. Fr. Maguire, C.S.Sp., on the 14th, 16th and 17th of January, 1951. Past students will receive a circular giving full particulars, and notices will also appear in the press. Please help us to make this important premiere a success, and one of which St. Mary's may be proud.

MATTHEW G. GILSENAN.

"The Good Old Days"

The incident I like to recall best of my "good old days" was finding a sixpence in a lucky packet of sherbet. But it's about the only one, for other than that I never had any "good old days" worth speaking of. I have, however, some happy memories which are chiefly three. The first was when going to Mass on Christmas Day with my aunt, a soldier wished me a happy Christmas, which made me feel very proud. The second was hearing the far-off trams humming on the tracks when I was warm in my bed in the stillness of the night. The third was hearing the kettle sing on the range in the kitchen when I was playing with the kittens.

Those were my "good old days", but they do not seem as good as the days my aunts seem to have had. They tell us about monstrous sweets which lasted a lifetime and which were five a penny. They tell us about liquorice lumps and nougat numbers which were all almost given away for nothing. They tell us fantastic stories of daring escapades, and I could describe every nun, with her faults and virtues, who taught my aunts. They relate all their deeds and misdeeds, how long Anastasia's hair was, how good a doll Agatha had, how greedy Penelope

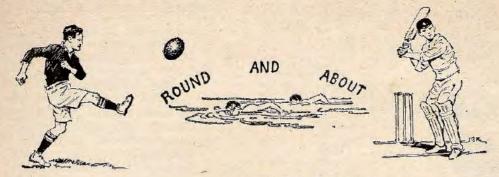
was, how clever Matilda was, and how they used to mind Jessica.

Our uncle Alexander (who should have been called "The Great") tells us of the fish he used to catch and the trees he used to climb. He tells about wonderful games he used to play, and the huge tops he used to spin. He was an expert at everything.

The childhood of the previous generation was just one long holiday. They tell us that with pictures, etc. we do not enjoy ourselves as much as they did, that we are all spoilt and very bold, and that we are very lazy both at school and at home.

In their good old days they had a fine time, but they are paying for it now. They have six, what they call hooligans, to contend with and their life is one of misery. Perhaps when we grow up it will be the same—we may tell how perfect Pat was, how skinny Francis was, how sly Theo was, how fat Diarmuid was, how lazy Sean was, and how clever Mary was. Perhaps these woeful days of to-day will be the "good old days" of to-morrow.

PAT LOUGHREY, Year VI.



TENNIS

Last Summer we entered, for the first time in many years, a team for the Leinster Senior League. The team did well enough for its first attempt winning two out of its four matches. Profiting by the experience, they hope to do better next year. Brendan Gallagher made a good captain and is to be congratulated on gaining a place on the Leinster schoolboys' team. A past-pupil of ours, Junius Horne, did very well in winning the Senior Boys' Irish Open Championship.

TABLE-TENNIS

This is the third year that we are entering for the Table-Tennis Shield. There are six on the team, five of whom were on the team which got into the final two years ago against King's Hospital, so we expect to be successful this year. With our two top players B. Gallagher and J. Simpson, getting better every day, we certainly ought to gain the trophy.

CHESS

Both Senior and Junior teams began well by beating Colfiste Mhuire in their first matches. The score in the senior was 4-2 and in the junior (rather luckily according to members of the seniors), the score was 6-0. In their second match the seniors sustained a defeat.

VISIT TO ROCKWELL

At the beginning of November, the senior and undersixteen teams made the usual annual excursion to Rockwell. Both were defeated, but any disappointment was offset by the impromptu entertainment afterwards. Austin Healy was unanimously elected master of ceremonies and certainly made things "go with a bang" literally, for he was nearly blown through the roof by a firework let off under his feet. His impersonations of various singers too, were a great success. A great many Rockwell students were rather mystified by a certain individual who walked up and down with a fountain pen in his mouth, making curious, not to say suspicous movements. This was, for their benefit, Pat Murray who was "all Groucho Marx-ing out of him."

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS

The results of the public exams, were particularly good this year, in both Leaving and Intermediate, and the school was rewarded with the usual free day. In the Leaving, besides ten honours, we also secured three scholarships. To the deserving winners, Michael Corcoran, Richard Lewis and Ken Sparrow we offer our heartiest congratulations.

Leaving Cert.: 19 presented, 10 Honours.

Inter. Cert.: 39 presented. 18 Honours. 20 Passes.

ANNUAL RETREAT

The retreat, held in September, was given this year by Father Hudson, whom many of sixth year will remember as a prefect here about seven years ago. We found him very pleasant and we were particularly pleased with his talks which were very interesting.

Congratulations to John O'Grady on winning First Prize in the Royal Dublin Society Art Competitionduring the Summer.

MY HOBBIES

The reason I say "My Hobbies" is that I have many different ones. When I took up chemicals, fireworks started. I made my room the lab, at first, but after the untimely explosion of a stink bomb, I was evicted.

My new lab, was in our garage. There I tried many successful and unsuccessful experiments. One day, longing for something new, I mixed all kinds of chemicals together, put a match to them and—!!!

The new garage was started last week. I hope to be out of hospital before Christmas.

WILLIAM NOLAN, Year II.

MY LIKES

I like to play rightly, To kick at the ball. To get a hard tackle And have a great fall.

DAVID COSTELLOE, Junior I.



"THE CALL"

Slowly the sun has dimmed the star
That called the Magi to adore
The Son of God, the God-Made Man,
As He lay low on an earthen floor.
Slowly the sun has dimmed the stars.
And thro' the crisp clear Christmas air
The Mass-bell sounds as tho' afar
To call the people to their prayer
To come adore the God-Made-Man..
As He stands high on His altar fair
BRIAN GOGAN, Year VI.

"NOVEMBER NIGHT"

An east wind cuts its shrill way Round chimney tops. Gnawing with its soured fingers At our chilled bones. The air is tangy with the smell of smoke Clawing with this added talon At our soft throats. A cinema queue stands painted black 'Gainst a white wall While up above bright stars are glistening Like drops of silvern dew: Tears they are from Mary's eves In sorrow for her Martyred Son. Look at the sky, and you must see The glorious Cross emblazoned there By Mary's tears. Why don't we stare?

FLOWERS.

Seeds in the garden I like to sow, Then in the Spring to watch them grow, There will be flowers before Summer is due, to delight the eyes of not a few.

PADDY BEARE, Junior UB.

BRIAN GOGAN, Year VI.

THE HORRIBLE FATE OF "COGGER" MEADE.

A certain lad, (L. Meade by name) Cogged all exams just as they came. Free days? He took all he could take. Excuses were not hard to make. Simple experiments, French notes, all. Were done behind the new school wall, He loved his school exams, he claimed First in his class, was often named, Latin was easy-with his "keys". While History notes were just the "beese". Science was just a piece of cake. The other subjects he would fake. He "bunked" his drill, went down to Glynn's, And with the weed drew outs and ins. Swot for exams? Not brainy he At night time he would have a spree. And at one-thirty go to bed, (This should make good boys get red!) At Christmas his report would read: "Excellent term's work", for Meade. On Prize-Day he would always shine. His prize books ranged from three to nine. One fateful day-June Fifty-Four Our Larry Meade walked in the door. To do a Leaving Cert., so tough. That only "swots" could face the "stuff". He's now the man who empties bins! Schoolboys, beware of Larry's Sins! Moral: "Crime does not pay."

KEVIN MURPHY, Year IV.

"LISTENER OF THE DARK"

Down the dim silence of these other years, there fall Echoes of faint frail voices, rustling down the air Out from the tangled leafage of the past, they call Wistful with questioning and strange complaint.

Oh where,

Where do you call from to me, voices of the night?
I hear you in the dark trail by, with soft vain speech
Vague images rise up before my misted sight
Then fade. Sad voices you are lost and out of reach.
Yet do I feel the urge to follow you afar.
Up to the glittering peaks of spring-hued hills, where I
Now treading these gloomed woodlands, hid from any

Might turn my darkened eyes towards a brighter day,
And look beyond this sundown to another dawn
A golden dawn! And in this broad and lone twilight
Voices I would reply to you—but you are gone
Beyond the forests of day, and over the hills of the night.

JIM BYRNE, Year VI.

AEOLIAN AIRS (contd.)

I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember, When I first went to school, We did not start till ten o'clock. Or later as a rule. We never had homework to do, And had two hours to play, And two or three free days a week; It's not the same to-day! I remember, I remember, The games we played in class, And if we failed the term exams, We always got a pass, There was no "biffing" in the school, We'd six months holiday, And sweets, and cake were free to all, It's not the same to-day!

JOHN REDDY, Year IV.

"WEIR-WATER"

Would I were now beside the little weir
Wrapt in the stillness of a Summer night
Ere the gold had left the treetops, and the stream
Lay shimmering gently in the fading light.
Now when I ponder and the evening's bare
I see the river with its occasional gleams
It even seems... upon the silent air
Across the veiled vague quietness is borne
The formy splashing of a troutling's leap.
And in the dark the groping gusts blow cool
Between the shadow'd banks, while in the deep
The moon lifts a golden horn.

JIM BYRNE, Year VI.

KITTY.

Once upon a time, when I was at the seaside, my cousin gave me a lovely black kitten. I called her "Tabitha". She was only six weeks old, but when a dog ran at her, she was not afraid, but put up her back, and spit at him. She is now a big cat, and has a kitten of her own. I call the Mammy "Kitty" for short, and the baby "Rose".

DAVID BRADSHAW, Junior I.

MY SCHOOL.

This is my second year at school, Saint Mary's is its name, I wear it's colours blue and white. When I play the rugby game.

When I think of future lessons, For all the years to come,
As long as I am at Saint Mary's, I do not feel so glum.

PAT O'SHEA, Junior II.

"THE BIRTH OF SONG"

A silence on the threshold of the Spring Is broken with a lay.

And ditties flow

From every branch where leafy choirs sing

-Not of the flowery Spring, but what they know
Has passed away.

For not in the happy thing
Was music born—not in the sun, but the snow
Music was born in the snow.

JAMES BYRNE, Year VI.

SUMS.

Dan can add, and so can I,
We shall add better by and by.
Dan and I are still very small,
We shall add better when we grow tall.
When Dan and I are big, big men,
We shall add far past ten times ten.

PATRICK SCANNELL, Junior School.

I'VE HARDLY STARTED YET.

To write a poem for "An Réalt",
Oh! what a task to get!
It's worse than Composition,
And I've hardly started yet.
I would rather do Arithmetic,
Or read my book, you bet.
My Daddy says it's getting late
And I've hardly started yet.
I think I'll never make a poet,
But that I won't regret,
And this is all I have to say.
Though I've hardly started yet.

BARRY O'SHEA, Junior III.

MY STAMPS.

From Vatican City I have old and new,
Some are red and some are blue.
Pope Pius XII and his coat of arms,
The Dome of St. Peter's and the Vatican Guards.
Some are from France, some are from Spain,
And some from the famous Spanish Main.
Some have kings with serious faces,
Of Denmark, Sweden and various places.
Some have queens, present and past,
Telling their history in tiny spaces.
Of all the stamps that I possess,
I like the Swiss the very best.
If you have any stamps foreign,
Post them at once to Dermot O'Flynn.

DERMOT O'FLYNN, Junior III.

KOLA-NUT IN IBO LAND

(Guest article by one of Fr. Seagrave's pupils, College of the Immaculate Conception, Onitsha, Nigeria).

The kola-nut is a kind of fruit produced by the kolanut tree which has an average height of about 30 ft. The kola-nut is selected from among the edible fruits as something to offer the gods among the Ibos. This is so because it is a tradition from the ancestors that the kolafruit is the best and the oldest of all edible fruits. The seers also maintain that the gods regard the kola-nut as the most acceptable thing to offer them. For this reason this nut is never scarce; it is found in all seasons, though it may be dry or fresh, according to the time when it was plucked.

In any Feast or any entertainment in a man's house, no matter what great things or delicious foods or drinks the man has to bring to his visitors or strangers, kola-nut must be brought out first of all. The reason is that it is the breaking of the kola-nut that they have to say prayers for the long life and prosperity of the entertainers, the entertained and the other people.

The breaking of the kola-nut is a way of giving special respect to the elders and the prominent men in Ibo Land. How is it broken? Is it simply cut by anybody, such as the house servant, or the wife of the man, and then distributed to the people? Definitely NO. According to the native custom, if it is early in the morning, it is the duty of the landlord to cut it, on the condition that these strangers are the first set of vistors he has yet got for the day. But, of course, if the strangers are many, such that the kola-nuts will be more than one then in this case the oldest man among them has the right to break one. If it is in the afternoon there is much discussion about breaking it. The landlord has only to bring the kolanut in a vessel and say: "Ibe anyi, enwenum oji." (Brethern, I have got a kola-nut for you." Then all will

THE GHOST OF THIRD YEAR

Twelve o'clock midnight. The light of the full moon streams through the class room windows. With slow even tramp the Ghost enters 3A. What is his story?

In 1849 a boy was "biffed" so hard that he was sent to hospital where he died in agony. The boys of 3A say that every night when the moon is full the Ghost walks down the corridor, opens the door of 3A, goes to his desk (last desk middle row), pulls out a Moran's French Grammar and then recites "Donner". ("Donner" is the verb he missed and for which he was "biffed"). When half way through the future tense he stutters and stops like a broken-down dust-cart. He looks at the book, finds where he is wrong, and then walks slowly up the class room and out the door.

GERARD O'SULLIVAN, Year IIIA.

give hearty thanks to him. The elders are there, the "Ogbuefis" are there, and many other common people. (Ogbuefi is a title obtained by making a grand feast for the people. In this feast the person must kill a cow (efi), or two, or as many number of cows as he can. These ogbuefis are regarded with great respect). the kola-nut is shifted among the ogbuefis and the elders, from one person to another. Of course this is done with great respect. The ogbuefis, to respect the elders, wish that one of the elders break it. And the poor elders, on the other hand, wish to allow the ogbuens to do the work. as a respect for their title. After a prolonged discussion one set of these people will honestly hold it up, usually the elders, and rarely the oghnefis. And so the elders doubtlessly have the upper hand. But sometimes, of course, to show how great these ogbuefis are regarded, the eldest of the elders MAY simply touch the kola-nut, as a kind of permission, and then pass it to one ogbuefi to break. That is then a cordial permission. the ogbuefi has to cut it without further delay or argu-It is also believed in Ibo Land that a person should not break a kola-nut in the presence of his fatherin-law, except, of course, with such permission.

It must be remembered that in all these cases, a woman has not been mentioned. Well if a woman is there, she must never break a kola-nut for others, except she is very old and the people there are only young men without titles. This is because the kola-nut is for the gods, and the women do not know the proper way of addressing them when offering the nut.

GODWIN C. OKONGWU,

Class IV. C.I.C.

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COMPETITION.

Each of the following quotations contains the name of an Irish County. When you have found out the six hidden counties post your solution to:

The Editor, An Réalt, St. Mary's College, Rathmines. Enclose 2½d. stamp with each entry. A prize of 7/6 will be awarded to the first correct solution opened on 1st January, 1951.

- (1) The blue Mediterranean.
- (2) The locks of the approaching storm.
- (3) Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere.
- (4) Make me thy lyre.
- (5) I fall upon the thorns of life.
- (6) If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

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