

THE SIMMARIAN



1958 - 1959



His Holiness, Pope John XXIII.

THE SIMMARIAN

The Magazine of
St. Mary's, Christian Brothers' Grammar School
Belfast

1958 - 1959

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Editorial

THE successful revival of The Simmarian last year has been highly gratifying to all concerned. Much labour—even though delighted in—was entailed in the production of a worthwhile magazine. The zest of the budding authors was indeed a revelation.

This year's issue, we feel, is a worthy successor. It is hoped that a more "student" approach has been made and that a greater possessive feeling will be engendered in the readers. It is the SCHOOL magazine.

Since last year many changes have taken place. We welcome as Superior Rev. Bro. T. L. Magee from Omagh. He is no stranger to St. Mary's and the Simmarian. We hope that he will find time to ascend Parnassus, where he wandered so delightfully in days of yore. Rev. Bro. J. M. Murphy continues with us and, as his very interesting article shows, is very deeply interested in the Old Boys of St. Mary's. It is felt that this feature is of permanent interest and that all Old Boys should consider it a duty to let us know of their activities and whereabouts. There are many filling interesting positions in strange places, and still more in honourable positions at home. All could serve as inspiration to us labouring in the fields of knowledge if they allow a little of their light to shine in our pages.

Our numbers increase tremendously, taxing the ingenuity of the school authorities to provide space. Nevertheless all are housed and the privileged Sixth has got a new reading room, irreverently referred to as "the glass house."

Rumours of changes have now become certainties. Great things are toward. Proudly we can say—

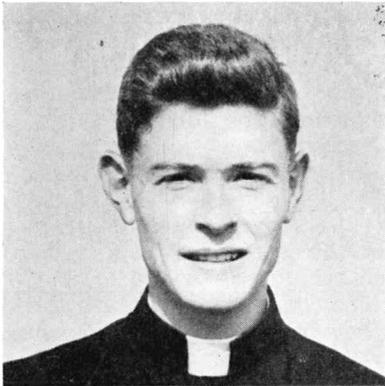
"But westward, look, the land is bright."

Our sincerest thanks are due to many whom it would be invidious to mention. Special gratitude is due to Mr. M. Rea for taking the photographs of the various classes and to Mr. Glennon for so ably printing them.

We are under a deep debt of gratitude to our advertisers, whose loyal support makes the production of The Simmarian an easier task.

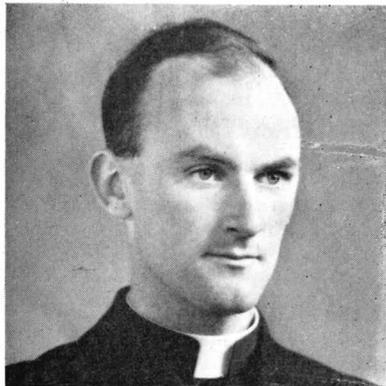
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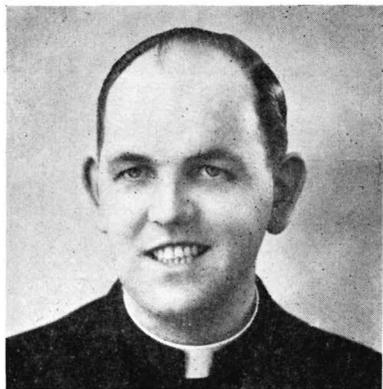
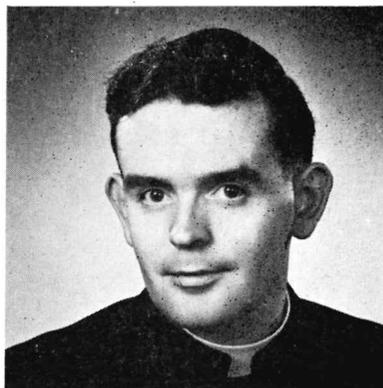


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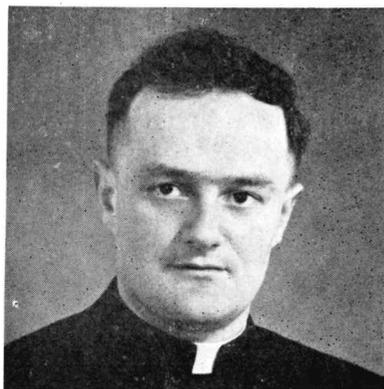


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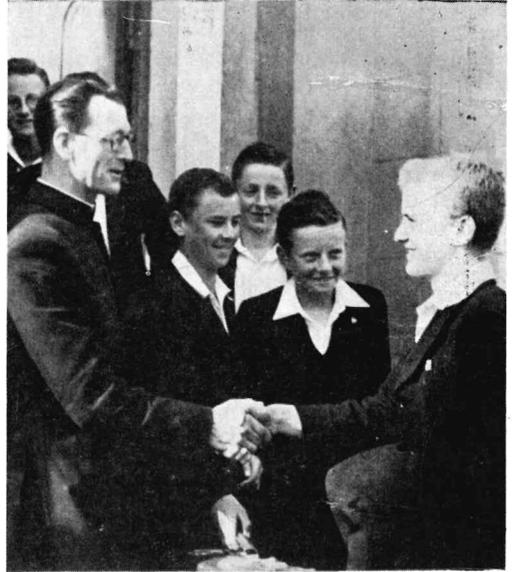
Rev. Fr. P. McGuinness,
St. Michael's, Enniskillen



Come, Follow Me

TEN years ago John had sat on those hard school desks so many St. Mary's boys know all too well. The cramp and the grind were certainly not to his liking, but he bore it all cheerfully as a duty to be fulfilled, though longing for the all-too-rare periods of freedom and noisy chatter.

The Junior Certificate exam. was at hand. What then? Would he specialise in Literature or Science and become a Civil Servant, engineer? For some time past he had been thinking things over and had decided to consecrate his life to God in a special manner. A priest? No; he felt God was not calling him to that high office. A Brother? Yes, he would like to be a teaching Brother. A vague desire gradually, with prayer and thought and guidance, became a strong conviction. Objections, real and fanciful, were not long in confronting him: the life is too hard, too monotonous, lacking in glamour you'll break your mother's heart you might fail you don't know your own mind you are too young (How strange that these obstacles are most often and most effectively presented when a religious career rather than a worldly one is at stake.) But his generous soul listened to God and not to these misguided or selfish objections. Though well aware that he would be very welcome indeed among the Brothers if he remained in the home town until after the Leaving Certificate, he realised it would be easier to settle into the Religious Life by beginning early. Perhaps, too, if he remained much longer in the world the lure of a brilliant or lucrative career would undermine his generous resolution. Once again he pondered the words of Our Lord: "Whoever loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," and "Amen, I say to you, there is no man who hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or children, or lands, for My sake and for the gospel who shall not receive a hundred times as much now in this time and in the world to come life everlasting" (Mark x, 29-30).



Welcome to St. Joseph's, Baldoyle!

Soon all arrangements were made and on a certain sunny day in August John boarded the train for the Juniorate College in Baldoyle, near Dublin. His parents had bidden him farewell with a mixture of sorrow and pride. They wished him success and God's blessing; they would pay him a visit during the year; already they were picturing him returning for a holiday the following summer.

For a day or two he felt a little homesick, but the kindness of the staff and good humour of his boy companions soon made him happy and contented. Though there were many Belfast boys in the college, he did not confine his attentions to them, but mingled freely with others from Derry, Dublin, Galway, and the various accents, mannerisms, ideas, etc., provided instructive entertainment. He enjoyed the homely companionship, the wholesome food, the daily outdoor games. Even the studies and college discipline fitted easily enough into the general pattern. The months flew past and soon he was sitting his Intermediate exam. A

short holiday followed, full of joy at being among his family and old friends, but tinged with eagerness for the great experience that lay ahead—for he was about to enter the Novitiate for a year of prayer, reflection and special religious training. Here, in St. Joseph's, Marino, Dublin, he would exchange his customary boyish clothing for the Habit worn by the Christian Brothers. Here he would have explained to him the real meaning and full obligations of the Religious Life, and he would put himself to the test.

At length came the time when he was allowed to take his 1st Annual Vows—solemn promises which would be a bulwark against the three great abuses in the world and which would lead him to a closer imitation of his Master, Jesus Christ, in His poverty, purity, obedience. Then, following a further period of religious formation and of study for the Leaving Certificate, he entered the Brothers' Training College (St. Mary's, Marino), where he learned child psychology and training methods and had his first taste of school practice. It was all so new, so interesting; he loved every moment of it and eagerly looked forward to having a class of his own.

He often thinks back on the thrill he experienced when his name was called out and he was assigned to a particular school the first timorous contact between the new master and his lively young charges Quickly the years had slipped by—years, he felt, of growing accomplishments for God and for the youth of Ireland. He was now 25 years of age and could finally consecrate his life to God as a Brother by taking Perpetual Vows. What a happy day that was when, kneeling in Marino Oratory before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the Monstrance, and in the presence of the Superior General, his own relatives, and an assembly of the Brothers, he solemnly dedicated himself to God for life as a Christian Brother.

John, the schoolboy turned teacher, was deeply grateful to God, to Our Lady, to his unselfish parents for making this happy occasion possible. In his own humble way he was following in the footsteps of so many Irish boys and girls who, like St. Patrick, had gone forth to spread the Kingdom of God. He was following in the very steps of Christ, the Great Teacher.



St. Mary's, Marino

NOTHING CAN GO WRONG

THE two men in the little red sports-car were Myles and Jeremy Stanford. They were on their way to spend a day in the country, glad to get away for a while from the city, with its reminders of work. Jeremy, at the wheel, was a well known scientist, but was now taking in the beauty around him, with the avidity of a sponge for water. An observer would have seen, however, that Myles was not enjoying his drive. He was a peculiar type, however. He had invented a device, which his brother had patented, and claimed the credit for it. Myles had nursed this grievance into a hatred, and from hatred to an obsession. He had been planned this time for months, calculating, scheming He was certain nothing could go wrong

"How's this place for a snack?" Jeremy's voice broke in on his thoughts.

"Oh, fine, fine," Myles replied in an absent sort of way that for a moment worried Jeremy. The old car jerked to a halt just at the edge of the little wood. It was just a dozen or so trees standing together, hardly worthy of the title of "wood," but it was a shade from the hot sun.

The men got, rather stiffly, from the car, the suspension of which left much to be desired, and got down their hamper. As they walked to the wood, Myles could feel the hamper rubbing against the object in his pocket; a cold object, cold with the coldness of death

Jeremy sipped his tea in silence and watched the birds and, in particular, a little red squirrel, which was chewing a nut but keeping a sharp eye on the intruders.

Jeremy lay back and closed his eyes. Before he could help himself he had passed into the realm of dreams. Myles stood up, his hand in his pocket, and a peculiar expression on his face. He took his old service revolver out of his pocket, and fingered it almost lovingly. His finger curled slowly round the trigger. The barrel steadied

At the crack of the shot the squirrel, with a look of disbelief on his face, vanished into a hole that hardly seemed big enough for him.

Myles dropped his gun, and his self-confidence fell with it. He saw how useless was what he had done.

"Nothing can go wrong nothing nothing NOTHING!" he shouted at the squirrel, which had just re-emerged.

He ran to the old car and pressed the starter. Nothing happened. "My God! Start, will you . . . ! He was biting his lip frantically. Again he pressed, again no result.

"Steady, now steady. The ignition, you fool." This time he got the car moving. He forced the tired old engine to its limit. The road was a nightmare. It seemed full of twists. Every tree he passed leered at him and whispered to him,

"You'll never get away, get away . . ."

His hands trembled on the wheel, the little car swerving about madly.

"Steady, hold it, we'll be in the ditch in a minute."

He was muttering to himself "Can't fail, can't fail, nothing can go wrong," and "My God, my alibi no, don't worry now, that's all fixed. I hope it'll hold . . . better maybe if not too strong. The road, you fool, keep your eyes on the road, forget other thing can't fail"

He was sweating profusely, and he feverishly rubbed the palm of his hand on his trousers.

The little car seemed to have a will of its own. It seemed to aim itself straight at any fixed object trees, rocks, telephone poles

At the top of the hill he saw the city, offering him security.

The first thing he saw on entering the main road was a policeman. He seemed

to be growing, growing, filling the space across the road. There was no way round The little car was swerving drunkenly.

A police car pulled out in pursuit.

“Drunken drivers! Bah!”

Myles saw the car in his mirror. He steadied himself with a great effort, and turned into a side street. The police car, held up by traffic lights, lost him. He was safe . . . safe . . . safe He felt happier, almost like singing. He smiled

to himself. He was revenged.

A little black and white dog appeared, it seemed from nowhere, in the middle of the road. Myles loved animals and, in an effort to save it, he swung the wheel hard over and drove straight into a stationary lorry.

The coroner said death was instantaneous, but his little black and white dog was enjoying life. To him it seemed in life that nothing could go wrong.

S. McDERMOTT, 5SA.

LUBECK

DURING the summer holidays, I spent four weeks in Lübeck, on the East Sea coast of North Germany, living with a German family. My hosts, Herr and Frau Hagemester, met me at Fuhlsbüttel Airport in Hamburg, and drove me to their home in Lübeck, as to find one's way through Hamburg from the airport is almost an impossible task to anyone who does not know the route.

During the long journey to Lübeck I got to know my hosts very well. They did all they could to make me feel at home, and by the time we arrived at their house I was no longer apprehensive of any hardships of foreign life.

I found Lübeck to be an extremely interesting and beautiful city. Most of its central part is untouched since the Middle Ages, and most central streets are of the narrow cobbled type, enclosed by gabled houses. Together with the extremely famous buildings for which Lübeck is chiefly noted, the town presents the kind of appearance usually associated with picture books. The Marienkirche, in particular, which is the largest church in Europe, is a fine example of this period of architecture.

Lübeck is renowned as the “Queen of the Hanseatic League.” It is entirely surrounded by water, by rivers and the sea, and around

that is the old city wall, still intact in most places. It is very easy to see how Lübeck was practically an impregnable port, very long ago. A very interesting chart in the town hall shows that, at one time in Lübeck's history, one ship was registered at the port for every three people living there.

Around Lübeck lies a very great amount of interesting and very beautiful country. The fashionable East Sea resorts of Travemünde and Timmendorf lie near at hand, while many of the beautiful small towns and villages are well within tourist distance. I was specially interested in Bad Schwartan, where the largest jam factory in North Germany is situated, and Entin, the “town of the roses,” where every house has rose plants growing up its walls. These small towns have a special charm of their own, and in them one can probably come closer to the real Germany than anywhere else.

Lübeck is situated forty miles from Hamburg and Kiel. Of these two cities, I preferred Hamburg, as there were still many remaining signs of its ancient beauty, in spite of the modern rebuilding on the vast bombed sites. Kiel was not, even before the war, essentially a picturesque city. In Hamburg, also a Hanseatic city, there survive some beautiful old churches and

Form 1A



Form 1B

Form 1C



buildings, and the town hall, in particular, is internally the most beautiful building I have ever seen.

I was fortunate enough to make the 140-mile railway journey to Sylt, an island off the west coast of Germany and Denmark. Many of the R.A.F. are stationed there with their families, on one of the most magnificent islands I have yet seen, miles of beach combining with most picturesque scenery and a wonderful climate to turn the island into an ideal summer holiday resort. In spite of this, most of the R.A.F. people would be glad to return to our climate, and very few of them avail themselves of their opportunity to learn German. To reach this island the train must cross over a strip of land not

many feet above sea level, and on a stormy day one has a wonderful sensation of travelling through the sea, the waves breaking against the lower part of the train.

The German people must rank among the most friendly and sincere in the world. North Germany combines all the scenery of the Black Forest with its own particular attractions, and the lover of festivals, great sporting events, and tourist attractions, is well catered for.

All these together with the German facility of knowing what a foreigner would like to see, and then showing it to him, combined to make my visit an experience long to be remembered.

LESLIE HOOD, 3C

The Dream of a Gael

by JIM CAMPBELL, 4LB

Oh, for a little cottage tucked away upon
the hill,

Beyond the wooded glen where time stands
still ;

Across the little lake where the wind sets
ripples slow,

To move across the water, making music
as they go.

And in this little lake, lies an island calm
and green,

Where, on moonlit nights, the dancing
fairies may be seen ;

And from this little island I fish my time
away

And am happy doing nothing all the livelong
day.

Of I'll stand upon the mountain and breathe
hard upon the breeze,

And smell the scent of heather, and hear
the wind sing in the trees ;

And I'll watch the flashing river, as it curves
down to the sea,

And hear the curlew's lonely cry, and the
buzzing of the bees.

Or I'll rise before the dawn comes up, to
work upon the land,

But divil the bit of work I'll do, nor spade
be in my hand ;

For I'll sit upon a tuft of grass and watch
the sun rise high,

And there I'll sit for hours on end to watch
the day drift by.

And then at night, when the sun goes down,
and the moon peeps out once more,

I'll watch the darkening valley from my
little cottage door ;

I'll see the cloak of darkness spread its folds
across the dale,

And hear the wind whistle like a banshee's
lonely wail.

I'll watch the lights blinking in the glen so
far below—

Little yellow beacons with a welcome in
their glow ;

And then I'll sit before the fire, a book
upon me knee,

A pipe between me teeth, and 'tis happy
there I'll be.

And when my days are over, and my life has
passed away,

'Tis there that I'll be buried on a soft
spring day ;

Asleep upon the mountain, at rest among
the trees,

Where I'll smell the scent o' heather and
the soft sea breeze.

Are we Alone?

NOW that the Russians and Americans are on the threshold of space travel, more and more interest is being focussed on our neighbours in space, the planets. Naturally enough, one of the first questions which comes to mind is: "Is there life on other worlds?" This question is an extremely complex one, and has been the cause of much controversy among scientists.

Not much more than a hundred years ago, the weight of opinion regarding life on the planets was very optimistic. The foremost astronomer of those times, Sir John Herschel, thought of the existence of moonmen as "an absolute certainty," and also held the theory that under the fiery surface of the sun was a cool region, inhabited by beings similar to ourselves. We cannot blame the astronomers for holding these mistaken ideas, for they had not a wide enough knowledge to enable them to form a true picture of conditions on the planets. At the present time we have a great many more facts at our disposal, and can form a much more balanced view of the universe.

We must, for instance, bear in mind that the Earth is only one of nine major bodies circling an average sized star which we call the Sun. This star is only an insignificant drop in the vast sea of millions upon millions of stars which go to form the galaxy, an immense ellipse 600,000 billion miles in diameter. Add to this the fact that there are many thousands of these galaxies known, and every indication that even more could be detected by larger instruments than we have at the present time, and we get a more accurate idea of the Earth's importance. Although we have no direct evidence for the existence of bodies orbiting any of these stars, it would be to take a very narrow view if we thought that our Sun should be the only one of all these teeming millions to be blest with planets, and that not only this but that it has nine of them! No, it is quite certain that many stars have planets, and on some of these life may have developed. But we must not

speculate on what may be, for if we go into all the possibilities we shall only arrive at a state where anything can happen. On the same grounds we must also confine ourselves to life as we know it. So, bearing these points in mind, let us examine the facts.

Life can only exist within a fairly narrow band of circumstances. None but the simplest of one-celled organisms can survive temperatures higher than that of boiling water or less than 10° Centigrade below the freezing point of water. The atmosphere also plays an important part, for it must contain fairly large amounts of free oxygen, and be pure of all poisonous gases, such as ammonia and methane.

Some of the planets can be eliminated at once. Mercury, for instance, nearest planet to the Sun, is so hot that a copper kettle, if placed on the sunward side of Mercury, would melt. Besides, it is a small world, and its weak gravitational attraction has enabled whatever atmosphere it may once have had to escape into space. Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune are large enough to have retained their atmospheres, but unfortunately these contain large quantities of poison gases. Pluto, furthest planet from the Sun, is so cold that even if there was any oxygen there, it would freeze solid. This leaves us with but two planets, excluding the Earth, on which life may have developed. These are Venus and Mars.

Venus, the planet nearest to the Earth, is enveloped in "clouds," which completely prevent us from seeing the surface. The word "clouds" is used in its broadest sense, for there is no evidence to suggest the presence of water in any form. These "clouds" are probably made up of dust and carbon dioxide, of which latter there is a very great deal on Venus. This has the effect of blanketing in the Sun's heat, and in all probability the temperatures on Venus's surface are far above that of boiling water. If this is so, the atmospheric circulation must be much more vigorous than on Earth. Cyclones and tornadoes would sweep the

roasting surface, raising enormous sand storms. It is very unlikely that life could develop in these circumstances, though it must be admitted that there are other theories, although none of them fit the observed facts as well as this one does.

Only Mars now remains. Mars is a smaller world than our own, and is further from the Sun. In consequence it has a less dense atmosphere and lower temperatures, which would range from about 50 degrees at night to 80 or 90 at noon, and thus could support life, while the atmosphere does have some oxygen. When we look at Mars through a telescope we see white areas marking the poles, and dark areas, some of which change shape and sometimes colour during the Martian summer. Sir H. Spencer Jones, a very famous astronomer, has this to say of these changes in his book, "Life on Other Worlds": "It is difficult to inter-

pret these changes in any other way than the seasonal growth of vegetation. As the ice cap melts, the moisture reaches lower latitudes. The vegetation begins to grow, and the colour of the areas covered with plant growth changes to green. When winter comes on, the green colour gradually gives way to brown." Sir Harold's picture then, is of a world with some primitive form of plant life. He considers it unlikely, though, that there is anything as advanced as even the lower animals. But the important thing is that life of some sort has developed where the conditions were suitable.

Perhaps if conditions had been just a little more suitable, who knows what might have happened. And although, as I have said earlier, speculation is useless, I like to think that, as I gaze up at the stars overhead, we are not alone in the Universe.

P. CARVILLE, 4LA

The Man from Outer Space

On either side the bar-room lie,
 Long lines of yokels filled with rye,
 Who croak as waiters pass them by,
 "Fill up our glasses 'cause we're dry,
 To drink is no disgrace."
 A silent blanket falls and lo,
 The people stare, their eyes aglow,
 Their faces blanch as white as snow,
 'Tis the Man from Outer Space.

He stands and stares at them a quiver,
 Through each man's spine there runs a
 shiver,
 Their spilling beer forms one brown river,
 The barman gasps, "I never ever,
 Sor sich a garstly face."
 As o'er the multitude he towers,
 The local R.U.C. man cowers,
 His head bends low like a dying flower's,
 The Man from Outer Space.

Paddy howled and threw his beer,
 The Irish drunkard's aim was clear,
 To make the spaceman disappear,
 The hulk of cosmos standing near,
 Was likened to King Cong;
 It slowly faded from their sight,
 Like a huge black cat into the night,
 It gave the "heroes" such a fright,
 They took the pledge thereon.

TERENCE McMULLAN, 2C

Form 1D



Form 2A



Form 2B



CHESS

by Hugh McGrillen, 2c

CHESS is one of the oldest known games, although in its modern form it has existed for only about 350 years. In the last 100 years it has grown in popularity and is now played all over the world.

The closest comparison I can make to chess is war. As in war, speed and the co-operation of the forces are essential. To have any chance of winning you must control certain points of the battlefield. Many famous generals, for example, Napoleon, have been keen chess players.

The object of chess is not as in draughts, to clear the board of your opponent's material, but to capture one piece, the king, though when a stage is reached when the king cannot avoid capture, the winner never bothers to play the last move of taking it. In the limited space at my disposal I cannot teach you to play, but I will try to dispel some of the main misconceptions about the game.

First of all, it is not a difficult game; with the help of a board and pieces it can be taught in a few minutes, but some of the rules would need a lot of explaining without diagrams.

If a player takes up chess after draughts he will have to rid his mind of many ideas. In chess there are six different types of pieces with separate movements, there is no huff rule, and when a piece is captured, the capture is placed on the square vacated. Also, when one player has no moves left, the game is drawn.

Chess players are by nature cocky and egotistical. Steenitz, a world champion in the last century, declared that his one great advantage over other chess players was that he never had to play himself, and on another occasion he remarked that God couldn't give him a pawn-and-move odds.

As in every other art, chess has its prodigies. Capablanca, a famous Cuban, was one of the world's leading players at thirteen, while in our own time, Bobby

Fischer, at sixteen, is an international Grandmaster and a contender for the world championship. In fact, the average age of the world's leading players is about thirty, so you can see that chess is not a game for doddering old men with fallen arches.

Many of the leading masters are used to giving simultaneous displays. They play up to thirty games at a time and rarely lose more than five. Unfortunately, many masters cannot find enough time for these displays. A Grandmaster, while playing in a tournament, is on his "job" about forty hours a week between games and adjournment analyses.

Even more amazing than these are blindfold displays. Koltanowski, the greatest master of them ever, was used to playing thirty-four blindfold games at a time! He made his living by it, being invited to all the leading cities in the world.

Because of a system of notation which enables all the moves to be taken down, games can be played by telephone or by correspondence. Many an international has been contested without the players ever seeing each other, and there is a correspondence championship of the world.

Many people have become attracted to chess because of the warm glowing feeling of superiority that one has after thrashing an opponent. It is one of the finest morale lifters there is.

Chess is both an art and a science and, like all arts, it has its own special beauty. It is not a discernable beauty but is rather like an impression on the mind. A chess player slips into the flow of a game and the ideas which it suggests to him are beautiful in their own way, hence the beauty of a position in chess lies in its potentialities.

In a well-conducted game the moves knit together in a sort of rhythm. Chess players appreciate rhythm in the same way as other people appreciate a poem or a symphony.

Nowadays chess is a very highly-organised game. The International Chess Federation control all the arrangements for all the international events. Every three years a challenger is bound to play a twenty-four game match with the world champion. The present world champion, Michael Botwinnik, will meet his next opponent in 1960.

A world team championship is also held every two years. Last year's championship was held in Munich and was won by the Russians by a large margin. The next one will be held in Leipzig in E. Germany.

There are more books published about chess than any other sport or game in the world. Many thousands are published every year, but mostly they are very expensive,

One of the best for a beginner is "How to Play Chess," by H. Colombek, the British master. It is in the Penguin series and costs only three and sixpence, but deals with all phases of the game and explains all the rules clearly.

The best way to improve your play as soon as you know the rules is to join a club. There are many good ones in and around Belfast, and it doesn't cost much to join one. Soon you will find that chess gives you complete enjoyment and enables you to forget the worries of the world.

"The Chessboard is the world, the pieces are phenomena of nature, and the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature." (Huxley.)

THE MODERN HELEN

WHILE watching, with mocking eyes, your sister endeavouring to beautify herself, did you ever think of the methods employed by some of the uncivilised peoples of the world? To us their methods would seem very queer and their effects hideous, but to those who employ them, they are an accepted thing and their effects are longed for and admired. Many of these people are not reluctant to suffer intense pain in an attempt to improve their appearance.

The Paduangs of Burma admire their womenfolk according to the length of the neck! So, from an early age, girls wind malleable brass rings round their necks and, as a result, they become giraffe-necked and are known as the Giraffe Women of Burma. A woman may have about twenty of these rings wound tightly around her neck. Unfortunately her neck muscles will become useless, and she is then entirely dependent upon the rings to support her head.

Having your teeth drilled isn't very pleasant, but in the northern districts of the Congo boys and girls, who have attained the age of fifteen years, have their teeth sharpened by a native "dentist," who uses a sharp hand-chisel to carry out this very painful operation. A row of sharp, pointed teeth is a mark of great beauty in that part of the world. In central Africa native girls

rub dirt into self-inflicted wounds, while women in Tanganyika have their upper lip stretched so that it protrudes outwards.

Now to Borneo, where the native inhabitants employ some strange methods. The island's inhabitants are the Kayans, the Kenyaks, the Klemantans, Muruts, Punans, and Kayaks. Among the Klemantans the chief characteristics of beauty are a wide brow, a flat head, and a moon-shaped face. In order to produce this effect a wooden device is fitted to a baby's head to flatten the head and make the face into a moon-shape.

A common method of beautifying oneself is to pull out the eyebrows and eyelashes. Some Kayan and Kenyak children have their ears pierced, while the girls have the lobes of their ears pulled down until they touch the collar-bone. Copper rings are then inserted. Another favourite method is to have one's teeth drilled and then have them studded with brass wire in the shape of a star.

Strange, isn't it? So when your sister spends seemingly endless hours brushing and combing her hair, powdering her face, and putting on lipstick, think how much worse off she could be!

ROY HAUGHEY, 3A.

THE SCHOOL OF REVOLT

THE school bell clanged incessantly, the doors of the class-rooms were flung open, and crowds of boys surged forth into the corridors and out into the school-yard. School was over for another day. Most of the boys hurried to their respective dormitories, to leave in their school books before going down to the playing fields, but not all of them. No, three boys walked slowly over to the disused pottery shed, and after making sure that no-one was watching them, they shinned over the wall, and disappeared through a hole in the roof.

The last of the boys, "Fatso" Breen, being somewhat stouter than his companions, had no easy job squeezing through the small hole. With a final heave (that left a small patch of his jacket hanging to a nail), he pulled himself in, and panting heavily, he sat down on an upturned wheelbarrow. He gave his two companions a withering glare and began to go through his pockets, looking for any old sweets that might be sticking there! To these three boys, this little shed was a home from home. A place where they came to talk over those things that only a school-boy thinks are important. And to-day was no different, for as was usual they were talking about food . . . It was the boys age-old grumble, that they were being underfed (though none of them showed signs of this being so). "I'm half starved," groaned Fatso. "The breakfast this morning wouldn't have filled a fly, never mind a . . ."

"Horse," said Paddy O'Riley, smiling at the pugnacious glance that Fatso threw at him.

"No, wait a minute, Fatso is right for once in his life. The food here isn't much cop, and it's about near time something was done about it" (this latest addition to the conversation came from Mick Bradley, the third member of the trio). "And just how do you propose to make the Head pay any heed to us—go on strike or what?" demanded Paddy.

"No, a strike is no good. It would have to be something where we all could keep our names unknown."

"Like blackmail," burst out Fatso. "If we blackmailed the Head he would never know who did it" (at this outburst Paddy could not keep himself from smiling at the thought of big Fatso trying to blackmail the Head), but Mick surprised the both of them by taking the idea quite seriously. "Yes," he murmured, "it could be done. Now if someone was to borrow all the school crockery and cutlery from the dining hall, and if they refused to give it back until a substantial increase was made in the school meals, and if that failed we could even threaten to send letters to the local paper . . . It might work, you know, and I wouldn't mind having a go at it. What about you, Terence Cornelius Fatso Breen? Are you in on our plan?" "If it gets me any extra food, I am to be sure."

"But remember do not whisper a word of this to a soul. Let's hop over to the tuck-shop and get into training for when we get a decent amount of food."

* * *

That night at about half one, three might have been perceived climbing from the fourth year dormitory, and cautiously making their way to the refectory building. On arriving at the window which they had purposely left open, Mick and Paddy clambered in first, and with much puffing and groaning and finally with sheer brute force, they managed to haul in their bulky friend. "Blimey," puffed Mick, "I don't know how you maintain that you're underfed. You're as fat as a prize porker. you oul fake ye," and Paddy had to interfere to break up a battle royal. "Listen, you two jokers," he hissed, "do you want the whole school on top of us?" "Come on now, we've work to do."

The next half hour was a feverishly busy one for the boys. They had to collect all the school cups and put them in two large cartons. In another box, Fatso collected all the cutlery and after sampling some of the choicest pieces from the kitchen they vanished, boxes and all, the way they had come.

* * *

They were the last up in the dormitory

Form 2C



Form 2D



Form 3A



next morning, but the news was already spreading rapidly around the school and as it passed from mouth to mouth, the tale became more and more exaggerated; by the time our three sleepy friends heard it they began to think that they had bitten off something bigger than they could chew.

One thing had puzzled Paddy since their little escapade the night before. How were the masters to know what the things had been taken for? But he need not have worried, for, when he asked Mick about it, he was told not to worry; that part had been seen to the night before. "You see," said Mick, "I left a note pinned onto the cook's apron . . ."

"Ah," said Paddy, "they should know what we're up to."

* * *

After mass that morning, the Head Master made an announcement, in which he explained that some "practical jokers" had taken away enough cutlery and crockery to render the school dining service crippled. After he had finished harping on the fact that until the missing articles were recovered, no-one, except masters and prefects would have anything substantial to eat, he asked anybody who could help in the matter to come and see him. It was his finishing statement that made Fatso worried. "When the culprits are found out," he said, "strict disciplinary action will be taken." As he left the platform, the buzz of excited voices filled the room, and Mick thought to himself as he saw the stern face, that the war was not over yet. All that day, boys were complaining of feeling very hungry, for all the food they could have was tea and toast. That night, nearly every boy was famished and Fatso was even pleading with Mick to give up the whole thing and hand back the cups and cutlery; but Mick was adamant in his determination to see the thing through to the end. That day after school, Mick wrote a letter to the "Local News" and in it he put all about the stolen articles, and why they had been stolen. He addressed it, and posted it in the school letter-box. "That will set them thinking," he said, smiling at the worried faces of his two friends. "It's going to set them moving, and if that doesn't, I don't know what will."

The next morning the school was in an uproar when they discovered that the

school had become famous overnight. Once again, everybody was summoned to the lecture-room, only this time it wasn't the Head that spoke to them, but one of the school directors, a worried little man, who looked nervously at the newspaper in his hand.

"Boys," he said, "you all know why I am here. In this morning's paper there was a distressing article about this school. You know that some crockery and cutlery was taken from the dining hall. I don't know whether this action represents all of you or whether this is nothing more than a practical joke, but I tell you on behalf of the board of directors that if these things are replaced your demands will be carefully looked into at the next board meeting."

When the little man stepped down he got a rousing cheer from the boys below. For once a successful compromise had been made between the masters and the boys. That day, in the little shed Mick and his friends were making preparations to return their spoils of war that night. At last they had won.

JIM CAMPBELL



*Short Story***“Mach One”**

THE low whine of the jet engine increased in pitch as the sleek silver plane gathered speed down the runway. Inside the tiny cramped cockpit, the pilot stared fixedly at the runway in front of him. The attempt on the sound barrier had begun. As the plane's undercarriage cleared the ground, and the streamlined shape, with its unusual whine, swept up into the sky, the population of the village near the aerodrome turned out into the street to see this new kind of aeroplane. They stood there, gazing at the ever-diminishing speck until it vanished into the clear blue of the sky.

In the cockpit of the aircraft, the only suggestion of speed was the monotonous whine of the engine. The streamlined nose was inclined upwards at a steep angle, and all that could be seen was the occasional cirrus cloud which grew nearer and rushed past with a light patter of ice crystals on the Perspex canopy. The sun was extraordinarily bright. The pilot glanced at it for a second, and was forced to close his eyes for a moment. When he re-opened them, the scene was as before.

The altimeter dial registered an altitude of thirty thousand feet. The pilot reached forward, and eased the control column into a vertical position. The plane responded immediately, levelling out at a speed of four hundred m.p.h. At last his eyes were relieved from the painful glare of the sun. He glanced around him, at the sea, thirty thousand feet below. Only a solitary liner was visible—a little bright speck on the dark green-blue of the sea.

Just then his wireless crackled. A voice from the control tower of the aerodrome chipped in, asking him for his height and flying speed. When he had replied, he was given the “All clear,” and radio communication ceased. For the first time since he had left the aerodrome the pilot felt nervous tension, a sort of apprehension, which is referred to by actors as “stage

fright.” Now the great test was about to begin.

He shoved the control column hard forward, and the plane responded obediently. The speed and the frequency of the whine of the engine increased in step. The nose now pointed downwards, and there was a wonderful sensation of speed. The sea gradually became plainer, the altimeter needle was falling rapidly, and the speedometer needle crept on towards its goal—the mark with the little sign, “Mach One,” written beside it.

The plane was being buffeted by the air rushing by. The speedometer needle pointed to 97. The altimeter needle was steadily dropping, recording twenty thousand, nineteen thousand, eighteen and a half thousand feet. The speedometer needle crept on slowly also. The waves on the sea were now becoming visible. Ninety-eight. The clouds were rushing past. Ninety-nine. The altimeter needle pointed to fifteen thousand feet. Would he make the speed of sound before he was forced to level out? The needle seemed infuriatingly slow. Ninety-nine and a half. His arm tensed, ready to pull back the control column. No! Mach One! He had broken the sound barrier! The cockpit of the plane seemed strangely silent, except for the rushing and buffeting of the air. His reverie was broken by the hard fact that the altimeter needle indicated ten thousand feet. Back came the control column.

The plane began to level out. Suddenly he felt an intense feeling of nausea, and blacked out. This was the effect of the sudden change of direction. In a few seconds he recovered, levelled out the plane, which had begun to climb, and removed his pressure helmet. He wiped the sweat from his face and gazed upwards.

The sun was glaring down, as dazzling as ever.

S. R. ALEXANDER, 3A.

PIGEONS

PIGEON-KEEPING is a very interesting hobby indulged in by many in town and country. Pigeons are best kept in a dry and draught-proof loft, into which neither rats nor cats can get. Lofts range in size from a large fruit box to the top storey of a house. The most popular one is made of wood and is about six feet high, six feet long, and varies in length. The loft, which should face south, usually has a dowed front with an entrance hold or "trap" over a lighting board. The entrance hole is such that the pigeons may enter the loft but are unable to leave of their own free will.

The water-fountains should be replenished daily. The old birds must be properly fed on maple peas, tares, dari, wheat, and a little small maize. The birds should be supplied with grit or old mortar, and great cleanliness ought to be observed in the loft. A variation in dietary is good; the birds will eat any type of corn and small beans as well as peas, tares and vetches. Lettuce, cress and small cabbages are suitable greens.

The pigeons will begin to breed at nine months old, and each pair will, if allowed, have six to eight nests (always two eggs at a time) during a year, and continue to breed for several years. Valuable pigeons and long-distance racers should not be allowed to nest more than three times in a season. The period of incubation is eighteen days and the "squeakers" are fed at first by a secretion of the old birds called "coft food," and later with disgorged corn. The young cock birds are rather larger than the hens and have a more prolonged squeak. At the age of about eight days the squeakers are ringed as an identification mark if lost.

The young birds learn quickly and before long they are able to circle the loft with the experienced pigeons. It is here that one must be careful because, if the young birds are swept away by another person's large flock, they are easily lost, but with a little care this can be avoided. Soon these learners are ready for their first training toss. They are taken about one mile and released singly.

This is gradually increased until they can fly confidently from a distance of thirty miles. The Young Bird Racing starts soon after this and the race distances are increased each week until they fly from Wexford at the age of about five months.

After the Young Bird Racing comes the turn of the Old Birds. These are raced from a distance of seventy miles and increased each week until they fly from France, over five-hundred miles (as the crow or pigeon flies). This final race from Rennes or Redon in France is a big affair in the pigeon world. Each fancier thinks his pigeon is sure to win at least some of the hundreds of pounds prize money. Last year's winner, from Ligoniel, won himself £600 by gaining first place.

Since every fancier cannot be trusted to his word, with prize money at stake, to say exactly at what time his pigeon arrived home, there must be some method to ensure fair play. It is devised in this way. Before being basketed for the race, a rubber race ring with a tabulated number unknown to the pigeon's owner, is placed on the bird's leg. On arriving at its loft at the finish of the race, the owner removes the ring, places it in a sealed mechanical timing clock and, by pulling a handle, records the exact time that the pigeon arrived. As the exact distance to the loft is known, the velocity in yards per minute is found, and hence the winner. One can thus see that it is a case of "get the race ring and forget the pigeon." With this outlook men have been known to shoot their pigeons on the roof top because they had failed to enter the loft. Thus they could easily get the racing, prize money and, of course, the dead pigeon. Competition is so keen in these races that many are won on the decimal point of a y.p.m.

Pigeons are apt to breed feather lice, which can be removed by insect powder. Free use of disinfectant and whitewash will keep mite and other pests out of the nesting-boxes. The birds are liable to few ailments

Form 3B



Form 3C



Form 3D



—canker, caused by the pigeons pecking at one another is the most common—and even when one has been ripped open by telephone wires, the owner himself can stitch it up without any danger whatsoever to the bird.

When the word “pigeon” is mentioned to some people, they just grunt and think of the street-pickers at the City Hall. They do not think of the great work done by carrier pigeons during the first World War. They do not think of the gallant pigeon, released one breezy morning in some open field about half-past six in France, return-

ing faithfully to its loft at about eight o'clock the same day.

I was attracted to this hobby by the amazing sense of direction possessed by every true homer. As yet, professors do not know how it finds its way home so quickly and accurately. It is my ambition to have a pigeon which will win for me the coveted King's Cup for the National Race from France, not to forget the prize money, of course.

B. DEVLIN, 4LA.

The Scramble for Africa 1870-1914

Seven little nigger boys, did not care to mix,
The Dutch bagged one of them and then
there were six.

Six little nigger boys, a “bloc” could not
contrive,
London called up Paris and then there were
five.

Five little nigger boys, rattled by a war,
Berlin decided to take a step, and then there
were four.

Four little nigger boys, still could not agree,
Zululand fell out, and then there were three.

Three little nigger boys, with different points
of view,
Paris rang up London, and then there were
two.

Two little nigger boys, without a place to
run,
Portugal seized Mozambique, and then there
was one.

One little nigger boy, stranded all alone,
One little Abyssinian can do nothing on his
own.

D. McCAMBRIDGE, 4LA.

The Tramp

THE heat given out from the turf fire caressed us and made us feel a remote happiness. Outside there was a blizzard blowing which made us huddle more closely to the fire. A knock on the door made me jump. Father opened the door and talked with someone a minute before he welcomed him in. I can see him yet; tall, a mop of red hair covered with snowflakes, his clothes tattered and torn and his hands and face blue with cold.

"Let this gentleman near the fire, children," said my father. We scattered out of the way, and half an hour later, when the stranger had had a cup of tea, he told us to gather round and began to tell us of his travels. For an hour I was completely fascinated by him and his tale. Just then, as ten o'clock struck, father told us to go to bed.

That night I dreamed I was walking the roads with the stranger. It was snowing. Suddenly I slipped and fell, and kept on falling and falling. I jumped up in the bed, stirring my brother, Sean, who slept with me. "What ails you?" he said, only

half awake. He then turned over and went to sleep.

I didn't go to sleep after that, but lay awake thinking. About seven o'clock I got up, dressed, and went downstairs to the kitchen and looked in through the doorway. The stranger was taking the knives from the dresser. I ran upstairs to my father and shook him. "Da, he's stealing the knives," I said. "What?" said my father, jumping out of bed. He ran downstairs, followed by my mother and myself.

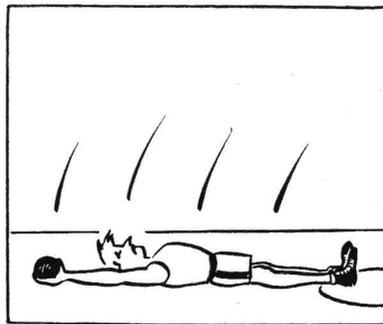
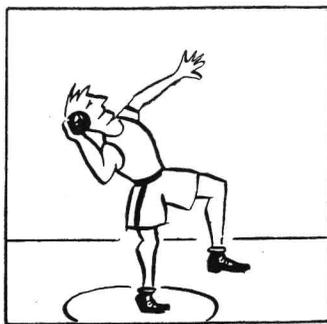
"My son says you're stealing the knives," I heard downstairs.

I sat on the stairs and saw the stranger lift the rag which served him for a coat. He turned and looked at me with his deep blue eyes and said, "I'm sorry you feel like that. I was laying the table for you for bringing me in last night. Thanks. God bless you."

He opened the door and looked at me once more. Tears were filling my eyes. The next second the gentleman of the roads was gone, into the blizzard.

J. McFAUL, 2C.

= SCHOOL ATHLETICS =



THE TOUR *de* FRANCE

ASK any European what he considers to be the toughest sporting event in the world and it's a hundred to one he will answer—bike racing! Why? Let me tell you about the Tour de France and you'll soon see.

France is the home of cycle racing. During the month of July each year nearly everyone's attention is concentrated not on sputniks or "summit" conferences but on a cycle race, the world's greatest cycle race—the Tour de France. All during the month France is gripped in the cycling fever. Schools and businesses close when the Tour comes through and it is a day of picnicking and jollity for all.

This unique sporting event, started in 1903 by Henri Desrange, a Paris journalist, demands more endurance from competitors than any other international contest. It is held every year in July over a route covering 2,782 miles over the mountains and through the valleys of half-a-dozen countries in Western and Central Europe and lasts about twenty-five days. Paris is usually the starting and finishing point for the race.

The two Paris newspapers, "Le Parisien" and "L'Equipe," that promote the "Tour" spend over £200,000 but by allowing firms to use the race for advertising purposes they make quite a profit. And these firms certainly exploit their opportunity to the full. Each morning the advertising cavalcade sets out some hours ahead of the race with the purpose of entertaining some of the thousands of spectators. The advertising vehicles are of every shape and size—ink-bottles, toothpaste tubes, clocks, etc. Some are mobile theatres.

What of the cyclists themselves who compete in the Tour de France? They number about 120 of the world's professional racing cyclists, usually grouped in national teams of ten. When the final sprint comes at the Arc des Princes track in Paris the riders will have been shaken and bruised by the

atrocious cobbled roads of Northern France and Belgium; they will have been buffeted and exhausted by the headwinds along the monotonously straight roads from the North to the South; they will have climbed the highest passes in the Alps and the Pyrenees and they will have been alternately burnt by the blistering heat of a sun which might easily reach a temperature of 160 degrees, and frozen by glacial mists on the mountain tops. Bandages and bruises will bear witness to the falls and crashes which are an inevitable part of the Tour rider's lot. The winner must have super-human physical qualities. Every competitor has to undergo months of strenuous training so as to be able to bounce his way over the uneven pavé of Northern France and Belgium, be able to race at about 30 m.p.h. for up to 250 miles non-stop, and be able to climb for 30 or 40 miles at a time in the Alps. In all a rider must maintain a physical condition which will allow him to ride himself to a standstill one day and then reappear the next morning able to do the same again.

The feats of some of the riders are almost incredible. The winner of the 1948 Tour, for example, Gino Bartak, while descending an Alpine pass at 50 m.p.h. lost control of his bike on a hairpin bend and toppled over a hundred foot cliff. Fortunately a lake below broke his fall and he scrambled to safety. Then after offering a short prayer of thanksgiving he grabbed a fresh bike and cycled on to win the race. The greatest of all these amazing sportsmen on wheels is Louis Bobet, who is the only one to win the race three times in succession.

Interest in the Tour de France increases every year, especially since Eurovision has started to show it on its television programme every night. The French TV service spares neither trouble nor money in photographing it. What a success it is for a rider to win such a thrilling race. He will win about £7,000, which he will, of course, divide among his team mates.

Form 3E



Form 3F



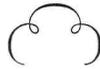
Form 4LA



Personally, I think that bicycle-racing will spread from the Continent to the other countries of the world where it is possible to hold such a grilling competition. Already the sport is popular in Ireland, England

and America and in these countries its popularity is increasing rapidly. Yet it will take any country a long time to build up a race with the traditions and support of the Tour de France.

B. McCOMISH, 4LA



MY FIRST VISIT TO LONDON

ON arrival at Euston Station for my first Easter visit to London, my impressions were very favourable. The lovely weather, the bustle of the noisy holiday-makers, all made up a colourful background for my seven-day stay in London.

We left the station amidst thousands of holiday makers and my happiness increased as I found myself in one of the well-known peak hour rushes. The excitement of being jostled and pushed around in the crowd, which consisted of people from all parts of the world, to this great Metropolis! Arriving at our destination, my aunt's house at High-gate, I hastily unpacked my few belongings, as I wanted to waste no time in getting out.

On Easter Sunday, I went to Westminster Cathedral for the Easter services. The Cathedral is massive, and the beauty of its walls and floors took away my breath, for I am sure it is only rivalled by St Peter's. In the Cathedral, there are buried in tombs, Cardinals of great fame, and on top of these tombs are symbolic red hats, which are rotting with the passing of the years.

One could not go to London at Easter without attending the "Horse and Cart Parade," which, in itself, is a wonderful spectacle. The groomed horses, the gaily-painted carts, all merged into the joyful atmosphere.

The next place which I visited was the famous but tragic Tower of London. This grim but interesting place has a reputation which stains English history. My thoughts fell back into the years gone by, so I looked at the spot where Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded. My intention was to walk away from this fatal spot into a more happy atmosphere, and where better than the room which held the pride of England, "The Crown Jewels."

My thoughts were ones of awe, as I looked across the entire space taken up by the Tower Settlement.

This was the famous well-known "Drake's Walk."

Without warning, I found myself with only two days left, and I made up my mind that I would not let an hour go to waste. I visited the well-known Hyde Park, and spent a very enjoyable day, which included a picnic and a tour of the park's sights. On my final day's stay, I went to the number one sight of London, Buckingham Palace, and had the fortune of seeing the changing of the guard.

As the train puffed out of Euston Station I said to myself "London is indeed the Metropolis of the world."

L. McCREADY, 3B

Cat Lovers

by S. McDermott, 5SA

I THINK cats are the best domestic pets man has ever known. The dog may be man's best friend, but the cat is his most useful friend—in a house, I mean. A cat maintained in the peak of condition will pay for its keep. It will rid the house of mice, and keep it that way. It is a beautiful creature—but their beauty is entirely due to themselves; they do not have to be bathed and groomed like a dog; they do not have to be exercised. Most like a certain amount of fondling, but will not, like a dog, pine for want of it.

A cat that is a "mouser" introduces certain problems. It makes the keeping of another pet hardly practicable. It also incurs the justifiable (I must admit) wrath of bird-loving neighbours. Although I have had a number of cats I have never been able to find out how to keep a cat hungry and agile enough to make it want to hunt mice (without starving it, of course!), yet leave it with no tendency to reduce the numbers of "feathered friends" in the vicinity!

I think it is nearly impossible to generalize on cats. Possibly the only things they have in common are the family name, and a general disposition to mischief, despite assertions that "My Tiddles is as good as gold." (Cats always seem to have outlandish names).

The cat has become the general symbol for stealth—hence, I suppose, such names as cat-burglar, although this might also arise from the fact that both conduct the most serious part of their business in the hours between sunset and sunrise. This trait has become the theme of many "sordid" cartoons along with the previously mentioned fact of the incompatibility of cats and other pets. I always find it rather strange how in the films we shout encouragement to the mouse, yet when we go home the opposite occurs (unless in our absence the cat has helped itself to our supper—considers itself entitled to it, I suppose, being "one of the family"!).

The earliest cat-lovers were the Egyptians (seeing they had the first cats!) I would be hesitant in my desire to be thought a cat-lover. People have been said to grow like the animals they love. People regarded as being "doggy" or "horsey" can look others in the eye still, but nobody who has been called "catty" has looked upon it as a compliment.

The majority of cat-lovers seem to be of feminine gender—men, I imagine, being hardly disposed to coo over "Darling Fru-Fru." Although cats have more attention lavished on them by their lovers than any other animal, they never repay those attentions by a return of affection (except when they are hungry, when they will glue themselves to your legs and cast appealing glances in your general direction).

It seems to me that each distinct breed of cat attracts persons of similar character. However, I haven't yet been able to generalise on this, because most of the pedigree cats we see are on television, and one can hardly rely on the impression one gets of the owner (who has probably spent as much time on beauty treatment, etc., as has the cat!).

A new development has arisen in this sect. Various cat-lovers have claimed to be able to understand cat language. I'm not quite sure what they mean by this. Are they able to converse with their cats?—or is it merely something like this: if it mews on the outside of a door it wants in (and vice-versa) and if it mews at the sight of food it is hungry? This is not an understanding, but merely a deduction on our part.

Cats, I fear, have generally more enemies than lovers. I feel we all understand Mr. Ted Ray in his hate of "the ginger tom from next-door," however much we may disagree with him at other times.

Cats, dogs, and budgies are the most popular pets, but I think cats will maintain a slight lead (even if only because they are the most efficient type of mouse-trap!).

This House *Moves*

I WISH it would. Moving house would be considerably easier if it did. One would not have to take everything out for transporting it on wheelbarrows to the newly-acquired abode. Under the arrangement suggested above, one would simply have to loosen the moorings and let the house arrive at its destination under its own steam (or coke, or methylated spirit, or torch batteries), like the "caravan painted blue" that someone wrote a poem about.

People will tell you that the only difficulty in moving house is in transporting all the family effects from one house to another. No doubt, one could also say that the only difficulty in setting up a gnu farm in Alaska is in getting the gnus there. (Of course, you could telegraph the gnus.) However, deliverance is at hand. Some chivalrous person across the street knows a fellow whose brother is married to the niece of a chap who has a van. This is good. Not only will it save you the expense of having the removal done by a firm, but you can also move your furniture a little at a time, thus avoiding mass confusion. But at the appointed time the knight of the van has to go and visit his grandmother in the country or has to bring a box of live chicks to his brother-in-law's farm somewhere in the mountains. Anyway the van is not forthcoming and you are obliged to depend on more conventional and more expensive methods of transport.

The date is fixed. In the morning you get up early, because you have to be ready for the furniture-men. After breakfast, you parcel up all the crockery and cutlery in cardboard boxes and pile them in a corner. The china dogs from the mantelpiece are thrust head first into a tea-chest which also contains an alarm clock, a pair of brass candlesticks, and lots of other ill-assorted articles. The best china is placed by itself on the floor behind the standard lamp; it might be broken if it were put in the tea-chest. You move all the furniture to one part of the room, which doesn't help very

much, since it leaves only a not very straight but extremely narrow path by which you can cross the floor.

The furniture-men are in no hurry. The sun mounts towards its zenith; your temperature mounts towards breaking point. This sort of thing is bad for the nerves. Every time you cross the room you have to turn left at the tea-chest, keep on past one of the fireside chairs, turn right at the end of the settee, crawl under the table, bump your head when getting up, and edge your way past the baby's cot, which, turned on one of its sides, raises its feet in an attitude of obstinate self-defence.

And presently the insidious attacks of a very ancient and demoralising human weakness made themselves felt—you begin to get hungry again. However, since you have put everything away in various inaccessible places, there is very little can be done about it. Except . . . yes, there is a way out. A whispered consultation—gasps of horror at the proposal—and finally reluctant consent. The youngest is despatched with a small sum of money, and presently returns carrying about half-a-dozen warm, greasy paper bags. Chips are nice for a change, anyway.

Finally, several hours later, a large shadow moves across the front window. The furniture-van has arrived. Two or three strong silent men knock at the door. They are admirable fellows, these men. They ask no questions. They simply lay hold (strongly and silently) of your treasured possessions and deposit them somewhere in the cavernous interior of their vehicle. The tea-chest goes, too, and you cannot help thinking how ridiculous the tails of the two little china dogs look sticking out of this corner. The standard lamp is lifted and carried out; but you won't let them take the china just yet. You don't want any of your six nice cups to be cracked. You step back to watch them lifting the settee—and then there are five. The number of pieces

Form 4LB



Form 4SA

Form 4SB



into which a china cup can break (especially when crushed by a large boot-heel) is truly remarkable.

After you have lifted up the pieces, you realise that you will have to take steps (not backwards, please!) to ensure the safety of the surviving items of your china. You finally succeed in wrapping it up fairly securely and stowing it at the bottom of a butter-box. But there are other things in the bottoms of butter-boxes. What can a fellow do, for example, when an alarm clock goes off with a roar in some unseen and un-get-able place. It is all the more disconcerting if one of the strong, silent men happens to be carrying that particular box. If he has a weak heart he might possibly drop dead, which would tend to complicate matters. The cuckoo clock is even more dangerous. If it has anti-social tendencies it might contrive to peck him in the eye.

But all things come to an end, and you are considerably relieved when the last item is placed (or, as usually happens, thrown) on board. It has been a harrowing experience. You fail to understand how the Boers kept their security when they Great Trekked; perhaps that is one explanation for the Boer war. However, you can console yourself and say, with the poet Milton, "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

E. G. RODGERS, 6A.

FRONT TO BACK

As up I went a road country
 A wee bark ran out and dogged at me.
 I knocked at the servant and the door
 came out
 And reached me a crust of plates and
 said:
 "Put that in your man, poor bag, all's
 that—
 Sure, nothing's better than something!"

J. Carson, 3B.

Spring is Here

WITH the first sign of dawn in the city come the early birds. Not those who perpetually get the worm, but those venerable members of the corporation—the road sweepers.

They peep timidly from behind drawn curtains as the golden morn tints the sodden rubbish which has been awaiting them in damp gutters since their winter hibernation. These children of nature rejoice silently among themselves during the coming of spring—no more need to wear water boots in the gutter.

As the sun hauls itself higher in the sky, it is seen for the first time in many months by the people as a whole. The fiery orb is barely perceptible through the haze of smoke and fumes which envelops the atmosphere above the vast metropolis.

Spring adds a certain something to everything in a big city; even the exhaust fumes smell differently; windows wink instead of crying; footsteps on the pavement click instead of squelching. The pitter-patter of tiny feet can be heard up and down narrow paths, as the women rush up and down between counters in multiple stores, deciding whether to buy the white hat with pink and blue polka dots to go with the mottled green and yellow dress, or the purple and brown dress to go with the, etc., etc.

As it becomes warmer, something begins to appear. It grows and flourishes on what has lain dormant during the long winter months—last summer's blankets finally appear on the clothes line.

And as the sun sinks in the west on the end of the first day of Spring we can see in the distance the gay soot-covered chimneys vomiting their joyous message of smoke and dirt to the cloud-laden heavens above.

T. McMULLAN, 2C.

How good a Character Detective are You?

ONE night I was giving a birthday party and it was very late. I was tired, but I politely refrained from showing it,—or so I thought. Suddenly one of the few remaining guests said, "Come on fellas, we'd better go. It's getting late." I protested but he explained with a grin that he had caught his exit cue from my lean-back-in-the-chair gesture. Earlier in the evening he had seen me leaning toward my guests showing the enthusiasm and interest which I was now too sleepy to display.

Everyone, every day, overlooks similarly revealing clues which, if noticed and understood, could help us understand more clearly the world around us. Even the slightest details if properly interpreted would reveal secrets of personality which would add freshness to every encounter. It is in the trifles and when he is off his guard that a man best shows his character.

While waiting in a dentist's office or a railway station, try studying the giveaway signs in other people. Watch the way they walk, for example. A stiff-legged gait can reveal a rigid, unbending personality, a shambling walk, a lack of determination. A person with worn down heels, showing that he drags his feet, will usually be someone who hesitates to take chances.

The way a person sits or stands can also tell a story. A person who sits with his heels on the floor and wiggling his toes is likely to be a sporty type who likes competition and enjoys matching wits. See if he doesn't have a lot of bounce in his replies. A man who stands with his legs crossed is generally defensive and with a tendency to apologize.

Even if your conclusions cannot always be proved you will broaden your powers of perception and observation by thinking backward and forward from small hints. And don't exercise these powers with strangers and new acquaintances alone. Your friends and relatives, although you think you know them well, may have facets of personality you have yet to discover.

What, for example, do the smiles of those close to you reveal? The "silly smirk" on her daughter's face annoyed one mother until she learned that such an expression is due to self-consciousness. Knowing this she stopped criticizing her and started supplying the boosts of confidence the child needed.

A broad smile signifies energy and affection. A wry smile shows scepticism. This person does not believe what has been said but is too polite to say so. The quick, unexpected smile comes from someone who, beneath his reserve, is cordial. And what about a person who seldom if ever smiles? He may have a severe streak but he also has a most praiseworthy quality—honesty.

What people express in words and what they actually feel are not always the same—but an unconscious gesture will give them away. How smoothly and serenely your companion's conversation flows—but watch him crush that already dead cigarette stub. Turmoil inside?

A certain professor once asked a student for his opinion of a modern classic. The young man, rubbing his nose, replied that he had enjoyed it a great deal.

"The truth is," said the professor, "you didn't like it."

The startled student asked how the professor knew, not realizing that rubbing the nose is a gesture one is likely to make when registering disagreement or rejection.

A man who tugs at his shirt cuff or arches his eyebrows while he adjusts his tie is pretty pleased with himself. And if he steeples his fingers he feels downright superior. The man who hitches up his trousers is not usually concerned about whether they are loose. But he is worried about an approaching task and in this gesture reveals that he wants to feel equal to it.

Being your own character detective can help you maintain self control in an

irritating situation. People who constantly touch you as they talk, such as the party bore who clutches at your lapel, have little confidence. This does not reduce the annoyance of being handled but if you know the why of it, the chances are you'll react with more good humour the next time.

Or, if you're involved in a less than friendly argument, watch your opponent's hands. If he holds one wrist with the other hand he is unconsciously restraining himself from physical force and is in no mood to give up. So why not save your breath,—and your blood pressure.

Too many of us go around blinded by the familiar. That's why we make poor witnesses. It is possible that in the next five minutes your eyes will light on some small detail of human behaviour you've seen a dozen times before—and ignored. This time look on it as a possible clue: examine it: what does it mean?

What can it tell you?

There's no limit to the information you can collect by being your own detective. The eye and the mind must be combined before we really see.

KEVIN CALDWELL, 3C

DONEGAL

Oh! To live in Donegal,
To dwell among those lovely hills,
To smell the heather in the fall,
To gaze upon those sparkling rills.

Those lovely lakes of shining blue,
I love to see them gleam,
Those lovely sights that once I knew,
I see them in my dream.

I see the waves dash the foreland,
The broad Atlantic sweeps round Tory,
And as I walk along the moorland
I think of Ireland and her glory!!

I listen to a trickling stream,
Sweet thoughts of Ireland I can find,
And as I lie there in a dream,
Donegal is in my mind!!!

P. F. O'DOHERTY.

MONDAY AT SCHOOL

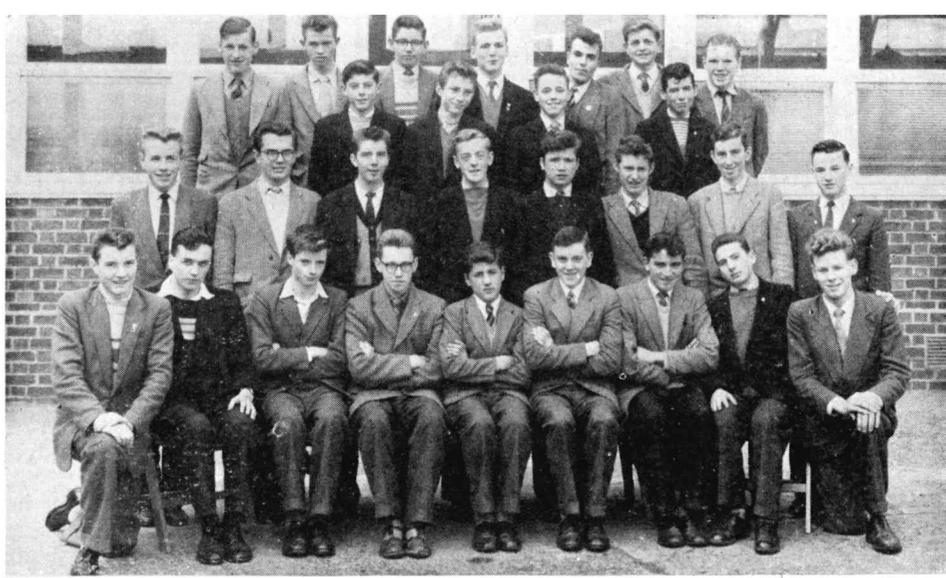
by

J. O'Hara, 4LA

AT a quarter to nine on a Monday morning in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine a small boy slowly trudged his way to school, each step bringing him nearer to his doom. Numerous thoughts tortured his weary and over-worked mind. Every Monday morning proved to be his Armageddon. He thought of the homework he should have done, but Jim Hardie was on T.V. His French was mingled with extracts of Hancock and the Pit. His Irish was submerged in blots where he had been encouraging Glenavon with an alternate thumping of his book and striving to work out the future tense of the verb bheirim. His translation of Virgil's Aeneid would have made the great poet turn in his urn. He pictured a day of knocks and beatings which made his classroom resemble the ancient torture chamber of old. He knew it was useless to rush to school in a vain attempt to transcribe a fellow sufferer's attempt at an exercise (this practice is vulgarly known as "cogging") as the amount of work which he had to do seemed to be, in the words of the immortal playwright, "as huge as high Olympus."

The break between classes appeared to him as a ray of sunlight which came shining through the gloom. It was then that he glanced fleetingly at "Labour's Work for the Unification of Italy," while at the same time washing down with a bottle of powdered milk his victuals, which were comprised of a Paris bun (purchased from an honourable establishment locally known as "Ma Trainor's"). Slowly the morning progressed, a morning which had proved more fateful than he had ever imagined in his wildest dreams. Why, oh why did he not turn off the T.V. set last night, but now T.V. had established a death-grip which only an iron nerve and strong will could relinquish. But, begone all foul thoughts, the heavenly music of a tolling bell which announced the end of the morning, saved him from the hands of a master, which were

Form 5LA



Form 5LB

Form 5SA



lunging venomously towards his throat. His face showed his disappointment of being robbed of his victim by the morning bell. The gods were perhaps beginning to smile upon him as they had just saved him from the Dracula dressed in black.

After having licked his wounds, he consumed his bread lunch, wrapped up in the front page of the "Tele," on which Miss McKenna now, strangely enough, featured. He attempted to learn a French vocab., but a call sounded for the commencement of the daily soccer (or is it rugby) Cup Final staged in the school yard. This call, in the words of some poet or other, may be described "as a wild call, a clear call, that may not be denied." Thus the French vocab. remained in a sticky, scruffy school-boy's pocket.

Then the bell tolled once again and the unfortunate footballer "plodded his weary way" to his Waterloo. The first period seemed bad, but at the second the tortures of the Inquisition—rack, thumbscrew and all—seemed to be plied to his broken body. The third period was, conveniently enough, the religious period. However, his body made a great recovery, he rallied his spirits,

and the last sacraments were not needed, but it was a very close shave. But next Monday was yet to come.

When he had once again returned to his den, he composed the following poem:

"The school is too much with us; late or soon
Reading and writing, we lay waste our powers:
Gathering knowledge that will stay mere hours.
We have given our hearts in thrall to hated June,
From piercing screams resounding before noon,
And teachers who are howling at all hours,
Of Virgil and of roots raised to powers.
From these, indeed, we now would ask a boon,
Give us some peace—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan who has never satchel borne.
So might I, plodding home to have my tea,
See visions that would make me less forlorn,
Not piles of homework mounting up for me,
Or thoughts of masters living for the morn."

JIM O'HARA, 4LA.



The Fairy Men

One soft moonlight I wandered slowly
down the glen,
I stepped into a clearing, and saw there,
little men.
They danced about a fairy thorn, so pretty
to behold,
And I knew they were the little folk, back
from the days of old.
And when the reel they'd finished, they
stopped, and clapped with glee,
They danced around, as the dawn came up,
and then they spotted me,

Quick as a flash, they vanished, without
either sight or sound,
And only the rays of the rising sun played
there upon the ground.
How glad I was, as homeward bent through
the fields that were wet with dew,
How happy I was of a night well spent,
with the fairies there to view,
But then I knew, with a heavy heart that
the fairies I'd ne'er see again,
For they never come back to that mountain
track, known now in the world of men.

JIM CAMPBELL, 4LB

Nuclear Energy

by

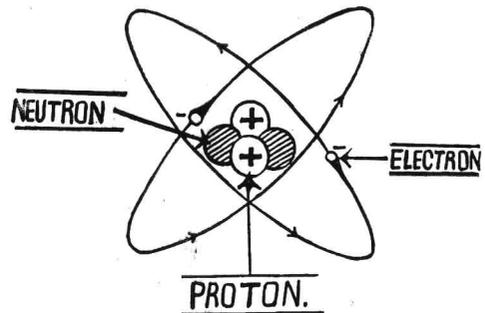
S. R. Alexander, 3A

HOMO SAPIENS is an animal of an inherently lazy indisposition. Ever since he first used sail to help his little craft to propel itself through the water without any aid from him, man has, in order to conserve his own energy, made the most of the resources of energy stored by nature. Falling water, steam, coal, gas, and oil have all played their part in helping him to do work which he would be unable to do under his own power. (These contain the conventional types of energy which have been known for centuries, kinetic, potential, and chemical.) But the latest and most wonderful source of energy which man has put to his service is of a completely different nature. It is the energy which is locked in the nuclei of atoms, hence its name—nuclear energy.

As you know from your ordinary school chemistry, all matter is composed of atoms. The word atom comes from a Greek word meaning "indivisible." Modern science, however, has proved that the atom is far from indivisible. Just as atoms can be regarded as the "building bricks" of matter, they themselves are made up of smaller particles. The sub-atomic particles as they are called, are electrons, protons, and neutrons. The atom has been likened to a miniature solar system, in that the electrons orbit at terrific speed around the nucleus, which is composed of protons and neutrons. The electrons are electrically negative, and the protons are electrically positive. So that there is always an equal number of protons and electrons in the atom. The number of neutrons in the atom is sometimes the same as that of the protons, but in the heavier metals it usually exceeds the latter, e.g.: Uranium has 92 protons and 146 neutrons. If you have not already built up a picture of the atom, Figure I will help you. It represents, diagrammatically, an atom of the inert gas, Helium, which

has the second smallest atom of all the elements, the smallest being that of Hydrogen. (The scales and relative sizes of the Figure are not in proportion, as the particles occupy almost no space in the atom, speaking relatively.)

Figure One;
The Helium Atom.



ATOMIC No: 2 ATOMIC Wt: 4

Atoms have weight, but their weight is so small that it could not possibly be expressed on a conventional weight scale, like grammes, for instance. For convenience, the atom of hydrogen, which is the lightest element, has been taken as 1, and the weight of any other element taken as a multiple of it. In this way, the atom of oxygen, having 8 protons and 8 neutrons in its nucleus, has a weight of 16. (The weight of a proton is the same as that of a neutron, and that of an electron is so small as to be negligible.)

Some atoms of the same element have differing atomic weights, and the explanation of this is that the heavier ones have more neutrons in their nuclei. For example,

an atom of hydrogen could weigh 1, 2, or 3 on our scale. The atom with a weight of 2 has one proton and one neutron in its nucleus, and the atom with weight of 3 has one proton and two neutrons. These atoms are known as Isotopes. The H2 atom does not differ from the normal H1 atom in chemical behaviour, for it burns to form deuterium (heavy water).

Isotopes of certain heavy metals, such as Uranium and Radium, undergo a peculiar process, by which the atom gradually disintegrates into an atom of a lighter substance—in the case of Uranium, lead—liberating from one to three neutrons, and emitting lethal radiation. (The radiation falls into three types, alpha, beta, and gamma, the latter passing easily through several inches of lead.) This type of behaviour is known as radioactivity.

A certain isotope of Uranium, U235, can undergo an even stranger behaviour. When the atom is struck by a neutron, and there are plenty of them in the cosmic rays which bombard the earth every second of the day, it disintegrates into two approximately equal fission fragments, emitting radiation and two or three neutrons. This process is known as fission. It can happen that the neutrons emitted by a fissioning atom can strike other atoms, causing more fissions, and so on, ad infinitum, in a chain reaction. However, there are many fates to befall the neutron. It may be absorbed in a fission fragment, miss the other atoms, or be absorbed in an atom of the more numerous isotope of Uranium, U238, which does not fission. Figure 2 represents a chain reaction with all these factors taken into account. To remedy the second fault, a large amount of Uranium can be used, to give the neutron a better chance of striking an atom, and to remedy the third, pure U235 can be used. So, to maintain a chain reaction, there must be a certain amount of Uranium (20lb. of U235).

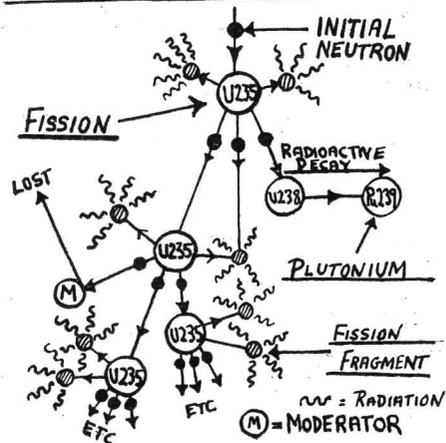
You may be saying now, "But where does the energy come from?"; here is your answer. The great mathematician, Albert Einstein, once put forward a revolutionary theory, contrary to the accepted idea that mass was indestructible, that mass could be converted into energy. Moreover, he gave an equation to govern the process. It is:

$$E=mc^2$$

Which means that E is the energy produced when mass m of a substance dis-

appears, c being the velocity of light (186,000 miles per second). So you can guess the immense amount of power produced by a pound of a substance! When a pound of uranium disappears, it produces so much energy that if it was converted into electricity, it would keep the lights of New York burning for one NIGHT. And does Uranium disappear? Yes! When a Uranium atom fissions, the weight of the fission fragments plus the neutrons is slightly less than the total weight of the atom before fission.

Figure Two;
The Nuclear Fission Chain Reaction.



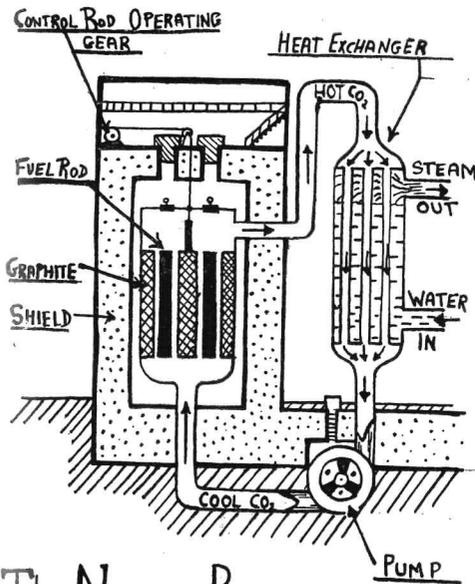
So we can now make a definite statement: WHEN A U235 ATOM FISSIONS, ENERGY APPEARS IN THE FORM OF KINETIC ENERGY IMPARTED TO THE FISSION FRAGMENTS. But, in their movements through the atoms of Uranium, the fission fragments create heat. So, when a chain reaction starts in Uranium, heat is generated, but the heat is so great that there is a violent explosion, far greater than any produced by conventional explosives. This is the basis of the atomic bomb.

The amount of Uranium required to sustain a chain reaction (20 lbs.) is known as the "Critical Size." An atomic bomb (See fig. 3) consists of a hollow shell, in the nose of which is mounted, perhaps, 15 lbs. of U235. At the other end of the shell is a "Bullet" of 10 lbs. of U235. A detonating device "fires" the "Bullet" at the other mass, producing a mass of 25 lbs.,

which is greater than critical size, and a violent explosion results.

However, the peacetime uses of Nuclear Energy greatly outnumber its potentialities for destruction, and it is fortunate for Mankind that the nations of the world are beginning to realise this. The fission chain-reaction in uranium can be controlled. It can be used as a controlled source of heat to operate power stations for producing electricity in the same way as coal or oil. All that is required is that the uranium fuel be placed in a suitable moderator, and rods of a substance which readily absorb neutrons to be inserted or withdrawn to control the rate of the reaction. A device for controlling a chain-reaction is known as a Reactor.

Figure 3



The NUCLEAR REACTOR.

Reactors are basically made up as follows: the fuel is encased in cylindrical containers, and surrounded by a moderator, which slows down the neutrons by collision with its atoms, and so increases the likelihood of their being captured by U235 atoms. Control elements are introduced into the moderator to capture excess neutrons, and the heat generated by the collision of neutrons with the atoms of the moderator is carried away by a coolant to a heat exchanger, where it

boils water to form steam which drives steam turbines. There are many types of reactors, which use different combinations of materials for fuel: moderator, control rods, and coolants. Here, I will deal with only one type, known in Britain as the Calder Hall Type, and technically as the Gas-cooled Graphite-moderated type (GCGM).

In this type of reactor the moderator is graphite, the allotropic form of carbon which is used in pencils. Rods made of natural uranium (140 parts U238: 1 part U235), are sunk in a series of channels in the graphite, and the whole "pile" of graphite and uranium is encased in a special airtight container. Control rods operate in a number of channels in the graphite, and they are usually made of Tungsten, a metal which readily absorbs neutrons and which has a high melting point. Carbon dioxide gas is pumped in a closed circuit through the reactor core, where it picks up the heat generated by the fission reaction. Then it passes through a heat exchanger (Boiler), where it gives up its heat to water, boiling steam to drive the turbines. A nuclear power station differs from a conventional power station burning oil or coal only in the way in which it produces heat to form steam for the turbines. However, there is one great danger in a nuclear reactor. When a Uranium atom fissions it releases powerful rays, which are harmful to life, an overdose of them being capable of causing death. So a nuclear reactor must be shielded in order to prevent the radiation from escaping. About seven feet of concrete is adequate protection against even the most penetrating form of radiation. This concrete wall is known as a "biological shield." Figure three is a representation of a reactor of this type, with one heat exchanger. At Calder Hall there are four heat exchanger circuits per reactor.

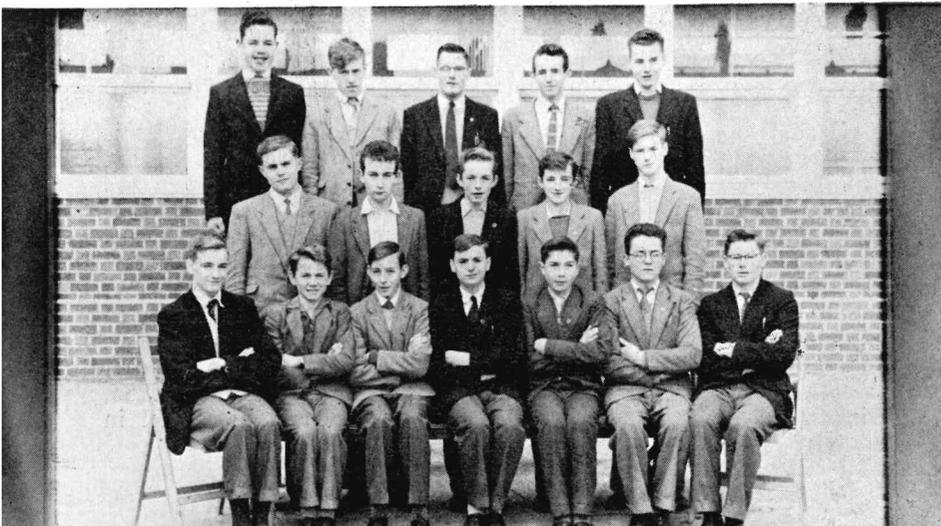
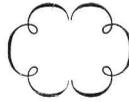
The real advantage of nuclear power is the fact that so much power can be got out of so little fuel. This cuts down the transportation costs and makes power station building possible in backward countries. As we have seen, only one part in 140 of Uranium can undergo fission, but the U238 is not wasted. The radiation to which it is subjected in the reactor changes it into a completely new, "artificial" element, Plutonium 239. Pu239 is, like U235, fissionable, and can be used as a fuel in reactors or in nuclear weapons.

Nuclear energy serves man in many more ways than in reactors. If a substance, such as iodine, is "baked," or subjected to radiation in a reactor, it becomes radio-active, emitting radiation. This radiation can be detected by means of a special instrument known as a geiger counter, so that wherever the radio-active iodine goes, it can be traced. Now, a property of iodine is, that when it is injected into the bloodstream of a human being, it all collects in the Thyroid gland. If a person is suspected to be suffering from over-activity of the Thyroid gland, he is given an injection of radio-iodine. Then the size of his gland can be detected by means of a geiger counter. In this way, radiophosphates and nitrates can be used to find out how a plant

absorbs fertilizers, radioactive rubber can be used to measure accurately tyre wear on cars, and the intense radiation from radiocobalt is used as a cure for cancer.

The uses to which radioactive "tracers," as they are called, can be put are so numerous that they are quite beyond the capacity of this small article. So I leave it to yourself to discover more of the wonders of nuclear energy by reading some books on the subject. Remember that nuclear energy will play a great part in the lives of generations to come, and that it opens a great field of careers, well-paid jobs for such as radiographers, research workers, etc.

S. R. ALEXANDER, 3A.



Form 5SB

AN AIMSIR IN ÉIRINN

by *Micheál MacMaoláin, 6LA*

SEAL breá aimsire samhraidh a mhair le cúig lá cheana féin, agus cosúlacht ann go mairfeadh sé trí mí! Lucht aimsire an raidio ag rá nach raibh cuma go mbeadh deireadh leis an aimsir ghalánta go ceann níl a fhios cá fada!

Nach sinne a bhí sonasach agus nach orainne a bhí an t-ádh? Nár shocraigh muid seachtain ó shin gurbh é lá amárach lá na seilge—lá mór siúil na sléibhte, tae amuigh ar bhlár, cluichí agus cleasacht, ag ithe agus ag ól agus ag gabháil ceoil an mhórchuid den lá. Agus ansin ag filleadh chun an bhaile ardráthnóna, sáraithe tuirseach ach sonasach mar sin féin. Nárbh aoihbhinn dúinn! Ní mó ná gur briseadh ar an fhoighne orainn, ná ba fhada linn an lá mór a theacht.

Tháinig an lá faoi dheireadh agus ní raibh leisce ar aon duine againn léimt amach as an leaba go breá luath. Maidin álainn gréine a bhí ann agus cuma ar an spéir gur níos deise a bheadh an lá ná na trí nó ceithre cinn a chuaigh roimhe. Bhí an ghrian ag soilsiú go bríomhar agus gan oiread is néall amháin sa spéir. Bhí gaoth bheag éadtrom ann a chuirfeadh an croí i nduine.

D'oibrigh gach duine ag cuidiú leis an ullmhuchán agus níorbh fhada go rabhamar réidh agus gur gléasamar linn ag tarraingt ar "Sléibhte Gorma Aondroma." Thosaigh an gabaireacht ansin, gach duine ag caint in ard a ghlóir! A leithéid de thamhach tháisc a d'éirigh agus nár léir do dhuine againn cad é a bhí a chéile ag iarraidh inse dó—bhíomar chomh tógtha sin.

Thánamar faoi dheireadh ag bun ár gcúrsa agus shuíomar síos i lár páirce gur chaitheamar tráth bidh. Ba é sin an béile a bhí milis agus bhí cuma shásta ar gach mac máthar a bhí páirteach ann.

Nigheadh na soithigh agus pacadh an fuilleach agus rinneadh réidh don chluiche iomána—an chéad "éacht" ar chlár an lae.

Faoin am seo chonnacthas do chuid againn go raibh cinéal de chaochladh ag teacht ar an lá agus mhothaíomar go raibh feochán beag ag éirí. Lena chois sin ní raibh an teas mar a bhí. Chonaiceamar fosta go raibh corr-néall á thaispeáint féin faoi bhun na spéire thiar, agus gur éirigh siad faoi luathas os ár gceann.

Ach thosaigh an cluiche agus níorbh fhada go ndearnamar neamhiontas san aimsir. Ba tiugh te an choimhlint, gach taobh ar bharr a díchill ag iarraidh an chéad bháire a bhualadh. Chuaigh an imirt anonn is anall, suas agus anuas, síos agus aníos, ag stracailt linn gan stad gan faoiseamh.

Ach ní ceachtar againne a bhuaill an báire i ndiaidh an iomláin, ach splonc uafásach solais a las an tír thart le gealach an mheán lae agus a chuir muid uilig ar crith le tréan eagla. Ba é an rud e go raibh an lá ag éirí gruama i ngan fhios dúinn bhíomar chomh tógtha sin le gnoithe an chluiche.

Ba bhocht an cás ina rabhamar ansin ná níor luaithe an soilse thart na tháinig rois tóirní a chuir croí amach ar an bhéal orainn le fíorscanradh. Tháinig an fhearthainn ina tuillte agus fliuchadh go craiceann muid a fhad agus bhíomar ag teicheadh linn ar fhoscadh an fháil a ba deise dúinn.

Mhair an doineann ar feadh uair an chloig agus ní dhéanfaimid dearmad go deo ar an scrios a rinneadh orainn an lá sin. Bhíomar mar chonaic Dia muid—fliuch agus scanraithe agus meallta go deo.

Nach tobann a thig athrú aimsire sa tír seo? Nach beag an t-eolas atá ag "eolaithe" na haimsire go fóill? Nuair a bhí cuid de shaighdiúirí Mheiriocá i bhfus i rith an chogaidh tá sé ráite go raibh nathán áirithe acu mar leanas: "Más míthaitheamhach leat aimsir na hEireann fan bomaite!"—B'fhíor dóibh!

RUBENS

A. Whitehead, 4LB

PETER PAUL RUBENS was considered one of the greatest artists and statesmen of his time. As a statesman he devoted himself to working for peace, visiting the courts of some of the most powerful Kings of Europe and Britain as an ambassador for the Duke of Mantua. As an artist he was reckoned the greatest colourist of the Flemish School and as a colourist is reckoned second only to Titian.

His life was a series of continued successes such as the world had hardly known and unlike most artists he was of noble birth. He was born in 1577 in the small town of Siegen in Westphalia, but soon after his birth his father died and he was taken by his mother to Antwerp, where he was sent to a Jesuit school. From a very early age he showed a strong liking for the life of a painter and his pleas finally forced his mother to yield to his wishes. And so he was apprenticed to a relation called Tobias Verhaecht, but he soon surpassed him and all his other masters. His last teacher, Otto Vaemuis, urged him to go to Italy to continue his studies.

So in 1600 Rubens went to Italy and entered the service of the reigning Duke

of Mantua. Eight years later he was sent by the Duke with gifts to Spain for Philip IV.

It was there he met and formed a deep friendship with the court painter, Velasquez. It was said that Rubens was best pleased when he was in the company of Velasquez, and he had a very high regard for the younger man's talents as a painter.

By now Rubens was renowned throughout Europe. His technical methods attracted the attention of his fellow artists, like the great English artist, Turner. The Flemish style of painting which he developed so magnificently was, in its essence, the spreading of thin transparent or translucent colour (a colour which allows light through but isn't transparent) over a white ground. This ground shining through gives his pictures that luminosity, that rich inward fire to which the great masters of the Netherlands owe much of their charm. But in 1640 the world was once more deprived of a great painter when Peter Paul Rubens died in Antwerp.

The most important of his works is "The Descent from the Cross," which is now in Antwerp Cathedral.



Form 5SC

"NOT CRICKET!"

by

L. Pimley, 4SA

(a) The Beginnings

DESPITE all claims to the contrary from Britannica, Cricket is undoubtedly an ancient Roman game. Like all good generals, desert rats, and mixtures of both, Caesar had a "master plan." Between campaigns, following the trends in modern Psychiatry, he practised "occupational therapy," i.e., keeping otherwise active men engaged on some useless work.

So, after a battle, he would rig up something as follows: 2 shields were placed vertically, and facing each other on a stretch of open ground, the shield was guarded by a soldier whose duty it was to "spear" (or otherwise hinder) a hard ball thrown at the target. Conscripts were posted at strategic positions—some with fine short legs, others with silly mid-offs. The rules were much as in modern cricket except that there was no l.b.w. This helped to clear the field of heads!

(b) Growth

As Caesar was an exceptionally bad batsman (he once guested as England's opener) but a good bowler, he decided to make the wicket harder to hit. So he turned the shield sideways. But it was now too hard to hit, and Caesar once had to wait about 3 months for his innings (he was a No. 3 usually) so

he changed it again to 3 shields—which later developed into 3 sticks.

Next, the number of men on each side was limited to eleven (as high as Caesar could count).

Shortly afterwards the pitch (wicket) was defined at 22 yards (1 team laid end to end). All Roman soldiers were six feet exactly, or could easily be made so by lopping off an appropriate length. (This saved Caesar, who was much troubled with rheumatism, from measuring the pitch with a six-inch ruler.)

Oliver Cromwell introduced several radical changes. First he abolished the use of heads, as he had a most agreeable Round-head. Then he did away with spears, after a batsman he had just bowled hurled his spear at Olly, splitting his pet wart.

Thus cricket turned into the fast, exciting, run-a-second spectacle we know it as today.

(c) Introduction to Britain

Caesar's first invasion of Britain was really only a cricket tour. Halfway during the first (and last) test, the Romans, 5 and 6, pulled shields out of the ground and stabbed the umpires (British, of course), who had just given No. 6 "out." When Boadicea, who was sitting in the stands with Caesar, saw the blood flow, she made the immortal remark, "That's not cricket," to which Caesar replied, "All's fair in love and war," and kissed Boadicea on the mouth with his chair, whereupon she slapped him on the face with a be-sworded chariot wheel.

And soon everyone was making love!

The match—abandoned.



Sixth Year Students



“TOP OF THE CLASS”

IN this article I intend to deal, not with individual record-holding vehicles, but rather with cars which, in their respective fields, are really top of their class.

The oldest car in the world still in running order is the Grenville steam carriage, built in 1875. This car, now in the Bristol Museum, used to roar along the roads at 15 m.p.h. In 1887 these old horseless carriages were superceded by the internal-combustion cars designed by Albert Hammel. Recently one of these cars went from London to Brighton in 12½ hours.

Coming up to date we find the fastest saloon car of the moment as the German Mercedes Benz 300 S.L. A strange thing about this car is the absence of carburettors, but by some newer system the 300 S.L. can attain a top speed of 165 m.p.h. It sells in England at £5,000. The most powerful saloon car, however, is the American Chrysler 300, which sells at £1,340 and has been timed at 127.58 m.p.h. The award for the most powerful car of all goes to Italy—to the Ferrari 375 Milleiglia, which is a sports car with a top speed of 180 m.p.h.

This next car should be of interest for those who think the dearest is the best. The most expensive standard car is the Pegasos. The most expensive available here is a 2-door aerodynamic saloon going under the name of the Pegaso 102 Thrill Berlinetta

and costing a mere £9,800. To show what type of a car this is, it costs almost £3,000 more than the most expensive Rolls Royce, which has in it folding tables, gold cigarette lighters, etc.

On the other hand, one of the cheapest cars is the Ford Popular, which has a maximum speed of 60 m.p.h. and costs £390, which means that roughly 25 Populars could be bought for the price of a Pegaso.

Coming to the heavyweights in the world of motoring, the most powerful truck in the world is the 50 tonner Euclid LLD. This giant, powered by two 300 h.p. engines, is over 36 feet long and is mounted on ten wheels, each 5 ft. 9 ins. in diameter. It can carry a maximum load of 45 tons at 32 m.p.h. The most powerful British trucks are the Thornycroft “Mighty Antars,” which were employed to move four steel castings of 185 tons from Sheffield to Liverpool.

The fastest truck is the Daimler Benz racing car transporter. With a car on its back, it has been timed at 106 m.p.h. No mean feat.

In this article I have purposely stayed off the subject of racing cars, for if one were to go into their individual records, this whole magazine would scarcely suffice to tell of them.

F. MURPHY, 5LA.

Number Please!.....

Multiply 142,857 by 1 or 2 or 3 or 4 or 5 or 6, and in each case the answer will contain the six original numerals. See what happens when you multiply by 7.

J. Collins, 3B.

EVENTS

of the

YEAR

PRIZE DAY

Our Prize Day was held on December 17th in St. Mary's Hall, and our guest of honour was Most Rev. Dr. Conway, Bishop of Neve and Auxiliary to His Eminence Cardinal D'Alton. We were naturally more than pleased to have the opportunity of welcoming this most distinguished of our past pupils and we look forward to again seeing him among us.

We are indebted to the "Irish News" for the following report of His Lordship's inspiring and very effective address :

His Lordship, an "old boy" of the school—said he could never be sufficiently grateful to the Christian Brothers for what they did for him and his fellow pupils. They were dedicated men, dedicated to their work as Catholic teachers. They lived for their work and were always on the look out for examinations and opportunities for the different pupils.

They were always most anxious to give special assistance where it was needed. They were truly Christian teachers.

Past pupils scattered all over the world represented the enormous influence for the good of this one school. They owed the Brothers and lay teachers of the school a great debt.

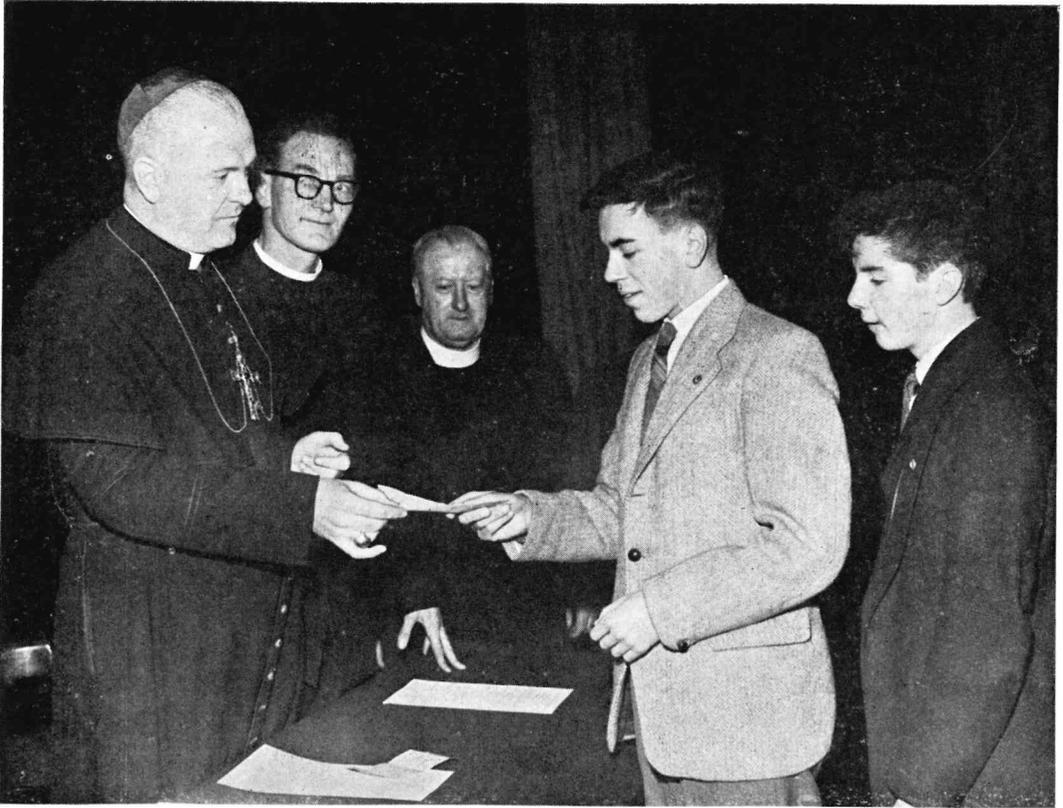
Dr. Conway said that many present parents and teachers might be tempted at times to think that boys were ungrateful or unappreciative of what was being done for them, but that was misleading.

"Boys are appreciative and grateful, but no power on earth will induce them to say so or show it," he said. "A boy is, I think, the slowest of all human creatures to show his true feelings."

Many of the boys who never won prizes were now the men of whom the school had most reason to be proud. That was not merely because some boys develop late, but also because the most important ingredients of success were character, honesty, humility and hard work. Intellectual attainments without these qualities could easily lead to shipwreck.

His Lordship said he was glad to be able to express publicly his thanks to the school for having presented him with the beautiful pectoral cross he was now wearing.

His Lordship then presented prizes to the best boys in the various classes, their certificates to the successful boys in the Junior and Senior Certificates, His Lordship Dr. Mageean's prize for Religious Knowledge (Robert Hughes), and the Joe Devlin Memorial Scholarships for the boys getting the highest marks in Irish in Senior (Sean MacEoin with 340) and in Junior (Peadar Mac Muiris, who got the remarkable total of 391).



His Lordship presenting the Joe Devlin Scholarships

Among those present were Rev. P. McAlea, Adm. St. Mary's, Rev. Bros. M. T. Nagle, E. F. Ryan, T. L. Magee, who represented the Board of Governors, Mr. Joseph Kavanagh, President of the C.B.P.P.U., and Mr. J. Thompson, Past-President.

VOCATIONS WEEK AND SCHOOL MASS

The Vocations Week was held from February 9th to February 14th, and was highlighted by the School Mass on the last day. Rev. Fr. Wilson, St. Malachy's College, again supplemented the efforts of the Brothers and lay staff by addressing the Senior boys on religious vocation. The least happy feature of our school life in recent years has been the comparative falling off in the number of boys prepared to dedicate their lives to the service of their God. Are we failing in courage or is the lure of secular success and the ease with which it is now possible to obtain University Scholarships in comparison with the pre-11 plus days blinding us to higher things? It behoves every boy attending a Catholic Grammar School to give very serious thought and very earnest prayer to this subject.

The intention of the Mass is for guidance in choice of state of life and the celebrant preached a sermon by his very presence for he was Rev. P. Welsh, among the most gifted—many would say he was the most gifted—of our recent past pupils. The school choir, under the guidance of Mr. T. Cooney, was in particularly good voice, and I think most of those present will still remember their wonderfully devotional rendering of the motet, "Ecce Panis Angelorum." Our thanks are again due to Rev. Fr McAlea, Adm., St. Mary's, for his co-operation

in the arrangements for the celebration of our Annual Mass in his church, oldest and, in some undefinable way, most prayerful of Belfast's churches.

SPORTS DAY

The Committee of Celtic Park placed us in their debt for yet another year by again placing the Park, with its facilities, at our disposal. The weather was on its best behaviour for a change, performances were good, the team managers were on their toes (that of 5LA especially to the fore), and the Staff Race was won by a rank outsider!

THE RETREAT

The usual capacity crowd went to Ardglass in October, under the benign guidance of Br. Kelly and Mr. Mulrean. Reports of the seriousness of purpose shown by the boys taking part in this most important of the annual functions are very favourable. We regret that our old friend, Rev. Fr. Gorey, is leaving Ardglass, but it is compensation to know that in his successor, Fr. Connolly, we have another old and valued friend. The Past once more helped the Present when the C.B.P.P.U. underwrote the cost of the transport to Ardglass. We return our sincerest thanks to the Executive Committee.

PUBLICATIONS

"First Steps in Irish" was published in September. The boys in Second and Third Year will, I am sure, be proud to know that they played an important part in the perfecting of this book, as it was polished and improved by the process of being used as their introduction to their native language. That master and pupil co-operated to good effect is shown by the demand from all over Ulster.

The Senior French class, under the aegis of Mr. Woodman, published two issues of "Revue"—their very own contribution to the literature of France. We wonder is this a "first" for St. Mary's.

AWARDS 1959

Exhibitions

Literary Group—Eamonn J. Rogers

Science Group—Daniel V. McCaughan

University Scholarships

Bennett, James
Clint, Maurice
Devlin, Laurence G.
McBrierty, Vincent
McCorry, Aidan J.
McGrady, Laurence J.
McMahon, Gerald
O'Prey, Robert G.
Thompson, William

Boden, John A.
Conlon, William A. O.
Hamill, Brian J.
McCartan, Sean D.
McCorry, Gerard F.
McKenna, Frederick A.
McMorrow, Brendan
Parslow, Edward
Toner, Henry B.

Brown, James P.
Devenny, Bernard
Murphy, Gerard
McCaughan, Daniel V.
McDonnell, Patrick F. F.
McKeown, Sean F.
McMullan, Michael
Rogers, Eamonn J.
Davey, Thomas J.

Civil Service Appointments

McDonnell, Alexander
Holland, Henry Joseph
McKenna, Alexander
Farrelly, Thomas J.
Dyran, Brendan C.
Fitzpatrick, James A.

Gregory, Michael A.
Finnegan, James
Halligan, Donal J.
McPolin, Richard G.
McCusker, James
May, Thomas Patrick

Campbell, James P.
Campbell, John
McCann, Bernard
Kerr, Michael A.
Mallon, John S.
McCusker, James

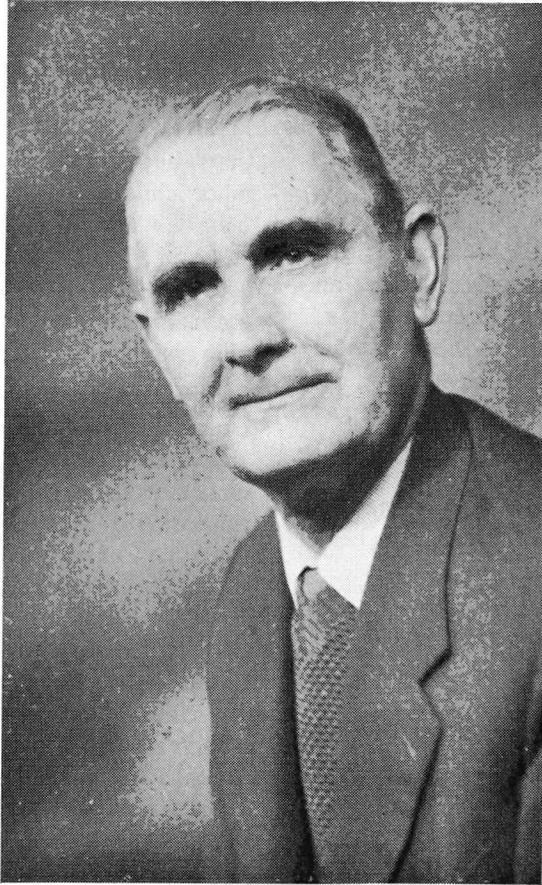
Teachers' Training Scholarships

Devine, Michael P.
Toner, Henry B.

Devenny, Bernard E.

Parslow, Edward A.

Ad Multos Annos



Mr. Patrick Bartley, B.E.

BELIEVE it or not teachers look forward to holidays as much as—or more than—their pupils, but for us in Barrack Street the thought of Summer holidays in June, 1959, was shadowed by the knowledge that the cheerful smile of Mr. Pat Bartley would not greet us when school reopened in September. Forty-two years ago he left his native Mayo and during all those years he gave of his best to the youth of Belfast. He taught first in Donegall Street and transferred with the Secondary boys of St. Patrick's to Barrack Street when St. Mary's was opened in 1929.

The many generations of boys since 1917 who have had the privilege of being exposed to the influence of this truly Irish Christian gentleman, will remember his devotion to duty. They must frequently have wondered if he were ever ill in his life and were certain that they would find him in the classroom every morning before classes commenced, correcting the exercises of the early arrivals so that he would have the extra few minutes to get on with the work.

If any man ever earned a rest it was Mr. Bartley, and we all wish him many long and happy years.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

OGRA EIREANN

TIONOLADH an chéad chruinniú d'Ogra Eireann i mbliana, Déardaoin, an t-ochtú lá déag de fhí Mheán Fomhair, 1958. Cúigear is daichead a bhí i láthair Bhí cruinniú gach seachtain ina dhiaidh sin, Dé Máirt idir 5.30 agus 7.30. Chuireamar thart an t-am ag foghlaim Gaeilge, ag díospóireacht, agus ag imirt cluichí mar leadóg boird, billéardaí, badmantan, 7rl. Ar ndóigh ní dhearnamar dearmad ar an cheol—is beag óche nach raibh sin againn.



Eamonn O Ruairc, Runai

Mar ba ghnách bhí Féastaí na Samhna agus na Nollag againn. Bhí an chéad cheann díobh sin ar an naoú lá is fiche de mhí Dheireadh Fómhair. Ar dtús cheolamar na hamhráin uilig a bhí ar eolas againn. Ansin bhí taispeántas scannán againn agus tá ár mbuíochas tuillte ag Liam O Ceallaigh ar a shon sin. Bhí béile mór againn ansin—uisce mianra, cnónna, úlla, milseáin, reoiteoga, 7rl., 7rl. Nuair a bhí an béile

thart bhí Tráth na gCeist ann agus cuid mhór cluichí eile. Ghlac an cruinniú sin cúig uair an chloig, ní raibh sé thart go dtí an naoi. Bhí féasta na Nollag mar an gcéanna ach nach raibh an taispeántas scannán ann. Is fíor a rá gur bhain na baill uilig ardphléisiúir as an dá fhéasta sin.

Ar Lá Fhéile Pádraig na bliana 1957-'58 chuamar ar thuras go Baile Atha Cliath agus shíleamar an dubhrud de. Ach ní raibh sé inchomórtais ar chor ar bith leis an rud a rinneamar i mbliana, sin gur chaitheamar seachtain iomlán i nGaeltacht Thír Chonaill. Ag 10.30 r.n., Dé Sathairn, an t-ochtú lá is fiche de Mhárta d'imigh an scaifte ar an traein go Doire. Bhí bus fostaithe ag fanacht linn ansin. Chaitheamar an dinnéar i Leitir Ceannainn agus bhaineamar an Ghaeltacht amach ag 5.30 i.n. Bhí an aimsir iontach maith agus d'éirigh linn turas a dhéanamh chóir a bheith gach aon lá; d'imríomar iománaíocht, peil, agus golf ar an Mhachaire; san óche théimis thart ar na tithe ag áirneáil nó tagaimis le chéile agus bhíodh cluichí nó ceol nó díospóireacht againn. An Satharn dár gcionn d'fhilliamar go Béal Feirste. Ach tá ar gcroí i dTír Chonaill go fóill.

San am a bhfuil mé ag scríobh tá na baill gnáitheach ag scríobh altanna d'Irisleabhar an Ogra. Tá cuid acu ag cur síos ar rudaí a bhfuil suim acu féin iontu, cuid eile ag tabhairt cuntais ar na rudaí a rinneamar sa Ghaeltacht, agus cuid eile fós ag cumadh scéalta agus rudaí den chineál sin. Chifimid na grianghrafanna a ghlacadh i dTír Chonaill fosta. Is é mo bharúil go mbeidh Irisleabhar an-mhaith ar fad againn.

I nGaeltacht Thír Chonaill



Anois sula gcuirfidh mé deireadh leis an chuntas seo ba mhaith liom thar mo cheann féin agus thar cheann na mball uilig ár mbuíochas a ghabháil le Uachtarán na scoile, leis na Bráithre a bhí i mbun na hoibre, le Cumann Chluain Ard a thug úsáid a Halla dúinn, le Brian O Céilleachair agus Frankie Cadell agus Rúnaí Coiste Cheantair Bhéal Feirste, le Ard-Chomhairle Ogra Eireann a bhronn deontas £12 orainn. Tá focal buíochais ar leith tuillte ag na hiarscoláirí seo a leanas a bhunaigh Coiste Cuidithe an Ogra d'fhonn cuidiú airgid a thabhairt dúinn : Pól Mac Diarmada, Seán Moc Eoin, Seán de Rís, Eamonn O Fearáin agus a dheartháir Seosamh. Rinne siad a gcuid oibre chomh maith sin go rabhamar ábalta deontas £30 a thabhairt d'Aisteoirí Ghaoth Dobhair, mar chuidiú san obair thábhachtach atá idir lámha acu, eadhon, amharclainn ghaolach a thógáil sa Ghaeltacht. Guímid rath Dé ar gach duine a bhí páirteach linn.

Eamonn O Ruairc, Rúnaí.



**COIP DE LITIR A CHUIR AINE NIC
GHIOLLA BHRIDE CHUIG AN OGRA**

Gaoth Dobhair,

Tír Chonaill,

Lá Fhéile Mhícheáil, 29-9-'59.

Do Ogra Eireann,
Scoil Mhuire na mBráthar.

A cháirde óga,

Tá ár mbuíochas agus ár meas tuillte go dóúil ag Ogra Eireann i Scoil Mhuire na mBráthar,

Tá bhur síntiús £30 do chiste na hAmharclainne go hard ar ár liosta. Níl aon scoil, chlub nó chumann a dhíol chomh fial libh féin go fóill. Tá beart fiúntach déanta agaibh do chúis na teanga agus na hEireann. Go mbuanáí Dia sibh !

Tá sinne Aisteoirí Ghaoth Dobhair ag iarraidh ár ndícheall a dhéanamh leis an Ghaeilge a shlánú agus a bhuanú i nGaeltacht Uladh. Tá muinín againn asaibhse, go leanfaidh sibh don teagasc agus don oiliúint atá sibh a fháil in Ogra Eireann agus go dtiocfaidh toradh mór ar ball as bhur saothar ar son na teanga. Rath Dé oraibh.

Aisteoirí Ghaoth Dobhair.

*Pol Uasal MacDiarmada, Runai
An Choiste Chuidithe*

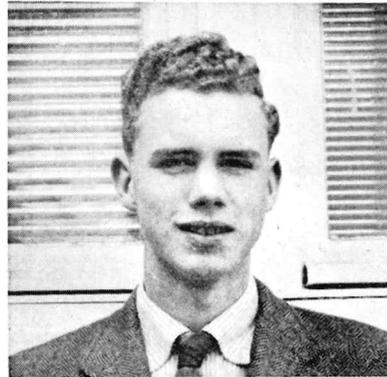
Athletics

DURING the athletic season more interest appeared to have been generated than in former years. This was shown by the turn out for practices and in the achievements of our athletes in the Inter-C.B.S., and the Ulster Grammar School Sports at Cherryvale. We thank the Celtic Park and the Casement Park Committees in allowing us the use of their pitches for the Annual School Sports and for practices. Mr. F. Pimley and Mr. P. McDermott are due our thanks for acting as very efficient officials.

At the Annual School Sports, F. Devlin (1B) equalled E. Cunningham's* (R.I.P.) 4ft. 0in. high jump of 1956; Bryan Murphy (2C) broke the ten year old long jump record of J. Lamont with a leap of 16ft. 7ins. G. McLarnon (4SA) dethroned his rival, C. McLynn, as holder of the Inter- Long Jump record. The new figure is 15ft. 1in. Tom Howie took a record off S. McKinney (1954) in the Senior Hop-Step-Jump (39ft. 11ins.).

The Ulster C.B. Championships in Derry gave the School the Senior and Intermediate team championships, the cups for the outstanding athletes in the Senior (T. Howie) and the Intermediate (J. Brady) sections. Records were established by W. O'Neill in the 8 lb. Shot (46ft. 9½ins.), by B. Murphy in the Long Jump (16ft. 8ins.), and in the Junior 100 Yards (11 secs.). The Junior 100 was a thrilling race. Murphy's better strategy and finesse gave him a photo-finish victory over his much-vaunted Derry rival, G. McDowell.

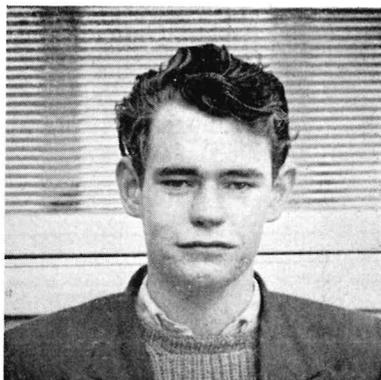
Participation in the Ulster Grammar Schools' Championships at Cherryvale saw us qualifying a high number of our competitors on the Preliminary Day. As usual, in the final contests our athletes lacked the will-to-win, the practice and the stamina in order to achieve success. W. O'Neill did take second place in the Intermediate Shot event; G. McLarnon dropped to third place in the High Jump because



T. HOWIE



J. BRADY



W. O'NEILL

of a greater number of incurred faults, and T. Howie was second in the Senior Hop-Step-Jump.

There was a quickening of a new team spirit this year among our athletes, and we are looking forward to next year because of the greater enthusiasm shown by our Intermediate and Junior members.

Finally, St. Mary's athletes wish to thank our hosts in Derry for their hospitality on the occasion of the Athletic Championships.

*An appreciation will be found further on in the magazine.



G. McLARNON



B. MURPHY

Athletic Records

Under 13

- 80 Yards—B. Murphy (1958), 10.1 secs.
 High Jump—E. Cunningham (1956) and F. Devlin (1959), 4ft. 0ins.
 Long Jump—T. Howie (1955), 14ft. 1in.
 Javelin—D. Brannigan (1955), 97ft. 10ins.

Junior

- 100 Yards—E. Lundy (1951), 11.4 secs.
 220 Yards—B. Farnan (1951), 28.4 secs.
 High Jump—G. McLarnon (1957), 4ft. 5ins.
 Long Jump—B. Murphy (1959), 16ft. 7ins.
 Javelin—M. Tierney (1957), 96ft. 2ins.

Intermediate

- 100 Yards—B. Farnan (1952), 10.5 secs.
 220 Yards—B. Farnan (1952), 24.2 secs.
 880 Yards—J. Doran (1952), 2 m. 14.3 secs.
 High Jump—G. McLarnon (1959), 5ft. 1in.
 Long Jump—T. Howie (1958), 17ft. 0½in.
 Hop, Step, Jump—T. Howie (1958), 38ft. 9½ins.
 8 lb. Shot—T. Kearney (1956), 45ft. 3ins.
 Javelin—B. Farnan (1952), 135ft. 0ins.
 Discus—J. Hope (1957), 116ft. 0ins.
 Pole Vault—G. Keegan (1958), 8ft. 0ins.

Senior

- 100 Yards—J. McCann (1949), 10.6 secs.
 220 Yards—C. Lambe (1955), 24.6 secs.
 440 Yards—P. McPhillips (1953), 56.2 secs.
 880 Yards—J. Leathem (1953), 2 m. 7.4 secs.
 High Jump—S. McKinney (1955), 5ft. 6ins.
 Long Jump—S. McKinney (1955), 20ft. 10ins.
 Hop, Step, Jump—T. Howie (1959), 39ft. 11ins.
 12 lb. Shot—M. Murphy (1950), 40ft. 1in.
 Discus—S. McKinney (1955), 125ft. 5ins.
 Javelin—N. Farnan (1957), 186ft. 11ins.
 Pole Vault—S. Kearney (1956), 9ft. 0ins.

Games

RANAFAST CUP

(Ulster Junior Football Championship)

THIS year's team got off to a very good start when, on the 28th February, it defeated a St. Patrick's College (Armagh) team 3 goals 3 points to 1 goal 7 points. The game was played on a water-logged pitch at Armagh, and our boys did very well to defeat a heavier St. Patrick's side which had the additional advantage of a home venue. The second game was played at McRory Park on the 11th March. Weather conditions were just about as bad as they could be. After having led by a comfortable margin for almost 50 minutes of the game the team began to rest on its oars with the inevitable result—a spate of goals from our opponents, St. Michael's (Omeath) at a period when time did not allow of recovery. Result—St. Michael's 3-3, St. Mary's 0-8. Our next rivals were Abbey C.B.S., Newry. We were not without our hopes of victory, for Newry had been beaten by St. Patrick's (Armagh), whom we had defeated. However, our hopes were dashed when, on the 9th April, on a rock-like Abbey ground we had to yield to a superior Newry team.

The St. Mary's team was as follows: B. Sharkie, G. Taggart, J. Cochrane, C. McGrogan, Séan Rice, Séamus Rice, G. McCrory, J. McCloskey, J. Campbell, M. Green, T. Howie, J. McMenamin, B. Branagh, H. Holland, B. McBride, D. Sharkey, B. McGrath, B. McGaharn.

SEAN RICE

SENIOR HURLING LEAGUE

This year's senior hurling team never commanded any real confidence. The first match saw us against St. MacNissi's. Our boys put up a good fight but weaknesses in defence allowed our rivals through for some easy goals and we were defeated 7 goals 3 points to 4 goals 4 points. Our next game saw us face St. Malachy's



S. RICE, Senior Hurling Captain

College. The weather conditions were atrocious and anything in the nature of constructive play was impossible. Our rivals mastered the conditions much better than we did and ran out easy winners. This left us with no further interest in the competition. The St. Mary's players were as follows: G. McMenamin, M. McMullan, D. Armstrong, B. McGaharn, G. McCrory, J. McCloskey, Séan Rice, J. Davey, D. O'Connor, P. Downey, A. Daly, S. Rice, E. McGoran, M. Green, B. Sharkie, D. Eastwood, H. Holland, M. McGibbon.

E. MCGORAN

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Under 15: McMahon Cup

OUR first football match of the season was against old rivals, Hardinge Street, in the McMahon Cup. Ground and weather conditions were against spectacular football. The match was very exciting. We won by 4 goals 1 point to 3 goals 2 points.

In the semi-final we played Newry C.B.S. in Lurgan. At half-time we were delighted to find ourselves leading by four points. Early in the second half we scored another goal and a point. Newry improved and pressed hard for a long period. They scored a goal and a point. Towards the end St. Mary's scored again to leave us winners by 4-3 to 1-4.

Our opponents in the final were Monaghan C.B.S. The match was played in Lurgan in continuous rain. Monaghan started well and they had a goal after five minutes. They continued to attack, but

before conceding any more scores St. Mary's improved. By half-time we were leading by 4-0 to 1-2. In the second half, with wind and rain behind us, we attacked for most of the time. The final score was 6-2 to 1-2. After four years we had won the McMahon Cup again.

Since that final the donor of the Cup, James McMahon, died. We were deeply grieved to hear of his death. Every year he generously presented the winners of the McMahon Cup with a set of valuable medals. It was his way to help promote Irish games among the young. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the McMahon family on their bereavement. Go ndéanaí Dia trócaire ar a anam.

Corn na nOg

Our first match in this competition was again against Hardinge Street. This was a great match. Both teams played above their usual form. Scores were few due to the very determined play of both sets of backs. The result was in doubt up to the end. At the end of the hour Hardinge Street had got their revenge for their McMahon Cup defeat, the score being 1-3 to 0-3.

Though beaten, we hopefully travelled to Garron Tower to play St. McNissi's. Playing against a strong breeze in the first half, we were mainly on the defensive. We had no answer to the scoring power of St. McNissi's, and at half-time we were led by 2-7 to 0-0. In the second half we scored 3-1 and missed many scores. The final score was 3-7 to 3-1 for the college.

For our last match in the Corn-na nOg we played St. Malachy's in the college grounds. Against a small team on a heavy ground we had an easy win. It was a consolation prize after our two defeats.

Under 15 Team : P. Rice, S. Cochrane, G. Keegan, G. Taggart, J. McCloskey, S. Brennan, L. Hood, A. Daly, J. McAllister, B. Devlin, H. Johnson, H. Murray, T. Donnelly, G. McCarrren, P. Hughes, D. Coyle, E. Berne, E. Murray.

Adrian Daly (4SA).

Under 14

In the Belfast Schools' League we played in the League, but, due to the Junior

examination in June, we reluctantly had to withdraw from the championship.

We had our first match in the League against St. Gabriel's in the Falls Park. Our friendly matches with St. Enda's Club served us well as we had an easy win. We played more as a team than our opponents.

Against Bearnageeha we had a harder match. We were lucky in some of our scores and were leading at half-time by 3-1 to 0-0. The play was very even in the second half, both sides scoring two points.

Our next match was with Hardinge Street. The pitch was very muddy and it was difficult to kick the ball. Early on in the game Hardinge Street missed many scores. Encouraged by this, we went into the attack and scored three goals before half-time. In the second half the backs played really well, but I don't think we deserved to win by 4 goals to a point.

Our last match was against the holders, St. Thomas's. We were very keen to win this match. We played up the hill in the Falls Park in the first half and at half-time we were leading by 1-2 to 0-0. St. Mary's got a fright in the second half when St. Thomas's scored 1-1. Both teams played hard, and a few minutes from the end we scored our only goal of the second half to win by 2-2 to 1-1. We had won the Beringer Cup without a defeat.

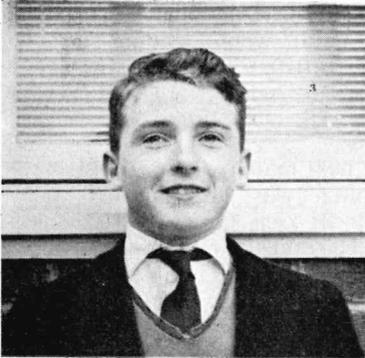
Our B team had a few matches. We lost to St. Peter's by 4-1 to 4-0 after a very close match. We had a win over St. Patrick's, Holywood. They had a smaller team and were not used to the Falls Park pitch. The final score was 2-2 to 0-2.

Under 14 A team : T. Donnelly, G. Magill, H. Rice, P. McGrath, J. Lavery, B. McGarry, O. Kelly, G. McCarrren, B. Murphy, J. McCallion, P. Corscadden, B. Murray, S. Floyd, J. Gilmore, F. Scapatticci, M. Keegan, B. Kelly, P. Burns, C. Smith.

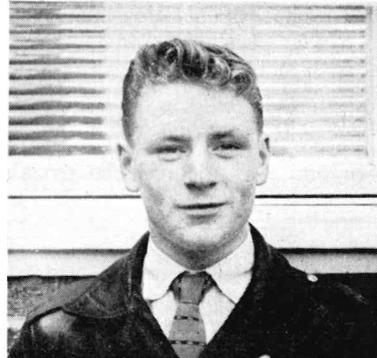
Under 14 B team : K. Gorman, F. Thompson, J. Campbell, E. O'Prey, E. Hamill, P. McMahon, M. McCormack, M. Agnew, G. Kelly, M. Corscadden, J. Black, R. Graham, C. McGrath, J. Burns, G. Dalton, B. Anderson, P. McAnally, B. Bunting.

Tom Donnelly, 3C.

Played for Belfast against Dublin



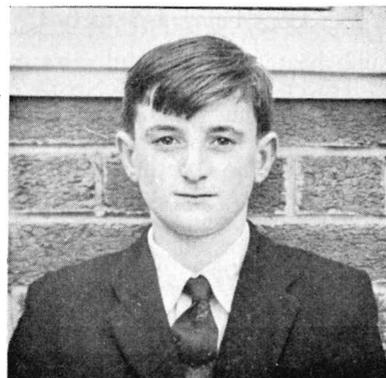
T. DONNELLY



G. McCRARREN



J. McCALLION



O. KELLY

HURLING

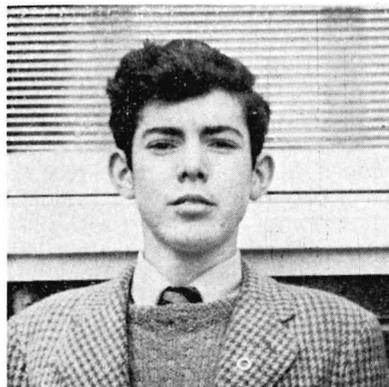
THE Under 16 Ulster Colleges' League was divided into two divisions, the winners of each to play in the final.

Division 1: St. Mary's, St. MacNissi's, Derry C.B.C.

Division 2: Downpatrick, De La Salle, St. Michael's, Omeath, St. Malachy's College.

Derry withdrew and this left Garron Tower and ourselves to fight it out for Division 1 honours

At Garron Tower, where the match was



A. DALY, Captain of Hurling Team

played in ideal conditions, St. MacNissi's gained an early lead, but after some good defence work St. Mary's caught up, and at half-time there was very little in it.

In the second half a slight breeze sprang up in favour of the opposition, and they gained a decisive lead. The score at this stage was 2-8 to 2-2. For five minutes both sides battled fiercely and played some good hurling. Then we began to gain the upper-hand and within a few minutes they were on the complete defensive. It was now a battle against time to see if we could catch up but unfortunately we didn't, and the final score was 2-8 to 3-4. One point victory for Garron Tower, who went on to play St. Michael's, Omeath, in the final. Omeath won.

St. Mary's team was :

T. Donnelly, S. Brennan, S. Maguire, P. Smith, T. McCloskey, A. Daly, L. Murphy, P. Morris, P. Downey, P. Rice, S. McAreavey, B. Davey, B. Devlin, D. McKeating, B. McComish.

In the Schools' League, U.15 Hurling, St. Mary's won the Milestone Cup. In the first match we easily beat St. Patrick's T.S. by 7-4 to 4-2.

In the second match we easily enough overcame St. Thomas's by 4-1 to 1-1. However, the third and final match was a different story. In this we met Hardinge Street, who had a very good and experienced team, but we pulled through, winning by 1-3 to 1-1.

A. DALY.

Swimming and Water Polo

ONCE again the season 1958-1959 has been a most successful one for St. Mary's in swimming and water-polo. We went through the season undefeated, retaining the Canada Trophy for the third year in succession and winning the League for the fifteenth time in the last sixteen years. We had the distinction of scoring a century of goals.

The 'Polo League was played in Falls Baths (1st Round) and Ormeau (2nd Round). Our first team was : Barney Kerr (Goals), Paddy Murray, Brendan Coyle, Aidan McCorry (capt.), Mick Tierney and "Mo" Boyle. In the Second Round Gerry Lambe ably stood in (or should it be "swam in") for Coyle. Our toughest game was against St. Malachys in the First Round, when we only managed to scrape through by 2 goals to 1. It was the only game that we did not play as a team and we almost paid for it. They marked our men very closely right from the start, but we were two goals up at half-time, scored by Tierney and Boyle. The St. Malachy's goalkeeper was in brilliant form and stopped at least six "certain" goals. In the second half, playing into the deep-end, they were a much better team and we were lucky to hold them to one goal. Our forwards, including myself, were useless. This was the only game that we were extended, but it taught us that we should not be too confident.

The second team was rather unlucky not to finish higher up the league, but they did quite well, finishing as the best second team. In matches with B.R.A. and R.B.A.I. they were good enough to win, but just were unable to get the ball into the net. Their team was : J. McAllister (goal), M.

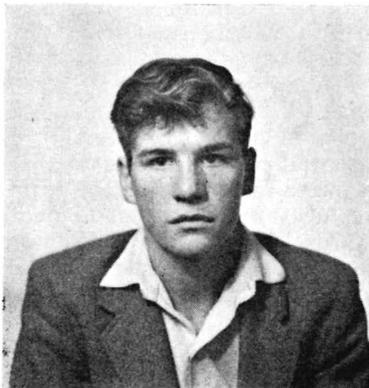
Gallagher, D. Lappin (capt.), J. McAlea, E. McPeake and C. Kerr.

Last September in Pickie Pool, Bangor, we started our swimming "campaign." We won Schools' Senior and Junior Squadron races. In the Junior Squad we broke our own record by almost two seconds. One month later at R.B.A.I.'s Annual Gala we beat the best of Ulster's Schools in the Senior Squad. The team was: P. Murray, M. Tierney, P. Boyle and myself. We were within 1 sec. of the record set up by the best team school swimming has seen (M.C.B.'s 1954 team). We were now favourites for the Ulster Schools' Squadron Championships. The day came for the big race and our team had one change from that named above (C. Kerr replaced M. Tierney). Our chief opposition was St. Malachy's and we were in the first heat with them. C. Kerr took the first "leg" and touched the bank with a lead of almost two yards. From then on we increased our lead with every man and finished 10 yards ahead of St. Malachy's. Imagine the shock when the judge disqualified us for "breaking" too soon in one of the take-overs. St. Malachy's went on to win by about 3 yards from R.B.A.I. in the final. We were not completely out of the running, however, for the second team got into the final and came third.

Well that sums up the official schools' activities, but at the Gala of Clonard Swimming Club we defeated a team picked from the rest of the League by 14 goals to 4. In this game J. McAllister stood in for B. Kerr in goals, and saved a penalty! Two more St. Mary's men received the honour of playing for Ulster's Junior Water-Polo team and Bob Morrison played in goals for Ulster's Senior team again last year. In an Inter-Pro match against Leinster in April three ex-St. Mary's men played for Ulster. They were Bob Morrison, B. McCrea and Ian Gallagher. We also had quite a few swimming for Ulster. Bob Morrison got his first international "cap" in June, to be played in Newport against Wales.

Well, the last year has certainly been one full of glory for St. Mary's past and present pupils. Once again I must mention the reason for these successes, that is the advice and coaching of Mr. Lally and Br. Murphy. With so many young and good players, such as E. McPeake and G. Lambe, ready to carry on the tradition, St. Mary's has for water-polo and swimming, I cannot see any other school taking the Canada Trophy from us for many years to come. But time will tell.

AIDAN J. McCORRY, 6SA

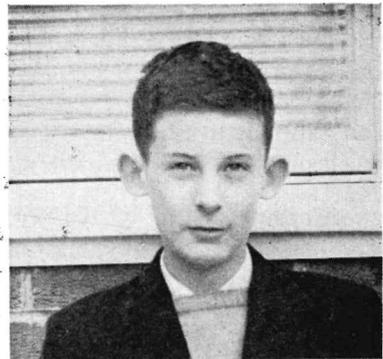


*AIDAN McCORRY, Water-Polo Captain
He represented Ireland at the Catholic Students'
Games in France. He also captained the Ulster
Junior Water-Polo Team.*



T. HANNA, Captain of the Golf Team

*T. McMULLAN, who took part in the
Ulster Schools' Chess Championship*



EDWARD CUNNINGHAM

The School Staff, and his former companions offer to the parents, brothers and sisters of Edward Cunningham (3c : 1957-58) their prayerful sympathy on his early and untimely death (R.I.P.).

All of us reacted with deep sadness when the news reached us on March 20th, 1959. He was so full of the joy of life, and so keen about school games and the activities of St. Malachy's and St. Matthew's Parish Clubs that it was hard to realise we would not see him again. "Ted" was a great favourite among his class companions ; at home he was a loving son. There was always about him a cheery smile and an eagerness to help in any project at hand. In his brief illness the hospital staff noted his wonderful cheerful spirit. It reflected goodness of conscience. May he rest in peace.

R.I.P.

LEGION OF MARY

THE school Praesidium has been holding its weekly meetings regularly for the past year. At present we have thirteen active members. The work, formerly done in the Morning Star Hostel, Divis Street, is now carried on in the old Milltown Boys' Home, which was acquired last year by the Legion. Our Praesidium normally looks after the serving of teas on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights, and also does most of the cleaning on Saturday afternoons.

We distribute seven dozen copies of "Maria Legionis," the Legion's quarterly publication, and clean the school altars from time to time. Some of our members were also assigned to help with the vocations literature, and, recently, the form-masters very kindly allowed us to sell C.T.S. booklets in their respective classes.

Our sincerest thanks are due to those who have helped us in any way during the past

year. We deeply appreciate the kindness of our Principal, Rev. Bro. J. M. Murphy, who met a share of the expenses for our annual outing last May. We also wish to thank Rev. Bros. Albert and Anthony of the De La Salle community, Downpatrick, and also Rev. Bro. Prior, Alexian Brothers, Warrenpoint, who extended their hospitality to us during the outing.

Finally, we should like to ask all to consider the question of Legionary membership, either active or auxiliary.

OFFICERS, 1958-'59

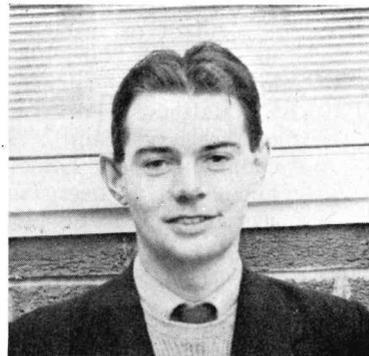
President: Mr. P. Murphy. Secretary: H. Casey. Vice-President: B. James. Treasurer: G. McShane.

Spiritual Director: Rev. Bro. J. N. Glespen.

E. J. RODGERS.



S. McDERMOTT



E. McELEVY

PRESIDENT OF THE PAST PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

DANIEL J. MacRANDAL, F.R.I.B.A., F.R.I.A.I.

It has always been the desire of the Union Members to assist in every way possible, the pupils at present attending the Christian Brothers Schools. Do not hesitate to use the past pupils and their union in this respect, because the present members of the Union understand that if this co-operation is in existence during a boy's schooldays he will readily be absorbed into the activities of the Union when he himself becomes a past pupil.

WHERE THEY ARE NOW

SOME time ago someone handed the Editors a copy of the programme of a school concert held in December, 1931, pointed to a list of pupils who had been successful in the Queen's Matriculation Examination of that year and suggested that a follow-up of the men named might well provide the material for this article in this issue. There were 34 names listed and we have done our best to trace them. If there are found to be some slips we hope to be excused.

Patrick O'Rourke died very shortly after leaving school. Go ndéanaidh Dia amhaith do.

Michael Kelly is now Rev. Michael Kelly, the very well-known Catholic Dean of Residence in his old college, Q.U.B.

O'Donnell, Patrick J., is now Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, C.S.S.R., and is in the Novitiate House, Esker, Co. Galway.

The medical profession is well represented. Still in Belfast are J. F. Bereen of the Hospitals' Authority; Francis Murray, who travelled to many a far foreign field in the exercise of his profession before settling down at home, and Hugh Collins. In practice in England are Arthur O'Friel and Isador Reuben, the latter, for many years, Ulster diving champion.

The teachers are there in force. Two are in exile, Thomas B. Collins in London and Austen Delaney in the Coventry area. Thomas Keville and Peter Murray are carrying on the good work in their native Lurgan; John McKeown, after many fruitful years in Hardinge Street, is now doing an excellent job as Vice-Principal in the largest Belfast Catholic Intermediate School, St. Thomas', Whiterock Road, and John Nihill moved the minimum distance from the alma mater as he is Principal of our neighbouring school, Institution Place, and he will be an even closer neighbour when he moves into the magnificent new school now under erection in Divis Street.

In the tradition of the school, the Civil Servants are in even greater force. Perhaps it was this particular group that helped more than most in forming that tradition. They have representatives in all three services—the Imperial, Northern Ireland and that of Eire. At home, James McKernan is a Deputy Principal in the Ministry of Commerce, and Patrick McGrogan is with the Ministry of Agriculture. James Magennis is in Dublin. Peter Charleton has only this year moved on promotion to Lancashire. James B. Connaughton, Patrick Fitzharris, Gerald Scanlon, and William L. Tohill have served in the Customs Branch from Strabane to London. And to complete the picture there are Thomas J. Finnegan, Charles McManus, and Gerald McMullan.

It is difficult to know whether Joseph Hill should be classified as a teacher or as a Civil Servant, but it is by no means difficult to deduce that he is a good one. In the last few months he was appointed C.E.O. of the Tralee Vocational Committee.

Joseph Murray and Patrick Gallagher are both in Insurance, the latter in Holywood, the former a Dublin broker.

Terence O'Hagan, when last heard of, was with the De Havilland Aircraft Company.

Fred Devlin and Desmond McGranaghan are both in business in town, and Joseph Charleton has a big practice in Accountancy in Dublin.

We hope this article will touch off some "Do you remember" sessions, and we as sincerely hope that it may be an inspiration to the present generation. It is interesting to notice how trends persist in a school. It is equally interesting to note differences. A class of the last five years would have the teachers and the Civil Servants, but the doctors would be replaced by engineers. Let us hope and pray that they may be as successful and that as big a proportion be enabled to exercise their talents for and in their native land.

A NOTE FROM THE NIGER

by Rev. Fr. John O'Hara, C.S.Sp.

I AM the only Belfast C.B. boy in this part of Nigeria, though there are many from Dublin, Cork, and other places in Ireland.

Our parish, Agulan, is one of the largest in the archdiocese of Onitsha. There are

swarms of mosquitoes, which are very annoying, especially at night when they bite you even through the canvas of the camp bed. We sleep in open schools, mud huts, and often under trees if there is no other more suitable place. This is a real pioneer station.



only two of us here in St. Joseph's to cater for a vast area. Our modes of transport are car, motor cycle, canoe, push bicycle and shanks pony. At the many river stations, some of them on the river Niger, there are

We have 98 Junior and Senior Primary schools in the area, staffed by 300 teachers. The Government sends their salary to us, so we have to act as paymasters. Our fervent hope is that one day the Irish

Christian Brothers may come out here and staff the Secondary schools and Training Colleges so as to relieve priests for the parishes.

The people here belong to the Igbo tribe (pronounced Ibo), a very kind and simple people. When they become Christians they make very good ones. No matter where they may travel they always bring the

Faith with them—they are called the Irish of Africa. We encounter much opposition from the C.M.S. (Anglican Church Missionary Society), but we are the strongest in the Eastern region of Nigeria.

Please remember in your prayers a poor old bushman; I remember you all as I offer Holy Mass daily in this land awakening to God's love.



THE ORIENT

by

Rev. Fr. C. Murphy

AS I sat in front of the presbytery in the cool of the evening I had time to think about the strangely beautiful country which is Japan. It was mid-July and the day was dying. I had no catechism class that evening as it was a national holiday. It was the final day, the climax of the "Obon Festival," which is Japan's Memorial Day.

The festival is but one of the many colourful festivals celebrated every year throughout the country. As I sat there watching the road I could see gaily coloured lanterns floating to and fro and I knew that they were being carried by small children who were lighting the way for the spirits that filled the night air.

The festival had started two days previously. Every family that has lost a member visits the grave, plants flowers there and leaves the favourite food of the dead man. This completed, they bring the spirit of the dead one home with them for a visit. The visit ends on the third night.

I had seen the climax of this festival, so I knew what would take place. The families of the deceased would go down to the river bank shortly after dark. Small floats would be placed in the water on which the spirits

would sail back to the abode of the dead. On each float there would be supplies for the journey back to paradise and a food offering for the evil spirits that might try to stop the progress of the departed spirit. Hanging above this would be a lantern, dim and ghostlike, in which the spirit would live during the voyage. Gradually the little boats would be borne out to sea and all would watch until they were out of sight or until the lanterns had burned out. This was a pagan rite: something that was truly fascinating. These people were trying to contact the next world. Did it not show that they believed at least in the immortality of the soul?

But this is only one small aspect of Japan and by no means a true picture. The festival, once over, is put away and forgotten until next year. Everyone gets back immediately to the problem of living in a modern and highly industrial country.

Most people, when they think of the Missions, picture a backward region without transportation, without electricity, etc., and most Missions are like that, but not Japan. Japan is ultra-modern—completely materialistic. The people have everything they

want; they don't see the need for God or religion.

I remember when I arrived in Japan—it was just before Christmas. I was delighted to see the preparation for the Feast. Practically everywhere there were decorations, bunting, streamers, Christmas trees with their blinking lights, and in almost every shop there was a "Santa Claus" inviting the people to be merry. But it was not long until I learned that all this was mere externals without any heart, for the great majority of these people had no idea of the true meaning of Christmas.

The Church is well established in Japan. The Catholic population is now more than 266,000, but this is like a grain of sand when compared to the total population of 90 million. Yet what gives consolation and hope is that most of the Catholics are very fervent. In a way this is what we would expect when we recall the history and the persecutions which early Christians suffered. For three hundred years they were without priests; thousands of them gave their lives for their faith, and all were severely persecuted. Despite that fact the faith never died. It went underground and was nurtured by devotion to Our Lady and a strong belief that God would again send priests. God heard their prayer and when priests were permitted to enter Japan, they found the "Old Christians" still strong in faith and firm in their love of God and His Holy Mother. Not one of them had ever seen a priest. They had received the Faith from their fathers. Great numbers of them were re-united with the Church, but unfortunately there are still many of them who are not in the Church. They are called "Hanare," "The Separated." The Hanare are direct spiritual descendants of St. Francis Xavier's sixteenth-century converts. In order to survive the persecutions the Old Christians had to disguise their prayers, which soon had many pagan overtones. Even to-day the casual visitor can easily mistake their meeting places for pagan shrines. They even ask Buddhist priests to officiate at funeral services, but before and after the Buddhist service they perform ceremonies of their own. This is a relic of the persecution as also is the strict secrecy that they maintain. Their faith is now so corrupt that they do not know the true meaning of what they believe. Prayers and ceremonies have

been passed down by word of mouth from one generation to the next, but by now they have become extremely distorted. A fantastic mixture of Latin, Portuguese and Japanese, quite unintelligible to this generation of believers is recited with fervour. Despite the distortions the Our Father, Hail Mary, Creed and Act of Contrition are still recognizable. One other item of interest is a large box which they venerated as God. It is believed that this box once contained the Blessed Sacrament, and for that reason was cherished and venerated.

When Catholic priests returned to Japan about 70 per cent. of the Old Christians were reunited with the Church. The others remained outside. Will they ever be reunited? Time alone will tell. They will have to be won back as individuals and families rather than as one large group.

But what is to be noted is the stuff of which these early Japanese Christians were made, their loyalty, their tenacity. We hope and believe that the new Christians of to-day are made of the same material and will form a firm foundation for the growing Church.

But do not be mistaken; the conversion of Japan is not an accomplished fact. On the contrary it has hardly started. There are many serious obstacles for the Japanese on their path to the Church. The environment in which the new convert must live is hostile to his new-found faith. The ties he must break, the sacrifices he must make, the loneliness he must feel, are so great that one is often amazed at the new Christian's fidelity and courage.

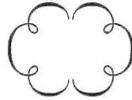
Despite unfavourable environment and evil influences, Japanese adult converts are entering the Church at the rate of 10,000 a year. They do not enter for material advantages (for Japan has already received everything that Christianity gave the West, except Christianity), nor do they feel any glamour attached to being Christians. Motives must be the highest in order to embrace Catholicism with all its sacrifices and loneliness.

At heart the Japanese are religious-minded. By nature reserved and unostentatious, they are intensely sensitive, emotional and sentimental, and despise anything boisterous or obtrusive. With all

these natural virtues the Japanese are fertile soil on which the seed of the Word of God will one day bear abundant fruit. At present the soil is being prepared, but

who knows when the harvest day will dawn? God's grace and the prayers of the Catholic world are necessary.

We ask your prayers.



The C.B.P.P.U. Camera Club

THERE have been many attempts, in recent years, to form an Amateur Camera Club under Catholic leadership. Some of these have had limited success, others have been unlucky and have had to dissolve, which is a great pity.

We have been more fortunate. Since we were formed about five years ago, we have gone from strength to strength. Our membership has increased each season, which speaks for itself, and now stands at 50 members, with nice balance struck between the advanced and the novice photographer.

We have a fine studio in the Club Rooms and there we have weekly lectures (Thursdays, 7-45 p.m.), by expert photographers, both amateur and professional. There are demonstrations and discussions on all aspects of photography, from outdoor to table-top pictures.

We have a comfortable dark-room, with most of the necessary equipment, including a Universal enlarger, safe lights, developing tanks and print drier, etc. New members are given every assistance.



Shadows

The above picture, entitled "Shadows," by Mr. Tom Lambe, our Hon. Treasurer, is an opportunist's snap and illustrates how a sharp eye and a simple subject can be presented as a good picture. Remember, too, that the photographer is, in his own medium, an artist.

Finally, I would like to invite any Past Pupil who may be interested to come and see us. Thank you.

JACK SEGERDAHL

(St. Mary's, 1940-45).

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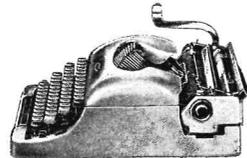
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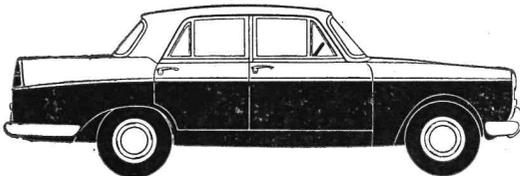


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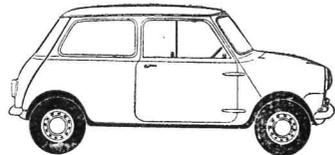
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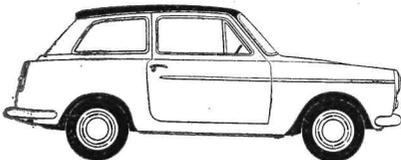
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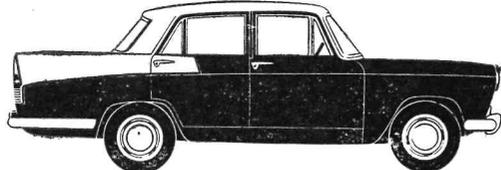
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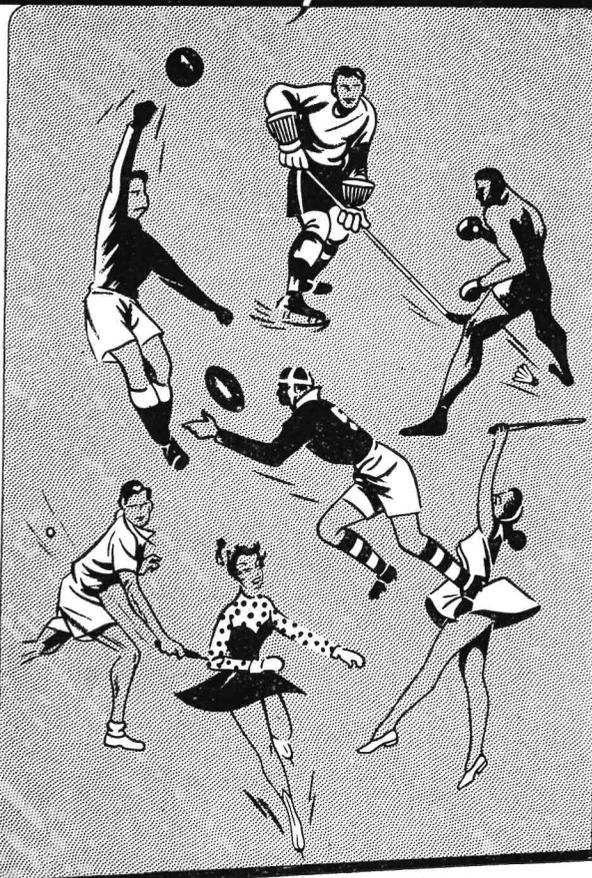
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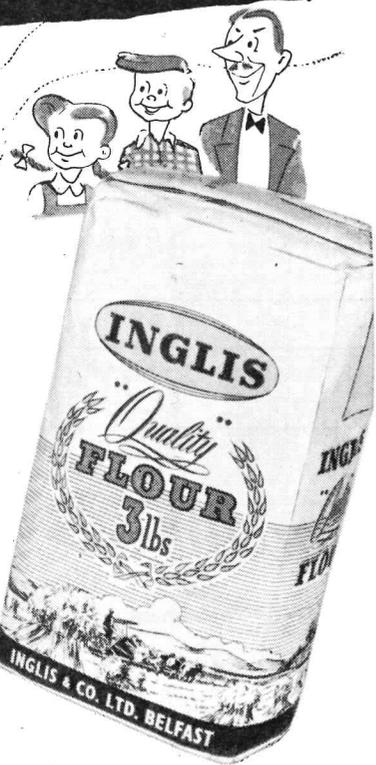
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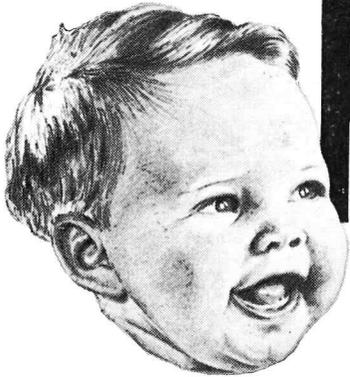
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