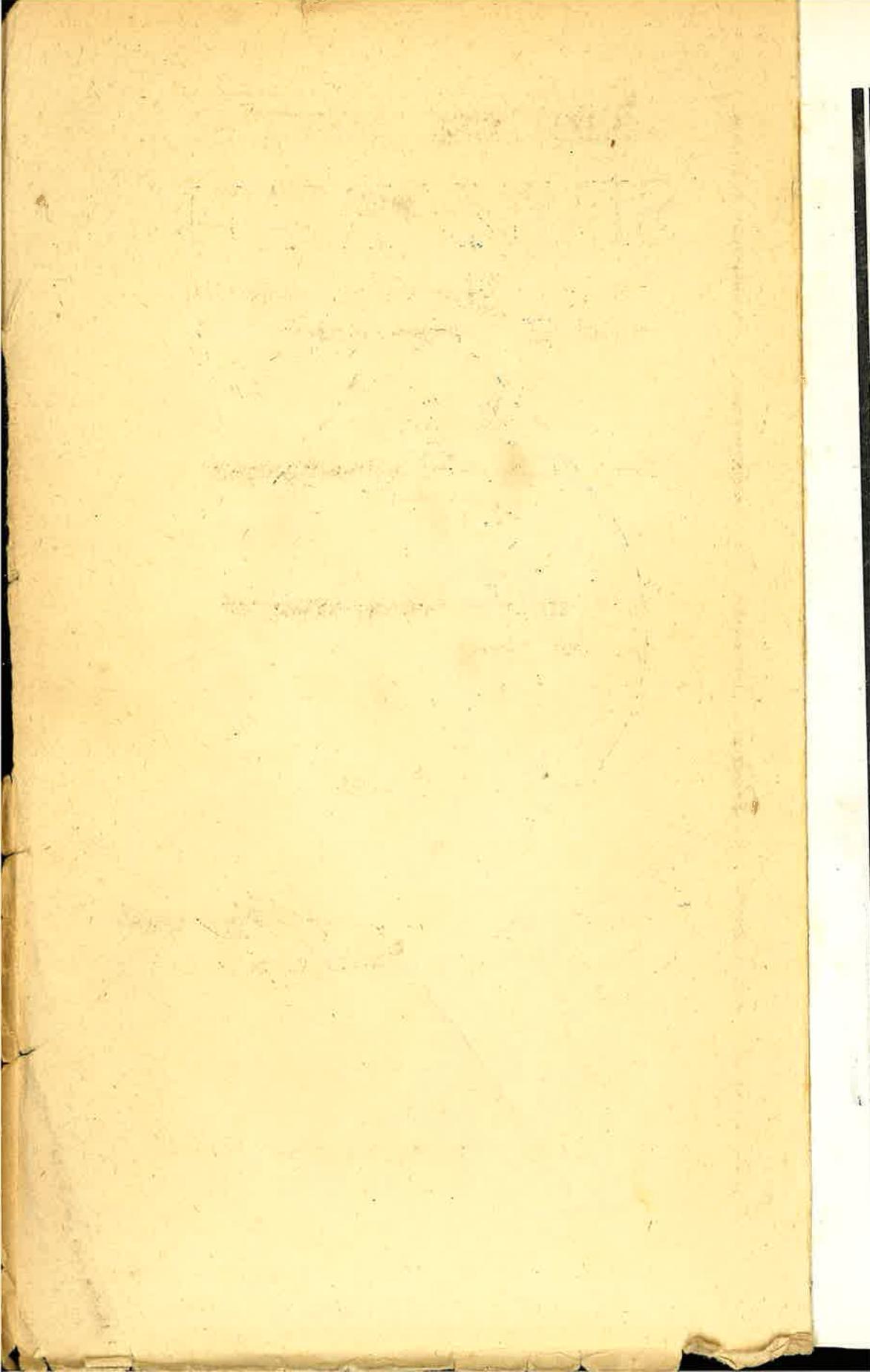


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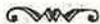
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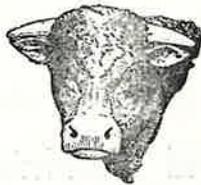
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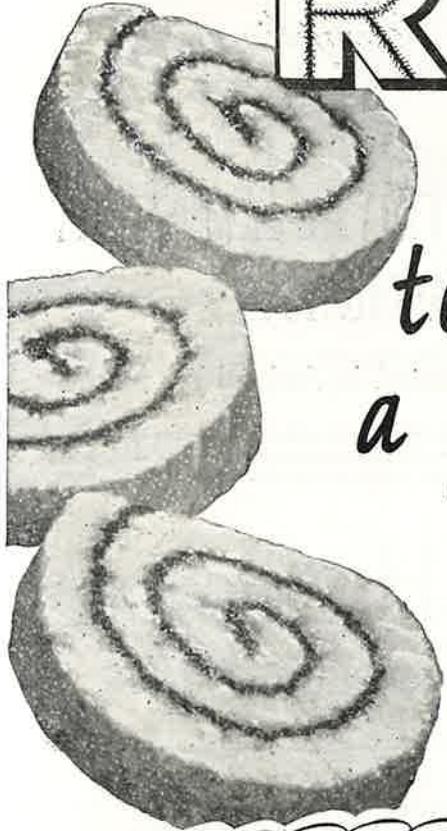
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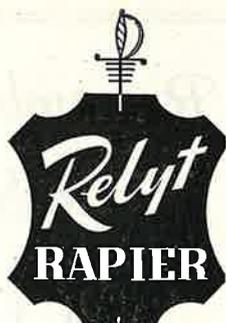
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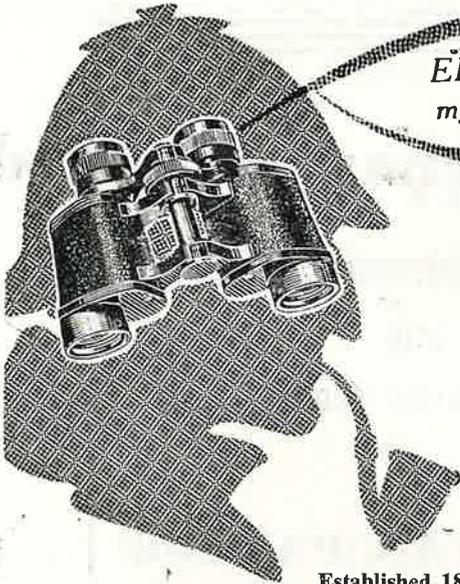


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Errata

page	line	
17	10	read revolve.
23	1	„ sobriquet.
28	23	„ satellites.
33	11	„ there.
33	34	„ generally.
54	4	„ scenery.
56	23	„ resembled.
59	15	„ always.
62	27	„ mosquitoes.
66	35	„ couldn't.
70	4	„ carefully.
72	29	„ grateful.
74	14	„ Lac de Lourdes.
75	25	„ cinema.
88	17	„ laid.
89	title	„ idir.
Last line p. 91—speaking it may be said that opportunities exist in this country for		
92	9	„ discouraging.

The Simmarian

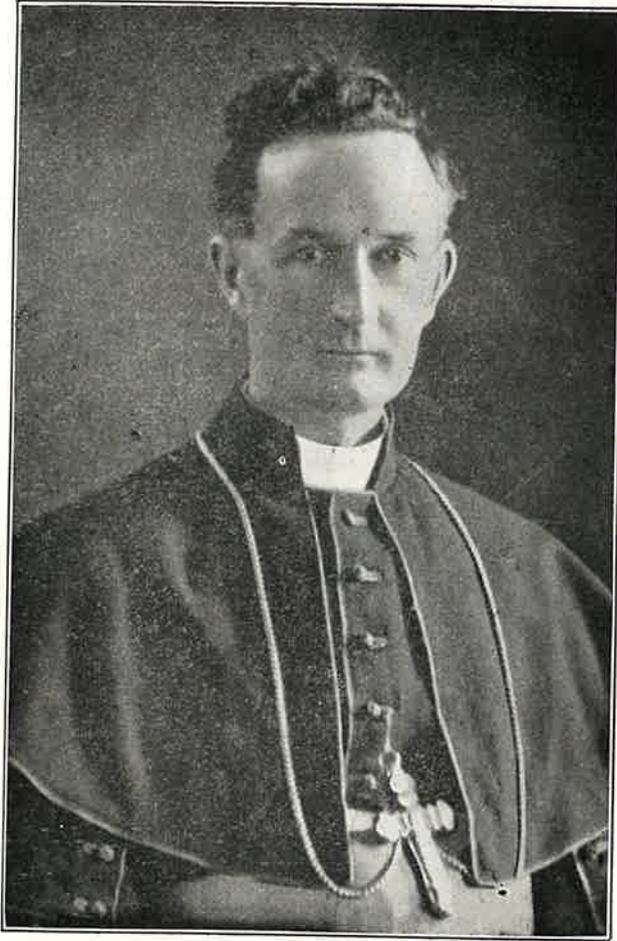
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The Most Rev. D. MAGEEAN, D.D.

Bishop of Down and Connor

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Editorial

SINCE "The Simmarian" last appeared some fifteen years ago there has been a major revolution in the educational world paralleling, and in some great measure deriving from the tremendous changes, some inspiring, some terrifying, in the world around us. The "11+" has arrived and has had significant effects on the Grammar Schools (that term is itself one of the minor products of the revolution). There has been a great increase in the numbers attending and completing the Grammar School course, and there has been, signs of the times, a deliberate encouragement of the scientific subjects. An increase of 50 per cent. in enrolment shows that St. Mary's has felt the first effect; we had hoped that the second had been kept within the bounds of reason, but the scientific weighting of so much of the material we publish makes us wonder. Some may bewail the comparative scarcity of literary articles and the paucity of poets: we can but say that we share their grief and hope for better for future issues.

The decision to reissue after such a long lapse was one that has involved us in even more difficulties than we had anticipated. Some of these difficulties we think we overcame; we are aware that in a few instances we might have done better. We wish to thank very sincerely our many contributors, and we include those whose efforts, through lack of space, had reluctantly to be rejected. We offer a special word of thanks to Messrs. O'Boyle and Kennedy and to their students of the Art Department. Finally, dear reader, we thank you for your support and hope you get a great deal of enjoyment from the 1958 edition of "The Simmarian."



The late Holy Father with Very Rev. Bro. E. F. Clancy, D.Ph.,
Superior General of the Christian Brothers

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We wish to associate ourselves with the world-wide expression of grief caused by the death of the late Vicar of Christ, Pope Pius XII. His holiness of life, his moral leadership, his untiring zeal and his fatherly love for all have been recognised and eulogised even by those outside his flock. Our generation is much the poorer for his loss. May his soul rest in peace, and may the example of his wholehearted love of God and man be our constant inspiration.

Ranking high among the themes His Holiness so often stressed was the value and necessity of true Catholic education. He showed his clear insight into the problems and responsibilities of both parents and teachers when he said: "The child is the future, a future full of menace or of promise. As he goes forth into the world, bearing unconsciously within himself the seeds of every virtue and of every vice, passers-by may ask themselves: 'What will become of this boy?' And you anxiously ask yourselves the same question! What will his future be—for himself, for society, and for the Church? The question is fraught with anxiety; and that child, those children, all children you have folded to your hearts; you have taken the firm resolution, have promised God to make them architects of social restoration in Christ."

And did he not give a very clear indication as to how they were to fulfil their obligations when he said: "To the exaggerated importance that is accorded to-day to whatever is purely technical, reply with an education which always gives first place to spiritual and moral values."



The Most Rev. Dr. BUTLER, C.S.Sp.

Bishop of Mombasa and Zanzibar

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Bishop's House,
P.O. Box 3131,
Mombasa, Kenya.

7th November, 1958.

Dear Brother Murphy,

I am delighted to learn that you are bringing out again your school magazine and I look forward to seeing a copy in due course.

I am proud to be a St. Mary's boy and a Christian Brothers' boy. I appreciate all the Brothers have done for me. I am grateful not only to the Brothers but to their lay staff also, whom I have known to be exemplary Catholic gentlemen who always gave us an excellent example of Catholic living.

We have a large number of Dublin Christian Brothers' boys in our Society. They far outnumber all others in our Irish Province. St. Mary's has not given us quite so many, but I venture to hope that it will do so in the future. We old boys are interested in the present generation, terribly interested in their future, in all that concerns them. I have no doubt that some of them will give themselves to the service of God in the Priesthood and in the Religious life. I pray that God may guide a good proportion to the mission field. May the Holy Spirit inspire them with zeal for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ here in Africa. It is now or never that we must save Africa from Islam and from Communism. I am confident that St. Mary's boys will not be behind in responding to the call of our late Holy Father, Pius XII, in his great encyclical "Fidei Donum."

Would I be asking too much in suggesting that someone, perhaps, could organise a Mombasa-Zanzibar Circle amongst your boys, just to pray and make sacrifices for the success of our difficult task of evangelizing in an Islam country. We need prayers so much and Our Blessed Lady has taught us at Lourdes and Fatima the necessity of adding sacrifice to our prayer. My suggestion would make St. Mary's boys missionaries right now.

I wish your magazine every blessing and may it have the real success of bringing St. Mary's boys ever nearer to Our Divine Lord.

Wishing the Brothers, lay staffs and boys every blessing.

Yours devotedly in Christ,

✠E. BUTLER, C.S.S.P.

Bishop of Mombasa and Zanzibar.



The Most Rev. W. CONWAY, D.D., D.C.L.
 Bishop of Neve and Auxiliary Bishop of Armagh



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This Photograph for which we are indebted to Dr. Tohill, will be of interest to many past pupils. It includes (from left to right) :

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 Auxiliary Bishop of Armagh
 JOSEPH CHARLETON, Accountant, Dublin
 Rev. Bro. H. DUGGAN, C.B.S., Tralee



MOST REV. WILLIAM CONWAY, D.D., D.C.L.

1958 will go down as a year of years in our records, for on July 27th a former pupil was consecrated by Cardinal D'Alton as his personal assistant in the ancient See of Armagh. We are proud to have numbered Most Rev. Dr. Conway among the former pupils of the School. We offer him our sincerest congratulations, and we pray that God may grant him a long and fruitful ministry.

In 1922 William Conway entered St. Mary's, Divis Street, and in 1929 he was among the first group transferred to the recently completed school in Barrack Street.

His scholastic record was outstanding. He won Exhibitions in both the Junior and Senior Certificate Examinations and to these he added in 1930 a scholarship to the University. Consecrating his talents to God, he entered St. Malachy's Seminary, from where he attended Queen's University, obtaining there the Blaney Scholarship and an Honours Degree.

Ordained in Maynooth in 1937 he became in turn : Doctor of Divinity ; Gold medallist in Rome for his Doctorate in Canon Law ; Professor of Moral Theology and Canon Law in Maynooth ; Canon Law correspondent in the "Ecclesiastical Record" ; and in 1957 Vice-President of Maynooth. Then came the memorable occasion of his consecration as Bishop of Neve and Auxiliary Bishop of Armagh, in Armagh Cathedral, July 27th, 1958.

"Thy Kingdom Come"

To Parents :

God is surely pleased that you have co-operated with Him in rearing a good Catholic family, thereby spreading His Kingdom on earth. He will reward your generosity, your privations, and your care in training your children to serve Him not only by direct acts of love and loyalty but also by taking an active part in helping others : "What you do to one of these My least brethren you do it to Me."

But God may be making further demands on your generosity. He may be asking your son to enter His special service of the Priesthood or the Religious Life. This would indeed be a great privilege and, though it might entail great sacrifice on your part, God would not be outdone in generosity. He would reward you both in this life and in the next. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

To Boys :

Each one of you has a vocation in life. It is the using of God's gifts of grace and nature to honour and glorify Him, to prove your personal loyalty to Him, and to extend His Kingdom on earth. This may be achieved in the married or single state, especially if your charity embraces your fellow-men—helping them through one or other of the various forms of the Lay Apostolate. It can more perfectly be done by consecration to Christ in the Priesthood or the Religious state which, in the words of St. Pius X, "far excels the common life."

Ask for God's guidance that your future may be fully in accordance with His Holy Will. Should you feel called to the higher life, do not lightly dismiss the idea as being too irksome, impossible, "not for me!" The three simple requirements are : a right intention, good health, average ability. The sacrifice of home life, worldly ambition and, above all, of your own will, is indeed great, but the reward promised by God is far greater : "Anyone who hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother . . . for My sake and the Gospel shall receive a hundred times as much here in this life . . . and in the world to come everlasting life."

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Rev. S. Murray, C.S.Sp.



Rev. Andrew Anglin, S.M.A.



Rev. S. Heaney, S.P.M.



From
G. O'
O.C.S.O.



Rev. P.



Mahon



n, O.S.M.



C.S.Sp.



S.P.M.



From left to right: Revs. P. O'Hara, York, J. O'Hara, U.S.A., G. O'Hara, Mjddlesborough, Mr. B. Mulrean, Rev. Frs. Gabriel, O.C.S.O. (Mellifont), Conleth (J), C.P., Desmond O'Hara, S.M.M.



Rev. E. Schiess, O.S.M.



Rev. D. McMahon, O.P.

Finally Professor Christian Brothers



Rev. Bro. A. M. Anglin
C.B.S., Ennisconny



Rev. Bro. A. X. Ashe
C.B.S., Calcutta, India



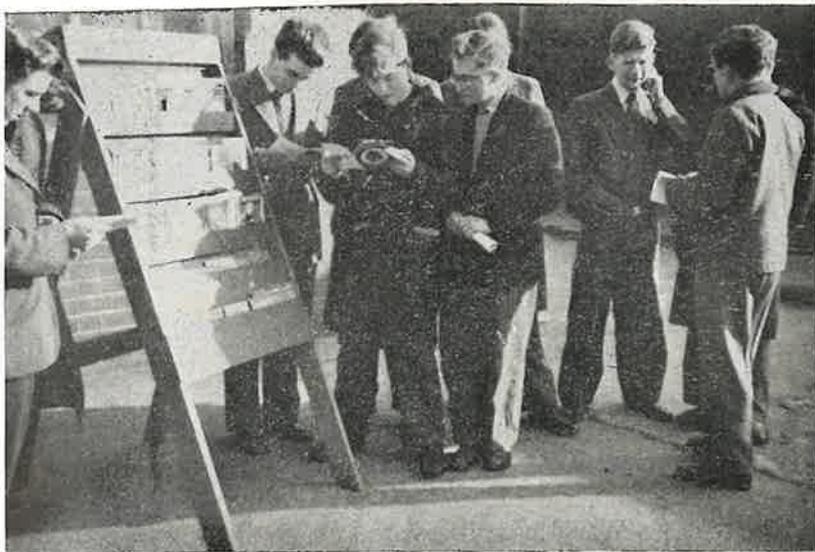
Rev. W. T. Clarke
C.B.S., Roscommon



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The Legion of Mary



THE school praesidium is under the protection of Our Lady Queen of the World, whose feast day occurs on May 31. We have fourteen active and ninety-six auxiliary members. Our meeting, which is held every Sunday at 11.30 a.m. in the school library, follows the usual pattern as laid down in the Legion handbook. It serves the dual purpose of encouraging the legionary in his spiritual life and of providing him with the necessary training and opportunity for Catholic Action.

During the past year we have had a variety of assignments. Attendance at the Morning Star Hostel included everything from scrubbing floors to frying onions. Seven dozen copies of the Legion quarterly "Legio Mariae" were distributed to our subscribers. The school altars received our attention. Vocation Week brought the book stand and the notice board into full use. The recruiting of auxiliaries among the seniors added thirty-three names to our provisional roll. The travelling book shop was very successful. This work, which claimed the help of some of our auxiliaries and in the Junior classes, of members of other praesidia, was made possible by the co-operation of all form-masters. To these we convey our sincere thanks. Preparation for Sunday morning sales at the Legion stand at St. Teresa's and supervision of the children at confraternity are regular assignments. We visited other praesidia, including some senior ones. It is a source of encouragement to meet some of our past members, active and auxiliary, in senior ranks. We pray God's every blessing on the two members who left during the year to study for the priesthood.

We were particularly pleased to have our President re-appointed at the end of a successful three-year period.

To all who have helped us we say thanks. Among them are those who gave us the use of their cars to make our annual outing memorable. We ask those who have not yet engaged in Catholic Action to rally to its standards. To work for souls is not a burden but a labour of love. "The harvest indeed is great but the labourers are few."

OFFICERS:

President—Mr. P. Murphy.
 Vice-President—A. Lambon.
 Secretary—B. James.
 Treasurer—E. Rogers.
 Spiritual Director—Rev. Br. F. D. O'Neill.

THE SONG

A song my sad soul made
 To cheer my weary heart,
 But never a chord was struck
 Would ease its smart.

A song my fond soul made
 To comfort my ailing friend.
 But the gift was quite forgot
 When came day's end.

A song my wild soul made
 To set a chained world free,
 But the world—too deep in pain—
 Could hear not me.

A song my stained soul made
 In tears for a lonely Child,
 And my tears returned as smiles
 In gold enshrined.

SEAN DYNAN



COMBINING WORK WITH PLEASURE

Seventy boys spent July in Min an Chladaigh and Rann na Feirste in the Donegal Gaeltacht improving their Irish while enjoying a holiday in the only part of Ireland to have had a normal summer in 1958. Some would say that it was most abnormal for Donegal as scarcely once was there a bearad on Eargal.

Six Seniors spent the same month doing a French course in Boulogne under the auspices of the University of Lille. It wasn't all work of course. Some of them even managed to cover the Brussel's Exposition. This was a new venture for us and one which should grow in popularity in the future.



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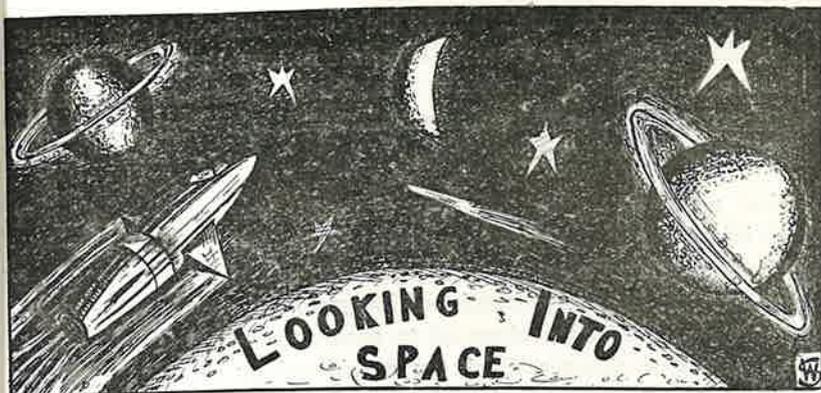
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An Outline of Astronomy

ASTRONOMY is one of the few sciences which can be regarded as open to everyone with an interest in it. One can study the sky quite successfully without the use of costly instruments which are essential to the practical study of some of the other sciences. If you wish to probe deeper into the marvels of the heavens you can do so with the aid of a small star atlas and some optical aid, such as binoculars or a small telescope. This article is intended to give some elementary knowledge of the subject.

The earth on which we live is one of a family of planets which revolve around the sun at distances varying from 36 million miles to 3,670 million miles. As these distances are impossible to comprehend, we can get a better picture of the Solar System by imagining a scale model of it :

If the Sun is represented by a ball 9 feet in diameter, the nearest planet, Mercury, would be represented by a large pea, 380 feet distant from the sun ; and Venus by a 1 inch ball 700 feet distant. Our own planet, the Earth, also represented by a 1 inch ball, would be nearly 1,000 feet distant from the 9 ft. ball. Venus is the brightest of all the planets, which all shine by the reflected light of the Sun, and although it is never seen far away from the sun, it can be seen when the sun is still in the sky—hence the names “Morning Star” and “Evening Star.” This is due to the fact that the planet is revolving round the sun, sometimes appearing on its right, and later to its left.

The Earth has a companion, which revolves around it with a period of 27 days 7 hours 43 minutes 14 seconds. This companion is known as the moon. We are all familiar with the phases of the moon ; e.g. the different shapes it presents over a period of time. It starts as a thin crescent, waxes to a full moon, and then wanes to a thin crescent again, repeating this cycle every 29 days. To explain these phases correctly would trouble a good many intelligent people, but the explanation is

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really quite simple. The moon, like all the planets, is a cold body shining by the reflected light of the sun. It therefore follows that only one side of the moon can be lit up by the sun at any given time, and as it revolves around the earth, from crescent to full, more and more of its bright side becomes visible.

Next planet in order of distance from the Sun is Mars, of great interest because it is considered to be the planet, other than the Earth, which is the likeliest abode of the lower forms of life. Mars has two Polar caps which probably consist of layers of ice a few inches thick, and these caps have been observed to show seasonal changes, accompanied by colour changes which are considered by some scientists to be associated with plant growth and decay. On our scale model it would be represented by a $\frac{1}{2}$ " ball 450 yards from the 9 ft. Sun.

Jupiter, the largest of the planets (aptly named, because in ancient mythology Jupiter was the King of Heaven), is a vast body 88,000 miles in diameter. It has nine satellites, the four largest of which, namely Io, Europa, Ganymede, and Callisto, were discovered by Galileo with one of the very first telescopes, and can be seen with very little optical aid. This planet exhibits cloud belts and a curious phenomenon known as the Red Spot.

By far the most beautiful of the planets when seen through a large telescope. Saturn, the next planet after Jupiter, is surrounded by a wonderful ring system. The rings are probably composed of millions of tiny satellites in orbit round the planet. The diameter of the ring system is 173,000 miles, and the thickness is about fifty miles.

Little is known about the last three planets. Uranus was the first planet to be discovered, the ones mentioned up to now having been known from the earliest times. It was discovered in 1781 by Sir William Herschel. It is 31,000 miles in diameter, and 1,782,800,000 miles distant from the sun. On our scale model it would be represented by a four-inch ball at a distance of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Neptune was discovered by mathematicians working on the assumption that some unknown planet beyond Uranus was causing the discrepancies in the orbit of Uranus. The mathematicians were J. C. Adams and M. Leverrier, and their results were identical. The planet was looked for and found in exactly the position predicted. This is a wonderful example of the triumph of mind over matter.

Neptune has the distinction of having the largest satellite in the Solar System. Although not directly measured, this satellite must be at least 3,000 miles in diameter to enable it to be seen from such a great distance. (Neptune is 2,793,500,000 miles distant from the Sun.)

Pluto, which at a distance of 3,670,000,000 miles marks the boundary of the Solar System, was discovered photographically, as

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Besides planets, or Jupiter.

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Sirius, if it were 8 years.

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recently as 1930, on the 5th of March. Its orbit is very elliptical, part of it lying inside that of Neptune.

Besides these nine Major Planets, there are thousands of tiny planets, or Asteroids, whose orbits lie between those of Mars and Jupiter.

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Now we come on to entirely different members of the Solar System, namely comets. A comet is an object which revolves around the sun and which develops a "tail" as it approaches the sun. The tail of a comet always points away from the sun. Some comets present a wonderful spectacle in the night sky. The ancients connected their appearance with dreadful events which were to come. For example, a great comet appeared in April, 1066, the year of the battle of Hastings. Admund Halley made a research into the appearances of comets, and noticed that a great comet had appeared in the past about every 75 years. He realised that this was not a case of a series of comets, but of the different appearances of one comet. He predicted its return in 1758, although he could not hope to live to see his prediction fulfilled. Sure enough, the comet returned in 1758, sixteen years after his death. It has since appeared in 1910, and is now known as Halley's Comet.

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Now, at last, we come to the stars, the objects which stud the whole night sky, and which are so remote that we cannot even try to comprehend their distances. The nearest star, Alpha Centauri, more commonly known as Rigel Kent, is 25,000,000,000,000 miles distant from our Sun. These figures mean nothing to us, and as we deal with stars which are farther and farther away the figures will become decidedly cumbersome, to say the least! So astronomers have developed a special unit of distance, known as a light-year. This is the distance covered in one year by light, which travels at the fantastic speed of 186,000 miles per second. On this scale Alpha Centauri is $4\frac{1}{4}$ light-years distant. The distance of the star cluster in Hercules is 36,000 light-years; anyone who cares to express this distance in miles can easily do so by multiplying the above figure by $186,000 \times 60 \times 60 \times 24 \times 365$, and the inclusion or omission of leap years will not greatly affect the result!

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Sirius, the brightest star in the sky, is eight light-years distant, and if it were suddenly to cease to shine, we would continue to see it for 8 years.

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If you were to ask someone how many stars he could see on a clear night, he would probably say—"Oh, Millions!" In fact the naked eye will only show about 1,000—1,500 stars. Here the value of optical aid in Astronomy is seen, for a small telescope will show 120,000, and the Mount Wilson 100-inch one will photograph 1,500,000,000! The sizes of stars vary enormously, from tiny White Dwarfs, intensely hot,

to relatively cool, giant red stars, like Antares. Antares is so huge that an electric current, which encircles the earth 7 times per second, would take 106 minutes to go round Antares once. The stars are made of gas; and the surfaced temperature of the sun, which is an average star is 6 million degrees centigrade.

I hope that this article has interested my readers sufficiently to make them want to make a deeper study of this fascinating subject. The best book for beginners is "The Amateur Astronomer" by Patrick Moore, which can be obtained from the Belfast Central Library (Reference: 520/MOOR/1.) It is not only a handbook for beginners but a good guide to the night sky. It contains useful references for further reading.

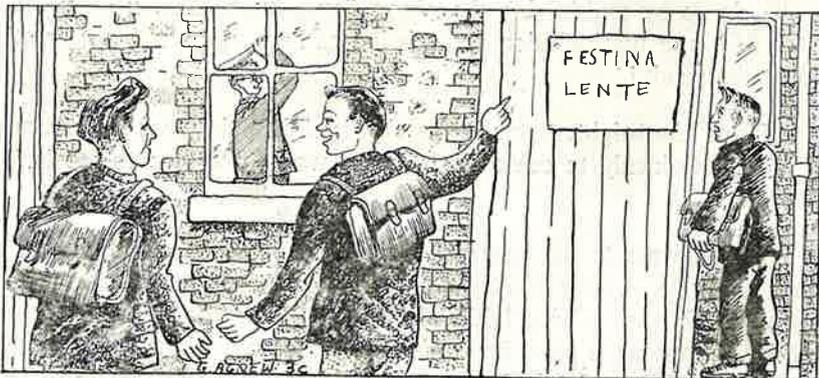
S. R. ALEXANDER, 2A

CHILD :

Try to find me in this picture, dearest Mother !
 Your boy among a crowd of little friends ;
 You will surely know your own from ev'ry other,
 Such help unto the eye affection lends.
 I am gazing at you, Mother, do you see me ?
 I thought of you, and smiled as there I stood ;
 Oh ! how glad I am I look so bright and cheery,
 You say "truly happy are the good."

MOTHER :

In a brief and rapid glance, my child, I found you,
 Attracted by your merry face ;
 For in you, and in the pretty boys around you,
 The smiling eyes reflect the pure soul's grace.
 It is that sweet grace fills Mother's heart with pleasure ;
 For *that* the Lord loved little children, too ;
 Oh ! preserve untarnished such a priceless treasure,
 To God and Mother, ever, Child, be true.



A LOCK-OUT AT 8.55 A.M.



Back Row

3rd Row :

2nd Row

Front Row

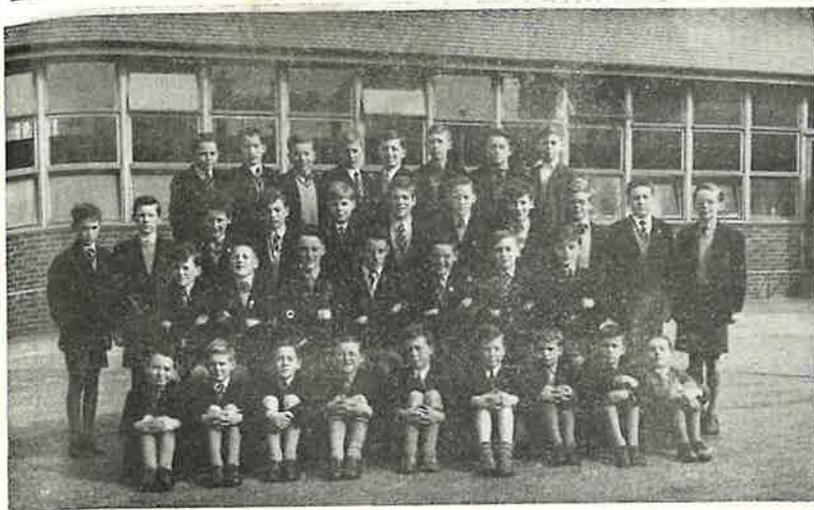


Back Row

3rd Row

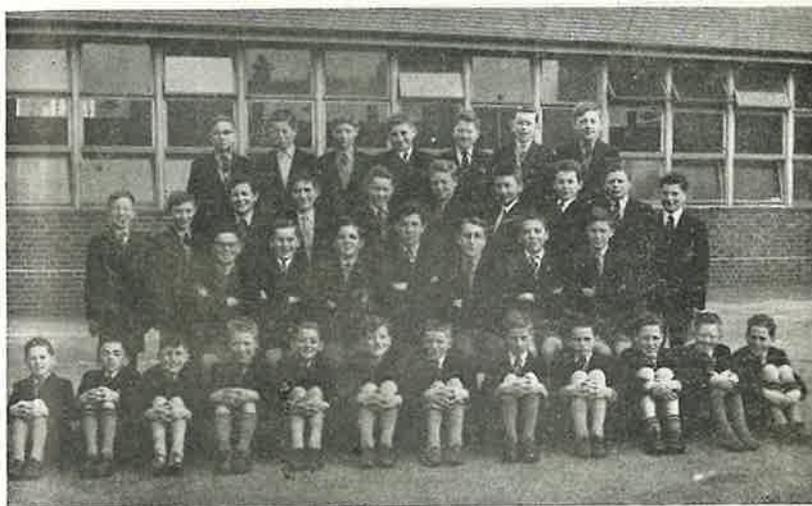
2nd Row

Front Row



FORM 1A

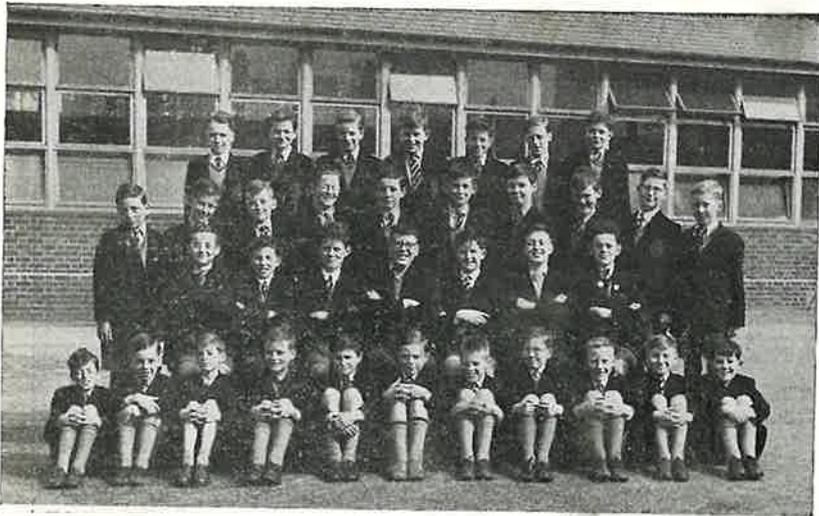
Back Row: J. Curran, B. Austin, B. Carville, H. Donnelly, M. Beirne,
F. Dynan, P. Doherty, E. Cochrane.
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G. Burke, J. Cush, M. Fitzpatrick, B. Bunting, J. McGivern,
L. Begley.
2nd Row: A. Fitzsimons, H. Davison, S. Brennan, P. F. Curran, S.
Cullen, J. Brown, T. Blake.
Front Row: B. Fagan, J. Adams, T. Callaghan, P. Cairns, J. Burns,
M. Agnew, S. Donnelly, B. Anderson, S. Caher.



FORM 1B

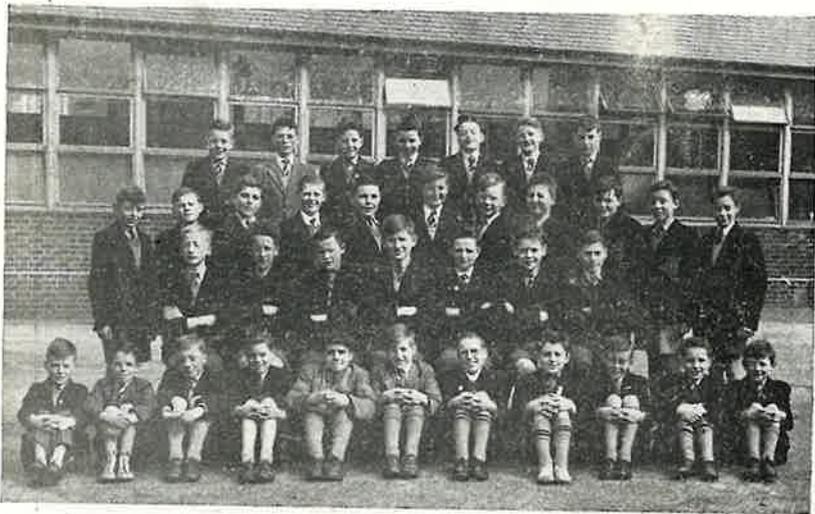
Back Row: J. Gilmore, T. Hayes, J. Leopold, M. Lynch, S. Malone,
C. Mulholland, J. Murray.
3rd Row: H. Harding, M. Keegan, B. Mackle, G. Fox, G. May, J.
McAllister, S. Mulholland, G. Kelly, B. Hamilton, I. Jordan.
2nd Row: J. Lavery, B. Murphy, P. Jeffers, D. Kayes, L. Lytle,
S. Hagan, G. Mooney.
Front Row: G. Gorman, P. Gilliland, R. Lee, A. Loughrey, R. Kelly,
S. Floyd, M. Hearty, K. Martin, B. Liddy, B. Murray,
S. Flynn, E. Halligan.





FORM 1C

- Back Row : E. O. McDevitt, T. E. McGeough, P. G. McKeown, C. P. McRandall, A. McCallion, C. P. McGrady, T. F. McCarthy.
 3rd Row : B. A. McGlone, D. G. McCall, J. V. McAlonan, G. F. McCurdy, P. M. McCrory, T. S. McMullan, J. T. McNeill, M. J. McGrattan, M. D. McKillop, S. V. McHugh.
 2nd Row : R. P. McGuigan, P. J. McManus, P. J. McMahon, H. P. McGrillen, C. S. McFerran, J. P. McFaul, G. P. McCrudden.
 Front Row : B. McKenna, J. McGinnity, C. I. McKeating, G. D. McCann, B. McGarry, R. G. McKillen, P. G. McGrath, J. J. McCusker, M. A. McEntee, G. McGivern, J. McGivern.



FORM 1D

- Back Row : G. Tumilty, H. Rice, G. Patton, F. O'Connor, T. Walsh, J. Waters, B. Sheridan.
 3rd Row : G. O'Kane, J. Reid, C. Smith, M. Vallyely, J. O'Neill, F. Thompson, S. O'Flaherty, A. O'Reilly, B. Turk, M. O'Callaghan, J. Redmond.
 2nd Row : J. O'Reilly, J. Rafferty, G. Taggart, J. Patterson, S. Watters, G. Wallace, R. Rodgers.
 Front Row : T. Teeney, D. O'Hagan, P. Stewart, J. Parker, F. Scappaticci, H. McHale, D. Wallace, E. Smith, T. McVeigh, F. Wilkinson, L. Watson.

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Flying Saucers

EVER since the sobriquet "Flying Saucer" was coined, the greatest and most exciting mystery of our age has been automatically reduced to the level of a music-hall joke. The comedians of State and Science banded together, most successfully, to encourage humanity in its oldest and easiest method of escape—to laugh at what it does not understand. From then on, anyone who said, "I have seen a flying saucer," or worse, "I believe in flying saucers," was considered a bit of a leg-puller, or some kind of a crank.

The average person casually casts aside any tendency towards the belief of flying saucers, and there is a widespread notion that flying saucers are some kind of American joke, a newspaper stunt, or something of the kind. Now I am not biased in my opinions as to whether the flying saucers exist or not, but surely we must remember that anything within natural limits is possible. It is quite natural for man to attain greater and greater speeds. You may say, "But, come now, no one could travel at, say, 20,000 m.p.h.—It is not possible." But how are you so sure? I'm sure your great-grandfather could recall the days when it was held that the human body could not travel faster than the gallop of a horse. Trains proved otherwise. Some years back we were told that nothing could exceed the speed of sound—a supersonic aeroplane would disintegrate. A supersonic aeroplane was built and another theory of limitation was buried. To-day we believe that the speed of light is the maximum rate a body could travel without being disintegrated. But in years to come a generation may witness speeds attained beyond this "limit."

Now it is quite true to say that seldom a day goes by without flying saucers being reported somewhere in the world. And if a thing is seen daily, week after week, month after month, by ordinary people, there must be some degree of truth in it. I read in a newspaper article at the time of Captain Mantell's death that sightings of these things have been recorded as far back as the 17th century. The truth of this, however, is controversial. Captain Mantell's tragic end is still a mystery to all. A large glow in the sky over a U.S.A.A.F. base in Kentucky caused Captain Mantell to investigate in his Sabre jet. When Mantell found it, his voice over the radio was excited. He gave some description and said he was going to overtake it. As he did so, Mantell informed base that the thing was accelerating and that he was pursuing. The next news of Mantell was that the wreckage of his plane had been found in tiny pieces. Many theories have been put forward to explain his mysterious death, but none have completely satisfied conditions.

All sorts of experts have put forward theories explaining the "flying saucer." They say that they are:



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Walsh,

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Watters,

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"Small specks before the eyes which look like large objects far away";

"Mass hysteria";

"Meteors";

"Distant headlights";

"Balloons."

"Nuts." says Dr. Menzel of Harvard University. With all due regards to the doctor, I am still figuring how nuts come to be flying high and fast through the air. Perhaps some kind person will explain to me and dispel my foolish ignorance. According to these theories, flying saucers are everything except flying saucers. Perhaps many objects sighted can be explained by natural causes, but many are inexplicable.

Among the many sightings there was one recorded as a V-shaped formation of discs flying high in the sky. Now the illustrious Dr. Menzel explains this phenomenon very simply. In his laboratory, before enraptured students, he pierced a V-shaped formation of holes in a cardboard screen. When he shone a light through this on to water, a reflection was obtained that looked like the 'illusion.'

Does this not suggest that in various parts of the earth large cardboard screens have been set up at strategic points, and that powerful lights (borrowed, no doubt, from a neighbourly and obliging searchlight battery) have been directed through rows of holes cut in the screen on to a convenient local sheet of water, and that as a result we have our formation of flying saucers? It is rather puzzling that no one has yet discovered the cardboard screens. To cover the whole sky they would have to be very large! Surely someone must have seen them. Information will be gratefully received!

Now a point much stressed by anti-saucerists (not sorcerers). Why, they ask, in all those years during which they hovered in the sky, did not one more enterprising than the rest come down and land. We can all accept this as a weak point for those who believe in flying saucers and that they are manned by some things from space. But perhaps the believers will eventually conclude that our planet has a bad name in the stellar year book and travel brochures: like those signs on the roads running through jungles which caution tourists not to tarry nor leave their cars.

"Warning—Do not land on earth.

The natives are dangerous.

Not suitable for the children, and granny wouldn't like them either."

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Higher authorities explain away the observations by that useful little phrase, "natural phenomena," and they will continue to do so. This is enough to give a lead to many who think that whatever higher authorities report, this is correct. Thus we will find the ordinary man in the street rambling off his theory by which such and such an observation can be explained by certain natural phenomena—just like a parrot imitating its master. Imagine if Mr. McMillan or President Eisenhower were to tell us of his government's encounter with space-men. Even if it were true, his party would not remain in office a week. The voters would be interested, thrilled, but they would be shocked. They want to be governed by trustworthy, non-sensation-seeking rulers. So if you were head of the state and you knew all about flying saucers, why should you risk your seat to make such a statement until you were forced to? There is plenty the government does not tell the people. Now I am not suggesting that the honourable leaders do know all about these saucers; I am only giving you the facts—only showing you that just because authorities refute the authenticity of the observations, this does not necessarily mean that the saucers do not exist. Think it over for yourself; do not laugh it off, saying, "Oh, it's all bunk." I myself am very hesitant in believing this lark. No matter what anybody else says about flying saucers—what do you think?

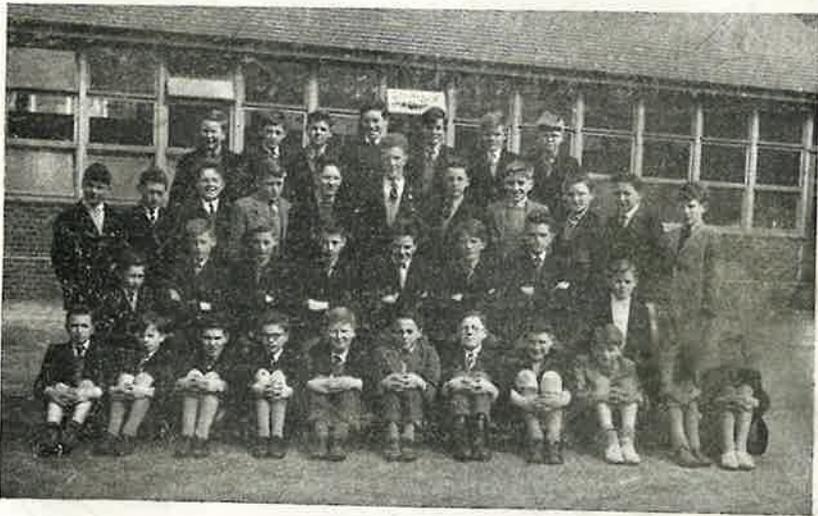
BRIAN MONAGHAN, 6SA





FORM 2A

- Back Row : J. Devaney, P. Monaghan, J. Morrissey, R. Haughey, B. Brennan, B. Moore, D. Doherty.
 3rd Row : L. Kelly, J. Owens, B. McGaharan, R. Alexander, B. Davey, D. Cashman, J. Dooley, J. McAllister, J. McAlea, B. McGuinness.
 2nd Row : J. Elliott, B. O'Connor, A. Rooney, C. McLynn, J. McAuley, A. McGibbon, J. Mahoney.
 1st Row : L. Delaney, P. Gallinagh, G. Walsh, E. McPeake, P. Cousins, G. Jones, S. Murphy, E. Murray, G. Murray, G. McKenna.



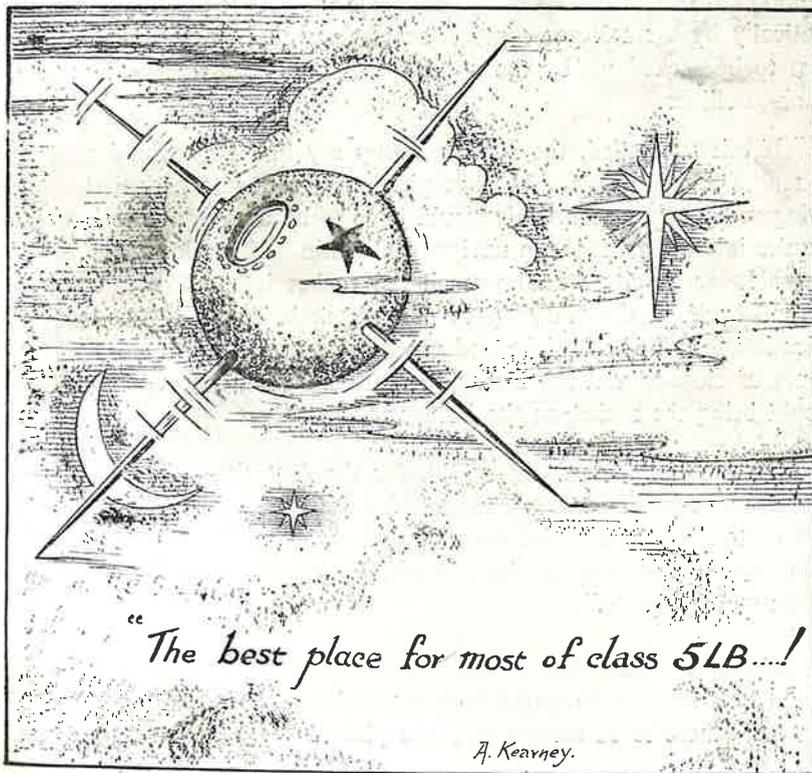
FORM 2B

- Back Row : L. Briggs, D. McConvey, J. Hanna, D. Coyle, D. Lavery, T. O'Prey, B. Laverty.
 3rd Row : J. Black, G. Brown, F. Gillen, G. McCrarren, B. Meegan, W. Johnston, J. Neill, P. Rice, P. Hughes, J. O'Connor, P. Doherty.
 2nd Row : D. McShane, W. Condit, N. McMorrow, S. Connolly, J. Dougal, A. Teer, H. Johnston, N. Kelly.
 Front Row : T. Jordan, J. Davison, L. McDonald, J. Collins, M. Flynn, J. Dornan, J. Gilmore, P. McGoldrick, L. McCready, K. Grey, B. Howie.



FORM 2C

- Back Row : S. Cox, B. Rooney, S. Cochrane, M. Carville, K. Gorman, J. Conlon, P. Boyle.
- 3rd Row : R. McKenna, P. McHugh, G. Caher, P. Collins, M. Knight, J. Hannan, J. Boyle, D. McLarnon, K. Caldwell, B. Devlin, A. McLean, G. Magill.
- 2nd Row : J. Henry, A. Mernock, J. Fitzpatrick, B. J. Rooney, G. Lambe, R. Mooney, T. Donnelly.
- Front Row : T. Smyth, J. Curran, T. Pendleton, R. Graham, S. Connolly, G. Agnew, P. McGrath, J. F. Curran, D. McQuillan, A. McGrattan, T. Donald.



Lavery,
 Meegan,
 Connor,
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 I. Flynn,
 eady, K.

The Way to the Moon

A YEAR ago, plans for going to the moon would have sounded very ambitious and probably would have evoked much scorn. Now, with the launching of several artificial earth satellites, it seems merely a question of who will get there first, the U.S. or the Russians.

Little or nothing is known of Russian plans for exploration of Earth's closest companion, and probably nothing will until they have landed there. However, now, after much-publicised failures and successes by the Americans, the President's Science Advisory Committee, headed by Dr. J. R. Killian, has published America's plans for lunar exploration.

The first step would be to send a small unmanned rocket, fired to the vicinity of the moon, to probe its gravity field and learn more about the moon's exact weight and mass. At the beginning of the 240,000 mile lunar journey the rocket will be moving at 25,000 m.p.h., just under the velocity needed to break through earth's gravity field. At about 200,000 miles from earth (40,000 miles from the moon) the lunar gravitational pull will begin to exert a tug on the rocket. By means of radar or camera, the rocket can be tracked as it enters this field, and hence the exact lunar pull can be calculated. A shiny aluminium foil balloon, 20 feet in diameter, folded inside the rocket and inflated automatically by a small gas capsule, en route, would give enough brightness to be picked up by the special "Schmidt" cameras now used to track satellites.

If this succeeded, the Killian Group say that they would next try to send a rocket, carrying photographic equipment in a path that would swing around the moon. This would have to be manned, since it would require internal guidance to navigate to within 2,000 miles of the moon, where lunar gravity would wrench the rocket into a temporary orbit around itself, at the "lazy" pace of 500 m.p.h. According to the U.S. scientists, Krafft A. Ehricke and George Gamow, this would allow 50 hours of close-in viewing before the earth's stronger gravitational pull would bring the rocket on the homeward journey.

This experiment would reveal, for the first time, the far side of the moon. It is expected that the far side will show similar drab deserts and craters, but the experiment, besides showing this hitherto unseen area, would also help in the difficult job of mapping the moon for future moon "shoots."

Pictures, automatically and intermittently taken and developed, would be converted to sound impulses and transmitted in radio signals to earth—there to be reconverted into picture images.

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The final step would be direct moon contact, either "hard" or "soft." Naturally, if a rocket rushes straight to the moon, with no means of braking, it would disintegrate at contact, but would transmit useful data before the impact.

A much more satisfactory contact would be one where a "retro-rocket" or frontward firing jet, would brake the rocket to a "soft" landing. Successful experiments in the U.S. have shown this possible. Several pounds of equipment for measuring the faint lunar atmosphere (caused by leakage of gases from the cracks on the moon's surface) could be landed in this way and much very useful information so obtained.

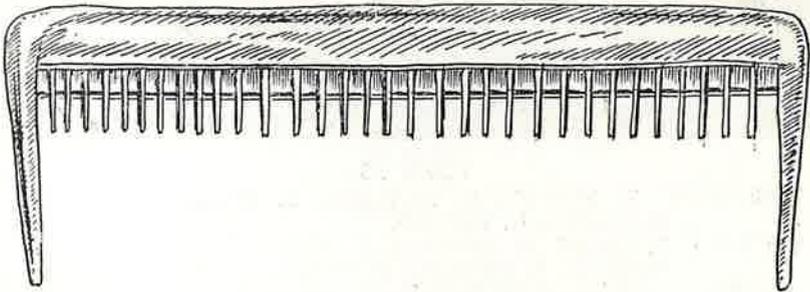
Dr. Killian's Group, however, did not disclose the timetable for these steps, the reason being: "To avoid later embarrassment."

The information given in Killian's publications was not, as Ike put it, mere science fiction, but a sober realistic presentation, prepared by leading scientists. The steps outlined above will take place (perhaps after one or two failures, but with eventual success) one by one in the very near future; the first "shoot" probably in autumn before the October solar eclipse so that the shiny balloon (described earlier) will stand out brilliantly against the black disc of the moon, which incidentally will be at its nearest approach to the earth (221,000 miles) at this time.

According to these predictions, which were set forth after the U.S. space programme was speeded up, man will be on the moon within three years—proving wrong, guesses by leading British scientists that this epic event is at least 60 years away.

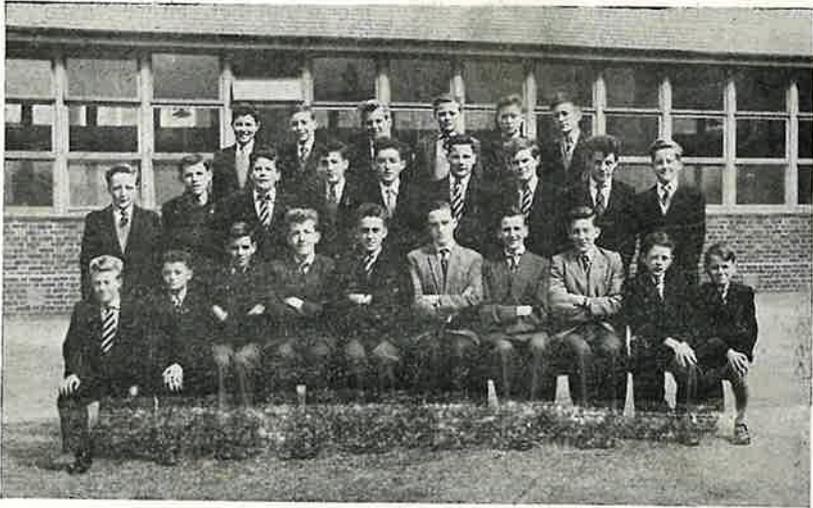
However, all we can do is to wait and see. And don't be surprised if you hear one of these days that either Russians or Americans are on the moon.

C. McKEOWN, 4SA



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FORM 3A

Back Row : J. Monaghan, B. Brannigan, E. Beirne, P. McCann, D. Murray, B. Simpson.
 Centre Row : P. Blake, P. Gilmore, M. McGarry, S. Hughes, J. Kennedy, P. Teggart, P. Kavanagh, J. McCaughey, B. Mullen.
 Front Row : M. Anderson, E. Stirling, A. Cushnahan, E. Catney, C. Hodgkinson, P. Woods, E. Sloan, A. McCallion, P. Donnelly, H. Murray.



FORM 3B

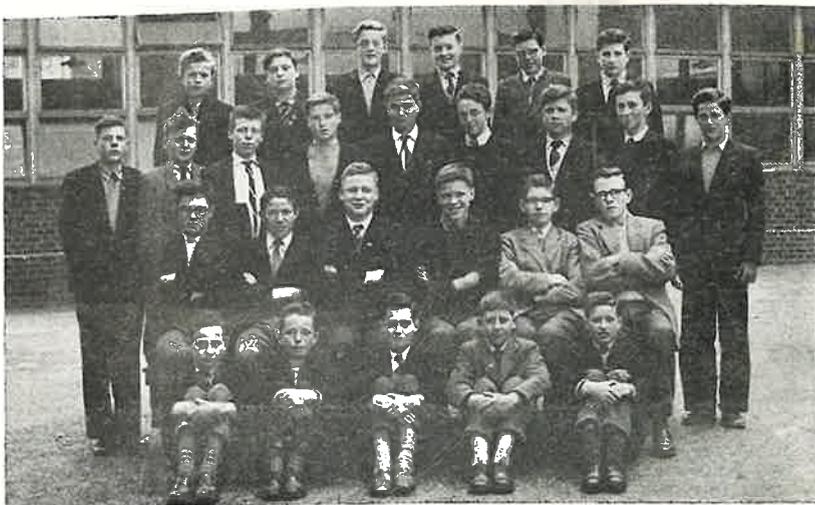
Back Row : P. McVeigh, S. McAreavey, B. Davey, L. Barr, J. McLoughlin, D. McGrath.
 3rd Row : B. Dougal, D. McManus, T. McHale, V. McCormick, B. McKeown, P. O'Flaherty, M. O'Neill, J. Hearty, L. Murphy.
 2nd Row : J. Kearney, A. McClure, P. Catney, S. Rice, T. Goudy, G. McLarnon.
 Front Row : M. Gregg, C. Fanning, T. Boden, P. McKenna, H. Duffy, J. Jones, M. Gallagher.



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FORM 3C

- Back Row : T. Floyd, B. McLaughlin, P. Owens, S. Maguire, F. Lennon,
B. McComish.
- 3rd Row : B. Mullan J. O'Connor, T. Cunningham, P. Smyth, S. Devlin,
M. Denny, E. Madden, J. O'Hara, P. Downey.
- 2nd Row : M. Tierney, T. McGoldrick, E. O'Rourke, J. Brady, P.
Carville, B. O'Reilly.
- Front Row : E. McEldowney, P. McNamee, J. Brennan, R. McAuley,
K. Skeffington.



Barr, J.

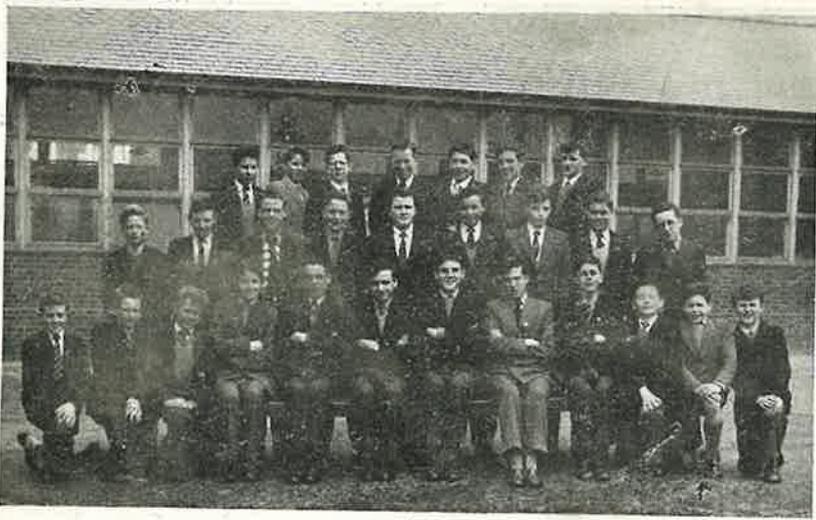
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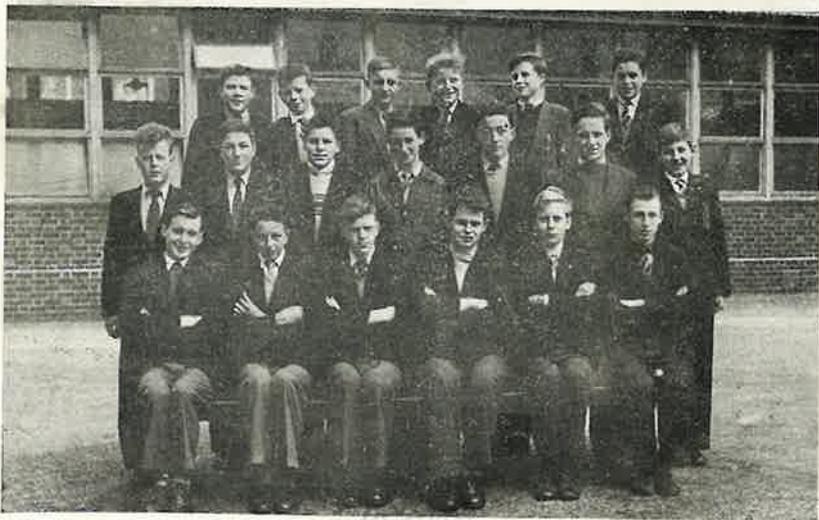
FORM 3D

- Back Row : P. McCart, G. Hamill, B. McCulloch, R. McNeill, G.
McMillan, C. Haughan, S. Mackel.
- 3rd Row : S. Carson, C. Farnan, P. Lundy, J. O'Sullivan, G. Dolaghan,
L. Hood, B. McKeown, A. Daly, B. Curran.
- 2nd Row : L. Pimley, P. Morris, D. McCambridge, M. Boyd, B. Devlin,
G. Doherty.
- Front Row : M. McAdams, G. McCartney, J. Hennessy, A. Canavan,
B. Monaghan, M. McGinnity.



FORM 3E

Back Row : D. McKeating, P. Carlin, S. Skelly, A. Mulholland, D. Leer,
D. Rogan, J. Campbell.
Centre Row : D. Lyons, G. Keegan, J. Daly, O. Walsh, S. Brannigan,
G. Anderson, B. Cormican, T. McCloskey, T. Mullaney.
Front Row : S. Hannan, J. McLarnon, R. Giffen, J. McConville, P.
Wallace, J. Kerr, M. Birch, P. McCallion, B. Johnston,
J. Corbett, J. Carson, M. Tanney.



FORM 3F

Back Row : C. McCarry, J. McLroy, F. Kelly, J. McGinley, J. Campbell,
F. Woods
Centre Row : P. Hughes, B. Burke, N. Havlin, P. Pender, A. McNevison,
R. Doherty, J. Murphy.
Front Row : B. O'Neill, T. Burke, A. Whitehead, W. O'Neill, J. O'Grady,
C. Graham.

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Flying Without a Motor

THROUGHOUT the Summer, on weekend afternoons, flying enthusiasts all over Britain and Ireland can be found indulging in a sport which attracts a growing number of followers every year—gliding.

On the beautiful Summer's days, when the breeze is tugging lazily at the tops of trees, and the clouds are hanging idly in the sky, then gliding fans all over the country will be out in their thousands to fly the sleek, colourful craft, for no other reason than the joy of it.

Anyone who takes up gliding can do so only because it is a pastime, and a very interesting one. There is almost no way in which a person can put his knowledge of gliding to commercial use, as there is no great demand for qualified glider pilots. Even in commercial airlines, it makes no difference to a pilot whether he has gliding experience or not, although his knowledge of cloud formations, and the peculiarities of air currents, etc., thus gained, may well prove invaluable.

At present in Northern Ireland, there are not many major gliding clubs, outside of those organized by the services. In England, however, there are quite a number. All the clubs there have their own special characteristics, although they may well use the same types of aircraft, and possess similar rules of membership. Location is usually the main factor behind a club's popularity, for a club which can boast of a good gliding site is rich indeed. Some of the best gliding country in England is found at places high above sea-level—the Peak District, around Derbyshire and Lancashire, for example.

On joining a club, the pupil will first of all be briefed in the preliminary steps necessary, such as an explanation of the various functioning parts of a glider, and if he does not already know, he will be told the difference between one type of plane and another. There are quite a number of different types of glider to be seen in England to-day, ranging from the ordinary training type, to high performance sailplanes, capable of flying long distances, in great extremes of weather.

Once the pupil has become well enough acquainted with all the fundamental facts, he then starts making flying flights, and generally getting the hang of the aircraft, under the ever vigilant eye of the instructor. The usual procedure on first flights is for the latter to control the glider on the launch, until the cable is released, and then to hand over to the pupil to "try his hand." Before very long the pupil is himself controlling the glider from take-off, performing a routine flight-pattern, and only handing over to the instructor should a difficulty arise, or to be shown a new manoeuvre.



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There is nothing quite so exciting as the first flight. When sitting in the cockpit the pupil is completely in the hands of his companion, and never knows exactly what is happening until, with a slight jerk, his feet are pointing up in the air, and the glider is climbing rapidly skyward.

There are four methods of getting a glider airborne—by catapult, using a rubber cord; by winch, the most common, usually petrol or diesel driven; by tow, from a fast moving car; and by aero-tow, which is a fine, but rather expensive way of getting a glider to a level from where long distance flights can be made.

One of the many advantages of gliding is the wonderful view one can enjoy. On looking down from the cockpit, you can see, on a clear day, for miles in every direction, all objects appearing in miniscale below.

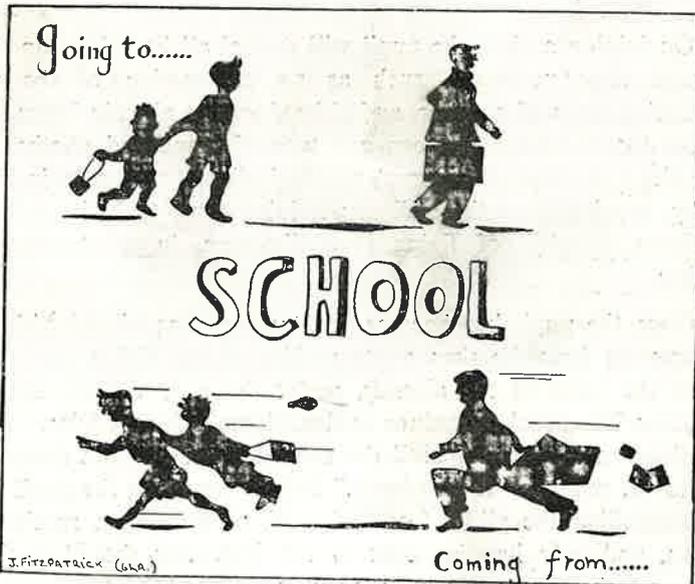
On the control panel of a glider, there are, fortunately, very few dials to watch. The most important is the variometer, which indicates all vertical movement, or lift. This latter is one of the greatest aids to flying. It provides the power to stay aloft, and without it a glider would be continually descending. There is also an altimeter, and an air-speed indicator.

Depending on the weather, a pupil should, if he has made fairly good progress, be able to fly solo, after about thirty flights.

There is no set age limit at which a pupil can touch the rudder pedals. Parents' consent, however, is needed for those under sixteen years of age, and no one can fly solo until reaching this.

So why not become a "glider" yourself, or at least enjoy the thrill of seeing or taking part in a gliding demonstration?

F. McKENNA, 5LA



The Bog Meadows Wonder

I WONDER did yis ever hear tell of Michelangelo McCrackin's experiment? Och, man, sure he built a rocket ship up on the Bog Meadows and, enlistin' my aid, planned to be the first man on the moon.

Michelangelo, bein' a clever lad, didn't want to borrow the money, because if he didn't come back, his poor ould mother would be left with thousands to pay off and her without a brass farthin' to her name. How came this lad's great brainwave. He went on a house-to-house collection, tryin' to scrounge some dough from his neighbours. An' when them misers heard that Michelangelo wanted to preserve Ireland's name for all postremity, their £. s. d. was soon forked out. But Michelangelo also used his brain in another manner. He held a Michelangelo MacCrackin Flag Day. There he was out on Ormeau Avenue with a tray full of bits of paper with pins in them. They wur the flags. Them dopes on Ormeau Avenue soon forked out their dough when Michelangelo told them that the proceeds was in aid of all of the old folks what was needy!

In these aforesaid manners, our brain-child collected £100-10-3½. Never before in the Little May Street area of Belfast had such wealth been seen. Goin' round to Billy Trainor's scrap metal yard, he purchased 100 tons of ould motor cars, buses, etc. These he got melted down in his back yard over a bonfire which he had bin tendin' with a mother's care from the Twelfth the year before. He moulded this ore, with my skilled aid of course, into the required shapes. The engine for the rocket was precured from some ould tractor what was knocked off by Michelangelo from some ould field up at Ballymuckamore. (A dab hand at knockin' off was our Michelangelo.) Every night the neighbourhood of Little May Street resounded with the clang of Michaelangelo's hammer and the flow of curses when Michaelangelo's hammer hit his thumb. Soon work had pergressed so far that the .op of the rocket could be saw perjectin' higher than Telephone House.

Wordies horse was the next instrumentation in the conquest of space by the Irish. For the Corperation got complained to by some fella from down the street. An' Michelangelo was compelled to continue with his experimentation up on the Bog Meadows. Wordies proudly loaned Michelangelo a horse an' cart for to carry his great rocket up to the launchin' ramp.

Up on the Bog Meadows the work was perceedin' slower. Have any of youse tried to build a great big rocket in 3½ feet of mud an' water? Every night the kids from Andersonstown came to our site and tried to put an end to Ireland's hope in the conquest of the outer helmitsphere. Michelangelo had to camp out in the end with a hatchet in his hand, waitin' to split open the head of the first perisher as

appeared on the area of his site. Of course when they saw Michelangelo there, they all made theirselves scarce.

The work was nearin' completin'. Michelangelo and muself worked like men what wur possessed. Soon over the Bog Meadows there arose a rocket ship. The men upon Divis thought we were I.T.V. blokes as was buildin' another mast. Then we was finished. There it stood, gleaming metal. Then sez I, "Michelangelo, have ya not forgotten somethin'? Where's the door, and the window? An' how are ya goin' to get the motor in?"

"Quite simple, old boy," ses he. "We can always endeavour to employ our crunions, domes or vaults to the best of our ability in such matters of extreme cruciality."

"Man dear!" ses I, "can ya not speak English. What the dickens are we goin' to do?"

Well, brain-child MacCrackin' started thinkin' in real earnest then and eventuality he turned up with the idea of gettin' hould of Noel O'Flaherty's ozy-acemolina burner. Soon he had burned out room for one door, three windows, an' also room for one patch on the right knee of his begs.

Work was goin' on right an' good when some ould fella saunters up and sez what we owed him £20-10-3¼ on account as we had our rocket parked on his bit a bog. Michelangelo, takin' him to one side, like an' as a famous man once said edimieated the iggerant. He tould him a pack of lies as how he was buildin' a rocket what was goin' to make Ireland the pioneer in space travel an' in which Ireland was goin' to be the first man on the moon, like. Well, when thon ould lad heard this and when Michaelangelo tould him that his name and the name of the Bog Meadows would go down in History, he reduced his price to three an' a tanner. But once agin our lad's brain pervailed an' yer man went off with three bob in his pocket!

The launchin' day was drawin' near. But then we hit the one an' only problem of the buildin' of the rocket. Sez I to Michelangela one dreary, dull, dead winter's day, "Man dear, there's only one thing I want to know. What's this thing goin' to run on?"

"Petrol, old boy," sez he.

"An' from whence are we goin' ta get the peterl?" sez I. Trust me ta think of somethin what Michelangelo hadn't thought of. There wus only one way out of our perdicament. We hadda sifon it off from all the cars!

That night we went the rounds of all the cars in the Little May Street area of Belfast. I carried the peerl cans an' the lad, not bein' very strong in physic, carried the tube. "Now," sez I, "who's gonna suck this here peterl out a them thee cars?"

Sez the lad, "I am, of course." Well there an' then he got started to suckin' out the peterl. By an' by he looks up at me an' he sez,

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"I say, old boy, some of these automobiles or, as the French say, voitures, have a very poor standard of five and tenpenny fuel."

Then—disaster. Along danders a copper, one what was about six feet three in his stockin' soles. Sez he to us gruff like, "Now what would he be doin' there suckin' peterl out a cars?" Sez I to him, "We're not suckin' it out, we're blowin' it in." Well, that seemed to satisfy the ould eejit an off he danders again. Michelangelo was on the verge of collapse by now, so I decided that we'd got enough peterl, an' pickin' Michelangelo up off the wet footpath, we set of home. Passin' along John Street Michaelangelo could be smelt comin' for miles! But we weren't worryin' cos our mission was done.

The day had come. All Belfast had turned up on Divis Hill for ta see the lunchin' of the rocket. There was Billie Trainor, half of Wordies establishment, all the Andersonstown nosey-parkers, and all Michelangelo's family. There they stood, waitin' for the night to ascend like a soft blanket over mother earth, for, like Michelangelo said, he wanted ta see where he was goin'! By an' by the moon came out, or at least what should have been the moon. For all what we seen was somethin' what looked like half an orange turned sideways.

"Sure an' he'll never hit that wee thing up there!" sez Mrs. MacCrackin', near to tears at the thought of loosin' her loved and cherried one.

"Woman dear," sez I, "there's more up there nor you can see from down here. Michelangelo an' muself knows all about the moon. Didn't we look it up in an encyclomania." Well that there bit of a sentence soon closed her gob.

The hour was at hand. From our station we saw Michelangelo bravely advance towards the rocket. Some ould dame was shoutin' out the **Our Father** for the happy repose of his soul. At the doorway he turned an' waved bravely to us. Tears was fallin' hot an' heavy onto the turf of Divis. Then he entered his mine rocket ship, perhaps never more to be seen by human eyes.

10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1—Zero! Bang! Whoosh! It was off! It flew. Up! Up! Up! But then we took another look. There sittin' on the ground in the middle of a heap of floorboards was Michelangelo. The floor of the rocket had fell out an' the rocket was off to the moon by itself.

As Michelangelo rejoined us, there was a queer look on his face. "I wonder," sez he at last, "would it be possible to make a synthetic plastic out of Woodbines."

The Coloured Ink Enthusiast



To add to masters' sweetness,
 And make their choler shrink,
 Young Will improved his neatness
 By using coloured ink,
 And spread the hues of vetches
 And reds of eastern wines
 On little purple sketches
 And scarlet underlines.

From all his waistcoat pockets
 There bristled pens arrayed,
 In rows of little sockets
 That Mama Will had made ;
 And each one bore a label
 Of paper gummified,
 By which young Will was able
 To tell the ink inside.

While others emulated
 His colourific skill,
 Will only titivated
 More colourfully still ;
 And so kaleidoscopic
 Grew every map and graph,
 They formed a single topic
 Of converse among the staff.

Now Will was not a lover
 Of learning outs and ins,
 But coloured ink can cover
 A multitude of sins ;
 So he, whose hues could dazzle
 The pedagogic eyes,
 Beat others to a frazzle
 In every exercise.

So high grew his position
 That masters, placing bets,
 (He'll get an exhibition
 Whatever else he gets ")

Unanimously voted
 To fill his happy cup,
 By having him promoted
 To classes higher up.

And still his work was decked
 With a dozen different hues,
 And furbished-up and flecked
 With a blaze of reds and blues ;
 But where his course had been
 like
 A rocket in its rise,
 It now grew submarine-like,
 And went contrariwise.

Then those who'd placed their
 wagers
 On Will, and Willy's brain ;
 Yes, even older stagers,
 Were baffled to explain
 How he, whose swift ascension
 Had soothed in one and all
 Each trace of apprehension,
 Should so decline and fall.

And though in accents knowing,
 Each argued through his hat,
 Of eyestrain, overgrowing,
 And other tripe like that—
 The eyes of Will's new master
 Were never brought to mind ;
 'Twas they brought Will's
 disaster—
 The man was colour blind !



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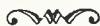


Macra An Ogra

Go goirid i ndiaidh tús a chur le hobair no scoilbhliana tionóladh an chéad chruinniú de Mhacra an Ogra. Cúigear isdáchad a bhí i láthair idir bhaill úra agus sean--hondúirí. Bhí cuid mhór acusan sa Ghaeltacht an samhradh roimhè agus bhí siadsan níos díograisí ná ariamh fá labhairt na Gaeilge..

Bhí cruinniú seachtainiúil ann achán Diardaoin i Halla Chluan Ard, Sráid na Sceachóige. Lean an cruinniú ar feadh dhá uair a chloig go leith, agus idir ceol, cluichí agus cleachtadh cainnte de sílfín gur bhain na baill tairbhe mhór as. Le cuidiú an Bhráthar Beausang tá thart fá fiche amhrán gaolacha ar eolas againn anois.

Amach ón chruinniú coiteann achán seachtain tharla dhá shiamsa againn i rith na bliana. Thaitin siadsan go mór le gach duine a bhí i láthair.



Siamsa Na Nollag

Bhí cuirm ar leith againn ag an Nollaig agus rinne gach ball a dhícheall le féasta thar barr a dhéanamh de. Thug gach duine a sciar féin de bhunóga, cístí, úlla, oráisti, milseáin agus rudaí eile leis. Ach b'é an Bráthair a bhronn an chuid is mó de na sóláisti orainn. Bhí neart fairsinge sa tseomra ceoil le damhsaí a dhéanamh agus le scannán a léiriú. Ar ndóigh bhí ceal agus chuichí cuirme againn. Cheol an Br. de Grás agus an Br. Beausang amhráin dúinn agus hobair gur tarraingíodh an díon anuas orainn le bualadh bos. B'ócáid í seo nach ndéanfaimid dearmad di go ceann tamaill fhada.

Thar Teorainn O Dheas

Shíl na baill gur ag brionglóidigh bhí siad nuair a scaipeadh an ráfla go mbéadh turas againn go Baile Atha Cliath ar lá Fhéile Phádraig. Ach chan brionglóid ar bith a bhí ann ach lomchnámh na fírinne. Cruinníodh na gasraí uilig i gceann a chéile ag an scoil, ghlacadh grianghrafíden scaifte agus níorbh fhada ina dhiaidh sin ocht gcáranna lán dinn ar an bhealach chuig an ardchathair. Bhain muid uilig pléisiúir mór as an turas. Bhí an ghrian ag soillsiú agus an aimsir chomh galánta agus d'iarrfadh do bheal a bheith. Stad muid i dtrátha an aon déag ag Gleann an Fhéich Dhuibh, áit a raibh liomóid, bunóga agus ceapairí againn.

Chomh luath géar agus bhain muid an chathair amach chuamar díreach chuig bialann agus bhí dinnéar breá againn. Ar aghaidh linn ansin go Páirc an Chrócaigh leis na cluichí ceannais sa pheil agus san iomáint a fheiceáil. Ba é seo cuspóir ár dturais agus caithfidh mé a rá nár chorraigh mo chuid fola go dtí sin. Bhí gliondar chóir ar na baill ag amharc ar na fóirne ab' fhearr in Eirinn ag coimhlint lena chéile.

I ndiaidh an tae dhúinn chaith muid uair nó dhó ag spaisteoireacht thart fá shráideanna aille Atha Cliath. Níl cuimhne ró mhaith agam ar an bhealach chun an bhaile no bhí mé sáraithe amach, ach thig liom seo a rá nach ndéanfaimid dearmad a choíche ar Lá Fhéile Phádraig 1958!

Chuir an turas úd críoch mhaith le hobair an Mhacra i mbliana. Ach ní thiochfadh liom deireadh a chur leis an tuairisc seo gan ár mhuíochas a ghabháil leis an Bhráthair a bhí i mbon na hoibre mar ba é ba chiontaí leis na gnaithe uilig. Go mairidh sé.

CIARAN MAC EOIN, Rúnaí.



Baill Na Bliana '57-'58

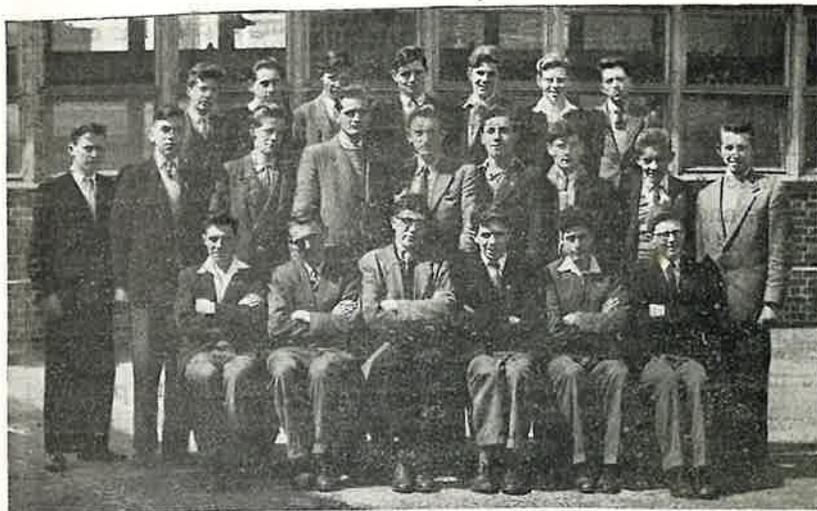
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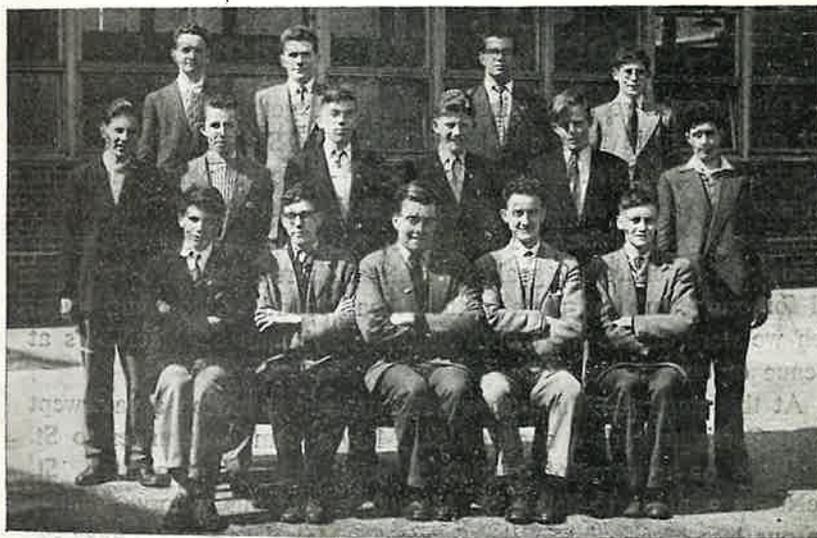
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Cogra Eireann — Baill Na Bliana '57—'58



Debating Society — Members For Year '57—'58

Debating Society

During the past two or three years, a Debating Society has existed in the School. It was modelled on very informal lines, which perhaps accounted for the interest of the boys in its activities. Membership was not compulsory, nor was a permanent Chairman appointed. Anyone in fourth, fifth or sixth year was invited to attend the meetings, though there were a few excellent speakers who were never absent from meetings, and who formed the core of the Society.

The topics discussed at the meetings were of a very varied nature, and the speakers appointed invariably treated the subject in hand very exhaustively. One of the early motions was "That Capital Punishment Should be Abolished." Some of the points raised both pro and con were unexpectedly concrete, and indicated very careful and profound preparation. Later, we had "That Conscription Should be Introduced in this Country," which was followed by "That the Pen is Mightier than the Sword" and "That Russia is being Over-estimated."

On one occasion a team from the school opposed the Past Pupils' Union on the motion "That the Age of Chivalry has Gone." We lost.

We realise that our Society will not provide the political leaders of the future, but we hope that we shall be able to give our students some practice in addressing an audience of more than one or two persons. The necessity for some kind of training in this matter has been impressed upon us frequently. We hope that our humble efforts will be able to help towards meeting this necessity.

E. RODGERS.

Senior Hurling League

This year the school Senior Hurling team got off to a reasonably good start when, in their first game, played at St. Malachy's College grounds, they held St. Malachy's to a draw—1 goal 6 points each. In their next game they did even better when they defeated St. MacNissi's College at Garron Tower. The final score read: St. Mary's, 2 goals 3 points, St. MacNissi's 2 goals 1 point. This result seemed to augur well for our team's prospects in the second round of the competition, when we were due to meet both St. Malachy's and St. MacNissi's at a venue of our choice.

At this stage the 'flu took a hand in events, and on a rainswept sod at Corrigan Park a depleted St. Mary's team went under to St. MacNissi's on a score of 4 goals 1 point against 4 points. St. MacNissi's went on to defeat St. Malachy's, and this victory, coupled with our loss of a point in the drawn St. Malachy's match, gave St. MacNissi's the trophy and disappointed our players, who had hoped to meet St. MacNissi's for a third encounter. The St. Mary's team was as follows:

N. Cushley, S. Rice, J. O'Reilly, D. Armstrong, J. Daly, G. McRory, D. O'Connor, E. McGoran, M. Dowling, J. McCloskey, P. Lenzi, Sean Rice, P. Trainor, G. Mullaney, E. Sloan, M. Fox.

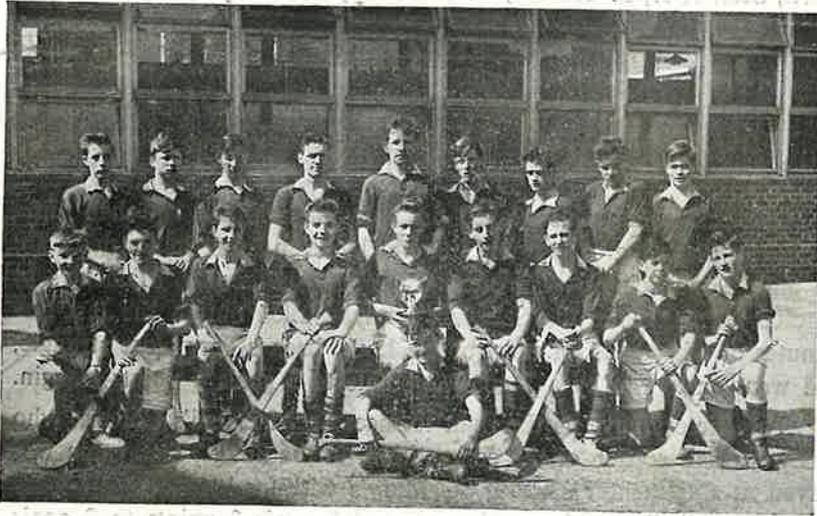
Junior Hurling Cup

Our first game was played in Downpatrick and we had little trouble in disposing of a young but plucky team from St. Patrick's De La Salle High School. The next game saw us face St. Malachy's in MacRory Park. Here the St. Mary's boys pulled out in the last few minutes of what had, for most of the hour, been a very close struggle, and went on to win by a 7 goals 3 points to 3 goals 4 points margin.

This victory gave us the right to meet St. MacNissi's College, who had won their section of the competition, in the final. This game was played at Casement Park and St. Mary's withstood a do-or-die rally by St. MacNissi's to win on the score of 2 goals 3 points to 2 goals 1 point. This victory regained for us the coveted Gallagher Cup which we had last held in 1956. The team was selected from the following: G. McMenamin, E. Sloan, S. Rice, H. Johnston, A. Daly, J. Daly, S. Maguire, J. McCloskey, P. Morris, P. Downey, Sean Rice, L. McGrady, A. McMahan, B. Sharkey, T. McCloskey, D. Cashman, P. Rice, J. Walsh.



SENIOR HURLERS



Ulster Colleges' Junior Champions



Rannafast Team

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SENIOR HUNTERS

Football

CORN NA NOG

Our first opponents in this competition were Hardinge Street C.B.S. We managed to secure the verdict by a narrow margin after a hard-fought game. Next came the game against St. MacNissi's College, Garron Tower, where our team again emerged victorious. By this victory St. Mary's had won their section of the Corn na nOg Competition. We were drawn against Derry in the provincial semi-final. In this game, played at Omagh, we had to yield second best to a strong Derry team which defeated us on the score of 3 goals 6 points to 2 goals 4 points. The St. Mary's team was selected from: G. Taggart, J. McAlister, P. Rice, V. Hughes, S. Cochrane, E. Sloan, M. O'Neill, L. Murphy, E. Cunningham, L. Barr, J. Maguire, D. McKeatinge, W. O'Neill, J. Walsh, D. Brannigan, R. Prenter, C. McEntee, S. Hughes.



Rannafast Cup

In this competition our players flattered only to deceive. In their first match against St. MacNissi's College, played at MacRory Park, they won on the score of 5 goals 4 points to 2 goals 5 points. The team's confidence was, however, rudely shaken when in the next game, played at St. Malachy's College grounds, they were heavily defeated. As St. MacNissi's had previously beaten St. Malachy's, a play-off for divisional honours was necessary. It fell to the lot of St. Mary's to travel to Garron Tower to take on St. MacNissi's. In a keen hard-fought game the homesters emerged worthy winners on the score of 4 goals 4 points to 2 goals 4 points. The St. Mary's team was selected from the following: B. Sharkie, D. Armstrong, D. O'Connor, J. Rice, J. Keegan, J. Daly, D. Brannigan, P. Lenzi, E. McGoran, S. Davey, Sean Rice, V. McCormick, T. Howie, M. O'Neill, N. Cushley, H. Holland, B. McMullan, J. Campbell, G. McMenamin.

EUGENE MCGORAN.



MacMahon and Corn na nOg Team

Swimming and Water Polo

IT has often been said that the Ulster Schools' Water Polo League is the nursery of Irish water polo; then surely St. Mary's must breed the best players. This can easily be seen from their record. In 149 League games since 1944 they have only been defeated once, and that was during the season they lost the Canada Trophy, which is the prize for the League winners. In fourteen years only six games have been drawn, and the League has been won thirteen times. Many now famous players who have played for Ireland or Ulster were on those teams. We are specially famous for our goalkeepers—Jim Murray, Bob Morrison, Maurice Gallagher and Mick Daly have all made their mark on Ulster 'polo. The first three have represented the Province.

This year's team consisted of four from the previous year, so it can be understood it had quite a lot of experience. The team is: S. Broderick, M. Lally (capt.), B. Boyle, A. McCorry, M. Tierney and B. Dean. This was one of the easiest years for St. Mary's, the League being won by a margin of six points. We scored an average of six goals per match, the total tally being 93 goals. M. Tierney was the chief goal-scorer, getting about a third of this total. Our first stiff match was with St. Malachy's, the team that nearly beat us in the corresponding match the year before. But we won it quite easily by four goals to 1. We were then ready to take on R.B.A.I., our chief danger and oldest rivals. The "Inst" team was nervy, and looked more so when they lost the toss. Their confidence was stepped-up when they won the squadron race before the match. Lally gave us our last-minute instructions, telling Broderick to watch the long shots at goal, and the

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rest of us to mark our men closely. After a fiery opening, Ron Graham, the "Inst" captain, surprisingly scored from an acute angle; it was a wonderful goal. This made us sit up, and we managed to draw level

by half-time. Two second-half goals clinched the game for us.

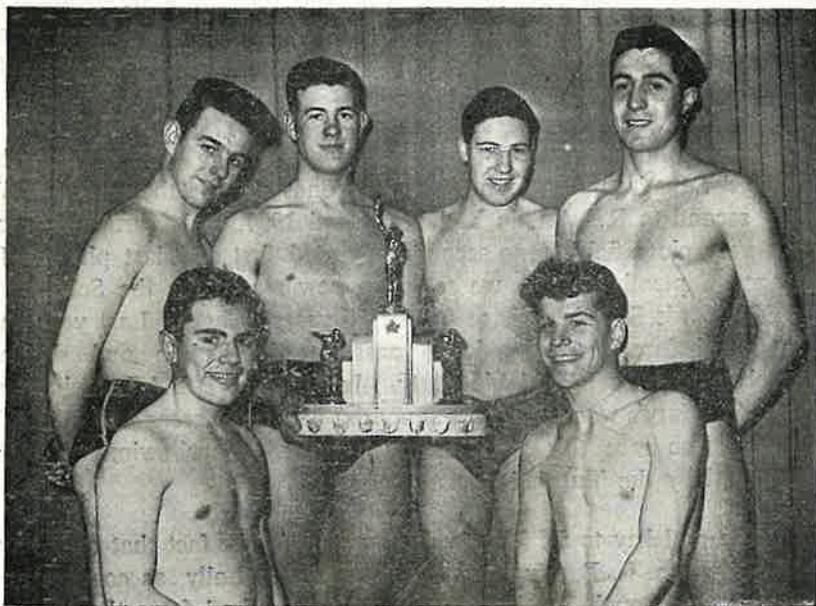
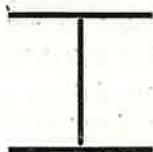
Now we were midway through the League and had scored 50 goals. We decided to try and be the first school team to score 100 goals in the League. The second round was much the same as the first, with St. Malachy's providing the hardest match instead of R.B.A.I. The week before we were due to play them, they beat "Inst" by five goals to three, in one of the best games of the League. This lowered our "ego," and we entered the water the following week rather shakily. But we won by three goals to one, and the score was kept down by our own bad start. We finished the League by putting four goals past the "Inst" keeper, and remained unbeaten throughout the season. We were disappointed at not scoring a century of goals. It eluded us in a game against R.B.A.I. (A), when we scored 11 goals. But because one of their team did not turn up, and they "borrowed" a player from their first team, they "scratched" the match, and we were only allowed one goal of the total we had scored against the strengthened team. Since the end of the League we have beaten a selected team from the rest of the League twice (four goals to one and four goals to nil) and a team from R.B.A.I. in a five-a-side tournament (two goals to one). Our Second team did quite well by coming in fourth in the League, a good sign for the future. That team was: B. Kerr, D. Lappin, B. Briggs, B. O'Neill, P. Murray, P. Boyle, with G. Lambe reserve.

In swimming we are not quite so successful. In 1955 we won the Schools' Squadron Cup in a time .3 seconds outside the record. We were second to R.B.A.I. in both 1956 and 1957, and fourth this year in a very close finish (one second separated first and last place). In Bangor, September, 1957, we set up a new record for the Schools' 4 by 33½ Yards Squadron Race (under 16 years of age). Last year and the year before we distinguished ourselves in Dublin and showed ourselves to be a formidable party. In 1956, at R.B.A.I. Swimming Gala, St. Mary's won the senior squadron and came second to R.B.A.I. in the same race this year, although most of our swimmers were weakened by the 'flu epidemic.

The real key to St. Mary's successes lie in the fact that they have had Rev. Bro. L. B. Murphy, and later Mr. J. Lally, as coaches and advisers. Although Brother Murphy is now retired from the position of chief coach, he still takes a real interest in us and comes to our practices often. Another factor is the interest of the "Old Boys," like Bob Morrison, Brendan McCrea and Seamus Murray, who offer advice and are very helpful. They come up to our practices and show us the

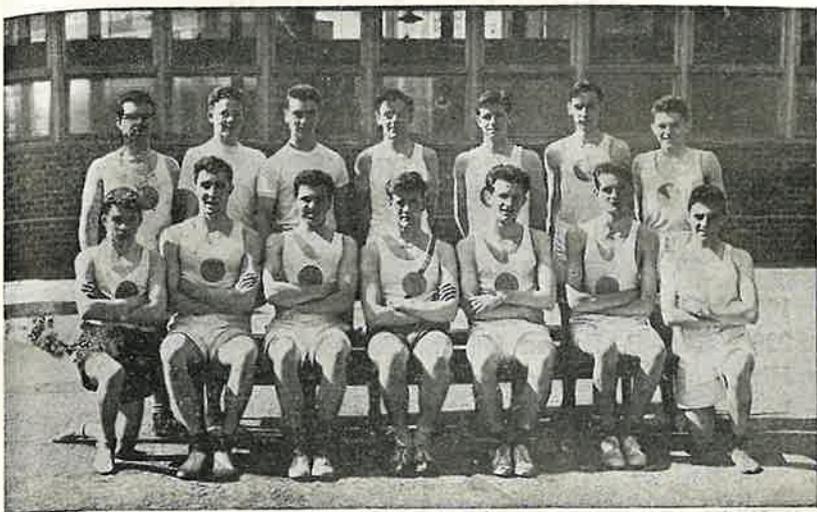
proper way to play. The team-work and unselfishness of each member of the team has also helped us considerably. There could be no better captain than Michael Lally, who is definitely our "Player of the Year." The best prospect in the school is, without doubt, Mick Tierney, who is already on the first team and is only a Third Year student! Boys like Joe McAlea and Eamonn McPeake will some day lead us to victory, so keep a note of their names. And lastly, my forecast for the League winners next year—why, St. Mary's, of course!

A. McCORRY (5 SA)

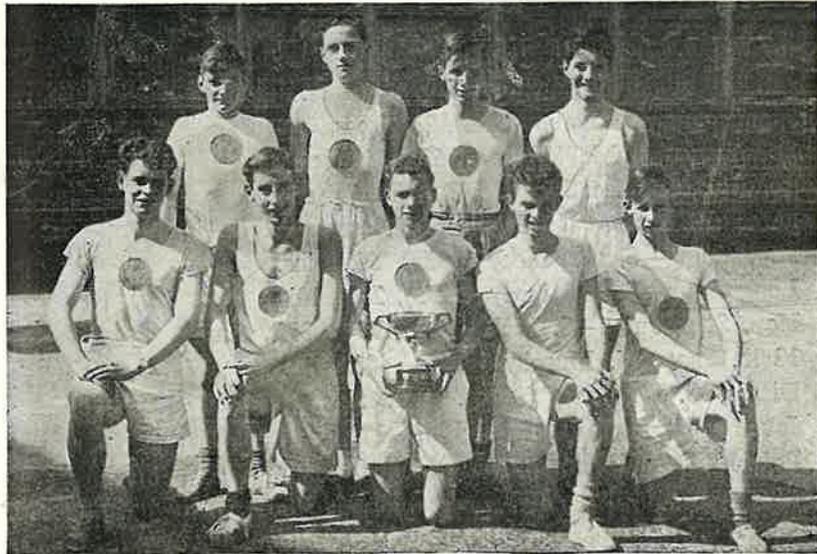


Water Polo Team with Canada Trophy

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SENIOR ATHLETIC TEAM



INTERMEDIATE ATHLETIC TEAM

Athletic Records

Under 13

- 80 Yards—B. Murphy (1958), 10.1 secs.
 High Jump—E. Cunningham (1956), 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—J. Lamont (1949), 15ft 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—C. McLynn (1958), 5ft. 0ins.
 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.
 Mile—J. Leathem (1953), 4 m. 52.8 secs.
 High Jump—S. McKinney (1955), 5ft. 6ins.
 Long Jump—S. McKinney (1955), 20ft. 10ins.
 Hop, Step, Jump—S. McKinney (1954), 39ft. 6ins.
 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.

Retreat

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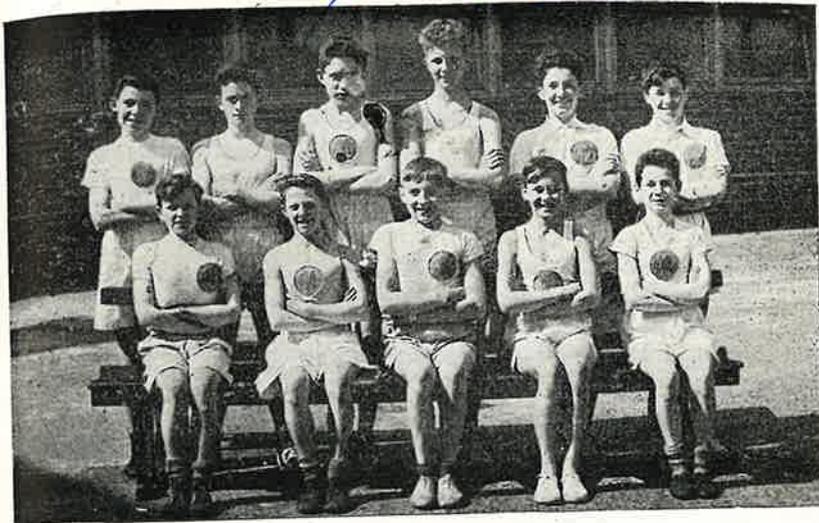
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JUNIOR ATHLETIC TEAM

Our Annual Functions

Retreat

The annual Enclosed Retreat for the Seniors was held, as usual, in Ardglass in October, and, again as usual, was efficiently organised by Bro. Kelly and Mr. Mulrean. More than one hundred boys had the great advantage of spending three days in quiet and contemplation (I hope the two organisers have no comments to make at this point) under the benign guidance of Frs. Gorey and Connolly, C.S.S.R. We offer our sincere thanks to the C.B.P.P.U., who this year are underwriting the cost of transport to Ardglass.

Prize Day

Again this year St. Mary's Hall was packed to capacity by parents and boys. Dr. Mageean, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, paid us the great compliment of attending. Following on the headmaster's report, His Lordship gave an inspiring address, in the course of which he congratulated the boys on their successes and emphasised their obligation to show the results of their education in being exemplary Catholics and patriotic Irishmen.

His Lordship presented prizes to the winners of University Scholarships and to the best boy in each class. Mr. J. Kavanagh, President of the C.B.P.P.U., who spoke most appreciatively of his old school, presented the Certificates to the successful Junior and Senior Certificate candidates.

His Lordship, Mr. Kavanagh and the parents enjoyed (we hope) the short concert in which the boys showed forth the results of the

expert tuition of Mr. Sean Dynan and Mr. Tom Cooney. It consisted of a mime ("The Good Samaritan"), a comedy ("The King Who Limped"), and a parody on school life ("The Troubadours"); part singing by the Junior choir; and a selection of Irish dances by D. Coyle. Mrs. A. Daly kindly assisted at the piano. A word of thanks is due to the parents of the boys taking part in the concert for providing uniforms and costumes suited to the various roles.

Prize Winners

Religious Knowledge : Michael O. Daly (Senior), Best in Diocese ; Brian A. Curran (Junior), 2nd in Diocese ; Special Prize for being third Senior in Diocese, Patrick Clint.

State Exhibition Scholarship : Henry Levinson.

University Scholarships : John K. Conlon, John F. Creaner, Michael O. Daly, Michael J. Lambe, Anthony J. Lambon, Sean C. McMenamin, Peter J. Mullan, Michael B. O'Donnell, John Price, Francis X. Thompson, Gerard M. Thompson, Patrick P. Waters, Eoin R. Woodman.

Best in Class : 1A, James R. Haughey ; 1B, James F. Collins ; 1C, Bernard J. Rooney ; 2A, Patrick J. Hughes ; 2B, John S. McLoughlin ; 2C, Peter D. Downey ; 2D, Peter B. Morris ; 3A, John J. Haughey ; 3B, Cornelius Cunningham ; 3C, Norman Forsythe ; 3D, Raymond T. Prenter ; 3E, Eugene McEleavy ; 3F, Joseph Cochrane ; 4LA, Eamon J. Rodgers ; 4LB, Daniel O'Connor ; 4SA, Daniel V. McCaughan ; 4SB, Thomas J. Davey ; 5A, John Watson ; 5B, Michael Donoghue ; 5C, Maurice J. McKeating ; 6A, Henry Levinson ; 6B, Dominic McGoran.

Vocations Week and School Mass

We have established this function in the week containing the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes and in this centenary year it was most appropriate. Fr. D. Wilson very willingly lent his services again to address the Senior Boys and the question of priestly and religious vocations was emphasised in special religious instructions throughout the week. The intention of the Mass—for guidance in choice of state of life—was not, of course, solely directed towards vocations to the priesthood and the religious life, but was to ask of God through the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes the necessary help for all students in making their choice.

We thank Rev. Fr. McAlea, Adm., St. Mary's, for his unflinching co-operation in this most important of our annual functions. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Fr. Wilson, St. Malachy's College. We regard his presence with us that day as a sign that we are at one with our friendly scholastic and athletic rivals in the purpose of training the Grammar School boys of Belfast to be a credit to their Faith and to their city.

Sports Day

In spite of inclement weather all the athletic events were successfully run-off on Tuesday, May 20th, in Celtic Park. The Staff Race caused the usual great interest and excitement. A special feature of the evening's proceedings was a filming, in colour, of the various events.

We wish to express our sincerest thanks to the Committee of Celtic Park for the facilities afforded. Our thanks are also due to St. Teresa's Scout Troop for the erection and use of their fine tent.

1958 SCHOLARSHIPS LIST

University Scholarships :

Belfast : Boden, James P. ; Donoghue, Michael ; Flynn, James ; Fox, Malachi ; Marshall, Patrick ; Monaghan, Brian ; McLoughlin, Bernard ; McMillan, Brian ; McNicholl, Roderick ; O'Keeffe, Philip ; O'Prey, Henry ; O'Sullivan, Daniel ; Wales, John ; Watson, John.

Co. Antrim : Cushley, Nigel ; Dowling, Michael ; McCormick, Patrick.

Co. Down : Clint, Patrick ; Murray, Robert.

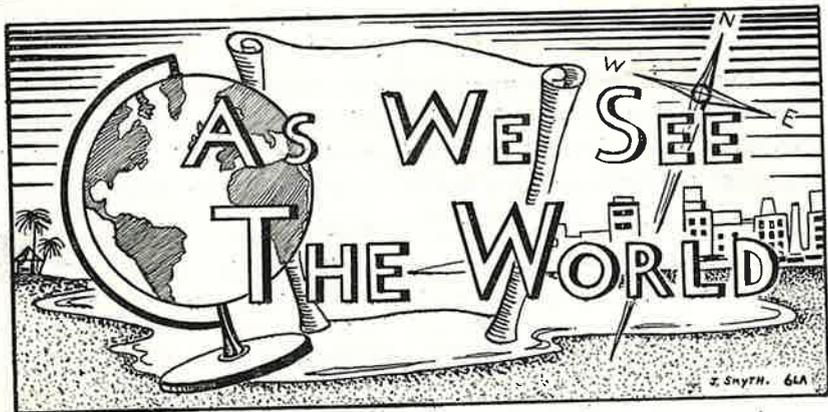
Co. Armagh : Tipping, Michael F.

National Coal Board : McKeating, Maurice J.

Further Education Award : Dick, Kevin (Architecture).



VOCATION LITERATURE ATTRACTS ATTENTION



My Trip to Spain

ON the first Tuesday in May we left Lourdes (where I had the great honour of serving Mass at the Grotto) for San Sebastian. Our journey through the Basque country afforded some delightful contrasting scenery—high rugged mountains, smiling valleys and always the strong blinding sunlight.

The Basques, though classed as Spaniards, speak a language completely their own. In fact it has been said that the closest thing to it is Chinese. They have their own police force and for many years have been trying to get themselves recognised as an independent state. It was here that much of the fighting of the Civil War took place, and though twenty years have passed one may still see the damage caused there. Having had our visas and passports checked at Irum (for all, even Spaniards themselves, if caught without papers, are put in gaol immediately) we reached San Sebastian in time for lunch.

We never got used to Spanish eating habits. Breakfast consisted of coffee and rolls, bacon and eggs was unheard of, lunch of what appeared to be raw meat and macaroni; and finally an enormous meal at 7 p.m., which took two hours to eat and three to digest!

Our second afternoon was spent at Loyola Castle, quite a journey from San Sebastian. The Spanish priests welcomed us and acted as escort. Each room in the castle is a beautifully decorated chapel. We saw the room where St. Ignatius of Loyola was born and the one where he lay wounded after the battle of Pamplona. The latter is called the Chapel of Conversions and it was here that Our Lady and St. Peter appeared to him. In the enormous dome-like Basilica we attended Benediction before departing, and were much struck by the devotion of the Spaniards.

We visited quite a few churches in Spain. They were all very large (sometimes three or four times the size of St. Mary's) and almost invariably packed with Spanish women. In Spain, as in Ireland, the women seem to do enough praying for both sexes. What impressed us very much was the family groups scattered throughout the churches reciting the rosary aloud.

On our way to Saragossa we stopped at Xavier, where we had our most memorable reception, for as we approached the fine old castle, much to our delight we heard the Irish National Anthem being played from a gramophone. It was here, however, that we encountered our old problem of Spanish food. Our host had gone to the trouble of serving up (what was to him) a splendid meal. There were seven courses. I battled gallantly through the soup and the fish but the arroz, a dish of rice, chicken, shell-fish, etc., was my Waterloo and already feeling a little sick from the heat I was forced to retire. Juan, our Spanish guide, however, ate both his own and mine with great gusto. Our poor host was in consternation. "What was wrong? Was the food not good?" In desperation he brought me a huge bowl of milk and to pacify him I drank it. It was goat's milk. To this day I wish I had eaten the arroz.

After lunch we were shown the old castle and saw the room in which St. Francis Xavier was born. Especially interesting was the large carved crucifix which is supposed to have shed blood while St. Francis was labouring in the East.

When we had spent a few days in Saragossa and paid our respects to Our Lady of the Pilar, we left for Barcelona. Our hotel there was situated in the suburbs and each day we used to travel by underground into the city. It was on one of these trips that a rather amusing incident occurred. A few of the boys wearing blazers were stopped by a policeman who started babbling at them in Spanish. A bystander who happened to speak English came up and explained to the boys that they were being accused of wearing pyjamas in the street. Eventually after much explanation the matter was settled and the policeman went away happy.

We stayed in Barcelona for a week and it is of it that I have the most vivid memories: the broad streets reflecting the bright sunlight, the bright yellow taxi-cabs, the men in casual clothes, self-assured, easy going and proud, their dark handsome faces lit by a sudden grin of the whitest of white teeth. All these things come to mind when I think of Spain, but particularly our visit to Monserrat where we heard the world famous boys' choir. It was here that St. Ignatius of Loyola offered his sword to the statue of Our Lady (The Black Madonna). Unfortu-

nately the sword was stolen by the Communists during the civil war and was never returned.

Back to the green parks and cool silver fountains of Barcelona in the hot afternoon. Indeed it was so hot that our visit to the replica of Christopher Columbus' ship was undertaken more out of duty than interest. It was a small, squat, black tub-like ship—very disappointing. So much for the "stately Spanish galleon."

That Spain is not a monotonous country, racially or scenically, was forcibly brought to our attention here again. The bustling Basque, with his mysterious language and his staunch Catholicity had been our first introduction to a people within a people. Then the arid plains of Castille had prepared us for the aloof Caballero with his musical Castillian. Here in Barcelona we were to meet another race—the businesslike Catalan, often referred to as the Aberdonian of Spain, with his language halfway between French and Spanish.

It was Barcelona at night that gave me a taste of the real Spain. Walking down the main street at night past the brightly lighted cafes loud with Spanish voices—all the normal stridency intensified enormously by the heat of argument, to be stopped by a sudden burst of Flamenco music from a night-club, was a distinctive experience. The strange cadence of this music startles and attracts the ear. It has something of the East and its arid spaces, something of the longing of the nomad. Some thought it resembled our traditional singing. That I leave to the experts! I stood watching the neon signs flash yellow against the velvet blue sky and listened. The high-pitched intensely emotional voice of the singer contrasted with the irregular throb and clash of the guitar. It has been said that Ireland's sad melodies reflect her troubled history. I think the flamenco does this for Spain and more. It conveys something of the proud, fiery personality of the people themselves.

Everyone felt sorry leaving Barcelona, but the day came when we had to return to Lourdes via Carcassone. This city is the medievalist's dream—a perfectly walled city containing some architectural gems of the middle ages. Its atmosphere was as soft as its name.

The next day we flew to Dublin Airport. There was a light drizzle falling when we arrived. "A fine soft day," said the air hostess. We looked at one another and thought of the blue sea and the yellow sun-drenched beaches of Spain.

JOHN P. HASSAY

Daddy Bear : Where is my whiskey ?
 Mammy Bear : And where is mine ?
 Baby Bear : Hic !

K. GRAY, 2B.



FORM 4LA

Back Row: N. Redmond, R. Shields, M. Greene, M. Parte, R. Prenter,
G. Dempsey, B. Holland.

Centre Row: W. Truman, F. McMullan, G. McMenamin, J. O'Connor,
F. Murphy, R. Mitchell, B. Branagh, V. Braniff,
G. O'Gorman.

Front Row: T. Howie, J. Wallace, F. Dolaghán, F. McGaffin, T.
McKenna, F. Hanna.

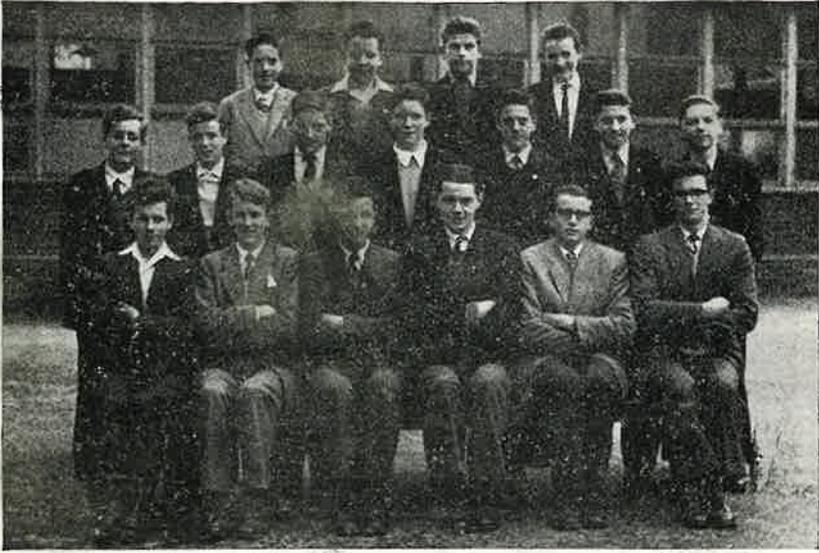


FORM 4SB

Back Row: T. McMahon, M. Purdy, J. Cochrane, N. McGrady.

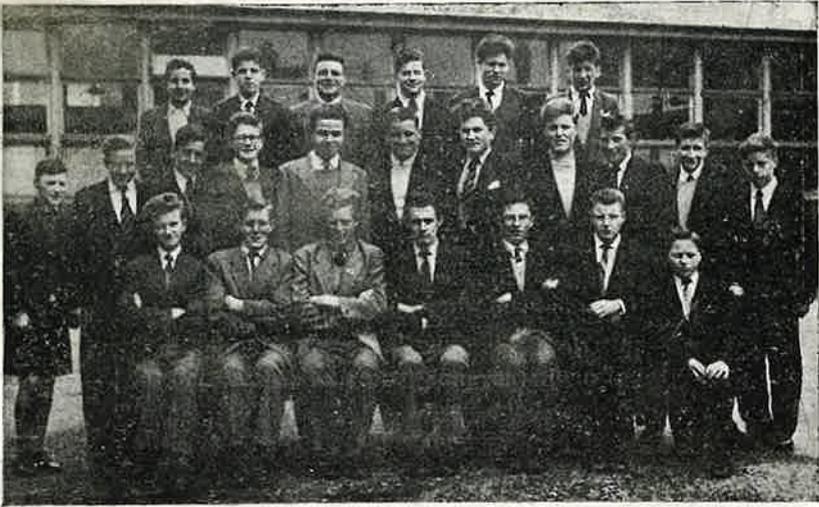
Centre Row: D. Eastwood, C. Cunningham, G. McKenna, D. Armstrong,
J. Davey, A. McDonnell, C. Kerr, C. McGrogan, D. Smyth.

Front Row: B. Sharkie, H. Holland, P. Boyle, F. Gallagher, J. Mullan,
B. Moore.



FORM 4SA

Back Row : S. McDermott, P. Forsythe, C. McEntee, J. Fox.
 Centre Row : B. Gorman, E. Wood, J. Keegan, J. McGuigan, C. McKeown, S. Carville, J. McCusker.
 Front Row : M. French, J. Hassey, R. Hughes, E. McEleavey, S. Laverty, J. Haughey.



FORM 4LB

Back Row : P. McGarry, T. O'Connor, J. Campbell, T. McComish, M. McGibbon, D. Halligan.
 Centre Row : J. Davies, J. Dougal, B. J. McBride, J. Martin, G. McShane, D. Sharkey, S. Irvine, J. Murray, D. Brannigan, T. O'Neill, J. Campbell.
 Front Row : T. Burke, J. McCloskey, B. McMullan, A. J. McBride, J. Cory, P. McCallum, D. Owens.

Malta

IN September, 1953, I had the good fortune to go, with the rest of the family, to Malta. This Mediterranean island is a British Naval base and dockyard, and my father who is serving in the Royal Navy, had been posted there for two and a half years. We had been preparing for the trip for three months, which to me seemed to be a succession of forms to be filled, injections to be got, trunks to be packed and visits to friends to say farewell. We left Belfast on the 11th of September, spent three days in London, and flew direct to Malta on the 15th.

The first thing that struck me, literally, about Malta was the heat. When we got to the island, the summer heat had passed, but the sirocco wind, which blows over Malta from the Sahara, was in full sway, and one could feel the sticky, dense heat clawing and sticking to one's body. We arrived at the house we had rented (incidentally, every building in Malta is constructed with huge limestone blocks, and the floors are nearly always tiled or made up of marble slabs), and it was then that we learned a lesson that stood us in good stead for the rest of our stay on the island. The fresh milk which my father, who had been in Malta three months already, had ordered in the morning had gone sour in the midday heat, because it had not been placed in a 'fridge or an ice-box. So we had our first cup of tea in Malta with tinned milk, and this, coupled with the horrible taste of the tapwater, did not give us a very auspicious start.

The Monday following our arrival on the island I had to start school, and the school I was to attend for the next two and a half years was a school for English children, who were living temporarily on the island. Naturally these children were mostly Protestant, but a Catholic chaplain and several Catholic teachers made ample provision for religious instruction in the school. This school was vastly different from St. Mary's, which I had attended for a year previously, in many ways, which, I personally think, could well be adapted beneficially in ours at the present time (with the notable exception of one, which will be self-evident). It was a co-educational school from the Infants School right up to the sixth year in the Grammar School, and this was an advantage in many respects. Firstly, the school could run, very successfully, amateur dramatics with girls acting as girls, and also, there was a very fine mixed choir. Besides, and here I quote direct from the Greek philosophers: "Living and working surrounded by beautiful objects exercises a good effect on the character as well as on the aesthetic sense!"

The teachers in the school were of both sexes, and a large number of the men were naval officers. An interesting feature about the school was that during the summer months, because of the heat, school hours were eight-thirty a.m. to 12-30 p.m. The physical training facilities were very extensive and P.T. was held both indoors and in the open

air. The rocky countryside was ideal for cross-country runs which were held frequently.

Malta itself is extremely small, about fifteen miles from end to end, with a population of over 320,000, which makes it one of the most densely populated areas for its size in the world. Most people are inclined to think of Malta as one island, but actually it consists of three relatively large islands: Malta, Gozo, and Comino (which is unoccupied) and about three smaller uninhabited ones. For such a small place it is chock-full of historical interest: it has been held by the Turks and the British; the Italians and Germans have tried unsuccessfully to destroy it; and it is one of the strongholds of Catholicism in the Mediterranean. St. Paul first brought Christianity to Malta when he was shipwrecked there. He converted the Roman Governor, Publius, who later became a saint and to whose memory a statue stands in Floriana, near Valetta, the capital of the island. It is the possessor of a painting of Our Lady reputed to be by St. Luke; it has the third largest supported church dome in the world; and it has the catacombs in which the Christians hid during the time of the Roman persecution. Incidentally, there is a rather gruesome story attached to the catacombs and it's this. Sometime before the last war, a teacher brought a party of schoolgirls to the catacombs to show them around. Unfortunately they got lost, and since the catacombs extend for some nine miles around they were never found, until one day, during an air raid in World War II, when the catacombs were utilised as shelters, an old lady discovered a pile of human skeletons in grotesque postures, which turned out to be the remains of the party.

There has been a great deal of controversy about the political situation in Malta, with particular reference to the policy of integration being carried on by Mr. Mintoff and his Maltese Labour Party. I think myself that a great deal of this trouble has been exaggerated beyond all measure, and any talk of Malta becoming another Cyprus is absolute balderdash. There are three parties in Malta, but one of these, the Progressive Constitutional Party, led by Mabel Strickland, is non-existent, at least in so far as having seats in the Maltese Parliament. So the Government of the island is left to two parties, the one led by Mr. Mintoff, and the other, perhaps misled by Dr. Borg-Olivier. In December, 1953, Dr. Borg-Olivier was elected as Prime Minister and he controlled the Parliament by a small majority. However, his leadership was so ineffectual and his policies so weak that he was forced to resign after six months, and at the ensuing elections, Mintoff was elected with a very large majority. His catch-phrase at that time was "Integration—Now or Never." Integration with Britain would place Malta on the same level as Northern Ireland, with Maltese M.P.s attending Westminster (though having seen some of them when they have been heated up over something, I do not think they would always be strict adherents to Parliamentary procedure). Unfortunately for Mr. Mintoff,

who, incidentally, although he himself denies it, has strong Communist leanings, this idealistic scheme has never materialised, and for both geographical and political reasons, I fear never will. As I see it, Malta's only salvation lies in the possibility of a more enthusiastic and capable leader taking over Dr. Borg-Olivier's party and ousting Mintoff at a general election.

In recent years great attempts have been made to establish Malta as a tourist centre, but nothing much has come of it for reasons I will explain. For one thing, Malta is too small to have any holiday interest for the tourist, and for another, her tourist facilities are negligible. The beaches in Malta are mostly rocky, and two years ago it was discovered that six feet beneath the surface of one of the few sandy beaches in the island, were nine land mines, which had been there since the end of the war! However, for those who are staying in the island for some time, it is really a wonderful place. The sky, from April to November, is always clear blue, which is reflected in the sea. Grapes grow on the vines which you find in almost every garden in Malta; oranges, tangerines, grapefruit grow wild; and the fruits which do not grow wild are extremely cheap in season. For example, I once bought a bag of eight large and lusciously ripe peaches for twopence!

Of course living in a place like Malta has its disadvantages as well as advantages. Everything imported from England is very dear. For instance, a bar of chocolate which costs sixpence in Britain costs ninepence or tenpence in Malta; milk is very scarce, that is to say, cows' milk is scarce, for with the island positively overflowing with goats, goat's milk is plentiful and cheap. However, most non-Maltese cannot stomach it, and so they pay through the nose for cow's milk. As I have said before, the water is bad: it is extremely bitter, and indeed it only passes through one filter between the rocks, from which it is piped, and the taps in the home. It is cut off from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. during June, July and August, and when it does come on it is almost undrinkable.

Malta is very close to both Sicily and Italy and also to North Africa, and such being the case it is very easy to go for a holiday to any of these places. One night's sailing brings one to Syracuse in Sicily, and from there the whole of Italy is waiting for the person who likes a holiday but who cannot really afford an expensive one. Personally, I did a three-week tour of Naples, Rome and Florence, staying in excellent hotels, with marvellous food, and making by coach a number of trips, for example, to Pompeii, and to Castelgandolfo, where I had the good fortune to have an audience with His Holiness the Pope. And all this on £20, completely inclusive of everything.

I have often been asked by curious people, "What are the Maltese themselves like?" and I always say that they are the nicest, most hospitable and generous people in the world, that is, of course, when you get to know them. If you go into a shop and show that you are

at all uncertain of yourself, they will fleece you of your money—right, left and centre. To them, however, this is not a sin or a crime; you have been sent as a gift from God, to provide money for the upkeep of the shopkeeper's wife and numerous children. (Incidentally, the average number of children in a Maltese family is seven.) You may have gathered from what has gone previously that the Maltese are not very religious, but the truth is that they are probably the most "actively" religious people in the world. By this I mean that they show their religion openly by having great processions on feast days; and the Good Friday procession in Valetta is really something which might do us a bit of good to consider. The people taking part hide their faces with masks, acknowledging themselves as sinners, and walk in the procession carrying huge statues depicting the Passion; or else walk in sackcloth, dragging chains or beating themselves with canes.

An integral part of Maltese life is the "festa," which is a really splendid affair. Each parish has its patron saint, and on their saint's feast day, the different parishes decorate the streets, have sports, pageants, and at night a huge firework display and band recital; and then the culminating of all the festivities is a breathtaking procession of the best statues of the parish, none of which weigh under nine or ten hundredweight!

In the winter, the vegetation in Malta is quite thick, there being about 20 inches of rainfall; but in summer, everything is scorched by the blazing sun, and the only green leaves to be found are those of the vines. In the summer, also, the snakes and lizards come out, and although there are some quite large snakes, none of them is poisonous. But by far the greatest pests during the summer are the mosquitos, and during the night one has to sleep under a mosquito net, or else one is likely to become the target area for hundreds of zooming pests.

The food in Malta is varied and interesting, and fish, because it is so plentiful, plays an important part in the diet of an average Maltese. One particular dish which I would advise visitors to try should they ever get the chance is octopus, preferably young cooked in its own "ink." Far from being the revolting dish it sounds, this is one of the most delicious meals imaginable. Or course, the national dish in Malta, as in Italy, is spaghetti, and this has become my favourite meal since I first tasted it five years ago. By the way, one of the favourite ways of cooking a chicken in Malta is to cook it complete with innards, which are eaten as a special delicacy!

On the whole I think my stay in Malta was a very profitable one. As well as enjoying the natural advantages and beauties of the island, I made many friendships which, perhaps one day, I may be fortunate enough to renew; but even if I don't, I still have the memories of the two most enjoyable years of my life.

JOHN HURLEY, 6LA

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Fairy Glen

Up a winding lane, and turn to the right,
 In a tiny wood that's just out of sight,
 There's a flowering dell and a fairy ring—
 That's the place where the little folk sing.
 The elves are dressed in leafy green ;
 In shining white comes the fairy queen ;
 The rest in colours bright and gay
 As a beautiful garden on a summer's day.
 They dance to the light of the silvery moon,
 With bluebells chiming a merry tune,
 And the buttercups nodding their heads of gold—
 What grace and beauty to behold !
 They dance and sing the whole night through,
 But fade fast away with the coming of morning dew ;
 If you wish to see what's hard to conceive—
 Just tip-toe along next summer eve.

LESLIE HOOD, 3D



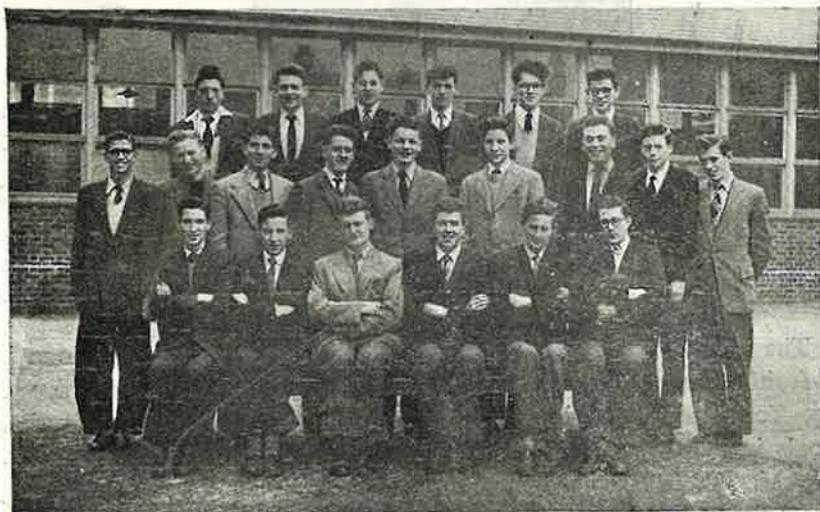
MR. P. McGRATH

The retirement of Mr. P. McGrath in 1957 brought to an end a long and fruitful career in the teaching profession. A period of forty-five years—forty-three of which were spent in different Christian Brothers' Schools in Belfast—is no mean record. He was on the original staff of St. Mary's, Barrack Street. Starting his career in days of penury, he saw many improvements in the educational field ere he ended in these days of comparative affluence. Service conscientiously performed was the keynote of his character. An unassuming, friendly nature endeared him to his colleagues, while a deeply religious spirit was an inspiration to his pupils. His good qualities will long be remembered. May he have many happy years !



FORM 5LA

Back Row: R. G. O'Prey, J. E. McLroy, M. G. McMullan, P. F. McDonnell, M. P. Devine, S. P. Drain, J. A. Wallace.
 Centre Row: M. F. Brennan, B. G. McMorrow, B. J. Hamill, J. Cormican, E. J. Rodgers, B. McCann, J. Bennett, D. A. Hartley, S. F. McKeown, R. G. McPolin.
 Front Row: P. G. Murray, M. Malone, M. A. Doherty, G. G. McMahon, F. A. McKenna, J. P. Brown, P. V. McGinley, T. P. May, J. Rice, L. J. McGrady.



FORM 5EB

Back Row: P. Lenzi, S. Mallon, T. O'Flaherty, J. Patterson, J. Fitzpatrick, R. McGroggan.
 Centre Row: D. O'Connor, J. Jordan, J. Cunningham, S. Steele, J. Finnegan, P. Brannigan, M. Kerr, M. Gregory, J. Dougal.
 Front Row: J. Smyth, A. Kearney, J. Hope, P. McCusker, M. McCorry, D. McBride.



FORM 5SA

Back Row: M. Clint, S. D. McCartan, B. D. Kerr, E. A. Parslow,
W. A. Conlon, B. E. Devenny.
Centre Row: G. F. McCrory, N. McElwee, J. G. Goodall, W. Thompson,
A. J. McCorry, L. G. Devlin, V. J. McBrierty.
Front Row: D. V. McCaughan, J. A. Boden, T. C. Hutchinson, H. G.
Mullaney, M. P. Kelly, P. P. Fox.



FORM 5SB

Back Row: B. Dean, B. Drain, D. Lappin, T. Davey, J. Clifford,
J. Daly.
Centre Row: T. Farrelly, H. Toner, M. Kennedy, P. O'Connor, G.
O'Connor, B. Coyle, M. Heery, P. Duffy, H. Casey.
Front Row: W. Briggs, M. Lally, M. McKenna, P. DePol, T. Taylor,
K. Dick.

Around the World in 80 Days

IT is not yet two years since I became an ex-pupil of St. Mary's. I left to join the Meteorological Office, a job which I considered would be interesting and would provide an opportunity to travel. But even in my wildest dreams I didn't expect to see London, New York, San Francisco, and Hawaii before I had reached my nineteenth birthday. The title is indeed misleading. It has been a case of half-way around the world in eighty days, working seventy-two of these.

I had been in the office just six months when I first applied for the posting to Christmas Island. Instead of going to the desert island, I went to Hemsly, East Anglia, to do an upper air course, i.e., finding winds and temperatures in the upper atmosphere. While at Hemsly I applied again and had forgotten about it, when, in December, 1957, I was told I was going. Then two months of waiting till I finally left Belfast on 26th February en route for London. Then followed four pleasant days in the English capital, and at 6.30 p.m. on 2nd March I arrived at London Airport for document checking. I nearly felt keyed up, for it was my first trip by air. Came 10.30 p.m. and we were rolling down the runway, destination, Christmas Island. It was to prove a very tiring journey, with only short stays in New York, San Francisco and Hawaii.

The first stop was New York, where we had eight hours, and I must say that all in our party were very disappointed with what we saw. We arrived at about 5.30 a.m., and New York from the air was a sight to remember. A fairyland of lights, extending for miles on end, was the sight that greeted us from the plane, and, as is the usual practice, the lights in the cabin were put out so that we could see the splendour of New York.

Unfortunately, New York proved to be not quite as splendid on the ground. I went, with relatives, to their home. My friends went to the U.N. buildings and came back rather down in the dumps, saying that it was nothing to rave about. The pace of life in the U.S. is truly amazing. Going to the home of my relatives at Long Island early in the morning, there was a never-ending stream of traffic going bumper to bumper at 70 m.p.h. into New York. I couldn't quite imagine our people racing to work at that speed. I think it is a reflection on New York to say we were very glad to leave it.

And so came San Francisco, the Golden Gate, the metropolis of the West Coast. Our stay here was very short, but what we saw of San Francisco we liked. It was like going from Lancashire to Yorkshire. The atmosphere was different, the people different, but what we saw of this city left a good impression.

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And so by United Airlines D.C.T.C., we arrived in Honolulu, capital of the territory of Hawaii, on Tuesday, 4th March. It was very pleasant there, the temperature being about 70 degrees F., and the sun rising was something to remember. From the air we saw Pearl Harbour, and other sights of interest, and, of course, the Hula girls, the Leis, and all that make up this millionaires' playground. Again it was only a short stay, which we all regretted very much.

On the same day, Tuesday, 4th March, we arrived at Christmas Island South Pacific. For you boys doing geography, the position is 02.00 degrees N., 157.23 degrees W., and it is 1,200 miles south of Honolulu. I have managed to get a photograph of the island, and no doubt you will be saying how lucky I am. But all that glitters is not gold, and this part of the island down by the native village is probably the nicest spot on the island. For the record books, Christmas Island is the largest coral atoll in the world, and, like the Hawaiian group of islands, they are believed to have been formed by a volcanic eruption. Christmas Island is a member of the Line islands, and others in this group include Mulden, Fanning, Washington and Starbuck Island. I had travelled about 11,000 miles on the outward journey, and my first words when I saw this South Pacific paradise were "I must be bloomin' mad."

After such a tiring trip I really felt bad. I had been told not to expect too much. I hadn't, but what I saw after 54 hours without sleep made me feel just about 54 times worse. There were palm trees, a lagoon, some decent strips of beach, but they were not the palm trees, the lagoons I had seen on the movie screen. However, on the second day I knuckled down to reality. I had come here to work, and not for a holiday, and the sooner I realised it the better. Gradually I began to make the island a paradise, the paradise you see in the photograph of London Village. On the island the recreations were few, but I found that the fun you make for yourself is the fun you enjoy most. And so it was three months of football, swimming, fishing, and, for those interested, sailing and pistol shooting, cricket, hockey, and other sports. We had an open-air cinema, which was rather foolish, for it either broke or rained when we paid a visit to it. It was the first time I ever lived under canvas, and I enjoyed it, but please have a bit of regard for my feelings and put this article away from the one on "Camping."

The climate on Christmas Island was magnificent, so much so that some of the kids on the street started calling me such names as "Nigger Boy" and "Mohammed" when I came home.

The climate at Christmas Island is hot and humid, but these oppressive conditions are largely offset by a steady easterly breeze of about 10 knots. Rainfall is extremely variable with an annual variation from about 30 inches to more than 200 inches.

There are some local inhabitants, there are the Gilbertese who live in the village you see in the photograph. They are very nice people, very friendly, and love to have rides in Land Rovers and such vehicles. There are also some Fijian men, who are excellent workers, and once you befriend them, they are friends for life.

Much as I would like to, I am afraid I can't say much more about the island. But I do know I was very downhearted when the time came to depart again. I shan't forget wearing long trousers, a jacket and shoes again. I have never felt more uncomfortable in all my life. My jacket kept getting in the way of things, my feet felt like lead, and I was generally feeling out of place. And so three months of carefree living had ended and I was on the way back to so-termed civilization, where one has to conform to rules to do the proper thing. No longer would I be able to go about barefooted, to sit on the floor and do what I wanted to.

The trip home proved as pleasant as the one out. This time we had a day and night in New York, and my impression this time was slightly less acid. I didn't go down town in New York, but visited a few of the smaller towns outside New York to see American life in a less confusing atmosphere. This time it was more than reasonable, and I quite enjoyed it. The next stop was London, which I always enjoy, and it proved again to be as pleasant as, always. But the one joy of travelling is the coming home, and, rather than stay any length of time in London, I came home right away. As usual, it was raining when I arrived in Belfast, but even in the rain it looked good to me. It had been three months in time and 25,000 miles in distance since I had seen it. Before I left, Belfast was a horrible, smokey, dirty city, but when I had seen some of the beauty spots of the world, it didn't seem as horrible.

By the time you read this I will again be 11,000 miles away, and my ambition this time will be to return via Fiji, Australia, Singapore. Then I can say with truth that I have been "around the world in 80 days."

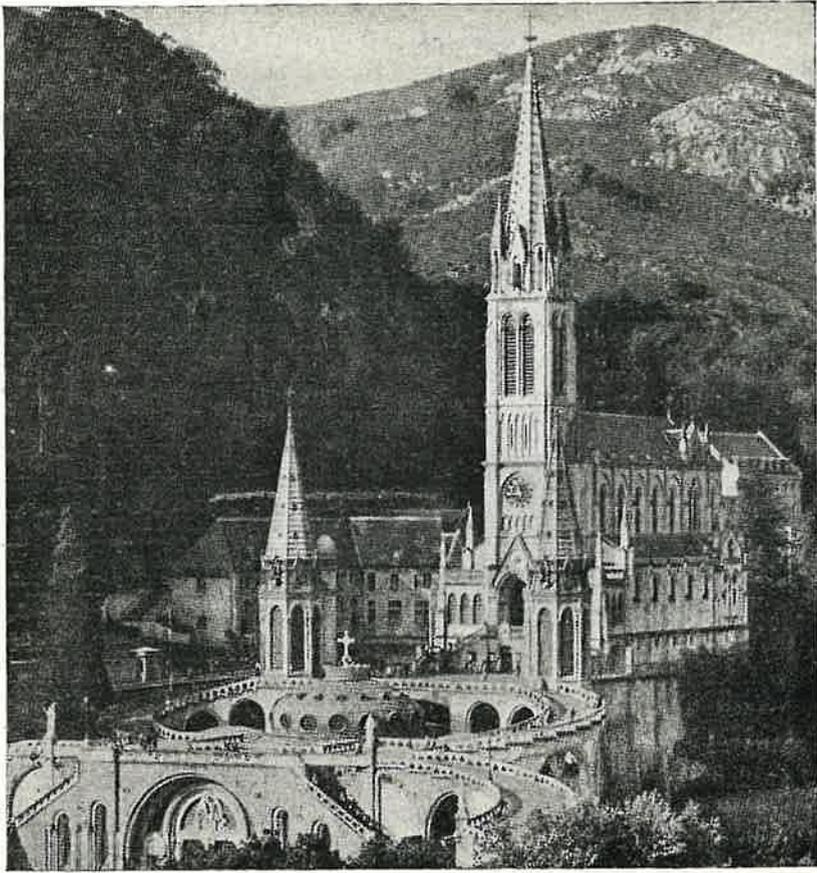
J. LIDDELL.





CHRISTMAS ISLAND





LOURDES BASILICA



Lourdes Memories

FOR our great Easter pilgrimage to Lourdes we give humble and heartfelt thanks to Our Lady, who was our inspiration; to our parents, who made such great sacrifices; to the clergy and local committees who so carefully attended to our wants, and to others—known and unknown—who assisted by their prayers or acts of kindness.

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Pens far more capable than ours have described the wonders of Lourdes, in so far as they can be described at all. Our Irish Scouts' Pilgrimage received wide publicity, not only at home but in English and Continental papers, and we are glad that our thousand-strong representation created a very favourable impression. In the following lines we will try to give you some idea of what we saw and experienced.

Three of us—Gerard McKenna, Damien Eastwood and Pearse McHugh—set out with St. Teresa's goup on the afternoon of Wednesday, 9th April, while Eamon Murray followed with St. Paul's next day. After Rosary and Benediction in the church we had an anxious, excited send-off from our friends as our cars headed for Dublin airport. It was dusk when we reached that wonderful terminal, where an Aer Lingus Viscount was waiting to take us off. How excited we were, as this, our first flight, was about to begin! Soon we were gazing down on the city lights below us; then for some time darkness enveloped us as we roared through the clouds. During the $2\frac{3}{4}$ hour trip we had a cup of tea, some cakes and an apple. You could buy lemonade—and cigarettes, tax free! We recited the Rosary twice on the journey.

At last the lights of Tarbes airport were sighted and, after a very smooth landing, we stepped out on French soil. From Tarbes (which is about the same distance from Lourdes as Nutts Corner is from Belfast city centre) we were brought by coach to our hotel. The first indication we had that we were approaching a holy place was the large, lighted cross on the top of a hill overlooking Lourdes. We were shocked to find that the town was like a great carnival, with shops and stalls ablaze with light, though it was now past midnight. Later we would discover the real Lourdes. However, we had enough for one day so we thankfully flopped into our beds and slept soundly.

The following morn our sleepy eyes opened wide when breakfast was served—two wee rolls and a cup of coffee! Did they think we were on a slimming diet? But the other two meals were substantial four-course ones: lunch at noon and dinner at 7 p.m. No supper was served. However, many of us had been wisely advised to bring tea and butter with us from home, and we were not long in discovering a cafe which would supply us with milk and boiling water to make a tasty cup of tea before retiring around midnight. Some may think we were too greedy for real pilgrims, but we did have plenty of opportunity for doing little penances. We prayed much, both privately and at Masses; we made the Stations of the Cross in our bare feet; we helped invalids, and we withstood rain and snow unflinchingly.

That first morning we set off through streets lined with hotels and stalls, then down many steps until we reached the holy atmosphere of the Basilica grounds. It is very hard to explain the feeling you have coming into the vicinity of the Grotto; you would really have to experience it in person. We entered the grounds through a large gate

over which is a huge Neon-lighted image of Our Lady. Many hundreds of people were either going into or coming out of the three churches of the Basilica. The nearest of the three is the circular-shaped Rosary Church, which is fronted by the immense Rosary Square. A fine gold-plated cross, given by Irish pilgrims in 1924, stands on the dome of this church. To the rear, and about level with the top of Rosary Church, is the Crypt. It is a low-sized church and is really the base of the large-spired Church of the Sacred Heart. This latter is reached by steps from the circular-drive in front of the Crypt's entrance, and is the only one in outward appearance that looks like any church we have seen in Ireland. All three have many side altars, and Masses are being offered there almost continuously. Many of us had the great privilege of serving Holy Mass while in Lourdes. (We were later to visit the then almost-finished underground Basilica of St. Pius X, which is to the left foreground of Rosary Square. It is oval-shaped or, rather, fish-shaped, and will rival the great St. Peter's, Rome, in capacity.)

On the left of the three churches there rises a steep hill round which pilgrims make the Stations. We marvelled at the bronze figures there, which are both life-sized and life-like. On the right of the Crypt and upper church is a square facing the Grotto. It stretches for about 50 yards and is bounded by the River Gave. Some 30 yards past the Grotto are the baths.

The Grotto was beautiful. Besides the many candles lighted by ordinary pilgrims like ourselves there were a number of huge ones—some about four feet high and six inches in diameter! At the back of the Grotto, past the lovely statue of Our Lady, there was a hollow in the rock, and here were placed thousands of petitions. These are burnt every week or so to give room for others. To the left hang crutches and sticks, left by grateful invalids who needed them no more. At about 20 feet in front of the Grotto we noticed two small, marked tiles a little distance apart. One shows where Bernadette knelt during the apparitions; the other, where the miraculous spring began. Prayer comes easily in such awe-inspiring surroundings. (Six of us treasure a most thrilling experience when, about 1 a.m. one morning, we, together with our chaplain, visited the Grotto to say a Rosary. In the silence of that place, and hour, a Mass was being privately said. We were able to go right up behind the altar to light candles and kiss the Grotto rock.)

Friday was the first official day of our Irish Scouts' Pilgrimage. It was opened at the Grotto by his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam. The Rosary was recited and a sermon preached. Our Chief Scout, Dr. Whelehan, was present. Our duties varied from day to day, but always we had morning Mass (7 a.m.), the procession of the Blessed Sacrament (4—5-30 p.m.), and the torchlight procession (8—10 p.m.).

In the afternoon procession the sick, mostly from the nearby hospital, are blessed with the Monstrance while they lie or kneel under

the trees of Rosary Square. Prayers are recited for them, and by them, in various languages. Our Scouts recited the litanies in Irish. Cures often occur, or begin, during this blessing, but though we did not witness any, either among our few Scout invalids or among the general public, we know that the sick always feel more happy or resigned after this experience. Normally the trees shelter them from the glaring sun or provide a cool spot in heavy atmosphere, but while we were there the trees were needed more as a protection from the rain.

The night procession is breath-taking. It looks just like a great stream of light winding round from the Grotto, up the drive to the Crypt, down the other side, past the crowned figure of Our Lady, along the Esplanade, and then pouring into Rosary Square to form a huge lake of candle light. During the procession our voices joined with some thirty thousand singing again and again the Lourdes hymn.

During spare hours, and particularly during the one free day each troop had in Lourdes, we visited shops and stalls, bought souvenirs, sent home greetings (we arrived home before them!), marched gaily to the accompaniment of Irish songs, lit candles for our friends at home, and visited places of interest in the locality.

Our first attempt to inspect the Chateau fort, which overlooks the town, failed because in our haste we had left our money at the hotel. After climbing up miles of steps you pay 100 francs (about 2/-) to enter, but double that amount if you use the lift. The fort is used as a museum, containing stuffed bears, etc. But the great attraction in it is a room which is an exact replica of the kitchen in Bernadette's home. The sight reminded us we should later visit the jail where the Soubirous family had been living at the time of the apparitions, exactly one hundred years ago. But so great were the crowds trying to enter or leave this single-roomed dungeon that our party hadn't time to await its turn—and, as Scouts, we couldn't very well jostle our way through! Other local places of interest in connection with Bernadette were the Boly mill and the Paternalle. Nevers convent, where the body of the saintly nun is miraculously preserved, was too far off for us to visit.

Besides exchanging views with fellow-scouts from various parts of Ireland, we met lots of Continental boys and girls, most of whom were in the huge Belgian pilgrimage. On one occasion we were "surrounded" by a group of them seeking our autographs; we felt, but certainly did not look, like film stars! Our jacket with Ireland (together with the crest of the four provinces) emblazoned on it probably made us their target. Generally the language problem did not cause us any great difficulty. Our "patios," plus suitable gesticulation, made our wants or appreciation sufficiently known, though, of course,

English could be used in certain places. However, we did have some fun in the night coach from Tarbes when the guide, being told to put on the lights and turn down the radio (as special instructions were about to be given us) did just the opposite; then, too, one of our party later got a mild "ducking" in the Lac de Dourdes because he misunderstood the boatman's directions!

Sunday was indeed "a great day for the Irish," for we had the place of honour in all the functions of that day. It concluded with a Holy Hour from 11 p.m. to midnight, then High Mass, at which a sermon was preached. Though it was a privileged occasion and though the spirit was willing, the flesh was very weak, and for many of us it was an ordeal to keep our eyes open or listen to the words of instruction.

One last great experience in Lourdes we must now mention. It was our visit to the baths.* When your turn comes you stand shivering in the water (depth, nearly 2 feet) clad only in a blue loin-cloth. You recite a few ejaculations in honour of Mary Immaculate and are then completely immersed in the miraculous spring water by two attendants. You are almost numb with the cold (at least we were). You kiss the offered statuette and drink a little cup of the water in which you—and possibly some diseased persons have been dipped. It is a great act of faith in God and His Blessed Mother. Without drying yourself you dress and—as everyone will tell you afterwards—you feel no cold or discomfort though a moment ago you were shivering. Many people have been cured in these baths; no one has suffered any ill effects.

Our week in Lourdes passed all too soon, but it had been worth all the expectation and sacrifice of the two years previous. After a Mass and Rosary of farewell and thanks, we boarded our home-bound plane loaded with souvenirs and filled with treasured memories.

Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!



such as how films are made, the parts played by the actor and the director, various methods of representing "heroism," the correct and incorrect way of dealing with religion in films, and so on. In the light of what these pupils have learnt, they can more easily approach any particular film with an open mind, and distinguish between what is good and what is bad. Another school used its system of block-bookings to raise money for the foreign missions. And, of course, as has been pointed, two schools have already produced films of their own.

Many people view the prospect of making a real, live film with a profound feeling of awe and reverence. Perhaps one could show the immense possibilities which lie before anyone who undertakes the task, and do so in such a fashion that it will appear considerably easier than it sounds. In our own particular case, we are faced by many apparently unsurmountable obstacles even from the very beginning. We must admit that our main building is not situated in particularly idyllic surroundings, but it would not be necessary to confine ourselves to the vicinity of the school building at all (unless, of course, one wished to portray scenes like those in "Oliver Twist" where the action takes place largely in small, narrow streets).

Lack of funds is another problem, which to us may be even more pressing than the first, but here, it should be emphasised that, contrary to popular opinion, one does not need "millions" to make a film, unless one wishes to enter the realm of the "colossal!! . . . tremendous!!! . . . spectacular!!!!"

Many excellent films have been made, even by large bodies, which contain a minimum of spectacle and lavish production, and which nevertheless are most striking in their appeal because the action is very close to every-day life. Anyone seeing films of this kind is inclined to think, "This could happen anywhere." All this points to the fact that a good film can be made economically, using the simplest props and avoiding anything melodramatic.

The fact that we do not possess the necessary apparatus might be another obstacle. Photographic equipment of any kind is notoriously expensive, but it has the merit of being well worth the money spent on it. A camera or projector, once purchased, is good for years, and will prove its value. The film base itself, together with the cost of processing, amounts only to a fraction of the initial cost.

To revert to the case already quoted, it should be stressed that the making of the film was a school activity in every sense of the word, because all the work was done by the pupils themselves. The gentleman in charge merely supervised them, as he expressed it himself, "To see that they did not break anything." The boys, mostly Juniors, wrote a short story, and the most suitable was selected as the basis for the plot of the film. A script-writer was then assigned to the actual planning of the shooting and sequence of events. The camera-work was done

exclusively by the pupils, and others were given the job of piecing the shots together. All these varied activities helped to give the boys a greater sense of responsibility and pride in their achievements. Of course, the school in question had the advantage of good scenery, and also possessed a large number of boarders, who were available during any recreation periods. But the essential spirit of enthusiasm must have been present all the time.

And now to get down to technical details. The main item of necessity is, as has been stated, a reasonably good camera. This can be either 16mm. or 8mm., but the 16mm. size is more suitable. It is just right for showing in a fairly large hall, and will fill a medium-sized screen with ease. This facility of the 16mm. film is governed by the principle that when its projector is far away from the screen, the image will be larger, but there are limits to distance and size of image obtainable. If the projector is too far away, the picture produced tends to become rather faint, even though it might be big enough for a fairly large screen. A good projector, however, with a 500 watt lamp should give a clear-cut picture a reasonably long distance.

The 8mm. camera, as well as the film used with it is, of course, more economical, but it is only suitable for showing in a large room like the library in our own building. This is because the lamp in an 8mm. projector is not sufficiently strong to produce a clear image at any great distance. (We could, of course, use 35mm. film, if we had enough money, but we would have to hire the Ritz Cinema to show it !)

Having procured a camera, preferably 16mm. (a good second-hand model can be had for about £70, though there is a very simple one by Kodak at £45), we then proceed to the film base. The cost of this will vary with the length of the film, but it generally comes to about £1 per minute (90 ft.) for colour, rather less for black-and-white. These figures do not include sound-track, which is an expensive feature. This difficulty can be surmounted by recording the sound on tape, and playing it simultaneously with the film.

The writing of the script is one of the most important preparations. The script-writer must visualise each scene exactly as it will appear on the screen. He must, without altering the fundamental structure of the plot, know what is essential and what is superfluous. He must decide what is of particular significance, and what should be passed over lightly. A good script is essential to a successful production.

The script-writer performs his task in the following manner: After selecting what is necessary to the story, and planning the order in which the events will follow, he divides the action up with sequences, scenes, and shots. He indicates how much of the action is to take place in any one scene, what character will be present, and what dialogue will be employed. Professional script-writers also state the position of each character, and also the position of the camera in each shot,

The actual shooting of the film requires care, as well as a certain amount of technical knowledge. The cameraman is the chief operative, though he is, theoretically at least, at the service of a director. For normal outdoor scenes a fairly bright day is best, especially for colour photography, but if certain effects are desired, such as an empty, bleak setting, the shooting can be done in hazy sunlight, or when the sky is overcast. Some scenes might even require heavy rain, according to the action. No matter how bright or how dull the day may be, it is necessary to use an exposure metre, to ascertain the amount of light striking the camera lens, which must then be set in accordance with the exposure reading. The distance from the camera to the object should then be measured in order to bring the object into focus with the camera lens. To avoid mistakes in movement or position of characters, it is advisable to go through the scene a few times, while the cameraman follows it in his view-finder. This is to prevent waste of valuable film. There is a story told of a famous director who had taken the precaution of placing three cameras in different positions, to shoot a costly battle-scene. After the scene had been acted, it was discovered that one cameraman had not been able to see through his view-finder because of dust, another's motor had broken down, while the third was not aware that the scene should have been photographed at that particular moment!

The shots can be taken in any order, according to convenience. The film is then sent away for processing, which may take some time. When the finished transparency is returned, it is sometimes found that parts of it are faulty, and have to be shot again. In an amateur effort, anything could happen; the film could become jammed and thus be destroyed by over-exposure, or faulty equipment might lead to an imperfect picture.

When the film is finally finished, it is handed over to the film-editor (or editors), whose duty it is to piece the shots together to make the story coherent. Each shot is numbered according to the position it occupies in the film. For example, shot No. 1 usually consists of a general view of the setting in which the action is to take place; as we almost invariably find in Westerns, where the camera moves down the main street of the tough town. The film is cut, and the respective shots taken out and fastened in their proper order with a type of celluloid cement. It is a job which requires some skill.

Finally, the sound-track is added. If it is by the cheaper arrangement of recording on tape, it should be a comparatively simple matter. It only remains then to arrange for the world première, and to send invitation cards to the Lord Mayor, the Japanese Ambassador and the gentlemen of the Press. Anyone who has taken part in an enterprise of this kind may feel justly proud when he sees the titles on the screen, and recognises the scenes he helped to reproduce.

So, perhaps we could, after all . . . why not? . . . Yes, let's.

E. J. RODGERS, 51A.

Bird Nesting

A GLIMPSE of birds' eggs in some tangled hedgerow is a memory to be treasured. One cannot help but marvel at their beauty, and at the work that has gone into fashioning the cup which holds them.

The size and bulk of nests vary enormously, some being nothing more than a natural hollow, others consisting of an untidy mass of sticks and twigs, while more are beautiful examples of intricate weaving. A very rough guide is that nests built in holes, on the ground and on ledges are usually very sparse, while those built in trees, bushes, etc., are more substantial ; but there is no hard-and-fast rule.

Some of the scantiest nests are provided by shore birds which make do with a mere scrape in the sand or shingle. One of the most beautiful examples of workmanship is the domed nest of the Long-Tailed Tit, closely interwoven and felted, and lined with almost an unbelievable number of feathers.

When the nest is on the ground, it is always safe to assume that the young birds, when hatched, will be fairly well developed, not, of course, able to fly, but covered with warm down and with legs strong enough to carry them into cover. Most of the nests in trees will be well hidden from view and well lined with a warm cup.

Most of us are familiar with the general structure of an egg, but how many know the reason for the tiny holes with which the surface of the shell is pitted ? They are the outer ends of tiny air-tubes which run through the shell to maintain a supply of air to the chick inside.

Eggs of different species also differ slightly in shape. Those of birds laying in reasonably deep holes and tunnels are often almost spherical, for there is no danger of them rolling about. Plovers' eggs are quite sharply narrowed at one end, and this is apparently because they are rather large for the hatcher, yet when arranged with their "points" inwards, the sitting bird can cover them adequately.

The markings are added just before the egg is laid, and the sometimes curious patterns are due to the egg turning slightly as it passes down the oviduct. The difference in marking is great, but those on the eggs of different members of the same species, usually show a distinct resemblance, though some birds—notably the Guillemots—provide exceptions.

On the subject of colour, we must remember Cuckoos' eggs, which show a very wide range of colour and marking. They often resemble

those of other birds but are sometimes not found in the "right" nest for the similarity.

Certain cardinal rules should always be borne in mind by the nest-seeker.

1. Don't handle the eggs or disarrange the nest.
2. Don't spend more than a minute at the nest.
3. Don't disturb the natural cover, or leave a track, that other, less considerate people, may follow.
4. Don't visit a nest more than once in twenty-four hours.
5. Never try to hunt for the nests of rare birds, for these should

be left strictly alone. (Marsh Harriers have been known to desert completely, following a single visit to the vicinity of the nest.)

The majority of birds and their eggs to-day are protected by the law, but they are also protected by a developing public sentiment. Innumerable people, scattered up and down the land, in the suburbs as well as the country, get real enjoyment from feeding Starlings, House Sparrows, Blue Tits, and other common but lively and attractive species which can be encouraged to visit almost any garden. And there are few people who do not find pleasure in the songs of Blackbirds, Thrushes and Skylarks.

Our grandparents often put eggs into the drawers of a musty cabinet; shot highly-coloured species like the Kingfisher to set them up in the parlour in a glass case where they slowly gathered dust and dirt; or massacred Grebes and Terns to embellish feminine headgear! We are more sensible and considerate to-day.

Birds are creatures of instinct and habit and although individuals may sometimes show what appear to us as acts of human intelligence; we should not expect these, but should be content to accept birds as they are—interesting and extremely attractive members of God's creation.

SEAN O'GRADY, 3F

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An Introduction to Judo

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. ALEXANDER, 2A

TO-DAY'S popular sport amongst boys and girls, as well as the adult population, is Judo. It originated amongst the Japanese, was perfected by them, and introduced at the beginning of the present century to the Western Continent as a sport and means of self-defence which could only be practised by the wealthier people owing to the high fees demanded by the instructors at that time.

It is only since 1945 that the sport has become more widely practised and the fees more moderate, this being caused by the popularity of Judo amongst the prisoners-of-war, who, on their return to civilian life, founded clubs amongst their friends. In Belfast we have five major clubs, and new members are mostly those whose interest has been aroused by the public demonstrations which are staged from time to time.

Proof that Judo is easily learned is the fact that I gave my first public demonstration after only one month's tuition-practice and instruction by my father, being only one hour per day. At the end of this period, I was able to throw him quite easily, in spite of his great advantage over me in weight.

Judo is not only a sport in the practical sense, but educational as well. At the outset of this article I mentioned that the Japanese have brought it to its present perfection, therefore it is only natural that the Japanese language is widely used to express various throws, counters, and grips. The student of Judo has to master some of the language if he is to succeed; indeed to possess a "belt" of higher grade he has to perform his work often to instructions given in the Japanese language.

A word about the coveted belt is here called for. A special suit of clothes, cut in the Eastern style, and similar to the clothes worn by a "coolie," is the recognised dress. It is called a "Judogi" (pronounced Ju-do-gi), and is fastened with a three-yard long belt or sash. The colour of this belt is altered as the student progresses through the grades. The grades are:—Kyu (Pupil Grades); Dan (Master Grades).

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|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| (1) White belt or 6th Kyu | (4) Green belt or 3rd Kyu |
| (2) Yellow belt or 5th Kyu | (5) Blue belt or 2nd Kyu |
| (3) Orange belt or 4th Kyu | (6) Brown belt or 1st Kyu |

Dan : (1) Black Belt

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|-----|-----|
| (2) | (4) |
| (3) | (5) |

Dan : (6) Red and White Striped (8)

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| (7) | (9) |
|-----|-----|

Dan : (10) Red Belt

In Northern Ireland we have only one Black Belt (1st Dan), Jerry Nevin, who comes from Belfast, a likeable sportsman who is always willing to give advice, or to be the "guinea pig" for the more industrious students. He visits the Judo Clubs periodically, and his personal advice or autograph is eagerly asked for.

The Breakfalls. The Judo equipment for home use can be obtained very cheaply. One can use a well-stuffed mattress; and instead of the Judogi, an old pair of trousers and a jacket with the buttons removed; and an old tie or something of similar material, as a belt. Always work in bare feet.

The breakfall is the most important lesson to the beginner. This consists of learning to fully control and relax the body, whilst striking the mattress with the palm of either hand when being thrown. When the arm strikes the mattress, it acts as a spring, thereby breaking your fall. This can be practised in the following manner:

Lie flat on your back with your right hand touching your left shoulder, palm upwards. At an angle of roughly 45 degrees, sharply slap the mattress on your right side with your right hand. Repeat with your left hand, reversing the process; then with your right, etc., till you get the "feel" of the mat. Another method is as follows:

Squat at the edge of the mattress, head well forward (always when falling backwards remember to keep your head well forward) and perfectly relaxed. Then, still relaxed, roll backwards, slapping the mattress hard at the same time with both hands. Be sure that your hands reach the mattress **before** your body does.

Now for a few simple throws, which should be practised only when you and your opponent have mastered the breakfalls; here I may stress that a beginner **must always**, when throwing an opponent, keep a firm grip on his (the opponent's) jacket to avoid injury.

SWEEPING AN ADVANCING FOOT

With your right hand, grasp your opponent's left lapel, and with your left hand grasp his right elbow (this is the normal grip in Judo). Watch carefully the movements of his feet when he is walking towards you. When the weight of his body is on his right foot, you should sweep the outer side of his right ankle, using the sole of your left foot, at the same time pulling him towards you.

HIP THROW

Stand facing your opponent, and holding him as in the previous throw. (For this throw make him stand with his feet wide apart.) Step in with your right foot, placing it on the inside of his right foot, and bring your right arm around his waist. Turn to your left on your right foot, bringing your left foot on the inside of his left foot. You should now be facing the same direction as he, with your right arm

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around his waist and pressing him close to you, and your knees well bent. Straighten up, at the same time pulling with your left hand which is holding his right sleeve, and he will be wheeled over your hips on to the mat.

GROUNDWORK

As the name implies, this section of Judo is done on the ground. It is sub-divided into three sections, but the following only deals with one, namely, hold-downs.

THE UPPER FOUR QUARTERS HOLD-DOWN

Your opponent is lying on his back. Squat behind his head, with your knees close to the latter; then thrust both your arms under his arms till you have grasped his belt on either side. Place your head strongly on his chest and your own chest upon his head; spread your knees, and lower your hips to the greatest possible extent. Be ready to vary your position as he tries to free himself.

These three examples are widely used in the film industry. Film companies have found Judo (Ju-Jitsu) and Unarmed Combat a boon to them in making the realistic "fight" scenes. Watch closely the next Western or war picture fight, the saloon fight, the rider's movements as he falls off his horse. In these films we see the immense value of Judo. Therefore, in learning Judo, the student can become interested in Unarmed Combat, which is very useful if, at any time, one is attacked by a gang, or by Teddy boys, who usually assist their attacks with weapons, such as bicycle chains, razors, knives, coshes and bottles. From my personal experience these lessons are worthwhile learning. On my last public appearance I gave a demonstration on how to overpower and disarm a man who was armed—first with a chain, then a chair, a bottle, a knife and a cosh. May I mention that there was no fake in the attack. Had my judgment or nerve failed me, a serious accident might have occurred. I give this example to prove the confidence, nerve, and memory that the student can acquire; also the fact that the unarmed combat lessons were given to me by my father, who had learned them **25 years** ago.

Never be afraid that your knowledge of Judo will be misused by you. Sportsmanship compels you to use it **only** when defending your life, and never to take an advantage over anyone. As a boy who had, at one time, been a chronic sufferer from bronchitis, and who had known the relief of a doctor's needle injection so as to be able to breathe freely, but who has been practically healed by practising Judo, I praise this ancient, noble Eastern art, and strongly recommend it to anyone who may suffer likewise.

Camping

ONE of the many joys of Easter is that it heralds the arrival of the camping season proper. Hitherto only the most enthusiastic campers—or those who have no other option but to live in tents—brave the rigours of late Winter and early Spring in order to show that, although there are many ways in which to spend a comfortable pleasant holiday at Butlins, they can exist without modern home comforts, e.g., TV, soft, plushy armchairs, Elvis Presley, etc., and live a real man's life.

Many people to-day recoil in abhorrence when one of their associates declares to them, "Camping is a great life." They think that a camper lives in a small, cramped tent, which is perpetually swept by icy-cold winds. According to them the ground is hard and unyielding and feels like a fakir's bed of nails to your tender skin; the tent is cold and you sit hunched up, with your blankets around your shoulders and your teeth rattling like a pair of castanets being shaken by some fanatical Spanish dancer. Finally out of sheer exhaustion you fall into a deep sleep, only to be awakened either by your tent collapsing on top of you, by a flood of thick, muddy water bearing you through the door of the tent or by some other nerve wrecking incident.

You wake up—or rather you get up—next morning and, about an hour, a box of matches and a quantity of paraffin later, you manage to light a fire—which doesn't give off much heat, but rather a great quantity of black, stifling smoke, that soon leaves you with a dirty, black face, and a pair of red-rimmed eyes that shed abundant tears—perhaps out of real grief.

Then you begin to cook your breakfast, which will consist of a few cups of hot, sweet tea, a nice fried egg, some sausages and bacon done to a turn, and a few slices of bread. As you look at the finished product, with a slightly quizzical eye, you declare to yourself that, compared with this, the destruction of Troy, was of less importance. One cup of half-cold, stewed, bitter tea, a feeble excuse for a fried egg, two or three well burnt twigs, that are supposed to be sausages, three burnt pieces of bacon, and bread, half covered with butter, half with dirt and ash, signal the end of your hopes of an appetising breakfast. You resign yourself to the unpleasant task of eating your—ugh!—breakfast. With your eyes closed you heroically take the plunge and gulp down the horrible mess, hoping that your tender stomach won't give out on you before you are finished eating.

It is in a similar manner that you struggle through the remainder of your stay. Then comes the joyful time when you pack your gear

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and leaving your camp site looking like a refuse dump, you set off to catch the bus, singing something like this :

“I’m sorry I have to go,
I’m sorry I have to go,
I hope the heck I NEVER come back
I’m sorry I have to go !”

Soon afterwards in the city you have almost forgotten your terrible experience as a camper—or rather your experience as a terrible camper—in the luxury of civilization, when you meet one of your friends. Quite unsuspectingly he asks you how you enjoyed your camping holiday, and you mentally count ten before replying. You strongly emphasise the fact that you will NEVER go camping again—unless, of course, you can bring your home along as well. You have failed as a camper.

It is incredible the number of people who believe that this grotesque and tremendously exaggerated account of a camper’s life is true. They are entirely wrong in their conception of camping. First of all no experienced camper ‘roughs it’ at camp—only a “greenhorn” does this, and even he can live in comparative comfort, if he uses his commonsense. Secondly, a camper does not have to eke out a miserable and meagre existence, cooking his frugal meals over a small, smoky fire, and living in a cold, draughty tent. If the camper observes a few simple rules of hygiene he will, at least, have made a start to his holiday. Only zealous campers will tell you that although some tents, e.g., bivouacs, are small and (sometimes) cramped, others, e.g., ridge tents and bell tents, are large and spacious. Also, when the inside walls are pegged down and the door fastened, your tent becomes very snug and cosy.

When first pitching your tent, make sure that both wood and water are near, but don’t camp too near a river lest it break its banks, in rainy weather, and flood your camp site. Also, don’t camp at the bottom of a hill or slope because, if heavy rains come, your tent will be swept away by the stream that is sure to flow down the hill or slope. When making your bed, lay the groundsheet on the ground and arrange your blankets on top of it. On getting into bed, make sure that there are more blankets below you than above—this ensures greater warmth and comfort. Remember every morning to air your blankets—by throwing them over an improvised clothes-line, and your tent, by leaving the doors wide open and the sides of the tent rolled up. Do this and your tent will be free from mustiness.

Now for the fire ! Before lighting your fire make sure that you have sufficient wood in the camp to keep the fire going once it is alight. First of all, place a few pieces of paper in the fireplace, then put some very, very thin dead twigs on top of the paper. Place some thicker pieces of wood upon these. Light your paper on the windy

side and soon you will have a warm, comforting fire blazing. Keep the fire well fed with wood, but remember to wash your hands before touching food.

When you are cooking food don't have a huge, roaring fire that will prevent you from cooking. If you are frying, hot ashes are the best, while a steady flame serves well for boiling. Don't leave food cooking on the fire when you are going to leave the campsite for any length of time. Watch your food carefully and you will be rewarded for your diligence by a wholesome meal. Don't confine your meals to tinned food, but try such preparations as soup stew, roast, etc. Flour is a very handy commodity to have at camp—you can bake pancakes, buns, cakes, dampers, twists, and a host of other tasty things with it. Remember once again, no matter what you are cooking, always keep your hands clean. Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

Keep your camp site clean by burning all refuse and burying everything that cannot be burned. Return all bottles, etc., to the person from whom you purchased them. When you depart, your campsite should be so clean that no one would ever think that anyone had camped there. A famous camper declared that you should leave two things behind—NOTHING and your thanks to the landowner. Some time in the future you may want to camp in that same place again, so leave the landowner with a good opinion of you.

A camper can pursue a pleasant, carefree existence away from the noise and bustle of city life. Instead of the monotony and dullness of the city there is the magnificent splendour of the country scene—with an odd house here and there. Instead of the streets full of the roaring of engines, the barking of horns and the screeches of brakes and teeming with shoppers and workers, there is the soft, sweet music of the birds, an occasional tractor roaring in the fields and the odd "moo" of a grazing cow. The camper also learns how to fend for himself, and this is a great asset to a person's character. Furthermore, a camping holiday costs very little compared with other types of holidays.

No wonder more and more people are being attracted by the idea of a camping holiday every year—there are so many advantages. More and more camping clubs are being formed to cater for all these new campers. When we realise that forty years ago, except the Boy Scouts, there was no proper organization devoted to camping, we can understand how much progress has been made in this way in recent years. There is ample room in these organizations for newcomers, and I hope that some of the readers will join them and experience the wonderful life of camping.

JOHN WATSON, 6LA

Pen Pains

THIS is being written in pencil, though, when it appears in print, this very significant fact will not be evident. I have been sadly disillusioned about pens. The very name "fountain pen" sounds so romantic. It speaks of Pipes of Pan, and fauns and nymphs running to your command. If it were, however, more truthfully called a "pocket-splasher," or an "ink-pistol," its market value might drop. But gullible mankind is hoodwinked by advertisements, deluded and ensnared by current fashion, and goes on demanding these wretched substitutes, pretending that they are necessary to civilization.

Since I began attending school I have had (I had better not say precisely how many—it might give my father ideas) fountain-pens. The first of these lasted three days. It was guaranteed neither to leak nor blot, and they said it could be filled in the dark by a child. With the loving care one always extends to new things, I filled the pen with radiant-blue ink, used it fondly, and then replenished it with further blue ink. After this, having restored it to my pocket, I sat down to deal with some other occupation.

Before long I began to feel a damp sensation under my left armpit. I put my hand into my pocket and took out, first one half, then the other, of this infernal drivelling monster. What had once been a perfectly sound breast pocket on a new blazer was now a sodden pouch. An ugly, asymmetrical stain was rapidly spreading all over the front of my once dazzling-white shirt, processed only the day before by one of those now wonder-washing powders. In shape the stain was, ironically enough, like an ink bottle. Oh, yes! The pen could hold ink; there was no doubting that. But the prospectus had not said that it had a very nasty disposition, and, if antagonized, could vent its spleen on a new and perfectly innocent blazer.

Tell any master: "I have broken my pen," and he will give you a look frigid enough to petrify you where you stand. The excuse has, for him, lost the charm of freshness. I cannot write, as some can, with a nail-file, tooth-pick, or even a gramophone needle. A plain pen is *infra dig*. So, after a seemly interval, I procured at much expense another pen. With shining eyes I opened the box and removed the dear creature. I was still young and foolish enough to think that this plausible newcomer could be trusted. Its neat lines and ultra-modern design deluded me. I felt restored to society once more, an owner of one of the vital implements of civilization. I held it aloft with the pride of a father to show it to a circle of admiring, yet jealous, friends. But as Master Shakespeare once said, "Ay; there's the rub." So it was, I found out, when an ever-zealous colleague catapulted

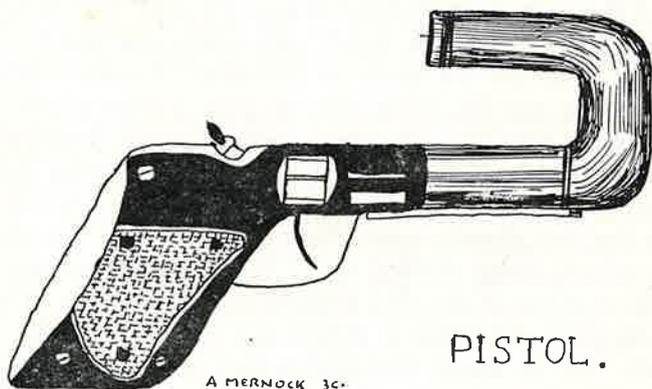
into me from the rear. The pen nose-dived like a "Kamikaze" from my hand and, piercing the floor, stood upright on its rolled gold nib, poised like a ballerina. Gingerly and gently we drew it out; sadly we gazed at it. At that moment it could be said with sure authority that there was "gold in that there floor," because in the process of salvaging the mutilated nib had become detached. The box I had received the pen in became a coffin for that short-lived pen. My next dirge to my tutor was: "My pen won't write." But it seemed he had also heard this before.

These pens have had many successors. Some wrote (after a fashion), some blotted, some squeaked, some sang in a treble key. But they all had one trait in common—they never worked. The worst blow of all came from my last fountain-pen. I wore it tightly clipped to my pocket, right under my eye. I went to a Test one morning, assured by the pen's staunch clip that there was nothing to fear—the pen was with me. Yet, fiendish creature that it was, it had one more vile trick to taunt me with. The Test began and I unclipped the Judas and laid it on the desk. But it had no barrel! The cup had come loose, the barrel was lost. That was the end.

They tell me stories of the magic of a Sheaffer or a Parker 51. They never leak, are as strong as the Rock of Gibraltar, and never get lost. I am not sure that they cannot also spell. But, confidentially, I think that my next request, when I have mustered up courage, will be for the smallest model of portable typewriter on the market.

EDWARD McCORMICK, 6LA.

A DO-IT-YOURSELF



PISTOL.

A MERNOCK 30.

A Bhidir Beirt Ghadai

Mac baintrí a bhí ann agus ní raibh aige ach é féin agus a mháthair, Thóg sí é ó laige go neart agus d'oibir sí dó gur fhág sí é in innimh a bheatha a shoothrú. San am sin ní raibh obair ar bith le fáil sa tír seo agus b'éigean dó dhul ar an choigrích, mar rinne na mílte deoraí as Eirinn roimhe. Thug sé a aghaidhe ar an Oileán Ur.

Nuair a chuaigh sé ann chuaigh sé a dh'obair. D'oibrigh sé go dian dícheaUach agus shaothraigh sé airgead mór. D'fhan sé go raibh éis chéad punta curtha i dtaisce aige. Fá dheireadh bhí a shláinte caillte aige agus ní raibh le déanamh aige ach luí síos go cloíte ina leaba. Chuir sé amach fá choinne dochtúra a bhí san áit. Dúirt an dochtúir leis dá mbeadh go leor airgid aige go leigheasfadh seisean é.

"Tá sé chéad punta agam," ars' an tEireannach.

Chuaigh an dochtúir ar aghaidh lena chuid comhghaise, ach ní raibh gar ar bith ann. Bhí mo dhuine bocht ag dul 'un donais ach an lá dá raibh ag teacht. I ndeireadh na dála dúirt an dochtúir nach raibh sé inleighis.

"Chím," ars' an tEireannach, "gurb é an bás atá agam."

"Bhail," ars' an dochtúir, "rinne mise mo dhícheall leat, ach bhí tú ró-mhall ag tarraingt orm.

"Caidé do tháille?" ars' an tEireannach.

"Trí chéad punta," ars' an dochtúir.

Fuair sé sin agus d'imigh sé leis. Chuir an tEireannach teachtaire amach ansin fá choinne an dlíodóra. Tháinig an dlíodóir agus bhí culaith bhreá ghorm air, léine de shíoda a bhí comh geal le sneachta agus bróga a bhfeicfeá do scáile iontu. Gan aon amhras bhí an dlíodóir sin ar mhuintir na muice. Cinnte bhí na múrthaí airgid aige. Ach éist leis an chaint a bhí aige leis an fhear a bhí i mbéal an bháis.

"Tá eagla orm, a dhuine bhocht," ar seisean, "tá eagla orm go bhfuil do ghnaithe déanta."

"Tá eagla orm go bhfuil an ceart agat," ars' an duine bocht.

"An bhfuil mórán airgid agat, nó an ndearna tú do thiomna do fóill?" ars' an dlíodóir.

"O, ní dhearna mé socrú ar bith," ars' an tEireannach, "ach tá trí chéad punta anseo agam agus tá mé i ndiaidh trí chéad eile a thabhairt don dochtúir."

"Bhail," ars' an dlíodóir, "má bheireann tú an trí chéad punta sin domhsa cuirfidh mé fógra ar an nuachtán ar do bhás, agus tiocfaidh mé

uair sa mhí le bláthanna úra a chur ar d'uaigh agus, comh maíth le sin," beidh mé ag cuimhniú go deo ort.

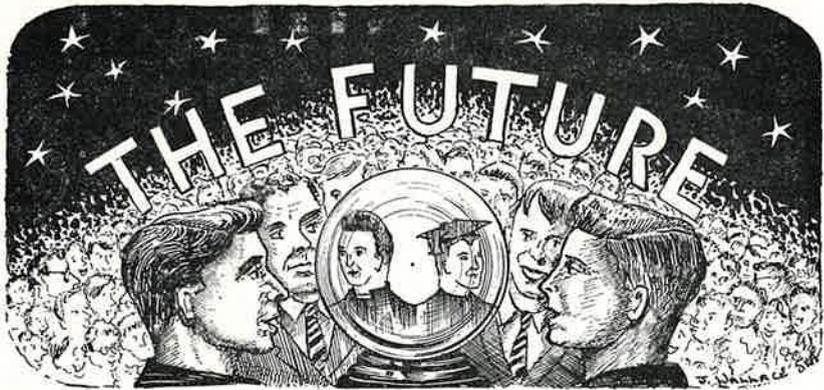
Bhí an tEireannach bocht i geruachás, ach ní raibh an dara suí sa bhualaidh ann agus thoiligh sé an t-airgead a thabhairt dó. Chuir an dlíodóir ceist ansin air an raibh aon duine dá mhuintir beo in Eirinn go fóill. Dúirt sé go raibh a sheanmháthair beo go fóill.

"Bhfuil scéala ar bith agat le cur chiici?" ars' an dlíodóir. "Má tá, scríobhfaidh mise chuici anois ar do shon," ar seisean, ag tarraint páipéir air. "Caidé anois atá le rá agat?"

"Maise, níl mórán le rá agam," ars' an tEireannach, "ach go bhfuair mé bás mar fuair ár Slánaitheoir bás—idir beirt ghadáí!"

SEAN WALES, 6LA.





What's Your Line



EVERY boy who reads this article is, sooner or later, going to face a serious problem. He will have to decide what he intends to do for a living. This is a very important decision and a boy will do well to give the matter careful thought and to seek God's guidance in prayer as well as the advice of his parents, teachers and others qualified to afford him guidance on the matter.

A decision about one's future career is an important one because on it will depend, to a certain extent at any rate, a boy's future happiness and contentment. A mistake made at the beginning of a working life can be the cause of a quietly unhappy lifetime. It has often been said that the world is full of misfits; full of civil servants who would be happier as tradesmen, of engineers who might have made excellent journalists, and so on.

Fear of making the wrong choice of career through want of consideration is, however, only one reason why every boy should give serious thought to this matter. There are other reasons. As matters stand in this country, with a rising unemployment rate, a tradition of emigration, and social and political factors which play a greater or lesser part in the matter, there exists a very urgent reason for giving careful consideration to the subject of one's future career. Broadly

satisfying almost every taste in the matter of a situation in life. But these opportunities are there for those only who are prepared to grasp them with both hands, so to speak. Seldom, except in the case of the very fortunate individuals, do these opportunities fall into a boy's lap of their own accord. A boy who has given little or no thought to the matter of his future career, who has never discussed his hopes or his ambitions with his parents, teachers or others who could give him advice, is in a very poor starting position. Indeed it is not a little discouraging to find boys who have spent four or five years in a grammar school who have no notion, even an ill-defined one, of what they want to become when they leave school. In this connection it may be well to point out that boys should not defer to their last year at school consideration of this important question. If they do so they may well find themselves in their final year anxious to take up a career without having studied some of the subjects which they need to fit them for entrance into the career of their choice.

Broadly speaking, a grammar school education is not, in itself, a direct preparation for any particular career. This statement needs, of course, some modification, for it will be obvious that for some careers, e.g., teaching, medicine, law, civil service, certain careers in science, etc., fixed standards of academic achievement will be required as an essential pre-requisite for entrance either to the career itself, as in the case of the civil service, or to an institution of further learning, such as a university or training college in the case of some of the professions.

There are, however, other careers open to a boy who may either lack the academic ability requisite for entrance to such careers as those mentioned above or else may feel no attraction towards them. Such careers can be every bit as rewarding as the more obvious ones. Boys are, however, often chary about entering on such careers either because they have given no consideration to the matter during their schooldays or else, perhaps, because they scarcely know of the existence of such careers. This brings us to an important point—the matter of guidance in the selection of a career.

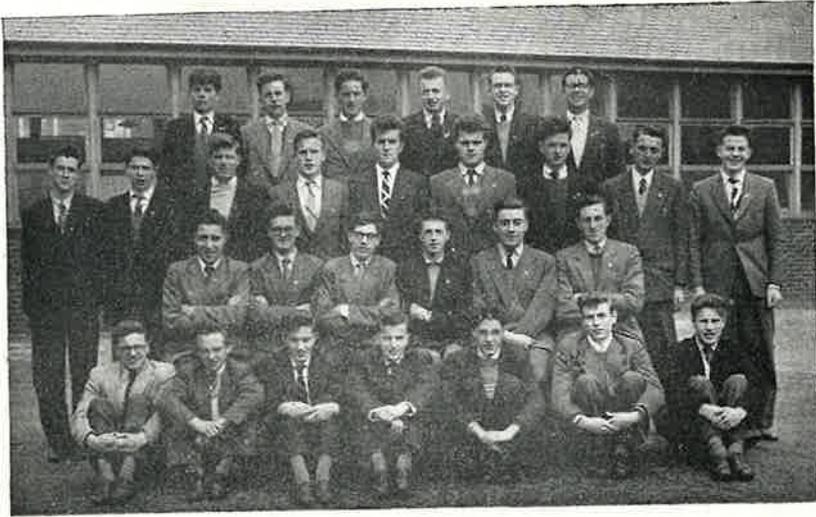
You may ask where you are to get this guidance. You cannot be expected at school-leaving age to know what every job is going to be like, or even what jobs are available to you with the qualifications you possess. Fortunately there are people anxious and willing to help you in this matter.

Your parents will probably have suggestions for you to consider. Give very careful consideration to their opinions—remember that they have known you longer than anyone else and are the people most interested in your future welfare. Coupled with their advice you may

like to receive advice from some of the following sources : (a) The headmaster of your school, who receives on behalf of the school all the pamphlets, brochures and up-to-date information which can help you in your quest for a job ; (b) the advisory service provided by the local education authorities—the Belfast Local Education Authority, for instance, arranges annually a series of talks on careers which you are invited to attend ; (c) books which treat of careers—boys who have yet to make up their minds as to the career they hope to follow would do well to consult such a book as “The Directory of Opportunities for School Leavers,” copies of which are available in the school library ; (d) the panel of speakers who, at the request of the school authorities, come to address the boys from time to time on particular careers concerning which they are well-qualified to speak. To date this year the boys have been addressed by Messrs. G. Colohan, J. Connell, E. J. Fearon, J. Foody, J. McFerran, P. McGrath, S. McKernan, J. McMullan, A. O’Dowd, and J. M. Freeland, B.Sc., B.Econ.Sc., Asst./Secretary, Q.U.B. To these gentlemen who so willingly gave their services, and to others who have given their services on past occasions or who have offered to do so when called upon, the best thanks both of the staff and of the boys are due. A word of well-merited thanks also to the Committee and members of the Christian Brothers’ Past Pupils’ Union, who have generously given the use of their premises for these talks and provided hospitality for all who attended.

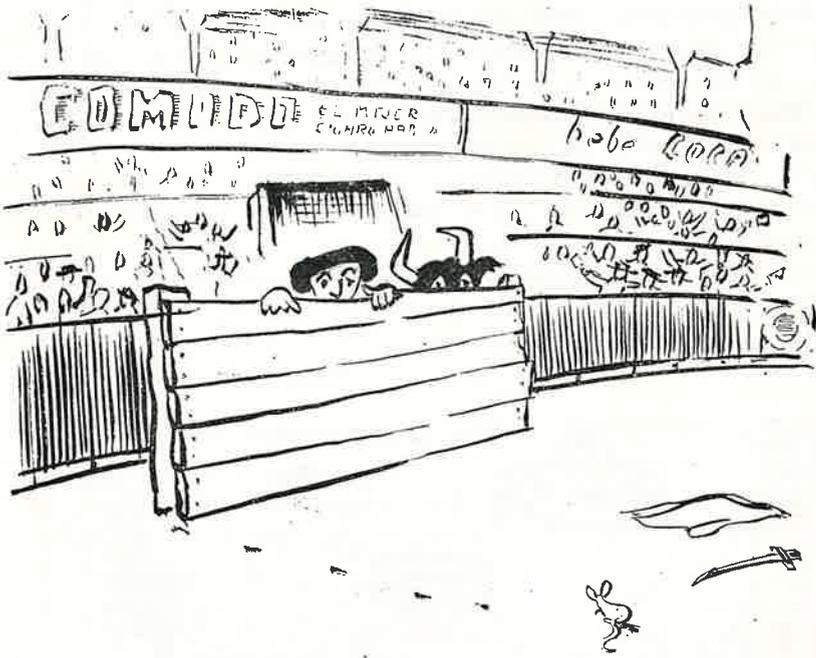
To sum up, the choice of what career to follow is, generally speaking, up to you. After all you are the one who is going to live with it for many years to come. It is an important choice. Do not rush into the business in a few minutes and spend years regretting it. Weigh the available evidence in advance before you make your choice.





FORM 6

- Back Row : P. Clint, B. McMillan, B. James, M. Dowling, P. Rogan,
H. O'Prey.
3rd Row : R. Murray, S. Wales, M. Campbell, M. Fox, B. McLoughlin,
P. O'Keefe, A. McKenna, P. Marshall, B. Monaghan.
2nd Row : S. Broderick, P. Boden, J. Watson, P. McCormick, T. Hurley,
N. Cushley.
Front Row : D. O'Sullivan, G. Murphy, R. McNicholl, M. Donoghue,
P. Trainor, M. McKeating, M. Dixon.



"TORERO"

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE TO THE PRESENT PUPILS



"I have had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays—
All, all are gone, the Old Familiar Faces."



Charles Lamb could have kept sight of the old familiar faces all life through had he joined with his fellow scholars in the formation of a Past Pupils' Association. In failing to do so he missed one of the great pleasures of later life—the continuing into maturity of friendships made at school. Pupils of the C.B. Schools of the Belfast area can be happier than Lamb in this respect. They have in existence, in the very heart of the City, a Union dedicated to their social and recreational needs in youth and manhood.

Membership has many advantages, and pupils who fail to join are missing much. Parents would do well to see that their sons enrol. The link with the Christian Brothers, to whom we owe so much, is too precious to be severed by the mere act of leaving school. Maintain and strengthen that link. Join the C.B.P.P.U.

Where They Are Now

(We think it would be of great interest to both past and present pupils to give some news of the past pupils, and we would welcome contributions to this column for subsequent issues of our annual. The following list was compiled from the more or less random recollections of a few senior members of the staff, and we trust that those omissions that we almost certainly made—and should not have—will be reported for our next issue by those who notice them.—The Editors.)

Commandant Malachy Higgins (1928-1931), of the Eire Air Force, was one of the first group of Army officers seconded to the Lebanon as part of the U.N. observation group.

Fr. Feargal, C.P. (Larry Smyth, 1941-1947) is with the Passionist Mission in Bechuanaland.

Norbert Dunwoody (1931-1950) has been appointed Lecturer in Mathematics in Sheffield University.

His brother, Jim (1948-1953), who took First Class Honours in Engineering in Q.U.B. in 1957, is with Short Bros. & Harland in Belfast.

Br. A. P. MacDonald (1931-32) was home this Summer. He is the first Superior of the new Christian Brothers' College in Welcom, the new uranium and gold mining centre in South Africa.

Rev. Fr. Michael Tuohy (1940-1946) is secretary to Most Rev. Dr. H. Boyle, Bishop of Johannesburg.

His eldest brother, Martin (1935-1940) is an engineer with Peruvian Railways and lives in Guaqui, Bolivia.

Yet another brother, George (1937-1941) is with the Bahrein Petroleum Co., and is at present in India.

Terry Coburn (1938-1942) is Principal Scientific Officer with the Road Research Council, London.

Terry Charleton (1930-1937) was promoted during the year and is now Inspector of Taxes in Chorley, Lancashire.

Harry Tipping (1941-1947) is teaching in the Christian Brothers' Grammar School, Armagh.

Paddy Foody (1942-1948) is a constructional engineer in Montreal.

Seamus O'Reilly (1930-1936) was, earlier this year, appointed as Director of Donegal Gaeltacht (Social, Cultural and Economic Relations).

Rev. Fr. P. Walshe (1942-1948) is on the teaching staff of St. Macnissi's College, Garron Tower, as is also Rev. Fr. P. Bartley (1939-1943).

Tom Carey (1932-1936) is a surgeon with the Canadian Air Force.

Joseph Shiels (1940-1944) is a structural engineer in India.

Thomas Dunne (1939-1944) is in the Mathematics Department of Epsom Grammar School, Surrey.

Basil Farnan (1949-1954) answered a call from the Bishop of Prince Rupert Vicariate, British Columbia, for trained volunteers to assist in Catholic school building. His secondary purpose was to help spread the influence of the Legion of Mary in that rapidly growing area.

	Ordained	Now
Rev. B. Boyle, S.C.J.	1956	Sacred Heart College, Droitwich
Rev. P. Walsh	1956	St. McNissi's College, Garron Tower
Rev. B. Rogan, O.S.M.	1956	Perth, W. Australia
Rev. J. Maddea, O.S.M.	1956	The Priory, Benburb
Rev. J. Stewart, O.S.M.	1956	Dusseldorf, Germany
Rev. E. Schiess, O.S.M.	1956	Chicago
Rev. J. O'Hara, C.S.Sp.	1956	Nigeria
Rev. P. Pender, C.P.	1956	Dublin
Rev. J. O'Hara, C.P.	1956	Broadway, Worcs.
Rev. D. McMahon, O.P.	1956	Trinidad
Rev. N. Conway	1957	St. Malachy's College, Belfast
Rev. B. Murray	1957	Fortwilliam
Rev. C. McDonnell, O.S.M.	1957	The Priory, Benburb
Rev. J. Heaney, S.P.M.	1957	Catholic University, Washington
Rev. J. Murray, C.S.Sp.	1957	Kimmage Manor, Dublin
Rev. H. McMahon, C.M.	1958	Phibsborough, Dublin
Rev. J. Moore, O.S.A.	1958	John's Lane, Dublin
Rev. Andrew Millar, S.M.M.	1958	Rome



Rev. Patrick Madden (1944-1948)

The death of the Rev. Patrick Madden in a drowning accident at Port na Blagh in July, 1958, was a painful shock to all. His few years of pastoral work in the diocese of Seattle, U.S.A., had been marked by a zeal which promised an abundant harvest of souls. To his sorrowing relatives we offer our sincere condolences.

R.I.P.

Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam

“THE Union would embrace men of the most diverse views and occupations, who to the superficial glance, might appear to possess nothing in common, yet men who did indeed possess one thing in common, and that, the most vital bond that could link man to man, the bond of a common schooling.” This statement was made by Mr. Ed. Gallagher, Chairman of the first Annual General Meeting of the Union, which was held in St. Mary’s School, Barrack Street, Belfast, on 24th October, 1937, and to-day in our 21st anniversary Union year, no less than in 1937, represents and illustrates the only qualification required for membership of the Union, that a man should be a past pupil of a Christian Brothers’ school.

The newly-formed Union adopted in time the following Constitution, which has been its blue print for all activities :

“The Union was established to further the spiritual, moral, intellectual, social and material welfare of its members. The Union may engage in any work that will promote any of its objects, and in particular in (a) Religious, (b) National, (c) Charitable, (d) Educational, (e) Cultural and Artistic, (f) Recreational and Physical pursuits.”

The Union shall be non-political.

I know that you are probably more interested, if you are still at the schools, in the Union as it is to-day rather than in historical backgrounds of the Union, but remember that the efforts of the Union to-day become part of the traditions to-morrow, and likewise, the traditions we hold to-day were the efforts yesterday. That’s probably not as profound as I intended, but, anyway, what I am getting at is this, the Union is a live organization and, like all living creatures, it has developed, over the years, activities and ideas which it holds constant ; it has flourished, particularly during the war years ; it has floundered and picked itself up again ; it is ever changing ; it cannot be identified with any individuals, though some individuals are identified with it ; it is a living thing, whose life blood is its members ; in some years it has suffered from anaemia, in others it has scintillated with rude good health (if one can do that with R.G.H.).

In my humble opinion, the strength and weakness of the Union lies in the diversity of background and callings of its members, the weakness being that the membership should cease to be representative of all the schools ; in the past few years this has been particularly noticeable, in that former pupils of St. Mary’s Grammar School as a rule do not become members of the Union.

I appreciate that some former pupils require to know something of the present-day Union before they can make up their minds about joining, so as briefly as possible I'll try and sketch in the Union as it is to-day.

Organization

Every year at the Annual General Meeting there are elected a President, Vice-President, Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer, and eleven Executive members. These are elected by votes of members present at the A.G.M. This Executive is responsible for making policy, and has many sub-committees to assist in running the Union.

Premises

Fairly extensive premises are occupied at 5 Corn Market, comprising Ballroom, Snack Bar, Television Lounge, Billiard Room, Secretary's Office, and several other large rooms which are used for different activities.

Activities : Annual

Union Day : Annual Communion and Breakfast, first Sunday in October each year. Special functions are arranged, such as Golf Outing, Bridge Matches, Darts and Snooker Competitions, Table Tennis, Camera Club Contests, etc.

Annual Dinner : Held each year on December 8th, and this year we hope to have a very distinguished Past Pupil as our principal guest.

Annual Dress Dance : This is held each year in January and has been "the dance of the year" in the city for the past three years.

Ignatius Rice Boys' Club

This Boys' Club, in new premises at 7 Marquis Street, is intended for boys of the various Christian Brothers' schools, past and present pupils, between the ages of 14 and 20. Like its predecessor, the S.C.B.P.U., it has some activity for every night in the week—Drama, Physical Training, Debating, Table Tennis, Football (Soccer and Gaelic), Boxing, Arts and Crafts, Concert Party, with a weekly Ceili on Sunday nights. The Club's aim, as well as supplying cultural and physical recreation, is the training of young men in youth welfare. The Club has the approval of the Brothers, and care will be taken to see that no activity interferes with a boy's education if he is still at school.

As far as is known, this is the first Ignatius Rice Boys' Club in the world. Application for membership should be made at the Club premises any evening.

Gaelic Football Section

By the time this appears in print it is hoped that the Gaelic Football section will once again be functioning, and will prove a natural outlet for the footballers of the schools when they leave the schools.

It is often said, with apparent justification, that the Union to-day is not engaged in any particular type of charitable work which, with the organization at its disposal, it could successfully undertake and sustain. However this is not entirely fair. The Union's active membership changes constantly, as the younger members marry, acquire new commitments, and are replaced by still younger members. The dangers and pitfalls in undertaking charitable work on a large scale become apparent, as work of such a nature demands time, and more time, from men whose free time is already limited. However the Union is always ready to assist in any way any calls that may be made on its organization. This is particularly so in the case of the Christian Brothers. I sometimes feel that the Brothers are too diffident in asking the Union for assistance, which we are only too eager to supply, because this is the only way in which many of us can repay the debt that we all owe to the Brothers. From a commonsense point of view also it is essential to the future of the Union that relations between the Union and the Brothers and the schools should always be of the most cordial.

This article is not intended to enhance the literary style of the magazine, but to attempt to place in perspective the C.B.P.P.U. Countless questions are left unanswered, some intentionally, some perhaps through lack of grasp of the subject; some perhaps have no answer; some are begged, but if I am fortunate enough to have stimulated your interest and you are not a member of the Union, you may well find the answer inside the Union. If not, there is plenty of scope for you to work out the solution in the Union, possibly with the benefit of an Executive grant and authority to form your own Committee to help you.

Five shillings per year makes a past pupil a member of the Union. There are additional subscriptions for each of the sections which a man may join. However, no money can buy the friendship and the fraternity which the Union has already brought hundreds of men over the last twenty-one years, and, if for no other reason than this, it has fulfilled and justified the hopes and ambitions of the founders of the Union in 1937.

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It is the universal experience of religious bodies that, except for those with a good religious home background, adolescents often fall away from the practice of religion. Even children who have spent ten years at a Catholic school, with daily religious instruction, often throw off religion as they throw off the other practices of school days.

It may be that we have too long been satisfied with teaching the catechism without preparing children for the indifference and, sometimes, hostility which they meet after leaving school. Discussion of the historical value of the scriptures and evolution has no place in their religious education. But this is the kind of topic they will hear discussed in offices and workshops. All too soon social problems such as divorce, birth prevention and communism will test and perhaps shake their faith in the Church's teaching.

The main object of the book is to prepare the minds of growing boys and girls for the struggle most of them will have to make to keep the Faith. Young Catholics who have studied this book will not be overwhelmed by hearing arguments against the Faith for the first time after they have left school.

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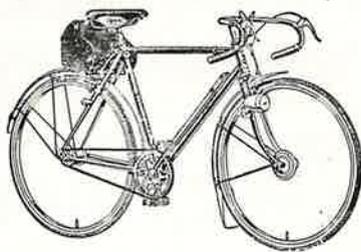
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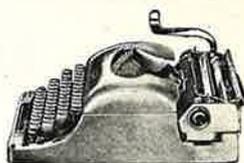
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