THE SIMMARIAN

MAGAZINE



Christian Brothers' Grammar School,
Belfast

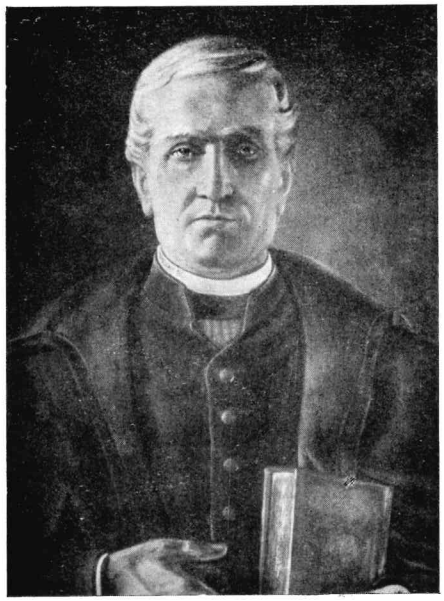
1959 - 60

THE SIMMARIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF
ST. MARY'S, CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' GRAMMAR SCHOOL
BELFAST

1959 - 1960

Printed by IRISH NEWS LIMITED, 113-117 Donegall Street, Belfast, 1.



VERY REV. BROTHER

EDMUND IGNATIUS RICE

FOUNDER OF THE
IRISH CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

Editorial

WITH this issue of the Simmarian we feel that our growing pains are over and that we have reached maturity. The magazine has become a regular feature of school life—welcomed, we hope, equally by present and past pupils. That it should serve to keep the latter in touch with their alma mater is one of the chief purposes of its publication. News of the past is always welcome.

The past year has been one of achievement scholastically. The number securing university scholarships has been in keeping with the high level attained in recent years. Brilliant degrees were gained by those completing their courses at Queen's University. Many have passed into the Civil Service and the Training College. Some, though fewer than we would expect, have generously offered themselves for the Church. To all we offer heartiest congratulations.

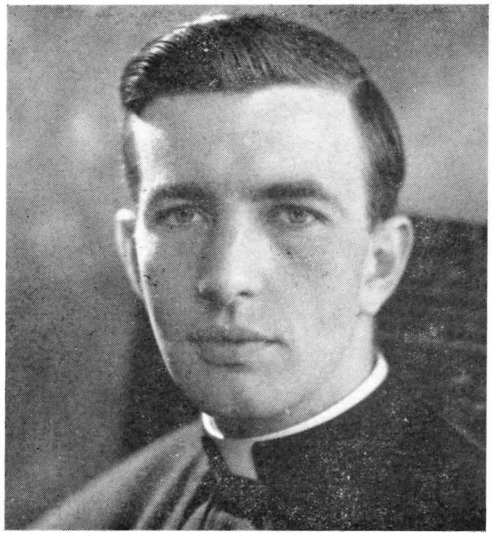
Our student body has grown enormously. Heroic efforts have been made to accommodate them. An additional hut in the yard and a new classroom have been built; while use is made of two rooms in the Divis Street School. Everywhere there is evidence of straining at the seams. Hopefully we raise our eyes to the hills.

It is hoped that a fairly comprehensive picture of school activities has been given in the pages which follow, and that the contributions will give as much pleasure to the reader as they have apparently given to the authors. We are deeply indebted to our contributors, who make such efforts. Selection is often difficult, and bound to be responsible for some omissions.

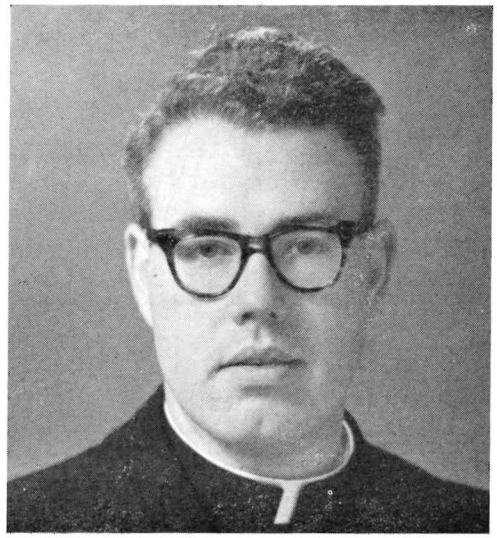
On the production side much labour has been joyfully undertaken and most efficiently performed. The improved format is a credit to those able planners. To publish a magazine is a costly business and, were it not for advertising, would be financially impossible for us. We owe a lot to our advertisers and hope our readers will patronise them. Our sincerest gratitude is due to Mr. P. McDermott for the yeoman service he has done in this field. In the photographic field we are under a debt of gratitude to Mr. M. Rea for his masterly work. Finally, dear Reader, thank you!

PAST PUPILS ORDAINED

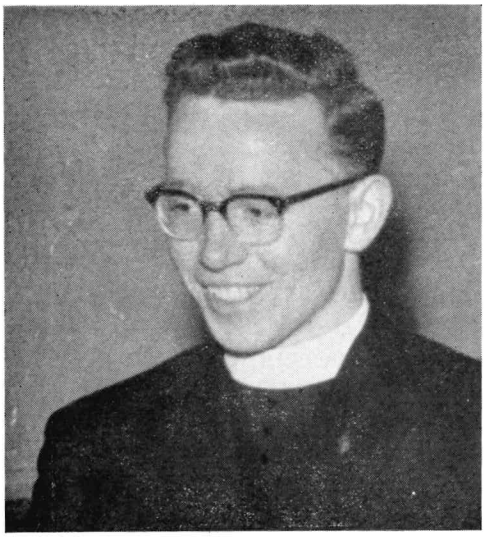
1959-1960



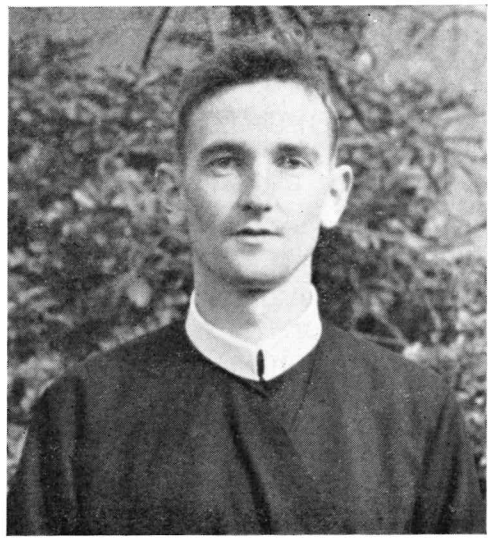
AN tATHAIR C. MacMAOLAIN
(Down and Connor)



REV. FR. V. MAGUIRE
(Down and Connor)



REV. FR. EPHRAIM COX, C.P.



REV. FR. P. LAVERY, C.SS.R.

BROTHER
EDMUND IGNATIUS RICE

IN 1762 Edmund Rice was born on the outskirts of Callan, then a thriving, walled town. Though the Penal Laws were still in force Edmund was fortunate in receiving a good education — attending the local Hedge School and another pay school in Kilkenny. The records of this latter school show that he was especially proficient in Penmanship and Book-keeping. At seventeen he settled in Waterford where he worked under his uncle, a rich merchant, who later in his will left Edmund all his property.

Edmund Rice was now a prosperous, married man — but not for long. The early death of his wife in 1789 was a heavy cross which, however, he regarded as a sign that God wanted him to consecrate himself to His special service though, indeed, he had for some years been devoting much of his time and money towards helping poor people and those in danger of being dispossessed of their rights by the vagaries of the alien law then in force. Then came his momentous decision. God's guidance, together with good advice, convinced him that he should forgo his desire to enter a monastery on the Continent and that his life's work consisted in helping the uneducated poor of Waterford.

Having disposed of his business affairs in 1802 Mr. Rice, now in his fortieth year, gave himself wholeheartedly to his new apostolate. He bought land on which to build a new school (later called Mount Sion, together with the adjoining residence of the Brothers) but meanwhile he rented and renovated a house so that the good work could begin immediately. A contemporary writes: "As soon as the school was opened it was thronged with rough and uncultivated boys, as well as the children of the soldiers. The rooms were filled with boys — poor lads, utterly ignorant of even the first notions of religious or secular knowledge. They were rude and rough in manner, and not at all amenable to the salutary restraints of school discipline." Edmund Rice's two paid assistants soon tired of the uncongenial work and for a time he laboured alone. But his trust in Divine Providence was rewarded when two volunteers from Callan came to his help and, soon, what had begun so humbly and unpropitiously became firmly established. Besides receiving good Catholic education the poorest pupils were provided with free meals, and a tailor was in constant employment repairing old clothes or making new ones.

Edmund Rice and his small group of followers set themselves an arduous task — their own Spiritual exercises morning and evening, overcrowded classes from nine o'clock to three, then night lessons for the factory hands. Dr. Hussey, Bishop of

Waterford and Lismore, was so pleased with the improvement in the boys' behaviour and their attainments that he left in his will all his money (£2,000) to Mr. Rice for educational purposes. Meanwhile applications were coming in from various centres for the opening of schools such as Mt. Sion, Waterford.

A Catholic at this period could be permitted, with leave of the Protestant Bishop, to act in the capacity of teacher but he was not allowed to conduct or organise a school. Moreover, the law expressly proscribed male Religious. Yet, ever trusting in Divine Providence, Edmund Rice and six companions in 1808 took the Religious Vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, thereby forming themselves into a Religious community and giving a measure of stability to their mode of life. As the years progressed other communities were founded by Br. Ignatius Rice until in 1820 the Holy See gave sanction for the establishment of the Congregation of the Irish Christian Brothers. Thus came into being the first Religious Institute founded in Ireland by an Irishman since the early Christian days.

Difficulties and disappointments lay ahead. The Catholic Emancipation Bill (1828) which gave such welcome relief from the Penal Laws contained the following ominous clause:

" Whereas Jesuits and members of Religious Orders, Communities or Societies of the Church of Rome, bounded by monastic or religious vows, are resident within the United Kingdom it is expedient to make provision for the gradual suppression and final prohibition of the same therein; that if any member of such Religious Order, etc., shall, after the passing of this Act, in the United Kingdom admit any person to become a Regular Ecclesiastic or Brother or member of such Religious Order . . . . (he) is guilty of misdemeanour; that any person admitted to a Religious Order shall be banished for the rest of his life . . . . This Act does not extend to . . . . Females bound by religious or monastic vows."

Petitions from Catholic and certain Protestant bodies (Waterford, Carrick-on-Suir, etc.) in favour of the Brothers did nothing to change this Clause, nor did the interviews Br. Rice and Fr. Leahy, O.P., had with Peel and Wellington, the latter pointedly telling them: " You exist contrary to the law . . . . People of this country are hostile to you . . . . The Penal clauses are only intended to prevent others from entering into such religious societies "(!).

Daniel O'Connell comforted Br. Rice by saying that this Act, though passed, could not be enforced — and in this he proved correct. But it had two harmful effects on the young Congregation. For nearly two years no postulant risked joining the Brothers, and charitable bequests to this " illegal association " were henceforth often contested in the Courts. To cite but a few instances:

(i) In 1828 Fr. O'Neill, P.P., Carrick-on-Suir, died. Among other charitable bequests he left £1,000 to the Christian Brothers, but his Will was contested by relatives and declared null and void.

(ii) Before making his Will in 1832 Mr. Bolger, architect of the Dublin North Richmond St. school and monastery (known as " O'Connell's " because Daniel O'Connell laid the foundation stone in 1828), took legal advice as to the terms in which his Will should be drawn up, so as to evade the Penal clauses against Monks. Then in 1834 he confirmed, by a Codicil, the Will by which he bequeathed £10,000 to " Edmund Rice and Michael Dunphy (Br. Bernard Dunphy) for the education and clothing of at least twenty of the most deserving poor boys, and for no other purpose whatever." After Mr. Bolger's death persistent litigation followed until finally there remained only £1,000 to give effect to his good intentions.

(iii) In 1839 the Commissioners of Charitable Donations and Bequests sought to get into their own hands all the property bequeathed or left to the various communities of the Christian Brothers and, though they finally failed in the Courts, they brought crippling legal expenses on the already hard-pressed Congregation.

In spite of financial and legal worries, declining health, and even a certain amount of dissatisfaction among some of his brethren, Br. Ignatius continued to safely guide the Congregation until his 76th year, when he resigned the office of Superior General, July, 1838. He now led a retired life except occasionally to visit a classroom where " he would speak in his own kindly and affable manner to the groups of reverent youngsters who would invariably try to get as near as possible to him whom they loved as a father and revered as a saint. They would come to present to him their writing copies, and go away delighted with a word of approbation. His pleasure in hearing the little ones say the prayers and catechism was delightful to observe."

During life no one was more conscious of the necessity of daily preparation for death lest, as he used to say, " the call may be sudden and the time for supplication past." But the good Lord was pleased to allow His servant to linger on amid the scenes of his early labours. During his long, last illness he was heard frequently exclaiming: " Oh, thanks be to God for His great mercies," and " How sweet to die ! "

Br. Stanislaus Hyland, the last to say farewell to the dying Founder, relates: " He clasped my hand in his, now clammy in death. His eye was glassy . . . . I disengaged my hand from his grasp; he looked up and said to me, ' Good-bye, and God bless you, my child.' " It was now the 29th day of August, 1844. The soul of Br. Ignatius, having fought the good fight and finished its earthly course, returned to the Lord it had served so generously.

The Bishop, Dr. Foran, and many of the priests and leading citizens of Waterford attended the burial within the grounds of Mount Sion monastery. Not content with this almost private ceremony, His Lordship arranged in the Cathedral a Month's Memory, so that public honour might be done to Br. Rice and his work. In the Choir of the thronged Cathedral were the Bishop, his Vicars and fifty of his priests, besides many clergy from neighbouring dioceses. Fr. Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance and a close friend of Br. Rice, was present. In a moving panegyric Fr. Fitzgerald of the Cathedral said:

" It were impossible to estimate the blessings that have accrued to society through the agency of these educational establishments that have been reared by his piety, his energy, and his zeal. His charity has not been confined to his own land; it went beyond the seas, and has been felt in the sister country and in distant colonies. In an especial manner he is our benefactor. Need I say that he stands not in need of the genius of the sculptor or the painter; for as long as gratitude shall find a place in the Irish heart, as long as religion shall be reverenced among us, as long as civilisation shall be prized, as long as sterling patriotism shall be accounted a virtue, the name of Edmund Ignatius Rice shall be held in benediction."

At the time of his death there were 18 Christian Brothers' establishments in Ireland, 6 in England, 1 in Gibraltar — and the first community had but lately arrived in Australia. The total number of Brothers was 70. This may seem little enough progress over a period of forty years, but the seed deeply sown would in God's good time yield a rich harvest. In spite of the Penal clauses against Religious, and in spite of the money grants and new foundations denied the Brothers because they refused to come under the old National Education System (1831) restricting religious education and religious emblems, the Congregation continued to expand. This it could not have done without the

unfailing loyalty of the Irish people, at home, and abroad, in those days of trial.

Now, 116 years after the death of Br. Ignatius Rice, his spiritual sons are to be found labouring in each of the five continents—281 Communities comprising 3,400 Brothers, together 223 Novices and 458 Postulants. Of these St. Mary's has, thank God, provided throughout the years its quota of youthful, dedicated souls. And though the sacrifice to-day facing the potential Postulant may be all the greater, not the least being the lucrative positions being made available through increasing educational facilities, generous souls will, we trust, still be found to continue our great tradition.

* * *

All of us are called to be saints and this goal we will achieve if we faithfully follow in life the vocation to which we are called. And to encourage us in our earthly struggles, God, through the medium of His Church, sets up before us men and women who have served Him in a heroic manner. Let us then pray, remembering the immense sacrifices that Edmund Ignatius Rice made on behalf of the poor, that the time may not be far distant when God may guide Holy Church to raise this Irish apostle of education to the highest honours of the altar.

[The writer is deeply indebted to Rev. Bro. J. D. Fitzpatrick, from whose book, "Edmund Rice," the material for the above article was culled.]

PRAYER

for the Confirmation of the Virtues of Brother Edmund Ignatius Rice

O GOD, Who in Thy love for the souls of innocent children didst choose Edmund Rice to establish a new family in Thy Church for their instruction, look favourably, we beseech Thee, on his virtues and good works, and, if it be for Thy glory and the sanctification of souls, mercifully hear our prayer that soon he may be raised to the Altars of Thy Holy Church. Amen.

Imprimi Potest:

✠ JEREMIAS,
Episcopus Waterfordiensis
et Lismorensis.

Waterfordiae, 21a Aprilis, 1941.

By T. McVICKER, 1C.

THE REASON WHY

LET us go back nineteen or twenty years, say about 1940 — in France. Let us look at those 'horrors' after the bombers have left, after the sirens have stopped their mournful cry, after the bombs have ceased from whining on their way to terror and destruction . . . .

We walk down the Main Street, or what is left of it. Amid the rubble we see a torn, but still distinguishable sign; it reads:

"Pierre Dupont — Butcher."

Try to imagine what it must have looked like; a neat little shop where all the housewives must have often gathered for their little chats, and the men their occasional joke with Monsieur Dupont. Or was there a Monsieur Dupont? Who will ever know? The pile of rubble keeps its secrets well.

Further down the street, amid the crying of homeless children and wailing of the mournful stands a typical mother Her young face is scratched and dirty. What a figure of pity she looks, holding in her hand a torn rag doll, staring in a sort of stupor at what must have been her home — her children's home!

And it goes on and on . . . . War has at every time been regarded by man generally, as one of the greatest calamities that can overtake him, and yet there has been no age in the world's history when he has been content to do without it. Times have changed but man is as ready for the battle as ever his fathers were. Yet the horrors of war are real and ghastly enough, from whichever point of view it may be regarded. They are most terrible to those actually dwelling within the seat of war. To them it means ruined homesteads, a ravaged country, loss, and suffering, while in cases of invasion the sufferings are intensified. All our science and culture cannot remove its horrors. War, too, means loss and waste. It seems to turn the tide of progress backward, and undo the advance of years. A few months of warfare will convert smiling, cultivated lands into a desert, and destroy buildings and works which have been the labour of years.

The sacrifice of human life is a still more terrible feature, for the best of the manhood of a country find untimely graves, or are condemned to maimed lives and years of suffering in the settlement of some miserable quarrel.

War, has, therefore, been rightly termed the ravager and the destroyer.

And it goes on and on . . . . Travel with me through the battlefield where guns chatter and shells whine overhead. Men are dying everywhere and their comrades, perhaps boyhood friends, cannot stop to aid them in their anguish. They must keep going on. Where? Why? They know no reason why. One young recruit cannot stand it any longer. His friends die around him. He jumps up from his trench with panic-stricken face, and runs madly towards the enemy lines. "Come out you . . . . Come out and fight!" An old veteran braces himself to grab the boy . . . . too late! The boy falls to his knees, then to his face, riddled with bullets. Who is he? Where from?

"Theirs is not to reason why,
Theirs is but to do or die."

Such is the story of war. And whose fault is it? Ours? Yes! Don't look so surprised, reader.

The world was never in as bad a state as it is at the present time. It is hovering on the brink of disaster. There is only one way to save the world from destruction. And that is prayer. Our Blessed Lady told the children of Fatima that if people said the Rosary, Russia would be converted and there would be peace. I think that if the people of Ireland really started to pray in earnest for peace it would bring a blessing on the world.

In Whom We Live

Was it You who made the bushes green, and the softly, swaying trees;
Was it You who made the whistling wind or the shy, rustling breeze;
Is Your Voice, dear Lord, the tinkling river or the roar of the foamy fall.
The frightening crash of thunder or the early cuckoo's call?

Did You put the heather on the hill, a' clinging to the rocks;
Did You warn the timid rabbit at the coming of the fox;
Is the red I see in the setting sun a smear of Your Precious Blood,
And when You cry are those Your Tears that swell the winter flood?

Is it You who tickles the timorous trout and ripples away my fly;
Is the wailing wind a wild banshee, or simply just Your Cry;
Do Your Angels spread the sparkling dew that glistens in the sun.
And do they cover up the world when another day is done?

I know it's You who makes the stars that twinkle up above;
I know You died upon the Cross to show to us Your Love.
'Twas I who thrust upon Your Head that bloody crown of thorns.
And when You offer us Your Hand 'tis I that always scorns.

But now I know how good You are, how sweet and kind and true,
O My Heavenly, Holy Father, I place my trust in You;
For when the snow is on the ground, the little birds You feed —
Have pity on me, O My God, and help me in my need.

JIM CAMPBELL, 5SB.

THE EDWARDIAN

TWO VIEWPOINTS

1

By

E. McILDOWNEY, 5SB.

I WATCHED them yesterday. They walked—in this case "slouched" is more apt—along the pavement, heads bent at an angle of 60°, arms inclined towards the horizontal and jaws working overtime on enormous wads of chewing gum. They were attempting, I believe, a futile resemblance of Robert Mitchum, and were succeeding, in no mean degree, in looking remarkably like that famous nautical gentleman, Popeye, the sailor-man. Three youths, hardly acquainted with manhood, yet their hard, set faces gave them the look of veterans, skilled and pained by life, and ready to take on anything, be the odds what they may. Their hair-cuts betrayed a strange cult. Two heads were brushed back and long spiky wisps curled about each nose while the third head, whose owner was obviously a worshipper of Marlon Brando (God bless the mark), was combed straight down until the hair hung over the forehead like a waterfall, stopped in the process of tumbling over a precipice. Gory locks invaded the sides of each face, yet not one hair bristled on their immature chins (a feat which has caused me to believe that imitation locks must be sold in Woolworth's—I know that girls can purchase false pony-tails). Long loose jackets covered their knees and skin-tight black trousers, which one would have sworn were sewn onto the jackets, draped their legs. They had all acquired sponge shoes. Perhaps they looked foolish, or even ridiculous. Perhaps they frightened an elderly gentleman so much that he stepped off the pavement to avoid them and promptly formed part of the road after a steam-roller had passed over him. But their fashion pleased them and they were doing no real damage when I last saw them, ambling off into the night.

Before I take up the cudgels in this worthy cause let us be quite sure about the terms "teddy-boy" and "thug". The two are often confused and indeed the former is being widely used to convey the meaning of the latter. Yet there is little or no connection between the two. Thuggery and all it entails (bullying, robbery, violence, gang fighting,

—(continued on page 13)

First Year Students



—(continued on page 14)

etc.) has always been with us. Teddy-boyism is a product of the atomic age. Granted, many teddy-boys are also thugs, but surely this is no adequate reason to brand the whole sect with the stigma of evil. If a football club has one bad player the whole team isn't condemned. A teddy-boy is a person who dresses in the Edwardian style of clothing. He doesn't carry a razor or a cosh and I've seen very few with chains (for one reason, such objects would spoil the look of his suit of which he is immensely proud and for which he will pay as dearly as for the best which Savile Row can produce). The Edwardian's clothes might look outlandish to some but let it be remembered that no less than fifty years ago, the entire male population of Europe wore such clothes and indeed many of those whose voices are raised loud in protest were once guilty of the "crime" which they now condemn. Surely those with the slightest smattering of intelligence must agree that clothes have absolutely no effect on a person's character. If a boy is a bully he will be a bully no matter what clothes he wears, and when the small boy dresses in a cowboy suit no one connects him with the slayings and street gun-fights which were part and parcel of western American life in the late years of the last century. Why do this, then, in the case of the teddy-boy? I am certain that when a person condemns a teddy-boy he is unconsciously condemning the clothing and the crimes committed by those wearing it, and not the actual boy himself. It is the old case of attacking the uniform and not the man. It is bigotry in its worst sense.

When both press and public rave madly about the evil of teddy-boyism there is never any mention of the good done by them. For teddy-boys can do good. The human cannot be completely evil and, although kindness and good deeds might be looked upon by some teddy-boys as a sign of weakness, these good deeds do seep out, perhaps somewhat involuntarily. When an old lady had her purse snatched the local newspaper forgot (?) to mention that the youth who chased after and caught the thief was dressed in skin-tight black trousers, long knee-length coat and sponge shoes (his hair also hung in his eyes). I have seen teddy-boys give their seats, on buses, to women and children and to all those whom one should give his seat to on such an occasion. And, believe it or not, I have watched one escort an old gentleman across a busy road while the more respectable and more responsible members of society walked nonchalantly past and never even saw the old man!

Place the laurels on that strangely-combed head. No one is more deserving of praise than the highly criticised Edwardian for, despite bitter attacks by press, public, parents, etc., he has fought back, never yielding an inch (Not an Inch!) and maintaining, through all, his freedom of belief. Teddy-boyism has suffered a persecution as great as any suffered by heathen religions. And it has come out unscathed, more determined than ever to exist, and wearing the armour of shining glory. I have observed the teddy-boy being excluded from dances, cinemas and other places of entertainment. He has been flung into jail, he has suffered insults, he has been mocked and denounced publicly and he has suffered the lowest of the low, namely, being used as material for second-rate British comedy films. (It is my belief that secretly the government have been behind an all-out attempt to stamp out teddy-boyism.) But he has survived. And his sufferings have not been in vain. In the hour of victory they have borne fruit. The Edwardian dress has slowly seeped into modern vogue and the time has now come when a person wearing tight trousers is no longer avoided like a leper. But as always when victory has been

—(continued on page 15)

First Year Students (contd.)



—(continued on page 16)

reached the originators have slipped into obscurity (or perhaps in this case they have died in the battle). Rather than come forward to claim the long-delayed praise, which they surely deserve, they have, like true heroes, mingled with the common crowd, wearing that garb for which they have so dearly fought.

"L'aube viendra. Elle se lèvera brillante pour les braves, douce pour les fidèles qui auront souffert, glorieuse sur les tombeaux des héros. Vive le teddy-boy."



2

By
SEAN McDERMOTT, 6SA

I had a dream the other night. Now I don't usually have dreams, but this one was most peculiar. You see, I dreamt that I was a ghost. At least I must have been a ghost in my dream — you'll see why as I relate it.

I dreamed that a sudden, disastrous war had destroyed all human life on our planet, but that everything else was just as it had been. I wandered round taking in this strange situation. The grass was still green, and the city still stood, but there was no smoke and no noise. Then I got my first shock. I saw creatures moving around this immense flying-saucer contraption. They were typical dream spacemen, complete with goldfish bowls. I tried to make contact with these creatures, but they not only looked through me, but walked through me, you know how dreams are. Well, this was when I began to realise that to them I was just a ghost. So I thought I might as well derive as much fun as possible from my predicament. Accordingly, I followed a crowd of 'people' entering a large building. I stayed behind a young child and its mother, who allowed the child a latitude of behaviour which I deemed unwise. To continue, I, finding this building to be full of glass cases, correctly assumed that I was in some sort of museum. But what a museum that was! In the cases were specimens of US neatly labelled: Office Boy, Farmer, Civil Servant, etc.

The aforementioned child had by this time preceded us into a room marked: Nondescript. It suddenly screamed in terror and came racing back, shouting to its mother that one of them things had escaped from its cage. Curiosity aroused, I was eager to see what had inspired this terror. Suddenly I saw it; a specimen labelled "The Elizabethan Edwardian," but I knew him as the Ted. He stood on a pedestal, coat open, his right thumb inserted in his brass-studded leather belt, while from his other hand, as yet unsoiled by work, dangled his chain. His eyes had a fixed, glassy stare, and his mouth was slightly agape, giving him a most life-like appearance. Then, as my fear subsided, I began to notice little things that were not quite right. His drain-pipe trousers had been neatly pressed, and his side-boards trimmed down, whilst the lock of hair that had formerly tumbled down between his eyebrows had been smoothed flat on top of his head. How were these people to know that in life he had been much more lax about his appearance? A little sadly I read the rest of his plaque, let into the pedestal. Strange to think how perhaps the same hunk of concrete

—(continued on page 17)

First Year Students (contd.)



The Fox

The fox, he is a cunning dog,
His colour reddish brown.
He steals the farmer's chicks at night
And causes many a frown.

Now the farmer sometimes does give chase
With horse and hound and gun,
But the clever fox is safely home —
And treats the chase as fun!

J. DEVINE, 1A.

was supporting him as he had supported when it was part of a wall. Anyhow the inscription went on:

Circa 1960. Seldom found solitary, often in packs. Of a nasty disposition. Purpose unknown.

I wonder how they found all that out? But, "purpose unknown"? Just think what life would be like without our Edwardian lads. We could be sure when we travelled at night that we would reach home, and that home would still be there for us to reach. But all said and done they do make life take on a more roseate hue, at least they make me see red. Now don't give me that old argument: — Oh, just because a fellow likes to dress differently to everybody else doesn't mean that he is a hoodlum and a vandal. Certainly it does not, but it surely means that he doesn't mind being associated, and is even associating, with that type of person. This shows that he does not disapprove of their actions, and "He that is not with Me . . . ."

I think the majority of people would be willing to put up with the foppish element, if it were not for this strong tendency to gangsterism. This is what must be eliminated. There is enough trouble in the world. It is high time these people left dressing-up to the children, and did a little growing-up. I know we are only young once. Let's not waste that time, but use it doing something constructive, instead of trying to overthrow and destroy a civilization and way of life that it has taken man half a million years to achieve.

THE T.V. TRAIL

When Jesse James killed a man
We sent post haste for big Cheyenne;
But he was involved in another killin'
Gee up, old horse, we'll get Matt Dillon!

Matt Dillon that day had broken a limb
So off we went for Laramie's Slim,

Laramie's Slim was feelin' weak
So the job passed on to Maverick.
Shucks, lads, Maverick wouldn't start
But told us to get his brother Bart,
His brother Bart did just the same,
At last we've got it — Bronco Laine!

But Bronco Laine was off at a party,
Then the posse headed for Jim Hardy,
Hardy refused — though fearing no danger —
Then surely we could count on the Lone Ranger.

The Lone Ranger couldn't come pronto,
But recommended his friend Tonto.
As usual, Tonto was having his rest—
Hiya, men, will we ask Dick West?

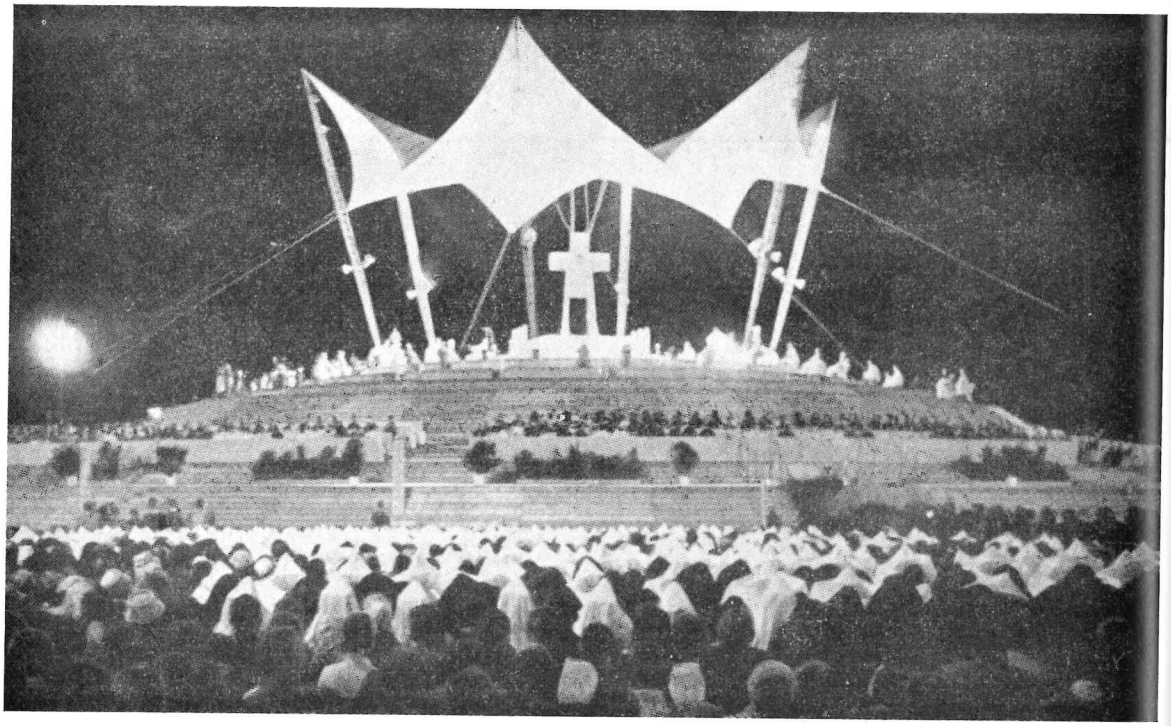
We reckoned Dick was a no-good fighter,
So we then sought out the Range Rider,
But our tough hero had his leg in a splint,
So our posse headed for good ol' Flint.

That fearless scout sped off in thunder
And Jesse James was hanged for his blunder.

B. McCARTNEY, 1C.

By "VIATOR"

Germany Revisited



THE fact that Germany was the centre of two outstanding events in 1960—the Eucharistic Congress at Munich and the Passion Play at Oberammergau—made it my choice for a holiday. Whether to travel alone or go with a party caused some consideration; eventually the decision was to go with a party. Some snags were experienced as facilities advertised were not available when the actual trip took place.

Starting in the afternoon from London we reached Ostend in the late evening. After an hour's delay we boarded the train and began our all-night journey for Munich. From Ostend to Liege — the width of Belgium—it rained solidly. Weeping skies accompanied us through Germany until we were well down the Rhineland. By early morning the rain had ceased and we were able to enjoy the glorious views along

the river. Everywhere there was evidence of prosperity and activity. New factories, blocks of flats and picturesque villas were in marked contrast to the scenes of devastation of 1950 — so common that one wondered if it was the same country. The use of every square foot of agricultural land and the absence of those features so characteristic of the Irish landscape—hedges and walls—struck us very forcibly. The lordly Rhine with its fairy-like castles, thriving cities and busy navigation was frequently admired.

Munich, basking in the sunshine, was reached in the forenoon. A fleet of buses took us to a restaurant for our first German meal. It was quite satisfying and left us ready to face whatever fate had in store. For many it was a period of exasperating confusion. The billeting arrangements had broken down and a long drawn-out wait in a parish hall seemed to aggravate the difficulty. Eventually things were righted after a fashion, leaving one with the idea that German organisation was not as perfect as Germanophiles had led one to expect. It was the common experience that the German hosts could not have been kinder and friendlier. My hosts could not have made me feel more at home. Our linguistic deficiencies did not make for any real difficulties and it was with mutual regret and a warm invitation to come back on holiday that we parted.

MUNICH

Munich is a beautiful city inhabited by people friendly and gay. Their gaiety is somewhat boisterous and beery. They like to make merry and are possessed of an elan, which smacks rather of the Latin than the Teuton. Expansive talkers giving free rein to their emotions, they make the most delightful companions. Everywhere there were signs of tremendous progress. Blocks and blocks of flats, where in 1950 there had been heaps of rubble. Churches repaired, and in many cases rebuilt, proved that Bavarian Catholicity was active. The churches of Munich require an artist's pen to describe them. They are so many and so magnificent. A veritable feast of Baroque, rococo and exuberant decoration for those interested in such styles of architecture. From its cathedral to its smallest parish church masterpieces of that style which is peculiarly south German. Their rich interiors with their many shrines, spotlessly clean and lovingly garnished, are a proof of living faith. The dignified way in which church ceremonial was carried out was very edifying, while church music left nothing to be desired.

The Eucharistic Congress had brought people from all over the world to Munich. Peoples of varying races rubbed shoulders in the streets and added a dash of colour which was very often lacking. Street decorations varied very much — nowhere were they luxuriant, and in areas non-existent. Blocks of flats without one decoration struck one acquainted with Dublin of 1932 as very poor indeed. Munich, so Catholic, somehow gave the impression of indifference. Various explanations were offered — a Socialist mayor; people, never having it so good, were steeped in materialism; a falling-off in the numbers practising religion (it is said that 25% Catholics and 5% Lutherans practise). All this in a land which has a great Catholic tradition, and in a city which has been called the Rome of Germany, leaves one pondering. On the other hand, charity has never been more widespread. Appeals meet with magnificent responses. Their missionary contributions are on a scale to leave us blushing. The Asiatic hierarchy, whose ad limina year it was, visited Munich in full force as guests of the German people —all expenses, including travelling, paid.

The opening ceremony of the Statio Orbis in the Theresienwiese

was very moving. The prayers recited in various languages, many non-European, vividly illustrated the universality of the Church. To hear Russian at a Catholic ceremony was very touching. The central altar flanked by the brilliant robes of the hundreds of ecclesiastical dignitaries made an unforgettable splash of colour, the pièce de résistance being the scarlet of the thirty cardinals. The voice of Cardinal Wendel, the promoter of the Congress, was heard and then that of Cardinal Testa, the Legate, in the preliminary stages. The Mass followed and then the sermon by Cardinal Doepfner of Berlin. Under the quiet night sky his manly voice, vibrant with strength and sincerity, urged us to forget hatred and look for unity. He held up the example of Fr. Maximilian Kolbe who gave his life for a fellow-prisoner. The great crowd prayed and sang with fervour and then dispersed in an orderly fashion. Fortunately the night was mercifully fine.

Every day there were many ceremonies at different churches for the various nationalities. For the liturgist there was a veritable feast, which, however, was not without frustration, as many of the more exotic rites were on the same day and in widely separated places. Conferences, meetings and exhibitions were all over the city. It was hard to contemplate so much riches and to feel that one must forgo most of it. The Missionary Exhibition was the focus of great interest. Beautifully planned and laid out, it did bring home the great efforts being made by the various missionary bodies. An objection frequently expressed by the foreign visitor was that all information was in German. An irritation undoubtedly but, when one remembered the magnificent charity of the Germans in that particular sphere, one could not but forgive them.

From a host of moving experiences one, the dedication of the Chapel at Dachau, easily takes first place. A place associated with such fiendish cruelty and inhumanity was now to have its altar of reparation. On the train journey there, one could not help but think of the thousands of poor souls who made that journey to their doom. Thousands now were making that journey with sorrow in their hearts for the evil which had been done. A tall cylindrical granite chapel, looking like a castle tower, surmounted by an iron crown of thorns, was dedicated to the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani. Three former prisoners at Dachau spoke: Dr. Figl, the former Austrian Chancellor; M. Edmond Michelet, the French Minister of Justice; and a



Dachau Chapel

Polish Jesuit who spent nearly the whole of the war at Dachau and is now Archbishop of Lusaka in N. Rhodesia: Archbishop Adam Kozlowiecki. Voices full of indignation at the horrors perpetrated, and yet conveying the idea that heroic deeds of brotherly love and courage had been practised by the prisoners. The museum showing pictures of the horrors did not attract me, as I felt that the atmosphere of the place was sufficiently menacing. One left the place chastened in spirit.

Munich was thronged with people from the ends of the earth—Africans, Asiatics, Australians, Americans, Europeans from all countries outside the iron curtain. One Communist country, Yugoslavia, was represented by a few bishops. Some thousands of exiled Poles made up for the absentees from the homeland.

The closing ceremonies in the Theresienwiese brought close on a million people. High Mass was celebrated by Cardinal Gracias of Bombay. At this ceremony occurred the most untoward incident of the Congress when some militant atheists fired into the air, with bangs and puffs of smoke, missiles which then descended as parachutes, with red flags attached, scattering leaflets into the fringe of the crowd in one corner of the field. It seemed to cause no panic and many regarded it as having something to do with the ceremonies. Nobody took much notice. At the Pax in the Mass a most touching ceremony was witnessed. That vast congregation, clasping hands, formed a chain of brotherly love. Hundreds of priests passing among the people distributed Holy Communion. Then, over the radio, came the voice of His Holiness Pope John giving a message and a blessing to all. A procession of the Blessed Sacrament round the Congress grounds brought the ceremonies to a close. So ended a richly rewarding week, which had shown us aspects of the Church which we never see here and had given a new emphasis to the word: brotherhood.

OBERAMMERGAU

Next day was devoted to a visit to the Passion Play at Oberammergau. It necessitated a start at 5-45 a.m. to ensure arrival before 8 a.m. The morning was lowering, but luckily the rain held off during the journey. The Bavarian landscape, owing to the rainy summer, was as green as that of Ireland. The abundant forests added a beauty which is sadly lacking in Ireland. Coming near Oberammergau we were in higher and less fertile country. Here the piles of turf were a reminder of home. Practically all the land is given to agriculture; here and there were some cattle, chiefly cows, but only one flock of sheep was seen. The Germans do not like mutton and keep sheep for wool. The autobahns are all that motorists could desire. Oberammergau was reached with ample time to spare, and we were able to take our seats comfortably for the 8-15 a.m. opening.

The world-famous Passion Play is a religious act—a fact which is too often forgotten by many—performed every ten years by the inhabitants of the village in fulfilment of a vow made in 1633 when threatened with plague. The Benedictines of Ettal and the Augustinians of Rottenbuch played a large part in the early versions of the play. It suffered many vicissitudes and the present form is largely the work of the Ettal monks. Allowing for the breaks caused by wars, the vow has been religiously kept. The village council is jealous in upholding the integrity of the play and has always resisted offers to commercialise it. Extreme vigilance is exercised in selecting the actors for the parts. They must be natives, i.e. have a long connection with the village and be of known

probity. It is interesting to note how often the same names occur over the years.

In the intervals between the presentations other plays are produced and a school of acting formed. Music is part of the training, as a chorus and an orchestra are needed. Thus there is always a pool of actors and musicians. A year before the play is to be presented the villagers elect the actors and understudies, and intensive training begins. Practically all the population is concerned in one way or another. The crowd scenes require hundreds—so all the men and boys let their hair grow long. Beards are a commonplace.

The theatre, a solid hangar-like structure with an open stage, seats almost 5,000. No matter what kind of weather the stage is open to the elements. This year, an exceptionally wet one, no performance was stopped because of inclement weather conditions. The play proceeds even in heavy rainfall. Connected with the theatre are robing and retiring rooms. The costuming of the actors is in the hands of experts—authenticity in the smallest detail is their watchword. The orchestra, fifty members, takes its position in a concealed pit before the stage. The chorus consists of fifty voices. The performance is divided into two sessions: 8-15 a.m.—11-45 a.m. and 2 p.m.—5-30 p.m.

The list of performers for 1960 revealed many changes. Four chief parts, however, were acted by the same people who had done so in 1950. Christ was again portrayed by Anton Preisinger, whose presentation in 1950 is very vividly in my memory; Judas by Hans Schweighofer; Pilate by Melchior Breitsamter; and Caiphas by Benedikt Stückl.

The play consists of sixteen acts, with a prelude and conclusion. The prelude is pronounced by the Prologue and then a Tableau Vivant, the Expulsion from Paradise. The chorus sings on the theme; again Prologue speaks. Another tableau, the Adoration of the Cross, and more singing.

Act I covers the triumphal entering into Jerusalem; the Expulsion of the Money-Changers and Traders from the Temple; the Return to Bethany.

Act II — Prologue and chorus appear, then a tableau—Joseph's brothers conspiring against him. The action covers the negotiations between the High Council and the Traders.

There are two tableaux before Act III—(1) the young Tobias leaves his parents and (2) the loving bride laments the loss of her bridegroom. The action covers Bethany: Mary Magdalene anointing the Feet, Judas murmuring, Christ takes leave of His Mother and friends.

The tableau preceding Act IV is the rejection of Vashti and the choosing of Esther as Queen. In this act, Christ goes with His disciples to Jerusalem. He weeps over the city. Two disciples are sent to prepare the Passover lamb. Judas meditates on the betrayal of his Master.

There are two tableaux before Act V—the Manna in the Wilderness, and the Grapes from the Promised Land. The act covers the celebration of the Passover with the disciples and the institution of the Last Supper.

The tableau to Act VI is Joseph sold by his brethren. In the act Judas comes to the Sanhedrin and promises to deliver his Master for thirty pieces of silver. The Pharisees plan the death of Jesus.

—(continued on page 24)

Second Year Students



—(continued on page 25)

There are two tableaux to Act VII —(1) Adam must eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, (2) Joab murders Amasa. The act covers the Agony in the Garden, Judas's betrayal with a kiss, Christ taken prisoner by the Temple guard.

Micaiah, the Prophet, receiving a blow on the cheek for telling Ahab the truth is the tableau to Act VIII. In the act Jesus is taken before Annas and is struck in the face.

There are two tableaux to Act IX —(1) the innocent Naboth is condemned to death by false witnesses, (2) Job suffers many insults from his wife and friends. In the act Judas is remorseful; Christ is brought before Caiphas; the denial of Peter; the mocking.

Act X, preceded by a tableau showing the fratricide Cain, tortured by his conscience, wandering about the face of the earth, shows the despair of Judas.

Christ before Pilate makes Act XI.

The tableau to Act XII is Samson being made sport of by the Philistines. In the act Christ is before Herod, then again before Pilate. The scourging.

To Act XIII there are two tableaux—(1) Joseph introduced to the people as a sovereign and (2) the goat sacrificed as a sin-offering. In this act, Pilate shows the scourged and crowned Christ to the people. They demand the release of Barabbas and the death of Christ. Pilate gives the innocent Jesus another hearing and gives Barabbas his freedom. Christ is condemned to death.

Isaac bearing the wood up Mount Moriah, and the Brazen Serpent are the two tableaux to Act XIV. The act covers the way to Golgotha.

Act XV is preceded by a prologue. The act covers the nailing to the Cross and the mocking of the mob; the last words and death; the descent from the Cross and burial.

A burial song introduces Act XVI, which covers the Resurrection, Magdalene at the tomb. The conclusion is a triumphant chorus.

The whole play is so reverently treated and so spontaneously acted that one is not conscious of watching a play. It is a religious experience. To apply the canons of the theatre to it reveals a lack of sensitivity. The petty shams and insincerities of the commercial theatre have no value here. The profundity of the emotion aroused can never be gauged by theatrical standards. One can only render thanks for such a beautiful experience.

Having seen the play in 1950, I was somewhat doubtful that I would find it as thrilling in 1960. Might not there be a tendency to contrast performances? Despite the fact that, owing to late application, I had a very poor seat in the front row, open to the rain which fell heavily, I experienced the same deep satisfaction of the previous visit. On the way back to Munich we called at Ettal Abbey where I had the privilege of meeting Cardinal D'Alton and Bishop Conway. This brought a memorable holiday to a close.



Second Year Students (contd.)



paróiste

Gaoth Dobhair

le peadar mac muiris, 5la



Is ionann "Gaoth" agus casla nó áit sa talamh a bhfuil an fharraige ag teacht isteach ann. Ciallaíonn "dobhar" uisce. De ghnáth bíonn gaoth ag comhrac abhann agus na farraige agus sin mar a fuair Gaoth Dobhair a ainm nó tá gaoth fada ag sineadh isteach sa talamh thíos ag bun an pharóiste.

Suíom

Ar an taobh thiar thuaidh de Co. Thír Chonaill atá Gaoth Dobhair suite; tá na Rosa ar an taobh deas de agus ar an taobh thoir, ina luí ag bun na Mucaise, tá paróiste Chloch Cheann Fhaola. Tá cuma cearnóige ar an pharóiste. Ag coirnéal bundeas na cearnóige sin tá an tEaraghal agus ag an choirnéal barrchlé tá Cnoc Fola ina suí mar a deadh coimeádaí ann os cionn na mara. Idir an dá bhinn seo tá sliabhraon ina bhfuil na cnoic seo a leanas: Cró na Lacht, Carntríona, Taobh an Leithid, agus Cnoc Mhacaire Rabhartaigh. Tá an Fharraige Mhór ag siorbhailead in éadan dá thaobh an pharóiste — an chósta thiar agus an chósta thuaidh.

Cónaí

Is beag teach atá tógtha níos faide suas ná an imline comhairde 300′ de bhrí nach bhfuil anseo ach drochtalamh carraigeach. Agus as siocair gur talamh coimín an talamh faoi 50′ níl mórán fárus tógtha de chois na farraige ach oiread. Le fiche focal a chur in aon focal amháin tá bunús mhuintir Ghaoth Dobhair ina gcónaí i radharc an bealaigh mhóir atá i ngach áit beagnach idir céad agus trí chéad troigh. Tá a lán oileán ar chósta Ghaoth Dobhair. Ar an chósta thuaidh tá Oileán Toraigh (i bParóiste Chloch Cheann Fhaola) ina luí idir trí is léas naoi míle ón chósta. Níos giorra don tír mhór tá Inis Bó Finne, Inis Dumhaí agus Inis Beag. Ar an chósta thiar tá Gabla, Inis Meáin, Inis Oirthir, Inis an tSionnaigh agus cupla ceann eile. Tá daoine ina gcónaí ar na hoileáin is mó acu seo.

Bailte Fearainn

Tá an paróiste ar fad roinnte amach i mBailte Fearainn. Is fada an lá ó cuireadh teorannta agus ainmneacha ar na Bailte seo. Ach tá na hainmneacha céanna le cluinstin ar bhéalaibh na ndaoine go fóill. Is deas agus is fíorghaelach na hainmneacha iad — Cnoc Fola, Mín an Chladaigh, Glas Dobharchú, Bréinleach, Glaiseach, an Charraig, Cairbín, an Luinneach, Srath na Bruaiche, Srath na Corcra, Áit an tSeantí, Srath Caonach, Mín an Lolair, Macaire Clochair, Macaire Gallchán, An Bun Beag, Mín Doire Gharbh, Mín na Cuinge, Cnoc an Stolaire, Dobhar, Mín Uí Dhaoill, srl.

Pairsinge agus Daonra

Tá suas le leaċċéad míle cearnaċ i bParóiste Ġaoṫ Dobair. Sa bliain 1840 bí naoi míle duine ina gcónaí ann. Sa bliain 1926 ní raib ann aċ cúig míle. Ceiṫre míle atá anois ann.

Gléas Beo — An Feirmeoireaċt

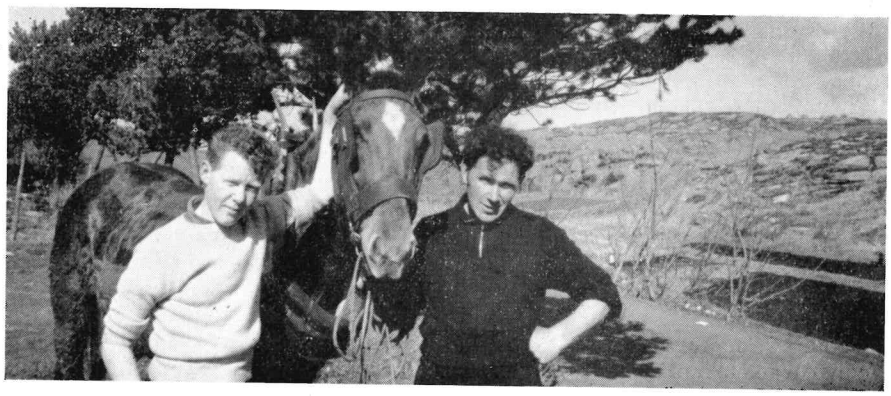
Tá otaġaḋ fear de ċuid na bpeirmeaċa móra agus a súile a ligean ar talaṁ Ġaoṫ Dobair is is dóċa go otiocpaḋ aoib an ġáire ar a aġaiḋ, go otiontóḋ sé ar a bonna agus naċ otabairfeaḋ sé an dara hamarc ar an rud a ċonaic sé. Ní naċ ionaḋ, mar ní talaṁ saibir é talaṁ Ġaoṫ Dobair. Aċ más olc an talaṁ seo le taob talaṁ eile na tíre tá sé sásta do ṗreátaí, do ċoirce agus do ṡeaġal, aċ a leasú go maiṫ. Bíonn ġarraiṫe ansiúd is anseo aġ na feirmeoirí agus ġlasraí mar cáil agus turnaipí aġ pás iontu. Ní bíoltar an barr; coṫaítear an t-eallaċ air. Is beaġ teaċ naċ bṗuil bó nó bó agus roinnt cearca ann.

An Ċleiteáil

Ar fud na hÉireann tá an ċleiteáil mar ċaiṫeaṁ aimsire aġ mná. Aċ sa Ġaeltaċt, agus Ġaoṫ Dobair a ċur san áireaṁ, tionscal mór is ea an ċleiteáil. Caiṫfiḋ sé go bṗuil sí i noúċas bantraċt Ġaoṫ Dobair nó is ábar bróid agus molta dóib go bṗuil siad ábalta a leiṫéid de ġeansaiṫe agus de ġúnaí a ċur le ċéile. Níl a macasamail le fáil ar fud an domain, péadaim a rá. Tá trí siopa olla i nGaoṫ Dobair—siopa Uí Ċinnéide, siopa Uí Maolmuaiḋ agus siopa Uí Gallċobair. Solátraíonn na siopaí seo an olann agus déanann na mná tí na ġeansaiṫe. Is beaġ bean sa paróiste naċ bṗuil aġ obair do ċeann de na siopaí seo agus ar nóiġ is mór an cuidiú dóib an t-airġead a ṡaoṫraíonn siad ar an ċleiteáil. Is féidir dá ṗunt a ġnóṫú as ġeansaí a ċleiteáil. Tá éileaṁ mór ar na baill olla seo agus onnmuiríṫear cuid mór acu. Ċom maiṫ leis an ċleiteáil tá monarcain ṗuálla ansiúd is anseo sa paróiste ina bṗoġlaimíonn cailíní óga na ġreimeanna agus ġaċ aon rud eile faoin ṗuáil. Is fíor a rá go bṗuil an seantionscal seo na holla beo go fóill i nGaoṫ Dobair.

An Iascaireaċt

Tá cuan deas foscúil ar an Dun Beaġ agus é domain go leor do báid mhóra. Roimh an bliain 1900 is beaġ iascaireaċt a bí ċart faoi cósta Ġaoṫ Dobair gid go raib luċt na n-oileán aġ iascaireaċt gliomaċ agus iasc ġeal. Doro na gCeantar Cúnġ a ċuir tionscal na hiascaireaċta ar a bonna i nGaoṫ Dobair. Cuireaḋ báid mhóra ar fáil agus tosaíoḋ a d'iascaireaċt scadán agus bradán. Lean an iascaireaċt go maiṫ agus san lá atá inniu ann tionscal mór táḃaċtaċ atá inti. Déantar iascaireaċt scadán sa ġeimreaḋ agus i riṫ mionna an Meiṫim agus an lúil déantar iascaireaċt bradán amuiġ ar an muir mór. Faiġeann ġaċ báḋ suas le cúig ċéad bradán, ar an meán, agus tá ċart faoi 5/- an punt mar luaċ orṫu. Iascaireaċt gliomaċ is mó a bíos ar súil níos maille sa bliain go háiriṫe aġ muintir na n-oileán. Is fiú ceiṫre punt an dosaen iad.



An Mhóin

Is mó an talamh caoráin ná an talamh curaíochta i bparóiste Saoi Dobair. I dtús ama níor roinneadh amach na portaig mar a roinneadh amach an talamh eile. In áiteanna ar fud an pharóiste is féidir móin a bhaint go fóill fad is nach bfuil duine ar bith eile ann romhat ach in áiteanna eile tá na portaig riartha amach agus is gnách bachta a bheith ag gach teaghlach. Bíonn cíos beag le híoc as na bachtaí seo — cart faoi seacht scilling sa bliain.

Baintear an móin le spád speisialta a dtugann siad sleán air. Beirt fear a bíos i mbun na hoibre de ghnáth, fear acu ag baint agus an fear eile ag croigeadh. Fágtar an móin bainte ansin go dtí go mbíonn an taobh uachtar tirim agus ansin tiontaítear í go dtroimíonn an taobh eile. Ina diaidh sin cuirtear trí fód ina seasamh i gceann a chéile agus fágtar mar sin ar feadh seachtaine iad. Nuair atá an móin tirim go maith iompaítear na fódanna i gcliabh go taobh an chaoráin áit a dtógtar cruach mhóra.

Ní sna tithe amháin a dóitear an móin nó cuirtear na mílte tonna soir go dtí an stáisiún aibhléise atá tógtha de chois abhann an Chladaigh ag bun an Earagail. Íochtar cúig is dá phunt ar tonna móna lámhbainte. Níl bachtaí ar bith ag luchd na haibhléise. Ionann sin is a rá go bfuil an stáisiún ag iarraidh obair a coimeáil ag cuid fear Saoi Dobair. Baintear bunús na móna chart faoi Chnoc Fola agus Sliabh Macaire Rabhartaigh.

Creideamh

Níl a fios agam cérbh iad nó carbh as a dtáinig na céad daoine cuig Saoi Dobair ach is dócha go raibh págánaigh ina gcónaí ann sular thánig Íosa Críost ar an tsaol. Ar scor ar bith thánig Ré na Críostaíochta agus dalta muintir uilig na hÉireann rinneadh Críostaithe de bunadh Saoi Dobair. Is iomaí naomh a raibh baint aige leis an pharóiste agus is iomaí scéal atá ag muintir na háite faoi Cholm Cille, Choruán agus Deag Bhile. Ariamh anall bí an creideamh láidir sa pharóiste agus tá sé ann inniu chomh beo buan is a bí sé san am a chuir Colm Cille a bhata chuig Toraigh. Fiú amháin in aimsir na bpéinlíthe bí bunadh Saoi Dobair dílis don chreideamh agus d'aimneoin dlíthe agus saighdiúirí théad siad chun Aifreann an Domhnaigh san scáile beag a bí thíos de chois Abhann an Choitín. Agus ar ndóigh nuair a bítear ag fabhail a thógáil séipéil sa pharóiste ní sásódh áit ar bith eile na daoine ach an Coitín. Agus is ann a tógadh teach pobail Saoi Dobair sa bliain 1760. Cúig bliain ina diaidh sin choisrigh an tEaspag Ó Raghallaigh an roilig i Macaire Salchán. Roimhe sin b'éigean na corpa a thabhairt go Port an Choirce. Cionn is gur in aimsir na bpéinlíthe a tógadh teach an phobail tá sé rud beag isteach ón bealach mór. Tá sruthán beag lena thaobh — an sruthán céanna a mharaigh cúigear sa bliain 1880. Ar an chúigiú lá déag de Mhí Lúnasa na bliana sin thánig tuile millteanach anuas as Dún Lúithe agus isteach i dteach an phobail. Bí dubscaipte i láthair. Scannraíodh cuid de na daoine agus báitheadh cúigear acu. I measc na marbh bí cléireach beag bídeach. Bí sé ag teacht amach as an tsacraistí agus an cruibead ina láimh leis. Thánig an tuile go tobann, buaileadh doras an tsacraistí isteach ar an sútán a bí air agus bí an gasúr beag gafa ansin. Báitheadh é.

Ar an chúigiú lá de Mhí Meán an Fhómhair, 1880, coisreacadh teach pobail an Chroí Rónaofa ag Dún Lúithe. An tUasal Ross as Béal Feirste, tiarna talaimh de chuid na háite, a thóg an séipéal seo ar a chostas féin agus a rinne a mhaisiú taobh istigh agus taobh amuigh.

Chomh maith leis an dá séipéal seo tógadh teach pobail Chnoc Fola agus teach pobail Mhín Uí Dhaoill thart faoi fiche bliain ó shin. Muintir an pharóiste iad féin a thóg an dá cheann seo. Dúirt bean de chuid Rann na Feirste liom go raibh an teanga chomhair a bheith caillte sa cheantar thart faoi Chroithlí go dtí go dtáinig an tAthair Mac Eiteagáin scór bliain ó shin go dtug sé dá seanmáin uaibh i dteach pobail Mhín Uí Dhaoill agus nárbh fada ina diaidh sin go raibh an teanga á labhairt go tréan arís sa cheantar.

An Ghaeilge

I bparóiste Saoi Dobair is í an Ghaeilge gnáth-theanga labhartha na ndaoine. Tá an Ghaeilge ag gach aon duine den mhíle teaghlach atá sa pharóiste agus ní bíonn focal Béarla le cluinstin ag bunadh na háite agus iad ag comhrá eatorthu féin. Is cosúil, fosta, go bfuil greim doscaoilte ag muintir Saoi Dobair ar



Scaipte gasúr as Scoil Muire a cait tréimse i gColáiste Cholm Cille, Cnoc an Stolaire, sa tSamhradh. Sa line tosaig (ó clé): Pádraig Ó Frighil, O.S., Seán Ó Fearadaigh, O.S., Seán Mag Fionngaile, O.S. (Príom-Oide), An tAthair Seán Mac Eiteagáin, C.C. (Uachtarán an Choláiste), Dean Arnóid, O.S., Pádraig Ó Docartaigh,O.S.

teanga na nGael nó bíonn sí ag na páistí ón chlaidhán agus leoga níl ruo níos deise ná an Gaeilge blasta binn a chluinstin ina síorsruth snasta as béal páistí óga agus iad ag súgradh faoin bealach mór. Cosúil le gach Gaeltacht eile in Éirinn tá seanscéalta agus seanamhráin le páil i nGaoth Dobair go póill.

Drámaíocht

Tá an drámaíocht beo bríomhar. Tá Aisteoirí Gaoth Dobair ar na haisteoirí is fearr in Éirinn. Is iontach an obair atá déanta agus atá á déanamh ag na Gaeil seo. Ní léiríonn siad ach drámaí Gaeilge. Bí siad i mBéal Feirste, i mBaile Átha Cliath agus bí siad thar sáile. Ní fada anois go mbeidh Amharclainn úr Galánta acu ina leanfaidh siad leis an sárobair ar son ár dteanga agus ár dtíre. Tá bród orainn astu agus meas againn orthu. Gura fada buan iad.

Na Coláistí Samhraidh

Tráthnóna Domhnaigh amháin ceithre bliain is piche ó shin bí scaipte fear ina seasamh ag Droichead Braighnigh agus mhaidh duine acu gur mór an trua nach raibh coláiste samhraidh i bPáróiste Gaoth Dobair. Le scéal gairid a dhéanamh níos giorra fuarthas halla na Macáirí ar iasacht agus an samhradh sin bí Coláiste Colm Cille faoi lán tseoil. Is i Mín an Chladaigh atá an coláiste anois.

Cúigear is fiche a bí ar na rollaí an céad bliain (1936). An bliain ina diaidh sin bí caoga ann.

Sa bliain 1940 táinig an tAthair Seán Mac Eiteagáin, C.C., go Paróiste Ghaoth Dobhair. Glac sé cúram an Choláiste air féin agus ó sin i leith tá na cúrsaí ag dul ó neart go céile. Méadaigh ar na huimhreacha. Sa bliain 1950 bí thart faoi 400 ann; an samhradh seo a chuaigh thart bí 621 ar na rollaí. Foscladh trí fo-choláistí — Dún an Inbhir, An Luinneach agus Cnoc an Scolaire. Bíonn rath agus bláth ar obair chruaidh. Is iomaí scoil sa Ghalltacht atá faoi chomaoin mhór ag an Athair Mac Eiteagáin, Uachtarán Choláiste Cholm Cille.

Bíonn na scoláirí ar lóistín sna tithe thart timpeall an choláiste. Bíonn siad i measc daoine a bhfuil a saol iomlán ar maos i nGaeilge agus i ngaelachas agus cé nach bhfuil córas éagsúil ag Coláiste Cholm Cille thar choláistí eile na tíre tá an tionchar áitiúil seo ina bhuntáiste mhór ag an mhac léinn chun dúchais agus mochú na teanga a thógáil go nádúrtha. Leagtar béim ar leith ar an chomhrá in obair an choláiste agus de bhrí go bhfuil dlúthcheangal idir an obair sin agus an béal beo ní cheadaítear ach cainteoirí dúchais de bhunadh na háite mar mhúinteoirí. Sa dóigh seo níl contúirt ann go ndéanfar loit nó truailliú ar mhúnlaí cainte ná ar an fhoghraíocht. Tagann amuigh de ghnáth-cheagasc bíonn gluaiseachtaí cultúrtha eile ar siúl — drámaíocht, céilithe, siamsa, cluichí agus caitheamh aimsire gaelach a chuireas aoibhneas ar chroí scoláire.

Críoch

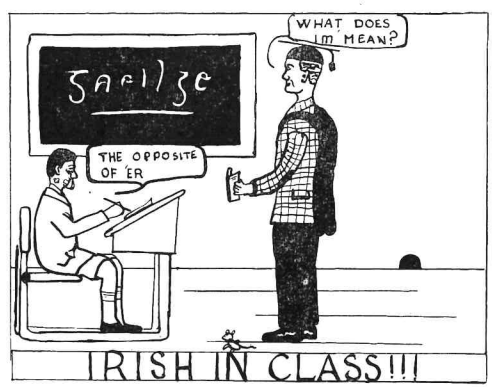
Más scoláire tú nó coimhthíoch, fear óg no aosta, bocht nó saibhir, cuirfear fearadh na páilte romhat i bParóiste Ghaoth Dobhair. Tá ainm na flaithiúlachta ar bhunadh na háite agus leogha, déanann siad a mhór den chuairteoir agus ní choiglíonn siad cinéeltas air.

Ní dóigh liom go gcasfar arís orm daoine chomh láidir le muintir Ghaoth Dobhair. Agus nuair a smaoinim orthu anois agus mé i bhfad uathu téann focail an amhráin seo mo cheann:

"Da é rún mo chroíse pilleadh arís.
Dá ndéanfainn beagán stóir,
Agus deireadh mo shaoil a chaitheamh le mo ghaoil
Fríd ghleanntáin ghlas' Ghaoth Dobhair."

Agus mura bhfuil sin i ndán dom is cinnte go bhfuil:

"Áit i mo chroí do gach fear is mnaoi,
Gach páiste beag is mór
Atá beo go buan gan bhuairt gan ghruaim
Fríd ghleanntáin ghlas' Ghaoth Dobhair."



le S. Mac Cionnaith, 2D.

By DENIS McGRATH, 5LB.

FISHING FOR FUN

THE boy who does not like fishing has yet to be born. If you play and enjoy a sport you should enjoy reading about it. The same goes for fishing, but you cannot enjoy reading about fishing unless you have been out with a rod and line and have found out what a compelling and complicated business it is. Angling is not the sort of sport for hot-heads, who like quick results, but it requires a great deal of skill and patience. In fact it is not a bad sport at all if you like taking life easy now and again.

And now here are a few notes of vital information to whet your appetite.

Where to fish can be a problem, but how to fish presents the real difficulty.

First, the necessary equipment. You can spend a lot of money on your tackle and also you can get a good kit together for very little cost. You need a rod, a reel, a float, a hook, a cast and some lead shots — and some bait! These are the absolute necessities, but it would make everything more easy if you also possessed the following: a fishing bag to hold your tackle, a landing net, for netting the big fish, and a keep net to hold your catch.

Now you are standing by the bank of a river, more or less fully equipped! It may be cold and raining, and then again the sun might be "splitting the rocks" and you wish you'd gone swimming. But here you are to fish. Don't give in. Assemble the tackle! You fit up the rod. This may have two or more pieces. You have wound your line on to your reel before coming out and so you now clamp the reel on to the rod. Thread the float on to the line. Then comes the "trickiest" bit. We have spoken of a hook, but since this is attached to a length of gut it is more correct to speak of the hook-link. Tie the hook-link to the cast and tie the cast firmly to the line.

Finally, you should bite two or three lead shots on to the cast. Without these your float would not perform at all, but lie useless and idle on the face of the stream. Until you are used to it, you will find the assembly of your tackle a bit awkward. Try not to step on your rod. Don't swallow the lead shots and don't catch the hook behind your ear or in your hand!

The bait? Worms, maggots and bread paste are very popular, very good and very easy to obtain. The best worms are the small red worms which can be found in your garden.

Maggots can be bought cheaply from a fishing shop, and bread paste

is the simplest thing to prepare. Just damp a piece of bread and make it into a stiff paste, then wrap it in a rag.

Attach the worms lightly and carefully to the hook. Don't go splosh into the middle of them, for fish like a lively bait.

Well then, cast in! Back goes the rod. Wait a moment, then cast firmly but gently into the stream. Experiment a little, and use your head. If the float rides too high you should add another lead shot to the cast. If weed clings to the hook, then move the float down the line for you are probably fishing too deep.

Suppose you do have a bite. Before your astonished eyes the float suddenly disappears or dips very low. Well, strike! But for goodness sake not too savagely or you may lose fish, cast or hook — probably the lot! Fishing is a delicate sport. Don't snatch at the rod like a drowning man clutching a straw. A sharp motion of the wrist upwards is quite enough. If you hook a small fish—say a roach of two ounces weight — you can land it with ease. But if you catch a fair-sized fish such as a one pound perch or bream, you'll need a landing net and all the common sense you can muster.

Above all, when you DO hook a fish don't let it run away with your line. Check the line with a finger on the reel and play the fish at arm's length.

And now just a word on a few of the commonest fish you are likely to meet.

THE CHUB: Can grow to eight pounds or more and is often found breeding under the trees. It eats almost anything.

THE BREAM: There are two species of this fish, the bronze bream and the white bream. A dull, stupid fish without much fight or spirit.

THE ROACH: Is perhaps the best known of all fresh water fish, with silvery sides which emerge into blue and green on its back. The fins are a bright red. Not a difficult fish to catch — at least in small sizes.

THE CARP: There are several species of this fish but the common carp is the most usual. It is bronze in colour, with a big white fin running down its back. Wily, and is often very big.

THE TENCH: Is a strong fish coloured dark, olive-green, sparkling with scales. Another strong fish to catch. Also a beautiful and sporting one.

THE PERCH: Is a most handsome fish with bright, red fins and a dark green back with bars running down it. On its back is a sharp shining fin —so handle with care. A tough fighter.

Fishing is a thrilling and intriguing sport in which you match your wit and cunning against an unseen quarry, just as the hunter does when he creeps through the jungle with his gun. You are not out to kill, of course, and when you catch a fish it is hoped that you will put it back again, not only for the sport of others but also out of respect for the creature which has given you such a good time.

And lastly, to end on a humorous note, I will tell you that the biggest fish you will NEVER catch is the one that got away!

Junior Certificate Students



—(continued on page 37)

By S. O'REILLY, 3D.



The intrigues of an exam

DO exams hold terror for you? Are the J.C.E., S.C.E., etc., preying on your microscopic mind? Are you possessed of a presentiment that you will fail? HAVE YOU WORKED HARD ENOUGH IN THE PAST? — HAVE YOU WORKED IN THE PAST? Perhaps you will *not* enjoy the brilliant future of an atomic physicist!

It is necessary to know the different types of people you will find in an exam. room. They may fool you. There are four main classes:

1 Those who stride in confidently, carrying only writing implements, cover their papers with coloured lines, and walk out half an hour early — these usually become politicians.

2 Those who come in late — little is known about their later development (if any).

3 Those who carry volumes piled high (and stuffed in their pockets) — these always pass.

Until recently, there were some who used to study for exams. Because of this they became extinct.

4 The fourth type, which is the most common, consists of people considered as hopeless cases. These usually pass extremely well. These people are most interesting. What is the secret of their success? Gather close and listen with all thine ears. Their success is not due to any stroke of good fortune but to the ingenuity of a certain schoolboy, who shall be nameless here (lest he be done in by T.I.T.A. —Teachers' International Torture Association). The results of his activities, be they considered nefarious or otherwise, can now be announced to the world.

He has produced several applian ces for the aid of candidates, videlicet:

I. The electronic brain. This amazing gadget can be hidden any where. It answers the following sorts of questions which have been selected as examples of normal questions found in exams.

Q.1.—Complete the following series: U.R.A. FUL.

A.1.—SEW. R. U.

Q.2.—Write the next three numbers in this sequence.
1; 2; 3; 4; 5; —; —; —.

A.2.—21.687; 35; 43.313.

Q.3.—A man walked 6.28 paces to the east, 12 to the north, turned two cart-wheels to the south, stood on his head, then ran 100 yards at 100 m.p.h. If the man is 7.25 feet tall where is he?

A.3.—In an asylum.

Q.4.—What do you know about Napoleon?

A.4.—Nothing.

Q.5.—What is a spur?

A.5.—A cowboy's roller-skate.

The operation of the electronic brain is complicated slightly by the need for electricity. An imaginative boy can overcome this difficulty.

II. The portable roving eye. This is an intricate system of mirrors which can be flicked out of the pocket (along with fluff, matches, string, old cigarette ends, etc.) when the master isn't looking. In the space of 1.78 seconds it can obtain any answers required. It has to have a skilful operator as it cannot be concealed easily.

III. Another triumph of science is the new high-frequency radio. This operates on a frequency so high that no master can hear it.

IV. Thumb-nail magnifying glass. This is still in the experimental stage. (Let's keep our fingers crossed!).

V. Sleeping gas. This is supposed to put the supervisor to sleep. It is very effective.

VI. Miniature books on every subject. These contain all the information required by small minds.

VII. Prepared exam paper. These just have to be sprinkled with a certain powder — now incorporated in a rubber (6d. extra) — and they give all the necessary information. There is only one snag — nobody ever knows what the necessary information is until the exam is over.

So with all these aids, why be worried, restless and irritable as exams. approach? Send for a catalogue now. You too can have a report like mine:

SWISH, THWACK, OUCH!

Our Weekly Wail

Monday morning—the same old blues,
I've lost my tie, I've lost my shoes,
I find it terribly hard to rise,
And I try to kill imaginary flies.

Tuesday morning, nearly as bad,
I try and try to rise, by gad!
I like the History, and the Art
But the Irish master — he makes me
smart (Ow!)

Wednesday morning, the middle day,
I'm dressed and up, when on Monday
I lay,
The outlook is brighter with English
and Maths,
Also with Geography, French and
Graphs.

Thursday morning is better still,
I feel so fresh, I could run up a hill,
But then I stop, and on knees I pray,
That my pay will last for another day.

Friday comes and brings good cheer,
The end of school-week is almost here,
I find it easy to abstain from meat,
Because, with my pay, I can buy a
treat.

Saturday morning — hip, hip, horray,
All that is left is half of a day,
After four periods all is well,
Then freedom once more till Monday's
bell.

J. F. DONNELLY, 3A.

By T. McMULLAN, 3E.

The Fragrant WEED

GENTLEMEN of the tobacco tin, the smoking season is upon us again. Now that winter approaches, the nights are drawing in, and so are you gentlemen, with an even more avid relish than ever before. Not that I'm against smoking (barring tobacco and narcotics, of course!). But it can have embarrassing results. On more than one occasion, a certain building on the school premises has been soused by over-efficient citizens who, seeing the thin blue-grey columns of smoke wending their way gracefully heavenwards from its open roof, have suspected arson and taken the initiative.

I was first introduced to tobacco whilst still comparatively young. For years I had eagerly studied advertisements depicting supercilious gentlemen of unbelievable rotundity puffing contentedly at pipes and cigars (separately, of course!). Also, for the more sophisticated indulger, were thin king-size cigarettes smoked through elegant, ebony-black, cigarette-holders, held between the refined fingers of city gents evidently accustomed to playing the stock market and "Beethoven's Fifth." Thus, in this state of morbid fascination, I discovered one day a box of musty, crumbling cigars.

Consider the scene as I take a cigar in my right hand with a not-too-professional flourish. I light a taper from the electric fire with trembling hand and raise it towards the tip of the cigar. Both my hands tremble violently. I bring the taper slowly closer . . . closer . . . darn! I set my little finger-nail alight. I extinguish it. The cigar is lit and glows with the venom of a viper's eye. Hypnotised, I raise it to my lips. I inhale cautiously, clumsily. I almost choke in a horrible fit of coughing, but begin to puff nervously, unavoidably, sickeningly. The smoke spirals down into my intestines, clutching at them with frigid hand. My stomach becomes cold, inane, seized by a beastly chill of disgust. My head becomes lighter, lighter.

When I regained consciousness half an hour later my mother grimly informed me that, excepting my present torpid state, and the hole which my fallen cigar had burnt in her new carpet, everything was all right. This I made up for by being

Junior Certificate Students (contd.)



—(continued on page 41)

sick in spasms for the next three days and nights. I never smoked again.

About three hundred and fifty years ago Elizabethan Sir Walter discovered tobacco. The Red Indians had found the answer to shaving! Pluck out your beard, mix it with molasses in the ratio of one to two and, hey presto! Condor Sliced. Sir Walter purchased a quantity of this and shipped it home. Seeing the enjoyment which one could get out of a pipe, his friends "Raleighed" round him and together they lit a flame which has smouldered on cigarette ends ever since.

Shakespeare, having once upon a time been questioned about his opinions, retorted, "Butt me no butts." Elizabeth the queen was quite thrilled because as she herself said, previously she had been "fagged-out" (hence the expression "an old faggot!"). But the last word was had by Voltaire who, a century and a half later in his famous treatise upon the subject (viz. Dante's Inferno) made that irrevocable statement, "Cursez la fume."

Hearken to me, gentlemen, for your fags are futile unless you band together. This thing must be properly organized. What is needed? A daily smoking period, of course! Community cancer under the auspices of a master is the only answer. In fact we could even arrange an annual competition to determine which of you gentlemen could smoke himself to death in the shortest time.

The allure of the weed, I'll admit, is unbearable. I realize how "big" it must make one feel to enter a tobacconist's and request twenty "Three Nuns," or ten "Camels," from a shocked assistant, or roll the words 'A large "Peter Stuyvesant",' around your tobacco-tinged tongue, whilst thinking of the pure pleasure a carton of cigarettes can give. Relax in ecstasy as the hot, bitter smoke circulates throughout your system, tainting your lungs a delicate shade of grey. Smile as you think how it improves you personally. Your flashing brown-stained teeth, sunburnt fingertips, your breath perfumed by the censer of stale tobacco.

Gentlemen, gentlemen, weep not. The remedy is before you. Use a filter-tip! Not only will it guarantee not to filter the fags, but shall also assuredly lessen your meagre life expectancy by one, two or even three years. Let us now vote, gentlemen, upon the motion that "Mass harikari among nicotine narcotics is our only means of averting inevitable death by the tobacco drug."

The motion is passed by an aggregate of thirteen votes. Shall we commence, gentlemen? 'Tis time, please!

Blissful Solitude

As I sit by the sparkling, lonely pool
I think of my classmates back at
school
Studying under a watchful eye
While on this bank fishing am I.

Oh, how I love to wander away
During school hours with leisure to
stray,
Playing by shady nooks —
Instead of sums and writing books.

The Form-master shouts and fumes
And the threat of dire penalties looms,
But what a care give I
While on this mossy bank I lie.

FRED DARGAN, 2B.

on Reading Literature

By E. McGEOGH, 3C.

THERE is an opinion on reading literature, that is the literature ranging from the classics to the paperbacks, that has arisen since the general education of the working classes. For instance, the average working man, who works hard for his daily bread and lets the rest of the world do what it likes, has assumed an attitude that has been proposed and seconded automically by the rest of his "clan."

He doesn't give reading much consideration as an asset to living and even if he does show any consideration for it, it is only because of its value as entertainment. This is probably because that, when he does think of literature, he imagines musty old books packed away in dark, ancient libraries which are visited only by a few bent and withered old eccentrics. Yet again, he may think of literature only as a store of facts for college students, thirsting for knowledge and complete with horn-rimmed glasses and old school tie. Extending this idea, he may connect literature with the intellectual whom he pictures as having ruffled hair with tie hanging loosely and who, unlike himself, does no work, gets high wages and, in general, is his opposite. Certainly I can understand his resentment for these people but does this justify his subsequent resentment for literature? Of course not! Nevertheless, at least he has admitted, by repeatedly putting literature in the class of the intellectual, that reading does require concentration to be appreciated.

Others, not wanting to appear submissive to this very common outlook, say that it is a waste of time reading such "childish fantasy." Contrary to this, some who like to seem as if they have a higher grade of intelligence than the ordinary person (again literature is set out with the thinker), claim that they fully appreciate the values of literature, when truly they don't. They regard this as a method for displaying their brilliance and are commonly known as snobs. Thus the usual result is that, not wanting to become snobs, a great majority will shun books, and everything connected with them, like the plague.

The attitude of these hypocrites even makes the really "rough and tough" sect of to-day go as far as to call reading literature "a cissy's game." This is only another of these common misguided points of view

that should be corrected. Reading literature is not merely for the student or the intellectual, it is for everyone. It is not a waste of time — if it was who would waste time writing it? Are Chesterton's essays famous because they waste people's time? Furthermore, literature is not childish, nor is it fantasy.

Richard Allen, in his essay "How To Read A Novel," said, "A novel is the revelation of the novelist's own self-discovery." By this he meant that when a person writes a novel he tries to express in his characters, and in their reactions to certain situations, some ideas that he has about life, or something that he has found out about life or the people in it. Thus, when someone reads a novel he can compare the characters he meets in the story to acquaintances in real life and so be more able to understand and smpathise with the problems and every-day worries of the people around him. Surely it is worthwhile to see the reasons for someone's attitude to life and to like and sympathise with him, whereas, before reading the book, you despised him.

Poetry, yes, even poetry can have this same effect, for, although using different methods to express himself. the writer is working to the same basic climax. That is, to impress the reader with his thoughts and ideas on certain things.

The essay, too, could change a person's whole train of thought. Realising that the common little annoyances, which h a u n t us all through life, can and should be laughed off, he might thus see that life, after all, is not such a sorrow-filled, weary thing but something that we should face up to with zeal, something that we should enjoy "living."

So much for the benefits of reading literature; now for the danger. Excessive reading can be likened to drug-taking. Sir Francis Bacon said,



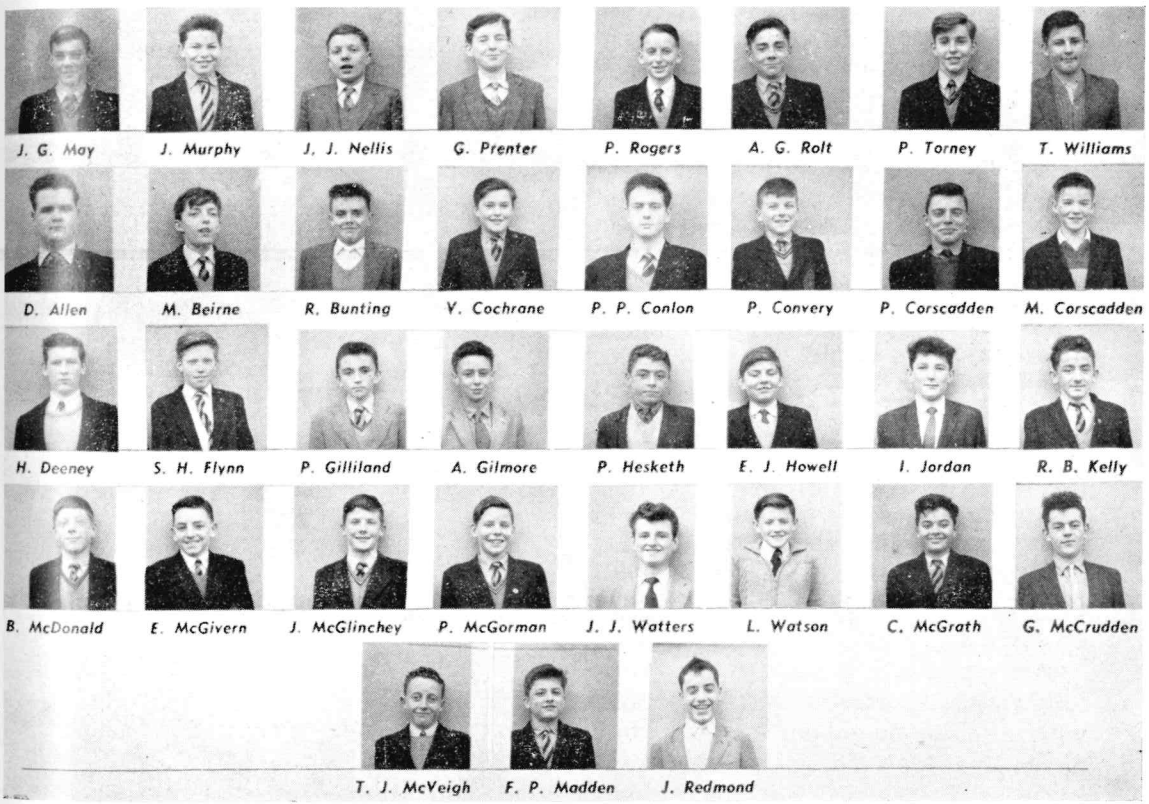
"Reading maketh a full man." It should be clear from what I have said above that the word "full" here, implies that the man is made full of new ideas and understandings, and so I will not attempt to prove, again, Bacon's statement. Then surely it is possible that excessive reading will make the man overflow or, if not overflow, burst. Fortunately, not physically but certainly mentally. His reasonings will become unstable, his decisions hesitant, his surplus of ideas will be scattered and he won't know which are right. In general, he will take life too seriously and thus give himself unfounded worry. He will try to analyse every unfortunate that comes his way but this will only help to confuse him more when, at last, he gets round to analysing himself.

Now we find that the mind, the ruler of the body, is confused and, as a result, the body acts as it does when drugs are taken. Indeed, I'm sure some people have committed suicide because too much reading has mixed up their principles and convinced

them that life isn't worth living. Strangely enough, excessive reading has the opposite effect to reading in moderation.

It would be wise for any would-be reader to remember that to take advantage of literature he does not have to become a celebrated bookworm. The advantages of reading should show themselves in a carefree nature that constantly practises, in all walks of life — at work — at play — among friends and chance acquaintances, a true understanding of other peoples' lives.

Junior Certificate Students (contd.)



By E. JONES, 5LA.

When are you leaving school?

Dedicated to those who like myself have reached school leaving age but have decided to stay on.

"A trouble shared is a trouble halved" is, I believe, an old saying and I have decided to follow its advice. You see, I am, unfortunately, over fifteen years of age, and have been for some time, so the rather grim prospect of leaving school has been my constant companion (or should I say tormentor) for a year or so now. But at long last I have decided to unburden the thoughts, which have been hidden in the very depths of my soul, on this frightening, nay terrifying, subject. Within the last few months almost every visitor to my home has asked me, "When are you leaving school"? At first I tried to put them off with a rather vague smile and a change of subject, but as their numbers increased, and as their persistence grew in proportion I was forced to devise what, to my mind, is a pretty ingenious method of putting "nosey-parkers" in their place. The following is an account of how I dealt with a close neighbour of ours, by name Mrs. McNabb, whose limitless curiosity has earned her the rather disparaging nick-name of "The News of the World."

It is a dull, gloomy day, well suited to the slaughter which is about to take place, when a knock comes to our door. I immediately recognise who it is. This is made very easy by the fact that although with Donald Peers it may be "In a Shady Nook," with Mrs. McNabb it is the strained humming of "The Bold Fenian Men." Unfortunately I am in the middle of solving a deucedly hard quadratic equation, set as only maths teachers at St. Mary's can set it, and after much pains-taking toil, I am beginning to see the light of day. But now!

I hear my mother going to open the door — "Traitor," think I, "you're selling the pass." I shout, my voice edged with a note of desperation. "Please, please, get rid of her." But I know it's useless, so I add, "Well, keep her talking as long as possible."

Of course, I know only too well that within a very short few seconds, Mrs. McNabb's ample form will be looming darkly, threateningly in the door. She could have taught Hitler a thing or two about Blitzkrieg! So in frienzied

haste, I try to gather up all my books and shove them out of sight. But 'with unhurrying chase, and unperturbed pace, Come on the following feet, and a voice above their beat.'

" Hello, Ted." I succeed in grinding out a reply, trying hard to keep the bitter despair, and maybe hatred, from showing in my voice. With a terrific effort of will I screw my face into what vaguely resembles a smile and say, " It's nice to see you again." The lie almost sticks in my throat and, to cover my confusion, I hastily add, " How are you feeling ? " I immediately curse myself for this last remark since now my mother and I will be subjected to a long dissertation on Mrs. McNabb's ills and the incompetence of her various doctors. Hypocondriac is hardly the word for her. However, she has seen one or two of my ill-concealed school-books lying on the table, and, as I follow the course of her eye and I also see them, my heart sinks into my boots. Meanwhile, with a visible effort of will, Mrs. McNabb restrains herself from the expected discourse on matters medical and, in her best off-hand manner says, " I see you are doing your homework." My lips frame the words " obviously," but Christian charity and a sharp glance from my mother holds back the retort. Instead I say, " As a matter of fact I am and if you'll excuse . . . ." At this point the good lady interrupts, " By golly," think I, " the old girl must be getting old. She's slow to-night."

" I suppose you'll be glad when you leave school. You know, you must get awfully fed-up with all the homework you get. You are leaving school, aren't you ? " The bell has gone; round one has started!

" Well, Mrs. McNabb, it's like this," says I, settling back into my chair and making a steeple of my fingers, knowing full well that it's going to be a long, hard slog and I want to be able to observe her comfortably as the talk progresses. You see there is nothing my superior little mind likes better than to watch Mrs. McNabb's painfully visible efforts to understand — she being none too bright and I being well read (I hope). Suddenly I decide to try PLAN B which consists of boring her into submission (PLAN A being to blind her with knowledge). " Now let me see, I'm sure it's all of five years since I first went to St. Mary's. Now who was with me? Oh, yes, there was . . . ." and on and on I go. Occasionally, of course, Mrs. McNabb makes efforts, which become more and more half-hearted, to interrupt. When she does this I suddenly lean forward in my chair and, putting new life into my voice and a new gleam into my eye, I say, " Oh!" this accompanied by a wave of my hand in her direction which clearly means, "Stay Put." I continue: " but I don't think I ever told you about Maurice. Now there was a character. You know, one day . . . ." Gradually, after about half-an-hour, I begin to think that victory is won, for after all " victory crowns the just," and I am just — just about all in. But, no. Painful experience has taught me that at this most dangerous moment, Mrs. McNabb is employing one of the tricks of her trade. She feigns tiredness and so makes me tired too (I suppose you'd call it autosuggestion). And then when my voice has become a low, almost inaudible monotone, possessed of a curiously hypnotic effect upon myself, the enemy suddenly straightens herself up and, with eyes blazing in anticipation of triumph, begins a fresh assult. And I, poor victim, before I have had time to recover my sleepy wits, have given her all the information she needs. But " Once bitten, twice shy," and painful experience has taught me the folly of allowing myself to be lulled into this drugged state and this time I also, beneath the surface, am wide awake and alert. And being alert I notice the sudden gripping of the chair arms in preparation for the sudden launching of her body upright. " Now," a voice whispers, " Now is the time to play your ace card."

" Yes," I say, " and your John was in that class too, Mrs. McNabb. Poor

John. You know we were all surprised when he failed the Qualifying — After all, he was smarter than a few of the fellows who did pass it." Now I have let a patronising note of scepticism creep into my voice. It is with joy I see Mrs. McNabb visibly wince under the rather low blow. For a moment I feel a stab of remorse and then, yet again, another old saying comes to salve my conscience: "All's fair in love and war" — and this is definitely war. But why the success of my last remarks? You see it is common knowledge around our neighbourhood (I almost said battleground) that this is her only weak point. Poor girl. She had such big plans for John which, unfortunately, did not correspond with his mental abilities. Suffice to say that he is now working as a docker, to his mother's lasting shame. Soon Mrs. McNabb makes some feeble excuse and rises to leave. I can't resist one last parting shot.

"Now, what was it you said to me? Oh, yes! When am I going to leave school? Well, you see, it's like this . . ."

That's all the far I get. With a muttered good-bye Mrs. McNabb beats a hasty retreat. Victory is mine, but at what cost? Almost three-quarters of an hour have been, well, not exactly wasted, but they have flown by and as I gaze at the once-again meaningless figures on the page of my maths book, and as I realise that I have lost the thread, so to speak, of the sum which came so near to being solved three-quarters of an hour ago, a cruel voice whispers in my ear:

"Is victory yours?"

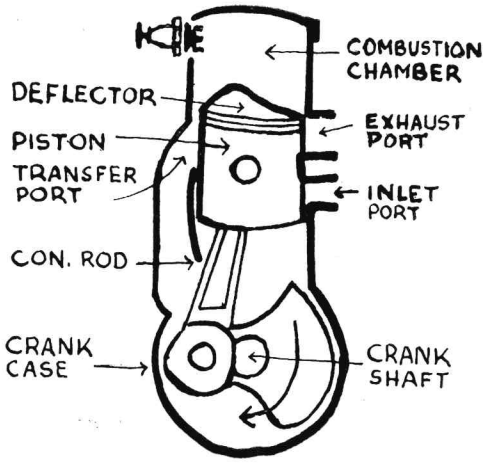
NIGHTFALL

By
E. A. McELDOWNEY,
5SC.

The sun retreated
In a last brilliant blaze
Of searing light
Which burnt the trees
And scorched the fields
And the hills and distant plains.
Day mingled with night,
The strange world of half-light shadow,
Dusk crept like a soldier
Across the world, the battlefield,
And posted the black flag
On the furthest tree.
And night suddenly was there
Full of owls' eyes
And countless little animals.

CYCLEMOTORS

By JOHN DOHERTY, 3B.



AN increase in the popularity of the 50cc single-speed engine is probable since from May 1961 no driving licence will be required for this type of motor-cycle, and in addition to this the insurance premium is to be reduced to 7/6d. Under this heading come some of the simpler mopeds and the cyclemotors. Since the latter is the simpler and cheaper, it is with them we shall deal.

A cyclemotor is an engine of under 50cc which can be clipped on to any bicycle. The engine may be mounted in a variety of places, different makers preferring different places. Most of them have roller drive, that is, a ribbed roller, driven by the engine and rubbing on the tyre. This system is quite satisfactory and will not cause undue wear, provided that the roller is properly aligned and that the tyre is pumped up hard. The other methods of drive are by chain and by belt. Some of these engines have a clutch, and nearly all the roller drive models have a means of lifting the roller off the tyre. This, however, should not be regarded as a clutch because if one tries to move off from a standstill position and in doing so lowers the spinning roller onto the stationary tyre, large pieces of tyre will be cut off and will cause a puncture.

New, these motors cost from about £19 to £33 but a second-hand one can be bought from most bicycle and motor-bicycle shops from about £12 downwards. This price includes the bicycle frame because most motors will not be sold separate. However, this can be an asset because from the condition of the bicycle parts we can usually tell the general state of the engine. Again, the frame supplied may be reinforced or made for the purpose and might even have sprung front forks which provide an increase in comfort for the rider. One more word. When buying a machine, try to have an experienced friend check it over just to make sure.

All of these motors are two-stroke and it is with these we shall deal. Before the actual working of the engine is described we shall familiarise ourselves with the main working parts:

For a start, the piston, by its up-and-down movement in the cylinder serves three purposes. Firstly, it harnesses the power of the explosion. Secondly, it serves as a pump for the fuel transfer, and thirdly it controls the opening of the ports. The connecting rod, as the name implies, connects the piston to the crankshaft which is turned round by the motion of the former; thus, the power is delivered. The crankcase is roughly a box sealed against pressure and serves, among other purposes, as a pumping chamber. Bearing these facts in mind we shall go on to the actual working of the engine.

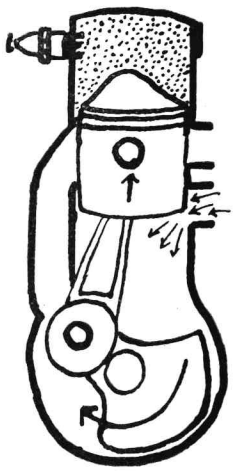


Diagram 1

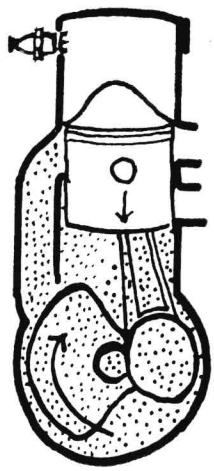


Diagram 2

If we look at Diagram I we see that the piston is moving upward. As it does so, the bottom of the piston uncovers the inlet port. Now, the crankcase, as we know, is sealed so that air can neither enter nor leave except by the ports. This being so, the rising piston causes in the crankcase a partial vacuum which, as the port is uncovered, is filled by petrol-air mixture rushing in from the carburettor. In other words, the crankcase is being used as a pumping chamber and the rising piston as a pump.

Already in the combustion chamber, above the piston, there is a charge of petrol-air mixture from the previous cycle of operations. The piston,

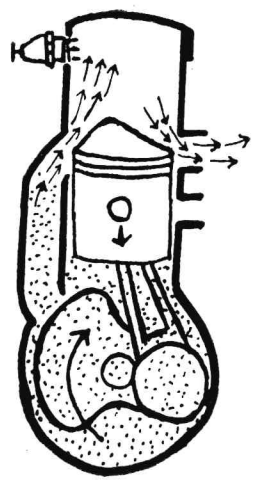


Diagram 3

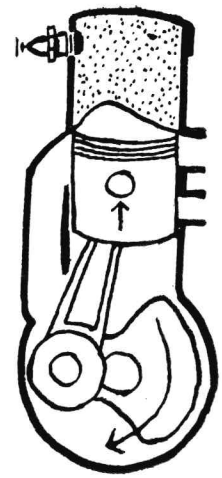


Diagram 4

moving upwards, compresses this charge and when it reaches the top of its stroke, an electric spark, automatically provided by the magneto, ignites the compressed charge (Diagram II). The force of the exploding petrol-air pushes the piston down in the same manner as a bullet is shot from a gun by the exploding gunpowder, and so the crankshaft is whirled around.

As the piston travels downwards, it uncovers first the exhaust port (Diagram III) thus letting out the burnt gases which pass into the silencer. At the same time it covers the inlet port and starts to compress the petrol-air mixture waiting in the crankcase But before the exhaust port has been fully uncovered, the piston starts to uncover the transfer port, thus opening up a passage — the transfer passage — through which the compressed petrol-air mixture rushes, to be led into the combustion chamber. The deflector, or hump, on the piston forces the mixture upwards and away from the exhaust and so prevents any of it from being sucked out. The transfer of the mixture completed, the piston rises again (Diagram IV) and just as soon as the inlet port is uncovered, a fresh cycle of operations will start. It is all so delightfully simple! All standard two-stroke cyclemotor engines function in this

manner. They are called three-port two-strokes, the ports being the inlet, transfer and exhaust. Many engines have twin exhaust ports and two or more exhaust ports but they are still called three-port.

The purchase of one of these machines will give you all the pleasures of cycling without un-necessary fatigue. The possibilities of travel are considerably extended, for that trip to the sea-side or to any other attractive locality is now well within the owner's range. These little motors are also very handy for around town travel and the constant free-wheeling is a pleasant sensation for those of us who are less energetically minded (the majority, I dare say). Touring the countryside is now feasible because not only does it involve little financial expenditure but I can think of no greater enjoyment than cruising along a country lane, your little engine humming away sweetly and propelling you along at a speed that will not prevent you from enjoying the surrounding landscape. For the average schoolboy who is mechanically minded or longs for the day that he will own a motor-bicycle but has little financial resources, the ownership of one of these bicycles will be very satisfying and at the same time provides a very cheap means of transport.

THE OLD SAILOR

There was an old, old sailor,
Who'd travelled far o'er the foam,
But after serving at sea for sixty years,
He settled in his little seaside home.

His only friend was Jack, his dog,
His only neighbour the sea,
And although, a lonely life it was,
He was as happy as could be.

His house was built in the shape of a ship,
With a crow's nest on the lawn,
And all day long he'd make model boats,
While he hummed a tuneless song.

Then in the evening while he puffed his pipe,
And sat in his old arm-chair,
He'd happily dream of his boy-hood life,
And the days that once were there.

When the sunset came around,
He'd climb up the creaking stairs,
And by his bedside kneel down
To say his nightly prayers.

Then, with a sigh of gladness, long and deep,
He would climb into his bed,
And fall into a gentle sleep,
As if the whole world were dead.

F. MANNING, 2B.

By LESLIE O HUID, 4SB.

Astrology

ASTROLOGY is a theory that the heavenly bodies have a determinative influence on the character and destiny, not only of the earth, but of its several inhabitants and races, and was formerly the science now known as astronomy.

However, Astrology in this modern age is commercial trash, composed for romantically-minded women who seek an outlet for emotions which are stifled in their domesticated lives. It is beyond all reason to believe that under the same star a horoscope can change a dozen times in the same number of women's magazines.

Under the heading of Astrology these horoscopes give details of the future which would satisfy even the most romantic reader, but fail to give any serious thoughts or views as to how the general pattern of the future will go.

Accepting these facts, or perhaps overlooking them, many people find comfort in the assurance that " the outlook for the month of June is quite a romantic one " or that " the middle two weeks show an important event which may bring more money;" but surely it is wrong to cater for the majority by writing a commercialised horoscope and calling it " astrology "?

A minority of the people would like to see their future mapped out for them, but these are the " bravadoes " among us, and the majority prefer to remain behind the barriers of respectability they have built for themselves, believing only that which reassures them and scorning that which does not. I myself like reading my horoscope but nevertheless I would not be so foolish as to plan my life on the myriad aspects chosen every week. The former class, however, will expect a high grade of astrology and the latter will read their horoscopes and neither condemn nor accept them with any enthusiasim. I think the word horoscope should be changed to "horrorscope."

However, the desire to be reassured of the future is not a bad thing. The young girl embarking on some career cannot fail to wonder what the future holds for her, but it is wrong to think that a horoscope composed for those adventurers could satisfy her needs. She may read of a " chance meeting with a tall, dark and handsome stranger " but after a momentary sensation of delight she will soon realise that this chance meeting is one in millions.

Luck and superstition are probably two main factors in the lives of people who follow the subject with intense interest. These are very

First Year Senior Students



—(continued on page 51)

closely related, for a superstitious person will most probably be a firm believer in the faith of astrology. Separately, these beliefs in luck, superstition or astrology may be quite safe but, when they are joined, it goes beyond all bounds and it may rule the life of that unfortunate person, male or female.

A few people have spent many years making a deep study of the subject and genuinely believe that the stars have some influence on human affairs. (Take for instance the fictional "were-wolf" who believed so much he was a wolf that at every full moon he turned into a "were-wolf"). They may be correct, but these are not the people who write the back page of a woman's magazine. Their subject matter is too complex and involved for these articles, which may be read only by those narrow-minded people who, basing their lives on the stars, are curious to see if the horoscope comes true.

If we are to be plagued with horoscopes then let us see by reading them, that thought, consideration and genuine belief have gone into them so that our lives are not affected by seemingly thoughtless work. The modern horoscope craze is a good example of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING!

The School Day

At nine o'clock the bell doth ring,
Not a very welcome thing.
Gaeilge first: "An bhfuil sibh réidh?"
What a way to start the day!
"Ím nó subh, cé acu is fearr leat?"
" Eh . . . tá," arsa an buachaill bocht.
Next at Geography we do slog
Or else our Latin homework cog,
Then the welcome break at last —
Time for our second breakfast
Of biscuits and bread from the tin.
There's scarcely time to shove them in.
Then at History we must swot,
Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot.
Next on Latin our thoughts do fall,
On Julius Caesar and Transalpine Gaul,
On the Ablative Absolute and Final Clause,
Taedet nos! Never a pause.
And then, at last the freedom bell,
But, what lies ahead no one can tell.
Then we, our minds with poetry do fill
With Keats and Burns and the lonely daffodil.
" Wee modest, crimson tippéd flower,"
Ding! The bell again doth sound the hour.
Mouths devour everything that comes,
Even Ma Trainor's paris buns.
Down go the sandwiches, two at a time —
Until that bell, again doth chime.
Then again to work we bend our minds
To Pythagoras, Appolonius, angles and sines,
The triangle, circle, cosine and tan —
Oh, the towering figure and outstretched hand.
Then to Science for experiments to do
With the handsome, tall Mr. McU.
While the acid from the tube doth ooze
The scientists sit on the bench and snooze,
Lying asleep in the rays of the sun —
But now with high stools it isn't such fun.
Through Ohm's Law we hack our way
Through the Leclanché Cell and Reflected Ray.
Again at last the bell doth ring,
This time a very welcome thing,
But as the football starts with a cheer,
Shouts the heartless janitor, " No football here!"

COLM McGRADY, 3C.

First Year Senior Students (contd.)



By MALACHY McKENNA, 2C.

Operation Q

An important event in retrospect

"OKAY, boys, you all know what to do ; it is up to yourselves." After the prayers we all made our way out of the school. The next day was "D" day, for the Qualifying Exam was on.

John, Michael and Seamus were great friends and had attended the two Intelligence Tests together. Everyone tried to talk at once about the exam but Seamus changed the subject to the Western film on television.

That night the three boys thought what the exam would be like, but no one would really know until to-morrow. As they lay dreaming the moon cast its quiet silvery sheen on the earth. The next day dawned bright and clear, the day that might play a decisive part in every boy's life.

The three chums met to go to the Centre for the exam. They were all dressed in their Sunday best, together with pen, pencil and card. In the school-yard they met children from other schools and made new friends. At last the bell went and everyone filed into the cloakroom to hang up their coats. Then, nervously, all proceeded to the appointed classroom and into their desks. Just a few minutes before, the corridors had been filled with merry laughter. Now there was an eerie silence throughout the school.

The exam started exactly on time, and in every classroom brains were really getting down to work. A pin could be heard dropping, and an occasional person sneezing would shatter the silence. Time passed quickly as the children gradually worked their way through the exam. Oh, where do examiners get all these nightmare problems? Some boys to sustain their dwindling courage nibbled at pieces of chocolate, and the crackling of the paper seemed deafening in the silence.

Unconcernedly the big hand worked its way round the face of the clock. In a few minutes the first part of the exam would be over. Ding, dong! Ding, dong! At last the life-saver came. John and his pals had been invited to a tuck-in of eggs and chips and needed no second invitation. John's mother greeted them with a cheery smile and they set in for a really good meal. Feeling happy again with the warm food

they thanked John's mother and set out for the second lap.

The English exam was a real "stiffner," but there is a beginning and an end to everything. John and Michael got through the exam all right, but Seamus found it rather difficult. At three o'clock the ordeal ended.

Everyone filed out of the school, all but the superintendents who were collecting the fateful papers. The work was now done; all that remained was to be patient. The results were destined to arrive in June and those intervening months seemed to crawl by. Sometimes the results were forgotten when the boys' minds were occupied. Only at nights were they remembered.

That Saturday morning the three boys met to discuss the plans of the day. They decided to go hunting for the postman. Better meet trouble half way! They searched street after street to find him. At last he was spotted. That very important person, clad in blue, just getting out of his little red van. One minute the postman was quietly alone, the next minute he was completely surrounded by excited children. Names were called and eagerly answered. Then, forgetting their manners, the three pals tore open their envelopes. Pass or fail . . ? John and Michael were overjoyed to discover that they had passed. But Seamus was not so lucky. He had, however, gained possession of a place in a Technical or Intermediate School. The good news was announced to overjoyed parents, uncles and aunts, grandads and grandmas, and when it was all over the boys were invited to have lunch at the Elmgreen Hotel, one of the dearest restaurants in the town.

Late that night, John, Michael and Seamus were very glad they had gained such important places in such good schools. They turned over, and went to sleep.

But little did they know what the Grammar School had in store for them . . . !

Freedom

Of all the gifts that God e'er gave to Man,
Of all the wondrous things He gave to him,
Of life and love and labour, and a plan
To live a simple life and keep from sin;
Of sight and sound and feeling, speech and smell,
Of hope and joy and friendship, peace and play,
All humans, by their very actions tell
For Freedom's gift with blood they'll dearly pay.
The lust for freedom and the lust for gold
Are one, the same, identical in all.
Men die for wealth, so countless tales have told,
Men die for freedom and bloody tyrants fall.
Their empires crumble, their ruthless crowns do slip
From ruthless heads unto the mob below
Proving Freedom's never-tiring grip
On mortal men who daily reap and sow.

EUGENE McELDOWNEY, 5SB.

The Salesman

By G. CLEARY, 1A.

IT was early morning when Bill came strolling down the road, a quaint figure with a big canvas bag on his back and a huge black dog romping along beside him.

Bill was a pedlar or, as he emphatically declared, a travelling salesman. He roamed the country selling his wares, pots and pans, pins and needles—everything he could sell, everything anybody wanted to buy. But here he was back at Dumfriars, the little village where he was nursed back to health when he had pneumonia, one bitter winter.

" Well, Rebel," he said in his deep voice, " Old Dumfriars again! I am glad to see . . ."

He stopped. This wasn't the Dumfriars he knew. The town was deserted, empty. It couldn't be ; but it was.

Not a single soul anywhere. The breeze shook the old oaks in the village square. Everything was silent, silent as a tomb. Rebel whined. His animal instinct told him something was wrong, very wrong. His footsteps echoed eerily on the cobbles. The houses stood grim, silent ; they knew what had happened.

The village church, the spiritual and social centre of the town, was gaunt and sombre against the morning sky. And then he saw it.

A huge granite wall, stretching from one side of the valley to the other. It was a dam.

Even as he stood horrified, the whole village shook and trembled, and a yawning chasm appeared in the white wall. With frenzied furious foam a million tons of swirling water plunged into the valley. Bill ran up the empty street in a mad panic. Suddenly he stopped. " Rebel! Rebel! Where is that fool dog?" He looked back. The black animal was standing by a gate, howling for his master. Bill was a kindly man ; he couldn't leave his travelling companion behind, so he went back to the gate. His wizened old face broke into a smile as he saw a shivering little puppy crouching beside the gate. " I see, Rebel, you want me to take him along?" Off again, up the street, the still street, the waiting street. But his delay was almost fatal ; the water was gaining, gaining.

Bill's breath came in wheezes; the puppy seemed to weigh a ton. He couldn't go on. He must. A searing headache seemed to rip his head ; lights danced before his tired eyes. The effects of pneumonia were coming back! Suddenly he stumbled and fell, unconscious, the whining puppy clinging to his body. Rebel stood

beside his master to the end. The cruel water crept on.

A few hours later Bill awoke and looked around. He blinked as he realised that the valley was one big lake with its shore just lapping his boots. The Dumfriars reservoir had just come into being.

At a grand garden party to celebrate the opening, further up the valley in the big town, the mayor congratulated a young engineer on his (I quote) "feat of engineering which will bring great prosperity to our beautiful country. A pity though about Dumfriars. I hope no one was near the village; they wouldn't have had much chance."

But someone had. One big black dog, one little puppy, and one travelling salesman, on his way to the next village, just like any other day.

YOUTH HOSTELS

By H. McCALLUM, 2C.

SPREAD throughout this country and throughout most countries of the world are Youth Hostels. The I.Y.H.F. (International Youth Hostel Federation) helps you to visit any country in the world which is inside the Federation. "An Oige" is the 26 Counties branch.

The object of the Hostels is to give those interested a chance to admire, enjoy and preserve the natural beauty of the countryside, without great expense. Naturally, on account of this, the hostels are situated in some of the most beautiful parts of the country.

Hostels vary in size, but I prefer the smaller ones, as the larger ones sometimes lack the spirit of warm friendliness and welcome. Hostels, often situated in mountains, need a gruelling walk to reach them. For your efforts, though, you are amply rewarded with the magnificent view on arrival there.

People of many nationalities often come to these hostels with greetings from foreign countries. Germans, Swedes, Scots, English and even Southern Irelanders are found in most of the popular hostels in the North of Ireland. Of course, with many of the foreigners language is a major problem as nearly only one in five speaks any English. But no matter where he or she comes from they are just as easy to get on with, as your own native countrymen.

For instance, last year while I was staying at Ballygally I met a party of Germans and not one of them could speak a word of English. Curiously enough I noticed them talking to some friends of mine who, I knew, couldn't speak a word of German. Naturally I went over to

clear up the mystery and I got the biggest shock of my life. The Germans were telling my friends, in German, stories and illustrating them with pictures. My friends were doing the same only they were explaining in English. Necessity knows no law — or needs no language!

In charge of the hostels is a warden who either lives in the hostel or in a house not far off. The warden himself is usually a very friendly man who, on a dark night, while all are sitting around the fire, would tell you many a ghostly story to chill the blood. At one hostel "Bloody Bridge Hostel," there is a certain bridge on which a man had been murdered and on which his ghost is supposed to walk at midnight. If you would like to know more about this ghost why don't you go and find out for yourself?

Certain means of transport are not allowed if you are staying at a hostel. To put it briefly you must travel under your own steam. Necessity allows some variations of this rule, for example you may travel on a motor-scooter or bike. But people who normally use this means of transport are foreigners in a strange country or elderly people no longer able to travel without a little help.

Youth hostels do not apply particularly to young people; anyone from the age of ten to sixty may join the Federation and reap the benefits.

In Belfast the hostel office is situated in Bryson House, Bedford Street. There you can join the Federation and then make reservations, wherever available, to visit any hostel in the countries inside the Federation. So, join up and see the world!

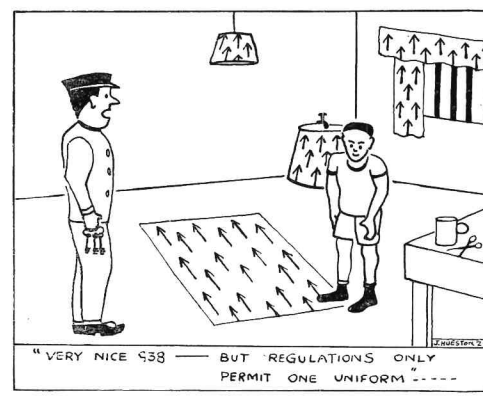
The Snow

It gracefully drops from wintry skies.
And softly lands on the ground below.
It covers the ground in beautiful disguise —
That glistening, wonderful snow.

To the motorist it's just a bad run,
To the children it's just a lot of fun.
But to the adults who go their own way
It's just something that will soon go away.

To the children its arrival brings joy,
Just like a newly-bought toy.
But the sun's arrival brings them dismay
For then the snow must melt away.

PAT HAGAN, 2B.



By CONALL McLYNN, 4SB.

JAZZ

"JAZZ cries out its soul but nobody cares," says Eric Satie. Do you care, or do you think jazz is sheer nonsense? At any rate let's see how jazz evolved and sketch a rough outline of its development.

The negroes in the deep South of America loved music and so, towards the end of the last century, on obtaining their freedom they acquired trombones, trumpets, clarinets, drums and banjos from the members of the old disbanded military bands. Using these instruments they created jazz. It was a spontaneous type of music which was not restricted by the traditional laws of composing. The great artists in the beginning were Buddy Bolden (alias King Bolden), then Bunk Johnson and the great Louis Armstrong. It was Bolden who set the basic framework of jazz arrangements. In the beginning New Orleans was the only centre of jazz. Here the bands performed at marriages and funerals, during the period of street parades when everybody who had an instrument joined in. When not parading the jazz bands played in little back-street cafés, and it was in these cafés that white men first heard this form of music.

The strange rhythm appealed to them and on returning north, they began to play their own interpretation of it. This northern variation was called Dixieland as distinct from the original New Orleans style. As a result of this development the Original Dixieland Band came into being. It was the first of many great bands playing in this style, a style which most amateur groups try to copy to-day.

Jazz followed this pattern up to about 1930 when the bands of the fabulous Glenn Miller and the Dorsey Brothers came into being. Theirs was a much more sophisticated type of music, played by orchestras rather than by small groups. Now was ushered in the "swing era," during which jazz spread into international circles. Europe listened tentatively, then became enthralled, resulting in the fact that by 1948 there were jazz bands in all the leading capitals.

When jazz was still in its infancy in Europe it was developing in America by leaps and bounds. In 1950 M.J.Q. (the Modern Jazz Quintet) came into being, under the very able leadership of John Lewis. It was completely new in that it had broken away from the swing era ; its style is still a controversial subject among fans and musicians alike.

In big band style Miles Davis, Count Basie and Sidney Becket made their debut in the last ten years and

Senior Certificate Students



—(continued on page 60)

all have proved very successful in their various fields. In small band style Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan have provided the greatest recent changes. Theirs is what is called "Progressive Jazz," that is, it is the most original we know to-day.

The last ten years have seen jazz become very widespread and popular. Israel (toured successfully by Benny Goodman in 1957) and Russian satellite countries are fast coming under the influence of American-originated jazz. Who knows but that this form of lovely music (or cacophony, or crazy-chord music, call it what you will) may be a strong force in bridging the ever-widening gap between East and West?

By ANTHONY McCLEAN, 4LA.

The *Western*

HAVE you ever stopped to think, as you stroll home from the cinema contented, after seeing a marshall prove that the "good-uns" always win, how the Western has changed in, say, the past fifty years. There is a great difference between the modern psychological Western where it doesn't matter how many the "gunslinger" kills but why; and the silent marvels of ten-gallon hats that really did hold ten gallons, and a villain who was just plain "ornery."

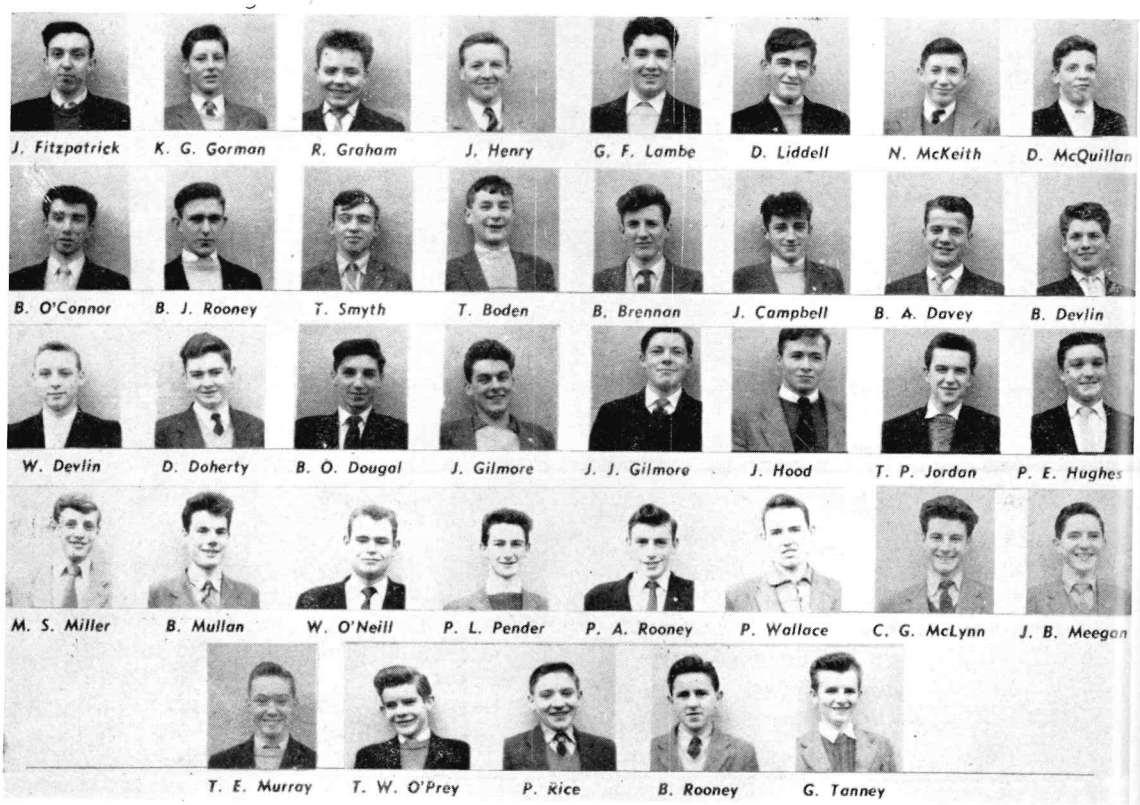
For example, in the past ten years fighting with Indians has been completely ignored because, well, any cowboy who is worth his salt can, with comparative ease, kill one hundred or more of "them durn varmints" in a film. So nowadays the boys don't play "cowboys and Indians" but "sheriffs and outlaws;" such is progress. The word cowboy is one which is no longer adequate to embrace the whole of the modern Western scene of prospectors, townspeople, gamblers, gunmen, etc. This can easily be proved by taking one glance at that lowest form of Western, the mass-produced T.V. Western. Here we find as stars: several "drifters," sheriffs and marshalls, two gamblers, a Wells Fargo investigator and several odd assortments of soldiers and cattle-drivers.

So the modern Western is varying if nothing else, but this isn't all. It is full of modern problems, such as "silly mixed-up kids" who in the Western scene become that complicated person, "the good bad 'un." It is a favourite point of some people to say that modern children are hero-worshipping these outlaws rather than the sheriff who catches them. Well, maybe they're right, but surely it is understandable for them to enjoy the performance of these outlaws who are usually fearless, sneering and, at times, quite funny. Another point that should be mentioned is the deliberate glorification of such thugs as Jesse and Frank James, Cole Younger and their gang. This is achieved by blaming (as they always do) the Civil War in America.

So it can be seen that the Western has changed. Yet, of course, the basic story is still unfortunately the same. I wonder if Buffalo Bill, when he was making his only film, foresaw that in fifty years people would still regard the Western as the greatest type of adventure and that sheriffs would still be saying:

"Ah'll give you just ten seconds to git out of this town!"

Senior Certificate Students (contd.)



Galloping

Past the weeping willow
Which downward bends its leaves,
Past the little cottage
Where birds nest in the eaves,
Past the hawthorn hedgerow,
Past the babbling brook,
Past many a golden cornfield —
I glance in every nook.

What am I? A pony
Whose tail streams out on high.
My feet go pitter patter,
My head rears towards the sky.
On and on I gallop
Until soft twilight comes,
Then home again with work well done,
To sleep till dawn returns.

RAY McCREADY, 2C.

By R. HAUGHEY, 4LA.

The TRAMP

"OLD Mick," as he was known locally, was the best-known tramp in our town. From dawn to dusk his frail, emaciated figure could be seen shuffling along the streets—his deep-sunk eyes constantly alert, watching out for any unwanted "tit-bit."

His wardrobe, as some would jeeringly call it, consisted of a heavy brown overcoat which in fact looked more like a number of holes sewn together, a jersey or two which apparently had been the object of an intense campaign by moths, and finally a pair of heavy, coarse trousers resembling a patchwork quilt.

Mick had a haggard, weather-beaten face which at times looked pathetic and appealing, and gave one the impression that our friend bore all the troubles of our afflicted world on his frail shoulders. But however much his appearance evoked pathos in the onlookers, Mick was indeed one of the most independent characters I have ever chanced to meet. Despite his position in society he had his pride ; "and let no man forget that!" he would say.

Personal pride was his greatest characteristic. Would he accept charity? Reluctantly, if at all. Would he accept government assistance? Very seldom and very reluctantly. How then did he live? The answer is quite simple. As he himself used to say, "I'm a business man ; I work for a living." The meaning soon became clear when he was seen carrying out his work. His favourite haunts were the rubbish dumps and waste grounds where he would diligently search for and surreptitiously remove such useful items as rags, scrap iron, waste paper or empty bottles, all of which would add to his meagre financial resources. Public functions were another thing that our friend rejoiced over for he would then have some opportunity of doing real business. Here he would sell, bargain, barter. Pins, needles, apples, oranges or bananas passed through his worn fingers while a few welcome coppers jingled in his pockets.

Mick was indeed a working tramp. To those who pitied his precarious existence or questioned his way of life he was wont to say, "Some men are called to be clergymen, some to teach, some to work with their hands and others to work with their minds. Every man has a vocation in life. Every man is duty bound to follow his vocation, and as mine is to be what I am I must follow it." Consequently no one argued.

Every weekend old Nick would

trudge wearily to a river on the outskirts of the town where he would indulge in a few hours' fishing. His equipment was, to say the least, primitive compared with that of the other anglers but, as independent as ever, he would never on any account accept their charity but would patiently sit—win or lose— fishing for his Sunday dinner.

There was, however, another source of income open to him. Every Saturday night, or occasionally on other days, he would, to his own accompaniment on a dilapidated accordion, sing before a cinema or bus queue—his hoarse but penetrating voice lifting clearly above the street hubbub, while a vigilant eye was on the look-out for "that confounded policeman." Smiles generally broke out on the countenances of his audience but Mick nevertheless continued to sing, as our Latin friends might say : pro virili parte, until the limb of the law rang down the curtain on the one-man concert.

On the whole our friend lived quite a pleasant life. Rough perhaps ; but then, as Mick would say, everyone had his own calling, and his life was his own to lead and enjoy in the manner he thought proper. Not for him the futile struggle against Destiny ; rather, he cheerfully plodded his way through life on the road mapped out for him.

'Tis a Grand Life

Oh, give to me the high hill road, or the bog that's flat and brown,
The sparkling burn on the mountain side with the water tumbling down;
A quiet pool, where the evening's cool, and I as happy as the day is long,
Smoking my pipe in a shady nook, and humming a happy song.

Oh, give to me a cabin small, and the floor with rushes spread,
An open greenwood fire of ash to bake fresh, bannock bread.
It's a wild life, a rough life, that few will lead but I,
With nought but the sound of the whistling wind and the dim curlew's cry.

And God above in all His love will make me happy there,
Free as the spray on the rocky shore, without worry or any care.
No woman's will or colleen's smiles will hurt my happy heart,
For I will live, where none will come, in a distant land apart.

Here the skies are blue the whole day through, the air is soft and sweet,
And the only worries that I might have are the frosty rain and sleet,
But they will come where'er I move in this happy land of ours,
Where the sun shines through the fusty firs or the soft April showers.

'Tis a grand life, a good life, with heather for my bed,
And the flowers that grow where the waters flow are a pillow for my head,
And, up above, the twinkling stars will hasten me asleep,
And I'll give my heart to the Mother of God, for her to safely keep.

'Tis there that I will end my days, where a happy life I've spent
'Neath the whispering pines and the trailing vines, and the hazels softly bent,
And on my grave the sun will shine, until it shines no more,
For I will lie, where I will die, on the homely earth's floor.

JIM CAMPBELL, 5SB.

STARS AND SATELLITES OF 3C

by

C. McGRADY, 3C.

McALONAN—The busy bee from Rathlin. Studies all night and forgets it all in the morning. Can spout Scripture like a man inspired. Plays a good game of shove halfpenny.

McCANN—The main threat to McGrillen's supremacy. Has a lust for book-decorating to the displeasure of certain parties. Plays a good game of handball.

MERNOCK—The "jolly old boy." Famous for his sarcastic remarks in such things as essays and Latin translations. Smells of eau-de-Cologne but claims it's Brylcreem. Has never yet been seen to laugh—just snorts. Favourite T.V. programme . . . "The Brains Trust" but sometimes prefers "Sooty."

McGRILLEN—The chess wizard —also is a good goalkeeper for various reasons. A boy with plenty to fall back on in both senses of the words. Loves politics and is a staunch Conservative. Refuses to admit he is canvassing for Inglis Bakery during lunch hour but is disgusted with the size of lunch-boxes.

LEOPOLD—The complete answer to a maiden's prayer.

LYNCH—The "Noel Purcell" of the future. Possesses an almost natural American accent but claims he is from Coleraine. Ambitious and likes doing things on a grand scale.

McHUGH (alias Cutie) — The nearest yet to the "Missing Link." A real "chancer." There are two sides to every story—McHugh's and the right one. Has an eternal smile which causes most trouble. Has a Raleigh bicycle as old as Raleigh. Favourite pastime is searching the benches of the Science Lab. Often has startling finds. Has a varied number of names including "noodle" and "gligín" as has his sidekick. Favourite expression, "Fuair sé súas."

McGRADY—The other answer to a maiden's prayer. Has a fine collection of descriptive adjectives to his credit. For further details see forthcoming memoirs.

McGUIGAN—The "enlightened." Refuses to admit he has a top hat and "tails." Uses such language as "you rotters." Favourite subject—Latin. Homo sapiens!

The Schoolboys

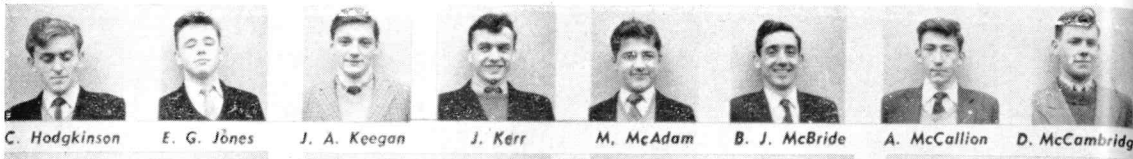
We work and toil and struggle through the day,
We study, yet we have no time for play.
We wait impatient for the hometime bell,
And gladden at its joyous-sounding knell.

We homewards plod and with our books we learn,
We hear the street's loud call and for it yearn.
When bed-time comes we hurry off to bed,
For we the weary wheel of life must tread.

No hope, no joy, no kindly, smiling face,
No peace, no play for we must meet the pace.
Day in, day out, of tiresome labours set,
In French, Geography and Latin — subjects we can't forget.

Not ever ceasing — ever plodding on,
Continually working towards the eternal dawn;
Continually learning, we strive to reach our best,
But poor mere schoolboys seem to earn no rest.

EUGENE McELDOWNEY, 5SB.



C. Hodgkinson E. G. Jones J. A. Keegan J. Kerr M. McAdam B. J. McBride A. McCallion D. McCambridge



J. McCloskey B. McComish T. McComish D. McGrath D. McKeown F. McMullan F. J. Mackle J. Maguire



J. B. Martin P. B. Morris L. Murphy G. O'Gorman J. J. O'Hara T. O'Neill B. O'Reilly E. O'Rourke



A Whitehead W. Trainor P. N. Blake B. A. Curran A. Daly P. Downey G. Eastwood C. Farnan



C. Haughan P. J. Hughes R. J. Hughes E. McEleavy J. McGarry J. McLoughlin J. McManus G. McMillan

Advanced Senior Students



B. J. Davey F. Gallagher P. Kavanagh G. Keegan J. McConville P. McCart T. McGoldrick B. P. McGrath



T. A. McHale B. McLaughlin P. McNamee P. Murray P. O'Flaherty R. J. Sheals P. O. Smyth P. Taggart



J. D. Murphy S. O'Brien J. O'Sullivan F. J. Pimley H. Brannigan J. S. Carson J. Cochrane C. Connolly



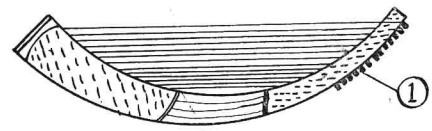
M. J. Boyd V. Braniff A. Canavan P. Carvill P. B. Owens R. Prenter D. Sharkey K. Skeffington



P. J. Catney G. Dempsey M. Devlin G. Doherty F. Hanna J. Hennessy

Sounds of Strings

By DANIEL V. McCAUGHAN, 6SA.



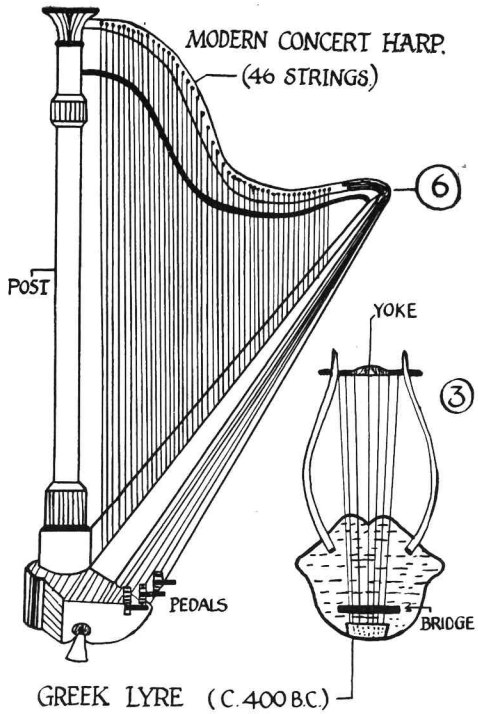
ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HARP OR NANGA. (C. 1100BC)

I wonder if either the schoolboy twanging a piece of cord held taut between his fingers, or the archer releasing his bowstring, realizes that he is playing the precursor of our modern instrumental strings; for the first harp was a bow, and the first string a cord, and from these beginnings came the harps, violins and guitars of to-day.

The only link so far found between the bow and the harp is the early Egyptian Nanga. This instrument (shown in fig. 1) is obviously derived from the bow. Those which remain to this day date from around 110 B.C. Many have been found in Egyptian tombs, and are now preserved in museums all over the world. The tone of these instruments, however, is weak, and their sounds are unfamiliar to Western ears. The number of strings in these instruments varied —that shown has 13.

Stringed instruments were used, however, by many of the ancient civilisations. The Nanga, already mentioned, was used by the Chaldees; the ancient Chinese had a form of violin (fig. 2), and the Greeks had the Lyre. We read also in the Scriptures, for example in Psalm 42 ("Judica me . . . ." said at the beginning of Mass: "Confiteor tibi in cithara, Deus;" the Vulgate rendering of the name of the Hebrew instrument is "Cithara," but it probably bore no relationship to this instrument), that the Israelites played on stringed instruments. These ancient instruments developed along several different channels and are the basis of our stringed instruments to-day.

As already noted, the instrument of the Ancient Greeks was the Lyre (fig. 3). This was probably introduced to Greece from Asia in the early days of Greek civilisation. It consisted of a hollow wooden body or sound-chest, to which was attached two arms. Across the end of these arms was a crosspiece or yoke. On the flat top of the sound-chest was another crosspiece, and at the back was a wooden tailpiece. Between pegs on the yoke and the tailpiece, across the second crosspiece, which acted as a bridge were stretched numbers of strings made of hemp, gut or silk. The number of strings varied, sometimes four, or seven or more. Each string was fixed in pitch, so they were tuned to give a harmonious chord. The



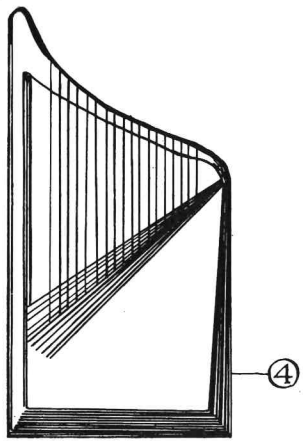
strings were plucked by the fingers or by a plectrum according to the mood of the music. An attempt to improve on the lyre was the Cithara, which has been traced to the Syrians in 1700 B.C. It had a sound-box with two ribs and a resonating curved table. In form it was similar to the lyre.

The Ancient Romans also used the Lyre. Thus we find this instrument depicted on their coins, and in records preserved from this period, carvings, and so on. The Romans invaded Gaul in the time of Caesar, and there they found a different instrument, the Harp. This was an instrument of wild, disordant sounds: we find that it was unpleasant to Roman ears. Fontiatius says: "Romanusque lyra, plaudat tibi barbarus harpa." The harp was developed since then, almost entirely in Northern Europe.

By the year 50 B.C. the original Celtic tribes had spread all over Europe, and had split into two distinct sections: viz., the Northern or Nordic Celts, and the Alpine Celts. The Gauls were a part of this latter division. These Teutonic tribes were wild and barbarous, so their musical instruments, the harp in particular (fig. 4) were not tuned to any recognizable harmony. They were instruments of battle, doing the double duty of alarming the enemy and encouraging the war-cries of their players! For the later development of the Harp, however, we must turn to Britain and Ireland.

The harp was introduced to England by the Anglo-Saxon invaders in the 5th century. The Romans, who left Britain in the year 410 A.D. were succeeded by these Anglo-Saxons, who almost exterminated the native Britons, driving them to such remote regions as Wales, Cornwall and Cumberland. The national instrument of these Britons, and probably also of the Celts of Ireland at that time, was the Crwth or Cruit. This instrument was of softer tone than the harp. In shape it was like a square lyre, with a fingerboard added beneath the strings which generally numbered only three or four. It was not adopted by the Anglo-Saxons, and so was banished with the Britons. The harp was generally used in England from this time till the Norman Invasion.

It is generally held that the Irish peoples received the harp in the 4th and 5th centuries from their close connection with the Baltic sea raiders who ravaged the Northern coasts of Europe at this time, though some say the Cruit was used till the time of the establishment of Danish power in the Kingdom, when it was superseded by the harp. Certainly legend tells us that St. Patrick played on the harp. Be that as it may, the Nordic peoples were eminent performers on the harp, their princes and chieftains especially so. On receiving the harp from these invaders the Irish adapted and developed it to suit their own needs, increasing the number of strings to 28, so that scales could be played, and the voice accompanied. It should be noted that no method of changing the pitch



OLD TEUTONIC HARP.

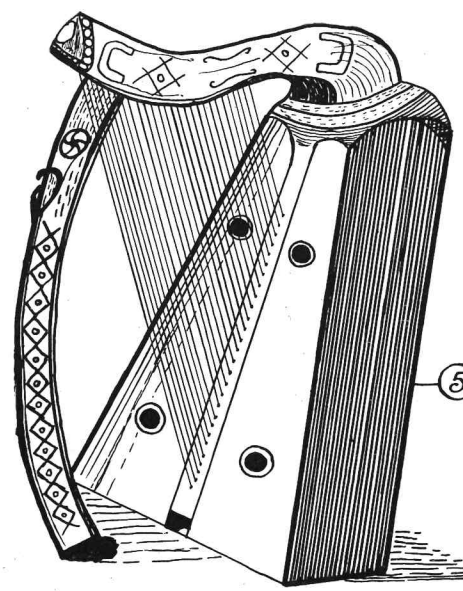
was fitted to any Irish harp. The harp of Brian Boromha (fig. 5) was a typical example of an Irish harp of the year 1100 A.D. It had 28 strings, and was 32 inches high. It was probably used to accompany the player's own voice, being carried around with him. Larger harps about 4 feet high were also made; these were played by a person sitting on the ground, plucking the bass notes with his right hand and the treble notes with the left. The harps of this period were usually made of wood, the strings of the smaller (12 note) versions being generally made of thongs of leather, while those of the larger instruments were made of brass wire.

The later instrument of the Hibernia bards was the Clairseach. This instrument was a developed version of the harp shown in fig. 5. It had thirty-three strings, all of brass. The Irish harp has remained virtually unchanged from this later period to the present day. The Irish harp is a fixed-note instrument: once the pitch of the strings is fixed it cannot be altered, unlike our modern concert harps.

It is of interest to note that the harp was used very little in Church music in the early days of Christianity in Ireland. The Irish had to accept the Roman ritual, in which the harp had no place. But, due to their secular singing, the Irish in Church "sang in rhythm, that is with nice regard to the length and shortness of the syllables of the poetry, and in good time and harmony." Giraldus Cambrensis gives a splendid picture of the perfections of Irish music at this period; the Irish far surpassed the English and Welsh bards of the time.

Most of the names of the early bards are lost in the mists of time, but we know a few, such as Rory Dall O'Cahan, born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth the first. A harp festival was held in Belfast in 1792, when Edward Bunting noted down many of the melodies, his publications of which have since become very famous; and Thomas Moore used many of these early melodies for his "Moore's Melodies," now famous all over the world.

The modern concert harp (fig. 6) dates back to 1810, when it was



HARP OF KING BRIAN BORO (1100AD)

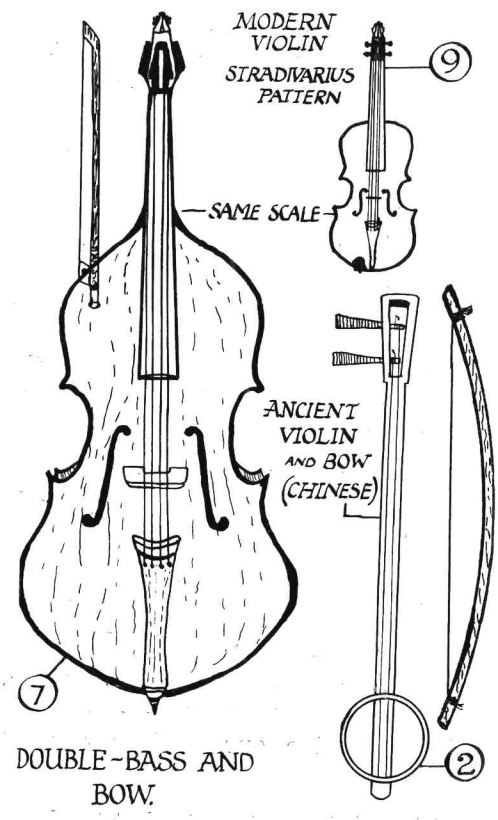
perfected by Erard. It was developed in Germany from the early harps. It has 46 strings, gut in the middle and upper registers, covered steel wire in the bass. The harp is the only fixed-note instrument in the modern orchestra which has separate notes for sharps, flats and naturals, being normally tuned to the key of C flat Major, but by depressing combinations of the seven pedals (which operate a double-action lever system perfected by Erard in 1810) the strings are shortened, and the key may be changed. The lever system operates through the front pillar, which is hollow.

Diatonic scales and arpeggios can be played on the harp, but chromatic scales can only be played very slowly because of the delay caused by the action of the pedals. Occasionally concertos are written for the harp (e.g., that in B flat by Handel), but the harp is best in a supporting role, with the beautiful rippling effect of its "glissando" passages adding colour to the orchestra.

We will now proceed to the development of a family of instruments of great beauty — the violin family.

The earliest bowed instruments known are the Chinese violin shown in (fig. 2) and the Arab "rebab." The former is of little import from our point of view, but from the latter came our modern violin family.

The majority of mediaeval bowed instruments were small in size and indifferent in tone, and usually had no more than three or four strings. We might cite for example, the cittern, the rebeck, the fidula, and so on, all of which are long ago absolete. It was not till the introduction of the Arab horsehair bow into Europe that the development of stringed instruments could expand. This bow was introduced into Europe from India and Assyria about the 12th and 13th centuries, but it was not till the late 14th and early 15th centuries that the Viol family of instruments began to make their impression. These instruments were first developed in Italy, and spread from there through Europe. A good idea of what the viols looked like may be gained by looking at figure 7 which shows the only modern survivor of that family, the double-bass. The viols were characterised by their high bridges, heavy strings, wide bottom portion of the shallow sound-box, by the frets (or guides) on their finger boards, and by their tuning, which was the tuning of the old lutes (the lute looked like a modern mandoline, but had many strings). The treble viol was played like a modern violin, held under the chin; the viola da braccio or tenor viol was a larger version rather like a viola; the viola d'amore (of which more later) and the bass and double-bass viols were also used. These viols were complicated instru-



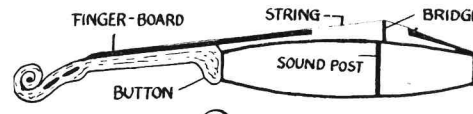
DOUBLE-BASS AND BOW.

ments to play and tune, and usually those who performed on them were indifferent technicians. The chief defect of the viols was their weakness of tone, due to the heavy construction necessary to take the high-tensioned strings. The tone was reinforced by musicians, who added extra strings, and sometimes these were strings under the fingerboard vibrating in unison with those above; for example, the viola d'amore had seven strings above the fingerboard, which were bowed, and seven below the fingerboard vibrating in sympathy — fourteen in all! However, the days of the viols were numbered; first the tenor viol was made more symmetrical, and the sound-box was made more deep. Then the strings were reduced to four, bite tuning was abolished, and, instead, the strings were tuned in fifths. So adapted, the tenor viol became the viola; thus the viola is really the father of the violin family.

The Violin soon followed the viola, and quickly displaced the viols altogether (two drawings of the violin are given in figs. 8 and 9). The only direct descendant of the viols in the modern orchestra is the double bass (also used to pick out a rhythm in many modern dance bands). Perhaps the piece of music in which the double bass is best demonstrated is in the "Elephant Dance" from "Carnival of the Animals" by Saint-Saens, a French composer (1835-1921).

The violins reached their peak of perfection in the hands of the makers of Cremona in Italy in the 17th century. In the hands of such makers as the Stradivari and Amatis beautiful violins were made, which have never yet been excelled. With these instruments the death knell of all plucked instruments (except the harp) and of the six-stringed viols, was finally sounded, in the orchestral sense anyway. In Ireland many families in the 18th and 19th centuries specialised in making violins or "fiddles" (from the Anglo-Saxon "fytel"). For example, the Gordon family of Stoneyford made many beautiful violins. Hugh Gordon in particular was a master of his craft, so that his handwork is much sought after by Irish violinists to-day.

Another facet of stringed instrument is that of such types as the mandoline and guitar. The mandoline was used by the singers of Naples, who are famous as yet. It is more suited to accompany voices than to be a solo performer; though a modern composer, Heinrich Hoffman, has written a charming concerto for the instrument. It was developed from the lute.



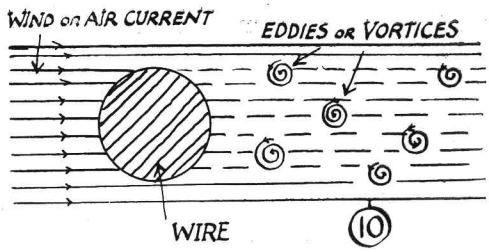
⑧

(SECTION THROUGH VIOLIN)

The Guitar comes chronologically midway between the cithara (already described) and the violin. By the addition of a fingerboard the cithara became the first guitar. In its modern version it is a six-stringed instrument much beloved of rock-and-roll artistes. It has been cultivated in a different form in Spanish-influenced countries, where much of the national folk music evolved round it for many centuries. It is unnecessary to describe the guitar to those familiar with the performances of Elvis Presley, Tommy Steele, or Cliff Richard. (By the way, the "cutaway" has no musical or scientific significance).

Let us consider now a little of the scientific end of stringed music.

The ancients had an instrument known as the Aeolian harp. The principle of this instrument is shown in (fig. 10). It consists of a number of wires of different thickness suspended loosely on a frame. Wind currents



were allowed to blow through the wires, so that musical sounds were produced (" Aeolian " means " wind-produced "). Just as a flat object drawn through water causes whorls, or eddies, so a wind current causes eddies to form behind a wire, as shown in the diagram. The speed of these eddies determines the pitch of the note. It is in this manner that telephone wires " hum " in the wind.

Figure 11 shows the phenomenon known as overtones. When a string vibrates it does so in several ways. Firstly, its whole length vibrates as a unit; secondly, it vibrates as two units (A in the diagram), thirdly as three units (B in the diagram) and so on. The character of the note produced depends on the number of these overtones present. These more rapid vibrations superimposed on the main vibration give each stringed instrument its own distinctive character. For example, it is believed that the brilliance of a violin note is due to the presence of very high overtones (or harmonics), especially the seventh overtone and above. The approximate trace of a violin G note is given on diagram 12. On a piano, the place where the hammer strikes the string is adjusted so that the seventh harmonic is damped, hence the tone of a piano is more mellow.

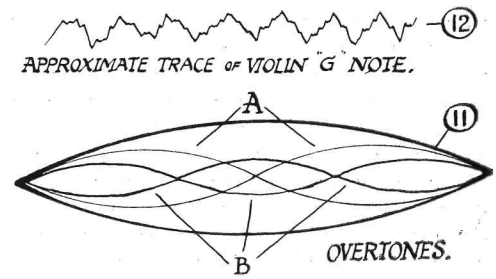
The pitch of a stretched string may be altered by changing either the length of vibration, or the tightness of the string. By altering the latter the character of the note is also changed; for example, the pitch of a violin string is made true by tightening with a peg. While on a harp the high notes have short strings and the low notes have long ones, on a violin all the strings are the same length, but have different weights and tensions. Discords are caused by odd harmonics clashing, and by notes of a frequency not fractionally related to one another being sounded at the same time.

It should also be noted that a violin string does not vibrate in the same even manner as does that of a harp. The peculiar tone of the violin is partly due to the uneven vibration of the string, due to the alternate dragging and releasing of it by the rosined bow.

All stringed instruments have some form of a sound-board or sound box because when a string vibrates alone the small amount of air it displaces would render it just audible, but when it is connected to a large board or box this also vibrates, displacing more air and so making the sound louder

Finally, music in itself is mathematical. The simplest tune has rhythm which is regular, while such pieces as the " Preludes of Bach " are masterpieces of mathematical ingenuity. Every bar of music is fractionally subdivided into quavers, semi-quavers and so on.

Let us hope, however, that music be not reduced too far to mathematical abstruseness, or we shall lose that heritage of beauty passed down to us from the dawn of civilisation.



Rev. Brother J. A. Moloney

IN the early days of the current school year, we offered the usual prayers "for a Brother recently deceased." How many of our present pupils knew who this Brother was? How many realised that we were praying for a former Headmaster of St. Mary's, that it was in fact under his direction the present school building was planned and built? To them the name of Rev. Br. J. A. Moloney would mean but little, yet to the fathers and uncles of many it was a name never to be forgotten.

It was in 1921 that Br. Moloney arrived in riot-torn Belfast. He came as Superior of the Brothers' Community, then housed in what is now a wing of St. Malachy's College. He also filled the office of Headmaster of the Secondary School. In those days the Secondary classes had to find accommodation in the rooms of St. Patrick's C.B.S., Donegall Street and in two upstairs rooms of St. Mary's Primary School. The new Headmaster soon realised how unsatisfactory such conditions were. He was a practical man and fearless, and in his practical, fearless way he planned for the future.

The result of his planning was soon seen as the new and spacious St. Mary's took shape. It was built to hold 400 pupils. Pessimists argued that it was too big, that it would never be filled. How foolish their fears appear to those who are experiencing our present overcrowded conditions! Br. Moloney had looked into the future and had read it well.

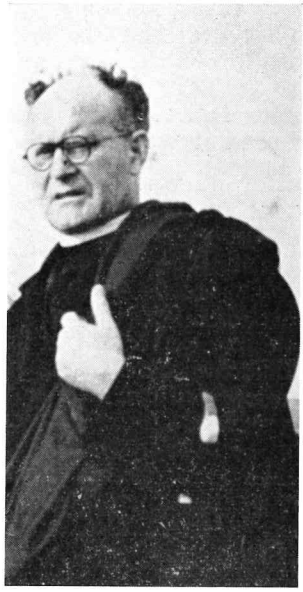
As a Headmaster he was firm but kind. In matters of discipline he never wavered: he was stern and exacting, yet, by all his past pupils, he is remembered as a fair man; one who was just at all times, one who knew how to temper his justice with kindness. He visited each classroom daily and took a keen interest in the class work and games of the boys. On meeting any one of the Junior boys, he would stop and speak to him and when moving away would pat him on the head and say, "Good Child, Good Child." When the bigger boys were sometimes overheard repeating, "Good Child, Good Child" in slow and sepulchral tones, even the good Headmaster was seen to smile in his serious way. This salutation came to be used as a kind of mild nickname among the Seniors.

When his term as Superior had expired, he returned to the classroom in 1927. He was, however, transferred to Armagh as Superior in 1928. There he remained until his retirement in 1946. His remaining years he spent in Dublin, except for one short interlude in Belfast, as Superior of the Brothers' Hostel in Lake Glen.

Down through the years he retained his interest in the Belfast boys and in the fortunes of the school he had built for them. He well deserves their gratitude and their prayers.

May he rest in peace.

An Bráthair de Nógla



Nuair a tug an Bráthair de Nógla a anam isteach suas do Dia, tráthnóna Dé Céadaoine, 19-10'60, cailleadh fear ar dóigh. Bí sé i ndiaidh blianta fada a caitheamh mar Bráthair Críostaí agus cáit sé naoi mbliana díoh siúd anseo i mBéal Feirste ag obair leis go dian dúthracthach ar mhaithe le creideamh is le tír.

As Catair Corcaí don Bráthair de Nógla agus iarscoláire den Mhinistir Thuaidh mar ar fhóthaigh sé "Exhibition" sa Fhrá Noirmeánach sula ndeachaigh sé isteach sna Bráithre. Tuigfear ón méid sin go raibh éirim aigne thar an choitiantacht aige agus caithfear a admháil go ndearna sé an mhaibhir chinn sin a úsáid gan sos ó laethe a óige go dtí gur leag sé a pheann i leathadh agus é ar leaba a bháis. Is féidir a rá go fírinneach nár chaith an Bráthair de Nógla oiread is uair an chloig díomhaoin ina shaol, ach ag obair leis ag teagasc agus ag scríobh agus ag foghlaim gan staonadh. Ní hionadh ar ndóigh go raibh sé de chlú air a bheith ar na scoláirí a ba mó le rá sa Ghaeilge. Ní dhearna an clú sin dochar dá laghad don umhlaíocht a bí go domhain san fhear. D'fhan sé ina duine bhreá, umhalchroíoch, dhaganta i gcónaí.

Dá mhéad ruball a bíos ag duine den tsort sin le déanamh is amhlaidh is mó ama a spárann sé le cuilleadh dea-ghníomharthá a dhéanamh. Ní fios cad é mar d'éirigh leis an Bráthair de Nógla fáill a fháil leis na ruball uilig a dhéanamh. Am amháin cífeá é i mbun rangha agus é com oícealláic díbhfeirgeach sin gur dóigh leat nach dtiocfadh leis a dhath ar bith eile a bheith ar a úil ach an teagasc; bomaite ina dhiaidh sin siúd é ag cur baill ar ghlas bhriste. Dhéanfadh sé rúid tobann isteach i rang le "pianáil" a bailiú ó ghasúr éigin a d'fhág a chóta mór ina dhiaidh sa scoil an tráthnóna roimhe sin. Agus an t-am a ba lú a bheadh gasúir bhocta ag dúil leis thiocfadh an Bráthair de Nógla aniar aduaidh orthu roimh a naoi a chlog ar maidin agus ceachtanna baile dá ndéanamh acu i dteannta a chéile! D'annamh a cífeá é gan casúr nó sáb nó urnéis éigin den chineál sin ina láimh leis, agus deirfir air i dtólamh. Ní raibh rian dá laghad de bhróid na de bheadaíocht ag cur as dó riamh agus bí sé com furasta ag an gasúr a b'óige caint is caibideal a dhéanamh leis agus bí ag an té a ba chliste chríonna; agus dá mba mian leat ceangal caradais a dhéanamh leis níor ghá duit ach Gaeilge a labhairt leis nó ceist a chur air faoi fhaidhb éigin gramadaí.

Cá méad gasúr a chuir sé chun na Gaeltachta fad is bí sé sa scoil seo? Dhead sé doiligh iad a áireamh a liacht a bí siad. Gan amhras caithfidh go bhfuil na céadta i gCúige Uladh i láthair na huaire seo a bhfuil iarrachtaí den tírghrá beo go póill ina gcroí a d'aithin an Bráthair de Nógla iontu nuair a bí sé de áidh orthu bheith faoina stiúradh san scoil seo blianta ó shin.

Sea, tosa fir a bí ann nár Gael go dtí é. Solas na bhflaitheas ar a anam dílis,

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

1. The Legion of Mary

THE Legion of Mary continues to flourish in the school. During the past year we had an average of 15 active members. One new feature of last year's membership may be noted — our numbers included two or three former pupils who elected to continue as members of the school praesidium until they should have attained the requisite age for joining a senior praesidium. The regular attendance of the members at weekly meetings is, in itself, a fine tribute to the spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice existing amongst them.

There is little change in the nature of the work done. Our members continue to help out in the Morning Star Hostel on several days a week. Here they prepare meals, wash up, sweep dormitories and, indeed, lend a hand wherever it is required. Members also sponsored successfully a campaign for selling C.T.S. booklets in the school on a couple of occasions during the year. They also distributed 7 dozen copies of the Legion quarterly, "Maria Legionis." Members have also, as called upon, helped out in the Youth Club in Gt. Victoria St., and from time to time, as chairmen of Junior Patrician groups.

Our sincere thanks are due to all who helped us in any way during the year. We appreciate especially the generosity of the Principal, Rev. Bro. T. L. Magee, who met a share of the expenses of the annual outing in May. We also wish to thank Rev. Br. F. R. Connolly and Community of Armagh who gave us such a hearty welcome when we visited the Primatial City on our outing, as also V. Rev. Br. Prior and Community of the Servite Fathers, Benburb, who spared no pains in making us feel at home when we visited them on the same occasion. To Mr. Gerard McShane (Senior) for lending us his car and Gerard McShane (Junior), a very competent chaffeur, our thanks are also due.

We should like to address an appeal to boys of good will to consider the

question of active membership of the school praesidium. This appeal is directed in an especial way to boys of 4th and 5th forms. Recruitment from amongst them is urgently needed to ensure the continuance of the good work at present being done by boys of 6th Forms.



It is likely that, by the time these notes appear, Mr. Peter Murphy's six-year term of office as President of the school Praesidium will have come to an end. It is but fitting that we pay a well-deserved tribute to the sterling service rendered by Mr. Murphy part in the formation of the young members under his charge. The regret we feel at losing his services during his period of office. He set the highest example to the members by his own regularity in attendance, and his long experience of Legion work enabled him to play a very important is tempered only by the knowledge that he will now be free to give the benefits of his zeal and experience to another group of Legionaries.

OFFICERS 1959-60

President: Mr. Peter Murphy
Vice-President: Mr. Liam Conlon
Spiritual Director: Rev. Br. Glespen
Secretary: Eugene McEleavy
Treasurer: Sean McDermott

2. Golf

LAST year we had reasonable success in inter-school competition. We played only two matches, losing the first but winning the second. Both matches were with St. Malachy's College and were played at Fortwilliam Golf Club.

It is hoped that in the current year more boys will take an interest in the game, enabling us to have more competition and perhaps greater success.

The 1959-60 team was composed of F. Hanna (capt.), J. Hassey, R. Hughes, G. McMenamin and G. McShane.

F. J. HANNA (5LA)

3. Ógra Éireann



TRÍ sheachtain i ndiaidh fillead ar scoil dúinn tionóladh an chéad chruinniú d'Ógra Éireann san Ard-Scoil, Sráid Duibhis. Ina dhiaidh sin bhí cruinniú seachtainiúil againn gach Déardaoin idir 5-15 agus 7-30. Cuireadh an t-am thart ag díospóireacht, ag imirt leadóg boird, ag dul do chluichí béil go háirithe "Fiche Ceist." Agus ar ndóigh ní dhearnadh dearmad den cheol ach oiread. Nuair a tháinig an t-earrach ba ghnách cluiche peile nó cispheile a bheith againn i gclós na scoile.

Leagadh béim ar leith ar an díospóireacht sa chlár, nó tá sé mar aidhm ag an Ógra cinnirí a chur ar fáil do ghluaiseacht na Gaeilge amach anseo, agus caithfidh a leithéidí a bheith in ann labhairt go poiblí.

Mar ba ghnách tharla dhá shiamsa againn i rith na bliana — féastaí na Samhna agus na Nollag. Ba mhór an ócáid í Féasta na Nollag nó bhí sé ar an cheann a ba mhó a bhí ag an Ógra ó bunaíodh é deich mbliana ó shin. Corradh is cúig dhuine is seachtó a bhí i láthair idir bhaill an Ógra, bhaill Choiste Cheantair Bhéal Feirste agus aíonna eile. Cuireadh tús leis an oíche le canadh charúil na Nollag agus ansin thar ceann an Ógra, chuir Éamonn Ó Ruairc fáilte roimh na haíonna. Sna sála ar sin tháinig an béile, agus caithfear a admháil gur bhreá an béile a bhí ann — tae, cístí, úlla, bananaí, mála milseán, srl., srl. Mar shiamsa bhí amhránaithe aonair, slua-amhránaíocht, damhsaí a g u s cluichí againn, agus ar eagla go mbeadh an tart ag cur as dúinn, tugadh amach uisce mianra agus reoiteoga i rith na hoíche. Ba orainn a bhí an brón nuair a cuireadh deireadh leis an oíche nó bhaineamar uilig ardphléisiúr aisti. Ar an 7ú lá de Shamhain bhí Féasta na Samhna againn agus cé nach raibh sé chomh galánta le Féasta na Nollag, ba mhór a thaitin sé linn.

Chaitheamar Seachtain na Cásca 1959 i nGaeltacht Thír Chonaill agus as siocair gur mhór an feabhas a cuireadh ar ár gcuid Gaeilge agus gur bhaineamar sult as cuimse as, cinneadh ar an rud chéanna a dhéanamh i rith Seachtain na Cásga 1960. Ar 11-0 maidin Dé Sathairn an 16ú lá dAibreán d'iomíomar linn ar an traein go Doire, áit a raibh bus speisialta ag fanacht lenár dtabhairt go dtí an Ghaeltacht. Bhí an t-ádh orainn nó ba ghalánta an aimsir a bhí againn. Bhí scoith ama againn. Tá an Machaire iontach sásta do ghalf, do pheil, agus don iománaíocht; is breá an trá í an Trá Dhearg; tá gach seans ag duine leis na cosa a dhéanamh nó is álainn agus is suimiúil an ceantar é Gaoth Dobhair. Chaithimis na hoícheannta ag airneáil nó le chéile i dteach Aindí. Lena chois sin chuamar lá amháin go hOileán Góla agus lá eile go Rann na Feirste; léirigh Aisteoirí G h a o t h Dobhair dhá dhráma dúinn. Go dearfa, bhí seachtain ar dóig againn agus bhí brón orainn ag pilleadh chun an bhaile dúinn an Satharn dár gcionn.

Anois le deireadh a chur le mo scéilín ba mhaith liom thar mo cheann féin agus thar ceann bhaill an Ógra ár mbuíochas a ghabháil le Uachtarán na scoile, leis na Bráithre a bhí i mbun na hoibre, le Brian Ó Maoil Eoin, le Conradh na Gaeilge a thug an Ard-Scoil dúinn agus leis na daoine eile a chuidigh linn ar dhóigh amháin nó ar dhóigh eile i rith na bliana.

* * *

Seachtain na Cásca sa Ghaeltacht
Cuntas Cín Lae

Rud beag tuirseach bhaineamar an

Ghaeltacht amach thart fán chúig.

Dé Sathairn: *Ar dtús bhíomar gnaithneach ag baint fúinn ach nuair a bhí gach rud i gceart bhí seans againn smaoineamh ar an dóigh a b'fhearr leis an chéad oíche sa Ghaeltacht a chaitheamh. An rud a ba mhó a bhí de dhíth orainn uilig ná spléachadh a thabhairt ar an cheantar. Mar sin de, óna seacht a chlog go dtí an deich, an t-am a ba dhéanaí le bheith amuigh, bhí scaiftí beaga le feiceáil ansiúd is anseo ag bogadaigh thart.*

Bhíomar uilig an-tuirseach maidin Dhomhnaigh agus is beag nach raibh cuid againn mall

Dé Domhnaigh: *ar an Aifreann. Leoga, bhí beirt chomh mall sin ag éirí go raibh orthu dul ar Aifreann 11-30. I ndiaidh an bhricfeasta chuaigh cuid againn amach ag déanamh na gcos ach d'fhan an chuid a ba mhó againn sa bhaile ag dul do na cártaí, srl. Chaith cuid den mhuintir a bhí i dteach Mhic Giolla Bhríde an mhaidin ag iománaíocht. I ndiaidh an dinnéir cinneadh ar dhul síos go dtí an Machaire a dh'imirt iománaíochta. Ag pilleadh chun an bhaile dúinn bhí ocras mór orainn uilig. Tae. Thart faoina seacht chuaigh an Bráthair agus seisear eile síos go teach Sarah Jack ag áirneáil. Idir scéalta agus amhráin bhain siad uilig taithneamh as agus rud níos tábhachtaí fós chuala siad an Ghaeilge á labhairt mar is ceart. Chaith an chuid eile againn an t-am ag bogadaigh thart nó ag tabhairt cuarta ar na tithe eile. Ach thart fá leath i ndiaidh an naoi chruinnigh siad uilig isteach i dTeach Aindí agus bhí siamsa beag againn.*

Bhí sé socraithe againn dul ar thuras go Góla agus ar ábhar sin tháinig imní orainn nuair a chonaic-

Dé Luain: *eamar gur m a i d i n dhorcha a bhí ann. Ach, buíochas do Dhia, ghlan sé agus ag meán lae bhí sé ar lá chomh maith agus d'iarrfadh do bhéal a bheith. Chruinníomar le chéile ar a trí agus síos linn go dtí an Trá Dhearg áit a raibh an bád. Ní raibh spás sa bhád ach do chúigear déag agus mar sin de bhí ar an bhád cupla turas a dhéanamh. Bhí an fharraige ciúin agus ba deas an turas a bhí againn. Rud a chuir iontas orainn faoin oileán nach rabhamar in inmhe oiread is barra seacláide a cheannach ann.*

Ag filleadh chun an bhaid dúinn tráthnóna bhí rud amháin ag cur as dúinn go mór — an t-ocras! Bhaineamar an teach amach ar 7-15 agus bhí an Br. Ó Murchú ag fanacht linn.

Mar ba ghnách ba iad muintir Theach Aindí na daoine a ba mhoille ag éirí.

Dé Máirt: *Bhí cead againn ár rogha rud a dhéanamh go dtí am dinnéir. Sa tráthnóna d'imigh triúr go Rann na Feirste. Thug an bus go Croch Shlí iad agus fuair siad marcaíocht as sin go Rann na Feirste. Chaith siad an t-am ag bogadaigh thart agus thug siad cuairt ar na tithe ina raibh siad ag stopadh anuraidh. Fuair siad a gcuid tae i dTeach John agus tháinig siad ar ais i dtacsaí.*

Chruinníomar uilig isteach i Halla na Machairí roimh an naoi. Ar dtús léirigh Aisteoirí Óga Ghaoth Dobhair an dráma grinn a bhain an chéad áit i mBaile Átha Cliath go gairid roimhe sin. Ansin chonaiceamar an dara ceann — ceoldráma leis na hAisteoirí Fásta. Nuair a bhí na drámaí thart thug rúnaí an Ógra, Éamonn Ó Ruairc, óráid uaidh agus bhronn sé £33 ar Áine Nic Ghiolla Bhríde don Amharclainn úr. Thug Áine buíochas dúinn as ucht an bhronntanais. D'fhilleamar chun an bhaile ansin. Tháinig na hAisteoirí go Teach Aindí agus bhí oíche mhór cheoil againn.

Maidin bhreá ghalánta a bhí ann. Chuaigh an chuid a ba mhó againn amach ag siúl —

Dé Céadaoin: *cuid againn síos go dtí an Bun Beag. Cionn is go raibh an aimsir chomh maith sin cinneadh ar an tráthnóna a chaitheamh ar an Trá Dhearg. Ceannaíodh uiscí mianra, milseáin agus brioscaí sa dóigh is go dtiocfadh linn béile beag a bheith againn thíos ar an trá. Ar 3-30 d'ímíomar linn. Nuair a bhaineamar an trá amach chuaigh an chuid a ba mhó de na gasraí a dh'iománaíocht agus chuaigh ceathrar nó cúigear isteach san fharraige a*



shnámh. I gcionn tamaill bhí an béile againn. Bhí tae ag na huaisle. Cuireadh tús leis an iománaíocht arís. D'imigh cupla duine ag spaisteoireacht. Bhaineamar uilig an baile amach ar 6-30.

Cé bhuail isteach chugainn an tráthnóna sin ach an tAthair Mac Eiteagáin as Cnoc Fola. Bhí áthas ar na gasúir a chaith tréimhse i Mín an Chladaigh é a fheiceáil arís. Chaith sé an tráthnóna go dtí an deich ag comhrá linn.

Caitheadh an mhaidin ag spaisteoireacht. I ndiaidh an dinnéir chuaigh cuid den scaifte go
Déardaoin: Rann na Feirste agus an chuid eile go Mín an Chladaigh. Bhí an dá scaifte ar ais in am don tae.

Bhíomar mar aíonna ag Aisteoirí Ghaoth Dobhair an oíche sin agus rinne siad céilí príomháideach a reachtáil dúinn. Áine Nic Ghiolla Bhríde a bhí i mbun na hoibre. Bhí Donncha Mac Suibhne agus Proinsias Ó Maonaigh ag soláthair an cheoil agus Seán Ó Labhra a bhí mar fhear an tí. Agus "right enough" bhí oíche mhór ann. Táimid buíoch dóibh uilig.

Nach orainn a bhí an brón Dé hAoine mar ba mhaith a bhí a fhios againn go raibh an lá deir-
Dé hAoine: eannach bainte amach againn. Nuair a bhí an dinnéar caite acu ar shiúl leis an chuid a ba mhó den scaifte a dh'iascaireacht. I ndiaidh an tae chuaigh scaifte go teach Jack Phadaí Fheilimí agus d'fhan siad ann go dtí an naoi. Bhí siamsa againn ina dhiaidh sin. Tháinig Áine Nic Ghiolla Bhríde agus an taifeadán léi. Rinne sí taifeadadh dúinn de ghlór Phroinsias Uí Mhaonaigh agus é ag léamh "Mo Bhealach Féin." Ina dhiaidh sin bhí ceol, amhráin, portanna damhsa ar an fhidil, scéalta, srl. Ba bhreá amach an oíche a bhí againn agus is fada a mhairfeas sí inár gcuimhne.

Bhíomar uilig inár suí go luath nó bhí an bus le bheith ann ar an deich agus bhí málaí le pacáil
Dé Sathairn: ag cuid againn go fóill. Go hádhúil bhíomar uilig réidh in am. Fhad is bhíomar ag fanacht leis an bhus cuireadh málaí i bhfolach agus rinneadh cleasanna eile den chineál sin ach bhí a chuid féin ag gach duine nuair a tháinig sé. Ba ghairid go rabhamar ag fágáil slán ag "Gleannta Glasa Ghaoth Dobhair" agus ag tabhairt aghaidh arís ar Bhéal Feirste, ar an scoil agus ar thorthaí scrúduithe!

4. Athletics



Photo by J. Nolan.

THE inclement weather seemed to have dampened our enthusiasm for athletics during the season. Seldom was there a full mustering of athletes at the infrequent practices that were held. Our Senior Team, it is to be feared, considered themselves capable of beating any opposition, without having to overstrain themselves in irksome training. Events proved them to be over-optimistic!

The weather on Thursday, May 12th, looked anything but promising, but, nothing daunted, we broke up school early and trekked to Celtic Park. The track looked immaculate, a tribute to the efforts of those who had worked so strenuously with tape, lime and brush. But, much to the chagrin of all, the rains came down and having huddled in any available shelter for half-an-hour, we were eventually forced to postpone the Sports.

And so it was that at the unearthly hour of 10 a.m. on Saturday, 14th May, our Annual Sports got under way. The weather was fine and the various events were run through most expeditiously. A blustery wind, however, hampered the athletes and during the meeting not one previous best performance was bettered.

P. Woods (5SC) had a notable treble in winning the Senior 100, 220 and Javelin events. This achievement was equalled by T. Howie (6L) who won the Senior High Jump, Long Jump and Hop-Step and Jump.

In the Inter. Section G. Lambe (4SA) and B. Murphy (3E) had trebles. The former gained first place in the Javelin, Discus and Shot events, while the latter defied all opposition to win the 100, 220 and Long Jump.

M. Reid (1D) proved himself the most promising athlete in the Junior Division. He had a double, winning the 80 yds (under 13) and the 220 yds (under 14).

We take this opportunity of returning our sincere thanks to the Celtic Park and Casement Park Committees for allowing us to avail of the excellent facilities which their

grounds provide. We also thank the ground-staffs for their courtesy and invaluable help.

Our athletes had a most successful and pleasant day in Newry on May 28th when the Ulster C.B. Championships were held. St. Mary's won the Senior Team Championship and carried off the trophies for the Senior 100 yds and Relay events. N. McElwee (6S) became the proud possessor of the Cup awarded to the best performer on the track. He won the Senior 440, 880, and Mile events and in the process returned 2 min. 6.5 secs. in the 880 yds. to beat the previous best performance of 2 min. 8.1 secs. set up by B. McGilligan (Derry) in 1959.

T. Howie shared the Cup for the best athlete in field events.

B. Murphy was the outstanding competitor in the Intermediate section. He had a treble in the 100, 220 and Long Jump.

A creditable number of our athletes qualified on Preliminary Day at Cherryvale in the Ulster Grammar School Championships. We had hopes that some of our Senior stalwarts would do well on Championship Day proper, but we came away without a medal but with the conviction that athletic ability must be supplemented by earnest training if laurels are to be won against stiff opposition.

Many of our star performers have now left us. May their successes in the wider arena of life be as spectacular! *Ádh mór ortha!* We hope that those who take their place will bring as many honours to their Alma Mater.

5. Swimming and Water Polo

THE year 1959 was once again very successful for Swimming and Water Polo at St. Mary's. The water polo team retained the Canada Trophy when they won the Ulster Schools' Water Polo League for the 17th time out of the 18 times for which the competition has been contested. As in previous years the team were undefeated throughout the competition, and were 5 points clear of their nearest rivals, St. Malachy's, at the end of the League. During the 18 years that the League has been in existence, St. Mary's have played well over 300 matches and in all that time have only lost one match and drawn one, having won all the rest. The team's supremacy in the Schools' League and also its fabulous record are entirely due to the great work put into it by Bro. L. B. Murphy and in the last couple of years to Mr. J. Lally.

Besides retaining the Canada Trophy last year, the team also established a new goal-scoring record. In the 14 matches that the team played in the league it scored 114 goals and conceded 8 goals. Top goal-scorer was M. Tierney who scored 63 goals out of the total 114 goals.

Many thanks are extended to last year's captain P. Murray, also B. Kerr and P. Boyle, who have left the school, for their services to the school's water polo and swimming teams.

What does next year hold? Well, I think that the team should have no real difficulty in retaining the Canada

Trophy and I cannot honestly see us parting with it in the near future, especially when the school has such future stars like E. McPeake, P. McGoldrick and J. McAllister to fall back on. However, time will tell.

came second to R.B.A.I. in the Senior Squadron race. They were also runners-up to R.B.A.I. in the final of the Ulster Schools' Squadron Race That's one title that the team should win next year. Congratulations to



Photo by courtesy of "Belfast Telegraph."

The Canada Trophy being presented by Mr. Thomas Norwood, donor, to Gerry Lambe.

The school was just as prominent in swimming events as in the water polo competition. The swimming team defeated Gormanston College by a very narrow margin at a swimming gala held in Gormanston College, near Dublin. The junior team lost the squadron race at Bangor Grammar Schools' Gala whilst the senior team

Peter Boyle and Michael Tierney who both gained inter-provincial caps this year on the Ulster Junior team. I hope to be able to look back on the year 1960-61 with as much success as I did with the successful year 1959-60.

* * *

By G. LAMBE, 5SA.

6. Hurling

ULSTER COLLEGES' HURLING LEAGUE

AS usual this year there were two divisions in the league: the southside, namely, Omeath, Downpatrick De La Salle and St. Malachy's, and the northern half: St. MacNissi's, newcomers Dungannon, Derry and ourselves.

We were in the easier division with the new competitors from Dungannon, and Derry. Our first game, on a fine pitch in Dungannon, was rather unexciting but the home team fought hard and should make formidable opponents within a few years. In contrast was the second match with our old rivals, Garron Tower. We had lost to them and beaten them alternatively for many a match and we were due a win this time. And so it happened. As usual against this team the margin was only a few points. Our way was now clear to the final. We played Derry C.B.S. in an enjoyable though not too serious a game to qualify for the final with Omeath who had defeated all opposition in Division II.

The scene was set for a great game, and a great game it was, at Casement Park. St. Mary's started off strongly and by half-time we were leading by 9 pts to 4 pts. We felt very confident at this stage. Too confident. Omeath retaliated quickly after the restart and with a goal and two points brought the scores level. It looked like our every second-year claim on the Cup was forfeited: but no! we fought back and after a fierce struggle became victors by 6 points.

We have now won the Cup in '54, '56, '58, and '60.

The team was selected from the following: G. Taggert, Bernard Devlin, M. Vallely, Pat Rice, Brendan Devlin, A. Daly, L. Hood, T. Donnelly, Hugh Rice, J. McCallin, J. McAllister, B. Bunting, S. Brennan, G. Keegan, O. Kelly, T. McCloskey, P. McGrady, and P. Gallinagh.

A. DALY, 5SA.



SENIOR HURLING

OUR hurling team started off with a good win over St. Malachy's College in College Grounds, on the 3rd October. Whatever hopes had been raised by this successful beginning were quenched when on the following Saturday we suffered defeat at the hands of St. Michael's, Omeath, in Casement Park. Our last match was played against St. Mac Nissi's at Garron Point. This match had to be abandoned at the half-way stage owing to torrential rain. As St. Michael's had won all their matches our team had no further interest in the competition. The team was as follows: L. Trainor, T. McCloskey, S. Rice, P. Morris, S. Maguire, A. Daly, E. McGoran, J. Rice (capt.), J. McCloskey, P. Downey, M. Green, B. McGaharn, D. McManus, B. Sharkie, L. Hood, K. Skeffington, T. McGoldrick, B. McBride, P. Rice.

S. RICE, 6L.

UNDER 14 HURLING

League:

We played our first game in this competition against Hardinge St. in McRory Park. It was fairly even in the first half but in the second half we drew away and, with the forwards really putting on the pressure, we finished the game well in the lead. The result was — St. Mary's 4 goals, Hardinge St. 1 point. Our goals were scored by B. Devlin, M. Corscadden and B. Thomas.

Against St. Thomas's in the next match we had a harder time. At the beginning we were leading by 2 goals but St. Thomas's fought back and gained the lead before half-time. After the interval St. Mary's returned to the attack and when we drew level everyone still fought on but without any score by either side, and so the game ended with St. Mary's 4 goals, St. Thomas's 4 goals.

We played Hardinge Street again in our third game of the competition. This was played in McRory Park and as soon as the ball was thrown in St. Mary's swarmed all over Hardinge Street. We scored again and again and finished the first half well in the lead. But after the interval Hardinge Street rallied and pressed our goals a lot. However, we won with the score: St. Mary's 4 goals 5 points — Hardinge Street 4 goals 1 point.

In the final game we played St. Thomas's in the Falls Park and we had the upper hand for most of the game, but St. Thomas's made quite a lot of unsuccessful attacks on our goal. Scorers for our team were L. Watson and B. Devlin. The game ended in a decisive victory for St. Mary's.

And so we won the competition with 3 wins and 1 draw out of the four matches.

Championship:

Our first game of this competition was against Hardinge Street and this was an easy win for us. The star of the team was, as usual, J. McCallion, and as Captain he inspired us through the whole game. The forwards did very well — scoring 6 goals 4 points against Hardinge St.'s 2 goals 3 points. The game was played in Casement Park and on such a wide pitch one would expect the players to become tired and slow down, but this was not so, for right to the end both teams played a hard, fast game.

St. Gabriel's proved an even easier opponent and in McRory Park we overwhelmed them right from the beginning. Our forwards scored goal after goal. But St. Gabriel's did fight back and scored 1 goal and 3 points However, we scored 6 goals 5 points and so our victory was decisive.

The final was played in Casement Park, our opponents being St. Thomas's. It was a very tough game and St. Thomas's fought hard, but we drew slowly but surely into the lead and in the end we had scored 7 goals 6 points and St. Thomas's 3 goals 4 pts.



Among the scorers were B. Devlin and O. Kelly.

Every game in the competition ended in a decisive victory for St. Mary's.

The under 14 team: B. Bunting, B. Devlin, B. McGlone, H. Trainor, J. McCallion, P. McMahon, J. McGinnity, P. McAnally, M. Corscadden, E. Hamill, P. Burns, P. Corscadden, G. Dalton, B. Thomas, L. Watson, C. McGrath, M. McCormick, P. Doherty.

BARRY McGLONE, 4SB.

UNDER 15 HURLING
1959-1960

IN our first game against St. Thomas's, although not at full strength we were confident of victory, as we were the holders of the title. St. Thomas's had other ideas, however, and managed to win by 3-1 to 1-1, O. Kelly and H. Rice being our only stars.

In our next game we were luckier and defeated Hardinge Street 5-1 to 2-2 in our best display of the season. This time B. McGarry, J. McCallion and H. Rice starred.

In the second round of the league we realised that it was us or St. Thomas's for the title. For our second game with them we fielded our strongest side. However, the very heavy ground gave a heavier St. Thomas's team the advantage which they gladly took and won easily by 14-2 to 1-1. Our only stars were P. Burns and C. McGrady.

As we were now out of the running our second game with Hardinge Street was played in a very friendly manner, and we won by 4-0 to 2-1. Our team is very young and should do much better next year.

Team from: T. Donnelly (capt.), J. Lavery, J. McCallion, C. McGrath, P. Burns, P. Corscadden, P. McMahon, O. Kelly, C. McGrady, H. Rice, J. McAllister, B. McGarry, E. Hamill, B. Bunting, B. McGlone, B. Devlin, G. Gorman, F. Thompson, P. Doherty and B. Thomas.

TOM DONNELLY, 4LA.

7. Football

DR. McLARNON CUP

Senior Football

THE year 1959 saw the commencement of a second Senior Football Competition — the McLarnon Cup. The competition proved a popular one from the beginning. Our team got off to a good start when it beat St. Patrick's, Dungannon 1-5 to 1-4 in the first round. Next came a 2-6 to 0-3 victory over St. Mac Nissi's College and then a hard-earned 3-5 to 2-4 win over St. Malachy's. This left us in the happy position of having to win but one game in order to secure the trophy. Our hopes were high as we went to Armagh for our match against Armagh C.B.S. We were doomed to disappointment, however, for Armagh beat us 1-5 to 1-3. This meant that we had to meet the winners of Armagh v Dungannon in the final. Lurgan was the venue for the final which was played early in March. A good Dungannon team beat us by the odd point in 25 on the score 1-10 to 3-3, the winning point being scored in the last second of the game. Throughout this competition St. Mary's was well served by the following players: D. Sharkey, L. Hood, G. Teggart, G. McQuillan, S. Maguire, S. Cochrane, J. Rice, R. Prenter, J. Cochrane, M. Green, G. McMenamin, T. Howie, J. Keegan, A. Dowds, E. McGoran, S. Davey, S. Rice, C. McGrogan, J. McCloskey and B. Branagh.

J. McCLOSKEY, 6L.

RANAFAST CUP

A spell of bad weather which caused postponements of early fixtures, plus the fact that many members of the team were also concerned in the ultimate stages of the McLarnon Cup, left our team badly in arrears as regards the fixture list. Our only game was played against Omeath and we had to yield to a fast St. Michael's team. At this stage of the competition our team had to withdraw to enable the semi-finals to be played on schedule. Thus ending a disappointing session for our under 16 footballers. The team was selected from the following players: L. Hood (capt.), D. Sharkey, G. Taggart, S. Maguire, S. Cochrane, R. Prenter, A. Daly, G. Keegan, A. Dowds, T. McCloskey, B. Davey, L. Murphy, P. Rice, T. Donnelly, D. McKeating, G. McCrarren, S. Brennan, B. Devlin.

L. HOOD, 5SB.

UNDER 14 FOOTBALL

Beringer Cup:

We played our first match in competition against Bearnageeha. It was a very close match, indeed. Both sides attacked in turn but neither side was able to score. Eventually we opened the scoring with a point. Play continued to be good, except for the scoring. At the final whistle we were leading by five points to three.

Our next match was against St. Gabriel's. At the start St. Gabriel's looked the better team but St. Mary's got a few easy scores and by half-time we had a slight lead. In the second half we played much better. The forwards played very well and we increased our lead, winning by 5 goals 7 points to 1 goal and 4 points.

Against St. Thomas's we had to play our hardest but it was not good enough. We were beaten by 2 goals 5 points to 2 goals 2 points. It was a very good game. Play was even for most of the time but towards the end St. Thomas's got the important winning scores. This defeat meant

our losing the Cup which we had won the previous year.

League: The B team played three matches in the League. The first match was against St. Peter's. The contest was close and at times it looked as if St. Peter's would win, but their forwards wasted many chances. Encouraged by their failure to get the important scores, St. Mary's went on to win by seven points to two.

We played Hardinge Street B team in McRory Park. Though we played well we could not beat a good Hardinge Street team. We drew level with them in the second half, and fought hard to get the winning score, but our opponents had other ideas. Near the end they got the winning goal. Final score: 3 goals 3 points to 2 goals 2 points.

We then played St. Colman's in the Falls Park. St. Colman's were full of enthusiasm and they had some very good players. Our team failed completely to live up to expectations — was it an off day, or were they afraid of the lively opposition and the muddy conditions? Anyhow, we were well beaten. But players like H. Hadley, J. McCormick, A. O'Prey, J. O'Reilly, D. Murphy, B. Thomas and D. Glover gave promise of greater things in the following year's A team.

McMahon Cup: As holders of the McMahon Cup we confidently went to McRory Park to play Hardinge St. in the first round. The sight of the large crowd of Hardinge Street supporters made us think again. The game was not well started when we saw that we were really up against a very good team. Hardinge Street were bigger and stronger. At half-time they had scored 3 goals and 3 points and we had failed to raise a flag. In the second half the story was much the same. Encouraged by their supporters they continued to score freely up to the final whistle. We came near to scoring on a few occasions. The final score was : Hardinge Street 6-6, St. Mary's 0-0. This being a knock-out competition our interest in it ended here.

A Team: O. Kelly, J. McCallion, M. Keegan, P. Corscadden, E. Hamill, P. Gallagher, P. McNally, C. McGrath, P. Burns, G. Dalton, B. Devlin, P. Boden, M. Anderson, B. Bunting and M. McCormack.

B Team (from): H. Hadley, J. O'Reilly, A. O'Prey, M. McCorry, J. Matthews, B. Thomas, M. Corscadden, P. McGorman, J. McCormick, D. Murphy, D. Glover, P. Rodgers, T. Williams, G. Donnelly, S. McCaffrey. J. Burns, J. McKeown, T. Kerr and T. Murray.

Before concluding this account of the under 14 football matches we would like to congratulate the St. Mary's boys who were selected to play for Belfast against the Dublin schools in Croke Park. The boys on the winning hurling team were J. McCallion, O. Kelly, E. Hamill, B. McGlone, B. Devlin and P. Burns. The boys on the football team, which drew with Dublin, were M. Keegan, P. Corscadden and G. Dalton.

B. BUNTING and M. KEEGAN

UNDER 15 FOOTBALL

Corn na nÓg: St. MacNissi's played us at McRory Park in our first match of the season. Being used to the pitch, we played the better football in the first half and we had a slight lead at half-time. In the second half we had to play very hard to hold out against the eager St. Mac Nissi's forwards. Luckily we won by two points: St. Mary's 3-4; St. Mac Nissi's 2-5. G. McCrarren and B. Murphy were our stars.

We were not so lucky against St. Malachy's. In the College grounds we were beaten by three points, our only defeat of the year. We tried very hard,

Played for Belfast against Dublin



P. CORSCADDEN



G. DALTON



M. KEEGAN



P. BURNS



J. McCALLION



O. KELLY



B. DEVLIN



E. HAMILL

and at times we looked like winning. However, St. Malachy's lasted the pace better and they were worthy winners: St. Malachy's 1-8; St. Mary's 1-5. G. Magill, B. Burns and H. Rice had a very good game.

McCleary Cup:

We played Bearnageeha in Corrigan Park. They played very well in the first half and with a shade of luck they should have been leading at half-time. We played much better in the second half and we eventually won by 2-6 to 1-1. O. Kelly and B. McGarry were the pick of the forwards. G. McCrarren and B. Murphy played their usual good game in centre-field.

We were lucky to draw with St. Thomas's in the next match. It was a ding-dong struggle. We were leading for most of the match, thanks mainly to P. Gallagher in goal. However, St. Thomas's drew level and went into a goal lead. From a kick-out B. Burns caught the ball and ran in to score the equalising goal, a minute from time. Final score: 2-1 each.

We had an easier match against a light St. Gabriel's team. B. Murray and B. Burns did most of the scoring. The final score was: St. Mary's 4-9; St. Gabriel's 0-6.

Unbeaten so far in the league we looked forward to our match with Hardinge Street. This was played in the Falls Park, with the usual supply of mud on the pitch. We played down-hill with the wind in the first half and, due to poor play by the forwards, we scored only one point. We played a little better against the wind and we won by 5 points to nil. B. Murphy's speed was the chief factor in our win. Were we glad that Hardinge Street were not at full strength?

As St. Thomas's and St. Mary's had an equal number of points, we had a final match in McRory Park. St. Thomas's started off in grand style, scoring 2-1 inside ten minutes. St. Mary's settled down and fought with great spirit to level the scores by half-time: 2-1 to 1-4. We were still not too happy as we had to play up-hill in the second half. However, we continued to improve and soon we were in front. We played our best football of the year and so finished easy winners: St. Mary's 3-11, St. Thomas's 3-2. All the St. Mary's boys played well. I was very pleased, as I was lucky enough to score seven points, and after the match I had the honour of receiving the McCleary Cup from Rev. Br. Leopold, the chairman of the Belfast Schools' League.

Under 15 Team: T. Donnelly (capt.), G. McCrarren, B. Murphy, B. Burns, P. McGrath, G. Magill, J. Lavery, B. McGarry, H. Rice, B. Murray, B. Kelly, O. Kelly, M. Keegan, J. McCallion, B. Bunting, P. Gallagher, P. Corscadden, H. Hadley, K. Gorman, P. Burns and G. Dalton.

T. DONNELLY, 4LA.

8. Chess

★

H. McGRILLEN, 3C, winner of the Ulster Schoolboys' Chess Championship

★



There are twenty enthusiastic members in the School Chess Group.

9. Debating Society



THE year 1959-60 has indeed been a profitable one for the School Debating Society. At the beginning of the year we set out with the intention of gaining as much recognition as possible with other schools in debating circles.

We certainly got off to a good start by taking part in the annual Debating Competition organised by Queen's University. In our round, Mr. F. Hanna and Mr. B. McComish supported the motion that "This House says Exams are useless",

Unfortunately we went down to Ashleigh House.

Following this an Inter-School Debate was arranged with R.B.A.I. The motion, "This House favours Partition" was very well supported by Mr. E. O'Rourke and fiercely opposed by Mr. P. Morris.

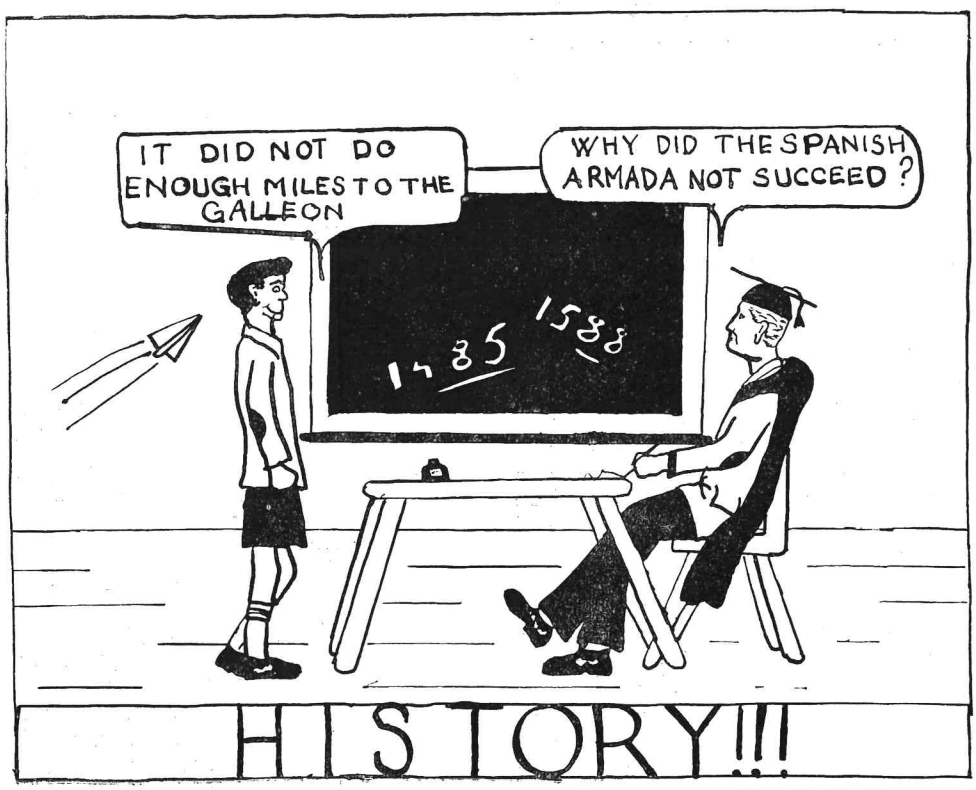
Later on in the year we met the Methodist College on the motion "This House supports the action of Christopher Columbus". Here Messrs. P. Carvill and J. O'Hara preserved our high standard of debating.

The last Inter-School Debate, held before studies for exams could curtail our activities, was with B.R.A. We sent forward Mr. T. McComish to support the motion, "This House supports the further education of women". It was a very enjoyable debate.

Throughout the year we also held debates among ourselves here in the school, like "This Houses opposes Euthanasia" and "This House says a man's place is in the kitchen".

In conclusion, I would like to remark that the aim we set out with was notably achieved and in the process a very high standard of debating set up for future speakers. Furthermore, St. Mary's is now a formidable foe to be reckoned with in debating circles. It only remains now to thank Mr. Mulrean for his sincere help and co-operation during difficult spells.

B. McCOMISH.



—By J. McKenna, 2D.

EVENTS OF THE YEAR

22nd-24th Sept.—Annual Retreat.

Over one hundred of the Seniors went to Ardglass. Br. Glespen and Mr. Mulrean were the organisers this year. We hope that great good will come to the boys concerned and to the school as a result of the expert spiritual guidance received there from Rev. Fr. Connolly, C.SS.R., and his community.

16th December—Prize Day.

This year we had the honour and pleasure of having Rev. Br. J. A. Mulholland, Provincial of St. Mary's Province of the Christian Brothers, with us to present the prizes. St. Mary's Hall was crowded for the occasion and it was gratifying to see the big number of parents who were present at this, the only function of the school year at which parents, boys and staff come together. Br. Mulholland, who was introduced by Br. Magee, the new headmaster, spoke in glowing terms of the successes of the pupils, reminded them that as a consequence of modern facilities in education they were being given opportunities denied to the generations of St. Mary's boys who went before them, and exhorted them to make the most of these opportunities when they left school whether their immediate destination was the University, the Training College, the Civil Service or industry and business. He then presented prizes and certificates to the successful candidates.

8th-13th February—Vocation Week.

The celebrant of the special Mass for guidance in choice of life was Rev. Fr. J. Conway, St. Malachy's College. We dislike harping on any one subject year after year but we must still admit that the number of boys answering the call of God is in no way commensurate with the number we are sending to the University. On another page you will find pictures of former pupils ordained this year and we hope their example may be a spur to our present pupils.

15th March.

Mr. Dynan for the first time entered a group from the school for the Shakespeare Trophy in the Belfast Musical Festival. The boys took third place with their presentation of the Trial Scene from The Merchant of Venice. Jim McKernan and John McCann were specially commended.

26th March.

We took the honours in the Belfast section of the Irish debating contest sponsored by Gael-Linn for senior students. We were later narrowly beaten in the Ulster final by Loreto Convent, Letterkenny, and as the latter school subsequently took the all-Ireland

title, our boys have reason to congratulate themselves.

12th and 14th May—Sports Day.

We gathered in Celtic Park on the afternoon of Thursday, 12th May, and having watched the rain pour down for an hour, returned home to take our physical training in front of the television set. The sports were postponed to Saturday morning and we were then luckier with the weather. The Junior boys are reported to be hoping for a repetition of the sad occurrence next year. The Seniors, of course, are aghast at the possibility of losing another day in class!

AWARDS, 1960

Lappin Scholarship and Sullivan Scholarship:
Daniel V. McCaughan

State Exhibitions:
Maurice Clint, Robert J. Hughes, Conal D. McKeith

Ministry of Education Chemistry Prize (second place):
Conal D. McKeith

University Scholarships (County Awards)
Belfast — Michael F. Brennan, Martin O. Green, Laurance J. McGrady, John C. O'Connor, Sean Carville, Norman Forsythe, Brian A. Gorman, Robert Hughes, Seamus J. Laverty, Daniel V. McCaughan, Sean McDermott, Eugene M. McEleavy, Charles A. McEntee, Conal D. McKeith, Cearan S. McKeown, Edward M. Wood, Gerard McQuillan, Norman McElwee.

Antrim—John Fox, William J. Truman.

Armagh — John J. Haughey, John P. Hassey.

Down—Maurice Clint, James J. McGuigan, Bernard Kerr, James P. Coey.

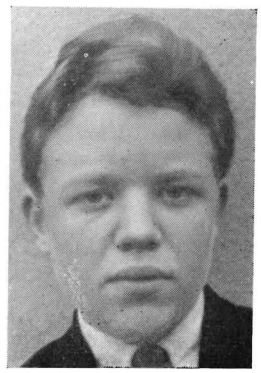
Tyrone — Colm P. McGroggan.

St. Mary's Training College — Maurice Clint, Francis K. Dolaghan, Colm M. Kerr, Michael P. Kelly, Michael Malone, Francis J. Murphy, Patrick A. Murray, John Rice, Jeremiah Smyth, James P. Steele.

Joseph Devlin Prizes:

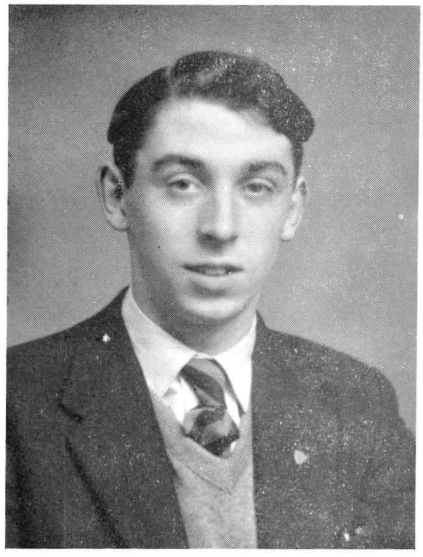


Eamonn Ó Ruairc
(Highest marks in Senior Irish)

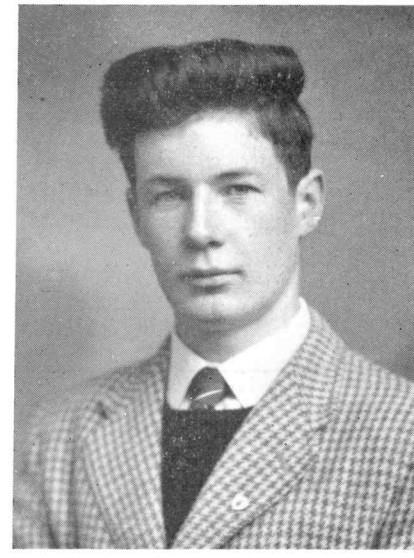


Antóin Ó Luachra
(Highest marks in Junior Irish)

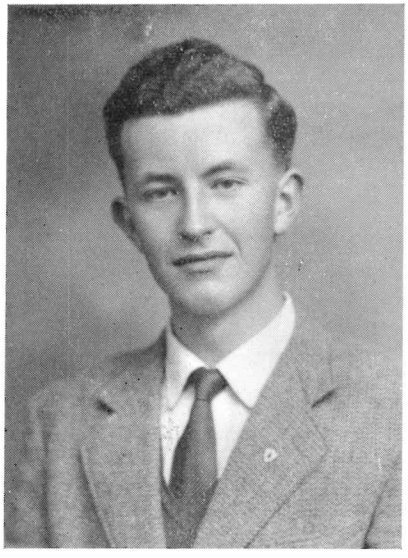
Congratulations



D. McCAUGHAN, winner of Queen's University, Belfast Open Scholarship — 1st Place.



C. McKEITH, State Exhibition; Winner of Chemistry Award.



R. HUGHES, State Exhibition.



M. CLINT, State Exhibition.

PRESIDENT of the PAST PUPILS' ASSOCIATION



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

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

Where they are now

IN the last two issues we gave some news of an older generation of past pupils. This year we propose to follow up some of our more recent former pupils. Four years ago four boys won State Exhibitions. Last Summer they took their degree examinations in Queen's and it is a source of great satisfaction to us that they have lived up to their promise. Robert Ewins took a First Class Honours in Chemistry and has joined the school staff. Muredach Dynan had a First Class in Physics and is now teaching in St. Dominic's. Michael O'Reilly took a First Honours in Pure Mathematics and has remained on in Queen's to try to add a First in Applied Mathematics to his achievements. Eamon Stewart took a Second Class, first Division, in Economics, and his success was matched by Patrick Brannigan. In this faculty no First Class was awarded. Brendan Austin's Second Class, First Division, in Mechanical Engineering was the highest award in his faculty. Sean Hamill had a similar award in Textile Engineering and Sean Doherty a Second Class in Physics. Kenneth McGee qualified also in Engineering. Eamon Rogers, who went up to Queen's last year to study Modern Languages, won the Porter Scholarship at the end of his first year and we hope that that is a portent of further honours to follow.

Quite a number of recent past pupils have entered the teaching profession. Desmond Donovan, B.Econ., was one of those who volunteered to help the Missions in Nigeria by spending some years teaching out there. Colum Lambe is in St. Patrick's, North Queen St.; Desmond Armstrong is in St. Teresa's; Bernard McConville, B.Sc., is in St. Thomas', Whiterock Road, as is Seamus McKinney, this year's Irish Decathlon Champion. Sean Lavery and Denis Sweeney are in St. Agnes'; Terry McManus in St. Brendan's, Milford St.; Robert Sloan in St. Peter's, and Desmond O'Reilly in St. Kevin's.

I will finish with a number of former pupils whose names I noticed in the press during the year. Mr. H. A. Waters who was in school in the early thirties is Marketing Manager of Messrs. P. J. Carroll & Co. Eamon Lundy was a substitute on the victorious Co. Down All-Ireland Football Championship team. Rev. Joseph Quigley, S.J., who went with his family to Australia in 1949 when he was in his second year in St. Mary's, and joined the Society of Jesus in Australia, was sent to the Australian Jesuits' Mission in India and is now in Bihar, India.

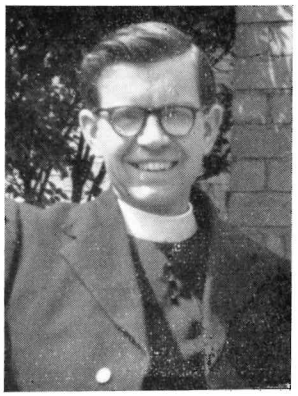
James Dunwoody was appointed Lecturer in Engineering Mathematics in Queen's University. That makes two members of the family concerned with the Higher Learning as brother Norbert is for some years now in the Mathematics Faculty of Sheffield University.

We read with deep regret of the death of Mr. Frederick F. McKee, M.R.C.P.I., F.R.C.S.I., who died in Dublin at the early age of 43. Mr. McKee was decorated by the French Government for his work with the Irish Red Cross in St. Lo after the war. *Ar dheis De go rabh a anam.*

Past Pupils in

BECHUANALAND

By **FATHER THOMAS DEVITT, C.P.**



Father Thomas attended St. Mary's until 1943; ordained 1954. His brother, Fr. Leonard, is also a Passionist. Another brother, Terry, is a Christian Brother.

GREETINGS from Bechuanaland, lads!

Bechuanaland! Where is that? Well, I don't blame you for asking that question. When I first heard it mentioned I asked myself that very same question. It could have been one of the Fiji Islands for all I knew. That was back in 1952. I was then a Passionist student preparing for the Priesthood.

Bechuanaland is a big place with a big name. If you look at a map of Africa you will see that Bechuanaland is in the South (central) of this huge continent. It is small in comparison with the rest of Africa, yet it is 300,000 square miles. To give you an idea of the size, compare it with Ireland which is 32,000 square miles. Yes, Bechuanaland is nearly ten times the size of Ireland. There is one thing that Ireland would gladly give to this country and that is some of its good old rain. We missionaries often say to ourselves, "Oh! If we only had some good old Irish rain." This is a barren land due to the lack of rain, and the blazing sun. The vegetation is mostly thorn bushes and cactus. Here you can experience up to 130° of heat. This relentless heat has driven poor unfortunate farmers here to commit suicide. Their crop of mealie meal is their only means of survival, and if that fails two or three years running despair drives some of them to take the extreme way out of it. Actually October is known out here as "Suicide Month" for that reason. There are plently of river beds but, except for one or two weeks in the year, no rivers. We Missionaries are not easily frightened but we all admit that one thing does really frighten us and that is the thunder and lightning storms we get in Bechuanaland. You would need to experience one of these storms yourself to realise just how terrifying it can be. Then down comes the rain and out come the children. Their antics in the teeming rain are just as refreshing as the rain itself. In Ireland we say: "You're as welcome as the flowers in May;" here in Bechuana-

land they say: "You're as welcome as the rain." Actually, the word 'Pula' in Setswana means 'rain' and 'welcome.'

In its own way Bechuanaland is quite a famous place. This is the land of Stanley and Livingstone, the well-known explorers. This is the land of Seretse Khama, whose marriage to Ruth Williams, an Englishwoman, caused quite a stir at the time and deprived him of the Chieftainship. This is the land of the famous Kalahari Desert, or 'The Big Thirst' as it is popularly known. The inhabitants of this vast desert are called bush men. They are small of stature and still quite uncivilised. But what they lack in height they make up for in bravery, endurance and skill with the bow and arrow. Their method of hunting is very strange. They stalk their prey until it is within range. They move so silently and act so quickly that the animal has four or five arrows in its side before it senses the danger. It is at this point that these bush men act so strangely. The wounded animal scampers through the bush but the hunters continue on their way as if they couldn't care less. But these little bush men know their job. They know that the wounded beast won't get very far. Those arrows in its side are tipped with poison and sooner or later it will die. Early the next morning, with uncanny skill they will pick up its spoor and follow it until they find their kill.

Bechuanaland has been very much in the news. The British Government has sent a number of expeditions to this part of Africa, on fact-finding missions. The outcome of these has been a number of articles in the daily papers, a successful television series on the B.B.C. which perhaps you have seen, and at least two books, one of which is called 'The Big Thirst' and the other 'The Lost World of the Kalahari.'

In the year 1952 our late Holy Father Pope Pius XII started sending his own expeditions. They were the Irish Passionist Fathers and Sisters. The leader of the first group was Father Theodore Matthews, C.P., a Belfast man and a past pupil of St. Mary's C.B.S. Two more Belfast men followed in 1953, Father Placid McLaughlin, C.P. and Brother Benedict Sheridan, C.P. both from the northern metropolis and again past pupils of St. Mary's. The year 1954 saw another old-boy leave his Irish shores for Bechuanaland, Father Leonard Devitt, C.P. who is our Prefect Delegate, Principal of St. Joseph's College and, last but not least, player-coach for the College Eleven! We often tell Fr. Leonard that it is just as well he is 7,000 miles from his old Alma Mater, that centre of Gaelic Culture, C.B.S., Barrack Street. Three more past-pupils followed in 1958 and 1959: Father Feargal Smith, C.P., from the Glen Rd., Father Emmanuel Pender, C.P., from the same district, and myself. You can gather from this litany, lads, that Bechuanaland is indebted to the Irish Christian Brothers and more especially to those good Brothers and Teachers of St. Mary's C.B.S., Belfast. Well do we remember them for they really hammered a job on us all. Those years we spent at St. Mary's are paying dividends here on the mission fields of Bechuanaland.

Just what is the life of a missionary like out here in Bechuanaland? Well, lads, if you want to do great things for God and at the same time have adventure, this is the life. There is never a dull moment. Our main objective, of course, is the saving of souls for God. That means starting new mission stations. This can be a wonderful experience as I know, for at the moment Fr. Placid and myself are making bricks for our new house. The 'bush telegraph' tell us that Fathers Feargal and Emmanuel are in the brick-making business also. We have all reached the stage where we are counting bricks in our sleep. When we are not making bricks you generally find us ploughing through the bush in our old trucks. Our destination is usually one of our out-

stations there to offer Holy Mass, give catechism, or a sick call. Just about anything can happen on these safaris. That old truck can really let you down; a blow-out and you find you have no spare wheel. Any one of a hundred things can happen to the engine. What do you do? Well, you can do something about it if it happens during the day but it's an entirely different kettle of fish if night catches you. Your only alternative is to get into the truck and content yourself until dawn breaks. The roads here are a real test for any driver; heavy sand for most of the year and heavy mud during the rainy season. We are all accomplished dirt-track drivers, but there have been occasions when we have had to rope in a team of oxen to pull us out of the mud. That's Africa. Monsignor Murphy's motto is 'Full steam ahead despite the mud, etc.' Monsignor, incidentally, is a past-pupil of Synge Street, C.B.S., Dublin.

As I am writing for my old school magazine I must say something about our College here. Fr. Leonard is the Principal and is ably supported by our own highly qualified Cross and Passion Sisters. There is a real C.B.S. touch about the supervision. It's hard work, but the wonderful academical success of the students in recent years is a great consolation to us all. The success of the College Eleven on the football field is no less consoling. This year they have walked away with all trophies. These lads are really first class ball artists. There are two here who could easily enter English 1st Division. The credit for this must go to Fr. Leonard, but something tells me he didn't gain his coaching experience at St. Mary's C.B.S.! I wonder am I right?

All our activities out here in Bechuanaland have one aim, i.e., the quenching of God's thirst for souls. This is the land of 'The Big Thirst.' So what about it, boys! Share our big thirst for souls! Did I hear you saying, 'there's nothing I can do'? Well, when a man is thirsty, what do you usually do? You give him a cooling drink. And that's the very thing we missionaries are craving for. Not just a drink of water. No, our thirst can be quenched by your prayers. Yes, your prayers are really valuable — more valuable than you will ever know this side of eternity. Your financial help is valuable too. But don't forget YOU are more valuable than anything you have to give.

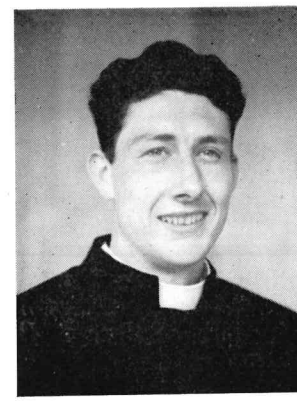
* * *

Did you ever think of GIVING YOURSELF as a missionary? Do think about it. Do pray about it.

AFRICA

Halo or Halter

By FATHER ANDREW ANGLIN, S.M.A.



Father Andrew attended St. Mary's 1938-1944; ordained 1950. His brother, Fr. Aidan, is also in the African Mission Society. Another brother, Art, is a Christian Brother.

LONG ago, and maybe not so long ago, most Africans, and their descendants all over the world, cherished a desire of one day visiting Europe or America. Various reasons fostered this desire, education, technical training or just personal advancement and the desire to travel. Witness the number of West Indians in England, the North Africans in France and West Africans in all the universities of Ireland and Britain. They saw vast opportunities for those willing to make the effort, and so they made their way overseas to seize the chances offered to them. Now, however, the most popular place with Africans is Africa, as they inhale the intoxicating breath of freedom and independence that is sweeping across the country. It is now the land of opportunity for its people. Facilities for progress in every field are established in all areas, and Africa as a unit, or as an alliance of independent states, can take its place among the nations of the world.

The popularity of the "Dark Continent" is not confined to the peoples therein, but, in the realm of fantasy, it is extremely popular among readers and writers of adventure fiction. The misnomers, "Dark Continent," "White Man's Grave," "Land of Juju, Vodoo and Taboo," in these days of African enlightenment, advanced medical research and incalculable missionary endeavour, seem to have been the creation of the fertile imagination of some ancient traveller. He might have conjured up these names to add colour to the tales he was wont to tell his friends — and who was there to doubt his veracity. Thus, Africa has been a name that need only be whispered to send us on imaginary safaris through the impenetrable

jungle in search of big game. The more blood-thirsty amongst us have visions of some sinister, weirdly-painted, wraith-like figure moving stealthily through the shadows, clutching to his breast the instrument of sacrifice to some tribal juju, while frienzied drummers beat out the rhythmic tattoo for the dancing dervishes. Then there are those of the sober, apostolic mind who see the poor, worn-out, malaria-ridden missionary laboriously hacking his torturous way through the dense jungle, bringing spiritual aid to a mortally-stricken, faithful old Christian.

This Africa of the story-book and drama is now dead and gone, if it ever was. Today we find a country bustling with trade and commerce, education and progress, where ignorance and superstition are scorned. Modern cities, comparable to any European standard are springing up all over the continent, with corporations, ministries, councils and all the trappings of a competent administration. The great surge forward has increased the zeal and dedication of apostles in every sphere and with added zest they proclaim their doctrine to a receptive audience.

In this advance the weak and weary are left behind; weakness and weariness being synonymous with lack of resources and shortage of manpower, in this context. The country, so long dormant, is rising from its slumbers and casting off the fetters of its ancient feudalism and cleansing its mind of pagan animism and superstition. The vacuum thus created has to be filled and will be filled by one of two philosophies, materialism or the Christian concept of creation and human nature. The stage is set. The curtain is up. The question is who will gain the plaudits of the crowd. Whom will the audience of Africa acclaim?

On to this stage steps the missionary of the nineteen-sixties to play his part, and maybe a sad one. He will find tribe after tribe clamouring for education. Their cries may go unheard because there is an acute shortage of teachers. Government and Missions are doing their utmost but the demand far exceeds the supply. The sick and suffering raise their questing hands to the young missionary as he passes by, their tired eyes beseeching him for solace in their trial. Alas! he must move away, heedless, because there is a shortage of trained medical staff and supplies. Little children squat in the shade of a mango tree, struggling in sand to grasp the rudiments of "ABC," but he cannot approach lest they ask him for a school-building to shelter them from the scorching sun and the torrential monsoon rains; there is a shortage of funds. Catechumens, chanting their catechism and saying their prayers, beg for baptism, but they must wait a little while longer till his itinerary covers their area, because he has to administer to the needs of two parishes; there is a shortage of priests. Needless to say he is worried, very worried. Some will have died before he reaches their village. He may try to salve his conscience with the thought that he cannot do the impossible, that he has only two hands. Truly, he has only two hands, and his own parish is enough, more than enough for two hands, without the added responsibility of another parish, which once boasted of four hands. He is the labourer in the vineyard doing four mens' work. No fear of his querying the husbandman's employment of extra labour, even at this eleventh hour. Indeed he would be glad of some help, and welcome it. Deliberate and cogitate as he will, his musings will never release him from the performance of his duty to souls. The salvation of souls is depending on him. He cannot shirk the responsibility, but he cannot complete the task entrusted to him without some help.

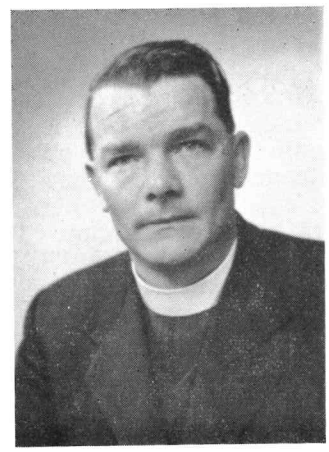
This is not an appeal to the pious aspirations of Irish youth, but a cold statement of facts illustrated by a

few concrete examples. In this diocese alone, as a result of the inverse proportion of the extension of our spheres of influence and priests to operate these spheres, mission stations, which at one time had two resident priests, are now administered as out-stations of a central mission. In other words, originally, there were four priests for two large parishes, now there are two priests for three parishes, and in some cases one priest for an area which was formerly two parishes. A parish can be taken as the equivalent of two Irish counties or even three. As a matter of interest, one parish priest, who has already one out-station over two hundred miles from his residence, has the added burden of another parish, while the priest is on leave in Ireland. Our colleges are overcrowded; we cannot increase the output of teachers from the training centres due to lack of accomodation. Most of our educational institutions are under-staffed. Our resources are stretched to the limit and we cannot cater for a fraction of those who call on us. What will happen to those who find no room in the inn? The shoe-string which is our budget is fraying at both ends, and cannot cope with present commitments. Those excluded by circumstances over which we have no control, will go to the highest bidder, and there are many bidders. What can we do?

That is the problem. What is the solution?

Our Congratulations . . .

to Very Rev. Fr. J. Blaney, S.M.M., on his appointment as Provincial of the Monfort Fathers.



A Glimpse of the Past

1898-1899



(Front Row): Monsignor J. Hendley (R.I.P.); Rev. M. McSorley (R.I.P.); Jack McCarthy; Dr. E. McSorley; Charles McRandall; Jim Gribben.

(Second Row): -. Gorman; ———; -. Williams; Bernard Neeson; ———; ———; Jim O'Connor; Paddy Hughes; Bertie Mitchell.

(Third Row): Corny Ryan; Barney Dempsey; Senator Cathal Bradley (R.I.P.); Dr. Malachy Paul; Charles Woodman; Johnny Hyland; Jack Hughes; Thomas B. O'Connor; George Mitchell; Tom Paul.

(Back Row): Paul Beringer; William Gorman; Tom Nestor; Dick Williams; ———; Arthur Neeson; Johnny Devine; Mark Kelly.

We are indebted to Dr. E. McSorley for this photograph taken in St. Patrick's, Donegall St., in 1898 or 1899, and to Mr. Chas. McRandall for helping to identify the individuals. This must have been a remarkable class. It contained two men destined for eminence, one in the Church and one in the State: the

late Mgr. J. Hendley, D.D., V.G., and Senator Cathal Bradley. Jack Hughes also attained fame but far from his native land. He emigrated to America, took up the study of Law and retired as a Judge. His son, Emmet John Hughes, is a well-known Catholic writer and Radio personality. Many of these boys, for example P. Beringer, J. O'Connor and J. Devine became well known in the commercial life of Belfast. Several held responsible posts in the Civil Service. Most of the boys are, thank God, still with us.



We wish to associate ourselves with the deep sorrow occasioned in the diocese by the death of the following, who were past pupils:

Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. HENDLEY, P.P., V.G., St. Paul's

Ven. Archdeacon D. J. McWILLIAMS, P.P., Downpatrick

Very Rev. Canon J. O'NEILL, P.P., Holy Rosary

ROBERT DOUGAL — Clerical student in Maynooth

✠

Requiem aeternum dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

We are grateful to the advertisers undermentioned, without whose patronage the publication of this magazine would not be possible. We hope our readers will patronise them.

Index to Advertisements

Abbott, William 136
Arnott's 142
Athletic Stores Ltd. 125
Austin's 115

Beattie, Thomas & Co. 125
Bell, Charles, Ltd. 138
Bell & Martin, Ltd. 106
Bennett, James D. 147
Beringer, Joseph 115
Blair, Joseph, Ltd. 118
Boyle, Xavier P. 136
Breda Lager 148
Brennan Stores 121
Brown & Nolan, Ltd. 114

Club Bar 145
Club Orchid Ballroom 120
Connolly, Arthur & Co. Ltd. 113
Continental Cafe 119
Corry, James P. 144
Crockford, James 122

D.C. Products 105
Devine, D. & Sons, Ltd. 127
Devoto & Hassan 119
Dobson 141
Doherty, John, Ltd. 139
Donnelly, Hugh & Sons, Ltd. 117
Dunlop, James & Sons 131

Eastwood, Thomas J. 150
Educational Co., Ltd. 109

Fallon's Educational Supply Co. 137

Gass, Joseph H. 113
Gloucester Taxis 117
Good Shepherd Laundry 125
Graham, Louis 108
Greer, Hugh 119
Gresham Wallpaper Stores 145
Gribben, E. J. 111

Harden, James 130
Harris, Philip, Ltd. 121
Hart & Churchill, Ltd. 150
Harte, R. A. 143
Hendron Bros., Ltd. 138
Hercules Lounge 133
Hughes, Bernard 133
Hunt & Broadhurst, Ltd. 135

I Buy Anything 123
Inglis 134
Insurance Corporation of Ireland 124
Irish Bonding Co., Ltd. 147
"Irish News," Ltd. 152
Irvine, J. A., Ltd. 139

Jones, Tom, Ltd. 114

Kennedy's Bread 116
Kennedy's Milk 146

Laboratory Supplies, Ltd. 107
Lipton 108
Lundy 108
Lyle & Kinahan, Ltd. 120

McCartan, Ltd. 113
McDonnell, P. & F. Ltd. 127
McGlade Bros. 132
McGowan, Henry 132
McKenna & McGinley 129
McLister, J. 130
McMahon, Edward, Ltd. 150
McManus, W. J. 112
McQuillan, John, Ltd. 151
McShane, G. & Co., Ltd. 139
Marshall's Book Shop 131
May, J. C. 137
Mayfair Restaurant 112
Mayne, W. Erskine 137
Meenan & Co. 123
Moley Motors 118
Montague, P. 125
Morrison, C. 142
Mullan, J. F. & Co. 152
Munster & Leinster Bank 110
Murray, Robert & Co., Ltd. 129
Musgrave & Co., Ltd. 128

Napier, Richard P. 109
National Bank 149
Newell, H. A. 144
Nichol, P. 106

O'Cleirigh, Liam S. 137
O'Kane, Hugh & Co., Ltd. 131
Orange's Academy 143
Oswald & Jamison 119

Pearl Varnish Co. 143
Patz Lager 151
Porter, James W. Ltd. 150

Quinn, Charles 113
Quinn, John 126

Redbank Bar 143
Rodman, William & Co., Ltd. 131
Roneo, Ltd. 111

Schweppes 107
Serridge, Ambrose 104
Somax Shirts 126

Trainor, Peter 108
Tugan-Crane 135
Tyler, John & Sons, Ltd. 148

Walls, P. J. 124
Windsor Hotel and Restaurant 105

AMBROSE SERRIDGE

ULTAN BOOK STORE

Suppliers to Colleges and Convents throughout Northern Ireland.

Book Tokens sold and Exchanged.

Stockists of all leading makes of Fountain Pens.

Daily and Sunday Missals.

Please call and browse around our books where you will find something to interest you.

91 CASTLE STREET - BELFAST

TELEPHONE 25021

Fit your car with a D.C. Silencer

★

Manufactured by

D.C. PRODUCTS

SHEALS STREET :: BELFAST

Phone 28970

Windsor Hotel

Knocknagoney Road, Belfast, 4

RESTAURANT OPEN DAILY including SUNDAYS for
LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, A LA CARTE MEALS and AFTERNOON TEAS

Proprietor
Harry Toner

Telephone 63451
Fully Licensed

Enquiries welcomed for
WEDDING RECEPTIONS :: DINNERS
DINNER DANCES :: MEETINGS
DINNER DANCE EVERY SATURDAY

Windsor Cafe Restaurant

9 Donegall Square South, Belfast, 1 (Rear of City Hall)

Manager
Tom McGrattan
Telephone 29088

FRIENDLY, CAREFUL SERVICE and BEAUTIFULLY COOKED FOOD
Open 10 a m. to 11 p.m.

Bell & Martin

(BELFAST) LTD.

Heating and Ventilating Engineers

11-15 DOCK STREET
BELFAST, 15.
Telephone 745417

Telephone 24590

P. NICHOL

Provision Merchant

BACON AND HAM CURER
FRESH PORK SUPPLIED DAILY

97-99 CROMAC STREET - BELFAST

Laboratory Supplies and Instruments Ltd.

★

CHEMICAL, PHYSICAL,
ELECTRICAL,
BIOLOGICAL, OPTICAL and
PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT

3 QUEEN'S SQUARE - *Telephone 29431* - **BELFAST**

With the Compliments of

Schweppes (Ireland) Ltd.

Sole Northern Ireland Distributor

ULSTER BREWERY CO., LTD.

Telephone: Dunmurry 2394

LOUIS GRAHAM & CO.

Office Equipment and Stationery

9 SHAFTESBURY SQUARE — BELFAST

Telephone 31811

DRINK
and ENJOY . . .

Lipton's Tea

UNEQUALLED for
QUALITY and FLAVOUR

Boys may come
and
Boys may go

But where do they
come and go from?

Trainor's
2 BARRACK STREET
of course!

THOMAS LUNDY

77 Andersonstown Rd., Belfast, 11

FRUIT - FLOWERS - VEGETABLES

TELEPHONE 668953

THE EDUCATIONAL CO., LTD.

Publishers, Booksellers, Manufacturing Scholastic Stationers and Educational Contractors

NEW BOOKS

ENGLISH PRACTICE FOR YOU

A Course of Progressive English Language Exercises for the General Certificate of Education
By H. P. R. STANDEN, M.A. (Hons. Lond.), *formerly Senior English Master, Alderman Wraith Grammar School, Spennymoor, Co. Durham.* 6s.

A GUIDE TO SPELLING FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS

By D. COLLINS LEECH, *Senior English Master, Highbury School. With a list of 8,000 words and an appendix on punctuation.* 4s. 6d.

A CONCISE ORGANIC CHEMISTRY

By J. B. GUY, M.A., B.Sc.(Oxon.), *Senior Chemistry Master, King Edward's School, Birmingham.* and S. D. WOODS, M.A., B.Sc.(Oxon.), *Assistant Master, Harrow School.* 27s. 6d.

ROME, 753 B.C. — A.D. 180

A Short History for Secondary Schools

By J. M. STREET, B.A.(Oxon.), *sometime Senior Classical Master, Shrewsbury School,* and ANTHONY CHENEVIX-TRENCH, M.A.(Oxon.), *Headmaster, Bradfield College, Berkshire.* 12s. 6d.

Sole Agents Northern Ireland Unique Revolving Surface Blackboards

34-36 FOUNTAIN STREET, BELFAST, 1.

Telephone: Belfast 24687-8 Telegrams: "Bookmen"

Telephone 23787

RICHARD P. NAPIER

F.V.A.

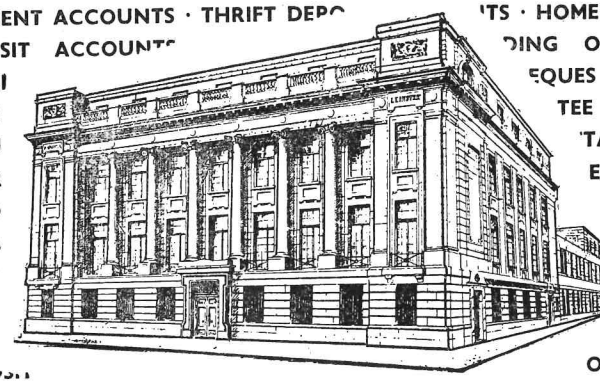
Estate Agent and Auctioneer

VALUATIONS FOR MORTGAGE,
PROBATE and OTHER PURPOSES

FALLS PROPERTY EXCHANGE

7 QUEEN STREET :: BELFAST

CURRENT ACCOUNTS · THRIFT DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS · HOME SAFES
DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS · NIGHT SAFES · STANDING ORDERS
ADVANCES · STRONG ROOMS · TRAVELLERS CHEQUES AND
LETTERS OF CREDIT · FOREIGN BUSINESS · TRUSTEE AND
EXECUTOR · REGISTRAR · INCOME TAX · REMITTANCES
CURRENT ACCOUNTS · THRIFT DEP… 'TS · HOME SAFES
DEPOSIT ACCOUNT… DING ORDERS
ADVAI… EQUES AND
LETTE… TEE AND
EXECI… TANCES
CURR… E SAFES
DEPO… RDERS
ADVA… ID
LETTI… ID
EXEC… ES
CUI… FES
DEPO… ORDERS
ADVANCES · STRONG ROOMS · TRAVELLERS CHEQUES AND
LETTERS OF CREDIT · FOREIGN BUSINESS · TRUSTEE AND
EXECUTOR · REGISTRAR · INCOME TAX · REMITTANCES
CURRENT ACCOUNTS · THRIFT DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS · HOME SAFES
DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS · NIGHT SAFES · STANDING ORDERS
EXECUTOR · REGISTRAR · INCOME TAX · REMITTANCES



The all-Irish bank serving all Ireland

THE MUNSTER & LEINSTER BANK LIMITED

Incorporated in Ireland

Head Office
SOUTH MALL CORK
128 Branches all over Ireland

A

M and L

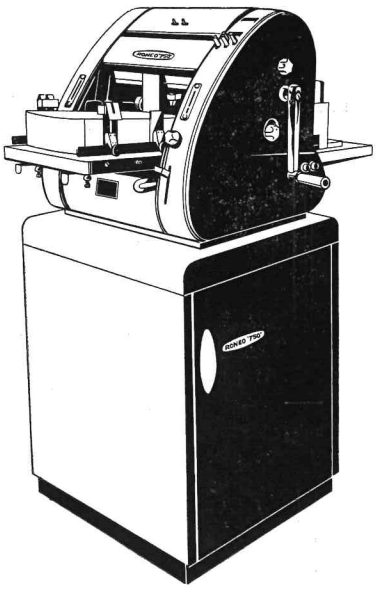
RONEO

750

for Schools:

Produces perfect copies of Exam. Papers, Music, Maps, Lecture Notes, Details for Wall Charts, even complete Magazines fully illustrated with photographs.

Available on special terms to schools



RONEO LTD.

48 YORK STREET, BELFAST
Telephone Belfast 29733

"A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit"

GOOD SPIRITS AND WINES

are its perfect compliment in pleasant surroundings

E. J. GRIBBEN

Wine and Spirit Merchant

61 KING STREET
BELFAST

The Mayfair

Restaurant & Snack Bar

(Louis Forte, Proprietor)

★ *Continental Dishes a Specialite de Maison*

MORNING COFFEE
LUNCHEONS
TEAS
SNACKS
SUPPERS
SANDWICHES

Open Weekdays
9-30 a.m. till 11 p.m.

Sundays
2 p.m. till 10-30 p.m.

A few steps from the G.P.O.
on Royal Avenue, Belfast

Remember!

McManus Shoe Stores

give you a larger selection in

GOOD FOOTWEAR

★

W. J. McMANUS & SON LTD.

60 North St. **2 Garfield St.**
21 Arthur Sq. **3 Donegall St.**

Belfast

ARTHUR CONNOLLY & CO., LTD.

SERVICE STATION
for
PETROL, OILS and ACCESSORIES
OILING, GREASING and WASHING
Open 7 days a week — 8 a.m. to 11 p.m.
ANY TYPE OF FORD CAR SUPPLIED
See us for details

372 FALLS ROAD - - BELFAST
Telephone 23946

Telephone 22152

Charles Quinn
L.P.S.I. (Hons.), M.P.S.N.I.

☆

Dispensing Chemist

☆

479 Falls Rd., Belfast

Save Money Daily
. . . . . by Cycling

ANY MAKE OF BICYCLE
SUPPLIED
REPAIRS AND ACCESSORIES

●

A large variety of Children's
Bicycles and Tricycles suitable
for presents always in stock

●

JOSEPH H. GASS
LTD.
Established over 70 years
81-83 KING STREET, BELFAST
Telephone 20969

Phone 23339 Special Terms to Hospitals, Schools and Institutions

McCARTIN'S LTD.

IRONMONGERY STORES

Everything for Occupational Therapy and Educational Handicraft Materials

SMITHFIELD MARKET :: BELFAST



Ulster's finest China Store

for

WATERFORD CUT CRYSTAL

in Suites of Glass to suit every occasion

ROYAL DOULTON CHINA

Tea Sets, Dinner Sets and Royal Doulton Figures



TOM JONES

(BELFAST) LIMITED

9 Wellington Place, BELFAST, 1

Telephones: 21334 and 25932

School Supplies

- ★ BOOKS
- ★ STATIONERY
- ★ INFANT AND JUNIOR APPARATUS
- ★ ARTS AND CRAFTS EQUIPMENT
- ★ FURNITURE
- ★ GEOGRAPHY EQUIPMENT
- ★ SPORTS AND P.T. EQUIPMENT
- ★ TEACHING AIDS
- ★ OFFICE AND ADMINISTRATION EQUIPMENT

For all approved School Equipment write to:—

BROWNE & NOLAN

LIMITED

40 FOUNTAIN STREET, BELFAST, 1

AUSTIN'S

BOYS' WEAR DEPT.

FOR

SCHOOL UNIFORMS

DIVIS STREET, BELFAST, 12

Phone 31708

(ESTABLISHED 1873)

JOSEPH BERINGER

JEWELLERS

LONG NOTED FOR—

Watches, Clocks

Diamond Rings, Wedding Rings

Silverware, Medals, etc.

36 NORTH STREET :: BELFAST

Always ask for



bread and confectionery



products are made from the purest ingredients



commercials are appearing on U.T.V. Watch for them!

J. B. KENNEDY LTD., BEECHMOUNT AVENUE, BELFAST, 12

Taxi!

AT ALL TIMES

phone

3 1 6 6 4

3 1 9 4 7

★ PUNCTUALITY

★ COURTESY

★ EFFICIENCY

Wedding Cars a Speciality

Gloucester Taxi Co.

5 GLOUCESTER ST., BELFAST.

Telephone 22670

Hugh Donnelly & Sons, Ltd.

FARM PRODUCE MERCHANTS

Exporters of Seed and Ware Potatoes

May's Market, Oxford Street, Belfast.

WE HAVE THE CAR YOU WANT . . .

for your touring holiday

MOLEY'S MOTORS

The Self-Drive Specialists

49 VICTORIA SQUARE :: BELFAST, 1

PHONES — 32764, 33123

for all . . . .

Household Hardware
Ironmongery
Bathroom and Kitchen Fittings
Stoves, Cookers, Fires, etc.

JOSEPH BLAIR LTD.

5-19 Church Lane and Hamilton's Court
HIGH STREET, BELFAST

Telephone: Belfast 26666 (5 lines) and 30555 (5 lines)

Iron and Steel Stockholders, Ironmongers and Hardware Merchants

Telephone 24075

DEVOTO & HASSAN LIMITED

Superior House, Steam and Anthracite Coal and Coke

★ Authorised Oil Agents for Shell and B.P. Fuel Oils

12 HIGH STREET :: :: BELFAST

OSWALD & H. JAMISON

Painting Contractors

WE SPECIALIZE IN CHURCH and SCHOOL WORK

140a Cullingtree Road
Belfast
Phone 23011

The Continental Cafe

BREAKFASTS
LUNCHEONS
TEAS

Private Rooms for Receptions, Dinners or Parties

★

Three entrances—
Castle Street, Chapel Lane
Bank Street
BELFAST
Telephone 24007

HUGH GREER CATHEDRAL BOOK STORES

18 GRESHAM STREET and SMITHFIELD MARKET
Phone: BELFAST 24940

LIBRARIES AND SMALL COLLECTIONS PURCHASED
Large collection of books on Irish History, Theology and General Literature
Full Range of School and College Text Books. Catalogue Free on Request

refresh yourself

with a cool glass

of sparkling

Lyle and Kinahan

lemonade

LYLE & KINAHAN LTD., BELFAST

For all that is BEST
in Dancing

★ The BEST Showbands from all parts of Ireland

★ The BEST Resident Band in Belfast

★ The BEST Company and Atmosphere

★ The BEST terms for charity and club dances

For particulars phone 22522 or 25492

come to

The ORCHID BALLROOM

PHILIP HARRIS LIMITED

Actual manufacturers of all

SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS

Equipment for

CHEMISTRY, BIOLOGY and PHYSICS LABORATORIES

Also

CHEMICALS, REAGENTS and STAINS

Prompt deliveries made

LUDGATE HILL - BIRMINGHAM 3 - ENGLAND

Brennan's Bargain Stores

DRAPERY and FOOTWEAR

at keenest prices

2 Richmond Stores,
Andersonstown.

103-105 and 144
Cavendish Street

J. H. CROCKFORD

Plumbing and Heating
Contractors

★

Authorised Installation Engineer for:

THE REGENT HOME HEATING SERVICE

CONTRACT and MAINTENANCE WORK
UNDERTAKEN

★ stimates without any obligation ★

Offices and Showrooms:

117 Divis Street, Belfast, 12.

Telephone 745543

EVERYTHING . . . .
in FURNITURE and FURNISHINGS

Meenan & Co.

98-100 Donegall Street, BELFAST, 1
(Opposite "Irish News" Office)

We are authorised HOOVER Dealers and can supply any of the following direct from stock:

- **HOOVER CLEANERS**
- **HOOVER WASHERS**
- **HOOVER IRONS**
- **HOOVER POLISHERS**

ALSO CHURCH AND CONVENT FURNISHINGS

I BUY ANYTHING

P. J. WALLS
& BROS. LIMITED

Building and Civil
Engineering Contractors

SAINTFIELD ROAD
BELFAST
Phone: Carryduff 242
Grams: Sitework, Belfast

FIRE
MOTOR
AVIATION
COMBINED TRADERS
LOSS OF PROFITS
HOUSEHOLDERS COMPREHENSIVE
CONTRACT GUARANTEE
PERSONAL ACCIDENT
ENGINEERING
ACCIDENT
MARINE
GLASS

INSURANCE IN IRELAND BY

THE

INSURANCE CORPORATION OF IRELAND
LIMITED

Head Office - **DAME STREET, DUBLIN**
Belfast Branch: 8 DONEGALL SQUARE EAST
Branch Manager: P. B. GILFEDDER. Phone 30185

FOR BEST RESULTS, SOW

BEATTIE'S SEEDS

Vegetable Seeds, Flower Seeds, Grass Seed, Fertilizers, Insecticides, Bulbs

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON REQUEST

EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN FROM

THOMAS BEATTIE & CO.

59-61 VICTORIA STREET - - - - - BELFAST

Telephone 21184

The Athletic Stores Ltd.

Ulster Headquarters for all kinds of sportswear—

Football Hockey Badminton
Table Tennis Squash Rugby
Billiards Golf Cricket
Tennis and Indoor Games

Everything in Weatherwear and Leather Goods

15-21 WELLINGTON PLACE
BELFAST

Telephone 20491

Telephone 21912

P. Montague

F.V.I.

★

House and Land Agent

Auctioneer and Valuer

★

13 DIVIS STREET, BELFAST

Rents Carefully Collected
—Prompt Settlement

All Classes of Insurance effected in First-Class Offices

THE GOOD SHEPHERD LAUNDRY

ORMEAU ROAD - BELFAST

Telephone 641346

Outstanding for beautifully finished Laundry Work in all its branches.
Vans collect and deliver in all parts of the City and suburbs.
All classes of Needlework undertaken.
Vestments, Altar Linens, Mortuary Habits. Altar Breads supplied

You will be amazed at the difference it will make

if you have

MILESTONE TEA *in the Pot*

❀ ❀ ❀

JOHN QUINN LIMITED

9-11 CRUMLIN ROAD, BELFAST

also at

NEWRY, WARRENPOINT, KILKEEL, NEWCASTLE
ARMAGH, DUNGANNON, LURGAN, PORTADOWN

"SOMAX"

(Regd.)

Shirts and Pyjamas
for Men and Boys

Always the most economical
purchase for quality and price

Ask for them by name

"SOMAX"

P. & F. McDonnell Ltd.

Builders and Contractors

★

Specialists in Joinery work of all descriptions for Churches, Schools, Convents, Shops, Offices, etc.

★

1 and 3 FALLSWATER DRIVE
FALLS ROAD - BELFAST

Telephone 27163

D. Devine & Sons, Ltd.

Fruit Importers :: Commission Salesmen

★ Panel Salesmen Guernsey Tomato Marketing Board and South African Citrus Fruits

★ For the winter months
Alicante Tomatoes a Speciality

★ Largest handler of Home Grown Tomatoes in Northern Ireland

★ FYFFE Blue Label Bananas

CORRESPONDENCE AND CONSIGNMENTS INVITED

ST. GEORGE'S MARKET, BELFAST.

Telephones: Belfast 23193, 23858-9, 31207, Night 41584, Liverpool Central 3731. Telegrams: "Vine"

For

Low and High Pressure Steam Heating Plants — Oil Fired

Complete Low Pressure Hot Water Heating Installations— Oil Fired

of

Churches, Halls and Public Buildings

If you have a Heating, Sheetmetal or Steelwork problem

consult

Musgrave & Company Ltd.

ST. ANN'S WORKS - BELFAST, 5

Telephone 59411 (8 lines)

Telephone 58104

Robert Murray & Co., Ltd.

GOVERNMENT and
PUBLIC WORKS CONTRACTORS

1 Donovan Parade,
Castlereagh Road, Belfast.

McKenna & McGinley

LIMITED

TABLE WATERS

cordials and fruit squashes

MEDAL and DIPLOMA — **LONDON, 1954**

BATH PLACE *Telephone 21514* **BELFAST**

James Harden

PAINTING AND DECORATING

CONTRACTOR

ESTIMATES FREE

- Telephone 667771 -

78 BINGNIAN DRIVE,
GLEN ROAD BELFAST, 11.

J. McLISTER

★ Electrical Engineer and Contractor ★

TELEPHONE 668855

72 FRUITHILL PARK, BELFAST, 11.

—★—

All types of Electrical Installations — LIGHTING - HEATING - POWER

Hugh O'Kane & Co., Ltd.

THE LEADING CATHOLIC FUNERAL DIRECTORS IN IRELAND

Luxurious Cars and Limousines for Weddings and Tourist Parties to accommodate six passengers

Moderate Charges

114-118 DONEGALL STREET - - - BELFAST

Established 1865 Phone 33129 (2 lines)

Marshall's

"THE BOOKSHOP"

★

For all
NEWSPAPERS
BOOKS
PERIODICALS
and
CONTINENTAL
PAPERS
and
MAGAZINES

★

120 DONEGALL STREET
BELFAST
(Opposite St. Patrick's)

Telephone 23162

JAS. DUNLOP & SONS

TAILORS and OUTFITTERS

★

Specialists in Clerical Tailoring
Soutanes, Chesterfields, etc.
and Gent's Outfitting

Underclothing, Shirts, Socks, Collars, etc.

★

115-119 ROYAL AVENUE
BELFAST

TECHNICAL STUDENTS . . . .

Requisites for Draughtsmen, Engineering and all Technical Students

Sets of Drawing Instruments, Drawing Boards and Tee Squares, Ruling Pens, Bow Pens and Pencils, Compasses, Dividers, Adjustable and Celluloid Set Squares, Slide Rules, Scale Rules, Indian Inks, Pencils, Paper, Rubber and Drawing Pins.

Wm. RODMAN & Co., Ltd.

TECHNICAL SCHOOL SUPPLIERS

17-19 ARTHUR STREET - - - - BELFAST

For every kind of

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Estimates given

HURLING

CAMOGIE

TENNIS

GOLF

FOOTBALL

Etc.

★

Telephone 29575

call with

McGLADE BROS.

• *Specialists in Sports Supplies*

211 UPPER DONEGALL STREET
BELFAST
(above St. Patrick's)

★ Schools and Colleges specially catered for

Telephone 21700
Established 1868



Henry McGowan

Prime Beef and Mutton

67 DURHAM STREET : BELFAST

Hercules Lounge

(Corner of Castle Street and Chapel Lane)

Where only the Best Brands of
WHISKEY ARE STOCKED

DRAUGHT AND BOTTLED
ALE AND STOUT always in
perfect condition

Under the same management:
THE GLOBE, *Joy's Entry, High Street*
THE KINGSWAY, *45 Smithfield*
THE CENTRAL, *165-167 Victoria Street*
THE CAPITAL, *7 Dublin Road*

Hughes' Bread

NOW BETTER THAN EVER

Baked from the Finest Flour and Ingredients Procurable

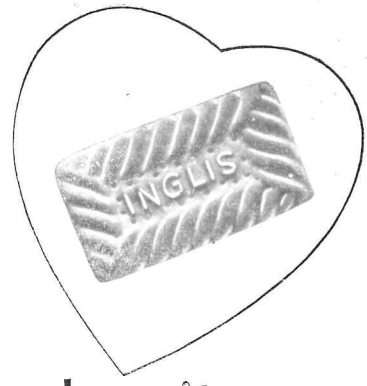
ALWAYS SWEETEST AND BEST

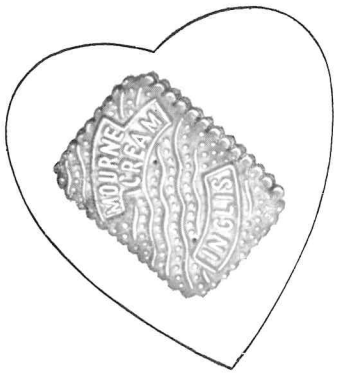
BERNARD HUGHES LTD.

Model Bakeries, BELFAST, 12

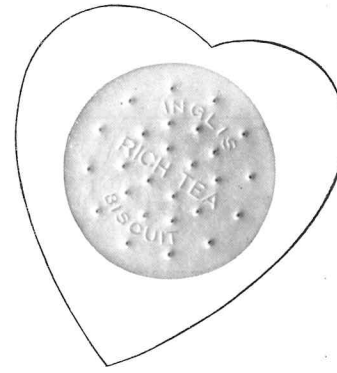
Telephone :: BELFAST 24201/2

Biscuit lovers just can't resist Inglis quality biscuits





It's love at first taste with delicious, oven-fresh Inglis biscuits. The pure creamy fillings and rich chocolate coatings of Anytime Assorted just can't be resisted. Treat yourself to a packet today.





Inglis and Company Limited Belfast

OXFORD

SERIES

School Stationery

★

Manufacturers and Patentees of the

'LOXON,' 'LOXONIAN' and 'LOXIT'

Loose-leaf Exercise Books, Binders, etc.

HUNT & BROADHURST LTD.

IDEAL WORKS - OXFORD

HIGH-GRADE PIANOS

to suit all tastes

TUGHAN-CRANE (MUSIC) LTD. offer you superb instruments from Britain and Germany. Craftsman-built Pianos, each created by famous makers to bring elegance to your home, and a lifetime of beautiful music to your fingertips. Do visit us soon at either of our two established addresses.

Agents for—
Bechstein, Bentley, Steinway, Chappell, Danemann, Forster, Knight, Monington & Weston,
also reconditioned pianos

HAMMOND ORGANS
We are proud to be the sole agents in the North for these distinctive organs, long famed for their superb performance and superior presentation. Our collection contains new models by this famous maker.

SPECIAL TERMS EASILY ARRANGED

TUGHAN-CRANE (MUSIC) LTD

30 FOUNTAIN STREET, BELFAST. Tel. 29034
1 WELLINGTON PLACE, BELFAST Tel. 21908

SCHOOL UNIFORMS . . .

Sole Authorised Supplier of Full Uniform to . . .

ST. MARY'S CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' GRAMMAR SCHOOL
ST. MALACHY'S COLLEGE
CONVENT OF ASSUMPTION, BALLYNAHINCH
ST. THOMAS'S INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL
ST. LOUIS' INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL
ST. JOSEPH'S PRIMARY SCHOOL, BALLYHACKAMORE

XAVIER P. BOYLE

128 FALLS ROAD - BELFAST

Telephone BELFAST 27173 and 42858

WILLIAM ABBOTT

MEAT PURVEYOR

117 YORK STREET, BELFAST

TELEPHONE 22535

FALLON'S recent publications . . .

AS YOU LIKE IT, edited by W. J. Steele, with an introduction by Anew McMaster, and photographs of live performances by the Old Vic Company. 164 pages, with illustrated cover. 4s. 6d.

WINDOW ON POETRY by W. J. Steele. A new approach to poetry. 6s. 0d.

LITURGY AND CHURCH HISTORY by Rev. S. Leonard, with a foreword by Rev. G. Montague, D.D. Specially prepared to suit the Junior Programme of Grammar Schools. 3s. 3d.

Inspection copies on application to—

FALLON'S EDUCATIONAL SUPPLY CO., 31 KING ST., BELFAST

DEIRTEAR:
GAN TEANGA GAN TIR

★

DEIRIM:
GAN OBAIR GAN FEAR

★

CAD CHUIGE NACH gCEANNOTHA EADACH NA TIRE SEO ?

★

LIAM S. O CLEIRIGH

TAILLIUIR

82 BOTHAR NA BHFAL

Guthán 26178

Is your watch accurate ?

Have it tested free

OUR NEW ELECTRONIC LEPAUTE TIMER
will tell you to within 1 sec. per day

—o—

MOST UP-TO-DATE WORKSHOP IN BELFAST

—o—

J. C. MAY

JEWELLER

78 High St. and 24 King St. BELFAST

W. ERSKINE MAYNE (SOUND) LTD.

RADIO and TELEVISION — *GRAMOPHONE RECORDS and RECORD PLAYERS*

TALKING PICTURE SHOWS—Projectors and Operators supplied

Projectors and all Visual Aids for Home and School

TAPE RECORDERS and ACCESSORIES — *CAMERAS—All Photographic Supplies*

6 Donegall Square West — **Branch: 106 North Street**

Phone: Belfast 31161 (4 Lines)

CHARLES BELL [Blinds] LTD.

Manufacturers of Faber Modern Venetian Blinds

HOLLAND BLINDS

SUN AWNINGS

Roller Shutter Doors in Steel or Wood

Telephone 30288
3 lines

Offices and Factory at

37 DONEGALL STREET - BELFAST

IRELAND'S PREMIER MACHINERY STORES

For Plant, Machinery and Electrical Equipment for every industry

★ *Contacts with the World's Leading Manufacturers*

Machine and Hand Tools always in stock at competitive prices

★ *Unfailing Service before and after Sales*

HENDRON BROS. (Belfast) LTD.

8-16 ELIZA STREET, BELFAST :: Telephone 24261 (3 lines)

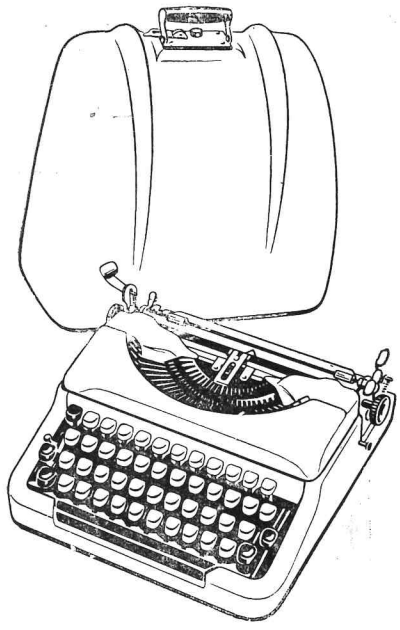
Imperial

'Good Companion'

Portable Typewriters

Your business will take less time if your correspondence, orders, accounts, etc., are all neatly and swiftly typed on an "Imperial Good Companion". Call in and see this superbly designed typewriter.

Cash £25 OR DEFERRED TERMS AVAILABLE



J. A. IRVINE LTD.

2 College Square North,

BELFAST, 1

Telephone 28536/7

TELEPHONE 58630

G. McShane & Co., Ltd.

Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchants

Charles MacKinlay & Co. Ltd.
Leith, Scotland (Est. 1820)

MacKinlays V.O.B. Scotch
and Legacy Liqueur Scotch

AGENCIES

"Rope & Anchor" Rum
Demerera Rum
Jamaica Rum

Coates & Co. Ltd.
Plymouth

Plymouth Dry Gin
Black Friar Extra Dry Gin

OFFICES AND DUTY PAID STORES

112 MADRID STREET :: BELFAST, 5

For MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR try

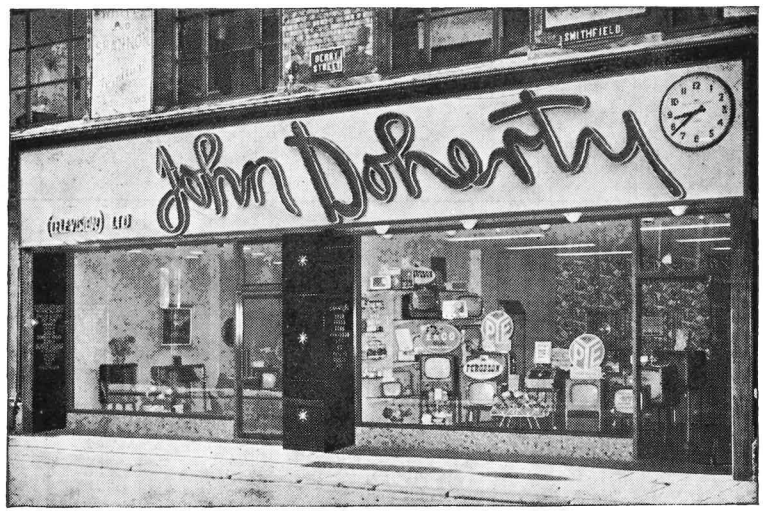
JOHN DOHERTY

183 DONEGALL STREET :: BELFAST

SUITS — RAINCOATS — SHIRTS
— SPORTS TROUSERS —
SHOES — KNITWEAR — UNDERWEAR

We have special facilities for clerical outfitting and tailoring

6 MONTHS AT CASH PRICE



Agents for PHILIPS, BUSH, DECCA, EVER-READY, EKCO, FERGUSON, FERRANTI, G.E.C., K.B., R.G.D., PHILCO, PYE, McMICHAEL, SOBELL, ULTRA

Agents for the following Domestic Appliances MORPHY-RICHARDS, ENGLISH ELECTRIC, GOBLIN, SERVIS, HOTPOINT, G.E.C., KENWOOD, ELECTROLUX, H.M.V.

John Doherty (Television) Ltd.

82 SMITHFIELD SQUARE :: BELFAST

Telephone Belfast 24045

You can see with half an eye it's *Dobsons*



AWARD WINNING

Ice Cream



There's no mistaking the pure look of a Dobsons Ice! That lovely smooth cream just couldn't be anything else. And it's even more exciting to taste—any wonder the children adore it! Parents can be assured that only the very finest ingredients are used in any Dobsons product, and our award winning Ice Cream is no exception

Don't forget that the children love our tempting fruit flavoured Lollipops, too —To be seen on T.V.

DOBSONS DAIRIES (Belfast) Ltd.
Phone 642901

C. Morrison Ltd.

★ SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS
★ APPLIANCES
★ DRESSINGS
★ ELECTRO-MEDICAL APPARATUS
★ SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS
★ CHEMICALS AND GLASSWARE

18 Bedford Street, Belfast, 1.

Telephones Belfast 26969 and 26120

GOOD SHOES
for the SMART MAN

We are Agents for "K", "BARKERS", "LOTUS", "CHURCHS", "SKERRY", and many other well-known makes.

WHY NOT CALL AND SEE OUR RANGE OF MEN'S SHOES WITHOUT OBLIGATION



This Shoe has uppers of leather skins selected for softness and combined with a glove lining.

Flexibility and hard wearing qualities are combined in the high grade leather soles.

Stocked in Box Calf, Aniline Dyed Calf and Suede in several colours

GRENSON
The GOOD SHOE
Footmaster

ARNOTT'S

Direct entrance to Men's Shoe Shop at Bridge Street

Insurance is my Business

R. A. HARTE

INSURANCE BROKER

★

PHONE 28962

For all your Insurance needs

OCEAN BUILDINGS
2 DONEGALL SQUARE EAST
BELFAST

SUIT YOUR MOOD AT THE

RED BANK BARS

PUBLIC
LOUNGE
PURTY KITCHEN

—o—

Beautifully appointed room available for private parties by arrangement with the management

—o—

4 CALLENDER STREET
BELFAST
PHONE 33177

"TREROCK"
FLAME RETARDANT
DECORATIVE PAINT
AND
ALL CLASSES OF QUALITY
DECORATIVE MATERIALS
ARE NOW AVAILABLE
LOCALLY

Pearl Varnish Co. Ltd.

109 RAVENHILL ROAD
BELFAST, 7

Telephone—26596

ORANGE'S ACADEMY **17a Lombard Street**
18 Chapel Lane

Matriculation—Imperial Civil Service—N.I. Civil Service—Banks
Corporation Clerkships — Professional Prelims. — Pre-Registration
Junior and Senior Certificate — Senior College of Preceptors
R.S.A. & Pitman's Commercial Exams.—Commercial Training, etc.
Ideal Conditions. Large airy Classrooms. Modern Equipment
120 Typewriters First Class Science Laboratory
Entrance Scholarship for Commercial and Secondary Departments
INTERVIEWS DAILY
P. J. COLEMAN, B.A., F.S.C.T., Principal **MISS G. COLEMAN, Secretary**

Christian Brothers' Past Pupils' Union

We are appointed suppliers of the

BLAZER

H. A. NEWEL & CO. LTD.

96-100 ROYAL AVENUE :: BELFAST, 1

Telephone BELFAST 21584

JAMES P. CORRY & CO. LTD

Specialists in "Do-It-Yourself" Requirements

Plastic Sheets and Edgings in all Colours cut to size

All types of Adhesives, Timber, Plywood, Doors, Hardboard, Moulding, Turned Legs, Dowels, Paint, Sand, Cement, Plaster, Lime, etc.

★ RETAIL DEPARTMENT

FREDERICK STREET

Open Daily 9-30 a.m. till 5-30 p.m. Monday to Friday and till 12-30 p.m. Saturday

TELEPHONE 23671 (3 Lines)

Meet your Friends

at

The Club Bar

Select Lounges

and Public Bar

Telephone 221061 **36 UNIVERSITY ROAD, BELFAST**

Home Decoration

DO IT YOURSELF

WITH TOP QUALITY

WALLPAPERS and PAINTS

from

The Gresham Wallpaper Stores

22 Gresham St. *Telephone 24115* **Belfast, 1.**



Kennedy

The Milk People

. . . naturally!

over a century in your service

KENNEDY *The Milk People*

252 - 260 TATE'S AVENUE, BELFAST, 12.

Telephone 27717 (3 lines)

Telegraphic Address
"IRISHBOND BELFAST"

Telephone
BELFAST 51222 (4 Lines)

Irish Bonding Co. (Bottlers) Ltd.

Wholesale Beer Bottlers and Brewers Agents
Whisky Brokers and Wine Shippers

★

Sole Bottlers of "RED HAND" GUINNESS

★

2 and 4 SEVERN STREET, NEWTOWNARDS ROAD
BELFAST, 4.

JAMES D. BENNET LTD.

Specialists in the manufacture of
SCHOOL FURNITURE AND
HALL AND STADIUM SEATING

HEAD OFFICE:
121 AVENUE STREET - GLASGOW, S.E.
Telephone: BRIDGETON 2281-5

AGENTS FOR NORTHERN IRELAND:
E. H. PEARCE & SON LIMITED
29-33 LAGANVIEW STREET - BELFAST
Telephone: BELFAST 58216

BREDA DUTCH PILSENER LAGER

Sole N. Ireland Agents—

G. McLOUGHLIN & CO.

LTD.

MOUNT ALVERNO, SPRINGFIELD ROAD
BELFAST

Phone 20084





THE FAMOUS

Relyt RAPIER

JOHN TYLER
& SONS LTD.

Ten Branches in
Belfast, and also at Londonderry, Coleraine, Armagh, Omagh, Lisburn, Larne, Enniskillen. Newry & Bangor

Oxford Shoe now comes in three fittings—medium medium-wide and extra wide—for perfect fitting on any foot. In finest smooth polishing Black Calf with selected sole and heel. **69/9**



MAN-TO-MANAGER...

If your Account is already with us you will know what we mean by *personal* service. And you will have found that The National Bank's comprehensive facilities are flexibly arranged to satisfy each individual customer. We maintain the *personal* tradition of banking, stubbornly, because we are sure that it is the way things should be done.

THE NATIONAL BANK

LIMITED

Branches in England, Wales and throughout Ireland

BELFAST: Chief Office, 62-68 High Street

Branches at:

98-100 Falls Road, Belfast, Londonderry and Magherafelt

LONDON: Head Office, 13-17 Old Broad Street

DUBLIN: Chief Office, 34-35 College Green

"A QUEER FANCY . . .

seems to be current that a fire exists only to warm people; it exists also to lighten their darkness, to raise their spirits, to toast their muffins, to air their rooms, to cook their chestnuts, to tell stories to their children, to make chequered shadows on the walls, to boil their hurried kettles and to be the Red Heart of a Man's Hearth and House for which as the great heathen said, a man should die."—G. K. CHESTERTON.

TRY—

JAMES W. PORTER LIMITED

COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, CASTLE STREET, BELFAST, 1

for SOLID FUEL SERVICE

Pianos . . .

Tunings and Repairs by Highly Skilled Staff

Hart & Churchill Ltd.

Incorporating
Irish Organ Co., Tommy James Music

Agents for Bluthner, Marshall & Rose, Welmar, Ajello, Crammer and Bentley Pianos

Comprehensive Stocks of Sheet Music and Classical Records

Hart & Churchill Ltd.

22-24 WELLINGTON PLACE
BELFAST, 1

Established 1812 Phone 23595

. . . Organs

TELEPHONE 24778

Edward McMahon & Sons

—o—

SLATING CONTRACTORS AND STEEPLEJACKS

—o—

183 DIVIS STREET
BELFAST

YOU'LL WALK IN COMFORT
WITH EASTWOOD'S SHOES . . .

EASTWOOD'S OF CASTLE STREET

The Family Shoe Store

BRANCHES AT COOKSTOWN, DUNGANNON, OMAGH, MAGHERA, DUNGIVEN, BALLYMENA and LARNE

Contractors for:
ASPHALTE
BITUMINOUS and
TARMACADAM
ROADS
FOOTWAYS AND
AVENUES

—

CONTRACTORS
TO H.M.
GOVERNMENT

—

ESTIMATES
GIVEN FREE ON
REQUEST

TELEPHONE 2282/2667

John McQuillan (Contracts) Ltd.

GLENSIDE QUARRIES

HANNAHSTOWN

DUNMURRY

★

'Patz'

LAGER

It's the drink a MAN deserves

wells

JOHN F. MULLAN & CO., LTD.

INSURANCE IS OUR BUSINESS . . .
. . . LET US MAKE YOUR BUSINESS OUR BUSINESS

All Classes of Insurance expertly and economically arranged
Associated Insurance Brokers

Telephone Nos.
33041 (3 lines)

36 VICTORIA SQUARE
BELFAST

THE SIMMARIAN

was printed by

Irish News

PRINTING DEPARTMENT

DONEGALL STREET BELFAST, 1.

Let us quote you for YOUR next printing order. You will find our prices, quality and service all you desire.

Telephone No.: Belfast 32614/6