THE SIMMARIAN



1961 1962

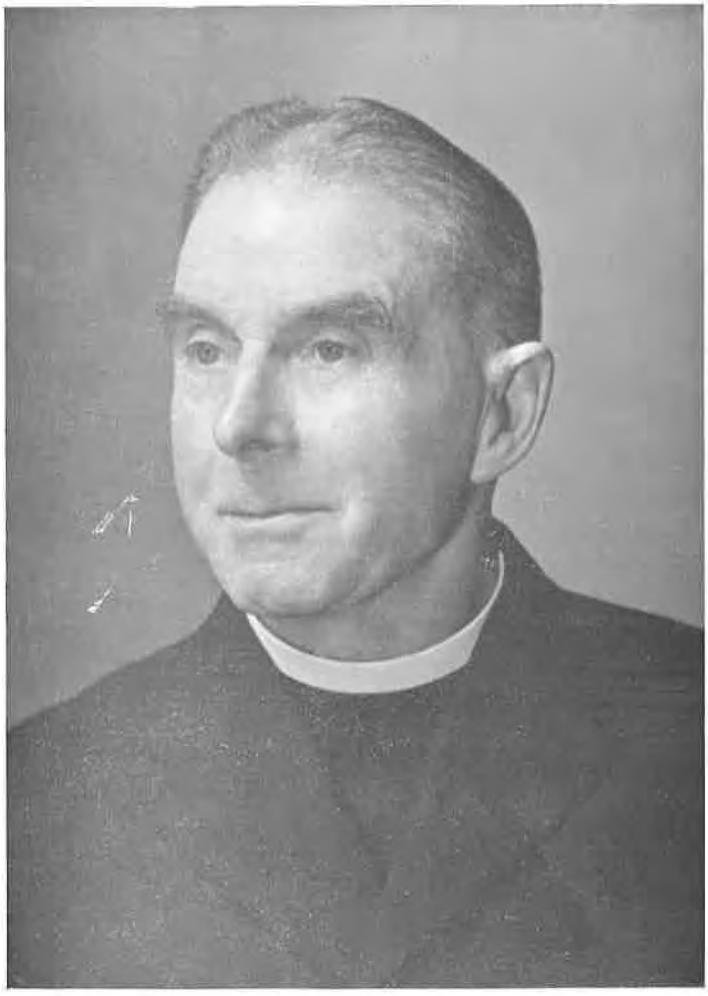
THE SIMMARIAN

1961 1962



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

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



REV. BROTHER

J. A. MULHOLLAND

PROVINCIAL SUPERIOR

Editorial

AGAIN it is our pleasant task to call attention to growth in all directions. The Simmarian has proved its worth and its issue is a welcome event in the school year. Forward looking as it chiefly is, there is yet space for those who have left in the not too immediate past. May we hope that those who have information concerning the heroes of yesteryear will be good enough to send it this way.

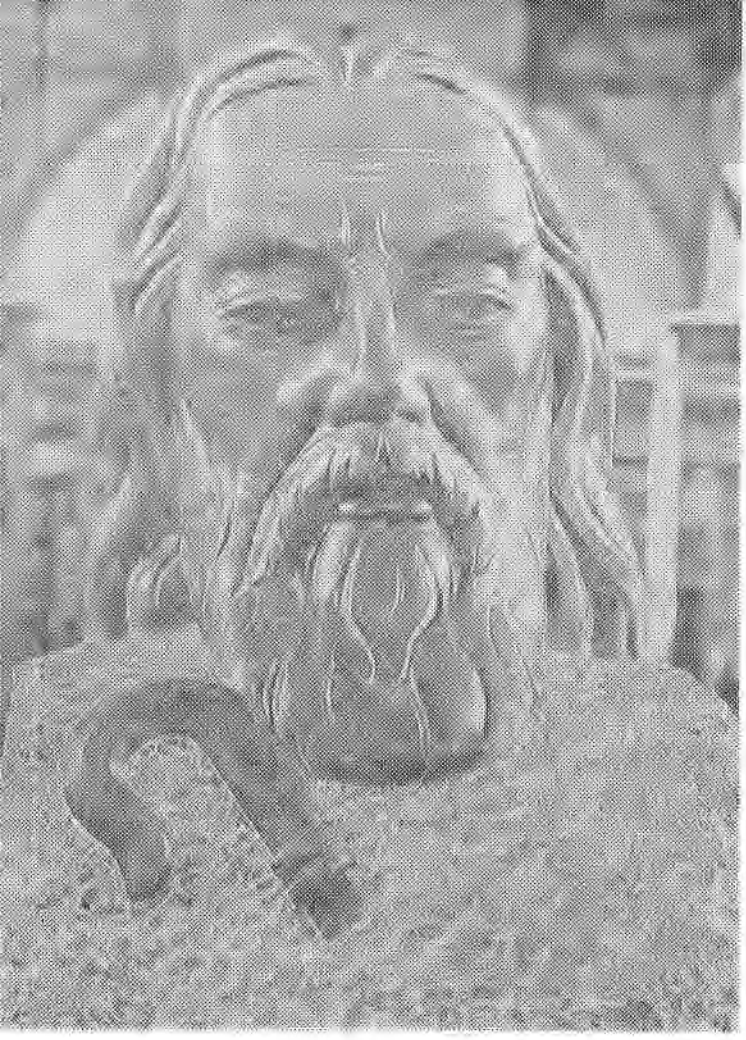
Scholastically the past year has been equal to, if not better than, previous years. The scholarship list has been bigger than ever, mainly due to the lower entry qualification. Our university students have acquitted themselves very creditably. The usual number have entered the Civil Service and the Training College. In an otherwise eminently satisfactory state of affairs, there is the very disquieting feature of the marked decline in the number of candidates offering themselves for the Church. It is our earnest hope that next year will make handsome amends for the lean years.

Our numbers have grown so that it is a source of wonder where room is found; but found it is, and things move with a smoothness that is surprising. The plan of the new Grammar School shows that future pupils will have luxury undreamed of here !

The contributions evince the interests — both grave and gay — of the students. That the motto " mens sana in corpore sano " is well understood is amply illustrated in the imposing games' section. In former years reference was made to the paucity of poetry contributions; this year there has been a wealth of poetry and a comparative dearth of prose.

Our loyal advertisers continue to support us and make the financial side of production so much lighter. Let us reward them with an equally loyal response.

We are indebted to Mr. Rea for devoted work in the photographic field, to Mr. Kennedy who designed our new-look cover, and to Mr. O'Boyle who supplied illustrations. Finally, we tender our thanks to the staff of the " Irish News " for their helpful co-operation.



naom pádraig

THE PATRICIAN YEAR

IN these days of uncertainty and fear it has been our proud privilege to participate in a stirring event in our nation's history. The 1,500 years of our Catholic faith which, under God, we owe to St. Patrick, have been fittingly commemorated throughout the length and breadth of Ireland.

What St. Patrick has accomplished is known to every schoolboy, and rightly do we hail him as glorious. Justly may we proudly point to the fact that, without the shedding of one drop of blood, the slave of Slemish made the Irish slaves of Christ. Down the ages our devotion, instead of diminishing, has increased and St. Patrick is almost as vivid in the hearts of Irish people to-day as he was when he first preached to our ancestors.

It was but fitting that the nation should becomingly honour such an historic event. Our leaders, religious and lay, combined to ensure that such

should happen. Much thought and planning were given to the various proposals to ensure that things would run smoothly and decorously. At various levels committees were formed and solid preparatory work accomplished.

SLEMISH:

So many places in Ireland are associated with St. Patrick that it was felt necessary to restrict the celebrations to the scenes of his major activities. Thus our diocese of Down and Connor figured largely and honourably in the celebrations. Slemish of the tears fittingly became Slemish of the glory. That hill on which Patrick in his loneliness had prayed was the scene of a great act of homage and love. Such an auspicious opening of the Patrician celebrations was followed by a gathering at Downpatrick, where Patrick is buried. This was equally impressive.

DOWNPATRICK:

A most interesting feature of the Downpatrick celebrations was the Missionary Exhibition. Here a fairly comprehensive picture of Irish missionary endeavour was given. The older pre-Reformation Orders had stands full of interest for the historically minded, and amply proving the power of adaptation that is in the Church. While one might muse as a laudator temporis acti, one could but marvel at what they were accomplishing in these our days when Irish Friars of the four great Orders are labouring in the missions. Pride of place was given to the distinctly Irish Missionary Congregations. The sacerdotal societies: Columbans, St. Patrick's Missionary Society and the African Missionary Society had stalls showing the extent of their activities, and it was no little pleasure to meet Old Boys of St. Mary's in charge of these stalls. One hopes that among our readers many will be found to continue this great missionary tradition.

The Sisterhoods were well represented in many beautiful stalls. The various Congregations of Brothers had a room exclusively there. The stall of the Irish Christian Brothers was very artistically arranged, and in no spirit of vain glory may it be said that it was one of the most interesting in the Exhibition. Its table of statistics revealed a phenomenal increase in numbers over a very short period (vide picture). The rate of increase in America is truly amazing. Floreat. The Exhibition remained open for a week and was visited by some 22,000 people. Would that it had been in Belfast.

Downpatrick was followed by Saul, where equal fervour was shown. This brought the Down and Connor celebrations to a fitting close.

ARMAGH:

Armagh, the Primatial city, had its own celebrations. Eminent ecclesiastics and scholars paid fitting tribute to our great Apostle. His Eminence Cardinal D'Alton presided at the religious functions; lectures on different aspects of St. Patrick's work were given by outstanding scholars. Slane, where St. Patrick lit the Paschal fire, also had its celebrations, and many pilgrimages were made to St. Patrick's holy mountain, Croagh Patrick.



A section of the Christian Brothers' stall at the Downpatrick Exhibition.

DUBLIN:

The highlight of the Patrician year was the Dublin celebration. Here things were carried out on a scale befitting a capital city of strong Catholic faith. Church and State combined to make the occasion a memorable one. The city was en fête and the decorations of the Congress Year were equalled if not surpassed.

His Eminence Cardinal Agagianian was Papal Legate. Cardinals from Rome, Spain, England, Germany and Africa were present to add lustre to the splendid scenes of decoration. The Cardinal of Armagh was a notable figure in a host of distinguished ecclesiastics. Archbishops and Bishops from various parts of the world were there to honour our national Apostle. The faithful by their crowded attendances at the various functions gave testimony of their ardent devotion to the Saint. Many lectures of an academic nature were given during the celebrations, and exhibitions of historical relics were attended by interested and reverent spectators.

The Patrician Ceremonies were brought to a fitting close by the celebration, in Croke Park, on Sunday, 25th June, of Pontifical High Mass by Cardinal Agagianian and attended by the other Cardinals and Dignitaries.

The fervour and warmth of the Irish people were felicitously referred to in the farewell message of the Papal Legate.

Truly could it be said that a nation had given honour where it was due.

" HIBERNICUS."

BROTHER
EDMUND IGNATIUS RICE

The Most Reverend J. C. McQuaid, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin, has been appointed by the Holy See to conduct the process concerning the Beatification and Canonisation of Edmund Ignatius Rice, Founder of the Irish Christian Brothers.

On 25th October, 1961, at Archbishop's House, His Grace presided at the first meeting of the Historical Commission that, as a preliminary step, he has established.

At this meeting the Archbishop received the profession of Faith of the members and administered the oaths of office.



Congratulations



REV. FR. GERARD SMYTH, past pupil of St. Teresa's P.S. and St. Mary's, was ordained 11th June in Thurles and is now in Middlesborough.



REV. BRO. M. B. DUNLEAVY, past pupil of St. Patrick's C.B.S. and St. Mary's, made Final Profession 15th August in Marino and is now in Armagh.

By M. McCULLAGH (1C)

BINKY'S SPELL



IN Bumbletown, the town of gnomes, fairies, goblins, leprachauns, dwarfs and elves, there lived a goblin named Binky. His name is quite different from those of us humans, but in Bumbletown any one who lived under that name was respected and honoured. Binky was Lord Mayor, and his friends were many.

One night in mid-winter, the hour about midnight, a huge storm raged in the town. Roof after roof was stripped from the cottages, windows were shattered all around and terrified inhabitants ran through the rubble towards Binky's mansion, the strongest house in the neighbourhood. They rapped anxiously on the large oak door. Binky answered, dressed in a polka-dot nightshirt, a pair of suede slippers and a very long navy blue night-cap. A long conversation followed, during which Binky agreed to give shelter to the townsfolk. The shivering crowd at once bundled through the doorway, leaving Binky alone on the cold door-step.

" Is this what I get for sheltering the homeless ? " said he.

Binky entered his house and ploughed his way through the only-too-thankful townsfolk who were settling down on the diningroom floor, the kitchen, and the sitting room. Up stairs he stumbled, hopping and skipping over the gnomes that were lying on the stairs, and avoiding those who very cheekily had strapped themselves to the banisters.

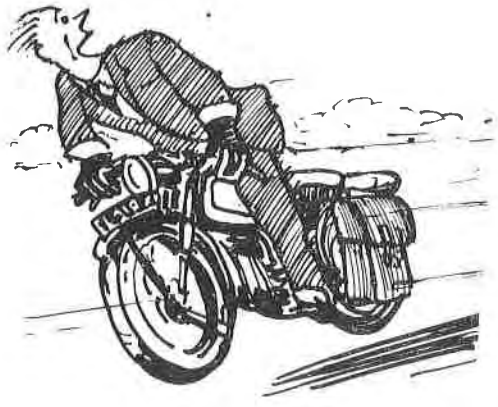
Upon entering his bedroom he gasped at the sight that befronted him. No less than forty elves were huddled in Binky's own bed. The tiger skin that once lay still on the floor was panting thoroughly, for underneath it lay ten gnomes one of which had his head in the tiger's open jaws.

" I . . I . . I think I need a cold drink," uttered Binky who was by now dizzy in amazement. But as he reached for the water jug he screamed as he had never done before. The face of a goblin was visible through the glass. " How ever did you get in there ? " he gasped.

" Spells, my Lord, spells," was the reply.

Binky snapped his fingers, " Spells, that's how I'll get these midgets out of my house. Let me think now. I've got it ! " He stood in a circle in the middle of the room and whispered gently: " Oh, Mickey, Mickey, Mickey Mouse, get these midgets out of my house." Just then a purple cloud descended in the middle of the room It started towards the bed and as it passed over it the goblins disappeared. This process was repeated in every hiding place the townsfolk had settled in — the biscuit tin, the tea caddy, under the rug, etc.

The cloud then wafted out the window and passed over the trees at the bottom of the garden. Then was heard a sudden rustling of leaves. Binky looked out the window and there, hanging from the branches, were all the townsfolk, each and every one snoring after his own special fashion. It was better than any puppet show! Binky now blinked in delight and amazement at what he saw. Then, chuckling to himself, he hopped into his bed and was soon fast asleep.



"She was a dear"

by

EAMONN LOUGHREY (2B)

Last week I bought a motor bike;
To an agreement they did bind me;
For ten bob down and half a crown
Per week (if they could find me).

I took it round to show the girl
Who, I hoped, one day would mind me —
Said I with a grin, " let's take a spin
And you cling on behind me."

We started off at a furious speed;
" Be careful," she enjoined me;
After forty miles I looked around
For a smile from the blonde behind me.

But I declare she was not there . . . .
Now all I have to remind me
Is a doctor's bill and an icy chill
From the girl I left behind me.

First Year Students



D. Arkins G. F. E. M. Benson T. F. K. Bowler M. E. J. Bradley T. J. Bradley T. Bradley J. E. D. Brady S. F. M. Brady



E. G. Breen D. M. Brennan J. J. P. Brophy B. J. D. Bunting F. P. J. Bunting M. P. G. Burke M. D. M. Caher C. T. Campbell



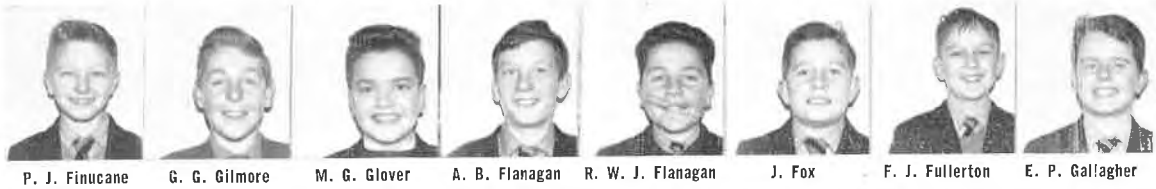
V. G. L. Coyle D. Colgan G. A. I. Colohan B. J. Cooper T. M. Cross C. J. Cruise P. D. Curran L. P. Curran



J. G. Douglas M. J. Orugan R. D. Duff P. D. Duffin J. D. Dwyer T. J. Egan J. E. Elliott C. E. Falls



K. J. A. Carville G. R. Casey P. A. P. Catterson J. Cherry M. A. J. Clifford P. G. J. Cluskey P. J. Coakley D. A. G. Cochrane



P. J. Finucane G. G. Gilmore M. G. Glover A. B. Flanagan R. W. J. Flanagan J. Fox F. J. Fullerton E. P. Gallagher



M. J. Collins M. M. Collins G. V. P. Condit D. Conliffe F. G. A. Coogan J. P. J. Cooley D. O. J. Cooper P. J. Corrigan



P. J. Cullen M. R. J. Devlin J. Devlin B. J. Delargy S. P. Devlin J. J. Donaghy K. J. Donnelly C. J. A. Donnelly



G. Liddy T. Lawless S. O'Kane R. Lemmon D. Wylie S. Rice J. Mulholland G. Mannion



D. Lavery T. Lavery J. O'Hara M. O'Kane J. Wilson J. Lavery M. May R. Maguire



C. Lambe P. Moutray J. Morgan K. O'Kane J. Wilson P. McCann M. Manning D. Madine



M. McCurley D. McGrillen T. McIlmurray M. McInerney G. McKeating P. McKee D. McKeever J. McKenna



W. McLarnon K. McLaughlin E. McLoughlin K. Murphy P. Nolan E. McQuaid J. McVarnock T. O'Doherty



B. Hughes J. Jamison J. Johnston P. Kane F. Kennedy P. Kennedy S. Kennedy M. Kelly



E. Hagan J. Hanna J. Higgins D. Hill B. Holt E. Johnston G. Howie A. Hughes



J. Keane M. Kennedy J. King B. Gorman J. Gormley R. Grant A. Hamill J. Blaney



S. Rice P. Thordgood P. Maginness S. McAloran P. Murphy C. Tully P. Smyth N. Mulvenna



B. Rogers E. Wallace S. McCann T. McAnallen G. Murray E. Taggart P. Smyth P. Mulholland



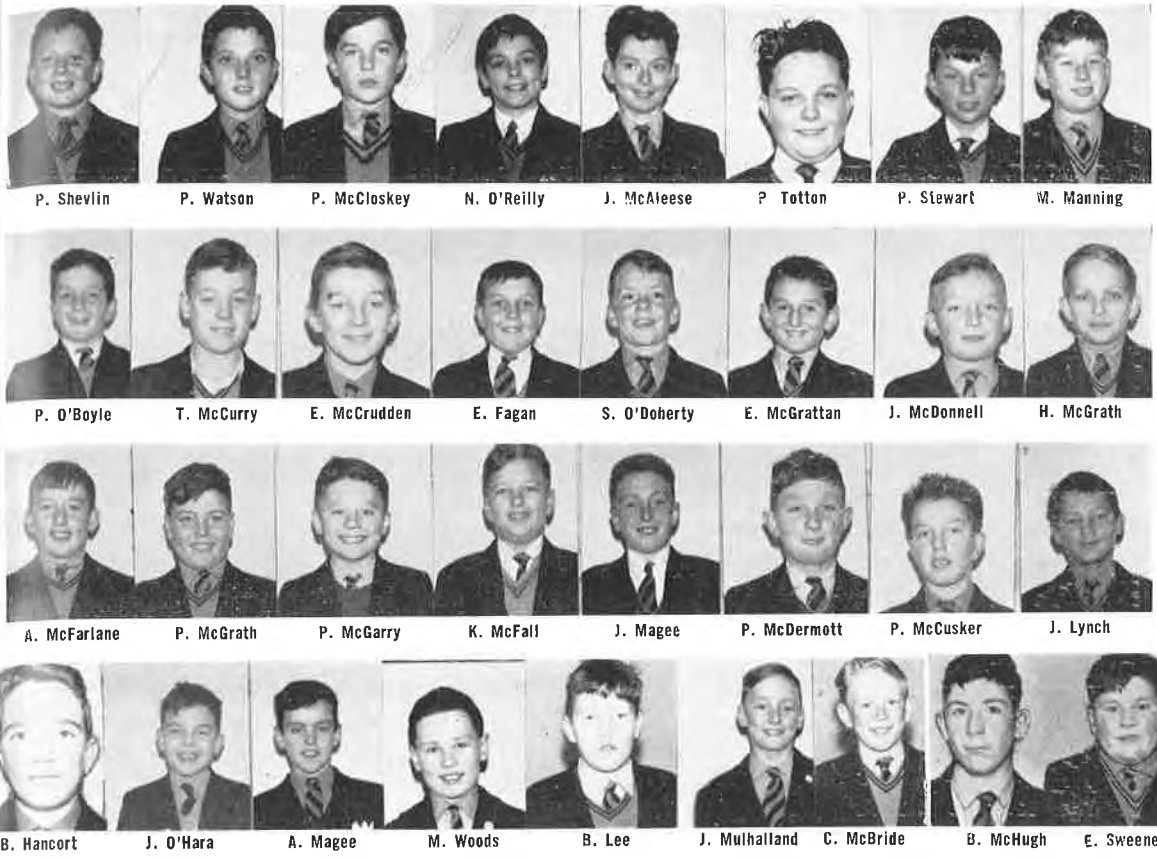
P. Ryan G. Walsh P. H. McCann D. McCafferty S. Murray A. Thompson T. Smyth T. Mullan



M. Sands P. Ward F. McCorry B. McCallion F. McAdam J. Thompson K. Steele R. Maguire



J. Sharkey B. Ward K. McClure P. McCallion F. McAlea J. Tohill M. Sterling W. Malone



Spring

Spring brings lambs,
Spring brings flowers,
Spring brings sunshine
Amid April showers.

Spring brings daisies,
Birds from far-off Spain,
Spring brings trees
Budding forth again.

Spring brings Summer —
A joy to lad and lass;
And Spring lies waiting
For Autumn and Winter to pass.

SEAN P. MURRAY (1E)

Nest Eggs

Upon this leafy bush
A brown nest is seated;
Four little blue eggs
The mother keeps heated.

Soon they will hatch,
And then harassed mother
Will have open beaks
To give her more bother.

The bright May scene
Is made gay by the song
Of these four little birds
Which Spring has brought along.

E. McKEOWN (1D)

By KIERAN DOHERTY (2A)

HAMSTERS



ONE of the most amusing and lovable pets to-day is the Hamster. They are easy to maintain, cheap to feed, and afford much enjoyment by their unusual antics. The average price for one of these delightful little creatures varies from six to ten shillings, and, if you wish, a suitable cage will also be available from your dealer.

BUYING A HAMSTER

It is best to buy a hamster when it is around six to ten weeks old. Do not purchase two hamsters (unless you intend to house them separately) simply because you think that one will be lonely without another of its kind. This is not true. A single hamster is quite content and happy to be alone; indeed, even happier than he would be with other hamsters. When selecting your hamster, make sure that he is active and healthy and appears fairly plump and well built. Also see that it has a smooth coat which is not dull or patchy. Bright, jet-black eyes should also be a prominent feature. (With white hamsters the eyes should be a clear, very light-brown colour). And lastly, it should be free from scars and cuts and should not have any small pimples inside its ears. (These are symptoms of mange).

If this advice is followed, you will procure a well-bred and sturdy hamster. However, to make doubly sure of a good buy, here are a few things you should not do: Don't buy a hamster which has been too much in-bred. Do not buy one which has lumps or growths on it anywhere, as they may be abcesses. When buying a young hamster, do not buy one which is a bright, golden colour all over. This may not be a young one, but an adult, stunted in growth. Babies around six weeks old are an impure brownish colour. The next step is to make, or

buy, a suitable cage for your hamster.

HOUSING YOUR HAMSTER

You can always buy a reasonable cage from the person who supplied your hamster but, for those of you who are handy with tools, a suitable cage will not be hard to make. The wood you use should be very hard and at least $\frac{3}{4}$" thick. The dimensions should be about 25" by 12" by 10". The front of the cage could be composed of glass and wire mesh — glass covering the lower part and the wire mesh forming a hinged door, opening downwards. To hold the glass and wire mesh in position the front rims of the cage should be made from aluminium angle $\frac{3}{4}$" by $\frac{3}{4}$" by 1/16" thick.

When you are finished this, paint the wooden part of the cage with a pale-coloured, non-toxic paint.

Unfortunately, hamsters have the perplexing habit of gnawing their cages and so, to remedy this, a piece of some kind of hard-wood should be put into the cage for the hamster to chew and play with. This is a necessary thing as hamsters' teeth grow continuously with almost alarming rapidity, and, if they do not gnaw something, the teeth will become seriously overgrown. As a result the little animal will slowly die of starvation because the abnormal length of its teeth is hindering it when trying to eat its food.

FEEDING YOUR HAMSTER

As I have said before, hamsters are reasonably cheap to feed. But, if they are to grow and thrive as they should, they must have a properly balanced diet. They must have vitamins, fats, proteins and carbohydrates in proper proportion.

If the hamster is to grow well, it must have Vitamin A. This vitamin is conveniently found in milk and the green leaves of plants. Vitamin B also aids growth. Brown bread, nuts, milk and cereals supply this vitamin. Vitamin C may be got in fruits and raw vegetables. Vitamin D, found in milk and egg-yolk, helps the bones. Meat (which contains vitamin E) may also be given periodically.

To older hamsters a mash may be given as well. This could consist of bits of egg, meat scraps, bacon or cheese rinds and, if possible, a portion of dog or cat food. This mixture should be dampened with milk, gravy or water. Each hamster will eat about one spoonful of this mash per day.

All hamsters will readily drink milk and, since it contains several of the necessary vitamins, they should be allowed a continuous supply of it. Also, they should always have a bowl of clear water. Some hamsters ignore water, but it is essential during hot or close weather. When you give your hamster food, provided he does not eat it immediately, he will inevitably store it. In a short while he accumulates a considerable store and this gives him a feeling of security. But, if this store is taken away from him too often, it causes him to mistrust his owner. It is best, therefore, to examine the food store only once a week to see that there is no sour or rotten food in it.

Now and again, dog biscuits may be given as, being hard, they are good for the teeth.

Oats, wheat and corn can also be

given or your dealer will supply you with a packet of poultry mixture. All hamsters love green food, e.g. cabbage, spinach, lettuce, etc., and will dispose of an amazing amount of it for their their size.

Now, here are a few helpful hints to keep you on the right track:

When giving the hamster its milk or water, it is advisable to give it to the animal in a heavy drinking bowl which he cannot knock over; likewise when giving it seed use a heavy bowl. Make sure when you are putting the hamster's cage down that it is not in the line of a draught or the hamster will very quickly catch a cold, which could turn to pneumonia. If you give your hamster a ladder or some other object to keep him occupied he will spend less time gnawing his cage. And lastly, a hamster is a tidy little animal and thus uses only one corner of his cage for his toilet. It is convenient, therefore, to place a small tray, filled with sawdust in the "used corner." Some hamsters, however, do not use these and throw them about the cage, but the majority use them quite well.

In this article I have not spoken of the breeding of hamsters, or their ailments, because I believe that if you treat and feed your hamsters well, they will not be in danger of catching any of the few sicknesses which they are subject to. And I advise you strongly **not** to breed hamsters, for 1 female may have anything from 1 to 17 babies !! And your babies would prove rather expensive to house and feed.

To own one of these delightful little creatures will not only give you great pride and satisfaction but you will become attached to it, for their characters and their habits and their appearance make them a joy to possess.

KIERAN DOHERTY (2A)

Siesta

The heat haze shimmers from the black, parched ground;
Everyone is sleeping, there is no sound.

Sombreros are lowered in the hot market square;
Hands are all covered, no face lies bare.

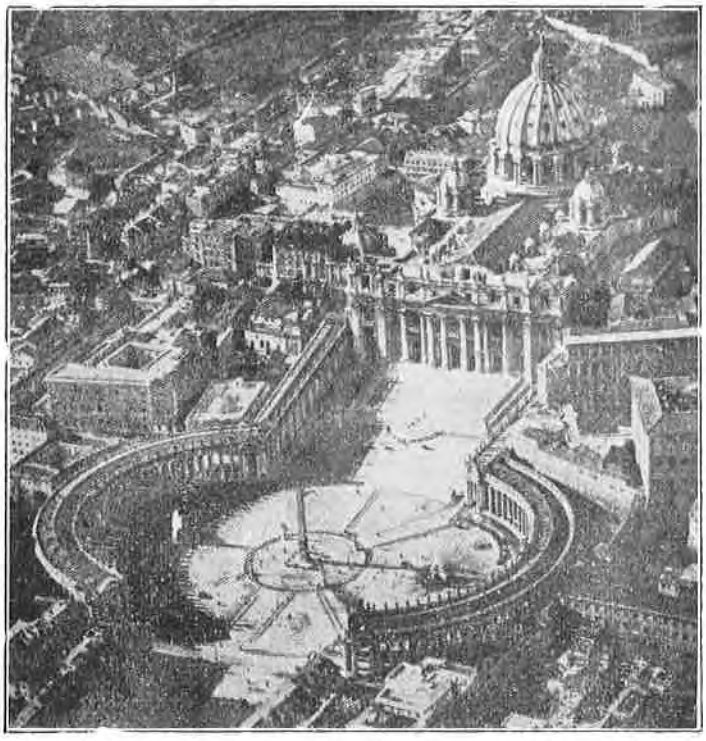
Even the donkeys, their weary heads dip,
Free from their master, his curses, his whip.

The guitars are all silent, no fingers magic the strings;
No figure sways, no castanets click, nor passionate voice sings.

The heat haze shimmers from the black, parched ground —
Everyone is sleeping, there is no sound.

G. CLEARY (2A)

By
F. TRAINOR (1F)



My Stay In ITALY

DADDY, mammy, my brother Joseph and myself set off for sunny Italy on Sunday, 13th August, and after a long but enjoyable plane journey we arrived in Milano at 8 a.m. the following morning. The heat even at that early hour was intense but it was almost unbearable when we arrived in Rome about 10 o'clock. To make matters worse, there was no one to meet us at the airport terminal. A taxi took us to Bagni di Tivoli where, after various enquiries, we found the right place. Our host, my mammy's sister, greeted us with some surprise as she had not expected us until evening, and her husband had arranged to meet us at a later plane.

On Tuesday we made the half-hour bus journey to Roma and, as you would expect, we first called to St. Peter's. The interior of this huge church is decorated mainly with marble and mosaics. There are many altars, and they are really chapels in themselves. The largest altar is in the centre, surrounded by four bronze pillars. Beneath each altar can be seen the body of some previous Pope, while around the walls are the tombs of the others.

There are confessionals suitable for people from all over the world; the language spoken by each particular confessor is written on the outside. After Confession it is a custom for people to kneel down outside for the priest to give you a tap on the head with a special rod, as a sign that any sins which you might have forgotten in Confession are forgiven. We made use of this blessing after being with an

English-speaking priest. Later we visited the tombs of the Popes and saw many of the treasures of the Vatican.

In the afternoon we visited the Piazza Navona with its three beautiful fountains, and also the Fountain of Trevi (" Three Coins " — you know the song ?). We saw the Church of St. John the Baptist, the first one built in Rome. In this Church there is what is called the Musical Door because when it moves it makes sounds like an organ. The cause of this " mystery " is that the door is made of many different metals, including gold and silver. Just round the corner we visited St. John of Terrano's Chapel. Most of you know of the Scala Santa (Holy Stairs) which you should climb on your knees, saying a Hail Mary at each step. It certainly is a good penance on a hot day. There are 33 steps, I counted them ! I was glad to get back home that night, but next day we came back to Rome where we walked through various piazzas (squares) and visited the Vatican Museum and the lovely Sistine Chapel. Later, as my brother and I had a swim in the sulphur baths he went out of his depth and became panicky even though he had his lifebelt on. Daddy was writing cards at this moment but Auntie Renata in her attempt to save Joseph fell in herself ! Of course we all got out safely, somehow or other.

Thursday and Friday were mainly spent on la spiaggia (the beach) where we swam and sunbathed.

On Saturday we went to Castel Gandolfo where we had the great pleasure of seeing the Pope. He passed so near me in the big hall that I could have touched him. We then had an audience with him and received his blessing. On our way back to Rome we saw il lago Albano (the " Pope's Lake ") and Frascati. Then to the Colisseum and Old Rome where we visited the prison of Sts. Peter and Paul in which there is miraculous water. Among other interesting things we saw that day was the life-like statue of Moses by Michaelangelo.

During our second week we visited many friends and went to Carrara where there are quarries of beautiful marble. We were glad to have many swims because it was so hot. Mammy got a lovely Italian " hair-do."

Two things I remember well from our third week: a visit to mammy's cousin and a visit to Pisa. Boy, what a feed she gave us: first, some salami and olives; then soup, followed by a large portion of roast chicken with chips and French beans; then fruit, chocolate cake, black coffee; and to finish off, we had ice cream. The day we went to Pisa we missed the bus as I was away somewhere looking for a drink. At the Duomo we saw a baby being baptised, and we also saw the first clock in the world — the one made by Leonardo da Vinci. It is really a large pendulum suspended from the ceiling. We then went to the well-known Leaning Tower. It does look funny, and you get an unusual view from the top.

At the beginning of our fourth week a thunderstorm struck during the night, and the following day (Tuesday) it rained very heavily. We spent most of the day playing cards. That was the first rain we had in Italy (I believe you had some little rain in Ireland while I was on holidays !). A few days later we returned home full of life and well tanned after a most exciting holiday. And the fact that I was over a week late for school didn't lessen my enjoyment !

By G. CLEARY (2A)

The  Statue

A cold, biting north wind sweeping in from the Atlantic sent the black rain-clouds scurrying across the Spring sky. It rushed down along the rugged coast, in and out of a hundred different rocky coves and bays, till at last it blew to a solitary stone jetty, jutting out into the cold, grey sea like a great stone finger.

To-day, though, there was much activity on this lonely wind-swept spot. A group of hardy fishermen, wearing their traditional black sweaters, stood with their shawled womenfolk watching the old parish priest as he blessed a beautifully carved statue. It was a magnificent replica of the " Blessed Virgin," carved in finest marble, a masterpiece in stone, held in highest esteem by the people of that little West Donegal community. But strangely enough, none of them really knew where it had come from. Some said it had been salvaged from the wreck of a Spanish Galleon in the days of the Armada, but to most the origin of the statue was shrouded in mystery.

But now, however, in accordance with time-honoured custom, the sculpture was to be transported by the youngest fisherman to the little island barely visible on the misty horizon where a few people still remained. This seemed a hazardous expedition but everyone knew they would be safe with the statue.

This year it was young Sean McBreen who jumped down into the frail craft, while eager hands lowered the heavy statue and lashed it to the sides of the boat. In a few minutes both boy and statue were gliding swiftly over the grey waters, in the coracle, towards the rocky islet where a few earnest parishioners were waiting patiently. At first all went well but then Sean noticed that the drizzle had turned into a steady downpour and the moaning wind was growing stronger every minute. The little craft lurched sickeningly up and down as the waves rolled past, driven by the merciless wind. The sea was getting really angry now; the little rippling waves had turned to foaming, white-capped

terrors which buffeted the coracle and threatened to batter it to matchwood. Sean didn't use his oar now for he knew if he dared put it in the raging water it would be torn from his grip and sucked down into the cold, dark depths. Instead he clung to the marble statue and tried to say some prayers above the screeching banshee-wail of the raging wind. Suddenly, above all this noise, he heard a sinister tearing sound! To his horror he saw foaming, seething water rush through a rip in the tarred canvas bottom. He was sinking! The statue had failed and the cruel sea was claiming another victim. In despair he clung to the statue, closed his stinging eyes, and awaited his imminent fate.

A few seconds later he opened them again to find he was still in the land of the living. But only just! All traces of the coracle had disappeared, the sea was still in its terrible rage, but then he realised it — the statue was floating! It was made of wood! Unable to believe his eyes, Sean felt all over the image. His numb hands gripped the head which had once been cold stone. Sure enough it was now wood, real wood, and it was keeping him afloat.

A few hours later, boy and statue were washed on to a sandy strand near the jetty. A group of fishemen who had been searching for the missing boy found him and carried his soaked and limp body up to the jetty. There, well wrapped up in woollen shawls and rugs he was quickly revived, and soon he was sitting up, drinking the hot, sweet tea which the women had just brewed. Suddenly, he stood up and gazed at the end of the jetty where two big, strong fishermen, sweat pouring from their brows, struggled with the heavy stone statue.

"Stop!" he cried hysterically. "It's not heavy, it's made of wood! Can't you see? It kept me afloat!" But just then the shock and exhaustion took their toll and Sean fell into unconsciousness. Slowly the fishermen lifted the sick boy and carried him to his father's cabin. "Ara yes," said an old fisherman as the group moved past, "the sea does strange things to a boy."

G. CLEARY (2A)

The Traveller

The mist sank low across the moor,
Covering field and fern,
As the Traveller on the lonely road
Nears the House of Tern.

His fist rapped hard on the rusted door
And his loud voice echoed within;
His fist rapped hard on the door again
But silence engulfed the din.

Then over the frosted grass he strode
And leaped astride his steed;
He turned its head again to road
And left without more heed.

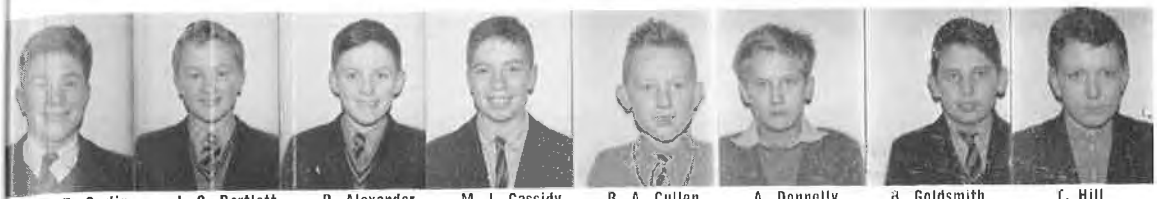
As the thundering hooves died in the night
Leaving the house astern,
The moon cast down its silvery light
On the darkened House of Tern.

JIM TRAINOR (1F)

Second Year Students



D. Carey | J. R. Bailey | A. Alexander | J. G. Cassidy | J. J. Crosbie | M. B. Doherty | M. F. Ginty | P. Henry



R. P. Carlin | J. G. Bartlett | P. Alexander | M. J. Cassidy | B. A. Cullen | A. Donnelly | B. Goldsmith | T. Hill



C. Carson | M. Bennett | J. Allen | L. Catney | F. P. Cush | F. Donnelly | J Goodall | J. Hodgkinson



J. W. Carswell | P. F. Bennett | M. Arkins | T. Clifford | D. Davey | M. D. I. Donnelly | J. G. Gray | J. P. Holt



H. Carville | D. O. Breen | G. Armstrong | T. J. Colligan | S. J. Davidson | D. Dornan | P. P. Gregory | J. Hughes



J. G. Cassidy | T. N. Brennan | W. J. Auld | K. R. Connolly | C. Delaney | P. Duffy | T. J. Gribbin | J. McAlister



R. J. Dynes | R. D. Cooper | C. J. Fay | J. P. Finnegan | L. F. Bunting | P. P. Cahalane | K. Campy | P. Agnew



D. Cormican S. Connolly B. Evans P. Fegan J. Brown D. Burgess P. Campbell J. Agnew



S. McIlwee S. McNeill P. McKenna J. McCaughan B. McKee B. McKeown R. McLoughlin K. Manning



P. Briggs H. McNulty C. McManus McCrory M. Liddy B. McAuley M. McClean L. Kerr



J. McIlroy G. McNeill D. McKenna F. Caldwell J. Madden E. McKeown C. McLaverty P. Maguire



N. Martin J. McMullan C. McMahon W. Kearns A. Lavery K. McAlinden T. McCall R. Kelly



J. Devine R. McGeown T. McKenna A. Kavanagh D. Lavery T. Lundy T. McCaffrey P. Kelly



K. Gormley P. McFaul E. McCullough J. Johnston F. Lambe F. Loughran G. McCaffrey G. Keenan



G. Corr T. Frawley D. McMenamin M. Cullagh K. Logan P. McCabe M. McCloskey P. Kerr



R. McCullough H. McNally E. McMahon V. Keegan D. Lennon D. McAllister B. McCarthy B. Keown



M. Sloane D. Savage J. Reilly G. O'Neill D. Moore J. Murray B. Mulvany R. O'Brien



D. Thornbury R. Sloan D. Ryder D. Vaugh B. O'Neill A. O'Brien C. Murray B. G. O'Neill



W. Taylor R. Skeffington J. Rowan B. Quill B. Morrissy J. Nesbitt C. Murray T. O'Kane



P. Smyth L. Short R. Rice P. O'Reilly B. Moran S. Murphy F. Murphy N. O'Hare



G. Stewart G. Shortt G. Robinson B. Pimley M. Moran M. Murray P. Murphy P. O'Hare



P. Wilson D. Wildy J. Quinn D. Quinn T. Whyte J. Trainor T. Totten M. Prior



K. Brennan G. Reilly L. Reid D. Logan L. Trainor F. Trainor J. Toner A. Poland



M. Street H. Simpson P. Rogers S. Pimley R. Morris J. Neary P. Murphy M. O'Kane



R. McIlroy T. O'Hara J. Rocks D. Sweeney P. Rea D. McVeigh G. Lee M. Martin



G. McCann A. McNamee P. Gilmore P. McGuigan T. McHugh D. Monaghan W. Molloy S. McErlean

A Welcome Change

O, wonderful Mother Nature stretch forth thy golden hand
And change this dull, dark winter into a fairyland;
Magic the tiny rose-buds into the world once more
To taste the rays of sunshine which fall on every door.

Turn the snow-covered meadows into a land of green
And change this terrible winter into a beautiful scene;
Send the frozen river flowing o'er the hill,
Down through the wakening valley to the little flour mill.

Set the sky blue again and make the clouds fly
Away o'er the horizon and the mountains so high;
Make the birds sing again and make the flowers bloom —
Dispel the cold and wet and gloom, by sending Spring soon.

J. BRANAGH (2A)





By G. McILROY (3C)

Guitars

MOST people connect the guitar only with the rock-and-roll 'star.' This used to be true but now the guitar is being played by more and more of the ordinary folk.

There are three main types of guitars: the Cello, the Spanish Guitar and the All Electric or Solid.

(a) The Spanish has nylon or gut strings, and this guitar has the sweetest tone. The strings are played by the fingers. It has a fixed bridge and a round sound-hole. The few Spanish guitars which use steel strings have to have strengthened bellies.

(b) The Cello has steel strings and a moveable bridge. It is played with a plectrum and is louder than the Spanish. It has f-shaped sound-holes.

(c) The Solid can only be used when plugged into an amplifier as it is nearly inaudible by itself.

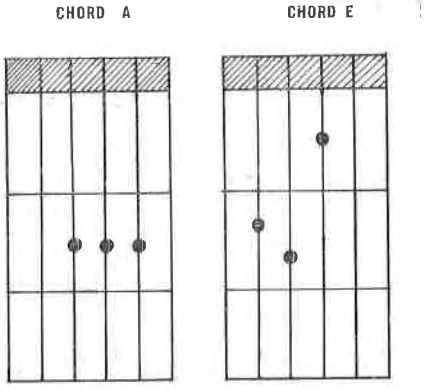
The Guitar developed from the Cithara and has just a finger board added on.

There are three types of guitar playing in the modern group:

The Rhythm Player plays chords which give background to the solo-player. The Solo player is the person who actually plays the tune.

Lastly, there is the Bass Player who plays the Bass Guitar, an inversion of the Double Bass.

When learning the guitar, a person first learns chords. These are written in shapes such as:



These shapes are strummed. They are very hard things to play as the tips of the fingers take a long time to harden.

Guitars are now not really very dear but, if buying one, don't make the mistake of buying an extra cheap one. The best make is a Hofner in either the Cello or Spanish models. They also make a few Solid models. The cheapest Cello is 14 gns and the cheapest Spanish model is 6 gns.

To electrify your guitar, a magnetic pick-up can be bought for £2-8-0. A cheaper one can be bought for a few shillings less but this is not very good and should be avoided if possible. A

special pick-up is required for the Spanish guitar.

Today the swing is to Solids, and the cheapest Hofner Solid is 16 gns.

Most of the instrumental groups to day, " The Shadows " and " The John Barry Seven," etc., which started during the " rock " period, depend almost entirely on guitars.

The guitar is very suitable for the slow type of ballad which is popular just at present.

For the beginner, a book written by Bert Weedon, ace guitarist player, teaches the rudiments of both rhythm and solo playing. This book is 4/6 and is well worth every penny.

So, if buying a guitar, go to a well-known music shop, Matchett's for example, as here every well-known type is in stock. An ideal guitar for the beginner is the Spanish model at 6 gns.

Take good care of your guitar and, after use, wipe under the strings with a cloth and always cover the guitar up, either in its case or bag.

In this you will have much enjoyment at a very low cost.

Pick of the Pops at St. Mary's

(1) " HEARTACHES BY THE NUMBER " ..... Examination Results

(2) " MY OL' MAN'S A DUSTMAN " ..... Parents' Day

(3) " STANDING ON THE CORNER WATCHING ALL THE GIRLS GO BY "
Lunch time at Trainor's

(4) " WHO COULD BE BLUER THAN ME ? " ..... Before Exams

(5) " WHERE THE BOYS ARE " ..... 4.S.B.

(6) " AND THE HEAVENS CRIED " ..... Legion Duty

(7) " LET'S JUMP THE BROOMSTICK " ..... Sports' Day

(8) " TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO MY MOTHER " ..... School Reports

(9) " POETRY IN MOTION " ..... A certain Latin Master

(10) " RUNNIN' SCARED " ..... Seniors dodging teachers at " Bookies "

(11) " EASY-GOING ME " ..... Masters' Mottoes

(12) " HIGH HOPES " ..... Office asking for Capital Fee

(13) " BREAKAWAY " ..... Twenty-past three

(14) " WOODEN HEART " .....What every Master has

PATRICK J. McMAHON (4SB)

By K. CALDWELL (5SA)

As you like it

[Note: Those who wish to read something of interest may continue wishing or may skip reading this article].

This is not an article, for it has no subject, and that is just the trouble. A few weeks ago a young fellow came into our classroom, interrupting a mathematics lesson. [Are you bewildered already?] He bore in one hand some sheets of paper and in the other a box of drawing pins. [Do you know how he opened the door?] "Pleathe thir," he lisped, "could you read thith aloud pleathe?" We looked up interestedly. It might be some of these school rules about dress, for example, which evoke so much wit and so little respect. However, our teacher soon dismissed any thoughts of fear from our minds when he announced: "School Magazine." It appeared that contributions were being solicited for this worthy rag and that prizes were to be given in each section of the school for the best effort of any class. There were many sceptical groans at this for few people had any hope of "exciting prizes" and were no longer interested in the mystery prizes.

The small boy pinned his notice on the wall and departed with an aggrieved look because we had not been over-joyed at his news. But someone was interested. It was our English teacher. That afternoon he told me to write something for the mag.

Since then I thought a little over what I was going to write, and I came to the conclusion that I couldn't write anything. I have very little interest and very little knowledge concerning the conquest of space, which seems to be a standard article for the magazine. I have forgotten most of the Gaelic I ever knew or I could possibly have written something about anything in Irish. I travelled once to Germany but I did not make a note of everything I did on the way. I think my trouble was that I went for a holiday, and enjoyed myself, and was so young and innocent that I did not anticipate writing accounts of my journey; and I regret it now.

My attempts at poetry are hardly calculated to thrill, being limited mainly to variations on themes.

For example:

Mary had a little lamb,
A little pork, a little jam,
A big fat soda topped with fizz,
And, boy, how sick our Mary is!

There are also other variations on this theme but our school mag. is censored, expurgated, sterilized (so you were wondering why there are so many adverts.) and they are to be kept in the hearts of those who know them.

And so I had a problem which up to last Friday gave me little cause for concern. Articles were to be submitted on or before the fifteenth of May, and Friday, I suddenly realized, was the twelfth of May. I racked my brains for something which could be made into a passable article. Then as I sat "waiting for the spark from heaven to fall" what do you think happened? You have guessed right first time — nothing. I could think of nothing at all and now on Sunday evening I can still think of nothing. And so you are reading what you are reading. Perhaps I could have drawn a cartoon but I cannot draw and so that was ruled out. I had no desire to write about a scientific subject for there are so many people who could write much better than I on these matters. There are, in fact, people who know so much that they write scientific books which anyone(?) can read.

Dear reader, I am getting to my wits end. Ideas refuse to come but the time goes quite readily. I must read more in the future, and next year . . . But what about now? It is twenty past nine. My sister in her room, is writing an essay on a day's hike, I don't think. I could have made that interesting enough for the mag. but I wish I was back in third year where one did not worry about anything in the Simmarian but one's own picture. Do not think that I am not worried about my picture. I have not yet decided how I will look. Should I go for a big beaming smile or a shy smile, or perhaps a moody scowl? I am besieged with problems. I also have an investment problem — I have no money. Life gets tedious, don't it?

The . . . . Sorry, but the Muse has failed me. Perhaps you'll be hearing from me again.

Nature's Gentleman

Along the winding country roads
A wandering man you'll see,
With ragged clothes and bearded face,
Living the life that's free.

He slakes his thirst from babbling streams,
The farm-wife gives him food;
He has no place within to eat,
But dines in the nearby wood.

He has no worries, has no cares,
He wanders all day long,
With always a smile upon his face
As he sings his merry song.

He sleeps within the sheltering glades,
On the homely grass he lies,
The walls are but the towering trees,
His roof — the starry skies.

M. McCARTAN and
S. McCANN (2C)

le Éamonn Ó Ruairc

Cuimhní



ón Choigríc

Ní tús an "Twalth Week" tagta sa deireadh! Agus féadaim a rá, bí a sliocht sin le feiceáil go soiléir ar na daoine a bí tart orm. Da cuma iad ag gabáil ceoil, nó ag éirí out a coolaó nó, go díreach, ina suí ansin ag éisteacht agus ag breathnú na coda eile againn, bí cuma sona, sásta ar gach mac máthar acu. I seomra scíthe deice "D" den long a bí ag out go Sasana a bí mé, agus é i dtráthaib an dó ar maidin Dé Luain an 10ú de mí Iúil, 1961. Mo dálta féin bí beagnach gach duine eile sa seomra scíthe ag out ar a laethanta saoire, a bformhórsan go háit eanna éagsúla i Sasana agus mise go dtí an Fhrainc agus an Spáinn.

D'éirigh mé tuirseach de bheith i mo suí agus chuaigh mé amach ar deic. Oíche chiúin séimh a bí ann agus an farraige com cothrom le clár. Amuigh uaim ar imeall na spéire bí soilse loinge eile le feiceáil agam agus iad mar a bheadh braisle réaltaí ann. Seasaigh mé ag an ráille agus stán mé amach ar an farraige agus ar na réalta agus mé ag meabrú liom. Na laethanta saoire! Nach iontach an rud iad, na laethanta saoire thar sáile, go háiriche más leat féin atá tú! Duine eile ar fad atá ionat lena linn. Fágta i do diaidh tá saol leadránta na cathrach, cuimhní na bliana crua a chaith tú ar scoil, bagairt thortaí na scrúduithe — do bhuartha uilig go díreach — agus ansin ag sineadh romhat tá saol suimiúil, bríomhar, galánta. Bí lúcháir ar fónamh orm agus cárb ionadh sin! Murab é nach nós é ag daoine stuama a leithéid a dhéanamh, ligfinn uaill mhór amháin átais asam. Seasaigh mé ansin ag an ráille agus mé ag brionglóidigh liom:

na háiteanna a raċainn . . . na cairde nua . . . na heaċtraí . . . Bí an saol mór faoi ċiúnas, bí mise féin sásta: bí Dia maiċ.

Trí seaċtain a ċaiṫ mé san Fhrainc. Aċ amháin trí lá i bPáras ċaiṫ mé an t-am ar fad i mBoulogne ar cósta ċuaiḋ na Fraince. Ní ar laeċanta saoire amháin a bí mé ann, áfaċ, aċ le feaḃas a ċur ar mo ċuid Fraincise ċom maiċ. Bí mé cláraiṫe do ċúrsa do stráinséirí a bí ag dul don Fhrainc, aċ bí mé ag cur fúm le teaġlaċ. Bí ranganna ann dúinn i gcearnóscoil an ḃaile gaċ maiḋin, aċ ní raiḃ siad éiġeantaċ agus i ndiaiḋ na ċéad seaċtaine d'éiriġ mise astu! Nár leor dom é oċt mí ċrua a ċaiṫeamh ar scoil sa ḃaile gan a ḃeiṫ ag freastal ar ranganna agus mé ar mo laeċanta saoire? Cibé ar biṫ, conaċtas dom go raiḃ mo sá oibre á ḃéanamh agam agus mé ag labairt na Fraincise an t-am ar fad.

Sa teaċ liom bí buaċaill Phléimeanaċ, Hugo, cailín ón tSualainn, Kristina, agus buaċaill amháin, Tam, agus beirt ċailín, Ulla (=Ursula) agus Erika, ón Ġearmáin. Bí teaġlaċ ón Ḃeilg a bí gaolmar le bean an tí ar cuairt aici ar feaḋ seaċtaine amháin, agus cúpla lá sular imiġ mé ċáimiġ beirt ban ó na Sé Contae posta. Daoine fíorḋeasa a bí iontu uilig agus iad ina gcáirde daingne agam nuair a d'fág mé slán acu. Buaċaill caolard fionn a bí ann mar Tam, agus é smaointeaċ, stuama ina ḋóiġeanna. Is cuimin linn go glinn an oíċe a ċáimiġ mé. Nuair a ċuir bean an tí in aiṫne dó mé, ċoraiġ sé a sála le céile, d'umlaiġ a ċeann go státúil, sín a lámh ċuġam agus dúirt, "Enchanté, monsieur!" Buaċaill mór eile a bí i Hugo aċ é a ḃeiṫ duḃ agus níos troime ná Tam. Bí seisean tuġta go mór don mhaġaḋ agus don pleiḋcíoċt. Ċa mbeaḋ duine duḃ ḋóiṫe agus é sa ċomluaḋar, féaḋaim a rá. Bí na cailíní — bal, bí siad mar ċailíní ar biṫ eile.

Coulombez b'ainm don teaġlaċ ag a raiḃ mé ag stopaḋ. Ní raiḃ ann aċ fear agus bean an tí, nó an t-aon mion a bí acu, bí sise pósta agus a clann féin á tóġáil aici. Fear beag caolċumta a raiḃ croiméal air agus é ag lomaḋ a bí ann mar fear an tí. Fear a bí ann naċ raiḃ an oiread sin éagsúil ó ċaoḃ cuma agus ḋóiġeanna de le fear ar biṫ ó ṫír eile. Aċ a bean! Bean Francaċ ċríoċnaiṫe a bí intise! Bí trí áḃar i ndeas don ċroí aici, mar a bí an bia agus a ḋioncar ar an tsláinte, na healaíonta agus na deaḃéasa. Díoḃ sí i gcónaí ag dul domsa as a ḃeiṫ ag cur barraíoċt salainn ar mo ċuid bia. Ag milleaḋ mo ślainte a bí mé, dá mb' fíor di. Ar ndoiġ, níor ċuir sin imní dá laġaḋ ormsa. Deaḋaí ceart a bí inti agus a lorg sin le sonrú go follas ar na béilí. An bia a ċuġ sí dúinn bí sé maiṫ, aċ, Dia ár sáḃáil, conaċtas dom naċ raiḃ go leor de ann ariamh!

Ní díoḃ aċ trí béile sa lá againn: an bricfeasta, an dinnéar ċart ar an 1-0, agus an suipéar idir 7-30 agus 8-0. Ċaiṫin bia na Fraince liom aċ bí loċt mór amháin agam ar na béilí céanna — an fad a mhairidís. Oíċe amháin lean an suipéar ar aġaiḋ ó 7-45 go dtí 10-15! Dá uair an ċloiġ go leiṫ! Díoḃ an bricfeasta ġairid go leor, aċ mhaireaḋ an dinnéar agus an suipéar idir uair is ceaṫrú agus dá uair. Ar ndóiġ, ċan ag iṫe a ḃímis an t-am ar fad! Ślaċaḋ sin suas go trí ċeaṫrú uaire, nó b'féidir uair iomlán, agus ansin díoḃ cómrá againn. Ní ionann agus an nós atá acu sa Ġaeltaċt, d'iṫeaḋ muintir an tí agus na scoláirí le céile. Díoḃ an cómrá i gcónaí náḋúrṫa, suimiúil, agus d'féadaḋ bean an tí ċuiġe go mbíoḋ gaċ duine páirteaċ ann.

An ċéad seaċtain ann dom, ní raiḃ an aimsir rómaiṫ agus ċaiṫeamar na tráṫnónta ag bogadaiġ ċart ar an ḃaile nó ag imirt cártaí. An dara agus an tríú seaċtain, áfaċ, bí an aimsir go galánta agus ba beag tráṫnóna naċ rabamar ṫíos ar an trá.

Nuair a díoḃ an suipéar caite againn ċart ar an deiċ a ċlog, ba minic a ċuamar amaċ ag damsa. Bí cara le Kristina, cailín eile ón tSualainn a raiḃ Ann-Kaṫrine uirċi, ag stopaḋ i dteaċ eile agus ċéimis go teaċ s'aicise ar ḋtús báire. Ansin síos linn uilig go háit ar tugaḋ "dansing" uirċi. Maiṫ mo ċuimhne ar an dansing céann féaḋaim a rá! Áit faoi ċalaṁ a bí inti, í beag go leor aċ maisiṫe go breá. Bí an t-urlár faoi ḃrait, na suíoċáin boġ comporḋaċ seascair, na soilse daite dearġ, ġorm agus buí agus an ceol ró-ard in amanna. In áit ḃanna a ḃeiṫ ann bí ceirníní sterreapónaċa de ḃannaí mórċlú an domain acu. Ṫagaḋ cuid mór de na scoláirí ón ċoláiste go

otí an áit seo agus leis an físinne a déanaim b'annaim níos mó ná triúr nó ceathrar Francach ann. D'fanaimis ann go otí tart ar a haon a clog ach oíche amáin bí sé ag tarraingt ar leath i noiaid an dó sular bhaineamar teach s'againne amach. In amanna téimis ón dansing go otí cúirt seiscilí a bí i ndeas don áit. A dalta an dansing bí sí beag, bí sé faoi thalamh, bí an ceol ón juke-box boiraitheach agus an "Orangina" ann milltéanach daor (4/- an gloine)! An dream a raib cónaí orthu sa choláiste féin, bí orthusan filleadh roimh an meánoíche.

Daimsaí gallda ar nóiméad a bíodh ar siúl sna háiteacha seo agus ar an ábhar sin ní raib mise páirteach iontu. Caithimse an t-am ag cómrá. Nós a d'fhoglaim mé ansacht ba é uaim a chaitheamh ag ól gloine "Orangina" in áit í a slogáil siar d'aon deoch amháin.

Bíodh thua agam do mhuintir na sráideanna a ndeachamar thríothu agus sinn ar an bealach abhaile. Bí dúil mhór ag Tom sa cheol agus cad é do bharúil ach go dtosaíodh sé ag canadh seanard a cinn. Mar chomhlacan dó déanadh hugo aithris air chait agus ar mhadraí a raib timneas goile milltéanach éigin ag tabhairt a mbáis! Níor casadh garda ar bith orainn ariamh san oíche.

Maidin Dé Sathairn 29 ú d'fhág mé slán agus beannacht ag mo chairde uilig i mBoulogne agus thug aghaidh ar an phríomhchathair is mó clú ar an domhan. Sé, thug mé aghaidh ar Pháras!

Níor bain mé sult as an turas. Bí mé i mo shuí de chois seanfhir rambair a raib bolad bréan as. Os mo choinne amach bí páiste agus seanbhean a chaith an t-am ar fad ag cniotáil agus nach raib sásta an fuinneog a theith oscailte. An taobh thall den charráiste bí teaghlach Francach. Bí gasúr óg ann agus ní thiocfadh leis fanacht socair ar feadh bomaite amháin féin. Bí a mháthair bocht a shiorbhrochlad agus ó am go ham thiontaíodh a athair chart, agus bhaileadh sé cuaileach i mbun na cluaise é.

Bain mé Páras amach ar 12-30. Ní raib mo thriobhlóidí chart go fóill, áfach. I mo láimh deas bí mála milltéanach trom, sa láimh eile radió batairí agus chart ar mo mhuinéal bí cameara. Ní raib seomra curtha in áirithe agam, ní raib a fhios agam cá háit a dtiocfadh liom theacht ar cheann, agus níos measa arís bí an t-airgead ag éirí gann. Lena chois sin ní raib eolas dá laghad agam ar Pháras ná ar a chóras taistil agus bí ocras an féir ghortaig orm. Ach cuireadh gach rud i gceart roimh i bhfad. In oifig eolais "Hostesses Paris" ag an stáisiún tugadh léarscáil de Pháras dom saor in aisce de na háiteacha clúiteacha ann, de bhealaí na mbusanna agus na traenacha faoi thalamh, agus filleadh lán de gach sórt eolais a bheadh úsáideach ag straimséir agus seoladh go brú óige faoi chúram UNESCO mé. Bí mé ábalta leaba agus bricfeasta a fháil ansin gach lá ar 3nf (4/6) agus bí sin an-saor ar fad.

Bí trí lá ar nóiméad agam i bPáras. A dalta gach cuairteora amaidigh eile chaith mé iad ag rith chart ó musaem amháin go ceann eile, ó áit chlúiteach amháin go háit stairiúil eile, eolaí sa láimh chlé, mo chameara sa láimh eile. Ach, nach ormsa a bíodh an tuirse gach oíche! Mo chomhairle do dhuine ar bith a bhfuil rún aige dul ann: glac go réidh é, a mhic! Is fearr cuairt mhaith a bheith tugtha agat ar áit nó dó agus a bheith sásta leis ná strach-fhéachaint a thabhairt ar an-chuid acu agus tú a bheith marbh leis. Is galánta an chathair amach i Páras. Ach, ina diaidh sin agus uile bí an saol inti róthuirsiúil domsa agus níor bhain mé pléisiúr ceart as an seal a chaith mé ann. Lena chois bí mé rud beag uaigneach liom féin i ndiaidh an oiliúint-chairdiúil a bí agam i mBoulogne.

Thaitin na traenacha faoi thalamh go mór liom. Is ionann luach do na ticéidí uilig agus chomh fada is nach n-imíonn tú thar amuigh de stáisiún, tig leat athrú ó thraein go traein chomh minic agus is mian leat. Maidin amháin chaith mise níos mó ná uair an chloig ag bogadaigh chart ó cheann go ceann ar son grinn.

I measc na rudaí suimiúla eile a rinne mé agus mé i bPáras, bí cuairt ar Pálas na hEolaíochta agus ar an Planetorium atá ann. Maidin Dé Domhnaigh bí mé i láthair ag Aifreann a léadh de réir liotúirge Naomh Eoin Chrystone. Bí gach rud a bain leis an deasghnáth físuimiúil ar fad.

Tempus fugit, áfach, agus roimh i bhfad bí sé in am dom dul i gceann an tara

cuid de mo thrás go dtí an Spáinn. Bí an traein le himeacht ar an 9-0 agus bain mise an stáisiún (Austerlitz) amach ar 8-45. Bí an saol mór is a mhátair sa stáisiún céanna. Duíocas de Dia bí áit curtha in áirithe agam, ach ar an drochuair bí sí i gcarráiste 24 — ag ceann na traenach. Bí an drong thart orm drochmúinte ar fad agus iad 'mo brú anseo is ansiúd. Bí mé féin tuirseach agus bí mo mála go mallaithe trom. I gcarráiste 6 bí mé ag éirí dúdóite leis an siorbrú, i gcarráiste 9 bí mé dearg san aghaidh, agus ansin ag carráiste 15 táinig na mionnaí móra go tiubh ar dhroim a chéile. Níor thárla sé gach lá mar nach ligfeadh an t-uabhar sin ar mo chine dom turas a dhéanamh ar traein de chuid na Fraince — mise, Éamonn Gerald Donnchadh Mac Néill Uí Dónaill Ó Ruairc, trí dheonú Dé Prionsa Breffni, de shliocht Míle, de Chlanna Gael, srl. (agus saoránach Sasanach!). Ach feic an drochbhail a bhíothas ag tabairt orm! Déanfainn gearrán le de Gaulle! 'Sé, sin go díreach an rud a dhéanfainn, racainn chuig de Gaulle! Gach uair a thagadh duine ar bith ar na gaobhair agam, ligfinn 'scréach milltheanach asam: As mo bhealach, a ————!!!" Shroich mé an carráiste go díreach in am.

Creid é nó ná creid bí mé in éineacht le seachtar Sasanach. Ní raibh an Fraincis ach ag beirt acu. Go mí-ádúil ní raibh siadsan sásta cómhrá a dhéanamh liomsa, agus ní raibh mise féin réidh labairt as bhéarla leis an chuid eile acu. Mar sin de, bí orm fanacht i mo thost ar feadh an turais. Baineamar Barcelóna amach ar chósta thoir thuaidh na Spáinne ar 2-57 p.m. tráthnóna lá arna mháraigh.

Chaith mé trí seachtain i mBarcelóna. Ag stopadh le teaghlach ann posta a bí mé. An t-árasán a bí acu, bí sé breá mór glan agus suite i nocas do lár na cathrach. Ní raibh mar theaghlach ag muntir an tí ach an t-aon chailín amháin, Mary. Bí beaghnach 16 bliana d'aois slánaithe aicise. A dhalta chuid mhór na mná Spáinneacha, bí bean an tí beag ramhar. Scoth cócaire a bí inti agus chom luath is a bhíodh ball éadaigh de do chuirse salach, níodh sí é lom láithreach. Déarfainn go raibh sí thart ar thríocha a cúig bliana d'aois. Ach a fear chéile! D'admhaigh sé féin go raibh sé seasca a trí bliana d'aois (cuirimis cúpla bliain eile le sin), bí sé bacach, ag tomadh chaitheadh sé spléachaí (ach baineadh sé de iad le léamh) agus níor chreid sé i nDia! Ach piú amháin mura raibh sé chomh dóiúil le — le, le hElvis nó liom féin, mar shamplaí, duine cáirdiúil a bí ann. Rinne sé a sciar féin le mo sheal i dteach s'aigesean a dhéanamh taitneamhach. Bí fear óg eile sa teach liom, stócach fiorcháirdiúil a raibh Paco (Francisco) air.

Ná smaoinigh gur ar laethanta saoire amháin a bí mé sa Spáinn ach an oiread. Ní hea. Bí orm cur leis na cúpla focal Spáinnise a bí agam. Bí mé ag dul doon Spáinnis anois is aris sula noeadaigh mé go dtí an Fhrainc, ach nuair a thánig mé go Barcelona bí an chuid is mó di dearmadta agam. Teanga an-simplí í an Spáinnis agus is féidir í a foghlaim go gasta. Anois is féidir liom scríobh go measartha furasta chuig ceachar cara cleite atá agam i mBarcelóna.

Ní raibh mé ach cúpla uair san áit nuair a thug mé faoi deara rud a chuir mo shá iontais orm: nuair a labhraíodh Mary nó a cara Gema liom, bíodh dul agam iad a thuigbheáil go measartha maith, ach nuair a deintí rud éigin le bean an tí, ní thuigfinn focal. An chéad seans a bí agam dúirt mé sin le Mary. An freagra a thug sí orm, bain sé geit asam, féachaim a rá! Ní i Spáinnis a bí siad ag labairt ar chor ar bith, ach i dteanga eile, Catalainis. Measctín de Spáinnis agus de Mheán Fraincis atá inti mar Chatalainis agus labhraíonn formhór na noaoine sa cheantar (Catalúinea) í. Is í an Spáinnis an teanga oifigiúil, áfach, agus is beag duine ann san í go líofa aige.

Cé gur annamh a dhéantar tráchtaireacht orthu anseo in Éirinn, tá na Catalanaigh ag éileamh rialtas dúchais dóibh féin. Maíonn siad gur Spáinnigh iad ó thaobh na polaitíochta amháin, ach gur Catalanaigh iad ó thaobh cultúir agus teanga de. Bíodh Stát Catalanach ann thaobh istigh de Phoblacht na Spáinne idir 1931 agus 1938, ach nuair a thánig Franco i réim cuireadh deireadh leis. Mar a tharla anseo in Éirinn fosta, tá géarleanúint a dhéanamh ar an Chatalainis. Faoi láthair tá sé neamhdhlíthiúil í a mhúineadh ar scoil; is beag clár inti a chraoltar ó Radió Barcelóna; cuirtear bacainn den uile sórt i gcoinne foilsiú leabhar aisti, agus an t-aon iris Chatalainise amháin atá ann, ní beadh sise ann murab é gur manaigh

mainstreaḋ Montserrat a éisíos í. De réir cosúlaḋta creideann mo ḋuine Franco gur fíor gur "Tír gan Anam an Tír atá gan Teanga."

Bí laeḃanta saoire ar ṫóiġ agam sa Spáinn. Ar an ċéaḋ ṫuil síos tá na daoine ann i bpaḋ níos cairdiúla ná muintir Tuaisceart na Fraince agus leis an bfírinne a ḋéanaṁ is mór an cosúlaċt atá ann idir sinne is iadsan. Ansin bí an aimsir fíorbreá ar fad. Ag tús na míosa ba mhinic a ċuaiġ mé mo luí gan éadaí leapa ar biṫ. Go minic ċéinn go dtí an trá ar maidin. Ċaiṫinn cúpla uair ansin ag snáṁ nó mo ġrianaḋ féin ar an ġaineaṁ. Agus mé mo luí ansin, a léiṫeoir dil, ba mhinic a smaoiniġ mé ortsa agus bíoḋ cruaḃ agam ṫuit . . . agus seo daoiḃ réamḟaisnéis na haimsire do Cúige Uladh: seamallaċ anoċt, báisteaċ amárach. Dealraíonn sé go mbeiḋ sé stoirmiúil amaċ anseo agus beiḋ an ġaoṫ láidir in áiteanna. Beiḋ sé fuar . . . . Bí trí linn snáṁa ṫíos ag an trá ċoṁ maiṫ. Óna haon déag a ċlog ar aġaiḋ ċraoltaí clár ceoil mar ṡiamsaí do na ṡáṁaiṫe.

I ndiaiḋ an dinnéir ba ġnáṫ scíṫ nóna a beiṫ agam. Ċaiṫinn ċart paoi uair an ċloiġ i mo luí ar mo leaba ag éisteaċt le clár de na "pops" is deireanaí. Ansin ṫugainn ruaiġ amaċ, in amanna liom féin, aċ de ġnáṫ le cara éigin. O'éiriġ buaċaill Catalánaċ agus mise anċairdiúil le céile. Albert b'ainm dó agus bí sé oċt mbliana déag d'aois. Seodaí a bí ann aċ d'oibríoḋ sé ina ċeaċ féin. Bí suim mór ag Albert cóir i dtrí rud: na cailíní deasa óga, ag cur ċairis, agus ċuid oibre. Agus bí trí rud ann nár ṫaitin leis, mar a bí Franco, na Spáinniġ ón Deisceart, agus an scoil. Buaċaill fíor ġalánta a bí ann agus is iomaí uair breá spóirt a bí againn le céile.

Sa ċuid is mó de Barcelóna tá na sráideanna an-leaḋan agus iad paḋa agus ċoṁ díreaċ le peá. Sna príomhsráideanna is minic crann curṫa peaḋ na gcosán agus fonsí uisce ag na crosbóṫair. Tíos ar an ḃpost, áraċ, tá seanċeantar an ḃaile agus is ann a ġeobaiḋ tú na cúngaráideanna beaga costa. Is amanna níl siad aċ deiċ dtroiġ ar leiṫead, aċ tá tiṫe cúig nó sé urlár ag an dtaobanna. Tá na céadta síopaí beaga suimiúla agus caipeanna san áit seo agus an ḃubscaipte daoine ag boġadaiġ ṫart. Is iontaċ an rud ar fad é, cúpla uair a ċaiṫeaḋ sa ċeantar seo, go háiriṫe san oíċe.

Ceann de na rudaí is ġreamhaire ar féidir a ḋéanaṁ sa Spáinn, is ea taisteal ar ṫraein áitiúil. Tá na traenaċa féin iontaċ ġreamhar. Ceannaiġ Franco cuid mór inneal cumaċtaċ ġasta ó na S.A.M., aċ ċaiṫ sé an oiread sin airgid orṫusan, go ndeallraíonn sé gur ó musaeim éigin a ċeannaiġ sé na carráistí, nó tá cuid acu réidh titim ó ċéile. Ná cuir muinín dá laġad i gcláir ama na n-iarannród sa Spáinn — ní fiú an saoċar é. Má tá traein le teaċt, tig leat a beiṫ cinnte go dtiocfaidh sé — am éigin. An tá a ċuaiġ mé go Montserrat bí an traein 37 bomaite mall ar maidin agus 20 bomaite an oíċe sin. Amanna eile stopann an traein ag stáisiún beag éigin agus caiteann b'féidir piċe bomaite ansin gan fáṫ ar biṫ ar léir do ḋuine. Le linn ceann de na sosanna seo ċonaic mé tiománaí agus gardaí na traenaċ ag cuirliġt agus ag dul isteaċ i gcairpe! Nuair a ṫiteann é seo amaċ cúpla uair i riṫ turais de cúig nó sé míle déag, éiríonn tú dúdóite de, féadaim a rá! Is iontaċ liom ar fad nár aistríoḋ go Spáinnis an t-amhrán breá úd "Are You Right There, Michael, Are You Right?" go háiriṫe an líne, "Do you think that we'll get home before the night?"

Tá taisteal ar na tramanna i mBarcelóna lán ċoṁ ġreamhar le taisteal ar na traenaċa. A dálta na gcarráistí tá siad uilig seanċaite agus iad réidh titim ó ċéile. Díonn an-scaipte iontu de ġnáṫ-b'féidir suas le 70 duine i dtram nár ceart níos mó ná 45 a beiṫ ann! Ġaċ orlaċ de spás taoḃ istiġ — agus go fiú taoḃ amuiġ — den tram, úsáidtear é. Cé naċ dtéann siad ċoṁ gasta sin ar ċor ar biṫ, baintear croiṫeaḋ millteanaċ as na seantramanna seo. Ansin tosaíonn na páistí ag caoineaḋ, scairteann na mná, mallaċtaíonn na fir, éiríonn an stiúrṫóir fearġaċ . . . . Aċ ina diaiḋ sin agus uile tá sé ġreamhar mura bfuil deifear ort!

Ṫáinig mo laeḃanta saoire ċun deiriḋ, áraċ, agus bí orm aġaiḋ a ṫabairt — go brónaċ an iarraiḋ seo — ar stáisiún Barcelóna. Agus an traein ag fágáil na caṫrach rinne mé rún daingean dom féin — d'fillfinn ar ais an bliain seo ċugainn!

Junior Certificate Students



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G. McGarry P. McNeill J. Moore N. Callaghan G. O'Neill M. Campbell T. Donaldson D. Fagan



C. McLoughlin D. McNaughton S. Mooney P. O'Boyle J. O'Kane G. Callaghan K. Doherty M. Farnan



D. Meleady R. Marley R. McCready P. Hesketh P. Fry B. Flanagan P. McGrath B. McGlue



C. Morrissy F. Madden E. Loughrey M. Kelly J. Grahame D. Frawley G. Cleary F. McGovern



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B. McCartney H. Cox C. Ryder S. Donnelly P. Boden H. Trainor V. Convery H. Deeney



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R. Young J. Ewins G. Pollock N. Hendron D. Marron S. McQuillan J. Owens W. Taylor



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W. Simpson T. Mason H. McDonald N. McFerran R. McDermott H. McCusker



TWO POEMS

By G. McCURDY (5LA)

Reflections

Bosomed hills suckle the silent sky
Which, veil-like, shields our eager view
Of Him in whom the starry heavens lie
And mighty oceans are but drops of dew.

What secret lies beyond thy mystic veil?
What wonders ne'er beheld do thou conceal
Of God, of Angels or the Holy Grail,
Before which every man with love must kneel?

The sky, though shielding, plainly shows
Those miracles which but God has wrought:
The moon, the stars, the sun that glows.
Our very lives without Him — naught.

The Aftermath

The cancered earth oozes forth human gore,
Hideous limbs manure the barren soil,
Distorted bodies round each other coil.
Decaying flesh stinks more, and more, and more.

These reeking, ruined shells once had life,
Once could have loved and lived in peace
Trusting in God and wearing His fleece —
But theirs was a time of hate, in war and strife.

Anon these dismembered limbs may yet rise glorified,
Amid celestial glory to be saved,
As He restores the soul once corrupt and depraved,
And welcomes the happy multitude at His side.

By T. CONERE (3A)

THE WHITE FEATHER

THE sun arose like a limpid ball of orange fire out of the deep-blue tropical sea. Down in the vast depths at the sea bed, below the ocean's wrinkled, frowning face, myriads of tiny fish darted and swam about. Suddenly there was a huge splash, a blur of steel, and a great cumbersome anchor flashed by and embedded itself in the sand.

The tall, gaunt aircraft carrier dipped and plunged at its anchorage. The flight-deck echoed to the patter of pounding feet as helmet-clad figures ran to the waiting planes. Aero-engines spluttered into life, and one by one the fighter-bombers lumbered into the air.

The atmosphere inside the cockpit was tense. To the port and starboard were the other planes of the squadron, flying in perfect formation as they droned steadily towards the target. The pilot, Bill Jones, stared fixedly at the flickering arc of the propellor; tiny globules of sweat glistened and glittered on his forehead. His hands were clammy and moist, while inside he was filled with distinct qualms of apprehension.

Suddenly a word of alarm cackled in his head-phones, jerking him out of his trance, as the enemy fleet was sighted. One by one the planes flicked over, and roared into the attack. Then it was his turn. As he pushed the control column forward, the nose dipped and the plane went into a dive. The whole framework of the fighter bomber shuddered and shivered, as the wind shrieked and whistled outside. His face became contorted with fear, as the vast battleship loomed closer and closer. The enemy guns spouted flame and the sky became criss-crossed with a fiery lattice-work of tracer. His hand hovered over the firing button as the grey superstructure drifted into his sights. Savagely he then stabbed the button, but nothing happened ! No sleek, graceful bomb dropped from its position in the bomb-bay, as had happened with all the rest of the planes. Slowly he eased the stick back and pulled out of the dive.

After giving a glance at the inferno below, be dejectedly set course for base.

The plane cast a dark shadow on the surface, as it quickly traversed the wide, expressionless ocean. It was then that Jones realised how serious a predicament he was in. Here he was, with a bomb, probably half-hanging loose, and the slightest jolt on landing might dislodge it. Deciding to try again, he jabbed the firing button a second time. This time the bomb spiralled down and exploded on impact with the sea. A sigh of relief escaped him . . .

Jones eased himself out of the cockpit and walked across to the mess room. The usual carefree air inside was now electrified. The rest of the pilots stood in a group, giving him sullen looks. Suddenly it dawned on him why they were behaving so strangely. They thought that he had become terrified with fear, and pulled out of his dive too early. In other words they thought that he was a coward ! His cigarette glowed dimly as he stood in the shadows of the planes, wondering how he could explain to his comrades. They resented him even more, now that a great number of the group had been killed in that action. Suddenly, a hand closed over his mouth, and another pinioned his arms together. Then some hot, sticky tar was thrown over him, and finally some feathers. The attackers then ran off leaving him groping in the darkness . . .

The next day dawned quiet and peaceful. Suddenly the alarm bells rang out, as large formations of black specks were seen in the blue, torquoise sky. Once again there was a mad scramble of pilots, and once again the planes lumbered into the air to meet the oncoming attack.

Suddenly Jones was in the thick of it. His sights centred on the emblem of the ' Rising Sun,' the enemy ! His cannon belched fire, and the enemy aircraft became enveloped in a maze of blue sparks as the steel jacketted bullets struck home. Another enemy plane came into view, and after receiving a quick burst of cannon fire, it disintegrated in a vivid flash. Then the sky became suddenly clear, as the rest of the enemy planes scuttled for home. Suddenly Jones' attention rivetted on one solitary enemy aircraft, which still pressed on with its attack. Despite the frantic fire of the gunners it still came on. Jones took a desperate decision. He knew he was out of ammunition and if the enemy pilot succeeded in dropping his torpedo, the aircraft carrier was doomed. Determinedly he pushed the control column forward, as he gave chase. Quickly the distance between the two closed. Closer and closer loomed the enemy plane . . .

The watchers below saw the explosion as the two planes collided, and in their hearts paid tribute to Jones' courage. But, as the spray settled into seething foam, they failed to notice the white feather being slowly wafted down into the sea.



By JOHN O'REILLY
(4SA)



How to be a C.M.M.A.P.

BEFORE you turn away, I would like to point out the advantages in being a C.M.M.A.P. This, by the way, is a clasically-musical-minded-appearing-person, i.e. one who pretends to know as much as everyone else on the subject. As I was saying a C.M.M.A.P. has many advantages. People will not insult him to his **face** any more. They will ask for his opinions more often and perhaps even listen to them (for what they're worth). No more will they snatch things from under his nose. They will wait until he turns around. They will perform small favours for him even (infinitesimally small). However, I do not want to discourage you any more, learned (?) reader, and I hope you will read on a few more bars.

The first step to take, is to dress the part. A pair of broad horn-rimmed spectacles are useful, giving one that slightly dreamy look. One's hair should be long, and even slightly curly, waving gently in the light breeze, etc., etc. In short, something of the Edwardian style should be adopted (but no flick-knives). Mastery of this style is half the job.

Next, one must gather a small store of knowledge on various musical subjects. Following are some tit bits which one will find useful.

A. Composers and their works.

Schonberg: Appears to write his music by flipping a well-filled pen at the score. For this reason it sounds slightly confused when played by a full orchestra. (It usually is).

Tchaikovsky: Wrote six symphonies. He drank (vodka), on account of this his six symphonies sound rather mournful in parts.

Mozart: Very conservative and sane-sounding person. Saw ghosts before he died. Very sane-sounding person indeed. Unheard of to criticize.

Beethoven: Someone wishing to show off will call his music "powerful." Wait until such person has said so and then call it "driving." People will look up to it.

Chopin: "Relaxing," the hasty one will call his music. This can be beaten by the word "soothing."

Stravinsky: See Schonberg. Nobody can understand his music. Appear to be carried away by it. People will think you are a genius.

Sibelius: 1 part Mozart + 1 part Schonberg = 1 part Sibelius.

One is frequently confronted by composers about whom one's knowledge is scanty. One can end the conversation effectively, in such a case, by saying reflectively with a sigh perhaps, "Ah! yes, so and so," in a tone containing traces of admiration, disparagement, even praise and affrontary.

B. A knowledge of musical terms is also necessary. Some of the most common are:—

Pizzicato: Imagine one was plucking a chicken.

Dimuendo: Like the summer holidays; starting with a bang and trailing off.

Crescendo: Opposite of Dimuendo.

Glissando: Describes the sound heard when sliding down the bannisters.

Staccato: A succession of slaps.

Score: This is commonly supposed to be the sum total of the number of successful entries made by the orchestra. It is actually the sheets of music.

C. The final polish is obtained with a knowledge of a few musical instruments.

Triangle: triangle.

Drums: These appear under a variety of names, e.g. Kettle drum, Bass drum. Their names must not be taken too literally.

Pianoforte: Snobbish name for piano.

Violin, Viola, 'Cello, Double Base. These are the same shape but range in size from about two feet to five in height. They all have strings usually.

Trombone, trumpet and clarinet: Known by all jazz fans.
Oboe: Only slightly different from clarinet. It takes an expert to distinguish between them at a distance.

French Horn: It is a common mistake to think of this as a Continental version of the "Cor Anglais." If one makes the slip one is forever disgraced.

So it is that, armed with such a knowledge and your Edwardian appearance, you venture forth as a C.M.M.A.P. I assure you it is a **wonderful** life.

(Required: Tutor to teach the essentials of becoming a (i) "pop-music" devotée and (ii) beatnik).

JOHN O'REILLY (4SA)

By JOHN BURNS (3A)

The Intruders

A WAR-TIME STORY

FROM the warmly illuminated guard-room came the boisterous laughter of the German soldiers, singing and swearing after a good night out. The noise grew louder and then died off again as the door opened, sending out a shaft of light into the misty night which enveloped the wartime aero-drome. The lone soldier lit a cigarette and began to walk slowly along the perimeter wire . . . .

He was taking a long pull on his cigarette when suddenly he turned, terror in his youthful, blue eyes. The cry for help stuck in his throat. There was a dull thud as he fell, the knife between his shoulder blades. Phantom figures flitted noiselessly across the glistening tarmac, still wet from the rain which had fallen just a few hours previously. The airfield was near Dieppe in France but it was more important as a store depot than a 'drome.

Silhouetted against the turbulent night sky were neat piles of petrol drums, jeeps, and all the paraphernalia that was needed to carry on this sense-less thing called war.

Every now and then a ghostly head could be seen above one or other of the piles, each commando doing his own job of death and destruction. Behind one of the hangars Captain Blake held an impromptu meeting with the five men of his platoon and gave the order to move out. The silent men moved as mysteriously as they had come, past the guard-house which still rocked to the noisy laughter, past the dead soldier whose still-lit cigarette was blowing gently along the ground, and finally past the gates into the darkness beyond.

Now the seconds dragged by, each one sounding like a death knell. In the moonlight one could see the faces of the six men. Billy, who was nick-named "the kid" by his friends, watched with expectancy in his unusually dark eyes. He was only about nineteen, an orphan, who was on his first big job. Then there was Charlie King, a man of about thirty years, whose wife and only child had been killed during the blitz.

Next came Johnny Smith who, although only about twenty-five, was

carrying a huge chip on his shoulder. He was something of a mystery man; no-one knew where he was from, or much else about him. The fourth man was Tom Jones, a sergeant, who was to be married when he got back. Bill Hodges, the wit of the company, was a cheerful little Cockney with a delightful habit of calling everyone " sparrow." His humour was infectious and helped to pass many a long hour very pleasantly. Then there was Captain Blake, a middle-aged veteran, with steel grey eyes and grey-flecked hair. He had a massive frame and spoke with a soft, lilting voice, which betrayed just the hint of a Scottish accent.

There they were, six men, all from different walks of life, each with his own special characteristics but all brought together in a common cause. They sat there, the strain of the waiting showing on their countenances, each one with his own thoughts and fears. " The kid " had killed his first German and he sat gripping his sten gun even more tightly lest he should be called upon to use it.

Suddenly the air was rent by a tremendous explosion, and several minor eruptions followed. Panic broke loose on the wrecked airfield as huge sheets of orange flame reached out in to the night, devouring everything in their way. The guard-house door broke open and a few confused soldiers ran into a hail of lead. Amidst the panic, Charlie King, embittered at the tragic loss of his family, was like a man possessed as he ran aimlessly, his gun spitting a constant hail of death.

Sirens began their banshee-like wail and searchlights sent out icy fingers of light. Guttural voices shouted orders and jackboots chattered noisily to a background of stacatto machine-gun fire. The six men moved out, satisfied at the havoc and destruction they had caused.

A faint smile played on the lips of Captain Blake as the small group moved out further into the concealing darkness, back towards home and safety. Many Germans died that night . . . . but they never even saw " the intruders."

The Changing Scene

Gone are Summer's warmer days,
Winter's on the way;
Trees are becoming barer
With every passing day.

The squirrels and the hedgehogs
And others of the wood
Are busily collecting
Their winter supply of food.

The blackbird, thrush and swallow
Are flying south till Spring,
From sunny lands they'll home again
To swoop in the air and sing.

Only the robin remains with us,
So we should take great care
To feed our little feathered friend
When snow is in the air.

J. McLOUGHLIN (3C)

First Year Senior Students



N. McCranaghan J. L. Close J. Lenaghan M. Agnew J. McGinnity J. McArdle D. Haughey B. Golombos J. McKenna

J. K.McCloskey T. Birch D. Faloona P. McGorman D. McCall P. Magill H. Grimes F. Devlin S. Walters

B. McDonnell P. Burns G. Hadley A. O'Prey B. McConvery P. Murray J. Hanna D. Donnelly K. Kane

M. McGarry M. Breen P. Jeffers D. McManus J. McCourt G. McAleavey H. Harding P. Fallon H. Kear

A. Burke R. McLoughlin H. McCallum J. J. Donnelly J. Thompson J. McGivern J. O'Reilly M. Verner A. Mc

J. Brown J. McKeown T. Montgomery G. Donnelly F. Reynolds J. McCusker P. McMahon H. Rice J. R

J. McCormack S. Boyle P. Goudy G. McVeigh G. McCann P. Maguire E. Hamill J. J. Dolan S.


M. McKenna
C. Dunne
J. McCallin
J. Burns
E. McGivern
J. McBride
O. Kelly
G. Gorman
S. Watters
G. McIlroy
R. Kennedy
G. Donnelly
G. O'Neill
J. Murray
J. McLoughlin
J. Rea
K. Kane
F. Dynan
F. Dargan
M. Bennett
B. Anderson
F. McCallion
W. Lavery
K. Austin
H. Kearney
K. Hood
J. Bunting
M. Bradshaw
K. Clifford
L. Watson
F. Mannings
P. Bennett
A. McDaid
R. Howie
B. Campbell
R. Briggs
L. Curran
P. Teague
G. Mooney
P. Bennett
J. Rafferty
S. McCormick
E. Howell
J. Curran
H. McHale
R. Lee
R. McKillen
M. McNamee
S. Slack
J. McIlduff
F. Kelly
B. Devlin
S. McKernan
J. E. Leopold
E. McLarnon
M. O'Hara



T. McVeigh | M. G. McCann | C. Gruhn | D. Carville | J. McGlinchey | J. Kelly | P. McCrory | J. McMah



T. Kerr | J. Matthews | P. Gallagher | B. Sheridan | R. Bunting | M. Brennan | L. Ennis | B. Smyth



P. Conlon | G. May | B. Kelleher | E. Devitt | P. Rodgers | D. Barker | K. James | P. Haller



P. Devlin | P. McAnally | J. McMullan | C. McGrath | S. Slack | D. Clarke | G. Dalton | B. Hill



D. Glover | J. Keenan | S. Nellis | B. McKenna | P. Torney | T. Conere | J. Doherty | W. Hodgkinson



E. Hanratty | A. Kelly | R. Kelly | R. McLoughlin | T. Agnew | G. Prenter | P. Hagan | W. Hughes



J. Jordan













CHESS

by

By G. McALEAVY (3C)

CHESS began in North-West India about 5 A.D. and was at that time known as " chaturanga." In the next century the game spread to Persia where it flourished. About the same time, the Arabs learned chess and soon brought it to Europe, but England learned it rather late — only with the Norman invasion. In medieval England chess became very popular and the nobility were wont to give large chess parties. In fact the first book ever printed in English was William Caxton's, " The game and playe of the chesse," published in 1474.

We, in Ireland, might in some ways consider chess to be our national game, as in ancient Gaelic literature and legends we find chess mentioned countless times. Yet hurling, as far as is known, is only mentioned once; and there is no reference at all to Gaelic football ! Finn Mac Cumhaill played chess every night with his gilded chessmen, and chess players were welcomed at the court of every king and at every Feis.

This fascinating game can best be described as a mental battle between two people, with the chessmen as a medium. It is a fit game for intelligent, deep-thinking minds. Minds which strive to uncover the thin veil of reality, minds which thirst for expression. Yet, the rudiments of chess are very easily learned. Anyone can learn the basic points in a quarter of an hour and the game, once learned, is never forgotten.

The purpose of chess is to capture your opponent's king, not merely to capture his pieces — or as Julius Caesar said, " Take the head and you have the body." If you ever wish to play well, you must combine your forces. The beauty of master chess consists in the fine way the available forces are welded together to form a magnificent combination. This is something to be appreciated !

Many people consider chess to be an old man's game. This fallacy can be disproved by the fact that chess has more youthful prodigies than any other game. Capablanca defeated Corzo, the champion of Cuba, when he, Capablanca, was only thirteen. Bobby Fischer won the 1954 U.S.A. " Open " championship at the same age, while Smyslov, the 1957 World Champion, was (it is said) at the age of four able to beat his father, a very experienced chess player. Most chess players reach

their prime at the age of thirty-five, and then begin to deteriorate. The last World Champion, Mikhail Tal, was only twenty-four.

This game of kings and queens, has lasted for nearly two thousand years. I wonder has any other game such a record ? After the first two moves, the player has a choice of seventy thousand possible positions. After ten moves, this figure rises to a fantastically high number, too high indeed to be expressed mathematically. Napoleon was a very keen chess player and he often emphasised the close relationship between chess and war. We have in fact a recorded game between Napoleon and one of his marshals on St. Helena.

Chess is more fortunate than most games in that there has been in existence for many years a system of notation (i.e. noting the moves on paper) by which each game can be recorded. Consequently, e v e r y important game has been preserved for us to play over. If you ever aspire to become World Champion, you must win the zonal tournament, come within the first five of the interzonal, win the Candidate's tournament and, finally, play the existing World Champion.

A World Champion must play a chess match of twenty-four games against his challenger every three years. The present World Champion, Mikhail Bottvinnik, is a Russian. He became World Champion in 1948 and, three years later, in 1951, drew his first match with David Bronstein, thus retaining his title. In 1954, he drew another match with Smyslov but lost his title to Smyslov in 1957. Later in the same year he defeated the latter, thus regaining his title. He was again defeated, this time by Mikhail Tal in 1960. But in 1961 he defeated Tal, thus regaining his title a second time — the only man to do so.

Blindfold simultaneous displays are truly the greatest feat of the human mind. These are displays in which the master plays many games at the same time while blindfolded. This feat requires immense concentration and sometimes drives players mad ! So great is this danger that these displays are forbidden in Russia. Frank James Marshall, for the record, was able to conduct 54 games simultaneously, while blindfold.

Chess is the national pastime of the Philippines, and chess sets are found in playgrounds of Milwaukee, U.S.A. Also, any conductor on a Russian train will readily lend you a chess set on request. And did you know that it is the only game that may be played in Parliament — apart from the game of politics, of course !

If you wish to find an outlet for your intelligence, or you simply need a fascinating hobby, learn chess. And you, I mean YOU, may have a hidden talent for this fine game. Who knows but you may be the next World Champion ? If you feel that you would like to learn chess or if you already know how to play, join the school chess club. This may be done by contacting Hugh McGrillen (5SA) or any other member. I am especially talking to juniors. Those of you, who pride yourselves on a logical and intelligent mind, put it to the test.

" Chess, like love and music, has the power to make men happy." (Tarrasch).

TWO POEMS

By T. McMULLAN (5LA)

Metropolis



Miasmal tortured fumes from chimney stack
Ascend cloud-bound from slummy city street,
And melt into a cosmos burning black
With retchings from the factories' belching heat.

Hail, thou ! resplendent village sprawled on stream,
Hail, thou ! benign rialto stretching wide
On flats of mud, on busy city scene.
As barren banks are washed by grimy tide.

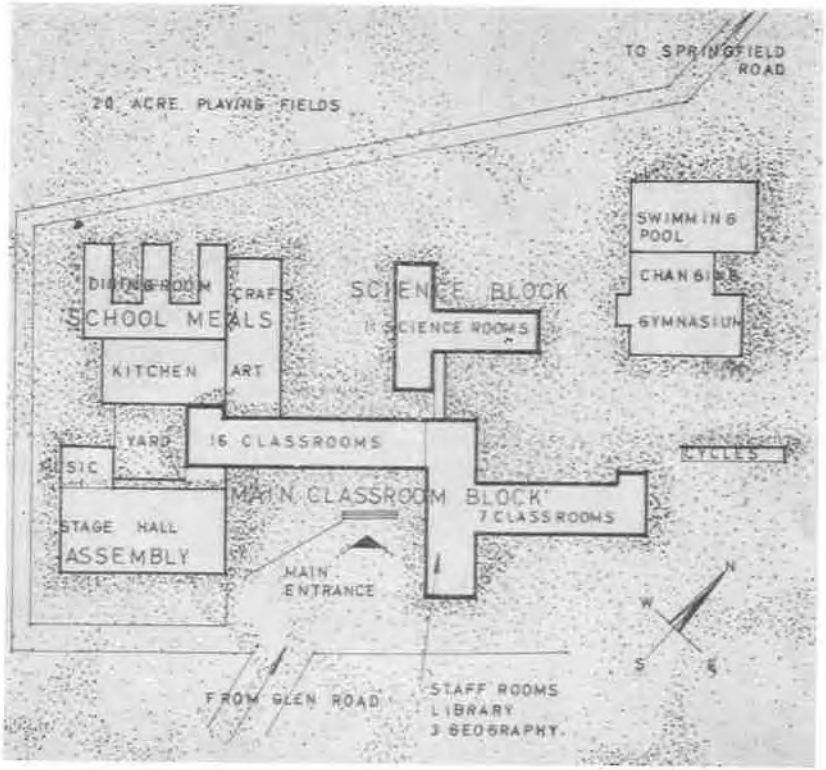
Behold the dirty pavement, the flashy store,
The stone-faced people, cold, aloof, alone:
And sunset sees the street untouched before,
And small pathetic dweller coughing home.

Night



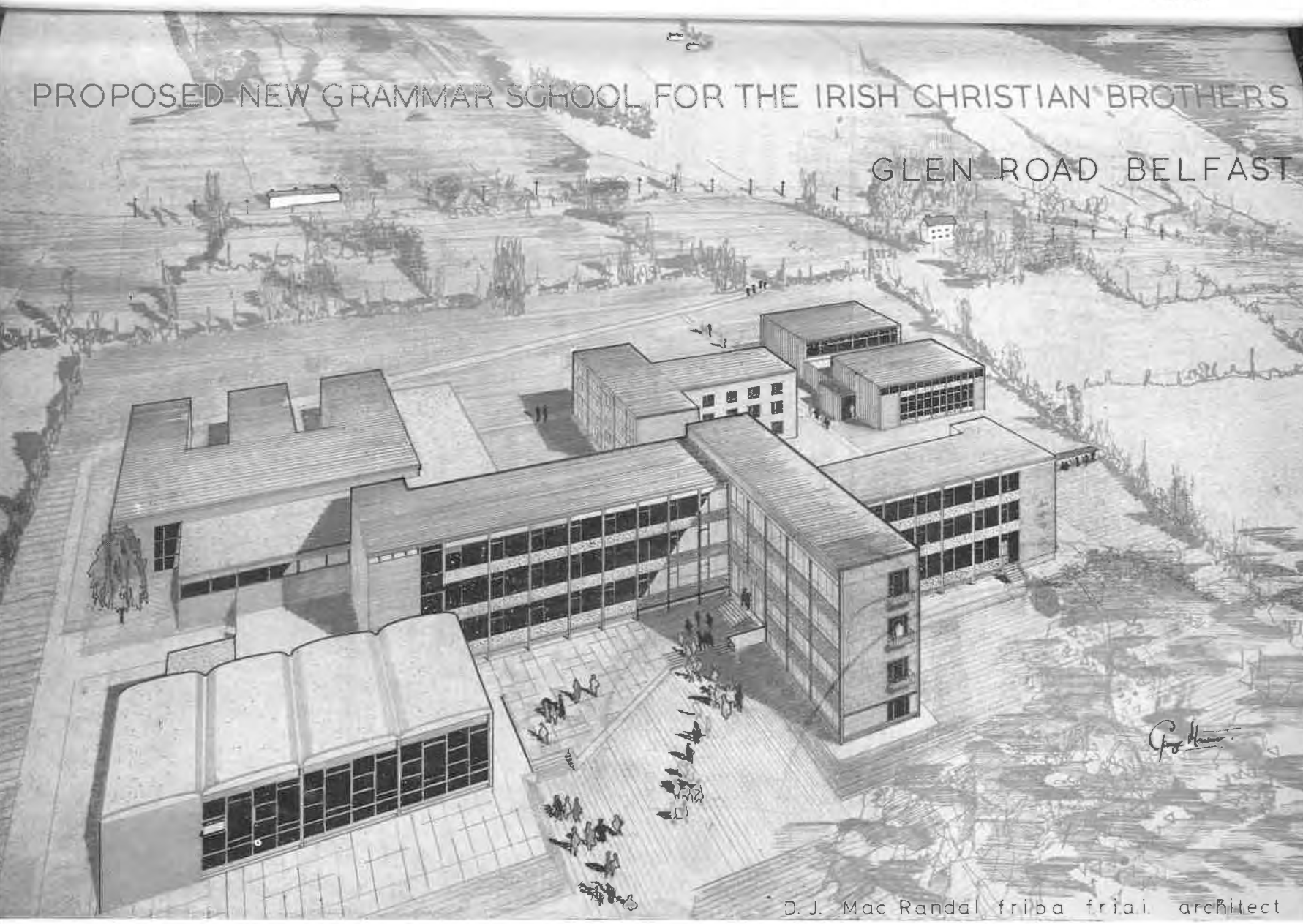
When can the day distend night's wond'ring charm ?
Pellucid crystal: silver cast on ebony pool,
Spiked grass, weeds withered and petrified,
And a high wind nodding in the pines.
Sublime, sedate, unsuccoured silence
Slices through the bone;
The Moon's uncanny frigid beams
Filtrate through leafless boughs;
Ten thousand times ten thousand nights have gone,
Ten thousand times — Eternity it seems —
These icy nights have come, dull days have flown.

THE NEW ST. MARY'S



The site for the new Grammar School extends from the boundary immediately behind Airfield House (Glen Road) to the Springfield Road. The buildings, extending over two acres, will occupy the lower portion of the ground and may be approached from either the Glen Road or the Springfield Road. The remaining twenty acres will be used as playing fields. The school is designed to accommodate 850 students and will be equipped according to the most up-to-date standards.

...according to the most up-to-date standards.



By PHILP McGORMAN (3C)

A COD



HAVE you ever gone fishing? If so, what tackle did you use — flies, minnows, split cane rod and salmon net? Not very successful, was it? Amateurs rarely have much fun with that type of equipment. But take a branch of a tree, a long length of cord, a hook (or bent pin) and a jar of wriggling worms (fish like an energetic bait) and I guarantee success.

Nine days after we arrived in Gaoth Dobhair last summer, the fishing craze struck. Necessity is indeed the mother of invention, and we were at that time alarmingly low in funds. Each day after school the banks of the Clady were crowded; all possible methods being used to lure the many aquatic creatures to the dinner table.

I had never actually seen a fish being caught on a line, so you can imagine my delight when I heard the joyful Jimmy yelling (in ye olde Gaelic tongue, of course) " I've got one ! "

" We've made our name," I thought, as I floundered through the raging Clady towards the opposite bank where, by now, our hero was filled with pride. Like a true fisherman, Jimmy had thrown the fish on the ground, had baited his line and was sitting quite undisturbed, fishing with his long pole (he claimed that it was an exact replica of a genuine split cane).

My journey to the other bank was hazardous. My feet were by now completely submerged in a pool of icy, cold water. I was stuck. But I didn't despair.

" What care I for a soaking ? " I thought. " Why, that salmon that Jimmy's got might fetch twelve-and-six at the harbour; or a salmon dinner on Friday would be equally enjoyable." (I never realised that it was then only Monday evening).

In the short space of a quarter of an hour, I gained the opposite bank. Now for, that six pound salmon. " Hi, Jimmy ! " I shout. " Where's the fish ? "

" Well," he mutters, " It's like this, you see, er-em-well- " and with a

sudden burst, " It's gone ! " I closed my eyes and gazed skywards " What in the name of —" I yelled.

" Well," mutters Jimmy again, " You see- it was on the ground and- ah-it was dirty. Well, I-ah-had-to-ah-wash it," he explains. With that my dreams vanished. No twelve-and-six; no salmon dinner.

Fishing — Bah !

Be Wary

Great big dog,
Head upon his toes;
Tiny little bee
Settles on his nose.

Great big dog
Reckons it's a fly
Never barks a word,
Winks so very sly.

Tiny little bee
Tickles doggie's nose;
Thinks, like as not:
" I've no foes."

Dog smirks a smile,
Chuckles by and by;
Winks his other eye —
" Now to catch this fly ! "

Dog makes a snap
Very quick and spry;
Open mouth, gleaming teeth,
To destroy impudent fly.

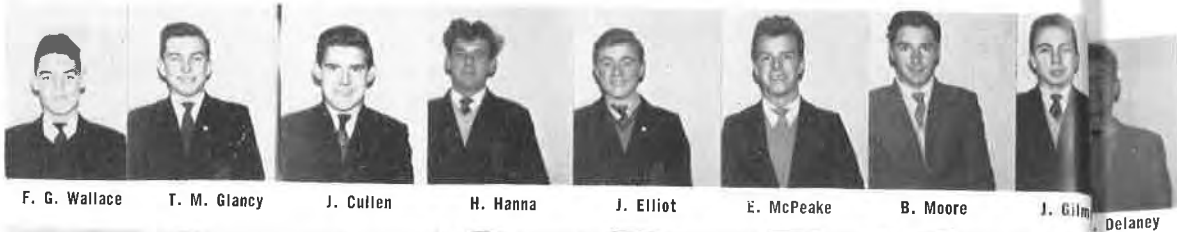
Tiny little bee,
Alive and looking well.
Great big dog —
Nose sore with swell.



Dear friends and brothers all
Don't be too fast and free —
Before you catch your fly —
Be sure 'tis not a bee !

NOEL HENDERSON (2B)

Senior Certificate Students



F. G. Wallace T. M. Glancy J. Cullen H. Hanna J. Elliot E. McPeake B. Moore J. Gilm[illegible] J. Delaney



F. O'Connor A. F. Loughrey D. Parker B. J. Mackle B. Dougal E. McGeough P. Doherty M. O'Calla[illegible] J. Totten



S. O'Reilly P. J. Lawless G. Patton M. Lynch A. Fitzsimons S. Malone A. Mernock C. Smyt[illegible] J. Tumelty



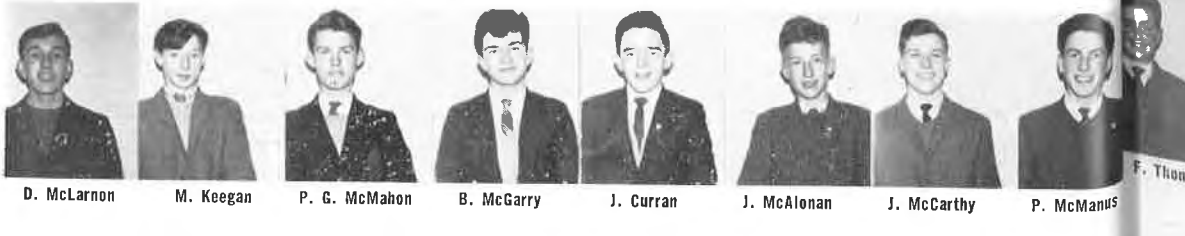
J. Mulholland T. E. Murray J. O'Flaherty J. McGivern D. Doherty G. McCurdy T. Callaghan T. McMull[illegible] M. Coloha



S. McHugh D. Kayes B. McGlone M. A. McEntee S. Caher B. Murphy A. McCallion C. McGrady N. Kelly



T. McNeill D. Martin P. McRandall G. McGivern F. Curran G. McCann J. Brown M. McMorrow B. Brad



D. McLarnon M. Keegan P. G. McMahon B. McGarry J. Curran J. McAlonan J. McCarthy P. McManus F. Thon


L. Delaney
L. McCready
K. McGuigan
B. Fagan
B. Brennan
J. Meegan
D. Wallace
A. McKeating
J. Totten
M. Leonard
C. McFerran
J. Cusn
E. Walsh
J. Lavery
J. Reid
J. McAlea
G. Tumelty
T. Donald
S. Connelly
S. Ferne
P. Duffy
P. McGoldrick
D. Maguire
J. F. Donnelly
M. Colohan
P. Gallinagh
H. Davidson
B. Johnston
J. Finney
J. O'Connor
J. Morrissy
B. Hamilton
N. Kelly
J. McDade
M. Hearty
L. Flanagan
F. Blake
E. Murray
J. Burns
P. McMahon
B. Bradley
T. Lindsay
P. McGrath
J. Dougal
B. Austin
L. Briggs
B. Turk
T. McCarthy
F. Thompson
P. Lawlor
B. Liddy
G. Burke
P. Stewart
J. Hagan
J. Neill
J. Murray



G. Caher D. McConvery H. McGrillen J. Burns



S. Bunting B. Laverty T. Hayes J. McGiver



P. Rice E. Halligan E. Murphy D. Coyle B. McConville H. Rice P. Bradley B. Howie



D. Devoto S. Murphy B. O'Hare C. Connolly D. Rooney M. Rooney W. Carville A. Teer



M. McKillop M. Vallely S. Adams G. Taggart



WE wish to express our deepest sympathy to the parents and brothers of Peter McCrory who died as a result of a cycling accident a few months before he was due to sit the Junior Certificate examination.

Deceased was extremely popular among his schoolmates, and a great sense of shock and loss was felt at the news of his sudden death.

May God grant his soul eternal rest.


J. McGiv


B. Howi


A. Teer

By J. O'HARA (6L)

Holiday in FRANCE

THE year before last six other lads from the school, and myself, set off on a holiday to sunny France. During the wearying days of exams in June the one thought that buoyed our spirit was the coming trip, for none of us had been abroad before.

On Sunday, 11th July, we left Belfast on the Heysham steamer which was very crowded owing to the Twelfth holidays. About 5-30 a.m. the next morning we docked and half an hour later were on the train bound for London. We had to travel down most of England and the journey took about six hours. This we found very tiring although en route we read magazines, played cards and sang in order to pass the time. To me, at least, the English countryside appeared to be very drab, and less green than our Irish fields.

In the few hours we had to spend in London we saw, among other places, Westminster Abbey and Cathedral, and the Houses of Parliament. We had the pleasure of travelling in one of the tube trains, and also the excitement of losing our way! While London impressed by its greatness I thought it too big and too business-bent to be a friendly city.

We left Folkstone for Boulogne at six o'clock and our crossing became extremely rough as there was a strong gale blowing. The boat rocked very badly and sometimes it was impossible to stay on one's feet even though clinging to a support. A lot of people became sick, but nearly all our party got a certain amount of fun out of the crossing.

After the long journey we were naturally very tired so we went to bed almost immediately. We slept in a large dormitory containing a number of cubicles, with two beds in each cubicle. We rose about 7-30 a.m. and went down to another building for breakfast. At first we found the French petit déjeuner rather strange: it consisted of rolls and butter, and a large bowl of café au lait. From 9 till 12 we had classes. The other students attending we found to be very friendly but I think we generally liked the Germans best of all. They were big, strapping fellows, always ready for a laugh or a bit of fun. As regards the

standard of French, we found it quite high without being too difficult.

After classes we were free and spent a lot of our time à la plage—sunbathing and swimming. There was also a casino and a swimming pool in Boulogne but, apart from these, there was not much activity in the town at night; in fact the town became a silent zone from 10 p.m. to 7 a.m. We usually found enough, however, to occupy our evenings, and there were also several classes held in the University for the students. We were expected to be snug in our dormitory before midnight but the authorities were not too strict about this.

One evening towards the end of our stay a Veillée was held in one of the cinemas. This was a kind of concert, but with the slight difference that each nationality present was expected to give its contribution to the general enjoyment. We decided to sing, and one brave lad even did an Irish dance! The French were fascinated by this danse Irlandaise and we received very loud applause.

One of the highlights of our stay was the vin d'honneur in the Town Hall as guests of the Lord Mayor of Boulogne. He received all the foreign students staying at the university and we had a very enjoyable afternoon — with bottles galore of champagne.

But undoubtedly the climax of our holiday was our visit to Paris. Full of excitement we set off for Paris one Sunday morning before 5 a.m. We had one stop on the way, at Amiens, and we attended Mass in its great cathedral. On our arrival in Paris after midday we first visited the church of the Sacré Coeur in which there is constant Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. It was highly impressive not only to see this Romanesque Byzantine church, built in thanksgiving for Paris being saved from bombing in the first World War, but also the crowds inside praying fervently with outstretched arms. We had our lunch in a students' canteen in the Latin Quarter of Paris.

Later we went on a conducted tour of the city and had the pleasure of seeing most of the famous sights. We went right to the top of the Eiffel Tower and had our breath almost taken away by the magnificent view. We visited the Hôtel des Invalides where Napoleon's tomb lies; it was indeed sobering to look down on the tomb of this great man and reflect upon his deeds. Perhaps the only thing which disappointed me in Paris was the famous Da Vinci picture, "Mona Lisa," in the Louvre. Maybe it was my uncultured eye which failed to evoke the accustomed admiration, or perhaps I was expecting too much. The picture is comparatively small and, hanging there on the wall, it seemed almost insignificant except for the crowds of American tourists around it.

We had also the good fortune to visit the Palace of Versailles; no words of mine could describe the wondrous beauty of this great palace and its gardens. We were conducted through the rooms which the later kings and queens of France once used. We also saw the Galerie des Glaces, with its historic table on which the Armistice was signed in 1918.

On our return to Boulogne there were only a few days of our holiday left, and all too soon came the time

for us to say au revoir à la belle France and return to Belfast. All of us agreed that we had had a wonderful stay and we look forward to the time when, we hope, we will once again return to that land, warm in climate and in friendship. It was certainly a worthwhile experience being in France, and anyone who has the chance of going there should avail of it.
France."

As the French writer says:

" Il ne faut pas craindre de l'avouer: nulle part on ne vit pas mieux qu'en France.

The Glass Factory

an Appreciation

DESPITE its title the Glass Factory means, to a pupil of St. Mary's, that rich stretch of neutral territory concealed from the school's all-seeing eye, yet sufficiently close to hear the unfeeling bell toll out its morbid message. How empty and meaningless would be the scholar's life if perchance he were denied this haven of privacy and freedom.

Ah! indeed. To where can one retreat when the mighty hand of authority or the unrelenting janitor banishes one from the sacred precincts of our illustrious and much-beloved school? The Glass Factory provides the answer. Here one can escape from the boredom of playing in the typical bourgeois cleanliness of the spacious school playground and frolic about in the refreshingly bucolic mud. How jolly it is to find the water clutch amicably at one's trouser-legs or have the pleasantly soft slime lovingly caress one's school uniform. How grateful one is, indeed, to the considerate teacher for sending one from the over-conventional comfort of the school yard to this healthy, more toughening arena of the Glass Factory.

" Who's stupid? "
" You are ! "
" All right, see you at the Glass Factory ! "

Here now is welcome material (if not latent talent) with which budding promoters may stage an epic struggle. And who would dare complain if small bets change hands as the opponents face each other before engaging in mortal combat to the cheers of their respective supporters . . . Then, the contest ended and honour satisfied, frayed nerves are soon soothed by fumes of the fragrant weed.

O thou hallowed spot ! Brook no base intruders, but reserve thy companionship for thy true friends.

G. McCURDY (4LA)

By GERARD PATTON (4SB)

The VIKINGS

NOWADAYS the people who live in the Scandanavian peninsula and the surrounding islands are divided into races of people called respectively Danes, Swedes and Norwegians, but in ancient days these people were all called by the one name — Vikings.

In the eighth century after Christ the Vikings were still a fierce and uncivilised heathen race. Because of the cold climate and the infertility of their soil they turned to the sea for their living. As soon as they became skilful sailors they fanned out in all directions, becoming the terror of many lands. Because of the long periods spent at sea in open long-boats these tall, mainly fair-haired, moustached Vikings were very tough.

Towards the end of the ninth century they penetrated into what is now Russia. According to lengend the later Russian kingdom owed its foundation to three Rorik brothers: the two older brothers, Sineus and Truvor, founded the state of Novgorod in 862 A.D. and the third, Oleg, expanded the kingdom and transferred the capital to Kiev.

Other marauding bands reached Iceland, then Greenland. In France their attacks wrought terrible havoc; they destroyed churches and monasteries, slew monks and priests, and ravaged the countryside. In the ninth century Paris was sacked at least four times. The Vikings (mainly Norse) attacked at night from their boats which they sailed up the Seine. Each time they attacked the French King had to pay a large sum of money for their withdrawal. In 885 A.D. some 30,000 Norsemen laid siege to Paris; this time they were bought off with 700 pounds of solid gold. They withdrew from Paris but not from France. They settled in what is now known as Normandy and were called Normans. Owing to the influence of the French the Normans became Christians and adopted the French way of life.

It is believed the Vikings first came to Britain in the year 787 A.D. when they raided the coast of Dorset. Later

they raided Northumbria but it was not for another eighty years that they began to settle down in Britain. They conquered Northumbria and Mercia but met fierce and organised resistance when they attacked Wessex. Rallied by King Alfred the Wessex Saxons won a great battle at Ethendune, 878. Peace terms ruled that the Vikings were to keep to the north and east, henceforth known as Derelow or Danelaw. But trouble broke out again when the weak Ethelred was king for, failing to keep the foreign soldiers at bay, he he ordered wholesale massacre of those Danes living peacefully in Wessex. The Danish king, Sweyn, wreaked vengeance on England and made himself king there. His son was king Canute. But after nearly thirty years of Viking rule the good king Edward (the Confessor) ascended the throne. Shortly after his death England was invaded by William (the Conqueror), Duke of Normandy, who claimed the throne from Harold. In 1066 A.D. at Hastings, William defeated Harold and the first Norman king of England was crowned in Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day.

The first Viking raids on Ireland occurred about the same time as the Dorset coast was attacked. They raided villages, monasteries and chapels near the coast and carried off valuable "loot." Later they advanced up the rivers, their great leader at this period being Tuirghéis or Thorgest who plundered Armagh three times and, it is said, declared himself abbot there. For some years he maintained a fleet on Lough Neagh and lorded it over parts of Ulster and Connacht, but he was finally captured and drowned (!) by King Malachy.

The most important Viking (mainly Danish) settlement in Ireland was at the mouth of the Liffey where Dublin now stands. From here they ruled the coastline from the Orkneys to Waterford and from this stronghold they began the gradual, attempted conquest of Ireland. But in 1014 A.D. at Clontarf king Brian Boru smashed their power, though his own death on the battlefield left Ireland leaderless. He was buried with great solemnity near the High Altar in Armagh. The Danes or Norse who remained in Ireland gradually became Christian and gave a great impetus to trading.

Modern reminders of the Viking days in Ireland are the Round Towers (mostly built as places of refuge for monks and religious treasures) and place names such as Wexford (Weissfiord), Waterford, Carlingford. In England we have Whitby, Rugby ("by"=town). The words: they, them, their, market, bait, sky, etc. are of Norse or Danish origin.

When a valiant Viking chieftain died he was buried with the ship in which he had made his raids. In the course of the last century some of the "terrorist" ships came to light in Jutland and Norway, the one in the best condition being the Gokstad ship, now in Oslo. It is 71 ft. long, 15 ft. wide and 5 ft. deep. The prow is tall and pointed, suitable for cutting through the ocean waves or ramming enemy vessels.

In case any reader may criticise this account for lack of completeness I would like to point out that it is but a short summary or rather a mere extract, as the Vikings were known to penetrate into lands as far East as Canada and as far South as the Byzantine Empire.

By COLM McGRADY (5LA)

RULES *for* TEACHERS

AT the recent annual congress of the Simmarian Pupils' Union, held at the fashionable resort of Greencastle, a number of rules were obligingly drawn up for the beloved pedagogues of Barrack Street by their affectionate admirers, the pupils. It is interesting to note that after twenty years teachers were finally recognised as "useful." A motion that "teachers, like most modern evils, are of some use to society" was finally passed. Six voted for the motion and five against, with eight hundred and fifty five abstaining. Thus the following rules were drawn up:

1. Teachers, when attacked by pupils numbering over thirty (all of whom must be armed) are entitled, as a last resort, to defend themselves. In such encounters, teachers are forbidden to use water-pistols or pea-shooters costing more than half-a-crown. Dan Dare ray-guns are also forbidden. If a professor sustains ten or more external head injuries, he is allotted a period of three seconds to seek sanctuary in the Teachers' Room.

2. In punishing pupils, the following are henceforth forbidden:

(a) Leathers exceeding two feet in length and six inches thickness.
(b) Thumbscrews.
(c) 'Knuckledusters.'
(d) Cricket stumps.
(e) Portable, collapsible bastinadoes (purchasable in Woolworth's "do-it-yourself department).

3. The following areas are out of bounds to teachers at 10-20 a.m. and between 12-30 p.m. and 1 p.m., except to those issued with a special permit (price £20).

(a) Ma Trainor's.
(b) The 5LA Room.
(c) "The Busy Bee."

A preceptor found loitering in a suspicious manner after 3-30 p.m. in the school precincts is likely to be shot on sight. A get-away car is advised.

4. When referring to pupils, teachers are asked to omit as many adjectives as possible especially those of two syllables or more. Advising pupils to pay a visit to the area known as "Night's Plutonian Shore" is also forbidden.

5. Deliberate sabotage, such as plugging up the sink in the Teachers' washroom, or hiding the janitor's hammer and nails, is forbidden. Removal of milk from crates, and its ultimate conveyance to the Teachers' Room for "consumption on the premises," is likewise forbidden. The action of injecting match-sticks into bunsen burners, thus rendering them useless, will be attributed to teachers since it is a well-known fact that only the professors of Barrack Street indulge in smoking.

6. All violaters of these rules will be tried at the sessions of the People's Court, held daily in Ma Trainor's Mansions. This court in the past has been noted for its swift justice. Its motto is "conviction is assured." The harshest sentence yet passed was on a literary professor who was condemned to teach Traditional mathematics to the science students for the remainder of his teaching days. This cruel sentence was later reduced to one of life imprisonment in the coal shed.

These most lax rules were accepted by a notable professor who represented the teachers. When the document was signed (and the thumbscrews loosened) the pupils showed their appreciation of their beloved master by applying tar and feathers to his person and rolling him off the pier at Greencastle, as a "sporting gesture." It is of course assumed that these rules will be adhered to by teachers in the same manner in which pupils keep their own rules. The Brothers of the school will, of course, be most pleased to learn that suitable rules for their benefit will be drawn up in the near future.

Time

The clock beats out its regular, hypnotic dirge.
Time, that insatiable monster, moves mercilessly on
Devouring, liquidating life in its lethal, forward surge;
The clock its mouthpiece, its slave, its humble pawn:
And we are helpless, you and I.

Ever watching, ever reminding, the clock's cold heart patiently throbs;
Hours, weeks, decades are registered in that calculating, impressive brain
Until despite our moans, our futile pleas, our anguished sobs,
We are pushed from this life of great yet bearable pain:
Are we then doomed, you and I ?

But Time with its infernal watchdog will, with the ugly world die
While we, so long its victims, will so soon forget
How the clock beat louder and faster when death was nigh,
And Time wove round us its wide and slimy net:
For we shall be happy then, you and I.

G. McCURDY (4LA).

Advanced Senior Students



M. Birch | B. Canaran | S. Hannon | R. McAuley | C. Connolly | P. Taggart | K. Caldwell | G. Lan



G. Doherty | T. O'Prey | M. Tanney | P. O'Flaherty | L. Hood | D. Lavery | S. Alexander | B. O'Co



P. Collins | E. Madden | P. McCann | D. Liddell | B. Devlin | P. Hughes | C. Farnan | D. McQuil



G. Agnew | B. McCullough | J. Hannan | D. Lowther | J. J. Gilmore | P. Rea | J. Boyle | F. Gorma



B. Burke | D. McGrath | R. Haughey | P. McGrath | T. Boden | B. Rooney | P. Collins | N. McKel

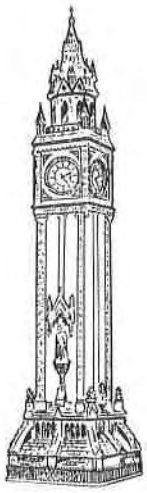


M. Carville | T. McLean | D. McCambridge | B. McGuinness | B. Davey | T. Smith | J. Davidson | C. McMan



B. Rooney | M. Flynn | A. McCrory | S. Gallagher | T. Donnelly

By H. McCALLUM (4SC)

BELFAST  CHARACTERS

MANY a time I've heard old folk talking sympathetically, even wistfully, of certain Belfast characters in their day, when it was a regular occurrence on a Saturday night to see the Black Maria roaming the poorly-lit streets. Many notorious characters used then to be constant visitors to the Police Station in this popular conveyance. Of course at that time the cost of living was much cheaper than now — 4d for a pint, and 9d for a ten-glass bottle of Red Biddy !

One of these characters, living in the vicinity of the Ormeau but sometimes shuffling as far as Cromac Sq., was forever under the influence. Teasing children would receive from him bleary-eyed stares or be entertained by grunts and irrelevant comments. 'Tis said that the police, after his being a guest of Her Majesty some 200 times or more, gave the matter up as hopeless. And so he was allowed the freedom of his various haunts, and was always easily recognisable by the cap which he wore in the Jackie Coogan fashion. Many lamented his passing when he suddenly disappeared from their everyday life.

Another friend of the "bottle" was a stoutish woman from the dock area who could well have made her name at wrestling (or perhaps Judo), for it generally took four strong, tall policemen to put her in the Black Maria when she had quenched her thirst. Often she entertained the passers-by with quaint variations of Moore's Melodies and Negro Spirituals in most endearing fashion. But when the Law laid hands on her she would complain that they were brutes for assaulting a poor defenceless woman. She so often pleaded her cause before a magistrate that many believed that she had only to be put in a car or van and it would automatically head for the Courthouse !

There was also the man who used travel around our main shopping centres imagining he was on a horse,

not a bike. He would ride close to tramcars, complete with stetson, bandana and lariat—and not once touching the handlebars. Yet so skilful was he (in spite of all his fooling) that he never once came to grief, even when crossing the treacherous tramway lines.

Then there was that unforgettable character whose booming v o i c e drowned all other potential preachers when they gathered at the Customs House steps, a favourite haunt of many Belfast people on a Sunday afternoon. No matter what the topic of his sermon was it always seemed to veer round to the fact that all people were doomed to Hell except, of course, himself and those who would support his cause. After a barrage of questions and answers the hat was passed round, and it was generally found at the end of the collection that the hat contained a marvellous variety — consisting of foreign coins, washers and pearly buttons.

It's still true to-day what they used say about Belfast: " There's a comedian in every second house." Look around you and you are bound to notice many characters who by their good-humoured quips, peculiarity of dress or oddness of manner are a source of amusement in this otherwise drab world. My father says there's not the same ' fun ' to-day as of yore but, when I recall my memories to a future generation, I shall certainly disagree.

To Age

When age comes creeping thro' by passing days,
And youth that once was yours has died unseen,
Then will you recollect on bygone years,
And slowly read, and by the firelight dream.

For dreaming is that supplement of youth,
That gift of God that makes the agéd weep
Whene'er they think how once so full of life,
And now too soon dejected, pierced with sleep.

And though they find they have been false love's fool,
These dying candles flicker not unseen,
For in His mighty heart a flame still burns —
The light of love and pleasures which have been.

He loves the sorrows of your changing face,
And when life's tale is carved upon a stone,
Soft perfumed breezes shall uplift your soul,
And joys unknown be yours in His sweet Home.

D. McKEATING (5LB)

By P. McGRORY (3C)

Photography



TO most boys the roll of film which they use in their camera is a mystery. How does the film change into the normal photograph? This question brings to mind a picture of a man working with mysterious chemicals in pitch-black surroundings. Forget it! To the amateur protographer of today the "dark room" is a thing of the past. Yes, having loaded the film into a light-proof developing tank, in a dark cupboard, it is quite possible to process it without using a "blacked-out" room.

So as not to confuse the would-be photographer I will only describe the simplest and most interesting part of photography namely, printing. Printing is changing the negative into the ordinary photo which we all know. A room, in daylight and with the blinds drawn, gives perfect conditions. All you need is two small dishes: one filled with developer, the other with acid fixer; a printing frame, contact paper and, of course, negatives.

You place the negative, glossy side down, in the printing frame and on top of it the contact paper, also glossy side down. You now close the frame and expose it under a light.

After about 10 secs. you place the contact paper in the developer. This is the most interesting moment. The photo slowly begins to take shape.

When the picture is clear you take the print and place it in the fixer for 20 mins.

After this, it is washed and dried, and so you obtain the finished product.

There are several printing kits on the market. They are cheap and easy to handle, and they give a good basis for the very enjoyable hobby of photography. Don't just "take" photographs, develop them, too!

Rev. Br. T. B. MURRAY

1877  1961

IT is with deep regret that we record the passing of yet another erstwhile member of St. Mary's staff.

Rev. Br. Murray came to Belfast early in the century and was appointed to the staff of St. Patrick's, Donegall Street, where he laboured vigorously and efficaciously for many years. He was later transferred to St. Mary's and was Headmaster here from 1933 to 1939. Most of his active career, therefore, was spent in the northern capital, with the exception of some years spent in Dublin and Newfoundland.

Very few of the present generation at St. Mary's, either of the teachers or the pupils, will have known Br. Murray for it is now more than twenty years since he terminated his long years of devoted service here.

Perhaps his memory will be cherished most by those whom he trained on the games' field. He was one of the founders of the Schools' League some forty years ago and continued to be actively interested in its progress even after he was changed from Belfast.

Others will remember his vigilant eye when he was responsible for order and discipline in the wings at the Ulster Hall in the days of the Annual School Concert. He did not tolerate any levity or nonsense, and there were no hitches.

Early issues of the Simmarian used to contain wise-cracks and humorous verse referring to the treatment he meted out to late-comers when he was Headmaster here. Very few ever succeeded in eluding his watchful eye after the nine o'clock bell had gone

But his strictness and his summary methods only succeeded in endearing him to those who earned his momentary displeasure. His other splendid traits never failed to evoke affection and high esteem.

Go dtuga Dia suaimhneas síoraí dá anam uasal.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



The Legion of Mary

IT is gratifying to record that the appeal for an increase in membership made in these columns last year was answered. During the past year the Praesidium had an average membership of 20. The regular attendance of the members at their weekly meetings, even during vacation time, augurs well for their spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice.

During the year we lost the services of our President, Mr. Peter Murphy, who had served in that office for the statutory period of six years. To Mr. Murphy the school praesidium owes a great debt of gratitude. The members of the Praesidium presented him with a spiritual bouquet, tastefully illuminated by Tony Whitehead, to mark their appreciation of his services. His place as President was taken by Mr. Michael Price, a former pupil of St. Mary's, and under his presidency there is every sign that the fine tradition already set up will be maintained.

The work done continues to be of the same nature as before. Our members help in the Morning Star Hostel, Dover St., on several days of the week. Members have also sponsored successfully a campaign for selling C.T.S. booklets in the school. They have also from time to time worked in company with Senior Legionaries on the book barrows in various city centres. Visitation of sick children in hospital has also formed part of their work and some members under the guidance of the President have engaged in work for the extension of the Legion among the young people of the city. The services of members were much in demand as chairmen of Junior Patrician Groups during the past year.

Both the President and the Vice-President were engaged abroad upon the Holiday Apostolate of the Legion — the former in Paisley (Scotland) and the latter in London. Both gave inspiring accounts of the work accomplished by the Legion in the centres in which they were engaged.

Our gratitude is owed and is hereby rendered to the school Principal, Rev. Bro. Magee, who met a share of the expenses of the annual outing in May and to Rev. Br. Connolly and the Brothers of the Armagh community who did so much to make that day enjoyable.

May we again appeal for new members to join during the current year. Losses in a school praesidium are in the natural order of things as senior students come to the end of their schooldays. Their places must be supplied by new members if the good work is to be continued and extended.

OFFICERS 1960-61

President: Mr. Michael Price.
Vice-President: Mr. Liam Conlon.
Spiritual Director: Rev. Bro. Glespen.
Secretary: Gerard Patton.
Treasurer: Martin O'Callaghan.

Ógra Éireann

Tionólaḋ an ċéaḋ ċruinniú den Ógra ar an 22ú lá de Mí Meán Fómair agus ioṁlán sin agus an 13ú lá de Mí Aibreáin bí cruinniú seaċtaimiúil ann. Ṫaċ Oċar-ḋaoin ar 5-30 a bí na cruinniċe seo agus ṁair siaḋ go ḋtí 7-30. Naonúr is trí scór an meán-tinnreaṁ. Ag na cruinniċe seo rinne na baill cleaċtaḋ ceoil, cleaċ-taḋ léiġeonreaċta, ġramaḋaċ agus ṫnáċ-comrá.

Siamsaí

Reaċtáileaḋ cúiġ siamsa ṁóra faoi stiúiriú an Ċoiste Cuiḋiġe. Bí sċaipte mór i gcónaí san Aro-Scoil do na siamsaí sin agus ní raiḃ aon duine naċ raiḃ á moladh. Bí ceann ar leiṫ ann d'fonn cuiṁ airgid a ṫabairt d' Aisteoirí Ṫaoċ Dobair agus rinneaḋ £37 de ḃrabaċ as. Don ċéaḋ uair bí siamsa ar leiṫ ag an Ógra ar lá na féile Pádraiġ agus bí sċaipte mór daoine cluiteaċa de Ṫaeil Cúiġe Uladh cruinn san Aro-Scoil an oíċe sin le Corn Ṫeilinn a ṗronnaḋ ar Ċamonn Ó Ruairc, scolaire de ċuid Scoil Muire agus ball d' Ógra Éireann ċom maiṫ. Ṗronn an tAṫair Seosaṁ Maguiḋir an corn ar Ċamonn Óir ag uċt an sraiṫ-ċomórtas aisti i "An t-Ultaċ" a ḋaint.

Féasta na Nollaġ

Mar ḃa ġnáċ bí Féasta na Nollaġ ann oíreaċ roiṁ an Nollaiġ aċ ní raiḃ fleaḋ ċom mór ná ċom maiṫ ag an Ógra roiṁe seo. Bí deiċniúr is trí scór i láṫair. Orṫu sin bí daoine pásta ón Ċoiste Ceantair. Bí an féasta ṫar a ḃeiṫ maiṫ agus flúirseaċ. Bí ceol agaiṁ ansin — có-ċeol agus ceol aonair agus ioṁ-ṁa haiṁráin bí cúrsa ḋaṁsa ann agus ġaċ cineál cuideaċta agus cluiċí. Cuireaḋ cúig ar an oíċe le aṁráin na Nollaġ agus Aṁráin na Laoċ a ċuir críoċ léi.

An Ḃailiúċán Náisiúnta

An Domnaċ roiṁ lá na féile Pádraiġ bí cluiċe i bPáirc Ruaiḋrí Mic Easmuinn agus d'iarr Conraḋ na Gaeilge ar an Ógra ḃailiúċán a ċóṁáil aige. Bí cúigear

déag ag bailiú agus tógaḋ cart faoi cúig punt déag. An tseaċtain ina ḋiaiḋ sin rinne na baill uilig an bailiúċán i bparóiste Naoṁ Muire — na ciċe agus na siopaí Dé hAoine agus Dé Sathairn agus teaċ an pobail Dé Domnaiġ. Tógaḋ níos mó airgid sa paróiste seo i mbliana ná mar tógaḋ riaṁ roṁe.

Sa Ġaeltaċt

Ċáiniġ an t-earraċ agus seaċtain na Cáseċa. Dé Sathairn d'imiġ na baill go léir go dtí an Ġaeltaċt — cuid acu go Ġaoṫ Doḃair agus an ċuid eile go Rann na Feirste. Seaċtain a bí inti, is dóiġ liom, a mairfeas a ċoiċe i gcuṁṁe na mball, nó, seaċas an ġnáṫ-ċuideaċta agus an pléisiúr a bíos le páirt sa Ġaeltaċt, bí seaċtain ċar barr agaiṁ i dteaċa le Ġaeilge agus Ġaelaċas de. Bí oíċeanna comrá, ċluiċí agus ceoil agaiṁ tiġ Aindí agus Dé hAoine bí pleaḋ mór agaiṁ a raiḃ ceol agus comrá seálṫaí agus greann ann.

Aċ ġan aṁras ġan áiḃéil ḃa iad oíċe Céaḋaoine agus oíċe Déaḋaoin an dá oíċe aḋ fearr a bí agaiṁ. Tráṫnóna Céaḋaoine ṫáiniġ an scaipte aniar as Rann na Feirste agus bí céilí ar dóiġ agaiṁ i Halla na Maċairí. Oíċe breá śultṁar ioṁ ċeol agus ḋaṁsa a bí inti.

Díospóireaċt

Bí scaipte Rann na Feirste aniar aris an lá ḋár ġcionn agus bí díospóireaċt mór agaiṁ tiġ Aindí. Is é rún a pléaḋ ná: "Cad é a ċiocfaḋ liomsa a ḋéanaṁ ar son ġluaiseaċt na Gaeilge." Dúġ Éamonn Ó Ruairc léaċt uaiḋ an céad uair agus ba iad na príoṁ-ċuairmí a bí aige ná naċ raiḃ an Club Leabar ábálta go leor leabar a ċur ar páil do luċt foġlama na Gaeilge, go raiḃ easpa eagraíoċta agus bolscaireaċta i gConraḋ na Gaeilge, naċ raiḃ craoḃaċa an Ċonarta láiṫir go leor agus go raiḃ ré an tsean-nóis ċart. Ślac cuid mór de na baill páirt sa ċaint.

Ag deireaḋ na díospóireaċta ḋúġ Sean Uasal Ó Labra léaċt uaiḋ a ḋúġ uċtaċ agus an-ċuid eolais dúinn — eolas a raċaḋ ċun tairbe dúinn agus muid ar tí an scoil a fáġáil agus ġaḃáil i gceann oibre i nGluaiseaċt na Gaeilge.

Aisteoirí Ġaoṫ Doḃair

I noiaiḋ na díospóireaċta ḃaim ġaċ duine na bonnaí as go Halla na Maċairí áit ar léiriġ Aisteoirí Ġaoṫ Doḃair sárḋráma dúinn darḃ ainm "An Páistín Fionn." Léiriġ na haisteoirí óga "An Díleaċta."

Ag deireaḋ an ċláir ġaiḃ Peadar Mac Muiris, rúnaí an Óġra buíoċas leis na hAisteoirí. Mol sé iad as an obair a bí á déanaṁ acu ar son na teanga agus an dea-ṡampla a bí siad a ṫabairt don ċuid eile den tír. Ṫagair sé don éaċt oibre a bí déanta acu i dtógáil na hAṁarclainne. Rinne sé comġáireaċas leo agus ar son Óġra Éireann ṫug sé sinteanas don Rúnaí, Áine Nic Giolla Ḃríde.

Buíoċas

Labair Áine ansin agus dúirt: "A Peadair, is a ċairde go léir, níl a fios agam cad é mar ċuirfiḋ mé mo ċuid focal go beaċt le buíoċas a ċur in iúl d 'Óġra Éireann. Tim ar an ċuṁaḋ litreaċ seo go bfuil seaċt bpúnt is tríoċa ann. Anuraiḋ ṫug Óġra Éireann trí punta is tríoċa dúinn. Agus an ḃliain roṁe sin ṫug siad tríoċa punt. Sin iomlán céad punt. Iomlán céad punt ó Óġra Éireann. Anois, níl feiṁ agamsa Óġra Éireann a ṁoladh nó moladh an beart seo a rinne siad féin iad féin. Céad punt a ṫabairt do Ċiste na hAṁarclainne — taispeánann sé an ponn atá ortu cuiḋiú a ṫabairt dá dteanga agus dá dtír ḋúċais. Taispeánann sé an oiliúint a fuair siad agus atá á páil acu ó na Dráiḃre — na Dráiḃre a bí i gcónaí ar ṫús an ċláir agus a bí díliś don teanga agus d'Éirinn.

'Sé an rud is lú a ṫig linn-ne, Aisteoirí Ġaoṫ Doḃair a déanaṁ comarṫa aiṫeantais a ṫabairt d' Óġra Éireann san Aṁarclann, sé sin, rud ar biṫ a ṫoġann siad féin, gléas nó cóiriú nó ball éiġin san Aṁarclann a beiṫ in ainm Óġra Éireann.

Táiniḋ iontaċ bróṫúil go bfuil siadsan ar ár ġcúl. Tuigim ġur ó siamsaí i mDéal Feirste a ṫóg siad an t-airgead ó am go ham — siamsaí ag a raiḃ a ġcáirde agus a dtuismiṫeoirí a' preasṫal orṫu. Taispéanann sin an ceangal atá agus ba ċeart a beiṫ, idir Béal Feirste agus Gaeltaċt Tír Conaill.

Cáimiú iontaċ bróduil as gurb iadsan an scoil nó an cumann is airde a díol isteaċ i gCiste na hAiṁarclainne. Tá lúċáir oraṁa gur ċoṫ siad muiṁe — na hAisteoirí — agus an obair atá muid a' déanaṁ, le cuiṁiú linn. Spreagann sé muid ċun tosaiġ le obair níos mó a déanaṁ.

Tá lúċáir oraṁa i gcónaí páilte a ċur roṁ Óġra Éireann agus ar noóiġ roiṁ páirce uiliġ na Gaeilge go Gaeltaċt Tír Conaill anseo i nGaoṫ Dobair nó go Rann na Feirste sna Rosaiḃ. Deanaċt Dé oraiḃ uiliġ."

Ina diaiḋ sin cáimiġ na hAisteoirí isteaċ tiġ Aintí agus bí oíċe ċeoil agus ċuideaċta agaiṁ.

Cumann an Óġra

Bí gaċ duine sásta le hobair na bliana agus bí rud beag cuṁa ar na baill a bí ar tí an scoil a fágail sa tSaṁraḋ ċionn is naċ dtiocfaḋ leo beiṫ páirteaċ in Óġra Éireann sa bliain úr. Aċ moċaíoḋ monabar go bpéadpaí Cumann an Óġra a bunú agus i rit na laeċe saoire bí caint agus carnaḋ faoin ċeist. Anois díreaċ tá bliain eile den Óġra tosaiċe agus rud a ċuireas lúċáir orm a rá tá Cumann an Óġra bunaiċe. San am i láṫair tá níos mó ná scór ball ann. Táṫar ag dúil leis sna blianta atá roṁainn go méadóiḋ ar na huiṁreaċa de réir mar atá baill Óġra Éireann an lae inniu ag fágáil na scoile, rud a ċuirpeas le neart Conraḋ na Gaeilge i gceaṫair Béal Feirste.

PEADAR MAC MUIRIS, Rúnaí.

Athletics

THE wretched weather which persisted right through the athletic season bedevilled our efforts to arouse much enthusiasm for outdoor sports this year. Nevertheless, there were some hardy spirits among both coaches and boys who braved the elements and worked enthusiastically in preparation for Sports' Day and for the Inter C. B. Schools' Athletic Competitions.

Once again the Celtic Park Committee very kindly made their beautiful grounds available for our School Sports which we held on the morning of Saturday, 20th May. Luckily the weather was ideal for the occasion.

In the Junior (under 14) Section, Michael Reid had the distinction of winning three events — the 100 yds , 220 yds. and High Jump.

Our most outstanding performer in the Intermediate Section (under 16) was Bryan Murphy. He showed a clean pair of heels to all his rivals in the 100 yds., 220 yds. and Long Jump.

Francis Hanna was the best of the Seniors. He bettered the previous best school performance in the 100 yds. when he clocked the magnificent time of 10.4 secs. He completed the treble by winning the 220 yds. and Discus.

There were many other good performances during the meeting and we looked forward to the Inter C.B.S., Competitions, confident that St. Mary's boys would acquit themselves creditably there.

It was fitting that the fixture in this, the Patrician Year, was held in

Armagh. As we have come to expect, the meeting was a highly-organised and very pleasant one, and our sincere thanks go to the Staff of C.B.S., Armagh and to all those who helped to make the day a memorable one.

We were unfortunate in that Michael Reid, who seemed certain of at least a double, became muscle-bound after competing in the High Jump (Junior) and could take no further part in the proceedings. We also had a set-back among the Seniors when Frank Hanna was 'left' by the gun through some unfortunate mis-understanding, in the 100 yds.

However, Bryan Murphy kept St. Mary's colours flying by winning the 100, 220 and Long Jump, and thereby won the Cup for the best Inter. athlete. Were it not for his great achievement we would have returned to Belfast without a major trophy.

It would not be honest to say that we had a highly successful year as regards athletics. While we could with justice advance the arguments that poor weather and lack of training facilities hampered us, nevertheless we must also confess to a certain lack of interest and effort without which success will not come our way.

However, let us look forward confidently to next May when, we hope, St. Mary's boys will prove themselves equal to the best as they have so often done in the past.

In conclusion, we thank all the teachers of the school who took such a great interest in our athletic activities. We also say a special 'Go raib maith agaibh' to the G.A.A. Committee of Casement Park who so generously gave us training facilities in their grounds.

Lucht an Fhainne



Swimming and Water Polo

THE school's Water Polo team surpassed its previous limits last year. It retained the Ulster Schools' League Championship — thus winning it for the 18th time in the 19 years that the league has existed; and it also won two 'five-a-side' water polo tournaments, while being runners up in the other three that were held over the year. The team also set up a new goal-scoring record of 124 goals. M. Tierney, last year's captain, set up an individual total of 63 goals — a record that will stand for many years. The school's second team are not to be left out of the limelight, because they finished third in the league which is a record achievement for a 'second' team. I say that the first team retained the league but it was the closest competition in the past few years. Our nearest rivals, ' Inst,' gave us a tough time when we played them first time round. Within two minutes of the starting of the game they were two goals in the lead. We fought back and eventually scored. The teams changed ends with the score still 2—1 in favour of ' Inst.' There was a fierce struggle in the second half and ' Inst ' were rather unlucky to lose by 3 goals to 2.

Credit for the teams' achievements must go to Mr. J. Lally, while not forgetting Br. L. B. Murphy who put St. Mary's Water Polo where it is today. The school, and also the Schools' League, owes him a tremendous deal for the amount of work he devoted to them. This year, as always, there is one person who has improved immensely during the year. He is P. McGoldrick, from whom we expect to see great things in the future. The team last year was:—J. McAllister, M. Gallagher, G. Lambe, M. Tierney (capt.), E. McPeake and P. McGoldrick.

SWIMMING

As in previous years we were not as successful in our swimming activities as we were in Water Polo events. We were second to ' Inst ' in the Ulster Schools' Squadron Race, and second to them again at Bangor Grammar School's Gala. The under 16 team won the squadron race at this gala and it was also successful at the Royal Life-Saving Gala.

During the year M. Tierney and G. Lambe had the honour of playing for Ulster in the Inter-Provincial Water Polo.

G. LAMBE (6SA)

Chess

LAST year, after a number of false starts, a School Chess Club was formed, and moved into a room generously provided by the C.B.P.U.

soon each had his own equipment and business got under way.

During the Christmas holidays roughly a dozen boys entered the Schoolboys' Championship but, except for G. McCurdy and G. McAleavy in the Junior event, they were outclassed due to lack of experience. McCurdy did well to reach the quarter-final in a field of over sixty competitors, before losing to the eventual winner. It is pleasing to record that in the first year of our existence the school was represented in the Irish Championship, held in Dublin, and in the International matches against the home countries, held in Glasgow.

Early this year we beat Belfast High School 4—2 but lost to Methodist College $1\frac{1}{2}$—$4\frac{1}{2}$. In addition, we took on St. Paul's C.Y.M.S. (2nd team), one of the strongest in Belfast's 2nd Division, and beat them 4—2. This was a totally unexpected result, due mainly to G. McAleavy and T. McMullan fighting back strongly from bad positions. These results encouraged us to enter Belfast Schools' League and, thus far, we have defeated Annadale G.S. 4—2. With the added strength supplied by M. Tanney and D. Haughey lower down in the playing order we may well shake some of the more fancied teams.

Finally, we would like to thank the C.B.P.P.U. for lending us a room, and we hope that they can see their way in extending to us the same generosity this season.

H. McGRILLEN (5SA)

An Cumann Díospóireachta

Bliain rathúil a bí ann don chumann. Taispeánamar go bpuil caighdeán Gaeilge na scoile ar chomhchéim leis an chaighdeán in aon scoil eile sa Tuaisceart — nó sa Deisceart.

Glacamar páirt sa chomórtas díospóireachta a bí á reachtáil ag Gael-Linn ag tús na bliana seo.

Dámeamar an chéad dabhta agus sinn i gcoinne cailíní Naoin Dominic agus cailíní Rath Mór. Ceathrar a bí ar an foireann s'againne: Peadar Mac Muiris, Pearghus Mac Maoláin, Éamonn Ó Ruairc agus mé féin. Is é an t-ábhar a bí á plé ná: "An fearrde Éire an Chinéideach a theith ina Uachtarán ar na Stáit Aontaithe. Dáin Éamonn Ó Ruairc an buais don chainteoir ab fearr.

Ansin, chuamar ar aghaidh go dtí an dara dabhta a bí ar siúl in Aird-Scoil an Chlochair, Baile na hInse, agus bí an lá linn arís. Ba é ábhar na díospóireachta ná: "An raibh an cheart ag Éirinn cuidiú míleata a chur go dtí an Congo." Díospóireacht taithneamhach bhríomhar a bí inti.

Ghuaiseamar linn go caithréimeach go dtí an chéad iomaidh eile — Clochar Líreto, An Omaigh. Seasaigh muid an póg go crógach calma ach ba é nach raibh mórán eadraimh buaidh oráimh ag cailíní Chlochar Loreto, Leitir Ceanainn sa díospóireacht: "An ceart smacht níos fearr a chur ar aos óg an lae inniú." Ba beag nach raibh Craobh Mhaidh linn ach, mar adeirtear "Deireadh lá eile ag an bhFaoradh."

Caitheamh buíochas a ghabháil le gach duine a ghlac páirt sna díospóireachtaí sin agus go háirithe leis an Dr. Ó Murchú agus leis an Dr. Ó Deaglaoich a bí réidh i dtólamh le cuidiú a thabhairt dúinn. Táimid thar a bheith buíoch posta do na mná rialta sna trí chlochar a bí com pial páirteach sin.

Tá súil againn uilig go mbeidh an Cumann com breá bhríomhar an bliain seo chugainn agus a bí sé anuraidh. Má bíonn, cá bhfios ná go dtiocfaidh linn Craobh na hÉireann a bhaint.

Seamus Ó Dochartaigh (6L)

Hurling

SENIOR HURLING

THE Senior Hurling team did well in its opening rounds. Our first win was obtained at the expense of St. Malachy's on an 8 points' margin. It was with some trepidation that our boys set out for Omeath to take on the reigning champions in their home ground. Exchanges in the first half were keen and exciting and a point lead gave us little cause for rejoicing at the interval. However, in the second half our boys rose to the occasion in fine style and finished deserving winners by a 9 points' margin. It was therefore with some confidence that we faced our old rivals St. Mac Nissi's in the final at Casement Park. Here again disappointment lay in store for us. Our team gave as good as they got in all sectors of the field but our inside forwards had an off day. The last ten minutes of the game featured an almost incredible series of misses by St. Mary's forwards which nullified the work of our outfield players. The final whistle found us trailing behind with a score of 1 goal 4 points to our opponents' 3 goals 4 points.

Four of our team were selected to play on the Ulster Colleges' Hurling Selection which defeated Franciscan College, Gormanstown in May. They were J. McCloskey, P. Rice, A. Daly and B. Devlin. In addition to the above St. Mary's was well served by the following: D. Sharkey, J. Owens, T. Donnelly, T. McGoldrick, P. Morris G. Keegan, S. Maguire, P. Downey, G. Dempsey, L. Murphy, D. McManus, B. McBride, H. Rice, J. Cochrane, B. O'Reilly and C. Connolly.

A. DALY (6SA)

ULSTER COLLEGES' JUNIOR HURLING 1960-61

IN this year's competition we got off to a good start in defence of our title by beating St. Patrick's, Dungannon by 10-6 to 3-3 in Casement Park. This win gave us confidence for our trip to Garron Tower to play St. Mac Nissi's. But, on a wind-swept Garron Tower pitch a very fast home home team easily defeated us.

We had some consolation, however, from the fact that eight of our players can play in this competition next year

In the final, Garron Tower defeated Omeath at Casement Park.

St. Mary's team was selected from: C. McGrady, T. Donnelly, Bernard Devlin, Brendan Devlin, J. Feeney, T. Lindsay, S. Ferrie, B. McGarry, O. Kelly, G. Mooney, M. Vallelly, J. McCallin, E. Hamill, H. Rice, P. McMahon, J. Lavery, J. Reid and S. Cullen.

T. DONNELLY (6L)

UNDER 15 HURLING CHAMPIONSHIP

OUR first match in this competition was against St. Thomas' in the Falls Park. They were, on the whole,



Combined Football and Hurling Teams — (under 15)

a bigger and stronger side, though in previous tournaments we had managed to better them. The field was muddy, and at half time there was a two point lead in our favour. The match was fairly even, and we held our hard-worked lead to the end.

The result was: St. Mary's 2 goals 4 points; St. Thomas' 2 goals 1 point.

Early in the following year we met Hardinge Street at Corrigan Park. Our team was little changed but due to plenty of practice we had gained much experience. We were in a conquering mood that day and, playing above usual form, we easily beat our opponents.

However, the return match with Hardinge Street proved a vastly different matter. Full of zeal and confidence we thought we would easily beat them. After ' level pegging ' we had secured a slight lead by half-time. The game went in our favour until the last quarter. Putting on immense pressure Hardinge Street closed the gap. Our hopes of victory were now almost diminished as they scored point after point. At last the long-awaited final whistle blew and we were victors by 4 goals 3 points to 3 goals 5 points.

Weeks later we met our greatest rivals, St. Thomas', in the final. Our chances, so they thought, were fifty-fifty. Due to our great defence and persistent forwards we rapidly drew away. At the break the score was 3 goals 1 point to 1 goal 1 point. But, as in our previous match, our opponents came fighting back. Their scores came freely entering the last stages. Our hopes of a medal got

dimmer. And at last the game ended with a point deciding the winners who were, luckily, St. Mary's. And so we won the Under 15 Championship.

The St. Mary's team was as follows: B. Devlin, J. McGinnity, E. Hamill, P. McAnally, P. Burns, J. McCallion, H. Trainor, O. Kelly, B. McGlone, B. Thomas, P. McMahon, M. McCormack, M. Corscadden, G. Dalton, L. Watson, M. McHugh, O. Frawley.

The Volunteer Cup

After getting off to a brilliant start in our last Championship, we expected to fare pretty well in the Volunteer Cup. It consisted of teams from all over Antrim. The first match was against St. Malachy's at their own grounds. We had a new captain, H. Rice, and a few new discoveries. This was a "knock-out" competition. From previous performances St. Malachy's were not a great team.

The going was extremely tough, but we led most of the match. In the second half the tide turned and we were on the defensive. Our opponents in the end defeated us by 5 goals 6 pts. to 4 goals 4 points. We regretted losing this match but are determined to do better in the coming year.

P. McMAHON (4SA)

UNDER 14 HURLING CHAMPIONSHIP

OUR first match in this competition was played against the Holy Child school in McRory Park. In this match we definitely gave our best display of the year. From the throw-in till the final whistle, the Holy Child team found themselves in trouble. The final score was 9 goals 3 points to 1 goal 1 point. Among the scorers were W. Hodgkinson, T. McGlone, M. Corscadden and T. Doherty.

Our next match, against St. Finian's, was not easily won. After a first half on a good pitch in McRory Park and with the disadvantage of being a man short we were losing by a goal. With a full team we started the second half. Ten minutes from the end, T. Doherty got a goal. Three minutes to go J. Matthews put St. Mary's in the lead, and so we won by the score: St. Mary's 2 goals 2 points; St. Finian's 1 goal 2 points.

In the Semi-Final we played St. Teresa's. We started full of confidence, but by half-time we were leading only by 5 points, and were under pressure from the opposing forwards. But, inspired by the leadership of M. Corscadden, we fought back and slowly drew away from our opponents. We dominated the game towards the end and won by 5 goals 1 point to 2 goals 1 point.

Among the scorers were J. McCormack, P. McMahon and W. Hodgkinson.

In the Final we met Hardinge St. in the Falls Park on a rain-soaked pitch. This turned out to be a slogging match between two teams which were capable of brilliant hurling. In the first-half Hardinge St. had things their own way and were leading by 1 goal at half-time. Only for an outstanding game played by our backs, and L. Dowds our star goalie, the score would have been much more. In the second half, with the advantage of playing down-hill we



League and Championship winners — (under 14)

improved considerably and five minutes from the the end we took the lead. And so we won the Hamill Cup. The scorers in this match were P. McCorry and J. Matthews.

The team was as follows: L. Dowas, S. McQuillan, H. Trainor, R. Skeffington, P. Ward, T. McGlone, T. Kernaghan, M. Corscadden, W. Hodgkinson, J. McCormack, P. McMahon, D. McCorry, T. Doherty, J. Matthews, M. Farnan, P. Gormley, D. Meleady and G. Mallon.

T. DOHERTY and
M. CORSCADDEN (3F)

Football

DR. McLARNON CUP

THIS year's team did reasonably well in the new Senior Football Competition. We started with a hard won victory over St. Malachy's College in the College Grounds on the score 3 goals 4 points to 1 goal 5 points. In the next game we had quite a hard struggle to lower the colours of Armagh C.B.S. in Corrigan Park. Our team emerged victorious on the score 1 goal 5 points to 6 points. Our next outing saw us facing St. Mac Nissi's College in Garron Tower. It was a disastrous day of wind and rain and we



McLarnon Cup and Ranafast team

had to concede victory to the St. Mac Nissi's boys who went on to win their way into the final against St. Michael's, Omeath. St. Mary's was well served throughout the season by the following players: D. Sharkey, J. Owens, G. Teggart, S. Gallagher, J. Keegan, L. Hood, S. Maguire, J. McCloskey, P. Rice, R. Prenter, A. Daly, G. Keegan, T. Donnelly, S. Cochrane, F. Hanna, B. Devlin and P. Catney.

J. McCLOSKEY (6L)

RANAFAST CUP

THE under 16 footballers had a disappointing season. Their first game was against St. Michael's College, Omeath and, despite the advantage of a home venue, they were beaten by a small margin. In our second game against the Abbey C.B.S., Newry, the team flattered only to deceive and an interval lead of 2 points was soon wiped out by the Newry boys who went on to win comfortably. A clash of hurling fixtures later in the Spring necessitated giving St. Patrick's, Armagh a walk-over in the one remaining fixture. St. Mary's team was selected from the following: J. McAllister, T. Boden, G. Teggart, J. Feeney, B. Brennan, L. Hood, B. Murphy, A. Daly, P. Rice, D. Coyle, T. Donnelly, P. Hughes, H. Rice, B. Devlin, K. Caldwell, P. McGrath, E. Murray, J. Lavery, S. Ferrie, J. Gallagher.

G. TEGGART.

UNDER 15 FOOTBALL

Corn na nOg

St. Mary's v. Hardinge St.

PLAYED at Corrigan Park early in the season, this match proved a morale-booster to a down-hearted St.

Mary's team which had suffered several defeats the previous year.

Hardinge St. fielded at full strength, with their usual crowd of supporters, as against our experimental, relatively young team, and our few supporters. The game opened with Hardinge St. going into attack. All through the first half both teams had narrow escapes and the score at half-time read: St. Mary's 3 goals 0 points; Hardinge Street 3 goals 1 point.

However, in the second moiety there was a great change. Our defence and mid-field crumbled under intense pressure and so after a thirty minutes' barrage on our goal the result read: St. Mary's 3 goals 2 points; Hardinge St. 7 goals 3 points.

Schools' League

St. Mary's v. Hardinge St.

Again St. Mary's fielded the same team against a Hardinge St. team which since our last meeting had succeeded in capturing the Corn na nOg trophy. Hardinge St. entered this match with great confidence, but St. Mary's had assured themselves since the last meeting of the teams that they could defeat the invincible Hardinge St.

The game was keenly contested throughout with every one of our players doing his level best, so at half-time we had the edge: 2 goals to 1 goal 2 points. Again in the second half St. Mary's kept up the pace, the result being that on the final whistle we still had held Hardinge St. at bay. Result: St. Mary's 3 goals 0 points; Hardinge St. 2 goals 2 points.

St. Mary's v. St. Gabriel's

St. Mary's continued their winning run with a narrow but convincing win over St. Gabriel's at Falls Park. This match provided few thrills and at half-time the score read: St. Mary's 1 goal 2 points; St. Gabriel's 2 points.

The second half also provided few thrills and St. Mary's added a further 3 goals to their tally as against St Gabriel's 1 goal 1 point.

Result: St. Mary's 4 goals 2 points; St. Gabriel's 1 goal 3 points.

St. Mary's v. St. Thomas'

This match now was the League decider, both teams being undefeated. We met at McRory Park under perfect conditions. The first half of this match was like a League decider, both teams fighting hard for valuable scores. So the half-time score read: St. Mary's 1 goal 1 pt.; St. Thomas's 1 goal 2 pts.

On the resumption St. Thomas' broke away and nothing could have stopped them. They coasted to an easy second-half victory.

Result: St. Mary's 1 goal 5 points; St. Thomas' 4 goals 4 points.

St. Mary's v. Bearnageeha

This was just played to complete fixtures. It was a very interesting game and after a hard sixty minutes Bearnageeha had the edge.

Result: St. Mary's 2 goals 2 points; Bearnageeha 4 goals 3 points.

Team (from): O. Kelly, J. McCallin, E. Hamill, A. O'Prey, B. Bunting, P. Gallagher, P. Burns, P. McAnally, G. Dalton, M. McCormack, K. Brennan, P. Boden, J. McCormick, S. McCafferty, C. McGrath, G. Hadley, J. Matthews, J. McKeown, B. Devlin, D. Glover, S. McQuillan.

O. KELLY (3A)

UNDER 14 FOOTBALL

Beringer Cup

ONE cold March evening after a long winter's rest from football we unearthed our boots and togs and had our first practice. I don't think we were too impressive, judging by the frowns on the faces of some interested teachers. Although we were a smaller team than usual, for St. Mary's, we gave the under-15 team a good match and we were a little hopeful. Our first match in the Beringer Cup was with Bearnageeha in McRory Park. We got off to a good start and soon we were well in the lead. At half-time we felt happy, perhaps too happy. In the second half Bearnageeha found new life and set about narrowing the gap in earnest. Luck was with us, however, and we eventually won by the narrow margin of two points. The final score was St. Mary's 3 goals 2 pts; Bearnageeha 2 goals 3 points.

Our next match was with St. Thomas'. They were a small team, and on a muddy pitch we won fairly easily. St. Thomas' tried hard in the second half but unfortunately for them our backs were in good form that day. We now became more confident and, for a change, we began to ask for more practices! We played St. Gabriel's shortly afterwards in McRory Park. This match was even for a while until we got a few easy goals (easy goals are always welcome!). This match gave us even more confidence. All our forwards scored that day, the final score being St. Mary's 7 goals 6 points; St. Gabriel's 2 goals 5 points.

Next came the final match, which we had to win in order to secure the Beringer Cup. But this match was against Hardinge St., that well-known school of football fanatics. We had played Hardinge St. at McRory Park in the McMahon Cup. It was a sorry match for us as we never got going and soon Hardinge St. had piled on the pressure and won as they pleased. This harsh defeat made the blood within us warm with vengeance and we determined to do a lot better the next time. After a few hard practices we met them in the Falls Park, where we thought the spacious pitch could be at our advantage. This theory proved successful, for after the terrific scoring attempts of Hardinge St. we were still level at half-time, the score being St. Mary's 1 goal; Hardinge St 3 points. This was only because of the fighting persistence in the defence and the forwards' ability to make use of every little opportunity. The second-half was almost a relief for us as we were now playing down the hill. But this disadvantage did not stop Hardinge St. They were quickly in the attack and within minutes of the commencement of the second half they were one point in the lead. But when Hardinge St. followed up this score with an extra two points all our hopes seemed to have disappeared. Finally, with only two minutes to go, our lads' courage and great fighting spirit was amply rewarded by a fine goal. Thus with the score St. Mary's 2 goals 1 pt.; Hardinge St. 6 points, at the final whistle, St. Mary's very deservedly won the Beringer Cup.

We also entered a knock-out competition, but those of us who were doing " Junior " could not play. While we were struggling with Latin verbs (or was it quadratic equations ?) the youngsters were narrowly beaten by St. Teresa's. This goes to show that

Third-year students are needed for victories. Our B-team had a few matches but they were not so lucky. Their opponents were usually too strong. However, we hope to do better next year. G. Hadley, J. Matthews, S .McCafferty and I helped the Belfast Schools' team to beat Dublin in Casement Park last May.

"A" Team: H. Hadley, J. O'Reilly, J. Matthews, J. McCormack, W Hodgkinson, S. McCafferty, L. Dowds, M. McNamee, D. McCurry, S. McQuillan, M. Corscadden, G. Mallon, J. Dolan, H. Trainor, T. Doherty, M. Kelly, J. Graham, T. McGlone, D. Martin.

JOHN McCORMACK (3C)

Colaisti Samhraidh

I rith an tSamhraidh bí am ar póirs ag cuid de muintir Scoil Muire ag freastal ar Choláiste Gaeilge Gaoth Dobhair. Bí dá chúrsa ann — ceann i mí Iúil agus ceann eile i mí Lúnasa. Mair gach cúrsa acu ceithre lá is fiche.

Maidin bhreá a bí ann, an maidin sin. Chuimhníomar le héirle ag Stáisiún Bóthar Eabhraí, agus ar a haon déag a clog d'fágamar slán ag cathair Bhéal Feirste agus d'imigh cun na Gaeltachta. Nuair a chuirling muid den traein i nDoire bí busanna ag fanacht linn lenár dtabhairt go Gaoth Dobhair. I ndiaidh turais mheasartha fada baineamar an ceantar sin amach.

Bí colaiste speisialta do muintir Scoil Muire amháin ar an Dún Beag cionn is go raibh an oiread sin díobh ann — dá chloigeann déag is ceithre scór do thréimse an lúil. D'éigean póirs freastal ar ranganna sa Cholaiste gach lá agus sa tráthnóna bí fuil acu tabhairt na Gaeilge a cleachtadh sna tithe. Sí an rialt is tábhachtaí atá ag an Athair Mac Eiteagáin, uachtarán an cholaiste, ná nach bfuil ceadh ag aon duine Béarla a labhairt i rith an chúrsa agus bí gach duine ag déanamh a seacht noicheall an rialt sin a chomlionadh go beacht.

Bí an cúrsa sa Cholaiste thar a beith suimiúil agus bain gach aon duine taitneamh agus tairbhe as. Bí neart ama sa tráthnóna do chaitheamh aimsire. Lá ar bith a bí maith thug an tAthair Mac Eiteagáin leat lá dúinn le dul chun na trá. Sa póirs seo bí fuil againn sháin a fáil agus do na daoine nach raibh rang acu nó nár thaitin an sháin leo bí cluiche peile ann de ghnáth.

Bí an t-áth ar na daoine ba sine nó fuair siadsan caoi chuirt a thabhairt ar an Amharclann úr atá tógtha ansin ag Aisteoirí Gaoth Dobhair. Bí ceadh acu beith i láthair ag "Féile na n-Óg" agus bain siad suit agus pléisiúr as.

Níor mhothaíomar an t-am ag dul thart go raibh deireadh an chúrsa ann agus go raibh sé in am againn beith ag tabhairt aghaidh ar Bhéal Feirste arís. Diomaite de chúigear againn d'fág an seipte slán ag an Dún Beag ar an 27ú lá de mí Iúil.

Thosaigh an dara cúrsa i Mín an Chladaigh ar an chéad lá Lúnasa. An maidin sin d'imigh an cúigear againn soir go Mín an Chladaigh ar an bus agus caitheamar an lá ag siúl thart agus ag comhrá le seanchairde dár gcuid. Thart faoin chúig a clog tráthnóna chonaiceamar na busanna ag tarraingt orainn le luath an dara cúrsa. Bí áthas orthu uilig an áit a feiceáil agus bí siad cinnte go mbeadh scoth ama acu ag foghlaim leo i rith na trí seachtain go leith a bí rompu.

Seachtar déag as Scoil Muire a bí ag freastal chúrsa Mí Lúnasa agus cionn is go raibh an máistir Mag Fhionnghaile ag teagasc Arodhang agus go raibh sé ag gabháil don chúrsa chéanna agus a rinne sé

ar an Dún Deas, bí bunús muintir Scoil Muire i rang an Máistir Uí Maonaigh, agus ní gá a rá go raibh am ar dóigh acu.

Bí rud amháin ann a caitin go mór le gach duine, i.e., bí céilithe breácha ag na scoláirí san oíche. Ba mhór an trua nach raibh a leithéid ar an Dún Deas ach ní raibh ach buachaillí amháin ag freastal ar an choláiste ansin. Táimid uilig faoi chomaoin mhór ag Máire Ní Dúgáin a bí ag feidhmiú mar bean an tí ag céilithe Mhín an Chladaigh. Bí sí i dtólamh sásta na céimeanna a cheagadh do na daoine nach dtiocfadh leo dainsa a déanamh. Bí na céilithe chart de ghnáth ar leath i ndiaidh an naoi ach bí céilí mór amháin ann cúpla lá sular imíomar chun an baile a mhair go dtí leath i ndiaidh a haon déag.

Ba gairid a bí na laethe saoire ag dul chart agus suas raibh a fios acu bí siad ag deireadh an chúrsa. Chaith a mbunús an lá deireannach ag pacáil agus ag fágáil slán ag na cairde gaelacha a casadh orthu ag an choláiste. Maidin lá ar na márach,

"Nuair a ghluais mise chart le loch Dún Lúiche
Go ciúin sa ghleann 'na tuí,
I mo dhiaidh bí gleantáin ghlas' Gaoth Dobhair
'S is beag nár bhris mo chroí."

BREANDÁN Ó RAGALLAIGH (6L)

Drama

THIS year the dramatic section had the immense satisfaction of achieving what it said it would when it took third place last year in the Shakespeare Cup division of the Belfast Music Festival—it won the Cup. Not alone that, but it took third place as well this year.

The adjudicator, Miss Emilie Lewis of the Old Vic Theatre and Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (London), had high praise for Pat O'Flaherty's "Macbeth" which she described as of considerable dramatic achievement. The team presenting this excerpt from Macbeth were: Pat O'Flaherty (Macbeth), Chris Connolly (Banquo) and Michael Bradshaw (Fleance). She also commented favourably on the excellent costuming.

Good as this Senior team was, it took the Juniors with a very fine presentation of a scene from "The Merchant of Venice" to capture the major honours. Miss Lewis was highly complimentary, indeed effusive, about the team as a whole and said that if she had an OSCAR to present for the finest acting in the whole competition, it would have g o n e to Robert McDermott (2C) for his portrayal of Shylock! Michael McFerran (2C) as the Duke, Michael O'Cleary (2A) as Antonio and Joseph Branagh (2A) as Bassanio were also specially congratulated, particularly for their "beautifully spoken and balanced lines," while Tony Hennessy's "Gratiano" had to be seen to be believed.

Just before end of term, as if to round things off, McFerran and Cleary gained second and third places respectively in the Open Verse-Speaking competitions at Lisburn, with McDermott and Branagh joint fourth. The remainder of the section followed very closely on their leaders. More will be heard from this section next year (D.V.), as the outlook seems very bright indeed.

Debating Society

THE session of 1960-61 was the most successful in the history of the Debating Society. Activity at various levels was the keynote of the year. A number of house debates were held at which a high standard of debate was maintained. Members attended meetings of cultural bodies in other schools and gave interesting accounts of those activities. Our two teams which entered the Q.U.B. Debating Competition acquitted themselves very creditably. Team No. 1, Francis Hanna and Peter Morris, were engaged at Friends' School, Lisburn and then successfully emerged to enter the semi-finals at Newry. Here a better team won.

Team No. 2, Eamonn O'Rourke and Terence McComish, were victorious at R.B.A.I. and went on to the semi-finals at Newtownards. Both teams are to be heartily congratulated on their performances.

Chairman: P. Morris.
Secretary: T. McComish.

Congratulations



ROBERT MacDERMOTT
who was specially commended in the Shakespeare Cup Competition.



DENIS CURRAN (McAleer School)
who won the Ulster Junior Championship.

Congratulations



ROBERT HUGHES
Q.U.B. Open Scholarship. Royal Institute of Chemistry Prize for 1st place in Senior Certificate Chemistry.



EAMONN O'ROURKE
Obtained a State Exhibition in Literature.

—— OTHER AWARDS 1961 ——

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS: 62 Obtained; Names on opposite page, also the following: H. B. BRANNIGAN, P. CARVILL, B. CURRAN, F. J. MACKLE, B. McCOMISH, D. McKEOWN, J. D. McMANUS.

ST. JOSEPH'S TRAINING COLLEGE:
JOSEPH COCHRANE, JAMES COEY, BERNARD KERR, JOHN McCLOSKEY, CHRISTOPHER McGONIGLE, FRANCIS MACKLE, JAMES McMANUS, SEAMUS O'BRIEN, GERARD O'GORMAN, THOMAS O'NEILL, MICHAEL TIERNEY.

SCHOLARSHIP TO THE COLLEGE OF ART, BELFAST:
ANTHONY WHITEHEAD.

JOSEPH DEVLIN SCHOLARSHIPS:
CAOIMHIN MAC SHEAMAIS and GEAROID O DOCHARTAIGH, who obtained highest marks in Junior and Senior Irish respectively.

University Scholarship Qualifiers



EVENTS OF THE YEAR



Right Rev. Monsignor P. J. Mullally presenting awards at the Annual Prizegiving Day.

● In September 1960 the numbers for the Annual Retreat were such that we were forced to send two groups. Accordingly, over 200 boys had the privilege of being three days in Ardglass, under the very excellent guidance of Rev Fr. Connolly, C.SS.R. Despite the many attractions of the new Retreat House on the slopes of Cave Hill those of us who remember Ardglass will feel a certain pang of regret that it is no more, though we know that Fr. Connolly and his devoted priests hope to do even better work in their new surroundings. May God guide them in their undertaking.

● On 21st December we were honoured to have Right Rev. P. J. Mullally, Vicar-General of the diocese, as principal guest at our Prize Day. Monsignor Mullally had some flattering things to say on the level of success as shown by the report of the Headmaster, Rev. Br. Magee, but the Monsignor, speaking to the parents present, was careful to point out that over and above examination passes education in St. Mary's involves " the preparing of your boys for life — the life here and the life hereafter. That must be the purpose of all true education."

In addition to a multi-lingual selection of songs from the school choir, under the able direction of Mr. Tom Cooney, we had four scenes from Macbeth, tellingly produced by Mr. Sean Dynan.

● In January of the present year we had two teams in the Inter-Schools' Debating Competition, sponsored by Queen's Literific Society. Neither was successful, the " B " team succumbing in Newtownards and the " A " team running up against the eventual winners, our local friendly rivals, St. Malachy's, in the Newry heat.

● Vocation Week was held in February as usual, to coincide with the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. The celebrant of the special Mass for guidance was Rev. Fr. Peter McCann who also gave an inspiring talk on choosing one's future way of life. Though the number of Vocations has been very low this year (1 to the Priesthood, 2 to the Brothers) there are, thank God, indications that the position will be much more satisfactory by the end of the school year.

● Eamonn O Ruairc won Corn Theilinn for his discussion of the topic " An Fiú an Ghaeilge d'aithbheochan ? " in a province-wide essay competition sponsored by " An tUltach."

An tAthair Seosamh Mag Uidhir ag pronnadh Chorn Theilinn ar Eamonn Ó Ruairc.





Senior and Junior Drama Groups

Our Gaelic debaters were more successful in the Gael Linn competition in March. We won the Belfast section, beating St. Dominic's and Rathmore; were again successful in the semi-final at Ballynahinch where we met the local Convent and Newry C.B.S., but for the second year running we were beaten in the Final at Omagh by Loreto Convent, Letterkenny. We had the consolation, though, of being runners-up and this was no mean achievement as two of the five finalists were Convent schools from the Republic, viz. the winners and the renowned St. Louis Convent, Monaghan.

Mr. Dynan's dramatic group won the Shakespeare Cup in the Belfast Musical Festival. Special tribute was paid to the excellence of young Robert McDermott's acting.

On Saturday, 20th May, we had the usual exuberant turn-out in Celtic Pk. There were some good performances, but a noteworthy feature of the proceedings was the participants' acceptance of the Olympic tradition that the important thing is the taking part.

120 students spent the month of July in the Gaeltacht. Such gluttons are they for work that some sixty of them had already spent Easter week there. The uninitiated are wondering if indeed it was all work, but then there is an easy way for them to find out !

Another, but smaller group, took the sea air at Boulogne. They are also said to have learned some French.

PRESIDENT of the PAST PUPILS' ASSOCIATION



FRANCIS HANNA, LL.B., M.P.

Pupils of the Irish Christian Brothers are inheritors of a great educational tradition. Christian Brothers' Boys, in the past, have distinguished themselves in every field of intellectual endeavour. Pupils past and present are inspired by a deep and abiding loyalty to the Brothers and their schools. The Past Pupils' Union is a concrete expression of this loyalty, and to the present generation of pupils I extend a cordial invitation to join the Union on leaving school, and to take a full and active part in its life and work.

A Glimpse of the Past



JUNIOR C1 — 1945-1946

Back Row:
H. Connolly, B. McMorrow, (Fr.) N. Conway, J. Maguire, B. McMullan, R. Sharpe, (Fr.) A. Millar.
3rd Row:
(Fr.) M. Marshall, D. Mackle, F. Ward, R. McElhinny, S. Smyth, S. Maguire, R. Melling.
2nd Row:
C. Gallagher, H. Heery, F. Copeland, (Bro.) A. Anglin, Rev. Bro. Magee, E. McConnell, G. McCrory, P. McAlea, G. Glennon.
Front:
P. Cunningham, C. O'Hare, (Fr.) B. Murray, J. McGuinness, H. Morgan, J. Gillen.



JUNIOR C2 — 1945-1946

Back Row: J. Hendron, P. Cassidy, F. Drysdale, (Fr.) J. Stewart, N. Quinn, H. Clerkin, J. McMenamin.
3rd Row: A. Rolands, P. Whitford, M. Wright, D. McCormick, P. Quinn, W. Sharkey.)
2nd Row: J. McGuinness, J. McCann, P. McMahon, F. Brady, J. Beggs, -. McMullan, F. Madden.
Front: J. White, E. Hillan, E. Bradley, (Fr.) C. McDonnell, (Fr.) P. Madden (R.I.P.), J. Curran.

NKOSI SIKELEL' IAFRIKA

by Rev. Bro. H. F. McGreevy



Bro. McGreevy attended St. Mary's 1931-'36 and obtained a State Exhibition in his final year. He is now in Bloemfontein, South Africa. His brother, Rev. Bro. J. B. McGreevy is Superior of Derry C.B.S.

CEASE FIRE IN ALGERIA?
CHAOS IN THE CONGO
SOUTH AFRICA A REPUBLIC
INDEPENDENCE FOR NIGERIA
WIND OF CHANGE IN AFRICA

SUCH are the headlines; yes, Africa is in the news. From the Mediterranean seaboard to the Cape, blows that strong wind of change. The question now is, "Whither Africa?" And what great issues this question implies: can the new African States govern themselves? can they agree among themselves? can the white man help to train and guide the more primitive black? can Africans reach that necessary standard of education? Above all, can Christianity prevail over ancient paganism and modern communism?

Africa is very dear to the Catholic Church: our missionaries — priests, nuns and brothers — are fighting the gentle fight for souls throughout this changing land. From many nations come these brave and dedicated men and women. Our Irish missionaries have been prominent in this spiritual "scramble for Africa": the Irish Christian Brothers have played their part. Their work for Christian Education has been noteworthy in South Africa for more than half a century and has spread to Rhodesia in more recent times.

Catholic education in South Africa has sprung from tiny seeds but has

developed into a great and impressive tree. Early settlers, as you know, were mainly Dutch and predominantly Protestant. In 1837, however, an Irish Dominican, Bishop Griffiths, was appointed Vicar Apostolic of the Cape of Good Hope. The following year, he opened the first Catholic school in Capetown.

The next significant event took place in 1863: Bishop Grimley, who had succeeded Bishop Griffiths, brought a community of Irish Dominican nuns to Capetown. The sisters took over the girls' section of the Catholic school and soon established a boarding school for girls.

You may notice that so far only one town has attracted attention: Capetown, which was traditionally the centre of life in South Africa. However, a new area was soon to attain fame and new towns were soon to spring up and develop with alarming rapidity. What brought about this change ? Diamonds and gold. In 1867 diamonds were discovered near the Orange River and later on near the Vaal. Kimberley became the centre of the diamond trade; there was a rush of new settlers from many lands, drawn hither by the diamond lure. This influx of fortune-hunters became more alarming still when, in 1886, gold was discovered in the Transvaal. A new teeming city grew up at Johannesburg Kimberley, already swollen to a town of 40,000 inhabitants by 1870, now grew into a huge new city. The Catholic poulation grew in proportion and the need for Catholic schools became desperately acute.

Most Rev. Dr. Gaughren, Bishop of the Kimberley Vicariate, therefore decided to seek help from Ireland. His request to the Superior General of the Irish Christian Brothers was granted and in 1897 three Brothers arrived in Kimberley. Da Beers' Mining Co. had provided a plot of ground, and a School Committee had built and furnished a house and school. This school was destined to mean so much, not alone to the Catholic boys of Kimberley but also to those hundreds of boys who come as boarders from areas which have no Catholic secondary schools.

The beginning, however, was modest and the early years were trying. The school opened on 8th September, 1897, with 15 pupils on the roll; by Christmas the number had risen to 54 and a year after reached 100. The ground surrounding the school was, as the chronicler relates, " barren, save for the tangled overgrowth of ' wag 'n bietjie ' thorn bushes, interspersed with large boulders, embedded in the hard, red earth." Yet, from such " tiger country " a playground was laid out, a playground that was to produce the great rugby and athletic teams for which C.B.C. Kimberley is renowned. However, those first students of C.B.C. had other matters to concern them: war broke out between Boers and British in 1899 and Kimberley was besieged. The siege, though trying for the inhabitants, had some compensation for the boys — classes were discontinued, holidays sine die! The relief of Kimberley took place on 15th February, 1900, but the relieving army took over the school and used it as a military hospital until 4th May. The Brothers (zealous as Brothers are wont to be !) started classes in two marquee tents. Principal's comment: " They are most inconvenient for school purposes." Both boys and Brothers were glad to



Rev. Bro. J. P: Dundon conducting an open-air class

move back to the school building on the 7th May, 1900, only three days after its evacuation by the army.

The following year a new wing of six classrooms was begun and the number on roll reached 200. In 1904 provision was made for boarders and the following year the school adopted its famous motto: "Age quod Agis." The years of trial were over: C.B.C. had arrived.

Each year brought further scholastic successes. De Beers' Co. gave bursaries and Max Michaelis instituted a scholarship worth £300 annually. Additional ground was acquired; a chapel and gymnasium were built and a new playing field laid out. In 1928 ambitious plans for a new College Chapel were drawn up by a Dublin architect, and the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. B. J. Gijlswick, O.P., turned the first sod. The building in Romanesque style is considered one of the most beautiful college Chapels in South Africa to-day.

The year 1928 saw another great event in the educational life of Kimberley, namely, the opening of St. Boniface Mission School. The same Br. (Br. J. P. Dundon) has been Principal of this school since its first opening; he has been helped by German Dominican nuns, and more recently by native teachers, many of whom he himself had taught in the early years at St. Boniface's. The Br. Principal is also secretary of a Native Mission Hospital and organises drives to raise funds for food, blankets and equipment.

As you know there is an annual collection for our Mission Schools taken up in all Christian Brothers' Schools. The most generous givers have always been the boys from our American Province. In addition to financial aid, the American Province has sent a Community of Brothers to establish a High School for native boys in Kimberley. This school, established in 1951, has now a community of six Brothers — all young Americans — and provides higher education for more

than two hundred natives. Some past pupils have already obtained degrees in Pius XII University in Rome; one has secured a bursary to study medicine; many have entered teachers' training colleges, and several are trying out vocations to the Priesthood or the Religious life.

I have said so much about Kimberley because the situation there is so ideal: a College of more than 500 pupils for whites, a flourishing mission school and a most promising High School for natives. Don't think, however, that our efforts are confined to the Kimberley area. Our second oldest school in South Africa was not opened until 1922, twenty five years after Kimberley. This was St. Gabriel's C.B.C., Pretoria, now one of the leading schools in the Transvaal. Another twelve years were to elapse before St. Aquin's C.B.C., Boksburg came into existence; to-day its numbers exceed 750. Since then we have opened several new schools in many areas: Capetown, Athlone, Bloemfontein, Bulawayo (Rhodesia). The most recent of our South African schools is at Welkom in the Orange Free State. This new school, in the centre of the new gold fields, has grown rapidly and has already more than 300 on roll. And its Principal, where does he come from ? Why from Belfast, of course ! He is Br. A. P. McDonald, an ex-pupil of St. Mary's, and brother of that well-known Antrim hurler Seamus (" Stout ") McDonald.

I hope, Dear Boys, that I have given you some idea of how we are situated here in South Africa. Sixty-five years ago, three pioneer Brothers from Ireland arrived in Kimberley. To-day we have twelve houses in South Africa and Rhodesia, with a total of 118 Brothers. We have a novitiate (St. Mary's, Stellenbosch, established in 1949) which has already supplied 25 South African Brothers for our schools, and there are almost an equal number in various stages of preparation and training.

And what is our greatest need ? Brothers. More and more Brothers to teach in our existing schools and to establish the new schools we are asked to establish in so many areas. Any volunteers from my old school ? As an old Simmarian I can assure you, you'll be welcome. For Simmarians there will be a special welcome at Welkom.

***Kkosi Sikelel' Iafrika:** God bless Africa or God save Africa.

Name of a lovely hymn which is rapidly becoming accepted as the national anthem of the black people.

We wish to associate ourselves with the widespread sorrow occasioned by the death of Dr. E. F. McEntee. Of an illustrious family, he was a devoted and highly popular man, and was a former President of the Past Pupils' Union.
Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam.

By EAMONN RODGERS



I VISITED AN IRISH UNIVERSITY

[Our star reporter, Hiram K. Humbug, recently visited a famous Northern Ireland University, and brought back some interesting facts about the quaint mediaeval customs that survive back in li'l old Europe. Here, for the first time, is the inside story of Irish academic life].

I'M Hiram Humbug. I work for the PENNSYLVANIA PAROCHIAL. When I walked into our office on E. 42nd St., that Monday morning last fall, and found the editor, the sub-editor, and the other member of the staff in deep deliberation, I guessed something was up. Something was. The editor waved a letter right under my nose.

"Guess what, Hiram! This guy wants us to scoop a story about the kinda Universities they got 'way back across the pond! Get crackin.'"

So I got crackin'; and here I am, right here in li'l ole Belfast. Swell town, Belfast. Not as big as some of the towns we got back home, but it's different, if you get what I mean.

My first job was to find me a University. This was easy. I just picked out the only two decent buildings in town, and it had to be one or the other. It was the other — so the uniformed party in the first one coldly informed me.

When I got to the University, I was impressed by the picturesque mediaeval turrets and the venerable old cloisters. But I was kinda disappointed when I realised that the whole place was built in red brick, and that one part was marked "1955." A little guy with a cap directed me to a place called the Union where, he assured me, I would be certain to find a representative cross-section of the student population.

I slipped into the Union by the back door, and found myself in a large room full of smoke and students. The smoke was hangin' in the air, as if it had nothing better to do, and the students were sittin' round the tables drinkin' coffee. (A lot of them, I suspected, had also nothing in particular to do). I guess it wasn't very good coffee, from the colour of it, but they were drinkin' it anyway. I spotted a tall guy with a beard, a sweater, long hair, and dark glasses (in that order), sittin' by himself at one of the tables. I breezed up to him, and said in my most prepossessin' voice (the one I use for puttin' interviewees at their ease):—

"GOOD mornin'!"

"Umph."

"I represent the PENNSYLVANIA PAROCHIAL, and I'm collectin' data on Irish University life. Any objection to my askin' a few questions?"

"Umph."

"Good. Now, first of all, how long have you bin here?"

"Three weeks, man."

"And what do you plan to do when you graduate?" I asked next.

"Dunno, man."

Not so good, I thought, so I tried him with:

"What do you consider the most important aspects of a University education?"

"Good beer, man, good company, good conversation, good beer, good hops, good beer, good parties and good beer."

I wasn't gettin' anywhere with the long guy, so I decided to try a noo approach. I noticed this very slick, efficient-looking type pullin' up a chair as if he was in a mighty big hurry, so I went over to him and asked if he could spare a minute.

"Awfully sorry, old chap, not just now. Frightfully busy at the moment. Just come from an S.U.S. meeting, and I've got to dash off now to take the chair at a sub-committee meeting. Then on top of that, I'm speaking at the Bletherific tonight, and I'm on the committee of the Radical Club, the Euclid Society, the Drama Group, and the Association of Bagatelle Players."

"Yeah, I see the idea. But I take it you're supposed to be studyin' somethin' or other up here. Suppose you tell me about that?" I said.

"Oh, yes! I'm enrolled for something or other. Expect I'll get round to it some time. Well, must rush off now. 'Bye!"

With that, he swallowed his coffee in two gulps, and disappeared. By this time, I was gettin' kinda discouraged, because so far nobody had told me nothin'. If I didn't get my story sent off soon, the editor was gonna be real mad. Then I saw this little thin guy with a slouch sittin' down at one of the tables. He had dark bags under his eyes so you'd think he'd bin drinkin'. But he couldn't have bin drinkin', he was that pale and all. I went over to him.

"Good mornin', friend! I'm reportin' for the PENNSYLVANIA PAROCHIAL. May I ask you a few questions?"

"Of course," he said, kinda vague like, as if he was thinkin' of other things.

"First of all, what courses are you following?"

"I'm doing Constitutional Law, Criminal Law, and Company Law. Then as well as that I'm taking a part-time course in Economics, an optional course in Psychology, and next year I shall be taking on Ancient History, Philosophy, Astronomy, and Physics."

"I see. That's rather an ambitious programme, if you don't mind my sayin' so. Do you have any other interests?"

"No."

"None at all?"

"No."

"You mean you just study, like?"

"I mean I just study . . er . . like."

I didn't know what to make of that, so I just sat and looked at him, and that's a mighty unusual thing for me, bein' a reporter and all. Then the little guy with the slouch muttered somethin' about gettin' back to work, and went off, kinda sad like, as if his mind was on other things.

The next party I interviewed was a lot more helpful. When I told him about the first three people I'd talked to, he smiled as if he'd heard it all before.

"The first person you met," he said, "was what I should call a pseudo-beatnik, pseudo-intellectual, or perhaps a pseudo culture-vulture. Fortunately, that class is not at all representative of the average, healthy-minded undergraduate. But I'm afraid the great big public mind which, generally speaking, has absolutely no conception of what a University education means, very often tends to fasten on the eccentricities of the minority, and to attribute them to anyone who attends a University. In the second case, you came up against an example of the phenomenon known as the Organisation Man, the chap who is in everything, and who feels that a society is sure to crash unless he gives it as much of his valuable time as he can. Needless to say, he often fails to achieve the very thing he came up here to do, namely to get a degree. This isn't boring you by the way?"

"It sure isn't!" I said, only too glad to find someone who was ready to talk, even if he did sound a bit preachy. "You just keep right on, boy, you're doin' fine!"

"The third person you met represents a class that carries things to the other extreme, a class for whom a University education consists solely in passing exams, and getting a degree. It's not as simple as that, you know. I'm convinced that there are people who come up here, get their degrees, and then leave, without getting a full University education."

He thought for a minute.

"In the same way," he went on, "I suppose it's possible to get at least part of a University education without getting a degree."

"And what," I asked, "constitutes a University education, apart from the

purely academic consideration of getting a degree ? "

" It's hard to sum it up in a few words. Briefly, I'd say it was a general broadening of one's mental attitude to things, a gradual shedding of one's prejudices . . . If you like, a realisation that one doesn't know all the answers, and that the other fellow has a right to his opinion, provided that opinion is held in good faith. Those people I mentioned just now, the ones who get degrees without a full University education . . . the reason why I said that is: I feel that, even though they are academic successes, they have failed to achieve that broadmindedness that should be the mark of anyone who has been to a University."

He paused for a moment.

" Not that I'm in favour of neglecting the academic part of one's University career. It's by far the most important. After all, a fellow has to earn a living. But there are other equally valuable aspects which many people very foolishly ignore."

" Wal, I sure am mighty grateful to you for bein' so helpful."

" Not at all. Sorry if I've sounded pedantic."

" Wal, I guess I'd better be hittin' the trail. Thanks a lot for your help, chum. So long."

I made my way outside. That little pow-wow had put me in such a good mood that I was just bubblin' over with good-will towards everybody — wal, nearly everybody.

" Good mornin', sir ! I'm reportin' for the . . ."

" Go away."

I'm back home now. Swell town, Belfast.



Congratulations to Maurice Clint on obtaining a Foundation Scholarship in Q.U.B.

ESKUAL-HERRI

by
Rev. Fr. J. Amestoy



Father Amestoy, who was born in the Basque country, is a teacher in the French Faculty of St. Mary's for the current year.

SOME time ago, looking round the "Musée de l'Homme" in Paris, I stopped in the Human Races Department and read this assertion about the Basque people: "Of unknown origin." Getting at the truth about that people would appear, in fact, as easy as fitting a square peg into a round hole. What is exactly the matter?

It is to account for the survival, at the Western end of Europe, of this wonderful language, called "Eskuara," that has no connection with any Indo-European language. Of course, during the centuries, the Basque tongue borrowed a number of their words — especially technical ones — from the Romance dialects all around it. But its essential substratum has remained unspoilt. Some people found that it bore a relationship to such varied languages as Japanese, Berber and a few American and Eskimo dialects. But, nowadays, those vocabulary affinities have proved to be disappointing, as they are but external connections.

Anthropologists have concerned themselves with the problem; they put forward a number of hypotheses; but a peculiarity of the triangular facies (a typical feature of the Basques) presents them with some difficulty: that is, the exceptional bulge of their skulls at the temples. So. one can hardly put them among the brachycephalic or the dolichocephalic. At any rate, nobody to-day is willing to support the too peremptory conclusions pretending to assimilate the Basques to the North African white races. On the other hand, the attention of research workers is more and more drawn by the hypothesis of a Basque race being already in formation, during the Ice Age, in the Pyrenees itself. Recent

studies on skeletons found in the caves of the region seem to favour that opinion.

Besides, the present-day biological analyses on blood-groups have led such a great expert as Professor Henri V. Vallois to claim that " the Basques are really a race; they might be the last vestiges of a prehistoric European population, repulsed at this frontier region by the bearers of the Indo-European languages."

LANGUAGE:

They have kept that curious language, called " Eskuara," which appears, like an isolated reef, as an example of those idioms overrun, thousands of years ago, by Indo-European invasions. But it is generally believed that, for the substance of its structure, it is not as old as the race itself: it might have been introduced into the Pyrenees about 4,000 years ago, and be connected with those languages spoken around the Mediterranean world before the coming over of the Indo-Europeans.

" Eskuara " must be hard to kill, having held out against the bad example set, up to a short while ago, by the upper classes who looked upon it as an inferior language. Julien Vinson, an eminent Bascologist, liked in his own humorous way to tell this relevant story: Around 1880, at an evening party in Bayonne (main town of the Basque country), a beribboned gentleman, wrapped up in a consequential air, was talking to a respectable lady:

" So, Madam, you are Basque ? "
" Yes, Sir, my husband's family is one of the first in the country."
" And you speak Basque, I suppose?"
" Oh, Sir, just with the servants."

Happily such a deplorable frame of mind is decidedly dying out; and today Basque is studied in Catholic primary schools, and can be chosen as a subject for the oral part of our examination called " Baccalauréat."

The Basques call themselves " Eskualdun " (i.e. people owning " Eskuara "), and their country " Eskual-Herri " (i.e. country of " Eskuara "). That beautiful, strange and hard-wearing language is said to be most difficult to learn for those who are not born in the country itself. The " Eskualdun " will say that Old Nick himself — familiarly called among us as " Galtcha Gorri " i.e. " Red Stockings " — could not, at the end of seven years' effort, know anything but " bai eta ez," (Yes and No). Even these two words he forgot as soon as he crossed the famous " Holy Spirit Bridge " leading outside Bayonne ! Actually, a number of non-Basque people have been more successful than Satan.

Like Latin, Basque is a language with a declension system, but its advantage is to have just one declension, including a dozen cases, which is applied to substantives and adjectives, and to pronouns and verbs as well. Another valuable simplification: except in some verbal forms, there is no distinction of gender. And suffixes can be added at the end of other suffixes. For example:

" gizon " — man.
" gizon-a " — the man.

" gizon-a-ren " — of the man.
" gizon-a-ren-gatik " — on account of the man.

However, I admit, the verbs can be rather difficult for foreigners.

INDEPENDENT; ADAPTABLE:

Owing, above all, to their language, the Basques have kept their originality and traditions better than any other French province. Spread on both sides of the Pyrenees, " Eskual-Herri " was, however, predestined to be a place for the invaders to make their way through, and so to be subjected to the influences of the Southern and Northern civilisations as well. But, for the Basques, independence is the greatest good. That independence easily puts up with all powers provided that they be far-off, and refrain from intruding themselves too directly into the country's affairs.

Another characteristic of this people is their mistrust of any change, combined with remarkable powers of adaptation, so that they can pick up from the environment just what is needed to keep themselves going, without being overpowered by it.

So, they borrowed a good deal from the Latin civilisation but stood firmly Basque; later in the VIIIth century, they looked at Arabs passing along, and in 778 wiped out the rearguard of Charlemagne's army coming back from Spain, where the Emperor had the walls of Pamplona razed; from which event emanated wonderful legends, and particularly the famous " Chanson De Roland." They rather easily put up with the Anglo-Saxons from 1155 — three years after Henry Plantagenet took in marriage Alienor d' Aquitaine to extend his sway over this country merely according to the feudal laws — to their being " Boutés hors de France " (driven out of France) in the XVth century; in fact, their stay under the British domination looked very much like autonomy.

And it is far from willingly they yielded to the Christian faith and to France. That might be the reason why they now prove earnest Christians, and good French, even though they are conscious of being a different race.

LIVING FAITH:

The Basques are believers indeed. They call God " Jainkoa," or without any contraction " Jaun-goikoa," viz. " The Lord from on high." Their faith is practised in everyday life. They do not say " good morning " in its brief form, but " Jainkoak dizula egun on " " May God give you a good day." The Sign of the Cross is made readily to begin a number of activities, for example, before cutting the first slice out of a loaf of bread; and the first Angelus-bell stroke makes even that most ardent pelota-player stand still to pray.

The Basque churches, in which the women below are separated from the men above in the wooden galleries of two or three floors, reflect the austerity and fervour of the people: though not rich, they always are neat and well kept.

Far from any shortage of vocations, so far, the Basque country supplies the needs of her numerous small parishes, provides her Catholic primary, secondary and higher schools with more than 150 priests as teachers and educators, and even helps French and

African Dioceses or missions by periodical envoys. And their enterprising and bold minds have stirred up many Basque people to leave " Eskual-Herri " as Missionaries. I just remind you of St. Francis Xavier, the brilliant apostle of India and Japan, without forgetting St. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the " Society of Jesus," who both were Basque; as well as the founder of the " Priests of the Sacred Heart " (or Betharramists), Michel Garicoïts. And they have found a great number of zealous successors.

The same zeal appears in the Basque country itself, where people practise their religion " soul and body;" and, as an example of this whole-hearted devotion, the following I select from among many picturesque customs: on the feast of Corpus Christi, in a few villages, is still held a spectacular procession in which a large group of men in costumes gleaming with gold lace, honour the Holy Sacrament by playing bugles and drums, and even dancing like David who " went dancing with all his might, there in the Lord's presence."

TRADITIONAL PASTIMES:

This usage pretty well shows how much the Basques like dancing. Naturally grave, but not dreamy or melancholy, they also know how to be gay according to the circumstances. That they are passionately fond of dancing is a well-known fact from the time of Strabon who, already in the century before Christ, mentioned dances executed by their ancestors. Besides those imported from Spain, as " fandango " and " jota," there are some of them specifically Basque, e.g. " jauziak " (literally " jumps "), which require the dancers to be very nimble and lissom in their red, white and green costumes. The music of the three-holed flute, " chirula " or " txixtu," and the " tambour à cordes " or " ttunttun " accompany them.

That bouncing people have also two other loves: singing and pelota.

In " Eskual-herri " everyone can sing, more or less; but only those who can improvise sung verses in public contests gain some prestige. In those poetic tournaments, in which they meet to support opposing points of view, they are given, without notice,



a subject to debate, e.g. the sailor's life compared with the peasant's, or the respective virtues of pimento and saccharin . . .

The smallest village has its " fronton " in the open air — and some bigger ones, a " trinquet," enclosed by

four walls—in which to play "pilota." The players ("pilotari"), clad in white, strike the small, hard and leather-covered pelota with bare hands or with "chistera," a sort of curved wicker glove fixed to the hand in order to drive the pelota more powerfully against the wall. Needless to say, that requires outstanding athletic qualities, and the great world champions win for themselves the same reputation as the most famous Spanish matadors . . . .

The world changes more and more rapidly. Progress brings improvements and alterations into our ways of life. But I am afraid that, for a long time yet, shall live in this lovely Western end of the Pyrenees the people that have been described as "the bright and gay Basques, nimble-minded and astute, with a pride justified by centuries of courage and independence."

"ESKUALDUNA."

NEWS REPORTS

★ Robert McGoran, C.SS.R. will be ordained D.V., early in 1962.

★ Friar Malachy Donnelly, who worked for the Legion of Mary in Northern Rhodesia, has now made his solemn vows as a member of the Conventual Franciscan Order in the U.S.A.

★ In St. Patrick's, one of our Dublin communities, there are four young Brothers who are past pupils of St. Mary's.

★ Mr. Tom Honey has generously agreed to spend some time in Brazil, as Legion Envoy. May his labours be fruitful.

★ Dr. B. J. O'Gorman of the C.B.P.P.U. Camera Club won the final of the U.T.V. photographic competition.

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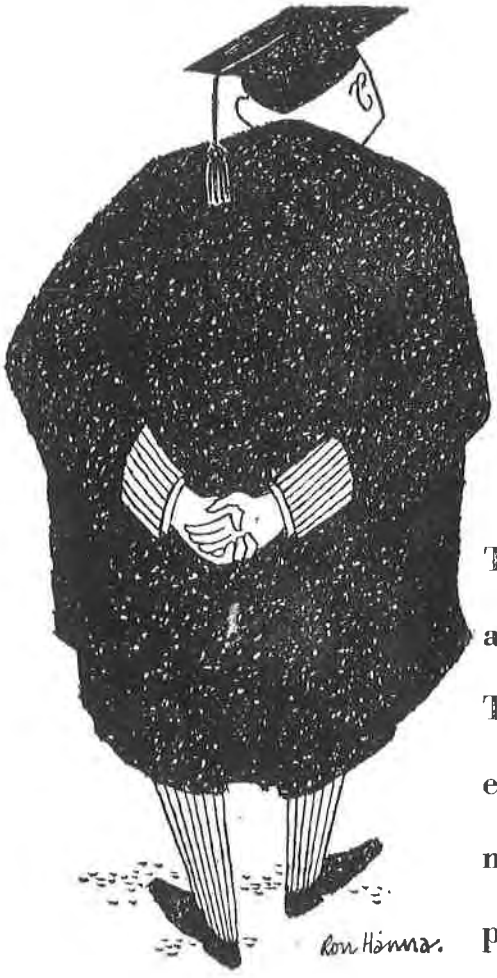
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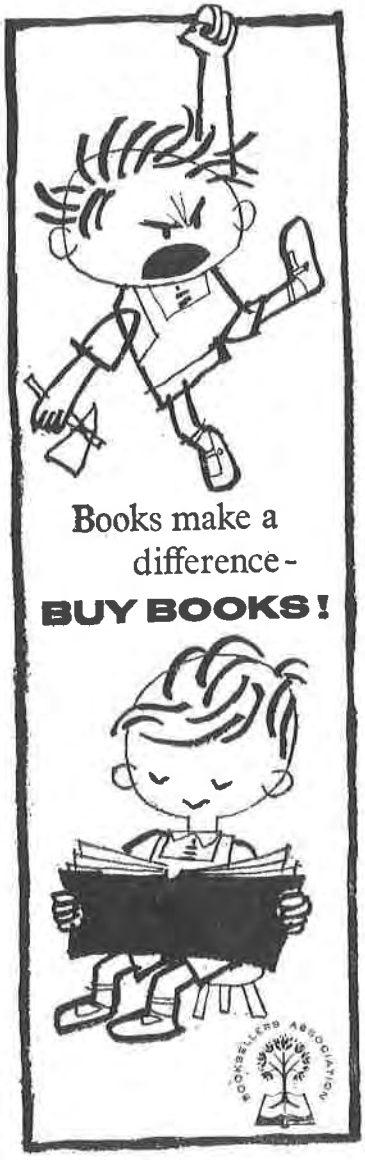
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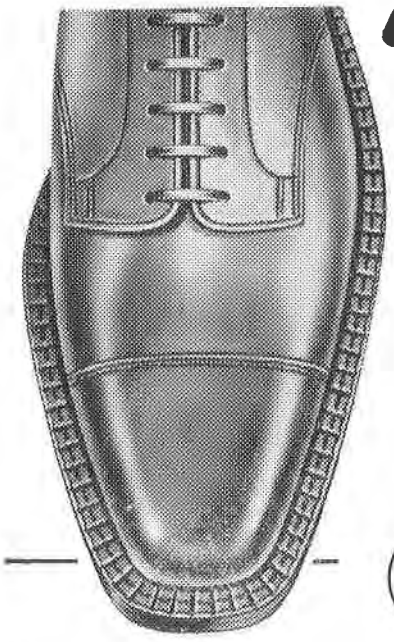
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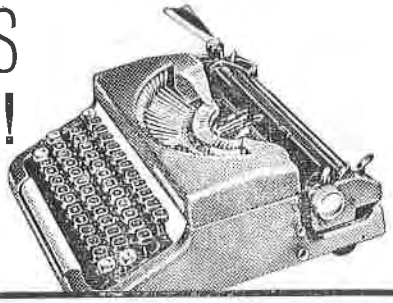
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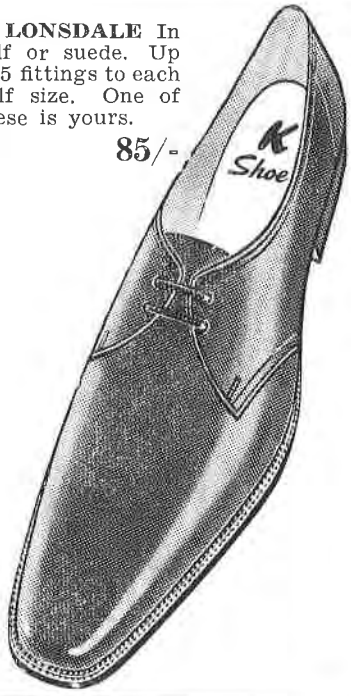


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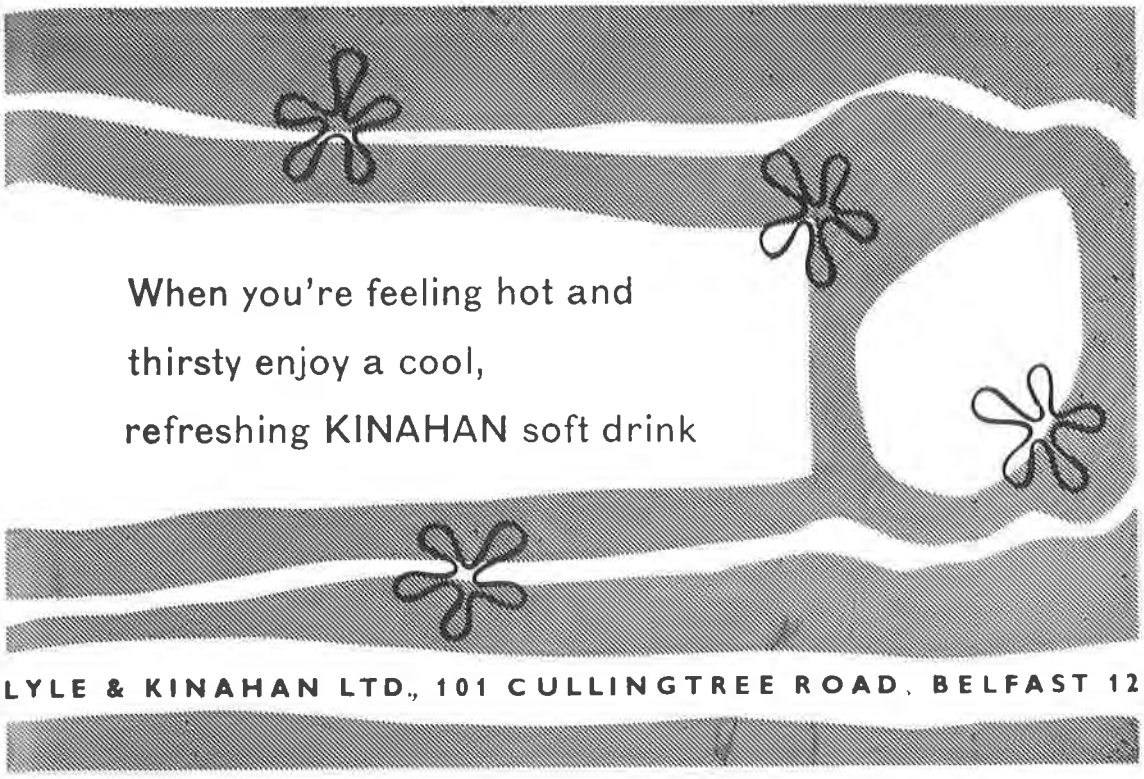
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