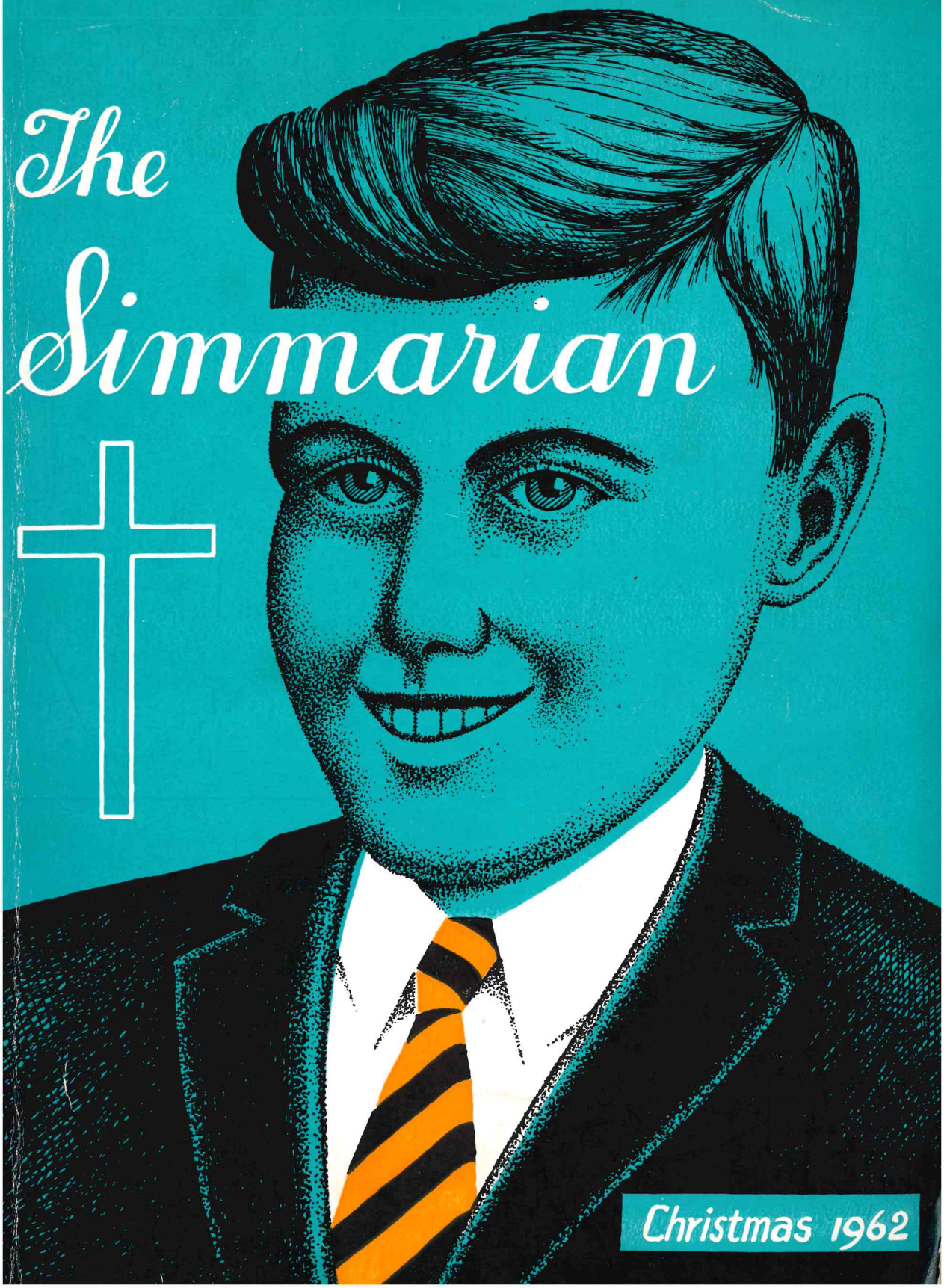
The Simmarian



Christmas 1962

THE SIMMARIAN

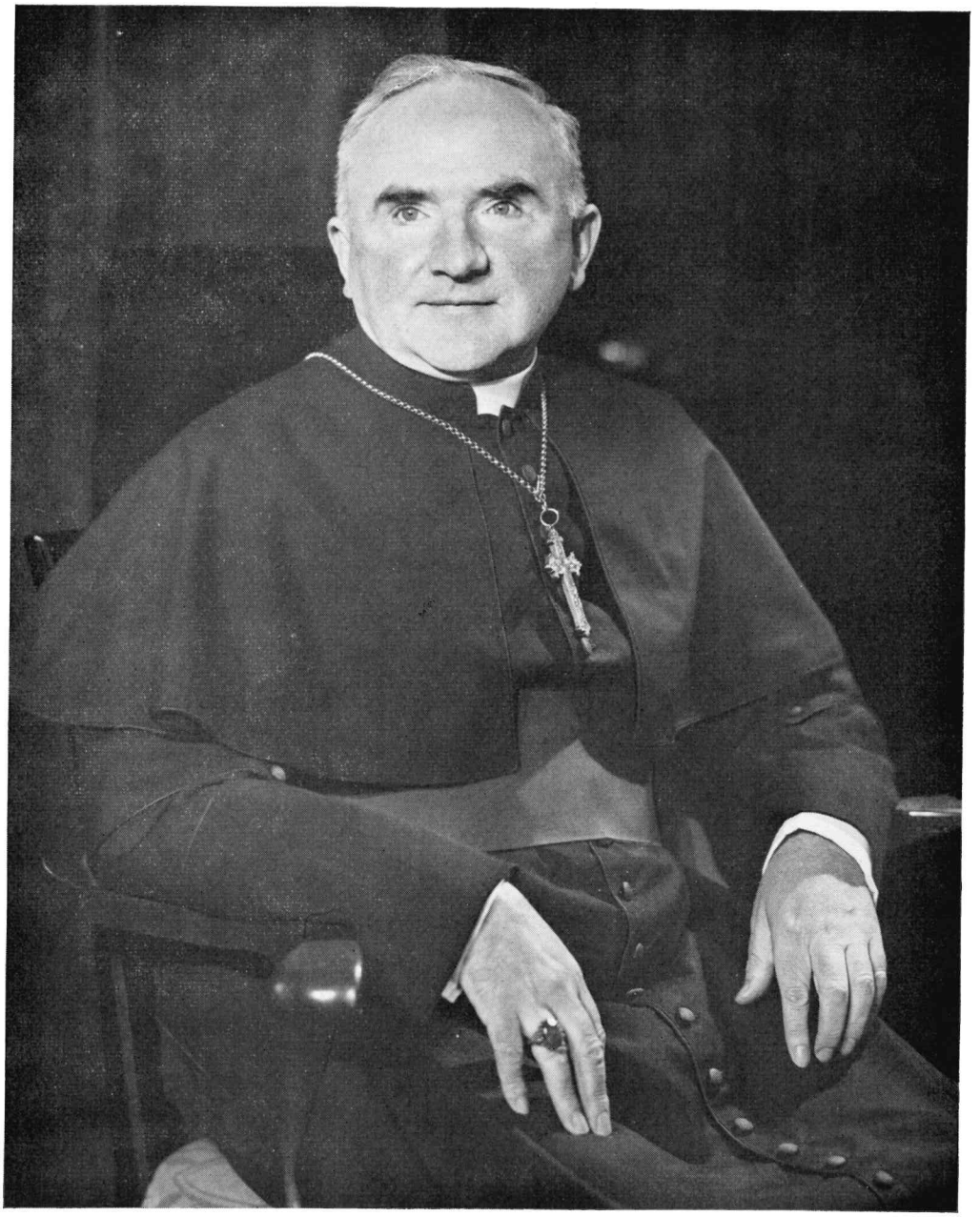
CHRISTMAS 1962



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

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Ad Multos Annos



THE MOST REV. WILLIAM PHILBIN, D.D.

Bishop of Down and Connor

Editorial

Each issue of "The Simmarian" is a record of progress. In itself it is a successor to worthy issues of previous years, and it records the diversity of school activities. The emphasis in this issue is on expansion. Our numbers have gone up tremendously — yet they have been accommodated. All praise to the planners.

The quality of our contributions has been maintained at a high level, while the quantity far exceeded our space. Pride of place goes to hobbies, a healthy indication of the wide variety of interests among the boys. Poetry, too, has a large number in her train.

Expansion in vocations to the Priesthood and the Religious Life is a source of great satisfaction. Of late years the numbers had been rather low. This year, thank God, the number is almost equal to our previous records. Long may it continue so!

Examination results at the various levels were quite gratifying.

We record with deep regret the death of Most Rev. D. Mageean, D.D., who ruled over the diocese of Down and Connor for such a long period. His memory will be long vivid amongst us. R.I.P.

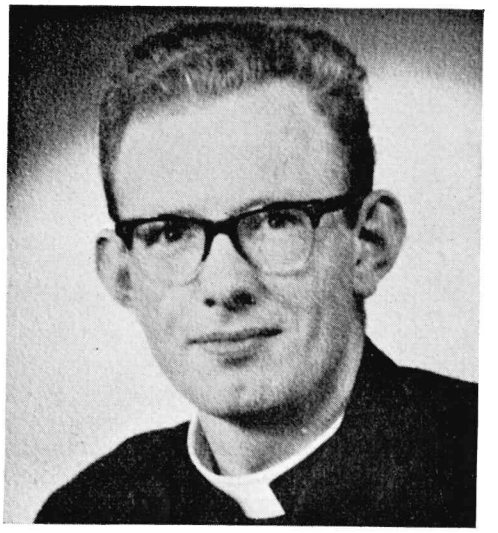
Our sincerest greetings and loyal good wishes go to his successor, Most Rev. W. Philbin D.D. He comes amongst us with a great reputation gained in the See of Brendan the Navigator and the academic halls. Ad multos annos.

The unfailing loyalty of our advertisers gives us great satisfaction and eases the financial burden of production. Our loyalty to them is the best proof of our gratitude.

We are indebted 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. Thanks to all.



REV. FR. P. KEARNEY, C.S.Sp.

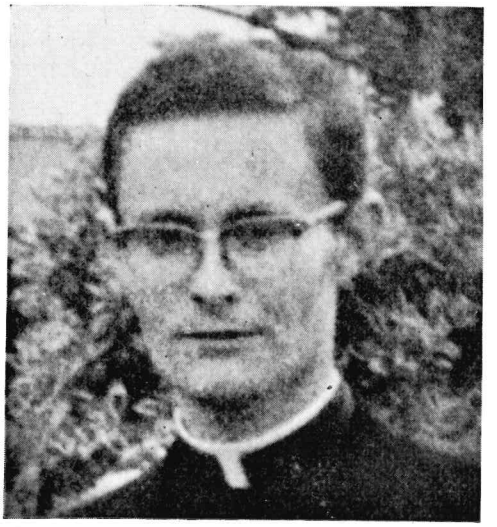


REV. FR. H. ROONEY, S.M.M.

Past Pupils Ordained, 1961-1962

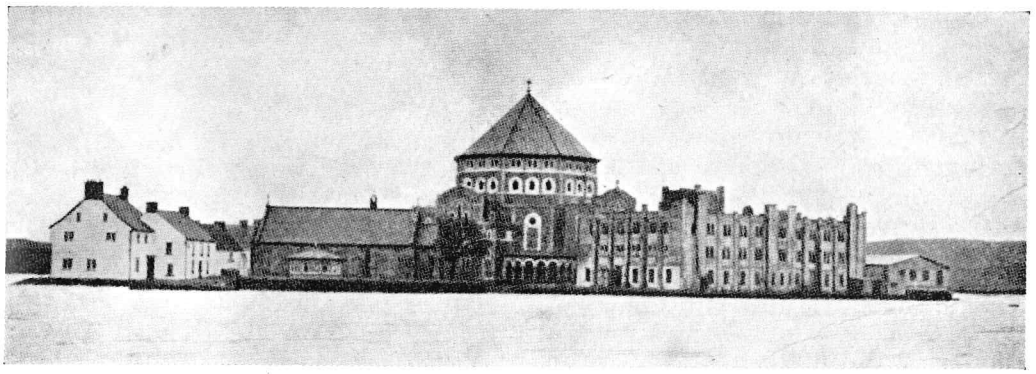


REV. FR. R. McGORAN, C.SS.R.



REV. FR. N. O'MALLEY, O.S.M.

By B. McCONVERY (4LA)



LOUGH DERG

TOWARDS the middle of May, 1962, our English master announced that he was thinking of organizing a pilgrimage to Lough Derg, if there were a sufficient number interested. Within a few days, thirty five 4th year boys had given their names.

On 7th June, we set off from the school at 9-30 a.m. We had all been fasting from midnight and were certainly feeling very hungry. After a long, but interesting, bus journey we arrived at Lough Derg about 2 p.m. As we came down the road in the bus we saw the two hospices, the priests' house and the large Irish Romanesque Basilica nestling on a small island in a large lake. After a short boat journey we landed on the island and, having arrived at the hospice, we removed our shoes and prepared to begin the first Station.

The Station is begun in the Basilica, with a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. After this, you go to St. Patrick's Cross, a small iron cross on a stone pillar, where a Pater, Ave and Creed are said kneeling. Then you go to St. Brigid's Cross, where three Paters, Aves and one Creed are said; then, with back to the cross, which is carved on a sandstone block set in the exterior wall of the basilica, you three times renounce the World, the Flesh and the Devil. Four circuits of the Basilica are then made, during which you say seven decades of the Rosary and a Creed. After this, you go round the outside of St. Brigid's Bed three times, saying three Paters, Aves and one Creed. These prayers are said, (a) kneeling at the entrance of the Bed, (b) while encircling the inside, (c) kneeling at the Cross in the centre. This is repeated three times: at St. Brendan's, St. Catherine's and St. Columba's Beds. Then there are two Beds joined together: St. Patrick's and St. Molaise's Bed. While encircling these six times, six Paters, Aves and a Creed are said, but the same procedure is adopted at each Bed as the others. Then the pilgrim goes to the water's edge, where, standing, he recites five Paters, five Aves and a Creed, and the same prayers kneeling. He returns to St. Patrick's Cross, where he says a Pater, Ave and Creed. The Station is finished with a visit to the Basilica, where five Paters, Aves and one Creed are said for the Pope's intention.

After doing one Station, we had a meal of dry bread, toast and tea. However repulsive this may seem, to us it was delicious. We needed no invitation to eat plenty, for we knew that our next meal would be on the next day. Three "Stations" are to be made on the first day. At 6-30, evening prayers, sermon and Benediction are held in the Basilica. At 9-30, Stations of the Cross are held. Around the walls of the Basilica there are fourteen stained-glass windows, depicting the Apostles, Our Lady and St. Joseph, each of whom carries a picture of the Station.

At 10-30, the Vigil (the most important part of the pilgrimage) commences with a Holy Hour. At midnight the first Station begins, at which the usual prayers are said. In order to keep awake, pilgrims are permitted to go in procession around the Basilica. Four such Stations are made during the night, with a half hour break between each, during which the pilgrims go outside to keep awake. This is a most effective cure for drowsiness, as the temperature outside seems to drop to freezing point. How we envied those others who were now safely and snugly in bed ! After each Station we could see everything becoming a little brighter, until by five o'clock the sun was shining quite warmly. At 6-30, Mass and morning prayers were said, followed by a short instruction. At 8-30 a.m. Confessions were heard in the Church of St. Mary. This was much smaller than the Basilica, but just as interesting. On the High-Altar stood a wooden reliquary with a golden interior, studded with relics of such saints as St. John of God and some of the early martyrs. In another reliquary there was an old cross, found in the hand of a woman who was drowned when a pilgrimage boat to the island capsized in the late eighteenth century. Above this, in a silver reliquary shaped like a Celtic cross, there is a precious relic of the True Cross. Another interesting thing is a picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, blessed by the late Pope Leo XIII.

After Confession one Station is performed. A special Dialogue Mass of St. Patrick, which is permitted every day except Sundays and Holydays, is said at mid-day. Again, drawn by hunger, we had our daily meal. We were now free until evening prayers. The sun beat down on us mercilessly, and even the bravest of us had a hard battle to fight sleep. The same Devotions as on the previous night were held. But the most important thing to us was sleep. At 10 o'clock everyone was in bed and, within five minutes, even the most voluble of us were asleep.

The next thing I recollect was the loud clanging of a bell at 6 o'clock. However reluctant we were to get up, we had to be at Mass within half an hour. After Mass, another Station had to be done before departure at 10. By 10-30 we were on the bus speeding back to Belfast, which we reached at 2-30. On the way we were allowed to take the usual meal, consisting of dry biscuits and lemonade. Nothing else could be eaten until after midnight, which hour was eagerly awaited by us all.

In my opinion, the hardest thing of the pilgrimage was the fast. Tiredness soon wore away, but the pangs of hunger were always clutching at our stomachs. Even our feet were soon acclimatised to the sharp stones, which could, with a little care, be avoided. However, in spite of this, Lough Derg has left a desire upon us to return again to this oldest pilgrimage in western Europe. The fame of St. Patrick's Purgatory has spread far beyond Ireland for, on that pilgrimage, there was a Frenchman (Fr. Amestoy, our French teacher), an American, Scots and English. Many old documents prove that Lough Derg was a place of pilgrimage from the time of St. Patrick who, legend says, kept a fast of forty days on the island, in order to drive away the last evil spirit left

in Ireland. Even the harsh Penal Laws could not dampen the fervour of the Irish people; the cross preserved in St. Mary's bears witness to this. The Holy See has richly indulgenced the Pilgrimage, granting a plenary indulgence on every day of the pilgrimage to those who visit the Basilica, which is the only Church with such a title in Ireland, and say six Paters, Aves and Glorias for the Pope's intention.

In spite of a few comments to the contrary, I think we all enjoyed this pilgrimage, and want to make it again. Lough Derg always leaves this effect on the pilgrim. What is the attraction of three days of penance? That question is almost impossible to answer, many people having different reasons: private petition, thanksgiving, sinners, etc. Whatever it is, Lough Derg attracts almost fifty thousand pilgrims annually, between the beginning of June and 15th August.



THE YOUNG SCHOLAR

As o'er my books at night I bend
I wonder: 'Will this trial e'er end?'
For far too often do I find
That little sinks within my mind.

No mortal knows the time I spend
To gain that much-deserved end:
'Eleven-plus' Ah me! ah me!
Will Mammy have to pay my fee?

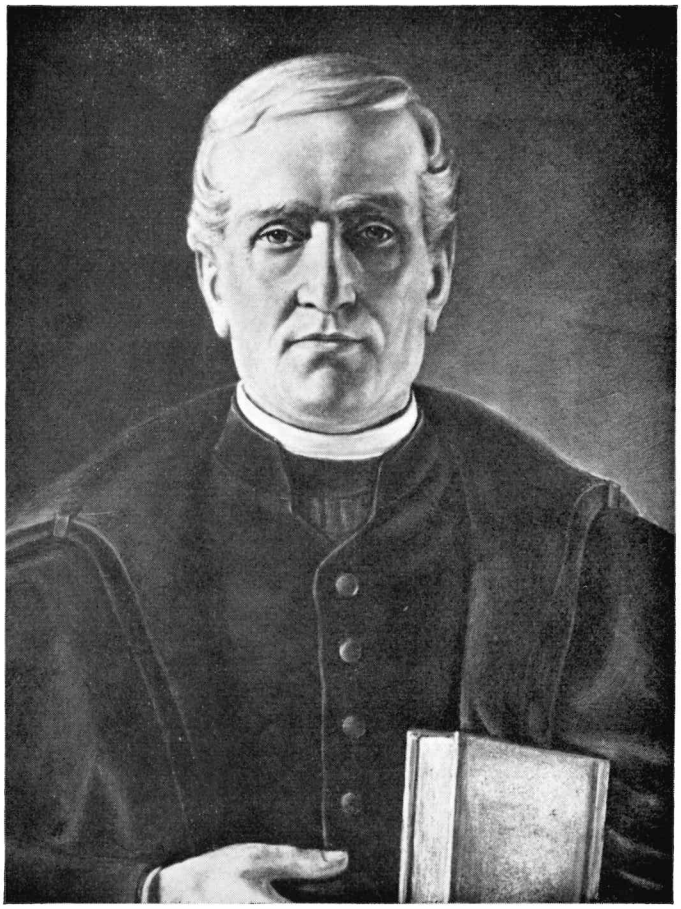
Yet somehow I am quite content
I've done my best, with time well spent-
And so I hope to win success
And reach St. MARY'S CBS.

Gerard Liddy 1D

Script written by Paul McGrath, 2E

REV. BROTHER EDMUND IGNATIUS RICE

1762



1844

That God has blessed the work of Br. Rice is evident from the number of foundations in many countries, as indicated in the table below. In the past 10 years the number of Brothers has increased from 2,677 to 3,629 (biggest increase in the U.S.— 423 to 831), nevertheless many more members are needed to staff existing schools and to open new foundations.

	Primary Schools	Secondary/Grammar Schools
AFRICA	10	10
N. AMERICA	16	31
S. AMERICA	2	2
AUSTRALIA	90	101
GIBRALTAR	1	2
GR. BRITAIN	13	14
INDIA	14	14
IRELAND	104	81
ITALY	1	1
NEW ZEALAND	6	4
NEW BRITAIN and MANUS IS.	4	1
WEST INDIES	2	2

The Brothers also have University Colleges in the U.S. and India.

By DANNY MARTIN (4LA)

The Miracle

IN the middle of Loch Limon is a smallish woody island. It's a well-known fact on the mainland, where I live, that an old man (alias "Peter the Hermit") has as his abode an old wooden hut on this windy place. But for nearly two months now, no-one had bothered to find out if this poverty-stricken creature was alive or dead. Not that he would want any visitors, anyway. Urged mainly by a spirit of adventure my friend and myself set out in a rubber dinghy (the only transport available) towards the desolate place.

I, myself, had never seen the man, but, from what I could gather from my friend, he was big, practically seven-foot, but very thin; he had deep-set eyes and a pointed nose, a scraggy beard hiding the rest of his features.

The journey of half an hour passed quickly. We hauled the dinghy up the shore and started out towards the hut, which was about a hundred yards distant from where we stood. The fact that visitors "weren't invited in for tea," made us cautious. So, it was slowly that we approached this fragile-looking shelter. We eventually arrived outside the window and, looking in, we found that Peter was nowhere to be seen. Thinking him to be out hunting, one of his means of survival, we entered the dimly-lit hut. I was in the lead and had only taken one step over the threshold when suddenly I tripped and went sprawling. Picking myself up I saw the object which had landed me so neatly on to the floor. It was Peter. But it was through no fault of his own that he had caused me to stumble, for he was stretched on his back and seemingly dead — and with a crucifix clutched between his joined hands. On closer examination it was found that he still lived, but only just. His face was drawn but peaceful-looking, and a slight smile was visible underneath his beard.

He had to be brought quickly to the mainland, to priest and doctor. But how?

It was my friend's idea to cut the legs off the bed and use it as a stretcher — the bed being all wood excepting the canvas nailed across it. So, Peter was tied down and carried as gently as possible to the dinghy. There's not much room for a bed on a rubber dinghy but, by setting it in the middle and sitting on the edge of our make-shift stretcher, we managed to get more than half-way across the swirling waters. It was at this point that one of us, trying to change to a more comfortable position, upset the dinghy and dumped everything out,

bed included. By the time the craft was righted and the paddles rescued the bed had disappeared ! We searched around for about half an hour, but seeing it was impossible to find anything in the fast-fading light we headed homewards.

A wind sprang up a few minutes after we arrived on the mainland but we couldn't have cared less. We were feeling very sorry for ourselves and for Peter as we walked slowly to the police-station to report our "crime."

The sergeant merely laughed when we told him that we had "killed Old Peter." So, glum-faced, we went home and awaited for events to sort themselves out. About an hour later the sergeant sent for us. Thinking the worst we went to hear the result of our evening's escapade.

Instead, the sergeant announced that Peter, still clutching his beloved crucifix and still tied to the bed, had floated ashore — cold, but still alive. He was now receiving treatment in the local hospital. It really was a "miracle."

Prospice

BY FINGERS BROWNING

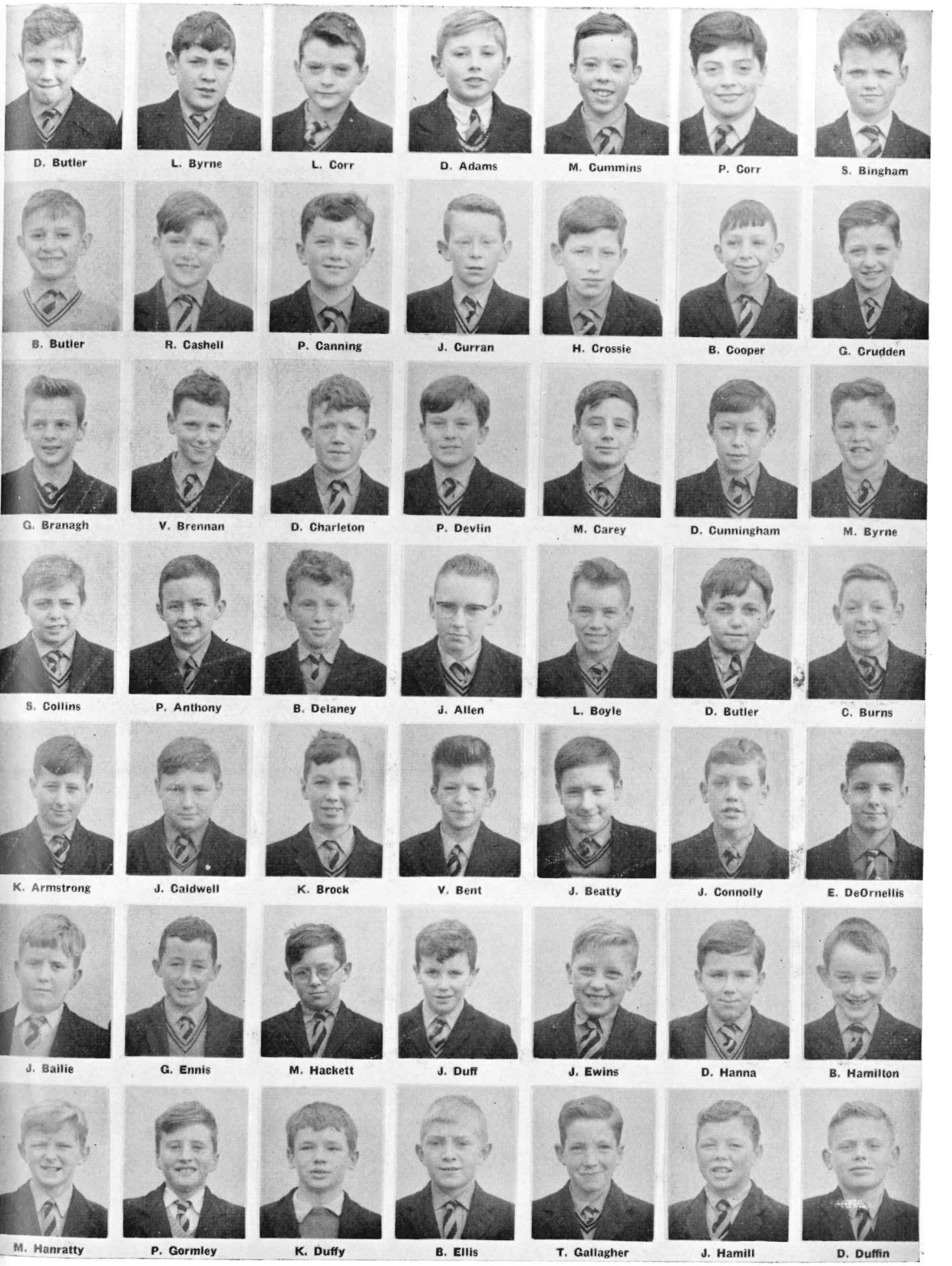
Fear cancer? to feel the fag in my mouth,
The smoke in my face,
When the ashes fall and the burn denotes
I am nearing the butt.
The taste of the nic', the cooling of nerves
Each packet will bring
Wherein he lies, the Arch Fear, in a visible form.
Rich and poor must go:
Till the shop is attained and the four-and-six paid
And the fags handed o'er;
Though there's twenty to smoke ere cancer is got,
The reward of it all!
I was ever a smoker, so one fag more,
The best and the last;
I would hate that the smoke in my eyes and my nose
Made me cringe and smart.

No! let me suck the whole of it, like a fool,
Through my holder of gold.
Drink it deep, feel the thrill of a lifetime
Of Woodbines, Players and Blues.
Then the Cancer-hordes rage and the germs multiply,
They increase and they spread.
Comes a change, first a complaint, then a disease
To eat away my breast.
O! thou butt of my fag! I shall suck thee again,
And with God be the rest.

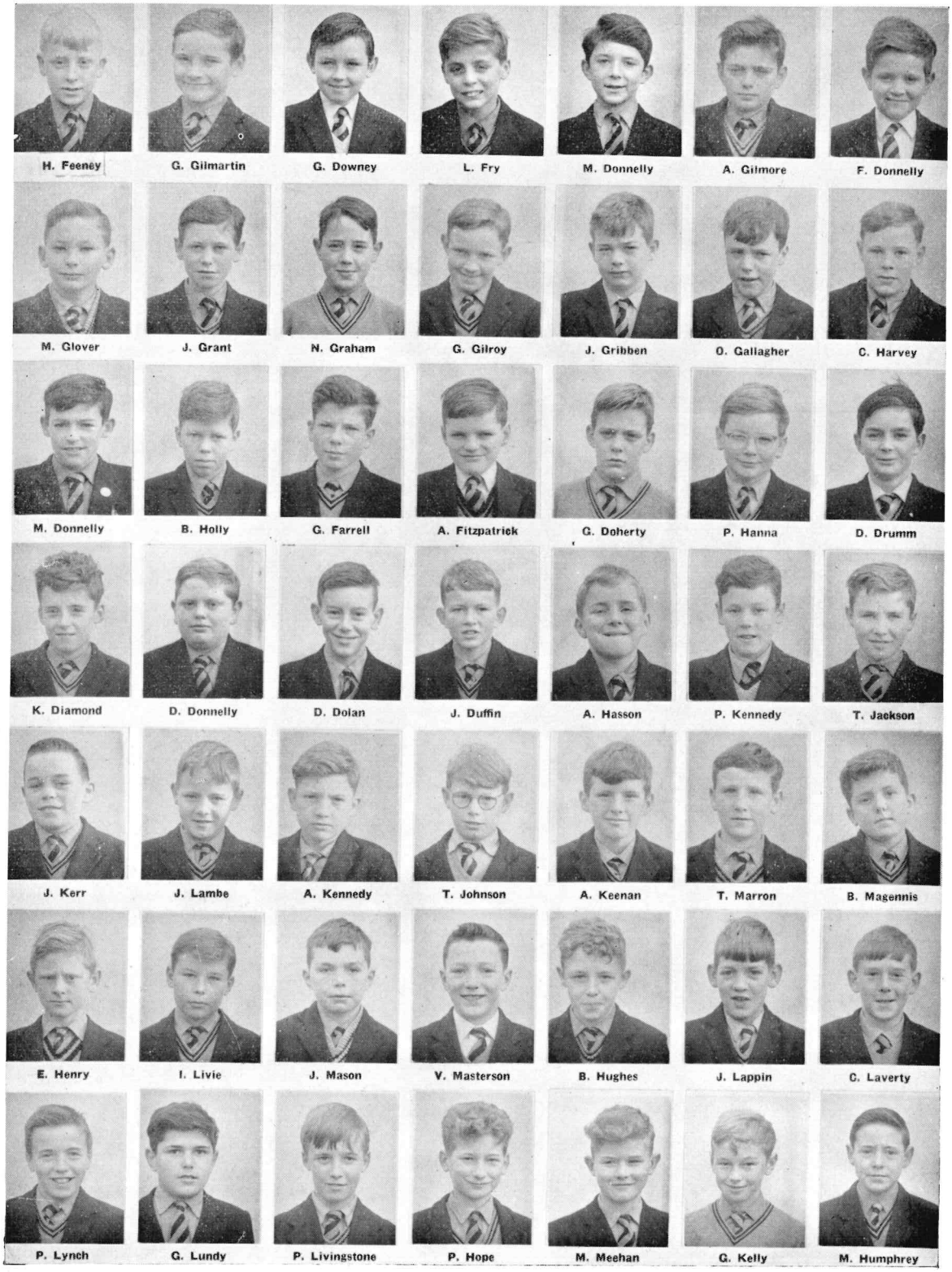
[A certain author once took the above poem and wrote a parody on it, changing the theme to Death but, however, keeping the title "Prospice." This parody may be found on P.278 of "A Pageant of English Verse."]

M. O'CALLAGHAN (5LA)

First Year Students



First Year Students (contd.)



H. Feeney | G. Gilmartin | G. Downey | L. Fry | M. Donnelly | A. Gilmore | F. Donnelly

M. Glover | J. Grant | N. Graham | G. Gilroy | J. Gribben | O. Gallagher | C. Harvey

M. Donnelly | B. Holly | G. Farrell | A. Fitzpatrick | G. Doherty | P. Hanna | D. Drumm

K. Diamond | D. Donnelly | D. Dolan | J. Duffin | A. Hasson | P. Kennedy | T. Jackson

J. Kerr | J. Lambe | A. Kennedy | T. Johnson | A. Keenan | T. Marron | B. Magennis

E. Henry | I. Livie | J. Mason | V. Masterson | B. Hughes | J. Lappin | C. Laverty

P. Lynch | G. Lundy | P. Livingstone | P. Hope | M. Meehan | G. Kelly | M. Humphrey

First Year Students (contd.)



First Year Students (contd.)



By E. McGEOGH (5LA)

THE SHOP ASSISTANT

THE trouble was he didn't really like stealing but money was very useful and, anyway, old Joe had plenty. But he was only punishing himself without need for tonight would be the last time; hadn't he decided that?

He plodded on through the narrow, cobbled streets where the dirty houses were cramped together as if to maintain a little warmth. Soon he was home and as he paused before the door with his slender hand on the latch he took a deep breath.

"Hiya, Johnny," yelled young Tommy as the door was pushed open. Johnny yanked off his coat and didn't look at the boy whose face was smooth and healthy and red.

"Where's Ma?" he grunted.

"In the scullery gittin' yer tea, ah suppose," Tommy said, and added, "Hey, Johnny. 'Goin' anywhere th' night?"

"Why d'you wanna know?"

"Ach, jus' wannit to know, that's all."

"Why?"

"Nothin'. Jus' thought we could go t' the pictures again."

"Not t'night, kid," said Johnny. "I'm goin' out wi' the boys." Tommy's eyes skewed away from his brother and, after a pause, he went back to finish his homework.

Johnny turned to his ma—he knew where his da was but he asked anyway. "That's right, son. Down the road in the pub. That's right. Down the road," she said as she struggled with the greasy plates in the scullery. She was always very slow washing dishes.

Johnny went in and put the squashed brown envelope on the enamel of the cabinet. His ma dried her hands quickly on a soiled towel, finished the drying by rubbing her hands on her apron and snatched up the envelope.

"You opened it again," she said, more to herself than to him. He told her he had to buy some fags on the way home. Then he handed her a ten shilling note. "Give that to da

if he comes in," he said. "I'm goin' out now."

Outside the gas lamps had flared into yellow life and the rain was beginning to spit again. By the time he reached the corner of S———— Street he had to button his coat right up to the neck. There was a loud splutter and he jumped to avoid the water that had cascaded from a leaking drain-pipe overhead. Only two streets to go now.

He shivered and pushed his hands deeper in his pockets. He wondered what young Tommy was doing now; and if his da was home from the pub yet. Hardly.

Old Joe had been complaining of his chest all day in the shop. He'd be in bed now for sure. That's the way Johnny had planned. Still, he was glad he had decided that this was to be the last time.

Down the back entry now, up on the box he had left there earlier, and over the wall into the yard. A sudden gust of wind and rain exploded on the cracked back window. He stopped and looked all around him. Then a click as he slipped the bolt, an anguished creak as the door fell open. He was in among the orange peel smell from all the crates piled high around the cosy storeroom. To get to the cash register he knew he would have to weave through the storeroom to the door leading to the shop itself. Then by the lettuce on display, the boxes of new potatoes that had just come in from the country, the stock of tins of pear juice and pineapple chunks with 2d. off, around the thick dark-green cabbages and so behind the counter. So many fresh green things and fruit and heavy tins of stuff, and all belonging to an old man with a bad chest, he mused.

As he moved cautiously the wind attacked and shook the glass pane in the front door. A wild night, very cold, bitterly cold. Just as his hand groped for the clamp that held the notes in place he suddenly became taut. A shuffling on the stairs . . .

"Who's there? C'mon now, think I can't hear? Who is it?" The vague shuffling became agitated footsteps. Johnny trembled as the ancient register clanged shut and the money slipped from his fingers. He stumbled towards the storeroom door. His elbow hit a box of tomatoes that overturned and tumbled noisily to the floor. "Who is it?" cried old Joe, "Who is it?"

The warm sweat mixed with the rain that dripped down his back as he scrambled over the wall; a cat was kicked and with a screech leaped away. As he ran the water squelched in the uppers of his shoes and the wind roared and flung itself about, covering his retreat.

Johnny's da was lurching against the wall of the house with a stupid, empty look on his face. He threw out his arms and tottered aside as Johnny thudded around the corner and into the house. Straight up the stairs and into his room he went leaving his ma wondering what was the matter. The naked electric bulb dazzled his eyes for a moment as he stood panting with his back against the door.

Then he collapsed across the shaky iron bed; he could smell the rain on his clothes, and the sweat and the airless room. At last his chest began to heave regularly. The wind outside was still fierce but the voice of his da drifted in from the street: "When Irish shys're smil-een, shure they'd stee-eel your heart a-way . . ."

Johnny buried his head in his hands. He thought of how his da used to take him for walks in the park in the summer when he was a kid. How he used to dart away on his own and get dirty in the river. Of course ma had been different in those days, too. She used to shout at him for tearing his best pants and

fighting wee Joe Smith whom he wasn't allowed to play with. Smith was married now and had gone to England. It didn't seem so long ago. He remembered that when Tommy was a baby he wouldn't let anyone but his big brother take him for a walk. He should have gone to the pictures tonight with Tommy. But he had decided; anyway, he had meant it to be the last time.

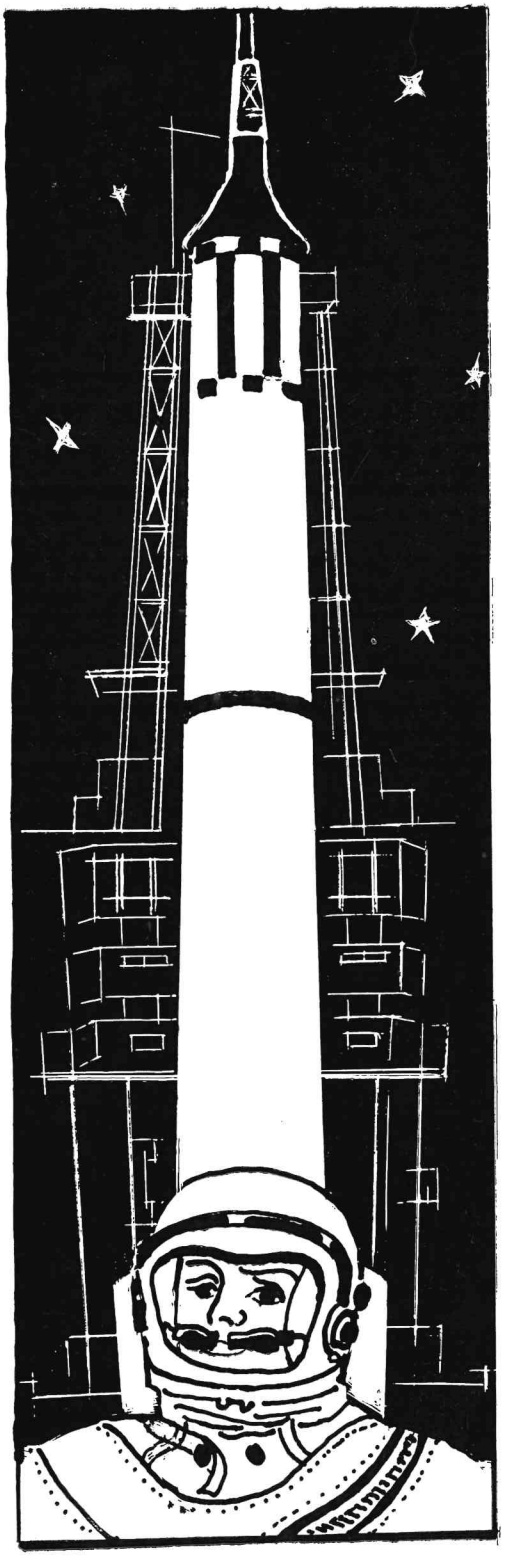
The wind was quieter outside; his da was still singing in the street. He lay there unmoving, gripping the pillow. The tears flowed easily.

First Year Students (contd.)



By RAYMOND LEE (5SB)

Countdown



"ALL the world's a stage" said the melancholy Jacques, and in these days of technological and scientific achievement the world's most spectacular drama is the "conquest of space."

Before the drama can commence the stage has to be set. In the case of a rocket-launching the stage is set by the countdown. Each system which is "GO" is similar to a "prop" being put in place.

The countdown commences at "X-480" minutes, that is, it starts eight hours before lift-off. Then follows a checking and installation process.

At "X-475" the missile is fuelled, that is, some highly-combustible fuel such as high-octane gasoline is pumped into the missile's fuel tank. During this process the rocket's batteries which supply power to the missile's complex electronic systems are delivered to the "pad." After fuelling there is a "hold," during which "countdown time" is stopped although, of course, clock time proceeds. The work which was held up by the fuelling process is continued. The Batteries, Explosive Bolts and Radar systems are installed. Another part of the stage is set.

At "X-300' the count is resumed; the upper stages are lowered on to the

basic launch-vehicle and the igniters installed.

Then comes the main "stage-prop"; the LOX (i.e. liquid oxygen) is loaded. This oxidizer is so cold that it frostbites the skin and it is highly explosive in contact with any kind of grease or organic material. Steam is used to pump the oxidizer and fuel into the thrust chamber (in which combustion takes place) and it is the gaseous products of this combustion which drive the rocket. To provide the steam, concentrated Hydrogen Peroxide is decomposed, yielding steam and oxygen. The propellant-loading brings the countdown time to "X-100."

The destruct package is fitted. This destroys the missile, in the event of an emergency, on a command from the ground.

The time for the drawing of the curtain draws near as the gantries surrounding the missile are withdrawn and all the systems are given a final checkout. In the block-house all the systems are tested thus:—"Telemetry" is called out. After this system has been electronically tested and found "O.K." comes the answering shout "GO". And so on: Power-"GO"; Lox-"GO"; Fuel-"GO"; Pressurisation-"GO". Finally the "Launch Control Officer" announces "ALL SYSTEMS-GO!"

The time is X-60 seconds. The atmosphere is tense; the opening scene draws near. The pad is cleared. The telemeter (i.e. the link between the missile in flight and the ground stations), is given another check. The telemetry system must be perfect as it is the most important of the astrionic systems. X-12: the electrical power, which until now has been supplied from the block-house, is replaced by the missile's own battery power.

X-10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 — zero! Ignition — Lift-off!

The missile soars, and with it rises the curtain on the greatest drama of our time:

THE CONQUEST OF SPACE.

Requiescat

The morn dawned black and dreary,
The sky, bleak and dull;
The trees were limp and weary —
The day was in a lull.

An open grave is yonder there,
A coffin at its side;
Two parents' hearts their sorrow share—
Their tears they cannot hide.

A priest stands at the new grave's head,
His lips now move in prayer;
He blesses the soul of the body dead,
That heavenly joys it may share.

DENIS MAGUIRE (4LA).

Autumn

Come, friend, now the autumn
Is painting the downs
With russets and purples,
With ambers and browns.

The orchards are laden,
The barns are packed high,
And breezes, all perfumed
With heather, steal by.

God's world is awaiting,
And, friend, have you heard:
All beauty is wasted
Which cannot be shared.

OLIVER BOYLAN (4LA).

TWO SHORT STORIES

By P. JOHNSON (3B)

Old Joe

HE was bored. Sitting up he reached for the "Radio Times." What time was it? Eleven. 10-30 a.m. "Music while you work;" 11 a.m. "For the Schools." He threw down the magazine in disgust. What could he do? His library books were finished, and, anyway, he was getting tired of his usual authors. Why could his mother not get something different? He wished Old Joe was there. Joe had given him a long list of authors. But, of course, Old Joe couldn't come.

He was glad now he had his bed moved to the window, so that he could look down on the street. It was a narrow street, with dirty little shops on the side opposite his window. The street was empty and the shops closed. It was a big occasion. His mother was away, too. As far as he knew, everybody in the street was gone.

Five past eleven. Still nothing to do. Draw? No, his book and paints were downstairs. Homework? No. Yesterday, in a sudden burst of energy, he had done all the work he intended doing. Potter, of course, would have his usual grumble:

'Just because we're sick doesn't mean we can't do our work, does it? I came here at great trouble and expense and find you haven't your work done. It isn't good enough, is it? We must work much much harder,' mimicked the boy.

Eight minutes past. Nothing to do. If Old Joe was here he would think up something quick enough.

A battered old car drew up outside Ma White's "Cakes and Pastry" shop. Two men rushed out and up to the shop door.

'They won't get in there in a hurry,' thought the boy. One of the men bent down to the lock of the door. The door swung open and the men walked in. The boy's eyes widened. They must be robbing the place. They wouldn't be more than five minutes, because Ma White had no safe. He must put that car out of action — but how? He couldn't get near it. Burst the tyres! Once again, how?

The idea flashed through his head. If Old Joe was here now, he would be proud of him. On the table beside his bed were two large lemonade bottles, and some small medicine bottles. He picked up a lemonade bottle and leaned towards the open window. His arm drew back slowly, then jerked forward. The bottle curved through the air, hit the ground just under the car, and broke.

The clatter seemed deafening. The men would surely come out. The second large bottle went slightly wide. If the men saw that, they would find out all. He threw two small bottles in quick succession; they slithered under the car but did

not break. He dropped back hastily on to the bed as the men came out. The engine revved up and changed gear. The boy sighed. He had done his best.

Suddenly there was a bang. He gathered courage and looked out. The men were out of the car and walking away quickly. He gasped in delight. Just at that moment two policemen appeared round the corner. There was a shout, and a clatter of footfalls as the two men raced past his window.

If Joe knew of this he would be proud of him. But that was why everybody was away — they were attending Old Joe's funeral.

The Hole

GUARESCHI opened the door and threw his coat over the chair. He switched on the light and went into the kitchen. After cutting himself a sandwich he picked up a book and dropped into a chair.

The room was elegantly furnished, with expensive carpets on the floor and two comfortable armchairs in opposite corners. In the other corners were an ornamented lamp standard and a bookcase, while a small coffee table stood in the centre of the room.

He opened the book but he did not read. Thoughts of Italy flitted through his head: of the little village school where he had been educated; the shop he had bought when he was much older . . .

His face darkened as he thought of Mario. He had always been afraid of Mario with his blustering and bullying habits. He remembered how Mario had jeered at him because he was thin and wore glasses. Mario had taken the glasses once and smashed them on a rock and he could only tell the teacher that he had dropped them.

Mario had always three or four friends who laughed when he laughed, who bullied when he bullied, because they were afraid of retribution. Mario, although two years older, had been in the same class as he — failing exam. after exam. Guareschi had, himself, always come first, and he remembered well the light of jealousy and scorn burning in Mario's eyes when the teacher was reading out the results; then he used get a beating from Mario and his "friends". His father had given him ten lire that time; the biggest amount he had ever seen in his youthful life.

Mario had vanished several months later after breaking two of the school windows. Shortly after this Guareschi left and forgot Mario.

After years of hard work Guareschi started a grocery business in the village and established a thriving trade. One day he looked up from his account books and saw Mario looking round quizzically . . .

Both were outwardly friendly and Mario called once or twice a week. Then, one morning, Mario asked for half of Guareschi's earnings as "protection" or he would receive a visit from the Mafia if he failed to pay up. After a show of reluctance Guareschi gave in. He gave half his earnings, which he could ill afford. He lived on the bare essentials.

Months later Mario came and complained that he was not getting enough money and he told Guareschi that he must do a "little" job for them — kill the Mayor, or give another third of his total earnings! He was given twenty-four hours to decide.

When Mario left, Guareschi collected his cash from the till, took all

his savings and boarded a train for Naples. He managed to get a job on a tramp steamer which brought him to London where he built up a prosperous business.

o o o o

Abruptly he jerked out of his reverie. He smelt gas! Anxiously he peered through clouding eyes and finally noticed a small pipe sticking out of the wall. That had never been there before! He ran to the door. Locked! Grabbing a piece of paper he lurched towards the pipe but was driven back by the fumes. His knees turned weak. The room began to spin around. He saw Mario's face, blurry and indistinct, coming out of the past and laughing at him. The room spun round faster and faster and he was sucked into a vortex of sound which was Mario's jeering laugh.

The following day in houses all over London the news was on: ". . . but the President has refused to agree.

"Police are investigating the death of Mr. Guareschi found gassed in his flat last night. Mr. Guareschi was a quiet, successful businessman. He is known to many for his articles on the Mafia . . ."

Uselyss

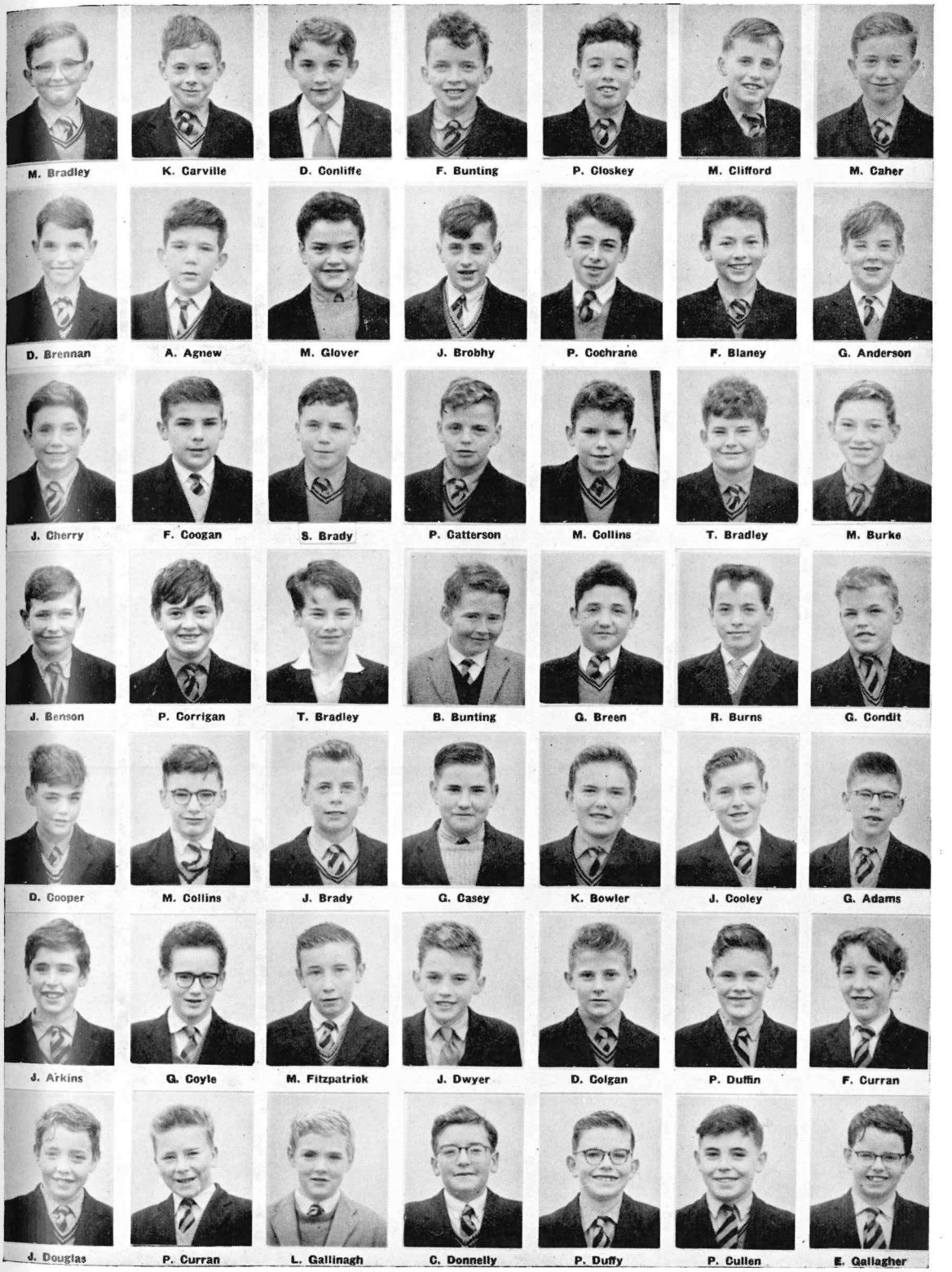
It little profits that an idle king
Should sit at home hob-nobbing with the nobs,
Instead of being out a' conquering
Opponents in the rush to get odd jobs.
I need the extra money now you see,
What with the crowd of servants I employ.
Then there's central heating payments on H.P.
It's cold upon the plains of windy Troy.

It was my custom when a warrior bold,
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
But now I've had to pawn my crown of gold,
In lieu of drinks bought at some public bar.
My days of glory now I fear are past:
I beg and borrow clothes where I can get,
Or pick them off the street: until at last
I am a part of all that I have met.

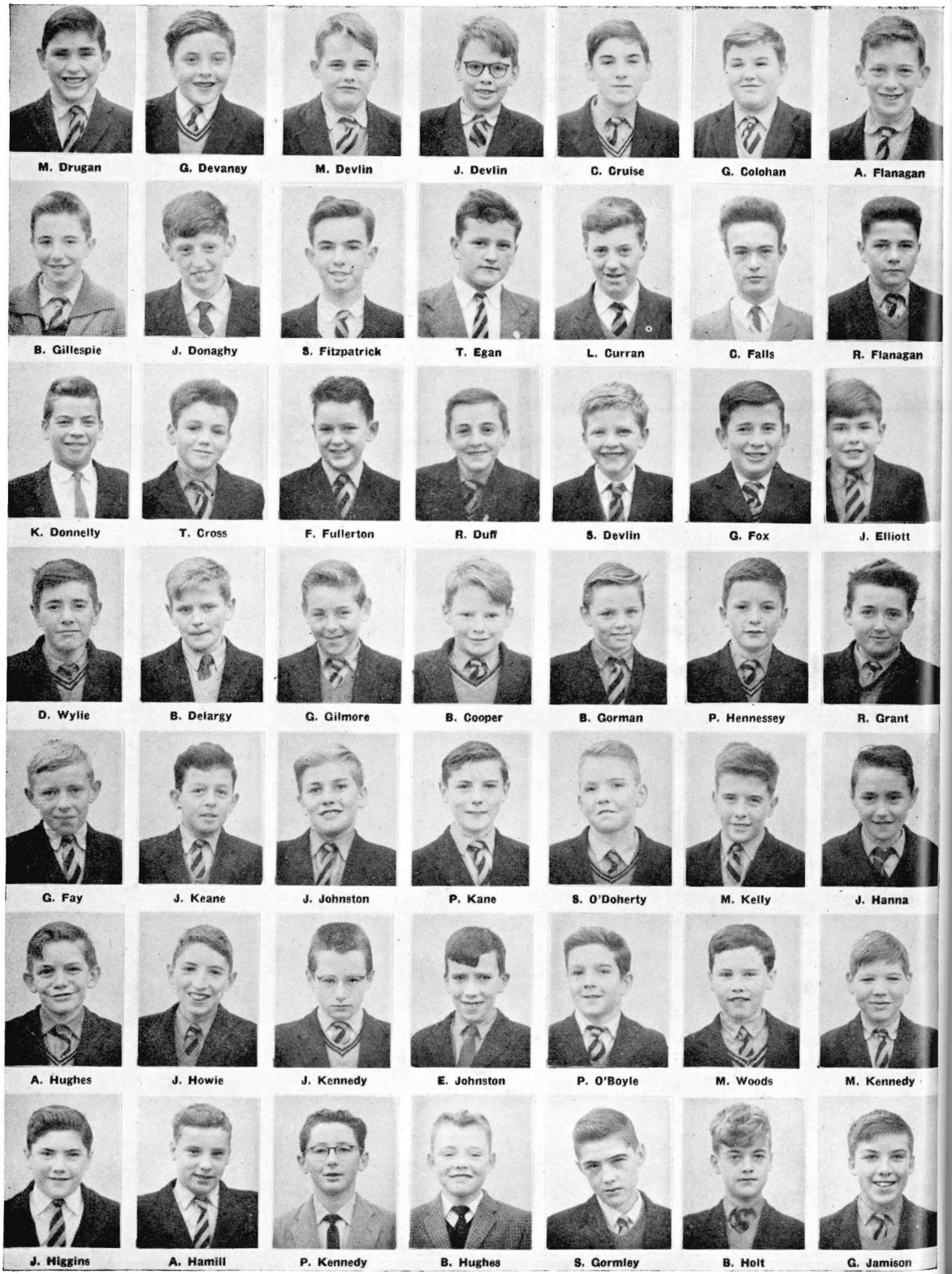
Now see mine own Telemachus whom I knew,
In chisel toes and 'drain-pipes' like some 'ted.'
And see the great Achilles with him too:
Two Trojan toughs were never so ill-bred.
To propagate the growth of money trees,
I planted all my coinage in a field,
I see my son search for it on his knees:
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TERRY McMULLAN (5LA)

Second Year Students



Second Year Students (contd.)



M. Drugan | G. Devaney | M. Devlin | J. Devlin | C. Cruise | G. Colohan | A. Flanagan

B. Gillespie | J. Donaghy | S. Fitzpatrick | T. Egan | L. Curran | C. Falls | R. Flanagan

K. Donnelly | T. Cross | F. Fullerton | R. Duff | S. Devlin | G. Fox | J. Elliott

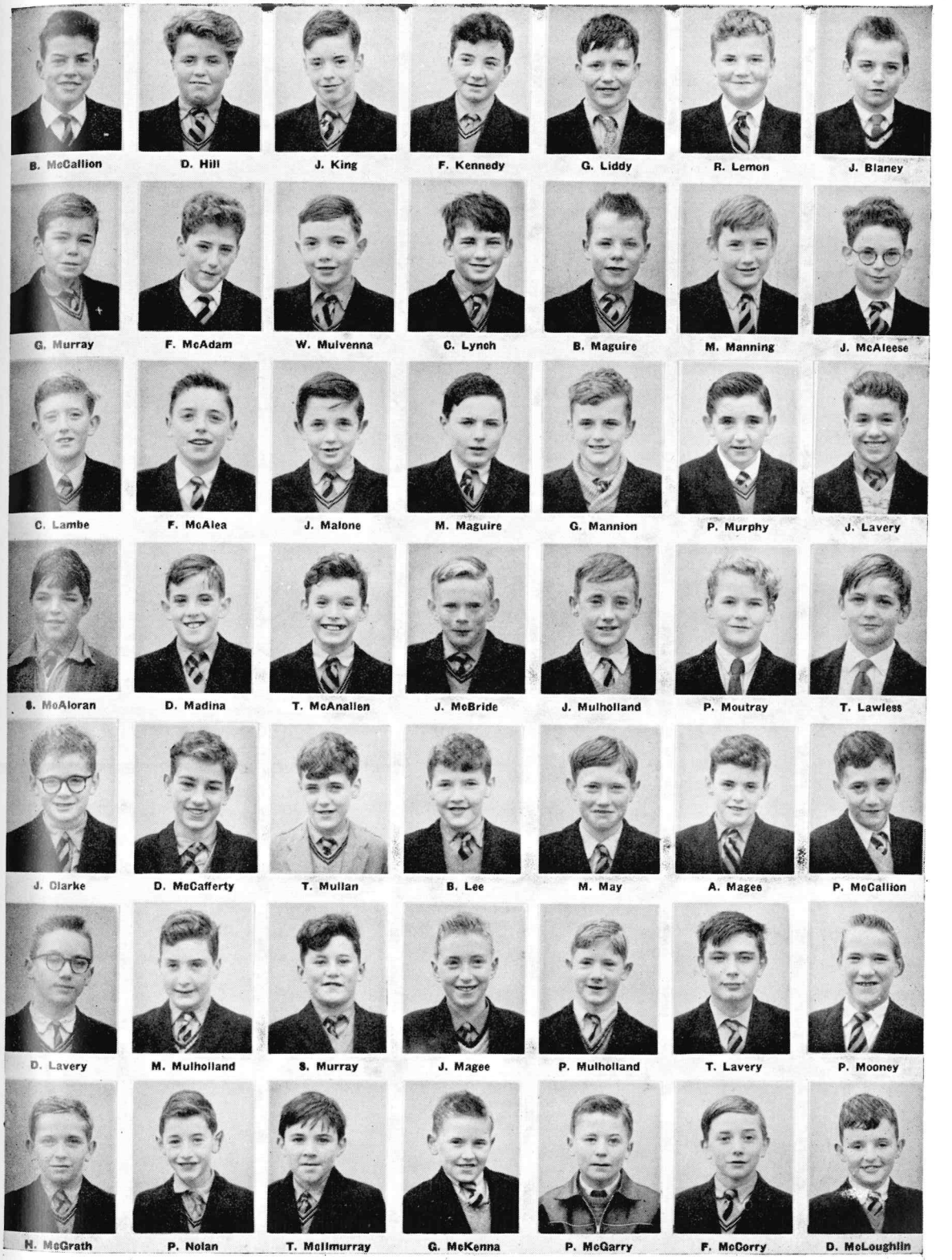
D. Wylie | B. Delargy | G. Gilmore | B. Cooper | B. Gorman | P. Hennessey | R. Grant

G. Fay | J. Keane | J. Johnston | P. Kane | S. O'Doherty | M. Kelly | J. Hanna

A. Hughes | J. Howie | J. Kennedy | E. Johnston | P. O'Boyle | M. Woods | M. Kennedy

J. Higgins | A. Hamill | P. Kennedy | B. Hughes | S. Gormley | B. Holt | G. Jamison

Second Year Students (contd.)



B. McCallion | D. Hill | J. King | F. Kennedy | G. Liddy | R. Lemon | J. Blaney

G. Murray | F. McAdam | W. Mulvenna | C. Lynch | B. Maguire | M. Manning | J. McAleese

C. Lambe | F. McAlea | J. Malone | M. Maguire | G. Mannion | P. Murphy | J. Lavery

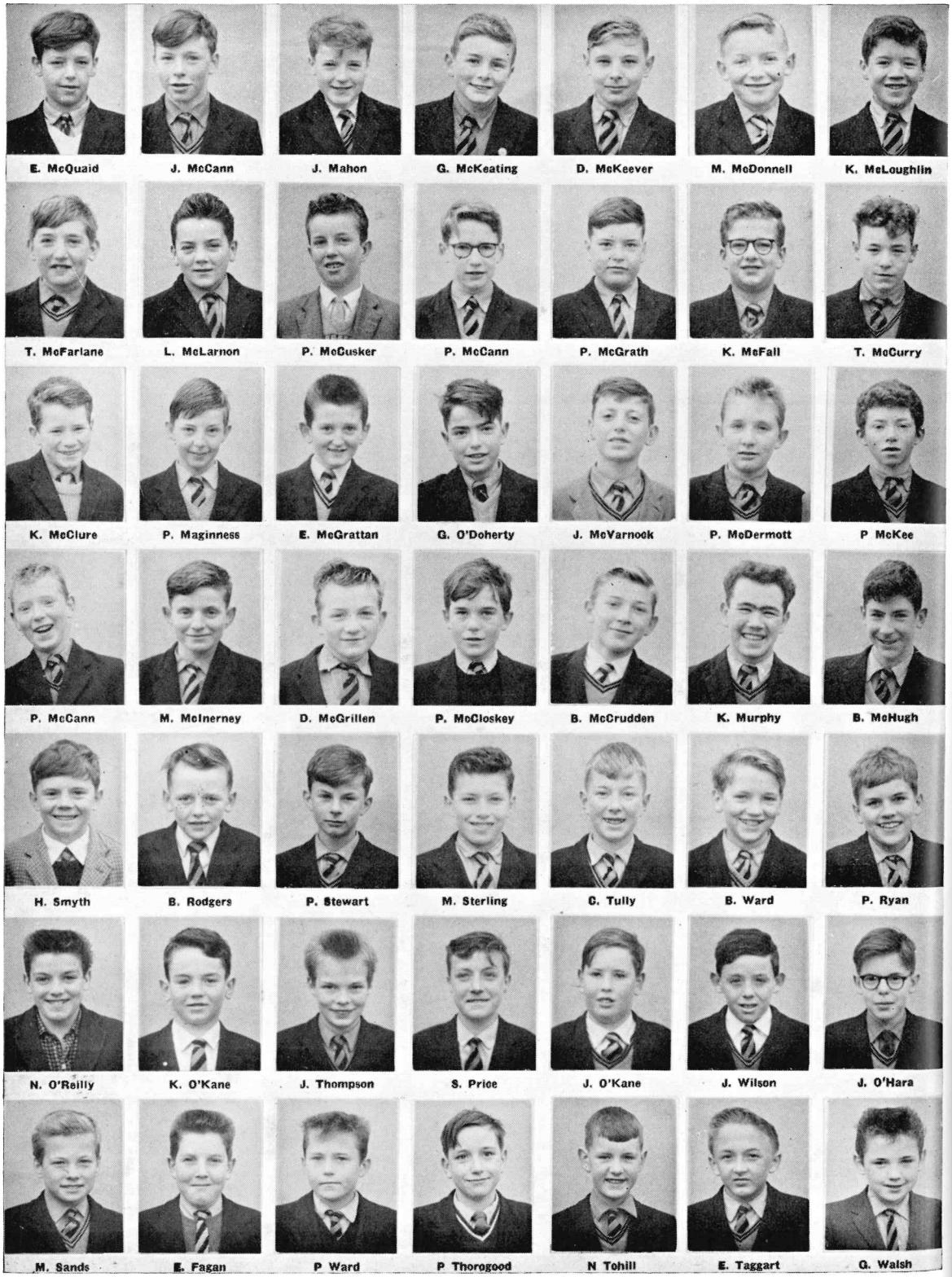
S. McAloran | D. Madina | T. McAnallen | J. McBride | J. Mulholland | P. Moutray | T. Lawless

J. Clarke | D. McCafferty | T. Mullan | B. Lee | M. May | A. Magee | P. McCallion

D. Lavery | M. Mulholland | S. Murray | J. Magee | P. Mulholland | T. Lavery | P. Mooney

N. McGrath | P. Nolan | T. Mollmurray | G. McKenna | P. McGarry | F. McCorry | D. McLoughlin

Second Year Students (contd.)



E. McQuaid J. McCann J. Mahon G. McKeating D. McKeever M. McDonnell K. McLoughlin

T. McFarlane L. McLarnon P. McCusker P. McCann P. McGrath K. McFall T. McCurry

K. McClure P. Maginness E. McGrattan G. O'Doherty J. McVarnock P. McDermott P McKee

P. McCann M. McInerney D. McGrillen P. McCloskey B. McCrudden K. Murphy B. McHugh

H. Smyth B. Rodgers P. Stewart M. Sterling C. Tully B. Ward P. Ryan

N. O'Reilly K. O'Kane J. Thompson S. Price J. O'Kane J. Wilson J. O'Hara

M. Sands E. Fagan P Ward P Thorogood N Tohill E. Taggart G. Walsh

By PETER FORTE (4LA)

Riccione



PERHAPS you have at some time or other stuck a pin in a racing sheet to see which fine animal might win the race or, if you haven't yet arrived at that vile stage, you will at least have heard of the method. I have no idea how many people use this infallible system (very few, I imagine) so, just to be awkward, we did it in connection with choosing our holiday destination. After an unsuccessful lunge which resulted in sticking the pin in the over-inquisitive dog's nose, and a direct hit on the advertisement "Emigrate to Australia", which we had no intention of doing, we managed to puncture the advertisement on Riccione, hidden between two glowing reports on Helsinki and Tarvisio. I must confess I hadn't a notion where the place was even after I learnt that it was very near Cesentatico, Bellaria, Rimini, Cattolica and Pesaro; that is to say, it doesn't really add that much information if you don't know where these glamorous places are. However, an extensive search uncovered the details: Riccione is in Italy, on the

Adriatic coast below Venice. I hope I am not taking too much for granted and putting unnecessary strain on the reader's brain. I mean, I hope the reader knows where Italy is, and the little town called Venice. Normally the commoner's knowledge of Italy comes to a grinding halt beyond the fact that from it come winklepicker shoes, stilettos and such noble refineries. Eventually the arrangements were made and I began to brush up what Italian I knew, in sheer determination not to make the same mistake as I had made before: that is, in a restaurant asking for a nice-sounding thing at the top of the menu when, to my utter disgrace, the slightly sniggering cameriere informed me that that nice-sounding name was the nomen (name) with which the owner was christened. I must have looked sort of offended because he said, "Scusi, signore, non avevo nessunissima intenzione di offenderla," or words to the same effect, hinting that he didn't mean any offence. As he walked away I could hear him mutter to his companions, "Un turista," to which they sympathetically nodded their heads.

We travelled from Dublin in a "Viscount 800", a trusty heap though a bit wobbly at the wings; but, after all, it's futile worrying about minor details. We arrived in Rimini at four o'clock in the morning, and after waiting for the customs men to be pulled out of bed we were left at our hotel in one of the big coaches. We were shown to our rooms by a very sleepy-eyed hostess who greeted us with "Buon giorno" which she obviously didn't mean, and showed us our rooms. The rooms were very comfortable, fully equipped with showers, verandahs, etc. My room was overlooking the beach, beautiful golden sands and all that you'd expect to see on a continental seafront. At lunch we were welcomed by Hetore, the head waiter, and by Miss Worthington who, you might have guessed, wasn't Italian. She was the hotel's guide to Riccione, and could speak, like most guides there, English, French, German and, of course, Italian.

Riccione itself is relatively newly opened and is entirely a tourist concern. There are hotels by the hundred, cafés by the score, amusement arcades, cinemas, dance halls and so on. The north side of the town is the more expensive part, the southern end is the more reasonably priced sector. The food is generally excellent. It has been brought to light that the quality of food in some of the places is doubtful. The ordinary cafés are not too expensive, about four to five shillings for a pot of tea and two "Coca-Colas". This is, of course, after the cafés have themselves added on their slight profit. In the non-tourist places you can get almost twice that amount for the same price. If you think that this is still excessive let me add that at a dance, you can pay up to ten shillings for one "Coca-Cola"—so just imagine what hard liquor would cost! If you want to test the non-alcoholic drinks try a "Scroppi" or a "Frappe monta rosa"; both are very good. Fruit juices are generally freshly squashed. Ice cream can be obtained in any colour, any flavour. In almost every café there is a juke-box and in the more modern areas the juke-box is combined with a sort of television which shows the performers doing their antics while the records play. You can be sure that nine out of ten records will be "twists" as this craze has really hit Europe. The most popular singers over there are: Chubby Checkers, Little Richards, Little Tony, Conway Twitty and Neil Sedaka. When I was leaving Riccione, Neil Sedaka was coming in person for his first appearance in Europe.

The amusement arcades are like the ones over here, Barry's for example. There is, however, one big Fun Fair after the American style, with everything from rolla-coasters to shooting shotguns at balloons. Between us, my brother and myself won three bottles of "vino"; he won

two, and I won a bottle of glorified dishwater, a roulette set, and half a dozen dolls, which we quickly disposed of.

The cars over there are of a great variety. The Fiat 500 and 600 are undoubtedly the most used cars there; next come the Alfa Romeo Giulietta and Alfa Romeo Sprint. The fastest car on any European or British road is the Ferrari—clocked up to 185 m.p.h., and they can certainly do it. The Maseratti are slightly slower, doing only one hundred and fifty m.p.h. The Fiat Sprint, the Abarth Sprint and most of those other cars can do roughly one hundred and thirty miles an hour. A car enthusiast would indeed be in his heaven, for the big American cars, as for example the Chevrolet and Thunderbird, are as common as the "M.G." is over here. "Heavy" motor-cycles are not very common, those mainly used being M.V.s or Guzzis. Fifty c.c. machines and scooters are most popular. The former are usually valved, which of course will mean nothing to a non-enthusiast.

What Riccione is really noted for is its very salubrious weather which, unlike the great heat of Rome, is beautifully warm. Deck chairs can be hired at the beach for as long as you happen to be staying. How good it is to escape from worries and cares even for a while! Tours are frequent, going to Rome, Venice, Verona, Gradera, Padua, San Marino and other well-known places. I was sorry indeed to leave Riccione but slightly compensated by the fact that I had another two weeks holiday in Mortale and a further two in Viareggio, so my raviolla-sampling and hors d'ouvres and salami-inspecting days were not over. The extra four weeks is another tale—but my union doesn't permit me to tell it now. Perhaps later.

Second Year Students (contd.)



le Pádraig Ó Docartaig, 5lA

Íobairt an Ghorta

Aimsir an drochsaoil a bí ann. Bí Conall Mag Aoid ag tarraingt ar a teach i ndiaid lá a caiteamh amuigh ar an gcaorán. Ba doilig an saol a bí ann an uair úd nuair nach raib oiread agus ceapaire aráin féin le hite ag an mórchuid ó thaob thaob an cheantair. Bí an Gorta Mór ann. Gach lá sa tseachtain bí muintir Gleann Eoin ag tarraingt ar reilig Dun na Mullach, chan le gui ar son na ndaoine a chuaig rompu ach chun íobairtí an Ghorta mí-thróchairig seo a chur le taob a sinsear.

Buachaill cúthalach a bí ann mar Conall cé go raib sé beagnach sé throig ár airde agus é costarnocht. Ba thoirteach an duine é agus bí cuma láidir chalma air óna dhun go dtína bhathais, ainneoin nach raib sé ach corrach le hocht mbliana déag d'aois. Bí sé an-chleachtaithe sna cleasa lúth ach car chualathas é ariamh ag maíom as a chuid ealaíona. D'iomaí lá a chaith sé amuigh ar an léana ag rith agus ag léimt. Leis an fírinne a déanamh ní raib buachaill nó fear i dTír Chonaill ar fad ionchurtha leis sna cleasa lúth. Ar an drochuair, áfach, ní raib dadamh ama le caiteamh ag an aiclíocht le déanaí agus ba ag Conall a bí a fios sin.

Ag triall ar an baile an tráthnóna dhoineannta seo bí Conall ag machtnamh ar a mháthair agus ar a deirfiúr Eibhlín. Baintreach a bí i máthair Chonaill mar sciallach a athair uaigh cupla mí roimhe seo. Fágadh Eibhlín is an mháthair ar muineál a chéile leis an obair chart faoin teach a déanamh — aire a thabhairt do na cearca, an bó a bhí agus na nithe eile a níodh an t-athair sula bhuair sé bás. Bí ar Chonall an dia a sholáthar má b'fhiú dia a thabhairt an mhin choirce.

An tráthnóna áirithe seo bí ualach trom ar chroí Chonaill. Bí cupla pingin tuillte aige ón obair shleáin ach ag téimt thar chlaí dó chaill sé an t-iomlán i ngan fhios dó féin. Bí sé gan dia gan airgead ansin. D'réir mar bí sé ag tarraingt níos deise don teach ar fhód an bhealaigh mhóir méadaíodh ar an náire agus ar an bhrón a bí ina chroí go dtí go raib na súile ag treannadh air.

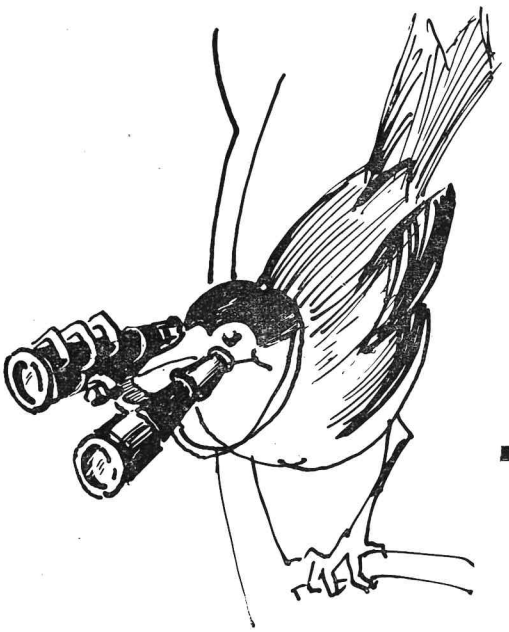
Ansin tháinig smaoineamh ina cheann. Smaoinigh sé go dtógfadh sé anuas a fhuil an oíche sin agus go seinnfeadh sé dreas ceoil don bheirt. Leoga, ní raib fonn ceoil air le fada an lá ach ba dóigh leis go dtógfadh sé an cian díobh. Bí an fhuil i bhfolach sa chófra gan nóta aisti ó chuaig an t-athair chun na siorraíochta san earrach.

Lean Conall leis ar an nóo chun an bhaile agus é ag smaoineamh ar an oíche mhór a bí roimhe. Bí sé ag éirí dorcha anois agus bí sion láidir leis an fhearthainn. Ach ba cuma le Conall. Thosaigh sé a fheadalaí. Ach mar a bhailfeá do thá bhois ar a chéile stad sé. Chuala sé rud a bhain stangadh as.

Thar thrup na háistí agus steallach na hadhann chuala sé, dar leis, caoineadh ag teacht óna baile féin. D'éirigh a ghnúis chomh bán le sneachta. Dhoigh sé leis ní ba chongaraí dá teach. Chuala sé an caoineadh go soiléir anois. Rith sé go dtí comhla an dorais. Ba choscarthach an nadhare a bí os comhair a shúl. Thall ansin sa leaba chlúdaigh bí corp bán sinte agus seanbhean ag caoineadh os a cionn. Tháinig an Sagart Mac Séain anall chuige. "Tá sí marbh, a Chonaill," ar seisean i nglór íseal.

By M. WILSON (4SA)

Bird Watching



ORNITHOLOGY is a subject in which many people are interested, but few take it seriously. Up until about eighteen months ago I had only the usual passing interest that the majority of people have — looking for nests and collecting eggs; but as I became acquainted with other bird watchers, the interest grew and grew. In August of '61 I joined the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds and, later, the Junior Bird Recorders' Club. After purchasing much literature on the different species, I began to specialise in a single order: waders. From the British Trust for Ornithology I obtained their report on the distribution of Woodcock and a report on the Influx of Little Stints for the years 1960-61, which at that time was just coming out.

Intending to send reports to the R.S.P.B. of the birds I had seen, I obtained permits from various places such as reservoirs and estates. In the future I hope to visit either Minsmere or Havergate Island, both of which are Royal Society reserves. The latter is the only known breeding place of the Avocet in the British Isles and although numerous reports of its breeding are to be had these are not necessarily infallible.

In order to keep me up-to-date with the activities of the clubs, they send me quarterly two journals — Bird Notes and the Junior Bird Watcher. The Junior Bird Watcher is very interesting, as all the members' reports are published therein.

As there is not a very wide selection of birds around Holywood, I decided to go further afield. Firstly, I wrote to Lord Dufferin asking for a permit to his estate at Clandeboye, and this he most kindly granted. This estate is terrific and to let you have an idea of what it is like, my friend and I made some movie film of siskins, whooper swans, goldeneye and herons. Besides this we also made some great film on the deer of the estate.

I then proceeded to apply for permits to the reservoirs in the Holywood hills. There are three of these and I was granted one comprehensive

permit to cover them all. In one of the reservoirs there was a red-throated diver which is a diving bird living completely on fish. One can see that it is quite a menace in such a place. This bird was, however, exterminated by the keeper of the reservoir; he was quite within his rights in killing this protected bird which breeds in very scattered colonies on the West coast of Ireland and Scotland. Of course this bird is not uncommon and can be seen off our coast from time to time during the autumn and winter.

After having received my permits I began bird-watching more steadily and have been doing so for the past year or so. There is one place near Holywood which is a favourite haunt of many of the noted N. Ireland Ornithologists. This place is called Kinnegar, but is really the road encircling the 'poldar land' which is being reclaimed for the new B.P. Oil Refinery. In the centre there is a wide expanse of mud and water, providing all the food for wader gulls and ducks.

This year I had the greatest pleasure in seeing a buff-breasted sandpiper there. This is a rare straggler from America, probably driven ashore by wind and rain. It remained with us for some five days after which it departed, though to where I still have not heard. The bird itself is not very big — just 9 inches long, making it slightly bigger than a dunlin and smaller than a reeve (female ruff). The most conspicuous features were the ochre-coloured legs and the pale buff neck, breast and belly. The shoulders were very slightly speckled while the crown and nape speckles were more dense. The bird which we saw was young, according to the report of the Ulster Society for the Protection of Birds — this being discovered by greyish markings on the head and wings, the latter being unmarked except for a very faint wing strip, which was hardly noticeable in bad light.

This bird is the rarest I have ever had the pleasure of seeing and I suppose that I shall never have the opportunity to see one again. Thus, I keep my prized record of a buff-breasted sandpiper.

Since that day I have not seen anything very interesting at Kinnegar except for a little stint, some knots and some ruff.

There is only one thing more for me to say and that is, although I have got many soakings from bird-watching my burning interest in ornithology has not been dampened.



The Gypsies

I saw them chase the Gypsies
From the little town,
And they seemed like Autumn leaves:
Yellow, red and brown.

Just like an autumn sunset
Their scarlet flounces flared;
They glanced from left to right
Like birds by hunters scared.

Silver eardrops dangled
Like raindrops in summer rains;
And beads like glistening berries
Hung round their necks in chains.

They gathered in a hollow green,
And laughed but now and then,
For these gypsy folk must roam
again—
Unwanted, unloved by men.

JOHN MACKLIN (4LA)

By SEAN ANDREWS (5LB)



THE Delights of Summer according to the travel brochures consist of fortnights in France, Mediterranean sunshine, visits to sunny Spain, and ten days spent sun-bathing in North Africa. Travel brochures and the contents of travel agency windows have always had a fascination for me. But what I, and most of the Irish people, would like to know is: what IS sunshine, prolonged and uninterrupted sunshine? It doesn't exist here. Ireland is in the disgraceful position of not having cold enough winters for winter sports, and not enough sun to make it a summer holiday resort.

The skies above this "little bit of heaven" specialise in the production of rain. Irishmen go about their business with one eye on the job, and the other on the weather. Pessimism is always rewarded with deluges of the expected rain. It has been raining in Ireland so much recently that there have been suggestions that the raincoat be adopted as the national dress. Travel agents are very careful in their wording re Irish holidays. In an English paper I read: "Come to Ireland this year for your holidays. The beaches around the coast are uncluttered, the scenery is magnificent and the people friendly and generous." How true! What the unsuspecting potential tourist does not realise is that the beaches are uncluttered because the people don't like sun-bathing in the torrential rain, and generally don't visit the beaches. The scenery is magnificent when the rain does not obscure the view, and the people are generous in that they will allow standing-in-their-doorways during sudden rainstorms.

Although outwardly we in this country detest rain, yet it gives us a sense of individuality as a race apart. "We've had no summer this year," is the proud boast of many an Irishman. It is one of the chief delights of summer to be able to say this. Families go on "holiday" to Bangor or Portrush for the sole purpose of having it spoilt by bad weather and thus providing a talking point for the rest of the year. The man who has had the worst holiday is regarded as a hero: as a commando who has braved the Irish elements for two or three weeks, and lived to tell the tale.

Bad weather, it seems, has an effect on the character of the Irish, according to certain learned ethnologists. The damp climate induces laziness and removes any willingness for work, they say. As a result, when we emigrate to America or other places

where there is a reasonably dry climate, all the capacity for work which has lain dormant at home bursts forth like a tidal wave. The railroads of America were built by Irish labourers who, back home, spent most of their time leaning over five-barred gates discussing the weather and next year's rent for the English landlord.

Irish music is considered to be the most plaintive in the world. The reason for this, most people say, is the many years of oppression under the English. This may be so, but I have a better explanation. It is because there is no summer in Ireland. Very little imagination is required to picture a bard peering listlessly into the Celtic mists and the pouring rain while composing a despairing melody to pass the time:

(a) Erin! the tear and the smile
in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that
hangs in thy skies.

or:

(b) Oh! make her a grave where
the sunbeams rest
When they **promise** a glorious
morrow.

What is the reason for our wet climate and absence of summers? The meteorologists say that we are in the path of depressions from the Atlantic. An old legend provides a much more satisfactory answer. It seems that when our ancestors, the Melesians, were approaching Ireland in their quest for a new home, they were seen by the then tenants of the country who, being skilled in the arts of magic, threw a rain and mist over the land to hide it from the invaders. This did not deter our ancestors, who found their way through the mist and slaughtered the inhabitants. Unfortunately, the wizard who had cast the bad-weather spell was killed in the carnage, with the result that the rain and mists could not be dispersed. And so it has remained ever since.

The Ghost Horse

Down through the glens the ghost horse came,
Like a flash of lightning and away again;
It came in the dark and dead of night,
Galloping along in endless plight.

Again and again the ghost horse strode,
Along a damp and unmarked road,
Galloping, galloping with hooves of hell,
For some poor creature tolling the knell.

Out of the shadows into the light,
This streaking silhouette a fearful sight,
Breast a-heaving with each fateful stride,
Eyes of fire and nostrils wide.

Onward and onward, its mouth ghastly foam,
Galloping swiftly to its ghostly home.
Ever so faster — it needs must be gone
To reach its dungeon before the dawn.

ROBERT KELLY (4LB)

By D. GARDINER (4SB)

"DO IT YOURSELF" RADIO

ALTHOUGH I often build model aircraft, or such things as "experimental objects for going up walls," my real hobby is radio. I started it about six years ago when I got interested in my uncle's vast library of books on the subject. But radio components were almost impossible to get in the country district I then lived in so I had to wait until I came to the city before beginning any practical experiments.

Crystal Set:

The simplest radio receiver possible is the "crystal set" or "diode receiver," which costs little to build. It consists of a simply-constructed high aerial, an earth, a coil of wire, a pair of headphones, and a rectifier of some sort. A **rectifier** is something that electricity can get through in only one direction — like the valve in a car tyre. This is a particularly good comparison because it is a lot more difficult to pump air into a tyre through a valve than it would be if no valve were used; but, of course, the air would then come straight out again, and so a valve must be used. In the same way, a rectifier impedes the flow of the current quite seriously but still cannot be dispensed with.

A crystal of the element Germanium is an example of an electrical rectifier. In the same way as a diamond can only be sliced in one direction electricity will flow through germanium in only one way.

It is interesting to see how an elementary little device like this can bring in radio programmes. Radio signals come in through an aerial, in the form of electricity — the same as runs the electric lights in a house — but with one difference: its polarity is constantly changing over and back from plus to minus. In other words, one moment the aerial wire has too many electrons and the next moment it hasn't enough. This, however, is going on at a fantastically quick rate, anything up to about sixty million times per second. It is this "high-frequency current" that is applied to the crystal rectifier. The current which comes out at the other side is an intermittent form of direct, or constantly polarised, current. To put it simply: there are two wires, one of which carries millions of little impulses of "plus" current every second and the other carries little impulses of "negative" current.

When we connect these two wires to each end of a pair of headphones we can hear the programmes that are being transmitted in various centres, but there is one snag still remaining. This circuit would reproduce all the programmes being transmitted, and thus something else is required to sort out one particular radio station and listen to it alone. What does the needful for us is the **tuned circuit.** This consists of a coil of wire and two or more plates of metal whose distance apart can be changed by a knob or some such means. So now we are at the stage where we can listen in to a particular station: but the position is not yet fully satisfactory. The reception is usually faint, and there's still a good chance of "mixed" programmes coming across, for the tuned circuit is not so very reliable. However, both these faults can unfailingly be cured by including in

the circuit a valve (or transistor) amplifier and a battery (or mains) supply. The transistor is the newer of the two types of amplifier and has still a long way to go as regards technical performance; it is, however, small and light, and requires less power than a valve. In any case, both work roughly on the same principle. The tiny amount of current coming in at the aerial regulates the flow of a greater volume of electricity which is continuously flowing through the amplifier. A simple example to illustrate this process is a pipe with a great volume of water flowing through it and which can be regulated by a small valve in the middle of it. A tiny movement of the valve can cause a great difference in the amount of water being allowed through the pipe.

Most radios, of course, employ several amplifiers, all feeding into each other — together with various other little "tricks" to make the radios more sensitive and selective. Every type of amplifier circuit, whether it employs a transistor or a valve, has a special name for reference purposes, the most common being "anode bend," "grid leak" and "cathode follower."

Transmitter:

More interesting than reception is the transmission of radio waves. What is required for this is a circuit that can produce the positive-negative-positive-negative cycle previously referred to. Once this has been produced it can be used to transmit the spoken word or music simply by varying its strength — or in some instances, its frequency. The basic transmitter is, therefore, the radio oscillator. Strangely enough this does not "pull" the electricity continuously from plus to minus; it simply starts the cycle off and gives it a little push now and then to keep it going — like a youngster playing on a swing.

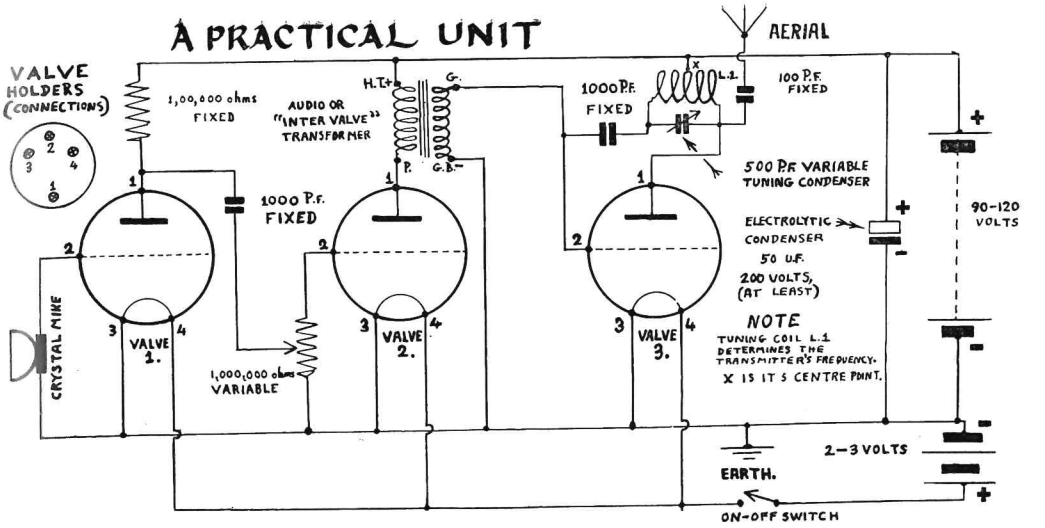
Alternating current behaves very like a flywheel. It builds up its strength slowly, and keeps it even after the little kicks have stopped coming from the valve. Thus an oscillator whose power is cut off does not stop instantly. This is often referred to as the "flywheel" effect of the tuned circuit; it is a help rather than a nuisance in radio design.

Radio travels in the form of electro-magnetic rays. These form themselves into waves — like the waves of the sea — and the distance between one crest and the next is called the Wavelength. The distance may be anything from 18 inches to a mile, but it is usually measured on the metric system.

One of the worst annoyances in transmitter design is instability. The adjustment of an oscillator to work on any particular frequency is so delicate that the slightest variation in the circuit can cause it to slip away on to some new frequency. Even the slightest expansion of component parts as they warm up can bring disorder. But in very recent times a cure has been found, in the form of quartz. The ordinary mineral **quartz** has an unusual quality, viz., if it is sliced into a thin wafer and sandwiched between two pieces of metal it will actually vibrate when a current is applied to it. The frequency depends on the thickness of the wafer; the thinner the slice the more quickly will it vibrate. So, by letting this vibration control the oscillator, it can only work on one frequency because the quartz crystal does not change its rate of vibration. Another advantage in quartz is that it is almost impervious to heat or high voltages. As the voltages used in transmitters are often quite high, sometimes in excess of 1,000 volts, transmitting valves must be specially built to handle this power and therefore cost a great deal more than receiving valves.

Amateur Radio Control:

A walkie-talkie is easy and quite cheap to make, and endless fun to operate. A good trick is to conceal a



A simple transmitting circuit employing the Heartley Oscillator. Peak output 2 watts with HL2 valves. (Post Office licence needed for operating this transmitter.)

little transistor transmitter in a friend's house and later present him with a written transcript of the conversation there. No hidden wires will be found, no matter how suspicious your friend may become. The battery, however, soon loses its power and your reception becomes very weak — so perhaps it's better after all to work the experiment in your own house.

Radio control only requires a radio receiver whose output is not taken to a loudspeaker, but to a relay and eventually to some outside circuit such as a garage-door opener or a porch light or even another radio. In this way a man could turn on the house lights, the television set, and open the garage door without having to get out of his car. Of course all that wiring would cost a good deal, but it costs little to control just one model or device. One really funny effect can be got by using a transistor receiver and an electric motor: a vase of flowers "walks" across a table, stops at the edge, and walks back again. Then, when people start to take interest in its movements, it refuses to budge, but when they look away it starts again! Radio control does not concern itself with entertainment only; it has far more serious applications. It controls the guided missiles with their atomic warheads; it plays a big part in the delicate process involved in the manufacture of radioactive isotopes for use in the medical profession. Radio control is a wonderful help in refineries and foundries, and generally in those places where walls cannot be pierced for wiring, or in which controlled units would have to be moved from place to place.

A very interesting amateur use of radio can be had from tiny short-wave transistor radios which feed into "deaf-aid" type earpieces and which can pick up signals from a sort of "home base" transmitter. Using these, steeplejacks can be given directions from g r o u n d level, mountain rescue teams kept up to date on weather conditions and new hazards, divers warned when their oxygen supply is running low, and cave explorers can easily keep in contact with each other or with an outside party.

I sometimes use this sort of radio myself to adjust the T.V. aerial on the roof. My mother watches the set and, without having to shout, she

tells me how the picture is changing according as I move the aerial. This system is vastly superior to a telephone or inter-com as it leaves both hands free for climbing and adjusting — and there are no trailing wires. The transmitter does not interfere with the T.V. set under adjustment, due to the great difference in wavelength.

Outside broadcasts are great fun. Sometimes I get a group of youths or adults to go to my radio hut and listen-in while I take my bicycle (equipped with two-way radio) to some street and there interview people. The results are interesting, often entertaining, but sometimes most annoying — for people will shout! The radio bicycle is useful in another way: it can be adjusted to give a continuous signal, like the familiar sputnik "bleep," and the range and even the speed of the bicycle and transmitter can be gauged by the strength of the bleeps.

The only limiting factor in the development of radio as a hobby is money. Otherwise, the fields that lie open to the amateur enthusiast are limitless: radio-astronomy, radar, medicine — even geology and nuclear physics. But the main thing is: to start. A few books on the subject, the materials for a crystal set, and a lifelong and fascinating interest can be begun. Should any boy wish to receive help in building some particular item of radio equipment I will be only too glad to help. And any details I may not know personally I will find them out for him.

The Passing Scene

The flames flare brightly in the sky,
And all around the children sit,
In the distant village voices cry:
"The bonefire is lit!"

Old folk and young now dance and sing,
And all the world seems gay;
Into the night merry voices ring,
But, alas, here comes the day.

The cock is crowing, the sun is up,
And so the fun is over,
And the shepherd returns with his collie and pup
To the sheep, on the pastures of clover.

The ashes of the fire blow away on the wind,
As a sign that the pleasure is ended;
The farmer has much more hay to bind,
And the cobbler has shoes to be mended.

FERGUS O'HARE (4SB)

Junior Certificate Students

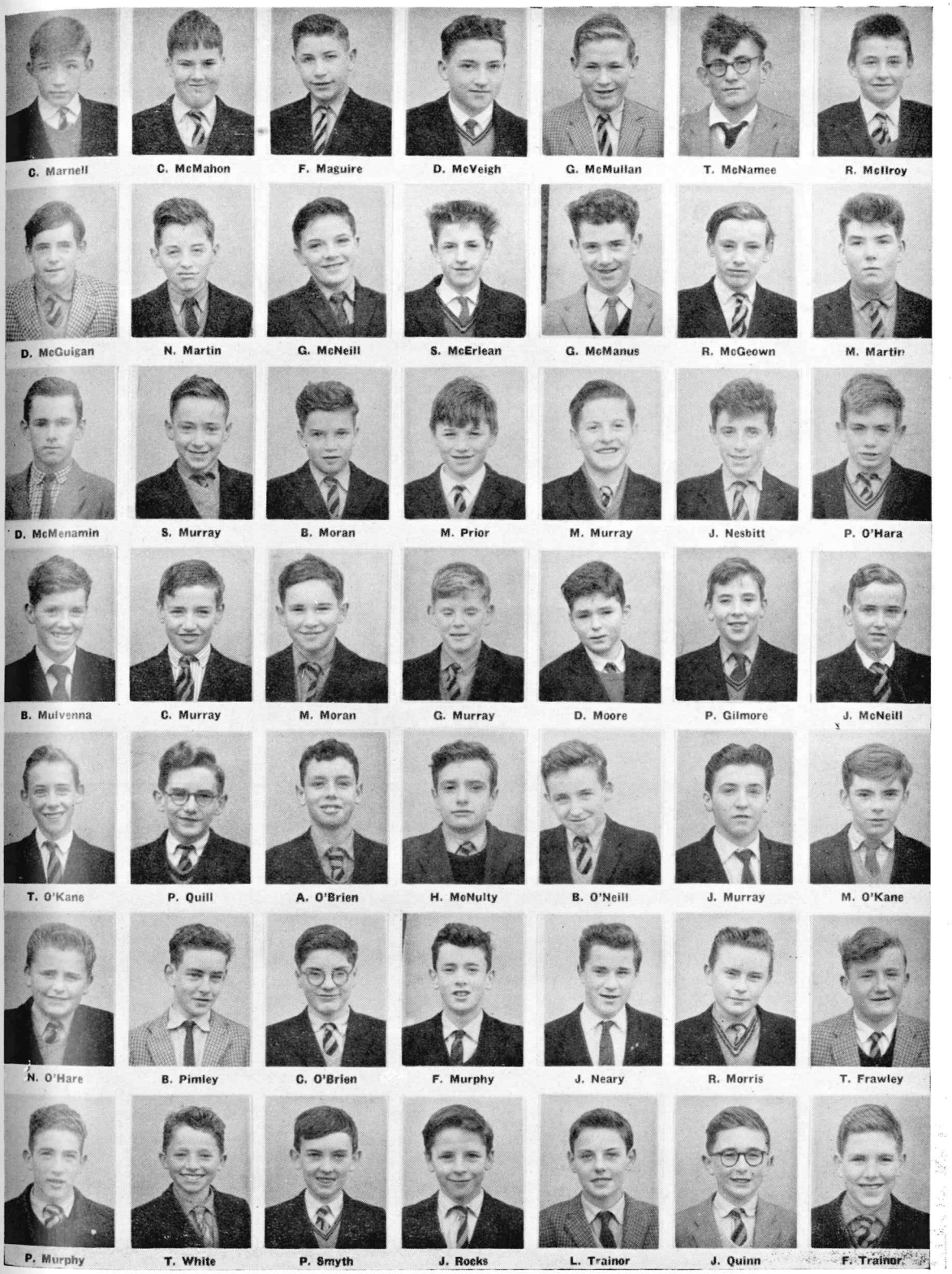


Junior Certificate Students (cont.)



R. Cooper
B. Evans
P. Duffy
M. Donnelly
F. Loughran
D. Lennon
J. McCaughan
S. Lavery
J. McCrory
F. Lambe
E. Quinn
L. Kerr
B. Keown
K. McAlinden
W. Kearns
M. McCullough
V. Keegan
T. McCall
P. Kelly
A. Kavanagh
M. McCloskey
R. Kelly
P. McCaffrey
D. McAllister
M. McClean
M. Liddy
P. Kerr
G. Keenan
T. Lundy
J. Johnston
B. McCarthy
B. McAuley
K. Logan
G. McCann
S. McKenna
P. McKenna
E. McMahon
J. Madden
D. Monaghan
K. Manning
S. McIlwee
B. McClafferty
T. McHugh
G. McCullough
H. McNally
J. McIlroy
E. McKeown
W. Molloy
B. Magee

Junior Certificate Students (contd.)



C. Marnell | C. McMahon | F. Maguire | D. McVeigh | G. McMullan | T. McNamee | R. McIlroy

D. McGuigan | N. Martin | G. McNeill | S. McErlean | G. McManus | R. McGeown | M. Martin

D. McMenamin | S. Murray | B. Moran | M. Prior | M. Murray | J. Nesbitt | P. O'Hara

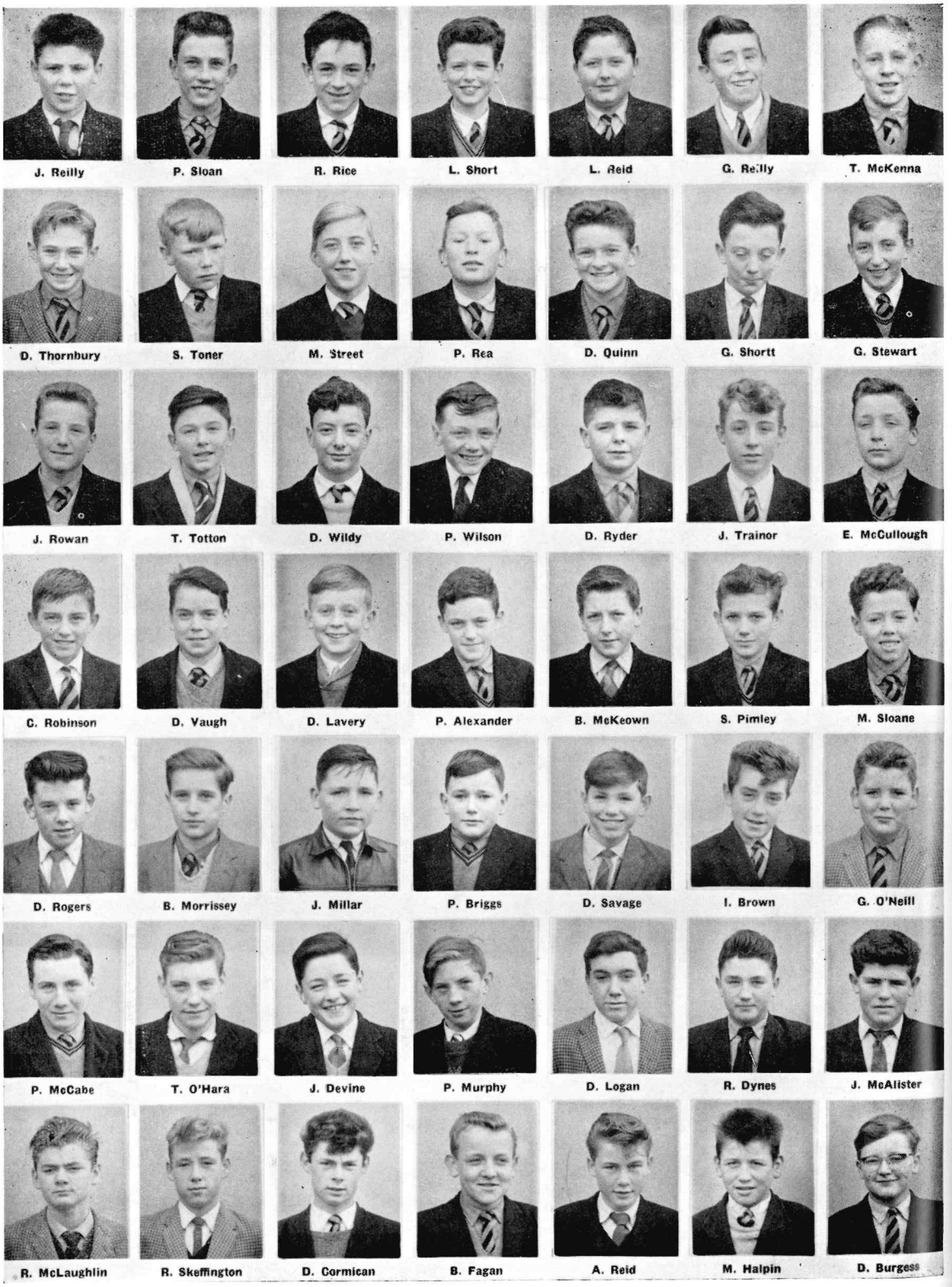
B. Mulvenna | C. Murray | M. Moran | G. Murray | D. Moore | P. Gilmore | J. McNeill

T. O'Kane | P. Quill | A. O'Brien | H. McNulty | B. O'Neill | J. Murray | M. O'Kane

N. O'Hare | B. Pimley | C. O'Brien | F. Murphy | J. Neary | R. Morris | T. Frawley

P. Murphy | T. White | P. Smyth | J. Rocks | L. Trainor | J. Quinn | F. Trainor

Junior Certificate Students (contd.)



J. Reilly | P. Sloan | R. Rice | L. Short | L. Reid | G. Reilly | T. McKenna

D. Thornbury | S. Toner | M. Street | P. Rea | D. Quinn | G. Shortt | G. Stewart

J. Rowan | T. Totton | D. Wildy | P. Wilson | D. Ryder | J. Trainor | E. McCullough

C. Robinson | D. Vaugh | D. Lavery | P. Alexander | B. McKeown | S. Pimley | M. Sloane

D. Rogers | B. Morrissey | J. Millar | P. Briggs | D. Savage | I. Brown | G. O'Neill

P. McCabe | T. O'Hara | J. Devine | P. Murphy | D. Logan | R. Dynes | J. McAlister

R. McLaughlin | R. Skeffington | D. Cormican | B. Fagan | A. Reid | M. Halpin | D. Burgess

By G. McALEAVY (5LA)

BUMP *in the* NIGHT

WHEN I was a little wide-eyed boy, I read many children's stories (I still do) and I used read in breathless admiration of those undaunted youths who spent nights in reputedly haunted houses, boldly declaring, "Who on earth believes in ghosts?" Now, having heard many creepy ghost stories and being an extremely gullible lad, I was terrified that one night I might see a ghastly black form with a pale visage stained red with blood; I did once, but he was only a drunk.

This senseless fear, "phobia" I believe is the modern term, has persisted with me until the mere reflection of a car's headlights at midnight suffices to bring my dormant dread to the boil. I used to comfort myself with the "fact" that ghosts cannot harm humans. This myth was exploded by a grizzled pipe-chewing storyteller who told me a tale ending like this:

"Yus, son, when they came to find them in the morning . . . what d'you think they saw?" I uttered a suitably impressive gasp. He re-lit his pipe. "Aye, there they was, all three of' em . . . stone dead!" He spat in the fire. "An' the gharstly look on their faces . . . they must have seen somefin 'orrible, I wonder what?" That story absolutely petrified me and for several nights after that I lay: ". . . dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before."

I think perhaps the ghost tales that frightened me most could be divided into three types. The first type consisted of those weird houses where "things-go-bump-in-the-night" and quite often in the daytime, too. These occasionally - quite - probable stories were about houses where plates fly nonchalantly around, doors mysteriously open, and so on. Fiendish acts such as these are engineered, I was once assured, by "sportive little devils."

The second type were the more romantic cavaliers, phantom highwaymen, and headless royalty. Old pipe-chewer, whom I have already mentioned, informed me that these ghouls were useful as they did no damage and attracted wealthy American tourists! Of these the Drury Lane ghost is perhaps the most famous, while the stalwart night sentinels at St. James' Palace have had some ticklish moments with belligerent spooks! I suppose vampires belonged to the second group for, despite their unpleasant aspects, they always lent a little colour to some of the more frightening stories.

Imperceptibly, ghost stories had obtained a deadly grip on me and I had become an addict. Desperately I thirsted for the few delicious moments of horror a story gave me, but afterwards, in the dead of night, I paid dearly for my knowledge of

spiritual phenomena since the slightest sound sent me into shivers.

I was told that several centuries ago, when people used to blame all their misfortunes, such as bad weather, on witches (we blame it on the Bomb to-day) apparently every O.A.P. was in league with the devil. Of course in those days O.A.P.'s were called H.A.G.S. "How now, you secret black and midnight H.A.G.S. . . ."

I wonder what H.A.G. originally meant; perhaps Harry's Angling Gollywogs — or something like that. Well, these witches (alias H.A.G.S.) formed the third group of spooks.

In the stories I heard, these witches turned princesses into toads, put spells on princes and generally made a nuisance of themselves. They never really appealed to my imagination. Eventually they were all burnt and thus became extinct, like dinosaurs and . . . beatniks.

I don't believe in ghosts now, but I'm still terrified of them. I wonder would YOU relish "a bump in the night" ?

Junior Certificate Students (contd.)



le Searóid Mac Canna (61)

I mo Spailpín Fánaċ

Da lá iontaċ é, an lá a d'fágamar Boulogne inár noiaid. Bí an triúr againn taréis mí dár saol a ċaiteamh i gceann de na bailte móra a ba deise dá bfaca méariamh, agus ar nóiġ, bí brón orainn beit ag imeaċt. Mar sin féin tá mé cinnte go raib áċas de ċineál éigin orainn uiliġ fad agus a siúlamar ċuiġ Stáisiún Boulogne. Naċ rabamar ag pilleaċ ar an tír is deise ar an domhan?

Bí an traein le himeaċt ar a deiċ a ċlog ar maidin. Bíomar inár suí ann cúpla bomaite roimh an am sin, ag feiċeamh go otabarfaċ sé sinn go Calais, áit a mbeaċ an long ag fanaċt linn. Ar an oroċ-uair níor imiġ an traein in am — agus nuair a bí Calais bainte amaċ againn ċonaiceamar go raib an "Côte D'Azur" ar tí imeaċt. Bíomar ró-mhall. Ní beimis in am don long go béal feirsde gan fiú dá mbeaċ long eile ann a d'imeoċ i gcionn leaċuaire nó mar sin. Cad é bí le déanamh? Bí punt go leiċ agamsa aċ bí an beirt eile gan pingin gan donn! I otaca liom ní raib an dara suí sa bualiċ ann. Raċainn ar agaid. Sroiċfinn London roimh an oíċe. D'fanfainn ansin go cionn lae agus le cuidiú Dé beinn i mBeal feirste roimh i bfad. Aċ níor ċaitin na smaointe seo le mo ċairde. "Táimidne ag dul ar ais," ar siadsan "Dó mór ort!" fágaḋ mé "ar an trá folamh," i mo aonar, gan le déanamh agam aċ fanaċt — agus fanaċt . . . .

Siúil mé isteaċ sa stáisiún go spaḋánta. Bí sé comhair a beiċ bán aċ bí cúpla cailín ina suí ansin. Suiġ mé síos agus gan bréag a rá bí cuirse an domhain orm. Cuġ mé faoi dear go raib cailín ag amharc orm ó am go ham. Conaċtas go raib suim de ċineál éigin aice ionam. Naċ raib sí ag amharc ar m'agaid?

"Is 'talent scout' í," arsa mise liom féin. Níorb fada gur táinig sí i mo ċreo agus giota de pairéar bán ina láimh aici. Is conraḋ é gan daḃt, dar liom, aċ níorb ea.

"Amharc airseo," ar sise agus ċuġ mé spléaċaḋ ar an páipéar. Da pictiúr díom féin é!

"An-ċosúil liom," arsa mise, "go raib maiċ agat!"

Roimh i bfad ċuala mé guċ ar an ċraolaċán "Cruinniod na paisnéirí ar long 'Côte D'Azur' go Doḃair ag geata a trí." Dal, le scéal fada a déanamh gairid níorb fada go raib mé ar an farraige mór. Agus ba álainn an radarc í; na tonnta geala agus iad "ag lí" na loinge; na beanna bána a bí le feiceáil fad agus a ċarraingíomar ar Doḃair; agus sa deireaḋ an traein deas donn a bí le mo ċaḃairt go Londain! "Aḃair e," arsa mise liom féin, agus ċuir an focal seo áċas ar ar mo ċroí." "Ní fada go mbeid mé sa baile!

I gcionn cúpla uair bí mé i mo seasamh i London, ag éisteaċt le "Benjamin Mór" agus é ag bualaḋ. Seaċt a ċlog — dá uair is ríċe le caiteamh, agus mé gan pingin. Cinnte, bí punt go leiċ agam — cúiġ dollaeir a ċuir m' aintín ċugam ó

na Státaí! Ac cad é mar a cuirfinn an t-am chart. Ar suíocán sa stáisiúin, suíocán salach? Nó i dtraein? Traein nach n-imeoid go dtí an mhaidin! Ba é sin an réiteach dar liom. Ceannóid mé ticéad ar dá phingin, racáid mé isteach i gcarráiste agus ní bheid rud ar bith eile do mo bhuaireadh ina diaidh sin. Ba sin an chuid a fuair an freagar. I gcionn tamaill bí mé i mo "seomra codlata," socraig mé síos agus cit mé i mo chodlad . . .

Bí sé dub-dorcha nuair a mhuscail mé — nó le firinne a déanamh, nuair a musclaíod mé. Bí ocras an domhain orm ach níorb é sin a bí ag cur buartha orm. Cuala mé coiscéimeanna agus iad ag teacht níos comhgaraí agus níos comhgaraí dom. Taibse? Ní bhfuair mé faill a thabairt dom fein mar, fosclaíod doras an charráiste go tobann agus dúirt guch racthúil.

"Cad é tá againn anseo?" "T-t-tá, d'-o',"

"D'imig an traein ort agus tá tú ag fanacht go maidin?" arsa an guch.

"Rud éigin mar sin," a d'aontaig mé, "ach ní áit deas London le beit ag caitheamh oíche i do aonar ann."

"Dal, oíche mhaith," arsa an guch arís," ach ná bí mall don traein amárach." Cit mé i mo chodlad arís.

Ar maidin mhuscail mé go luath, ocrach, tuirseach go póill, agus sort mearballáin i mo cheann. Bí dá rud le déanamh agam. Racainn chuig Staisiún Euston agus d'fanfainn ansin leis an traein go Heysham. Ba é sin an rún a bí agam. Ar an droch-uair ní raib sé i nóán dom an dá rud seo a déanamh. Sroich mé Euston, shuig mé síos agus d'ith mé úll a fuair mé i mo phóca. Bí an mearballán i mo cheann ar fad — agus bí sé ansin go póill nuair a muscail mé dá uair ina diaidh sin — in oispidéal! De réir cosúlachta bí mé ag brionglóidigh, ach d'inis banaltra dom nach raib. Ach ba é an rud a bí do mo chrá nach mbainfinn Béal Feirste amach go cionn trí nó ceithre lá. Ní chomhaisfeadh mo chuismitheoirí go raib mé in oispidéal — mar ní raib mé in oispidéal ariamh cheana. Insíod dom gurb amhlaid go bhfuarthas mé gan lúth gan láthair. Bí orm fiche ceist a freagairt. Bí na banaltraí iontach cineálta liom. Cuireadh scéal chuig mo mháthair go raib mé slán sábháilte agus go mbeinn ag pilleadh abhaile i gcionn cúpla lá. D'fhág liom gur cháinig an lá a d'fhág mé slán ag na banaltraí deasa úd agus a chuig mé aghaidh ar Béal Feirste agus ar mo mhuintir féin arís.

Ní dhéanfaidh mé dearmad go brách ar an dóig ar fágadh mé 'im spailpín fánach' ar an Choigríoch. Ach pillfidh mé ar an fhrainc, seallaimse duit. L'expérience ne sert à rien!

We

Slipping and sliding we follow life's path,
Subjects of sorrow, terror and wrath;
Tortured by Satan and limpid sin;
Surrounded by vice and irreligious din;
Plagued by diseases, greed and lust;
Tempted by bodies but ashes and dust;
Severed by wars, hatred and crime;
Desired by eager and merciless Time;
Hurled helter-skelter into life's tide;
Nurtured by God and led to His side.

G. McCURDY (5LA)

By D. GARDINER (4SB)

THE



"THING"

I had worked in the same London office for a good many years and so I had come to know the staff pretty well. They were all very ordinary people — the manager, accountants, secretaries — all except one. His name was Smith, or so he said. A mysterious little man; very quiet and serious, with a slight foreign accent and very piercing, shiny eyes.

But my interest in him had nothing to do with his appearance or manner. You see, Leonard Smith was one of the first pair of identical Siamese twins ever to be successfully separated. Even with modern equipment there is never a great deal of hope for both twins surviving into manhood. The fact that Leonard and his brother Michael not only survived the operation but had gone on to lead comparatively normal lives was a great medical triumph, and something of a nine-day wonder to those who knew of it.

Michael Smith, whom I never actually met, had lived into his early twenties and died of a disease that bore no relation to the fact that he had been born a Siamese twin. Leonard, on the other hand, was still leading a normal healthy life. He was, as the people around liked to put it, the less delicate of the two.

He got on well at work; although he kept to himself he was well liked and had a strange, difficult-to-understand sense of humour. This was probably why I didn't take him too seriously when one day he casually remarked about being kept awake at night by "the thing in the attic."

"You mean the water tank?" I enquired without much interest.

"Oh, no," he said, "not the water tank; just the THING."

"What on earth are you talking about?" I asked, glancing through some letters.

"I have a thing in my attic," he went on, "didn't you know?"

"All right," I smiled, gradually realising it was a leg-pull, "so you have a thing in your attic? We have one in the cellar, but ours is quite friendly. What's yours like?"

"I don't know," he replied blankly, "I've never seen it."

"Then how do you know it's there?" I demanded, seizing a loophole.

"I can hear it moving about at night," he said simply. "It doesn't

come out until night-time. Last night it was so noisy I couldn't sleep. I think it's trying to break the trapdoor and get down. I had it strongly boarded up, just in case; but of course I don't know how strong the thing is. Maybe it can bang its way through ordinary wood. Maybe it's so big it only has to stand on the trapdoor and it will fall in. It hasn't managed it yet, anyway."

Suddenly I realised that this man was honestly convinced that there was some strange animal, or thing, in his attic. I laughed.

"Have you been drinking?" I asked. "Or have I?"

"Never touched alcohol in my life," he said, and I knew it was true.

Much as I always had liked Leonard I think it must be admitted that he was never quite as strong in the head as he might have been. He had been a fairly imaginative child when he was small and now it seemed he was carrying it over into adulthood. I was anxious not to pursue the matter any further, but the whole office had by now got the gist of our conversation and from then on many made fun of him mercilessly without his quite realising it.

"How was the thing last night," they would ask each morning, "as noisy as ever?"

"Yes," he would reply, with the assurance of a university professor. "It was a little worse, if anything. I really must put more boards across that trapdoor: I shudder to think what it might do if ever it got down."

And so the exchanges went on for month after month after month. We began to learn more about the Thing: the way it would tramp slowly from one end of the attic to the other, and make the lights suddenly dim when it leant against the fusebox. Sometimes it would rush across the ceiling like an express train, and suddenly flop against the wall like a whale in its dying flutter. But its antics were in vain. The little wooden trapdoor — its one and only means of escape — was securely boarded up and sealed over with plaster. Whatever shape the thing had it was too clumsy to simply stand on the trapdoor and jump up and down, for, judging from the bang with which it could hit the wall, this would certainly do the trick.

As the months passed we came to feel that we actually knew the Thing in person. We would be disappointed if it ever went through a night without putting in an appearance. After a year or so I think many of the staff had reached the stage where they actually believed in it. They would spend much of their lunch hour discussing it in deadly earnest, and what it would do if it ever got free. I realised that it was no longer a joke but simply an accepted part of the daily office routine. I was glad that at least they were no longer laughing at Smith.

We were mildly surprised and disappointed when Leonard failed to put in an appearance at work one morning. No latest news on the Thing's behaviour that day . . .

Imagine our horror when, next morning, we read that Mr. Leonard Smith was dead — and that his end had come violently.

The woman that cleaned his house had come in the previous morning and found him in his bedroom, lying in a blood-soaked heap on the middle of the floor. The room was in a horrible state: hardly an item of furniture was left undamaged.

There was naturally an inquest and a police enquiry. Neither could throw light on the matter, but the body was severly mauled and the police suspected murder, possibly by a person mentally unsound. The police statement added, in a casual sort of way, that some recent repairs to the

trapdoor had fallen in and that the attic had not been used.

Nobody in the office, myself included, offered a word of explanation to the authorities. After all, what could we say? That he used to talk of an animal or a Thing in the attic which seemingly was trying to break through and attack him? They would say he was mad and that we were equally mad for believing his yarn.

* *

Well, he had no living relatives and no friends, as far as I know, except the people at the office. And thoughtfully enough he had arranged with a lawyer about a year previously that, on his death, his house and effects were to become my property — or if I wasn't available or willing the tenancy was to go to the then senior in the office. But all this had been arranged without our knowledge; poor, faithful Leonard.

I had been living in a flat at the time so I accepted the little house. It was a bungalow — just one storey; and an attic. Grateful though I was for this comfortable residence I had still certain misgivings about, you know what. The first thing I did was to put in a new trapdoor. One of solid iron. But was it worth my while?

There are now two Things in my attic. I hear them moving about every night. Someday, they're going to get down. And when they do, there'll be three —.

Homeward Bound

The rumble-thud of cattle-hooves,
The bellow of the steer,
These sounds are sweet as music
To every cowboy's ear.
The dust they raise is terrible,
It rises all around;
His thirst is something horrible —
But the cowboy's homeward bound.

O, the panting of the cowboy
And the neighing of his horse
As they pass through scrubby desert,
Or pasture rough and coarse!
At night around the campfire
Beneath a starry sky
The cowboys sing their ballads,
And the wild coyotes cry.

Then gradually there's silence
Except for snoring all around —
The cowboy's dreaming blisfully,
Because he's homeward bound.

GERARD BREEN (1A)

Sea Battle

Come all ye jolly sailors bold
And drink with me this Tony wine,
For ere to-morrow's tale is told
We'll sail the foaming brine.

Beware, me boys — be on your toes!
Be on your tweety twinkly toes;
Do not so much as turn your backs
Upon our fearful foes.

I've cut and thrust in many a fray,
I've sunk big ships, and small ones too!
I've wallowed to my chin in blood —
And so, me lads, will you.

What's this I hear? a bell! a bell!
Ahoy! watch out — we'll all be dead!
What ails the ship — dear me! well, well!
I've fallen out of bed!!

MAURICE LIDDY (2C)

By JOHN McILROY (2D)

T. C. A. L.

"Up and down,
Round and round,
That's the way we go."

THAT is the honourable motto of the T.C.A.L., or the Toothbrush Cleaning Association Limited, of which I, Toothy Toothbrush, am ('hem) the Managing Director. Let me tell you its history . . .

It all began many years ago, just after the Second Tooth War between the White Toothbrushes and the Dental Decay Germs who were finally trounced out of teeth. When the war ended, the toothbrushes decided to form a company, the T.C.A.L.

We had barely drawn up our motto when we received a distress call from a wisdom tooth which was under siege from Do-or-Die Dental Germs. A special force under our heroic leader, Major Brush-'em-up, arrived at the peak of the battle, and flung themselves into the fray with all their scrubbing might. The battle culminated in a duel between the Major and Dirty Dick Decay, commander of the germs. Dirty Dick was killed, and the germs quickly surrendered. We bristled with delight over this first victory.

Our next battle of notable mention was five weeks later when a small breathless messenger-nerve arrived at our H.Q. with the news that one of the front teeth of a schoolmaster was being attacked. Some of our younger members who were, at the time, attending school flatly refused to help but, after the use of threats, and a few very picturesque home truths which would have made certain people blench with shame, they "agreed" to come.

I, Toothy Toothbrush, led that memorable attack. There were germs everywhere. Undeterred, I set to work, sticking rigidly to our motto and disregarding the ferocious attacks made on me. We won!

For my bravery I was awarded the Pepsodent Cross (our highest award for bravery) by His Royal Highness, King Colgate, and received, to my joy, the position which I am now proud to hold.

But let's brush away past memories and come to the present. I have just read in the "Toothly Times", our daily newspaper, that some dentists do not have so many customers now, due to us toothbrushes. That's great news indeed—but "well-informed sources" tell us that there's a danger of toothbrushes being condemned, or some new-fangled diseases discovered, lest that ignoble profession of molar-pullers go into extinction. Blackmail of this kind we will fight tooth-and-brush. 'Bye now. Don't forget us tonight.

First Year Senior Students



D. McKeith
J. Owens
J. Conlon
R. McDermott
J. Donnelly
J. McCreanor
N. McFerron
W. Simpson
T. McCourt
R. McBride
P. McNeill
J. Branagh
J. Collins
J. O'Neill
G. Blake
K. Doherty
P. Gormley
C. Mullaghan
M. Wilson
J. Ewins
J. Murphy
D. McNaughton
G. Ryan
A. Murray
P. McGrath
S. Mooney
S. Brennan
B. Carson
M. McNamee
T. McCartney
T. Hill
M. Fallon
F. O'Hare
B. Donnelly
J. May
M. McGlade
J. Campbell
M. Braithwaite
G. Murray
G. O'Neill
L. Dowds
J. McCormack
F. Dynan
W. McGlue
D. Gardiner
B. Donnelly
G. Donnelly
M. Duffy
T. Rafter

First Year Senior Students (contd).



J. Armstrong | G. Lee | F. McGrogan | J. Devlin | J. Pollock | P. Halpin | M. Hannan

S. Goodall | G. Mallon | J. Boyle | L. Connor | R. Meenan | N. Hendron | G. Murray

P. Falls | O. Frawley | J. Masterson | M. Farnon | D. Rooney | B. Trainor | K. Delaney

E. Rice | G. McKeown | S. Drumm | T. McGovern | P. McCartney | L. Davison | A. McGlone

D. McCurry | M. McHugh | D. Maguire | T. Bartlett | J. Boyle | O. Boylan | S. McCafferty

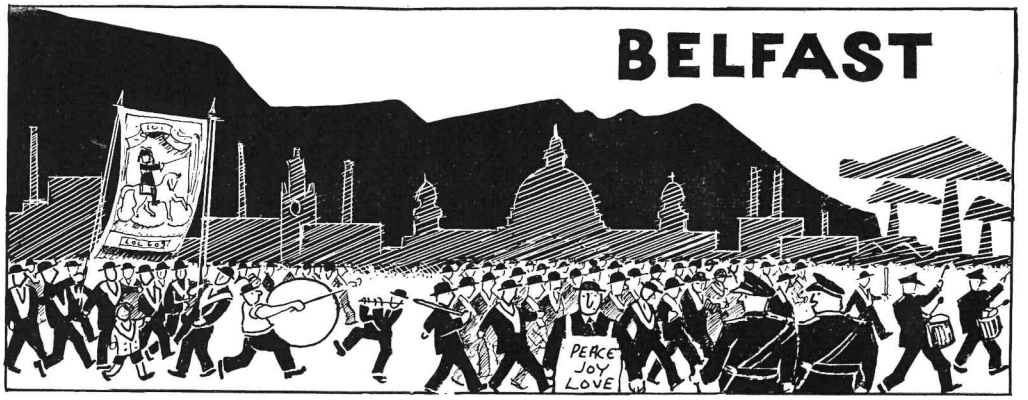
P. Forte | T. Cushnahan | T. Macklin | J. McQuillan | C. Ryder | G. Cleary | D. Martin

N. O'Callaghan | V. Malaugh | G. McGarry | K. Trainor | R. Kelly | J. Devlin | P. Cullen

First Year Senior Students (contd.)



My Native City



an Appreciation By E. McGEOGH (5LA)

I WAS born in Belfast. I have lived in Belfast for seventeen years. But never have I heard anyone say a kind word about it.

Belfast is a dirty industrial hole; a misty, smoky, noisy city; factories filling the air with dirt all day long; machinery, tools, workmen, offices, clerks, typists, lorries, cars, 'buses, solid respectable buildings, glass buildings, ill-smelling slums, dust-bins, gas-lamps, small gardens and factory horns all thrown together in confusion; it rains too often in Belfast; there are no opportunities for the young; the people are coarse; the city is dying or it is dead; it has no future: **this is what they say about the place where I was born.**

They see films, they watch television, they read books: there is colour everywhere but in Belfast. They are eager to see the world and the world is everywhere but in Belfast. The young leave Belfast and go to England or somewhere; or they want to leave Belfast but have to stay and look blankly about them and keep on wanting to leave.

Outsiders come to this city and see the smoke and the blank looks of the people and they, too, say Belfast is a dirty hole (in so many words).

Why is my city condemned? I love Belfast. It has seen all my laughter, my hopes, my ambitions. It has witnessed my tears also, my weariness, my misery, sometimes despair. Still it stands: solid, rough, smoky, but lovable.

The ghost of my youth haunts this city. A scruffy boy playing hop-scotch on the grey pavements or football with two tins for goal-posts, his yells soaring up into the sky, bouncing off the brick walls. The Falls Road sprinkled with pubs, stray dogs, people and pawn-shops. A boy going to school: afraid. A boy down-town, at the City Hall, in High Street, Royal Avenue, York Street, wondering at the noise and the mighty buildings and all the people. A boy with a sixpenny net beside the dam on the Springfield Road. Engrossed and happy, with a family and friends and dreaming of being big and famous one day. Chasing through the streets with a make-shift bow and arrow. Seeing the sky, now blue, now dark. Feeling the veil of

rain, the watery snow, the cold, the heavy heat. Smelling the dust, the fog, the sweat, fish and chips. Around every corner there is a memory: a street or a building or a park or an old friend. This memory is peaceful, maybe sad; sometimes funny enough to make me smile again. Belfast is my memory, my laughter, my hope, my misery, my world.

I do not blame the strangers. They have not lived here. They see only a drab, stuffy city. I went to Glasgow once and said it was a hole. But I said that because my eyes told me to say it. My childhood, my mother and father, my brothers, sisters, my dreams were not there. Nothing can be said against the strangers.

But I blame the people of Belfast who criticise their city. They are ungrateful. They are traitors. Not long ago they had almost convinced me that this city was grey and empty. I wanted to get away from it and for a while I hated the dullness of the city and its people. But now I love every brick and every slate, every man and boy, the way they talk and breathe and move about, living. Even those who scorn the city I love. But let them listen: it is they who are dead, not the city.

I walk home late at night. The sky is wide and close. The stone houses are asleep. The streets, the roads are bare. But there is a crack of light in an upper window, a cat cringing in a doorway. The slight wind plays with an old newspaper in the gutter. Here is warmth and security.

Going to school early in the morning the air is fresh and bites my cheeks. A door slams down the street. A 'bus hums up the road and the hollow factory-horn groans the beginning of another day. Most of the blinds are still drawn but I know there are people behind them. Men and women, laughing, praying, talking, worrying, quarrelling, fighting, drunk or pious.

I think about the great breathless beauty of the world: Niagara Falls; sunrise and sunset; early spring flowers; daffodils; primroses; the Irish countryside; birds singing; Grand Canyon; the sea. But here in Belfast there is as much beauty and it is part of me. Belfast is the colours of the rainbow. Belfast is the world. Its people are the world's people.

The city itself: Crumlin Road; Ardoyne; Malone; Shankill; Smithfield and Sandy Row; three theatres and four cinemas; the Lagan; Botanic Gardens; Ormeau and Ravenhill; Andersonstown (the city grows); the Glen Road; the Falls. I have lived here for seventeen years. Some day I may leave, but I pray that I will die under none other than a Belfast sky. So it rains; there is dirt and smoke. But it is my home.

First Year Senior Students (contd.)



G. O'Callaghan P. O'Boyle S. O'Kane H. McDonald M. Reid M. Cooney J. Magee

By NEIL McFERRAN (3C)

Eddie

AS Jimmy Kirk and Ian Watson walked slowly towards the sheltered cottage in the suburbs of Littletown their hearts were heavy. Their great friend, Eddie, who now lived there was a cripple and had been so for nearly two years. Self-pity and despair had overwhelmed him, and Jimmy and Ian were the only two with whom he could bear a little conversation. Deep in their hearts the boys could not help contrasting him with the same gay, strong, Hungarian fourteen-year-old refugee who had come to their school some three years previously . . .

Ednoord had rushed excitedly out of the crowded bus, bright-eyed and watchful, staring around him like a month-old deer. Friendship with him had been easy from the start — his lack of English contributing all the more to the general fun. He was soon known to all as Eddie. He excelled in swimming and football, and wherever this dark-haired lad went he was sure to be surrounded by a group of laughing youngsters. Jimmy and Ian were his closest friends and from them he quickly learned the home language. It was with great sadness then that about six months later the parting came. Eddie was transferred to a large refugee centre.

Week after week came the longed-for letter from their former hero. His infectious spirit was very much alive in their midst as they laughed heartily at his jokes and adventures. Then a week passed without any word from him; two weeks, three . . . Finally, Eddie appeared in person—but what a change had come over him! He was now a pale invalid in a wheelchair. Both his legs had been amputated and there was a long scar on his forehead. His gaiety was gone, too. He would not describe to his dumbfounded enquirers what had happened, beyond whispering that he had an accident. He was to be cared for by a kind lady on the outskirts of the town. It was as if he had come to say his last farewell.

So there they were, Jimmy and Ian, on their way to another painful interview with their broken friend.

As they returned that evening Ian suddenly broke the gloomy silence. "Do you know what?" he remarked, "we should try somehow or other to get that poor lad on the diocesan pilgrimage leaving next month—the one to Knock, in Ireland, I mean. Perhaps Our Lady could help him. It'll be an outing for him, anyway."

Jimmy heartily agreed. The fol-

lowing weeks were ones of great activity and excitement. Collections and small raffles soon raised the necessary money for the long journey. Eddie was bewildered at their suggestion but didn't seem to have the will-power to refuse. With mingled feelings the boys saw him off with the party, early one Saturday morning. He and a few other invalids were being looked after by nurses.

Tension mounted as the days passed by, though the boys didn't really know what they were expecting. Then on Thursday a postcard arrived with the words: "I am cured! —Ednoord." The boys gave vent to their feelings, jumping and shouting with joy. Word quickly went around that the Hungarian invalid had been cured, and many prayers of thanksgiving were offered to God and His Mother.

Foremost among the welcoming group at the railway platform a few days later were Jimmy and Ian. But no tall, dark-haired lad leaped from the carriages, calling their names. Their spirits sank momentarily as they saw the familiar wheelchair being taken out and a nurse still in attendance. Perhaps they had been hoping for, well . . . But their disappointment was short-lived. As soon as Eddie noticed them in the crowd he called to them in a jubilant voice and greeted them warmly. He was cured indeed—in spirit. He was the Ednoord of old, full of fun and talk.

Once again he took part in all their games, acting as referee or commentator from his wheelchair. He was the very centre of their fun. And already he was showing great skill at various handcrafts.

Life was worth living, after all.

Ode to the Milk-drinkers

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk:
This school-milk tastes like something out of drains —
To claim it comes from cows is utter bunk!
I gaze around upon this happy lot
Who swig it, silent save for sucking slurps,
The fools who scoff it down pale drop by drop,
And suddenly wish they'd not!
Regretfully each choking moron burps,
It's got him now, he knows he'll never stop.

"Come on!" the very word is like a bell
That rings each weekday prompt at half past ten:
The quaking milk-consumers' parting knell;
They feel as if they'll never rise again . . .
"Amo, amas, amat," the teacher roars;
"Bonjour, messieurs — adieu!" another calls;
The same "tá mé's, tá tú's" reiterate;
The futile babbling bores.
A muffled groaning, then lethe-wards falls,
The poisoned addict, or the constipate.

TERRY McMULLAN (5LA)

By 6L STUDENTS

Les Francais tels que nous les avons trouves

PUISQUE nous n'avons passé qu'un seul mois en France, nous sommes seulement qualifiés pour parler des Français tels que nous les avons trouvés, et non de leur caractère national, à propos duquel on peut lire dans n'importe quel livre.

Les Français, peuple à la fois aimable et généreux, ont, à notre avis, un grand défaut à savoir: la plupart d'entre eux ne s'intéressent pas à leur religion . . . Plusieurs fois nous sommes entrés dans de belles églises: Plusieurs fois nous sommes sortis sous la même impression—la religion meurt vite en France. Lorsqu'on assiste à la messe on voit des gens arriver après la lecture de l'Évangile et partir même avant le 'Pater Noster.'

Cependant il y a quelques aspects de la religion en France, qu'on doit admirer. Par exemple, nous avons été tous d'accord pour dire qu'il n'existe nulle part des églises mieux ornées ou plus magnifiques que celles qui se trouvent en France. Il suffit de voir les grandes rosaces et les maîtres-autels pour s'en rendre compte. Mais, si ces églises appartiennent aux Français, pourquoi n'en profitent-ils? . . .

Certainement nous avons tous profité de l'hospitalité des Français, qui, tout en mangeant moins souvent que nous, mangent beaucoup et bien. On pourrait dire que les trois repas—petit déjeuner, déjeuner et dîner, — sont les événements du jour en France. La nourriture nous a tellement plu que nous avons trouvé difficile de ne pas devenir gourmands — et même plus difficile de ne pas devenir ivrognes!

Le voyage d'Irlande en France était pour tous le premier voyage à l'étranger. Une fois arrivés à la Gare Maritime de Calais, la première personne que nous avons rencontrée était un porteur très aimable qui nous a offert de nous ammener dans un compartiment de seconde classe dans le train de Boulogne. Casé là, je me suis dit: "Comme ces compartiments de seconde classe sont luxueux!" Le train commença à rouler et j'ai vu arriver le contrôleur au bout du wagon. Mais juste au moment où il est arrivé à notre portière, je me suis rendu compte qu'on nous avait trahis! A cet instant même j'ai remarqué les mots terribles "WAGON DE PREMIERE CLASSE" écrits au-dessus de nos places. Il nous a donc fallu payer en plus la privilège d'y rester. Quelle 'première' impression des Français!

Cependant, durant notre séjour nous avons trouvé que tous les Français ne sont pas des vauriens. Quand nous revenions en Irlande, nous avons manqué le paquebot de

Folkestone. Il fallait donc retourner à Boulogne, tout en croyant que nous devrions ou bien nous coucher à la belle étoile au bord de la route ou bien nous mettre à l'abri dans une cabine à la plage. Nous nous souvenions encore de ce qui s'était passé à notre arrivée en France! En effet, quand nous sommes arrivés à Boulogne, trois d'entre nous ont reçu un accueil très cordial au Collège Technique où ils ont été hébergés pendant le cours de vacances. L'autre—on lui a demandé de passer quelques jours de plus dans la famille française où il logeait pendant le cours. La grande différence entre nos premières et dernières impressions des Français, nous a rendu plus vivant le souvenir de leur gentillesse.

Je suppose qu'un étranger remarque d'abord les habitudes d'un peuple, qui n'existent pas chez lui. Par exemple tout le monde en France (même les petits de quatre ou cinq ans) se serre la main — quelle politesse! Nous avons été bien surpris de voir beaucoup d'affiches qui "déclaraient" — 'NOUS VOULONS LE BONHEUR ET LA PAIX — NOUS SOMMES COMMUNISTES' comme ces Français ont l'esprit large! Aussi avons-nous vu dans les devantures de petits écritaux qui annonçaient "ENTRÉE LIBRE" doit-on supposer qu'il faut payer pour entrer dans les autres magasins? Et dire qu'au cinéma ou au théâtre on doit donner un pourboire à l'ouvreuse ce qui ne se fait pas chez nous, grâce à Dieu!

Quant aux Français eux-mêmes — comme ils aiment à jacasser à tue-tête, à bavarder, à discuter n'importe quoi! comme ils aiment à faire des gestes tantôt expressifs tantôt ridicules! Comme ils sont gentils envers tous les étrangers—les Allemands y compris; Je suis certain qu'il serait absolument impossible de passer des vacances plus agréables que celles que nous avons passées en France il y a quelques mois.

Enfin il faut dire que nous aurions oublié les petits défauts des Français si l'on ne nous avait pas dit d'écrire un article à leur sujet. Quel dommage aussi que nous autres Irlandais n'ayons point de défauts! . . .

The Line of Sorrow

One morning bright and early,
With the sun not yet up high,
I set off with my fishing rod,
Beneath a pale blue sky.

A cricket chirrupped gaily
As I rambled on my way
Past houses, fields and grassy hills
Where rabbits run at play.

At last I reached the river,
With waters running deep,
In its cool depths I cast my line —
And soon was lulled to sleep.

The sun rose in the heavens,
And still I slumbered on.
But ne'er a fish did take my bait,
'Though I'd been there since dawn.

At last when dusk came creeping down,
I gathered all my gear.
And as I set off down the road
I shed a lonely tear:

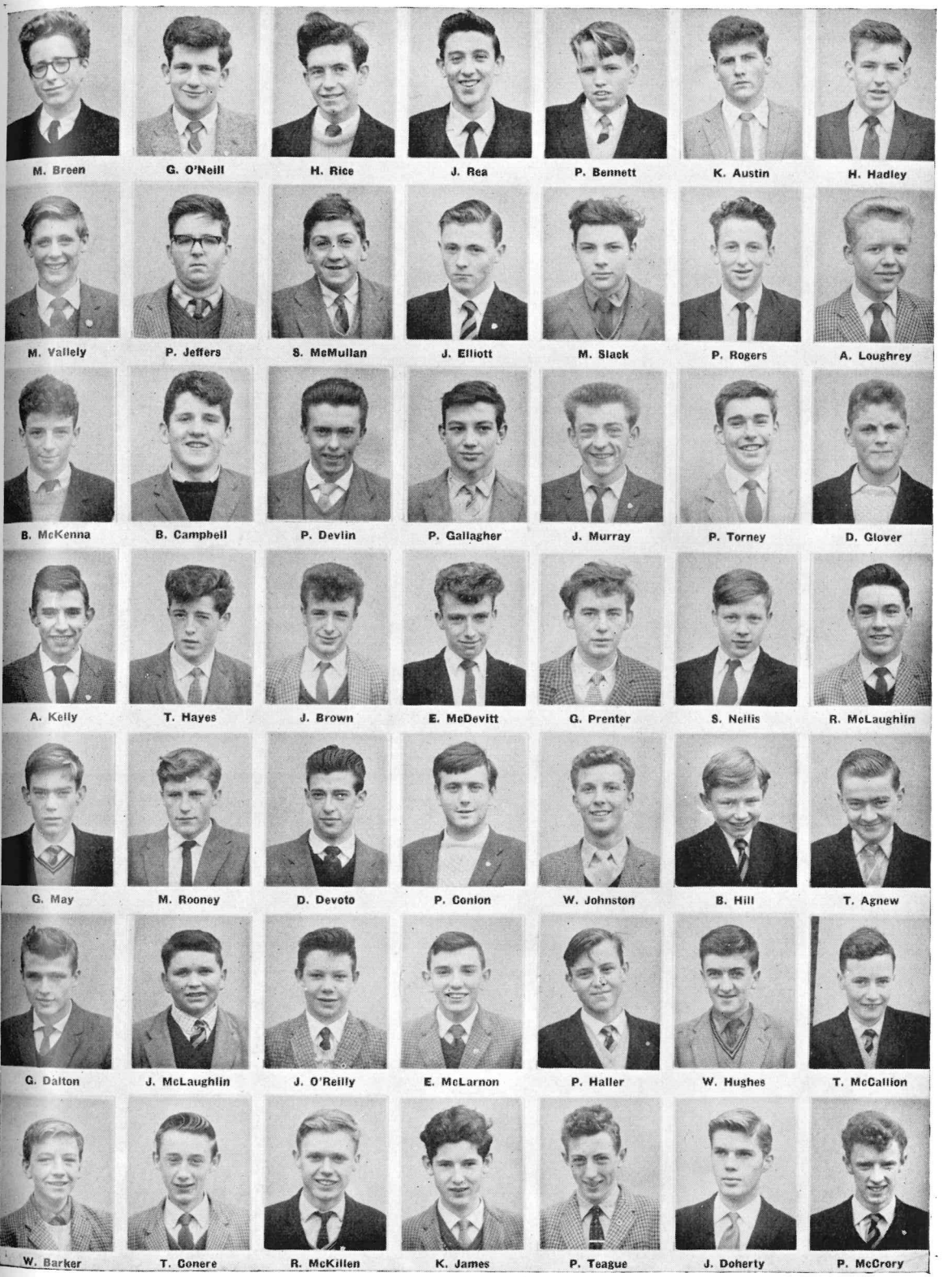
A tear for all the luckless lads
Who, like me, fish in vain —
Who homeward trudge with heavy heart
And bravely bear the pain.

RAYMOND McCREADY (3F).

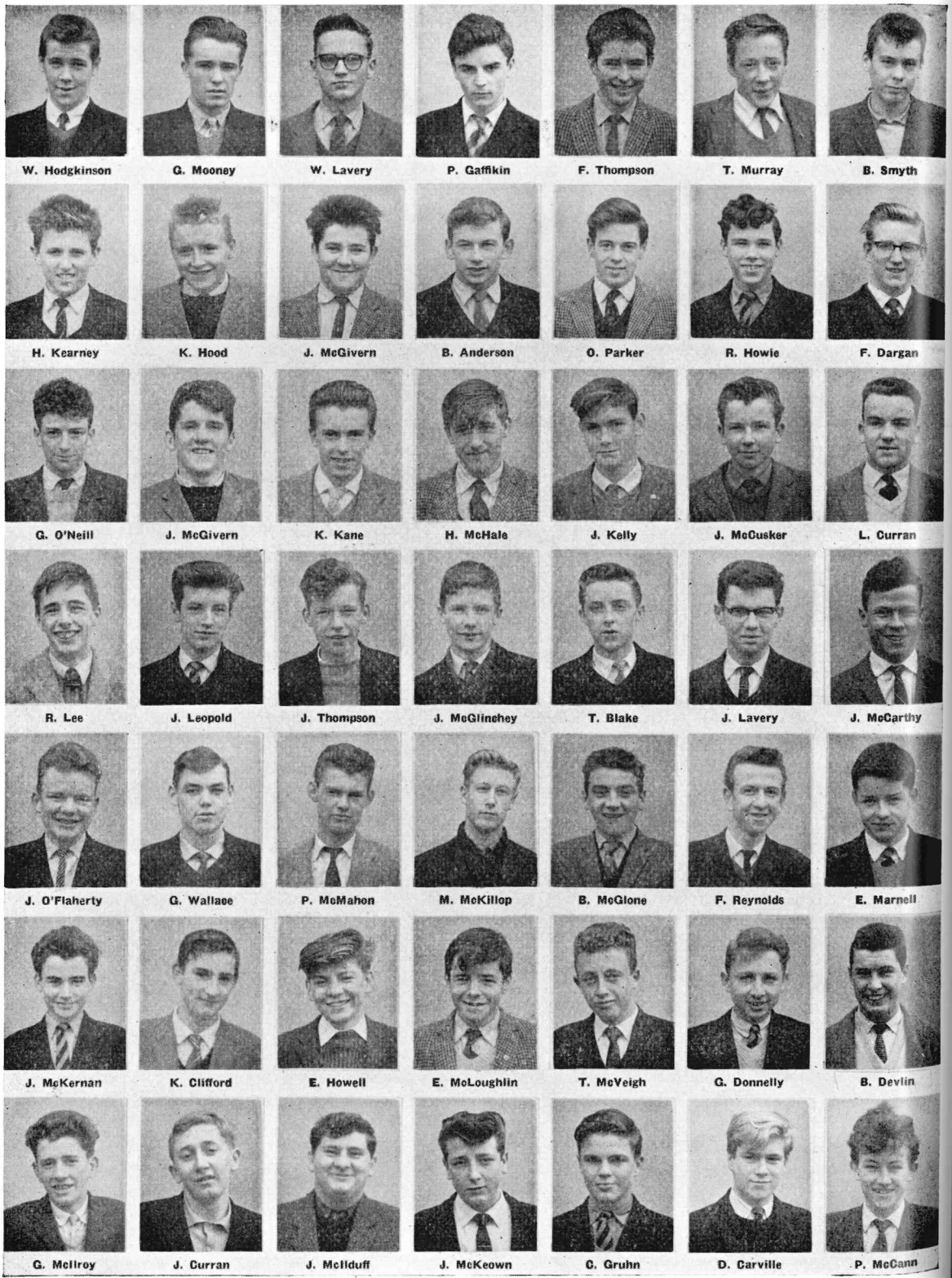
Senior Certificate Students



Senior Certificate Students (contd.)



Senior Certificate Students (contd.)



W. Hodgkinson | G. Mooney | W. Lavery | P. Gaffikin | F. Thompson | T. Murray | B. Smyth

H. Kearney | K. Hood | J. McGivern | B. Anderson | O. Parker | R. Howie | F. Dargan

G. O'Neill | J. McGivern | K. Kane | H. McHale | J. Kelly | J. McCusker | L. Curran

R. Lee | J. Leopold | J. Thompson | J. McGlinchey | T. Blake | J. Lavery | J. McCarthy

J. O'Flaherty | G. Wallace | P. McMahon | M. McKillop | B. McGlone | F. Reynolds | E. Marnell

J. McKernan | K. Clifford | E. Howell | E. McLoughlin | T. McVeigh | G. Donnelly | B. Devlin

G. McIlroy | J. Curran | J. McIlduff | J. McKeown | C. Gruhn | D. Carville | P. McCann

By FERGUS O'HARE (4SB)



Come to the Show

WHAT do you do in your spare-time? Everyone has a different way of spending his leisure hours, some reading, some fishing, some gardening; but my particular delight is in producing shows. Puppets, Quizzes, Variety Shows; I don't mind what they are — I just put them on a stage, and get people to watch them.

Of course it is rather difficult to get an audience for the shows (in spite of the fact that the admission is free) because a friend across the street also produces shows, and there is a great deal of rivalry between the two "companies." Recently, however, I have been getting the "full houses" as I have discovered a talented magician who is a great favourite with the audiences. (I've heard rumours, however, that the rivals have bribed our magician to become a turn-coat!)

I don't know whether the audiences enjoy the shows or not, but behind the stage the artists enjoy themselves immensely. The show usually follows this pattern:

The Master of Ceremonies walks smartly out from behind the curtains, introduces the first Act, and walks quickly back-stage. The curtains slide up. The spectators sit, silently, expectantly, hopefully, not knowing what is to follow. Then it happens: the back-stage scenery collapses! Everyone on-stage roars with laughter, but the audience sit stern-faced and gloomy. The scenery is hastily re-erected by the stage director and the first Act is once more introduced. Curtains up. The first artist stands timidly, not until now realizing how shy he was. On the wings of the stage, his fellow artists urge him to begin his performance. But, in spite of their coaxing, the silence-stricken individual does not regain his courage, and eventually runs off the stage with a nervous and embarrassed grin. More fits of laughter from behind stage; more gloomy, impatient faces from the audience.

The second Act is hastily prepared and announced, but before it has progressed far, the rival producer often barges in, jumps on the stage, and announces that a great variety show is now being staged at HIS theatre. There is an immediate stampede and, in no time at all, our theatre is a scene of up-turned chairs, and our rival has a completely packed house.

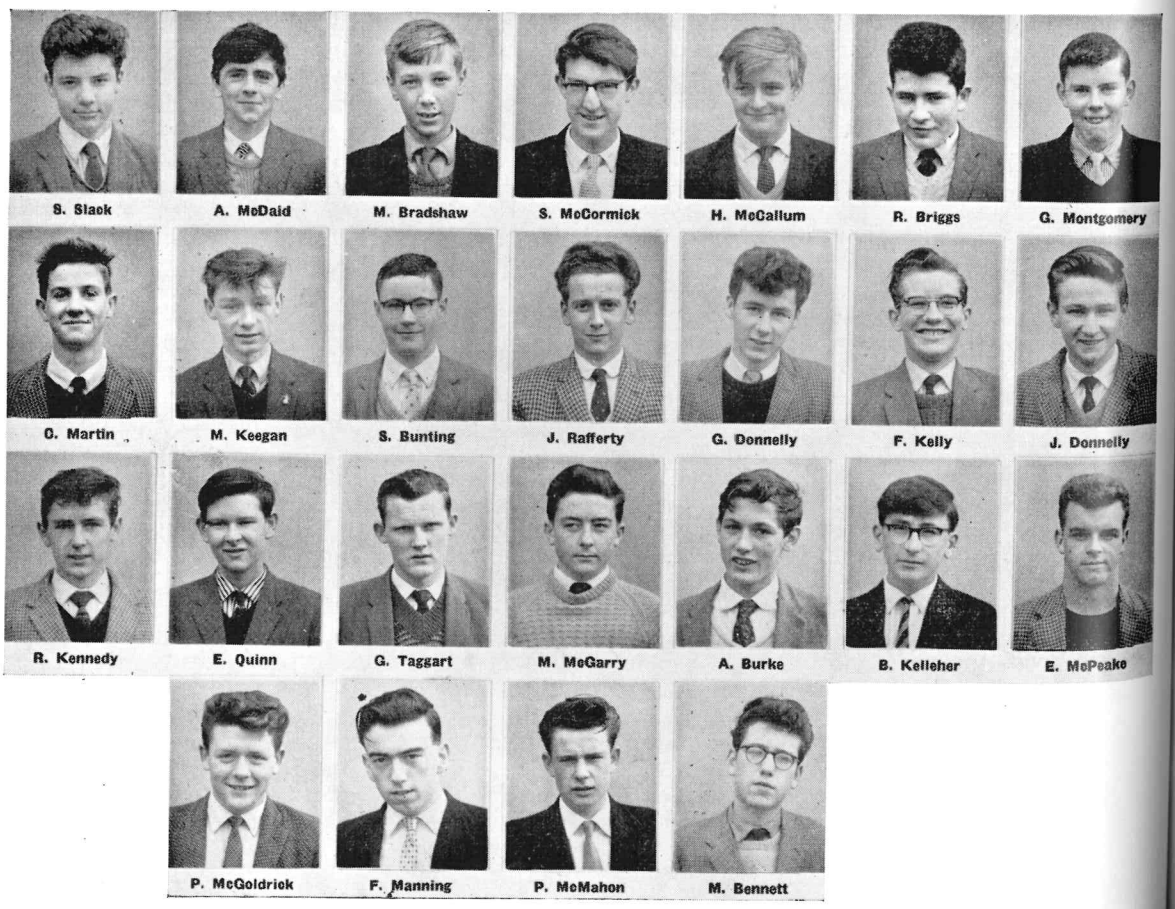
Although the shows are usually a wash-out, a lot of preparation goes into each one. There is a special group to prepare the stage and another in charge of the script, and special people in charge of the various other things such as rehearsals, lighting, etc. When the programme is completely ready, we have to start writing out posters to advertise it.

These posters have to be extremely attractive as our rivals seem to specialise in advertising and come up with some very bright ideas.

It is quite distressing to think that, no-matter how carefully the show has been planned, something always goes wrong on "Opening Night," and so weeks of rehearsing and preparing go to waste. Everything is perfect before the actual show: the curtains move freely, the scenery is secure, the lights are working perfectly, and the artists know their parts perfectly. In spite of this, as soon as the show is under way, something happens and everyone, except the audience, goes into a fit of laughter. If only the audience would laugh at some of the un-planned-for, outlandish happenings, we would at least see some results of our work; but, no — our audiences demand only entertainment of the highest order and perfection (I don't know why then they come at all), and so in their superior opinion the show in a fiasco.

Although our shows may not be very popular at the moment, just bide your time until a few years hence when one of our shows is televised in place of "Sunday Night at the Palladium"—and then those ungrateful audiences will be sorry.

Senior Certificate Students (contd.)



By C. MULLAGHAN (4SA)

ON DOING NOTHING



ONE day I was leisurely poking through books in a second-hand shop when my eyes opened wide in surprise. The book had nothing to recommend it beyond its title which said NOTHING. As I flicked through the pages — there was nothing in them — I asked the lady, "How much?" to which she smilingly said, "Nothing". Off I went with nothing in my pocket.

That night, instead of preparing my work, I read nothing. When I woke up next morning I remembered nothing and forgot to put something in my schoolbag. And so I had nothing with me. But nothing (in another sense) would satisfy the masters : The Geography master punished me for bringing nothing in, the History master upbraided me for learning nothing and the English master for reading nothing. That day gave me nothing to be proud of, I tell you. From then on I brought nothing in no more.

The History of Nothing:

It was invented by Nobody in nothing B.C. It so happened that Nobody wasn't doing something when he realised he was doing nothing, and he was so pleased with himself that he did nothing for the rest of the day. His son, Nobody Junior, saw his daddy doing nothing and he did likewise. Nothing spread like wildfire. Soon everybody was doing nothing, and because nothing was made nothing was sold, nothing was earned and nothing was sought after—so the people had nothing to worry about, so much so that quickly they began to die off. The emperor at that time, Nobody VIII, ordered that nothing was to be practised only when nothing else was available, whereupon Nobody, the inventor,

challenged and brought to nothing the Emperor at Nowhere Green in Nothing minus 00 B.C. Thus the cult of nothing survived, but the pages of history say nothing about it until Somebody came along and at the battle of Somewhere Moor (Something A.D.) the House of Nobody was shattered. From that day onwards everybody feels he must do something. Some crazy folks nowadays even advocate a "do-it-yourself" campaign. It's time nothing did something about it . . .

When to Do Nothing:

(i) If you see someone else being hit do nothing.

(ii) When asked to do work say you have something important to do, i.e., nothing.

(iii) To fail an exam. do nothing. The examiner will then give you nothing and you will have nothing to worry about.

(iv) The best way to see nothing is is to face a T.V. set between 1 a.m. and 2 p.m.

When Not to Do Nothing:

(i) Most masters believe that their pupils, at least, should do something so, from my own experience, I advise you not to do nothing when at school.

(ii) If in danger of being attacked it is best to do something—running, for instance.

(iii) When offered something worthwhile don't do nothing; take it.

(iv) Should you hope to pass an exam. don't do nothing about it; study — even though you may get nothing out of it.

How to Do Nothing:

A simple way to do nothing is to go into an empty room, take nothing with you and place nothing on the floor. When this is done lie back on it and do nothing, i.e., allow your muscles to loosen and your eyes to close. Then indeed will you have achieved nothing.

Those who really want to do something about nothing should write to me and I will gladly oblige them with nothing. So, till I hear from you, I have nothing more to say.

Not Yet

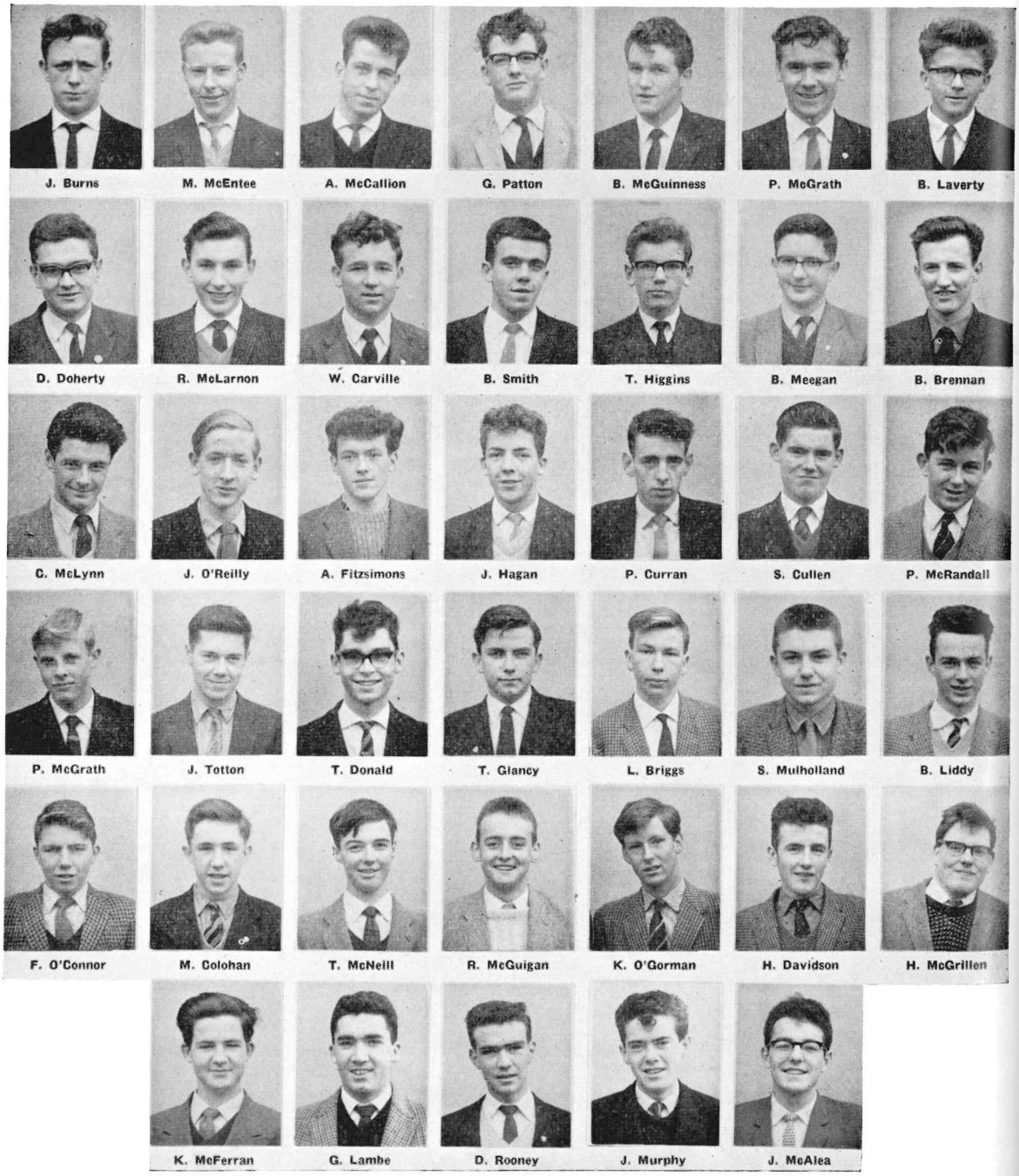
The land was trouble-tread,
My world lost in woe.
When one's sun has set
Where can one go?
I prayed: "O Lord, I've played
with evil,
"I have gambled and lost;
"Must I choose?
"Why can't I win and pay the cost?"
Help hastened forth,
And cloudless grew my sight —
Yet not for long.
It rained last night,
But not forever;
Some day the storm will cease
And the rain will pour no more.

P. FALLS (4SC)

Advanced Students



Advanced Students (contd.)



J. Burns | M. McEntee | A. McCallion | G. Patton | B. McGuinness | P. McGrath | B. Laverty

D. Doherty | R. McLarnon | W. Carville | B. Smith | T. Higgins | B. Meegan | B. Brennan

C. McLynn | J. O'Reilly | A. Fitzsimons | J. Hagan | P. Curran | S. Cullen | P. McRandall

P. McGrath | J. Totton | T. Donald | T. Glancy | L. Briggs | S. Mulholland | B. Liddy

F. O'Connor | M. Colohan | T. McNeill | R. McGuigan | K. O'Gorman | H. Davidson | H. McGrillen

K. McFerran | G. Lambe | D. Rooney | J. Murphy | J. McAlea

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

THE LEGION OF MARY

THERE is little new to record in these notes. The work of the school Praesidium continued in the normal manner during the year. Membership reached a peak figure of 23 during the early part of the year, and a majority remained faithful and maintained a fine record of attendance at the weekly meetings.

During the greater part of the year under review the Praesidium had as President Mr. Michael Price. To him the members owe much for the pains he took in their formation. Mr. Price's commitments as a member of Concilium Legionis have lately necessitated his resignation. We offer him our prayers and good wishes in his future work for the Legion.

The work of the Praesidium remains unchanged. Members help out in the Morning Star Hostel, Divis Street on several evenings each week. From time to time they sell C.T.S. booklets in school. Some of the older boys work in company with Senior Legionaries on the book barrow in one city centre. This affords them valuable training in an important aspect of the Legion's work. Visitation of sick children in hospital, Legion extension work and chairmanship of Junior Patrician groups are also undertaken.

The annual outing took place in June. This year we went to Dundalk where Rev. Br. Mullins and the members of the Dundalk C.B.S. Praesidium did everything necessary to make our day an enjoyable and pleasant one. We wish to thank Rev. Br. Magee, the school Principal, for his generous contribution towards the cost of the annual outing.

We make no apology for ending these notes with our usual appeal to those of our schoolboy readers who feel they would like to do something special for Our Blessed Lady. There is room for such boys in the Legion. Boys may come and boys may go, but the good work should go on forever.

OFFICERS 1962-63

President: (Not yet appointed).
Vice-President:
Mr. Eugene McEleavy.
Spiritual Director:
Rev. Br. J. N. Glespen.
Secretary: Gerard Patton.
Treasurer: Martin O'Callaghan.

CHESS

THE entry of St. Mary's C.B.S. into the Belfast Schools' League for the first time, firmly established the School Club in competitive chess. In October of 1961, we won our first match against Annadale G.S. by 4—2;

a rather easy victory considering the fact that we only had five players. "Inst" gave us a rude jolt by defeating us 4½—1½ in our next match with them; this was our most disappointing match in the series.

As a consolation, we drew our next match with Methodist College who were by far the strongest team and had already defeated "Inst." We lost a further match to Belfast Royal Academy 2—4 and then won two matches in succession, defeating Grosvenor High School 4—2 and Campbell College 3½—2½. Our last match against Belfast High School was drawn.

As a matter of interest, the player with the highest individual score was G. McCurdy who scored 71.5%. This year we shall have a better team, strengthened by the inclusion of K. James, a player who has made remarkable progress, and I think that we have a very good chance of winning the league.

In the Schoolboys' Championship H. McGrillen reached the Semi-Final of the Senior section, while K. James reached the Semi-Final and G. McAleavy the Final of the Junior. In St. Paul's Chess Club, G. McCurdy brought off a startling double by winning two cups. It is also interesting to note that the Final of the Feis Tournament was between two C. B. pupils: K. James and G. McAleavy.

So it's been a successful year. During the coming twelve months we hope to do even better, and we hope that some newcomers will join our ranks.

G. MacALEAVY (5LA).

DRAMA

DURING the two years since its formation, a series of singular successes by this section have been recorded. This year has seen a new development. In order to have a successful drama section, speech in general must be given as much attention as possible throughout the school, because not only is it necessary to raise the standards, but where possible a given standard must be set as the norm of achievement for all classes concerned. However, this poses problems demanding some solution. This year, an ideal one was found. It was simple enough in theory, namely, that all classes should be entered en masse for grades II and III of the Local Centre Examination in Speech of the Royal Irish Academy of Music. In practice, difficulties arose, chief of which was the fact that the examinations would have to be held during the Easter holidays. Nevertheless, the experiment proved highly successful, and for the first time anywhere in Ireland **whole** classes, not just a picked elite, were entered for these examinations. Three hundred and twenty passed out of three hundred and forty-two entered, and of these, eighty-five gained First and ninty-three Second Honours. The pick of these classes was formed into three drama teams, each working on a different play. The first of the productions was quite successful, a One-Acter specially written for boys and entitled "The Captain at the Gate." This had for its theme the heroic defence of the last Irish strongpoint covering the main route to Connacht during the Cromwellian campaign of 1640. In this play, presented in St. Mary's Hall on prize-giving day, the following cast gave universally good performances:

John Holt (Capt. John Talbot, acting Commander); Gregory Duffy (Capt. Hugh Talbot, Commander); Tony Hennessy (Myles Butler, an N.C.O.); Damien Davey (Phelimy Driscoll, a Trooper); Ml. Donnelly (Dick Fenton, a Trooper); Dermot Ryder ("Kit" Newcombe, recruit).

The other two teams, one of which included last years "stars" Jim

McKernan and Bob McDermott, were given the task of trying to defend the Shakespeare Cup at the Belfast Music Festival. Unfortunately, a last-minute misfortune destroyed our hopes of holding on to the cup for another year and only for a gallant "read-in" by McDermott, we would not even have come where we did, in fourth place. However, the drama section is not at all daunted, and this year we will give our rivals, we hope, a stiff problem to handle.

ATHLETICS

THERE were many reasons which persuaded us to decide reluctantly not to hold the Annual School Sports in May of this year. The Summer term was unusually short, the weather was most inclement and finally we had no field of our own where the hundreds of budding athletes could display their potential talent. While the Committee of Casement Park were very generous indeed in allowing us to use their splendid grounds we felt that it would be stretching their generosity to the limit if we were to allow hundreds of boys to trample the pitch into a quagmire.

However, it was imperative that teams should be picked and trained for the Ulster C.B. Athletic Championships. The Senior and Intermediate teams practically chose themselves and in a short time Mr. Lally had picked the nucleus of a Junior team. These teams then entered upon a period of earnest training in Casement Park.

Happily for us, St. Malachy's College invited us to participate in an athletic match at their grounds on a Saturday morning. It was a pleasant meeting indeed and an invaluable 'warming-up' for our boys. The competition was keen, but nevertheless carefree, and the honours were evenly divided.

We were quietly confident as we set off by train for Omagh on Sat., 19th May to compete in the Ulster C.B. Championships.

Our chosen athletes were as follows:

Junior: J. Allen; K. Carson; J. Hodgkinson; C. Falls; John Neary; D. Quinn; R. Skeffington; P. Sloan; D. Cormican; K. Donnelly.

Intermediate: R. Anderson; M. Corscadden; P. Falls; M. Gardiner; R. Gorman; R. Howie; F. Kelly; B. McGlue; E. McLarnon; M. Manning; D. Murphy; M. Reid; W. Taylor.

Senior: D. Devoto; J. Ferrie; S. Gallagher; C. Gruhn; B. Howie; B. Johnston; G. Lambe; P. McGoldrick; H. McHale; P. McManus; E. Madden; B. Murphy; G. Tumelty.

The grounds in Omagh were in excellent condition and the Sports would have been very pleasant indeed but for the heavy showers that fell intermittently during the evening. Our athletes looked quite smart in their new athletic singlets that displayed the school colours in horizontal bars of black and amber.

R. Anderson got us off to a good start by taking third place in the Inter. 880 yds. S. Gallagher won his heat in the Senior 100 yds. as did B. Murphy in his. Stephen went on to win the final in 10.8 secs., while Bryan came third. M. Reid registered a third both in the Inter 100 yds. and in the 220 yds. against stiff opposition.

John Neary, the 'find' of the year, overcame all opposition by his strong running in the Junior 100 yds. (12 secs.) and in the 220 yds. He took 3rd place in the Junior Long Jump and helped his relay team to gain 2nd place. Two weeks later he reached the final of the 100 yds. at the N. I. Grammar School Sports, held at Cherryvale, and was only

beaten into 2nd place by a hairs-breadth.

In the Inter. 8lb. Shot event B. McGlue took laurels with a throw of 38ft. 11in., while M. Manning won the Inter. Discus event (102ft.), being closely followed in 2nd place by B. McGlue.

Having won the Senior 100 yds., S. Gallagner, who was in great form, completed a double by winning the 220 yds. in 24.9 secs. He then helped B. Murphy, B. Howie and C. Gruhn to bring back the Senior Relay Cup to St. Mary's. Their time for this 4 x 110 yds. relay was 49.5 secs.

G. Lambe and E. Madden took 2nd and 3rd place respectively in the Senior 12lb. Shot, while J. Ferrie won the Senior Javelin event with a throw of 113 ft. 2 in. Eugene Madden added to our impressive number of firsts by throwing the Senior Discus 96 ft. 11 in., as did P. McManus who soared to great heights to win the Senior High Jump.

There was great rejoicing when it was announced that our Juniors had captured the Cup for the best team in their division.

Our boys returned to Belfast justifiably proud of their successes and conscious of the debt of gratitude they owed to the Brothers and teachers who helped them in their practices.

We take this opportunity to thank the Br. Superior and all others in Omagh whose excellent arrangements helped to make the day a pleasantly memorable one. If Dundalk C.B.S. waive their privelege of staging the Sports next May, then St. Mary's will have the honour of acting as hosts to the teams from the various centres. There are rumours that by May next year St. Mary's may have their own running-track on the Glen Road. May these rumours prove to have been well-founded! Such an acquisition must surely help to raise even higher the general standard of athletics in the school.

Finally we thank very sincerely the Casement Park Committee for their kindness, and we wish particularly to thank the groundsman, Mr. J. Roe, who was so very kind and accommodating.

HURLING

SENIOR HURLING

IN our first game against St. Michael's, Omeath our team gave a very impressive display. Solid defence work by Jim Feeney and Joe McCallion, good centrefield play by Pat Rice and Bernard Devlin, and accurate forward play on the part of Brian McGarry and Tom Donnelly contributed to a well-deserved 6 goals 5 points to 3 goals 4 points win.

It was therefore with somewhat more confidence than usual that we faced St. Mac Nissi's in the decider. Our side was quickly into the lead, mainly as a result of some well-taken goals secured by Gabriel Teggart. Entering the last quarter of the game, however, our midfielders began to show signs of cracking. St. Mac Nissi's boys, inspired by S. McCamphill, took advantage of this lapse to secure the scores that brought them level and finally gave them victory. The Ardmhacha Shield thus eluded us for yet another year.

Six of the team were later selected to play on one or both of the Ulster Schools' representative teams against Franciscan College, Gormanstown later in the year. They were: Pat Rice, Jim Feeney, Tom Donnelly, Gerry Mooney, Hugh Rice and Brian McGarry.

In the Inter-Schools competition the team was selected from: Brendan



Ulster Colleges' Junior Hurling Champions, 1962
This team had previously won the Under 14 and Under 15 Belfast Schools' League and Championship.

Devlin, G. Mooney, T. Boden, J. Feeney, J. McCallion, M. Vallely, O. Kelly, P. Rice, B. Davey, H. Rice, T. Donnelly, B. Devlin, B. McGarry, G. Teggart, H. G. Rice, B. Brennan, J. Reid, L. Hood, P. Hughes.

ULSTER COLLEGES' JUNIOR HURLING

OWING to the lateness of the Season it was decided to play this competition as a knock-out. Four schools took part — St. Mary's, St. MacNissi's, St. Malachy's and St. Michael's, Omeath. We were drawn against St. Malachy's whom we played at the College grounds. It was a lively match, and at half-time we were slightly ahead. In the second half we proved ourselves by far the superior team — defeating St. Malachy's by 6—3 to 1—4.

The winners of the other combination were St. MacNissi's. They easily defeated St. Michael's, Omeath. So we expected stiff opposition which, indeed, we met at Casement Park in the Final. To our delight we had a great crowd of supporters from the school. The match turned out to be a really dour struggle. It was only in the last few minutes of the game that we took the lead — and the victory. Hugh Rice, from a very difficult angle, shot a grand goal. Thus the Ulster Colleges' Trophy was ours.

The team: O. Kelly, J. McCallin, H. Rice, E. Hamill, B. McGlone, J. Lenehan, B. Devlin, P. Burns, G. Mooney, H. G. Rice, J. McGinnity, B. Thomas, L. Dowds, W. Hodgkinson, J. Carville, M. Corscadden, O. Frawley, P. McMahon, B. Devlin, B. Bunting.

UNDER 14 HURLING

Belfast League—B Division

WE played our first match against St. Teresa's in the Falls Park. This was a tough match. St. Teresa's were the more experienced team but we managed to win narrowly by seven points to six. We then played St. Finian's. We were on top

in the first half but in the second half they fought back and scored two goals. At the final whistle we were leading by six points. We played St. Comgall's in McRory Park. The match was played in torrential rain. Aidan Hamill played a great game for us. We won by 3 goals, 3 points to 3 points. St. Gabriel's had a win over us. We were probably better hurlers but they were much bigger. The score at the end was 3 goals, 3 points for them and 1 goal, 6 points for us.

A good match against St. Peter's ended with a win for us by 6 points. We were losing at half-time but with the help of a strong wind we scored 3 goals and 6 points to give us victory.

Our last match with Holy Child ended in a draw. We played it in Casement Park. Both teams played good hurling. We are looking forward to next year's league. With practice we should be much better.

Team: A. Hamill (capt.), P. Curran, G. Adams, B. Bunting, S. McCann, P. Smith, D. Wylie, J. Brophy, E. McMahon, C. Fay, G. Cassidy, S. Kennedy, K. Donnelly, P. Totten, B. Hughes, J. Wilson, P. Hennessy, K. Steele, A. Poland.

FOOTBALL

DR. McLARNON CUP

THE 1961-62 season was our worst to date in this competition. We were unlucky enough to be drawn against the eventual winners, St. Malachy's, in the first round and were defeated by a 10 points margin. Our next outing was against St. Mac Nissi's and at Garron Tower we fared no better, being again heavily defeated. This ended our interest in the competition.

In this competition the school was represented by: J. McAllister, T. Boden, G. Teggart, J. Feeney, B. Brennan, L. Hood, B. Murphy, P. Rice, T. Donnelly, H. G. Rice, P. McGrath, P. McGrath, B. Devlin, J. Reid, D. Liddell, J. Lavery, P. Hughes, B. Davey.

Corn na nOg

OUR first match was against Hardinge Street in McRory Pk. We started well but after a period of intense pressure Hardinge Street scored. St. Mary's held out gallantly for a long period but eventually greater weight and height told against us and we were convincingly beaten by the eventual winners of the trophy. We offer them our congratulations on winning the Corn na nOg for the second year. We were next honoured by a visit from the boys of Garron Tower. Although we played hard we lost to a fitter and stronger team. The final score was: St. Mary's 1 goal 5 points; Garron Tower 3 goals 3 points. For our last game we visited the College. Here we lasted the pace much better and we were winners by 2 goals 1 point to 3 points.

Belfast Under 15 League

WE had a good match against St. Thomas's. We played well and emerged victors by 3 goals 6 points to 2 goals 1 point. Br. Nannery broke the news gently: we were to play Hardinge Street! We hoped it could be in the dear old glass factory, our home ground. We played it in Corrigan in a gale. St. Mary's did better than expected, but we lost. For the first time a Belfast team played the North Dublin League in under 15 football. J. McCormack, J. O'Reilly, J. Matthews and myself were honoured to be on the Belfast team.

School Team: G. Mallon, S. McQuillan, J. Matthews, L. Dowds, H. Traynor, J. McCormack, D. McCurry, H. Hadley, S. McCafferty, J. Dolan, M. Corscadden, M. Kelly, T. Doherty, W. Hodgkinson, M. McNamee, J. Graham, D. Martin, T. McGlone.

S. McCAFFERTY (4LA).

UNDER 14 FOOTBALL

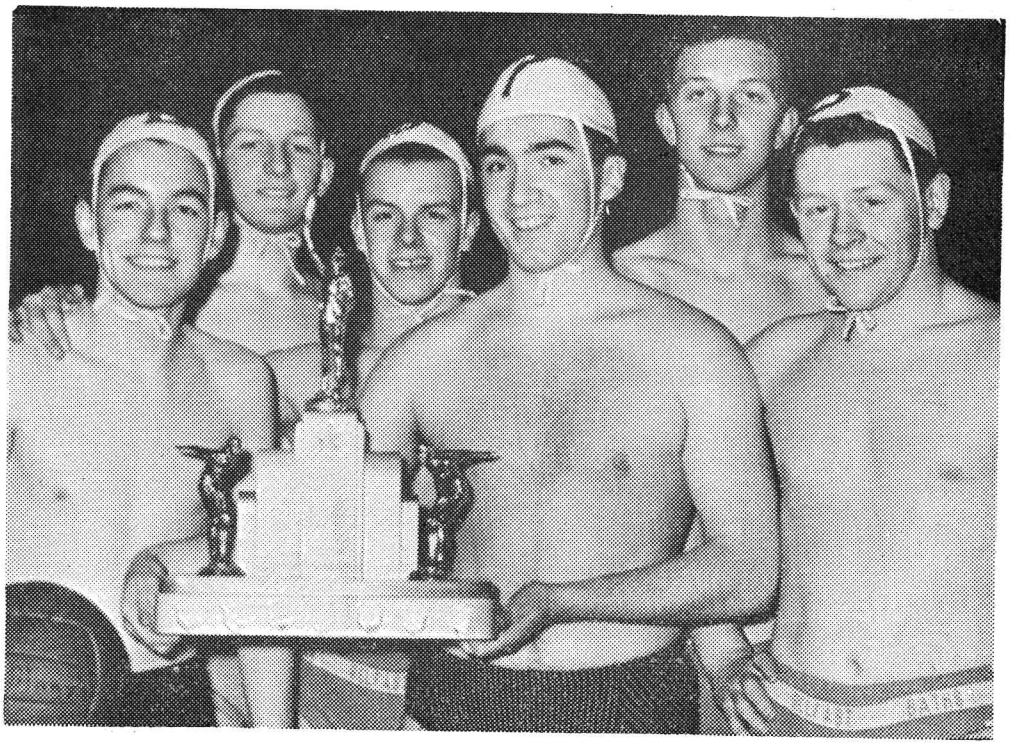
OUR activities were mainly practice matches and friendlies. Due to inclement weather we played only two matches in the league, one against St. Thomas's and the other against Hardinge Street. Sad to relate, we lost both. We played St. Thomas's in McRory Park, under ideal conditions. St. Mary's opened the scoring with a point and we were in front at half-time by 1 goal 3 points to 1 goal. In the second half St. Thomas's scored 3 goals 1 point in quick succession to our 4 points. Against Hardinge Street we were fighting an uphill battle all the time. They were convincing winners. This match was also a McMahon Cup match and it left us without any further interest in that competition.

In the Championship we had a very exciting match with St. Thomas's in Corrigan Park. St. Thomas's just won by 1 point.

Team: J. Cushnahan, G. Cassidy, R. Skeffington, M. Kelly, D. Quinn, A. McGlone, D. McCurry (Capt.), J. Cooper, D. Cormican, K. Carson, G. Pollock, J. Dolan, J. Rowan, R. Rice, G. Armstrong, L. Fegan, S. Pimley, P. Mulholland, P. Curran, T. McCourt.

D. McCURRY (4LA).

SWIMMING AND WATER POLO



Winners of Canada Trophy 1962

WATER POLO

OUR past year's water-polo record is identical to that of years gone by. The first team retained the 'Canada Trophy' which has by now become regarded as a permament fixture of St. Mary's. The margin of the win, however, was not as great as in previous years. In the first round of the league we defeated 'Inst,' our nearest rivals by 4 goals to 1; but in the second round we did not have it just so easy. The game was not started long before 'Inst.' were two goals up, per Ritchie and Hewitt. It took the school team some time to settle, and just on half time J. McAlea made the score 2—1. Mid-way through the second-half J. McAlea levelled the scores. With about 40 seconds left in the game P. McGoldrick put the ball past his own goal-keeper to give 'Inst.' the lead once more. There were only 30 secs. left when E. McPeake centred the ball back to G. Lambe who, to the frenzied cheers of our supporters, shot the equaliser. As the school team only needed a draw to win the league they were satisfied; the final score was 3—3.

Scorers:

St. Mary's 3 (J. McAlea 2, G. Lambe 1).

'Inst.' 3 (K. Ritchie, G. Hewitt, P. McGoldrick o.g.)

No one person could be singled out as the star throughout the year, as the team played very much as a unit, everyone doing his share. The team was: G. Lambe (capt.), B. Johnston, J. Ferrie, E. McPeake, J. McAlea, P. McGoldrick.

SWIMMING

'Inst.' got their revenge later in the year when they beat St. Mary's into second place in the Ulster Schools' Squadron race and also in the medley squadron race in Bangor Grammar School Gala. A noteworthy performance was put up by St. Mary's 2nd team which got to the final out of nearly 20 teams.

The swimming team was:

E. McPeake, P. McGoldrick, J. McAlea, and G. Lambe (capt.)

Next year, I hope that St. Mary's will complete the double; that is, to take the Canada Trophy and the Squadron Cup.

G. LAMBE (6SA).

AN CUMANN DIOSPOIREACHTA

Ouine ar bit a raib baint dá lagad aige le himeactaí an Cumainn i rit na bliana d'aimóid sé gur bain sé tairbe agus pléisiúr astu. D'iontac an biseac a táinig ar éis labarta na mball ón cleactaid a fuair siad ó beit ag plé ceisteanna de gach aon cineál.

Glac an Cumann páirt i gComórtas Díospóireachta Gael-Linn agus ní tiocfaid le ouine ar bit a rá nac ndearn gach ouine den foireann cion-fir sa Comórtas sin.

Dí an bua linn sa céad baile nuair a phléamar an t-ábar: "Ní piú airgead a cur amú ar spás-taisteal."

Dí dá foireann san iomaíocht linn, ceann ó Coláiste Naoi Maolmaodóg agus ceann eile ó Clochar Rát Mór. Ceathrar a bí ar gach foireann acu agus ba iad Micheál Mac Cearbaill, Seamus Ó Dochartaig, Ruairí Ó hEochaid agus Liam Mac Con Ulad a bain an lá don scoil s'againne. Tug na moltóirí ard-mholad do na foirne uilig.



An Foireann: S. Ó Docartaig, L. Mac Con Uladh, M. Mac Cearbaill, R. Ó hEochaidh

Ar an 7ú lá d'Aibreán tugamar aghaidh ó chuaidh ar Phort na Binne Glaise. Bhí cuid aghaidh imníoch go maith ach níorbh í an foireann a bheadh inár gcoinne a chuir an eagla orainn ach go raibh beirt den chumann féin ár dtiomáint! Níorbh fada go bhfuarcas amach go raibh Breandán Mac Aonghusa ina thoga tiománaí agus choinnigh An Dr. Ó Meallain sriain ar an Dochartach uair ar bith a bhí claonadh aige siúd dul sna feacha fása! Caithfimid a rá go rabhamar an-bhuioch d'aithreacha na beirte a chuir na gluaisteáin ar fáil dúinn ní amháin an lá sin ach uair amháin eile nuair a bhí orainn dul go dtí an Ómaigh. Bhí lá galánta ann nuair a baineamar Port na Binne Glaise amach. Bhí uair an chloig le cur isteach aghaidh. Caitheamar an t-am ag breathnú na háite agus sa deireadh nuair a thugamar aghaidh ar Chlochar Naomh Dominic bhí luisne inár ngrua le gaoth ghlan na fairrge.

Cuireadh fáilte is céad romhainn agus níorbh fada go rabhamar ag plé na ceiste: "Dá chóir do na mná fanacht sa chistin." An foireann chéanna a bhí aghaidh. Díospóireacht an-bhríomhar a bhí ann agus ba léir go raibh na fir ósa ar aon intinn gur cheart do na mná fanacht sa bhaile agus a fhágáil faoi na fir cúrsaí an tsaoil a riaradh agus a stiúradh.

Thug na moltóirí an chéad áit dúinn arís agus bhí an dub-lúcháir ar fad orainn nuair a d'fhógair siad go raibh Liam Mac Con Uladh ar an cainteoir ab fearr.

Dhíomar réidh ansin le treán-iarracht a dhéanamh Craobh Uladh a bhaint agus ba chuige sin a thugamar aghaidh ar an Ómaigh. Bhí trí foireann inár gcoinne: Scoil na mBráithre, An Ómaigh; Clochar Naomh Lughaidh, Carraig Machaire Rois agus Choláiste Naomh Adhamhnán, Leitir Ceanainn. An-díospóireacht ar fad a bhí ann ar an ábhar: "Dá chóir pionós an bháis a chur ar ceal."

Níor bhaineamar an Chraobh ach dhúirt an moltóir nach raibh mórán idir na foirne agus go raibh sí ar díospóireacht chomh maith agus a chuala sé áit ar bith ar fud na tíre. Cé nach raibh an bua againn mar fhoireann, mheas na moltóirí gurbh é Liam Mac Con Uladh an cainteoir ab fearr agus phronnadh bonn óir álainn air. Mairimid an bua sin dó!

Bhí ceadh ag Liam ansin dul isteach ar an Chomórtas do Chraobh na hÉireann a ritheadh in Óstán Shelbourne i mBaile Átha Cliath. Rinne sé amhlaidh agus seasaigh sé clú Uladh agus clú na scoile mar ba dual dó.

Cuir sin deireadh le himeachtaí na bliana. Tá bunús na ngasraí a bí gníomhach sa Cumann imithe uainn anois. Ádh mór orthu! Caithfidh scairte eile a nodhsompla a leanstan sa bliain atá romhainn. Go raibh an Cumann chomh láidir i mbliana agus bí sé anuraidh!

OGRA EIREANN

Tráthnóna an ceathrú lá de Mhí Meán an Fhómhair chruinnigh scairte aghainn le chéile san Ard-Scoil agus chuireamar tús le cruinniú Ógra Éireann don scoilbliain 1961-'62. Bí cuid den scairte in Ógra Éireann an bliain roimhe sin agus bí an mhuintir eile ag teacht isteach don chéad uair. Deichniúr is dá scór a bí i láthair. Bí cruinniú seachtainiúil aghainn ina diaidh sin go dtí an ceathrú lá is fiche de Mhí an Mheithimh.

Ag na cruinnithe d'fhoglaimíomar comhrá agus abairtí úra, d'imríomar cluichí mar "Cé hé," "Fiche Ceist," "Cad é an tSlí Deatha atá agam?," srl. Bí an ceol ina ghnéithe tábhachtach den obair. Ní raibh na cluichí "peile" san halla aghainn i mbliana cionn is go raibh dath úr ar na ballaí agus ar an ábhar sin bí na ranganna níos faide! Bí ceithre shiamsa mhóra aghainn i rith na bliana.

Tháinig an Nollaig agus mar ba ghnách le blianta anuas bí féasta mór aghainn agus tráthnóna ar dóigh.

Chruinníomar le chéile arís ar an 18ú lá de Mhí Eanáir. I lár na Márta chuidíomar uile leis an Dailiúchán Náisiúnta a thógáil i bParóiste Naomh Muire, ag séipéil éagsúla ar fud na cathrach agus i bPáirc Ruairí Mhic Easmainn.

Tháinig an t-earrach agus seachtain na Cásca. D'imigh na baill uile go dtí an Gaeltacht — cuid acu go Rinn na Feirste agus an chuid eile go Gaoth Dobhair. Bí scoth ama aghainn i dTír Conaill — siúlóidí agus turasanna i rith an lae, caidreamh agus caitheamh aimsire de gach aon chineál sa tráthnóna, airneál i dtigh Aindí agus tigh Sarah Jack san oíche. Tháinig Micí Séain Néill Ó Baoill chughainn agus d'inis scéalta dúinn. Léirigh Aisteoirí Gaoth Dobhair drámaí dúinn san amharclainn úr agus reachtáil siad céilithe dúinn; chuir siad a gcuid gluaisteán go Rinn na Feirste leis an mhuintir eile a thabhairt amach agus bí siad garach ar fiche dóigh eile. Leogha, táimid faoi chamaoin mhór acu.

Oíche Aoine bí féasta breá mór aghainn agus comórtas scéalaíochta agus cheolamar amhráin de chuid Tír Chonaill go raibh am luí ann. Maidin lá ar na mháraigh d'fhágamar slán ("ar fead seal") ag an Gaeltacht.

Cuireadh deireadh leis na cruinnithe ar an 24ú lá de Mhí an Mheithimh. Ach tá tús leo arís le tamall agus tá mé ag dúil leis go nodhanfaimid chomh maith i mbliana agus a rinneamar anuraidh.

Feidhlimidh Mac Gormáin (5LA).

COLAISTI SAMHRAIDH

Mí Iúil

Maidin mhaith a bí ann nuair a fágamar Stáisiún Dóchas Eabhraic. Bí na busanna ag fanacht linn i nDoire agus baineamar an Dun Deas amach ar a leath i noiaidh a ceathair. Chuir muintir na Gaeltachta céad míle fáilte romhainn uile agus tugadh tae

bheá dúinn rud a bí de dhíth orainn mar bí an aimsir go holc an lá céanna agus bí tuirse agus ocras orainn.

Bí níos mó ná céad gasúr as Scoil Mhuire ar an chúrsa — an chuid is mó againn sa scoil úr agus an chuid eile sa seanscoil. Bí Uachtarán an Choláiste i láthair an chéad mhaidin agus mhínigh sé dúinn nach mbeadh ceadh ag duine ar bith béarla a labhairt faoi is bí sé i ngaol Dobair. Ceathrar múinteoir a bí againn sa scoil úr — bean Rrnóid, An Máistir Ó Frighil, An Máistir Ó Gallchobair agus An Máistir Mag Fionnlaoich. Bí cúrsa iontach suimiúil againn agus d'foghlaimíomar cuid mór Gaeilge. Chaithimis an mhaidin ar scoil agus chaithimis an tráthnóna ag snámh nó ag imirt peile nó ag iascaireacht san abainn. Bíodh céilithe againn Oé Máirt agus Déardaoin. Thagadh na cailíní isteach ón luinneach. Chonaiceamar drámaí san Amharclann agus thaitin siad go mór linn go háirithe "Na Cruiteachain."

Níor mhotaíomar an t-am ag dul thart agus bí brón ar gach duine ar an 27ú lá nuair a chuagamar againn ar Béal Feirste arís. Is cinnte go mbeimid uile ar ais i dTír Chonaill an bliain seo chugainn.

S. Ó Cléirigh (4LA).

Mí Lúnasa

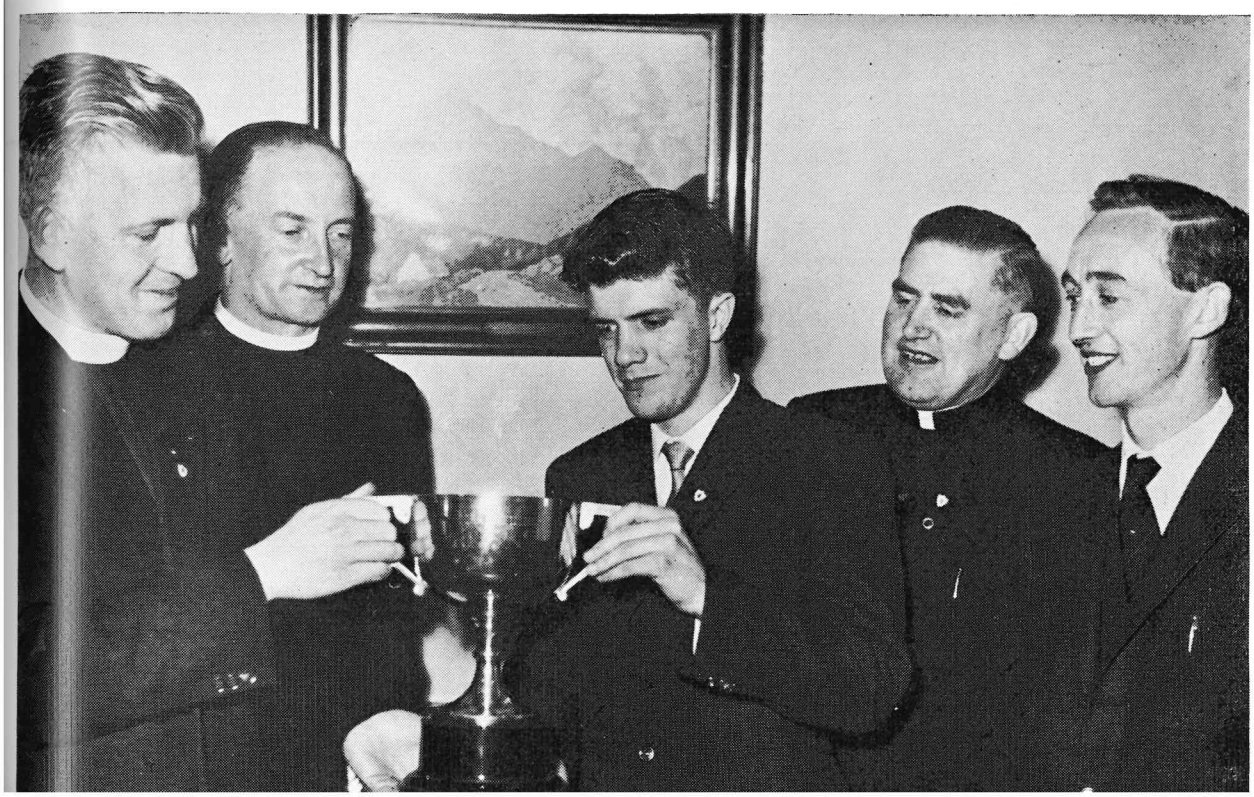
D'fágamar Béal Feirste ar an chéad lá den mí agus baineamar Doire amach ar 11 r.n. Ní raibh ach bus amháin ag fanacht linn mar nach raibh ach scór gasúr as Scoil Mhuire ar an chúrsa seo. Shroicheamar Min an Chladaigh thart faoin cúig. Nuair a bí an tae ólta againn chuamar a spaisteoireacht. Casadh cairde úra orainn. Thaitin muintir Baile Átha Cliath linn, go mór mór, "Erney the Jackeen."

Bíodh ranganna againn gach lá go dtí leath i noiaid a dó déag agus snámh nó cluichí sa tráthnóna. Bíodh céilithe breátha againn gach oíche. Léití an tAifreann sa Choláiste gach Domhnach.

Mair an cúrsa go dtí an 24ú lá agus thangamar chun an bhaile an lá céanna. Agus cé go raibh tréan spóirt againn ar an bhealach bí brón ar gach duine cionn is go rabhamar ag fágáil na Gaeltachta.

Dáithí Mac Corraidh (4LA).

An tAthair Liam Mac an tSagairt ag bronnadh Chorn Cheilinn ar Ruairí Ó hEochaidh
(pictiúr le ceadh "An tUltach")



Events of the Year

● In September two groups of our Seniors, with over 100 in each, made their retreat in St. Clement's, Antrim Road. Though we were sorry to leave Ardglass we had to admit that there were compensations on the slopes of Cave Hill. There is the convenience of access and withal the quiet and seclusion so near the city, and the view of Belfast Lough is no hindrance to contemplation. Certain aspects of course have not changed and in particular the helpfulness and hospitality of Rev. Fr. Connolly, C.SS.R., and of his community were as much in evidence as ever.



● Mr. Frank Hanna, M.P., was the guest of honour at our Prize Day. We had the usual enthusiastic audience of parents, as always appreciative of the opportunity to meet the members of the staff and also of the implicit acknowledgement of the fact that they, no less than teachers and boys, are an

important if seldom seen part of the school community. Mr. Hanna spoke long and eloquently on the opportunities available to the students, on the difficulties they would have to prepare to meet, and on their duty to accept the opportunities and tackle the difficulties in order to do what they could for the betterment of the community, not only in the narrower local sense but also in the wider fields of the nation and the Church. The choir under Mr. Rittweger and the drama group under Mr. Dynan gave their usual polished performance.

It is a pleasant task to have to thank Mr. Robert McElhinney for providing a new trophy this year. This is a magnificent cup, for presentation to the Senior boy with the best aggregate in the Science-Mathematics group. The first winner was Joseph Boyle. Congratulations, Joe; and thanks again, Mr. McElhinney.

● On January 22nd we had the mournful duty of joining with the priests and people of the diocese of Down and Connor in the funeral cortege of Most Rev. Dr. Mageean, D.D., from nearby St. Peter's to Milltown Cemetery. It is only a few years since he graced our Prize Day and gave one of his inimitable addresses. Ar dheis De go rabh a anam.

● The annual Vocation Week culminated with Holy Mass in St. Mary's, celebrated by Rev. Fr. D. Wilson. It is very gratifying to be able to report an increase in Vocations this year, thank God: 6 to the Priesthood and 3 to the Brothers.

● We had another big gathering in St. Mary's on June 1st, when Rev. Fr. MacLaverty celebrated Holy Mass in honour of the bicentenary of the birth of Br. Edmund Ignatius Rice, founder of the Irish Christian Brothers. Fr. MacLaverty paid wonderful tribute to the heroic work of Br. Rice for the poor of Ireland. Staff and pupils appreciated the fact that Mr. Hanna, M.P., was present, particularly as it was the first public function at which he appeared following his re-election as member for the district earlier in the week.

● We again won through to the Ulster final in the Gael-Linn Irish debating contest and were again beaten by a Letterkenny school, this time St. Eunan's College. We had a consolation however in that Liam McCullough was adjudged the best individual and went on to the national finals in Dublin where he acquitted himself more than competently and drew rounds of applause from the appreciative Shelbourne Hotel audience by his forthright views on Telefis Eireann and his expressed regard for Horace.

● Roy Haughey won Corn Theilinn n the province-wide essay competition sponsored by "An tUltach."

● For the first time there was an organised group of 35 boys from the school at Lough Derg and we were pleased to have our French Assistant, Rev. Fr. Amestoy with the pilgrimage. We take this opportunity to pay tribute to Fr. Amestoy and to say how lucky we were to have had the opportunity of coming in contact with such a fine young member of the French clergy. He will be always welcome back among us.

● In July-August over 100 boys spent almost four weeks in the Donegal Gaeltacht, enjoying life and polishing up their phrases. A small group of French enthusiasts worked hard at the language in far-off Boulogne.

Awards 1962

Senior Certificates obtained: 94.

Junior Certificates obtained: 152.

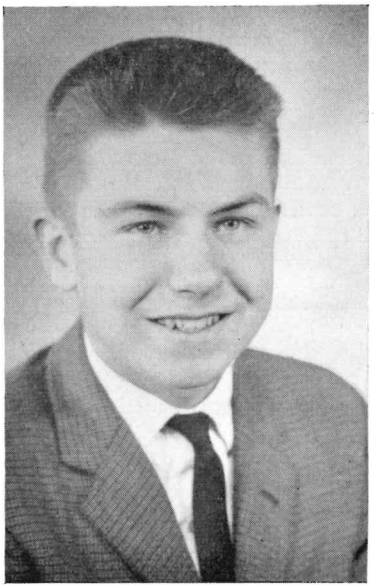
State Exhibitions: Roy Haughey and Bernard Rooney.

The following qualified for University Scholarships: Gerard Agnew, Robert Alexander, Joseph Boyle, Michael Carville, Kevin Caldwell, Peter Collins, James Collins, John Davison, Bernard Devlin, Gerard Doherty, Thomas Donnelly, James Haughey, Cormac Farnan, Kieran Gorman, David Liddell, David Lowther, Thomas McCrory, William McCullough, Brian McGaharan, Patrick McGrath, Neill McKeith, Anthony McLean, Colm McManus, Brendan O'Connor, Timothy O'Prey, Michael Miller, Bernard Rooney, Terence Smyth.

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McElhinney Cup: John Mulholland.

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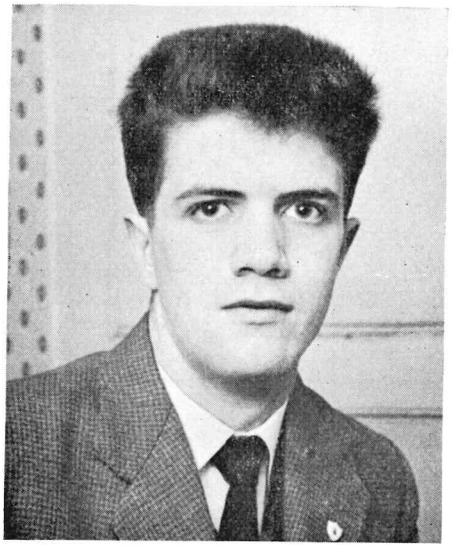
J. MULHOLLAND
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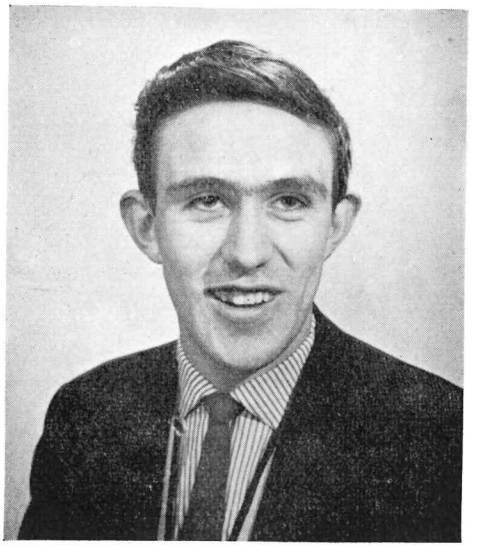
As a boy in St. Mary's Larry was a keen student, unassuming in manner, and a noted goalkeeper on the Water Polo team.

To his family and friends we tender our sincerest sympathies. And may the Good Lord of Harvest grant eternal reward to his soul.

Winners of State Exhibitions

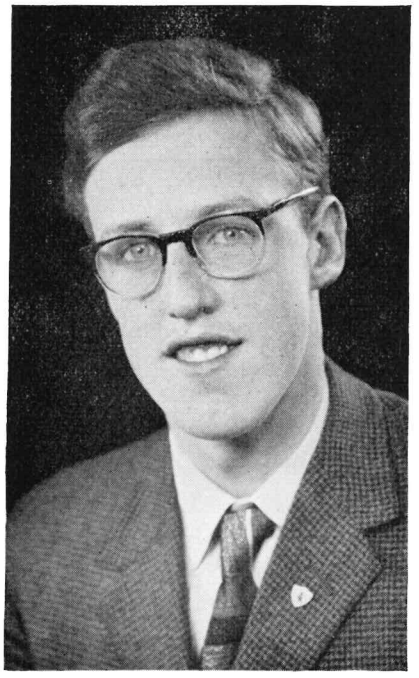


ROY HAUGHEY (Literature)

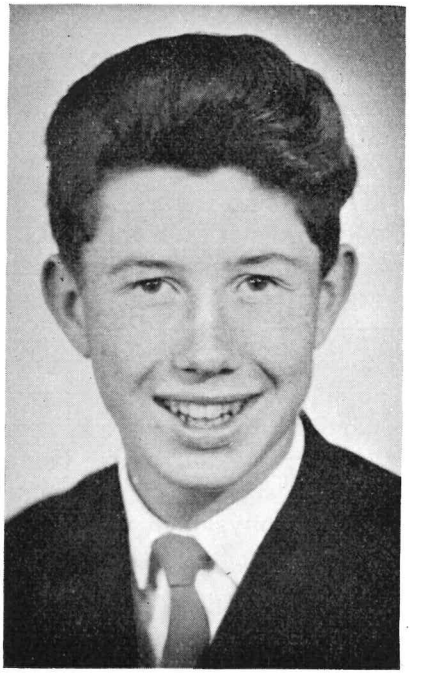


BERNARD ROONEY (Science)

Joe Devlin Scholarship Winners



COLM McGRADY (Senior Irish)



JOHN MACKLIN (Junior Irish)

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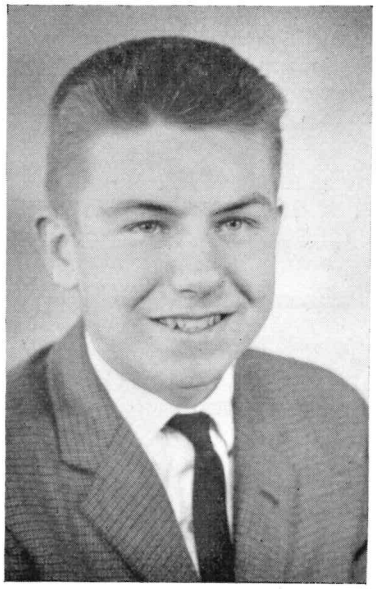
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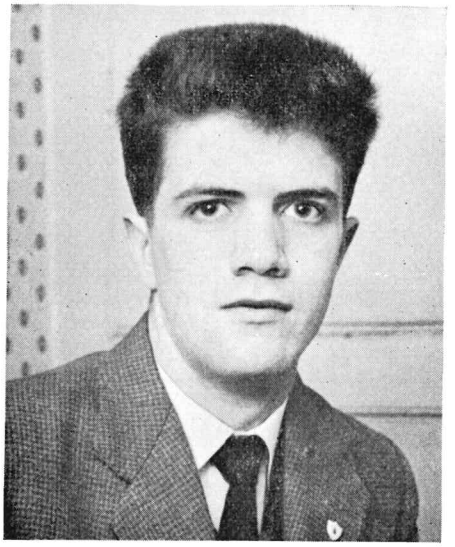
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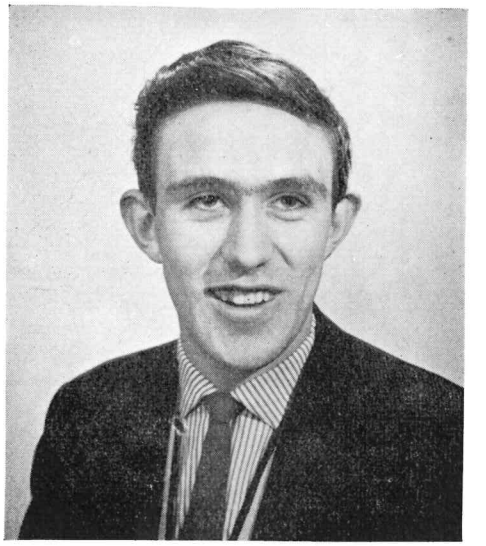
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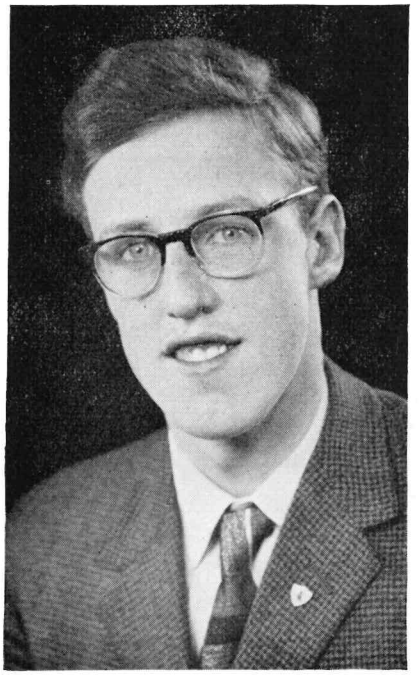


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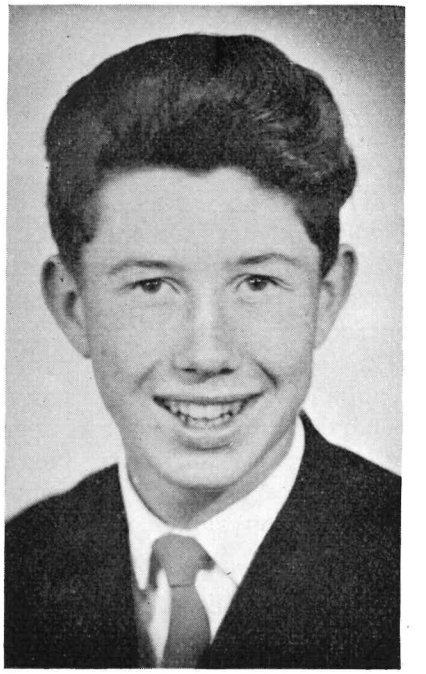


BERNARD ROONEY (Science)

Joe Devlin Scholarship Winners

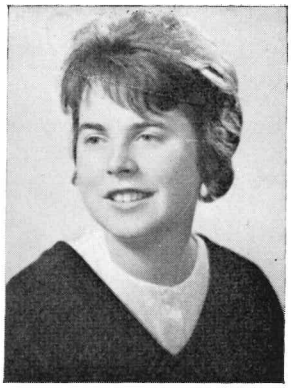


COLM McGRADY (Senior Irish)



JOHN MACKLIN (Junior Irish)

LA LORRAINE



by Mlle. Colette Viard

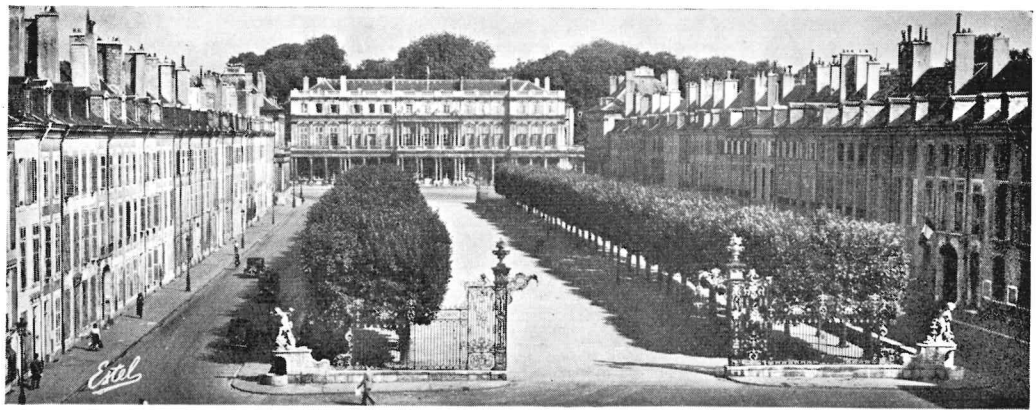
Miss Viard is a teacher in the French Faculty of St. Mary's for the current year.

SI aujourd'hui la Lorraine présente quelque unité, elle le doit davantage aux hommes qu'à la nature. En effet, la Lorraine n'est pas une unité physique bien individualisée. L'unité Lorraine repose sur des bases historiques, humaines, artistiques et sociales plutôt que sur un fondement géographique.

Son nom lui vient d'un prince Carolingien dont faute de mieux le royaume fut appelé Lotharii Regnum d'où Lorraine. Ce nom ne désigna finalement que le duché de Lorraine, mais pour les populations voisines il restait attaché à tout le pays situé entre les Vosges et l'Argonne. D'anciennes terres Lorraines ont d'ailleurs été englobées dans des départements voisins, le Luxembourg et la Sarre ce qui montre bien que la Lorraine n'est pas spécifiquement une unité physique.

En marge du royaume de France, la Lorraine a subi de nombreuses vicissitudes au cours des temps: objet de la rivalité qui opposait Louis XI, roi de France à Charles le témeraire, Duc de Bourgogne, capitale des Ducs de Lorraine, elle fut également le théâtre de guerres entre la France et l'Allemagne. Annexée — en partie — en 1870 elle devait redevenir française en 1918 ; de nouveau occupée en 1940, elle fut définitivement rattachée au sol national en 1944-45. A cette date la Lorraine au même titre que l'Alsace incarnait le symbole même du sentiment national français. Le Général de Gaulle ne choisit-il pas pour emblême la croix de Lorraine. La Lorraine possède un passé militaire glorieux, elle peut s'enorgueillir d'avoir donné le jour à une pleïade de grands chefs depuis Jeanne d'Arc à Lyautey en passant par le général d'empire Drouot. La ville de Verdun fut l'une des pages les plus magnifiques de l'histoire de l'Armée Française.

Mais il ne faudrait pas croire que seul le passé historique de la Lorraine reste. Elle possède également une longue tradition artistique et culturelle qu'elle doit essen-



Place de la Carrière, Nancy.

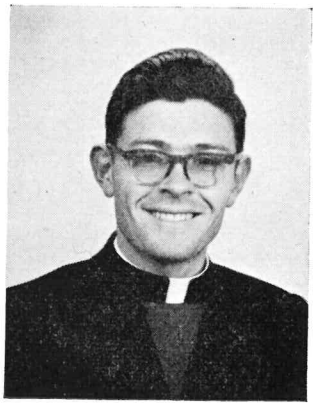
tiellement à Stanislas Leczinski, Duc régnant et bienfaiteur de la Lorraine. Stanislas s'ingénia de son vivant à rendre prestigieux le nom de son duché. Il fit construire nombre de châteaux dont ceux de Lunéville "Le petit Versailles" où il accueillit Voltaire, de Fléville, d'Haroué, créa la ville nouvelle de Nancy telle que nous la connaissons aujourd'hui avec le merveilleux ensemble architectural que constituent la place Stanislas et la Place de la Carrière. Parmi les grands artistes lorrains qui ont contribué à faire de Nancy "La ville aux portes d'Or", le "Petit Paris" de l'Est, on peut citer les architectes Héré, Girardet, le graveur Callot, le peintre Claude Gellé dit le Lorrain et le verrier Emile Gallé. La Lorraine possède également son propre folklore dont la manifestation principale est la vénération portée par tous les Lorrains à Saint Nicolas, leur patron, dont la fête est célébrée le 6 décembre en grande pompe. Ce jour-là un grand cortège se forme dans les rues de Nancy pour la joie des petits et des grands car Saint-Nicolas apporte à chacun de menus présents.

Mais aujourd'hui la Lorraine n'est pas une province qui se contente de son passé, c'est l'une des régions les plus importantes de l'économie française. La principale ressource est le minerai de fer que son sol possède en abondance. C'est le gisement de fer le plus important d'Europe qui se dívise en quatre bassins principaux: Longwy, Thionville, Briez, Nancy. La métallurgie lorraine est essentiellement une industrie lourde. Elle est aux mains de quelques grandes compagnies: Lorraine Escaut, Pont-à-Mousson afin de mieux pouvoir se plier aux exigences des marchés internatíonaux. Le sous-sol lorrain est aussi riche en sel gemme, et en charbon.

La Lorraine fête actuellement l'un de ses plus illustres enfants, l'écrivain Maurice Barrès qui a su dans son livre magnifique "La colline Inspirée" immortaliser à jamais sa province, et l'âme lorraine. Nul doute que c'est en pensant à Jeanne la Lorraine que Maurice Barrès écrivait à l'heure la plus sombre de la Lorraine, province française: "Le coeur d'un homme vaut tout l'or d'un pays".

An African Mission

by Rev. Fr. Joseph Leatham, O.M.I.



Fr. Leathem, a past pupil of St. Mary's, was a noted schoolboy athlete. He is now in the Transvaal.

IN writing these few words I hope to present to the minds of my readers something of the greatness and complexity of the work of the Church in the Republic of South Africa, especially in that area known as the Transvaal. However, my main purpose in writing this article is to try to awaken in the boys of St. Mary's, and to increase in them, the desire of doing something for God and His Church in a mission country. I say this, realizing that probably no country in the world has the faith as deeply as the Irish. Not that they have this gift of themselves for it comes from God, but we must admit they did merit it in some way after the long centuries of persecution. Still, we must not commend ourselves for what our forefathers have done; we must take up the challenge to our faith to-day, the challenge of sharing our most treasured possession with other peoples.

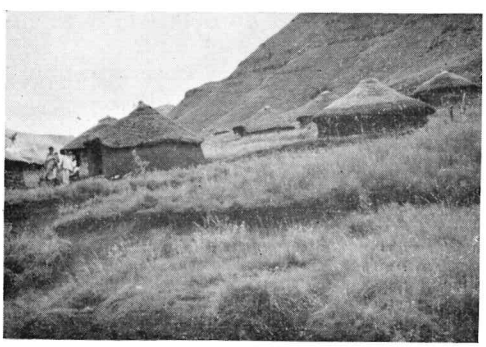
I have already said the work of the Church in South Africa is rather complex; this should easily be seen if I make a small comparison with Ireland. In Ireland the Church deals almost completely with the Irish, a homogeneous group; in South Africa, however, there is a multiplicity of races. Not only is there the diversity of white and black, but in each of these groups there are no small differences. For example, one will find representatives of every European country — from Ireland right across to Greece. Among the Africans the various tribes or nations are as dissimilar as, we might say, the French and the Germans. Among the whites the work is much the same as at home, only that for the various nationalities, apart from English-speaking, a chaplain is appointed. His work is to look after the interests of his own people by visiting them in the different parishes from time to time. An extra European language is of great advantage to an English-speaking priest.

No doubt the work of the Church among the African peoples will be of greater interest to my readers. As I have pointed out, we must not consider the Africans as a unity; in reality the opposite is true. They have differences of language and customs, and here we come to what I think is one of the main difficulties

confronting a priest working among the Africans in and around Johannesburg.

In most places in South Africa the difficulty of language is resolved by the priest learning the language of the tribe with which he is working. However, the area surrounding Johannesburg is an exception to the general rule. Johannesburg is called the 'Golden City,' and the work in the gold mines is the 'mecca' which draws Africans from as far away as Nyasaland, Northern and Southern Rhodesia, Portugese East and West Africa, to the Republic of South Africa. At one church in Johannesburg as many as fifteen languages can be heard on a Sunday. I must say, though, this is quite exceptional; the average is four or five. Most priests manage at learning one of the more common languages fairly well, with some idea of one or two of the others. English is always a help.

You may ask how do we preach, and the answer is: we preach with the help of interpreters. A priest will preach in Sesotho, and one of the more educated will interpret his words in Zulu. You can imagine a German priest speaking to an Irish congregation; he would not accomplish much in German. An interesting point about the Africans is their tendency to form splinter churches of all denominations. In the Republic of South Africa there are over two thousand such splinter groups. The African considers it a mark of prestige to take some of the ceremonies and truths of a Christian church, adding these to certain tribal customs to form a new sect!



A poor "homeland."

Then, too, great changes are taking place in the ordinary everyday life of the African. They are leaving their homelands and coming to work in the cities in large numbers. I am in Benoi, a highly industrialised town about twenty miles from Johannesburg. Not far away there are two African towns, one of 55,000 people and the other of 35,000. These people have come from far and wide seeking work. They have come from homelands where a man is rich according to the number of cows, sheep and goats he has; where the pace of life has barely changed for centuries. Here one can still see young boys shepherding sheep from early morning to dusk. It is not difficult to imagine the upheaval which takes place in the ordinary life of the African people: the transformation from the leisurely pace of the homelands to the speedy and complicated pace of western civilization. It brings with it problems and, I might say, blessings also. Many of the old tribal customs are dropped — those harmful, as well as helpful to Christianity. A void is created, a void which is adequately filled by the introduction of Catholicism into the life of the African.

The Africans are a friendly people: quick to smile, and with a great love and respect for their priest. They are a simple people and freely embrace the faith, though not always perfectly — as some of the old customs do not die easily. There is one point about the African which must be understood. That is, the African has his own peculiar mentality, differing from the western and oriental mentality. How to understand his mentality is a big problem.

It would not be fair to conclude without saying something about the climate of sunny South Africa. It is a climate where one can play such

games as tennis or golf all the year round. A Franciscan Friar remarked to me not so long ago that, having experienced the Californian and Transvaal climates, he much preferred the latter. It is truly wonderful to see the great number of Irish priests, brothers and sisters who are in South Africa, all working for God and His Church. Actually it is quite impossible to go far in South Africa without meeting someone from the Green Isle. His Lordship Bishop Boyle, Bishop of Johannesburg, is from Antrim.

We have many needs, as you could expect, in a mission territory. I shall mention but two: more vocations and prayers. The latter is most important as we all know — more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. So DO say a prayer, or offer some penance, for the spreading of Christ's Kingdom in Africa.

The Sinner

On a dark and lonely island,
A man was standing there;
He bit his lip and clenched his hands
And cried in sad despair.

"For thirty years I've seen not man,
Nor beast nor living thing.
I pray to God three times a day,
In praise some hymns I sing,

"That soon He may deliver me
From this place of desolation.
To a priest I may my sins confess
And gain my soul's salvation.

"For thirty years ago I killed
The only friend I knew:
I seized a sword in anger,
And with it him I slew.

"And there his blood-stained body lay
For seven years and more,
And the stench became so horrible
That I could not bear it more.

"I covered him with sand that day,
I covered him with sod,
But 'tis indeed a punishment
Sent to me by God:

"For still I smell that putrid stench
And hear a screaming sound,
That comes unending from his grave—
A rotten, corrupt mound.

"And now I see towards me
His ghost it needs must be;
And with him ghosts of murdered men,
All rising from the sea.

"They come to be avenged I think,
Seven, side by side.
I must find somewhere I can run!
A place where I can hide!"

He crouches now in terror,
His soul is filled with dread,
The ghost comes slowly towards him,
And in booming voice it said:

"You killed me thirty years ago
In a burst of rash desire,
But I was not ready my God to meet,
And descended to hell-fire.

"Now I must take you with me there,
I cannot rest until I do,
'Till I see your soul immortal
In eternal agony too."

The wretch has no defence, it seems,
Against this force of evil;
The ghost will surely take him now
To the clutches of the devil.

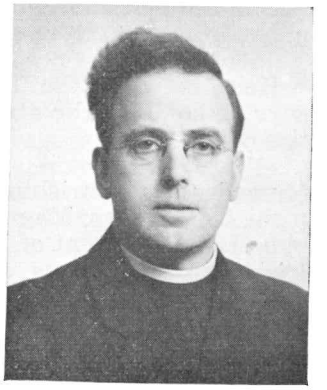
But then he sees before him
His Saviour, sweet and good,
Hanging there in agony
On that hideous cross of wood.

And then his heart with sorrow fills
For the deed which he has done,
And his angel bears his soul on high
To God, and to His Son.

M. O'CALLAGHAN (6LA)

IRELAND *and* ARGENTINA

by Rev. Bro. L. A. Cotter



Brother Cotter taught in St. Mary's during the years 1946-'50. He is now stationed in Buenos Aires.

ARGENTINA is quite a large country: some 2,300 miles in length and 900 miles at its greatest width, with an area of one third that of the U.S.A. The most important of the self-governing provinces comprising the Republic of Argentina is Buenos Aires, which has an area four times that of Ireland. This great rolling plain of almost unbelievable fertility is, for administrative purposes, divided into 120 sections, known as Partidos, which vary in size from 300 to 2,000 square miles. Down to the 80's of the last century the European settlers numbered 200,000 in the city, and half a million in the province — though mostly within 150 miles of the port. Apart from a few thousand settlers around Bahia Blanca the rest of the province was peopled by roaming Indians who often came into conflict with those on the fringe of the 'Pale.'

Early in the last century many Irish farmers, mainly from the midlands and from Wexford, settled in Argentina. A few remained in the city; the rest sought their livelihood and fortune in the pampas. At that time land was to be had for the taking: work was available to all who were willing to face the dangers and hardships that were the lot of the newcomers. Our people fanned out in all directions from the port but the majority followed the great artery that divides the city in an east-west direction. This great street — Av. Rivadavia — was the Argentine "Broadway" for the Irish that came south. Beyond the city limits they followed its continuation, in what is known today as Ruta 7. Westwards they trekked out into the unknown on foot, on horseback, on bullock carts—to mind sheep, to form homesteads, and to dot the plain with churches. In time, many came to own square leagues of land. Unfortunately this land has, to a large extent, passed out of Irish ownership.

In each administrative region the chief town has the same name as the Partido in which it is situated. In this town are found the equivalent of Co. Council Offices, and perhaps the only Church and only police station of the county. The following were the Partidos and focal points of the Irish penetration: Chascomus (where the first Irish chapel was built),

Monte, Cañuelas, Lobos, Saladilla, Navarro, Lujan, Mercedes, Carmen de Areco, Arrecifes, Pergamino — and all the Partidos along the Plate River towards Rosario. All these are within the belt and limits of 45 to 150 miles from the city.

Here is what the Irish historian says of some of the above regions in the 80's:—

Mercedes: "a flourishing Irish settlement of Murrays, Maguires, Tyrrells, etc. Has a Convent of Mercy, and an Irish school for boys. Area 397 sq. miles with 8,000 people. Stock: 40,000 cattle, 25,000 horses and 1,500,000 sheep."

Lujan: "this department belongs almost exclusively to Irish sheep farmers — Caseys, Garahans, Kellys, etc. Irish chaplain is Fr. Sam O'Reilly. Area 377 sq. miles with 10,000 people of whom more than half are Irish. Stock: 30,000 cattle, 20,000 horses and 1,000,000 sheep."

[Lujan contains the Basilica and National Shrine of Our Lady. It is the pride of every Argentine: hither come pilgrimages and pilgrims from all the provinces. When March 17th falls on a Sunday it is the centre of the Irish Argentines' hostings and celebrations. At the beginning of the present century special trains were run, and gatherings up to 10,000 were the rule. Those, however, at which I have been present since 1950 have not numbered more than 3,000 people].

Navarro: "the Irish farmers here are numerous and wealthy. Area 612 sq. miles with 6,000 people. There is an Irish Racing Club which holds meetings at stated intervals . . ." Even back in '67 the races were described as being equal 'to the best ever held in Mullingar.'

Here is Navarro at the turn of the century:—

Navarro is an ancient town,
Good houses there are few,
But still its credit and renown
Do many towns outdo;
The partido, it is very large
And has some wealthy men
Possessing fine estancias —
All, mostly well wired in.

And this was the scene in the town, and around Mahon's Chapel, when the Gaels came along to Sunday Mass:—

When you go there on Sunday,
The first one that you'll meet
Is Mr. Michael Austin
A-coming up the street;
It's generally at Martin's
He gives a dry look in,
And makes some smart enquiries
What fellows have come in.

Then next comes John Maguire
With a sly and friendly grin,
He sits upon the counter —
Some funny yarn to spin.
And his sociable brother James
Calls a chum to have a glass,
Then turning to them says:
"Boys, it's time to go to Mass."

Then come the Dillons from
Saladas,
Long Tom is at their head,
Their first care when they enter
Is to get their horses fed.
Then to the Church they
quickly go
And pray a little there:
But they always keep close to
the door —
To view the ladies fair!

You'll see, when Mass is over,
Outside the Chapel door
Old Mr. Michael Dillon
Of sixty years or more:
With Carthy and John Gahan
This man in chat is found,
For they've got money plenty
And are sure to stand a 'round.'

These lines tell the story of Irish faithfulness to the Mass; they likewise indicate their likeness for 'the drop.'

I have not been in Navarro, but have been close to it. The 11th July

of this year, the Feast of Blessed Oliver Plunkett, found a number of us in Mercedes, some 20 miles N.W. of Navarro. We were there for the funeral of the deeply regretted Provincial Superior of the Pallottines, Fr. Simon Histon, R.I.P. St. Patrick's Church was crowded with people of Irish descent — and so Fr. Simon rests among his own. The stately vaults of the Heffernans, Duffys, Lynches, affirm that the settlers had made good, while the beautiful St. Patrick's (1930) proclaims that the present generation has not forgotten the faith of their fathers.

Back in the 80's there were only about 9 Chaplains from Ireland who ministered to our people. They were placed at strategic points and ranged the countryside on horseback. Hardships were their lot: ill-health and early deaths among the Chaplains were common. The most noted of those Irish missionaries was Fr. Fahey, O.P., who died in 1871. He is buried under a splendid Celtic Cross near the entrance to the exclusive Recoleta cemetery in Buenos Aires. (Some dozen yards away lie the bones of the most famous Irishman that ever came to South America: Admiral Brown). The work of the Irish Chaplains is now done by Passionists, who are mostly of Irish descent, and by the Pallottines who are out from Ireland. Irish Argentine vocations are most often to the Passionists, though there have always been a few to the Dominicans, Jesuits, etc.

The Irish Christian Brothers, who conduct Cardinal Newman College, are in the city of Buenos Aires only since 1947. As far back as 1852 Fr. Fahey purchased 2½ acres, in what is now almost the city centre, for our Congregation. On failing to secure the Brothers (they were too few in number then) he sold the site to the Jesuits and on it they have built the well-known 'El Salvador' college. In the few years of its existence our Newman College has, thank God, proved a great success. It is much sought after by leading Argentine families, and not least by the Argentine Irish. Lovers of sport will be glad to hear that the college Rugby teams are second to none among those of city schools, and 1961 saw the Polo team win the Inter-College Cup. I hear St. Mary's have a fine Polo team, so what about a challenge match in mid-Atlantic?

Our Congregation his its second South American foundation — Stella Maris College — on the outskirts of Montevideo, in Uruguay.

Since vocations in Latin-America are few these Colleges have to depend on other provinces of the Congregation for their staffs. Were Brothers available there is no limit to the number of foundations that could be made out here.

Latin America is Priority No. 1 in the world today. To help block Communism the U.S. is pouring millions of dollars into the various economies; to spread Communism Russia is sending in agents and subversive propaganda: to save souls the Holy Father has appealed for prayers, material assistance, and especially for Vocations. In the past the Argentine Irish, with their closed community and their many churches, were 'the salt of the earth.' Irish helpers are greatly needed here; a generous response would prove that the salt has not 'lost its savour' in the homeland.

Here are some figures to pinpoint Latin America for us:—

43% of Catholics live where the proportion is 1,000 to 4,000 per Priest.

52% of Catholics live where the proportion is 5,000 to 10,000 per Priest.

5% of Catholics live where the proportion is 10,000 plus per Priest.

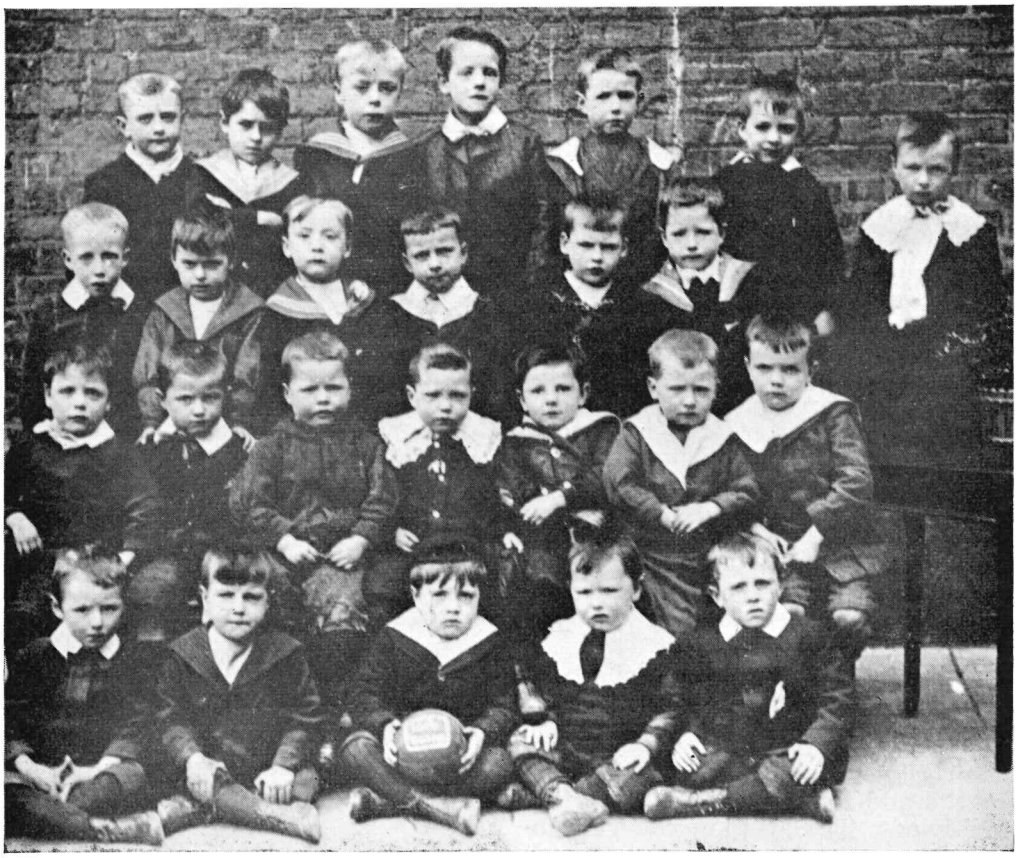
Argentine, with 4,000 Priests, has one for every 5,000 Catholics. It has, besides, 13,000 Nuns and 1,700 Brothers of various Congregations.

Less than 100,000 boys are in religious schools: less than 200,000 girls are similarly placed. And since Religion is banned in the State System it means that only a very small fraction of the estimated 20,000,000 Catholics in Argentina receive knowledge of their religion. To add to this alarming situation is the fact that $\frac{1}{3}$rd of those children being taught their religion live in the city of Buenos Aires, and are mostly from better-off families. This leaves the workers' families — to a large extent — untouched. Yet in 1947 the parents of 93% of ALL school-children in Argentina asked for religious teaching in the various educational establishments.

Please offer a prayer for the plight of Latin America.

A Glimpse of the Past

1906



This photo (taken in St. Patrick's C.B.S.) was supplied by Mr. J McLaverty of 39 Clowney St. The only boys so far identified are: J. Hughes—1st Row (centre); J. McLaverty—3rd Row (third from the left) and his brother Michael (R.I.P.)—4th Row (third from the left).

PRESIDENT of the PAST PUPILS' ASSOCIATION



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

PAST PUPILS' UNION

Early Years:

TWENTY-FIVE years ago three hundred and fifty past pupils of the Christian Brothers' Schools representing the City and Province presented themselves at a meeting in St. Mary's, Barrack Street. The idea of a Past Pupils' Union had been talked about and planned for the previous six months and now the day had come. The Christian Brothers' Past Pupils' Union, now famous as the C.B.P.P.U., was ready to be launched, and many well-known personalities were eager and willing to guide it along the first stormy years of all new ventures.

At this historic meeting Father Vincent Davey, P.P., of Antrim, presided and the late Mr. Thomas Ivory acted as Vice-Chairman. Among those present were the late Rev. Br. Murray, the late Rev. Br. Nagle and Br. T. A. Burke.

A provisional committee under the Chairmanship of Ted Gallagher, and with Paddy Charleton as Secretary, was appointed to prepare a set of rules for the new body. Three months later these rules were approved and accepted by a General Meeting of past pupils. At this meeting the late Mr. Maurice Lavery, F.R.C.S., was elected first President, Paddy Charleton first Hon. Secretary and the late Mr. John Cosgrave first Hon. Treasurer.

The Union soon found headquarters in the Columban Rooms, St. Mary's Hall, where it remained until 1946. In that year new premises were leased in Cornmarket and were formally opened by our late Bishop on St. Patrick's Day, 1947. The President of that year, Mr. Jack Magill, was mainly responsible for this change to Cornmarket.

During its stay in St. Mary's Hall the first groups among members of the Union were formed. Members in those early days can recall to mind such bodies as the Literary and Debating Society, Study Group, Choral Society and a flourishing Dramatic Society. This latter group quickly made its name in dramatic circles in Ireland. It was successful in such festivals as the Christian Arts Guild Festival in Belfast and the Derry Feis. Its impact on the Fr. Matthew Feis in Dublin, in particular, will never be forgotten. Three times it was successful in carrying off the main award, the Independent Cup. It was invited on two occasions to return to broadcast from Radio Eireann. Even the bombing of Belfast in 1941 did not deter the enthusiastic members from competing in that year. Many stories of that particular appearance are still told. The company even went on with one of the principals missing and his understudy only learned his lines in the train. Yet, the C.B.P.P.U. finished second.

The Choral Society was equally successful. For more than twenty years the Union promoted a Celebrity Concert yearly in St. Mary's Hall, with the Choral Society topping the bill. "Music for Everyman", a series of monthly concerts with the best Irish artists, will always be remembered. It is interesting to recall that Hugh Maguire, now leader of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, made his professional debut as a boy of 16 in "Music for Everyman".

Many other groups quickly attained a thriving existence, but considerations of space prevent more than mention of their names. Sport was not forgotten: active football, athletic, swimming, table-tennis and golf sections came into existence. The Tennis Club, equal to the best in Belfast, had its headquarters at what is now Rosario Tennis Club, Ravenhill Road.

As the years passed many of these groups waned in strength as others waxed to greater power. The move to Cornmarket meant a change in the pattern of the Union's life. Social activities were developed to a greater extent in order to find the extra finances necessary to keep the Union going. Groups which had flourished tended to die away. But an active Camera Club, Table-Tennis, Bridge, Short-Wave Radio and Golf groups continued to grow. The Gaelic Society, new-born, is now one of the most active groups in the Union.

Otherwise, these years in Cornmarket were a period of quiet life. Recruitment to the Union fell off markedly. Liaison with the schools seemed to break down to some extent and it was regretful to find that though thousands of boys left school in the decade 1950-60 only a small percentage joined the Union. Perhaps now with new premises and new amenities before us we can look forward to a greater schools-Union link.

M. SMITH.

To-day:

It has been estimated that in and around Belfast to-day there are at least 10,000 Past Pupils of the Irish Christian Brothers. They are of all age groups, and of succeeding generations. They share a common patrimony. Each and all in their formative years have been schooled by the traditions of the sons of Edmund Ignatius Rice, and have been imbued with their spirit and inspired by their ideals.

For well-nigh 20 years it has been accepted as being right and proper that a Past Pupils' Union should exist for former Christian Brothers' boys.

The Union gives to Past Pupils a corporate sense of loyalty and unity, a feeling of belonging, and provides a meeting point for contact with the Christian Brothers and their schools, and with past pupils of their own time, and of other vintages.

The history of the Christian Brothers Past Pupils' Union in Belfast during its lifetime, has been given elsewhere in these pages.

It is a story of many achievements and successes. It is also a tale of vicissitudes and trials.

It is a story which threatened to come to an end two or three years ago.

But far from being daunted by the apparent indifference of the general body of past pupils, the small and zealous band who had kept the Union alive in its darkest days threw themselves into the task of re-organising the entire Union, and began a campaign which has culminated in a magnificent and enthusiastic mass meeting of 700 past pupils in St. Mary's School, last year, which gave a mandate to the then officers of the Union to go out and purchase premises which would make a worthy and fitting home for the Union, and which would house its various activities, social, cultural, and recreational.

The Union has now purchased two large terrace houses at 287-289 Antrim Road, Belfast, and at the present moment they are in the course of reconstruction.

When completed, they will provide in congenial surroundings, modern club facilities, and accommodation for the various groups which function under the aegis of the Union at the present time.

These premises have been paid for by voluntary subscriptions, and interest-free loans, contributed not merely by members, but by others friendly to the Union and interested in its work.

The new premises have considerable scope for further extension and re-development. In this connection the possibilities are considerable if the future financial support of the general body of the past pupils is all we hope and expect it to be.

It is hoped, too, that much of the work of reconstruction and redecoration of the premises will be done by

the voluntary labour of members.

It is believed that in this new upsurge of enthusiasm in the Union, and with the opening of the new premises, many past pupils, who have hitherto remained aloof, will come forward to participate in the work and activities of the Union. To each and all of these who may read this article I can give an assurance that they are cordially welcome.



"PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE"
In the background is the new Union premises, at present under construction.

A mistaken impression has gone abroad in the past, that the Union was confined to past pupils of the Secondary Schools. This is not so.

A past pupil of the Christian Brothers is a past pupil, whether he attended a Primary, Secondary School, or Junior Technical. There is no distinction whatever within the Union.

I believe that the measure of the impact of influence of any school or college on the communty as a whole, and the eminence it enjoys in the public estimation, should be reflected in the virility, the influence, the power and the prestige of its past pupils' organisation.

The history of our Union proved that as a Union it has been, in the past, as successful as any Union in the country.

For past pupils of the Irish Christian Brothers, in Belfast, to be as good as the next, is not good enough. The least the Brothers can expect of us is that we should be better than the best.

This is what we aim to be, and this is what we ask the great generality of past pupils to help us to become.

F. HANNA.

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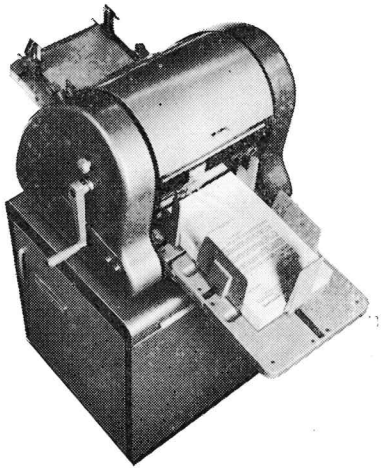
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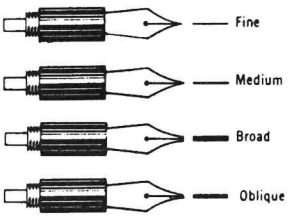
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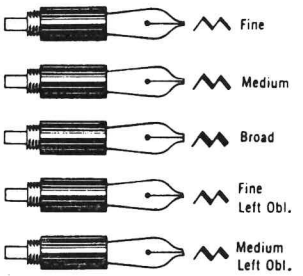
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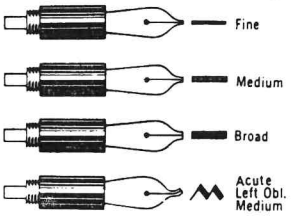


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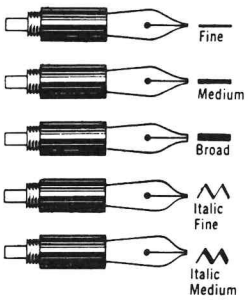


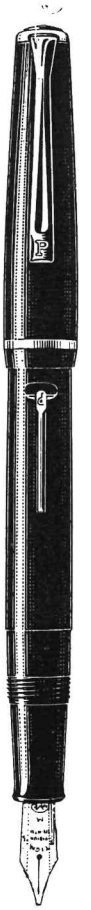


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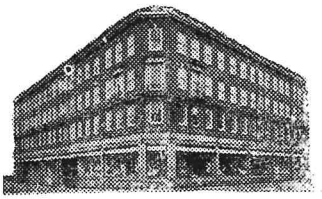
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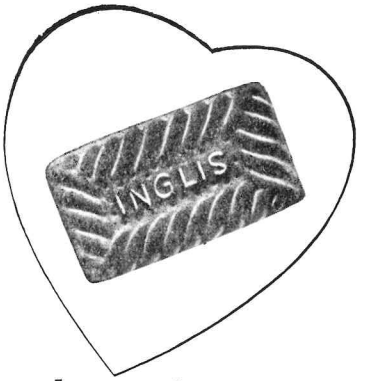
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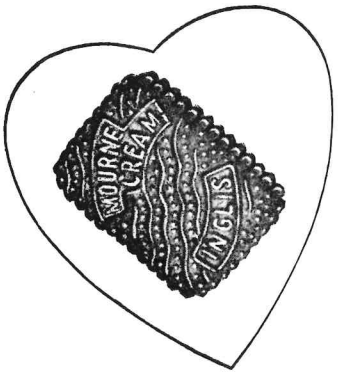
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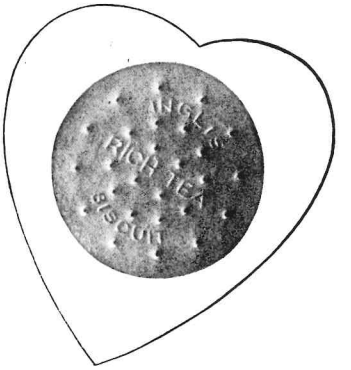
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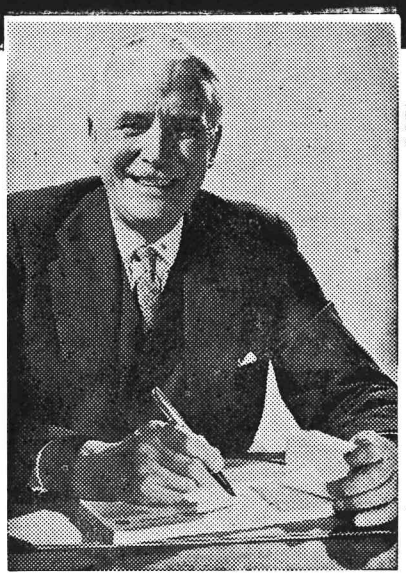
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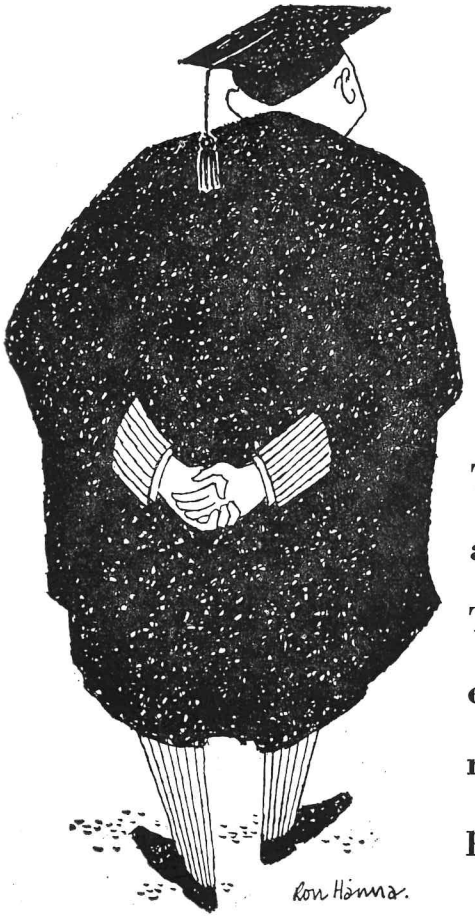
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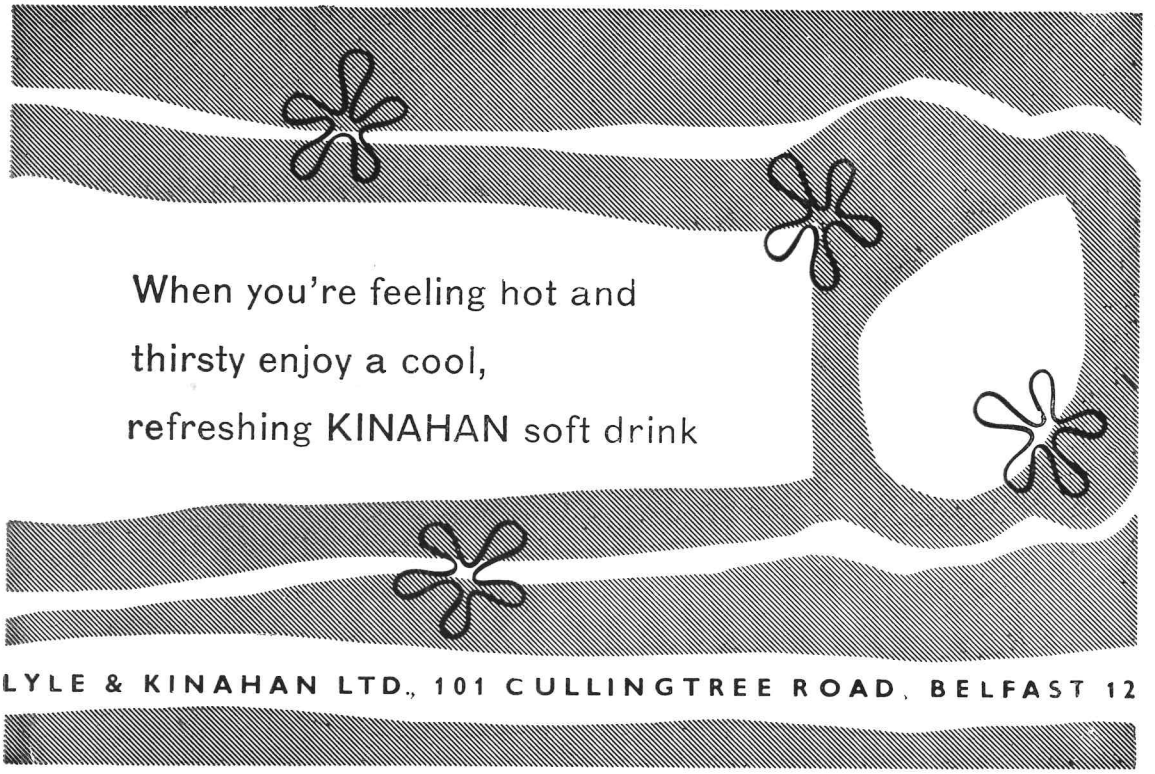
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