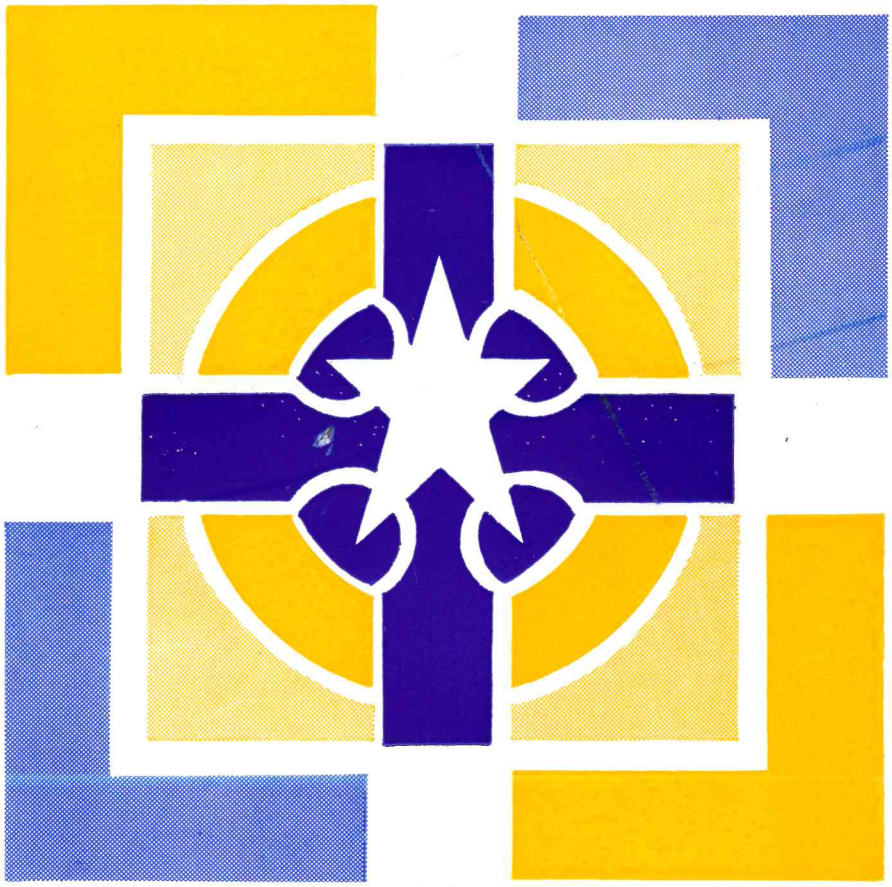
The Simmarian

MAGAZINE



news
articles
sports

poems
activities
photos

CHRISTMAS 1963

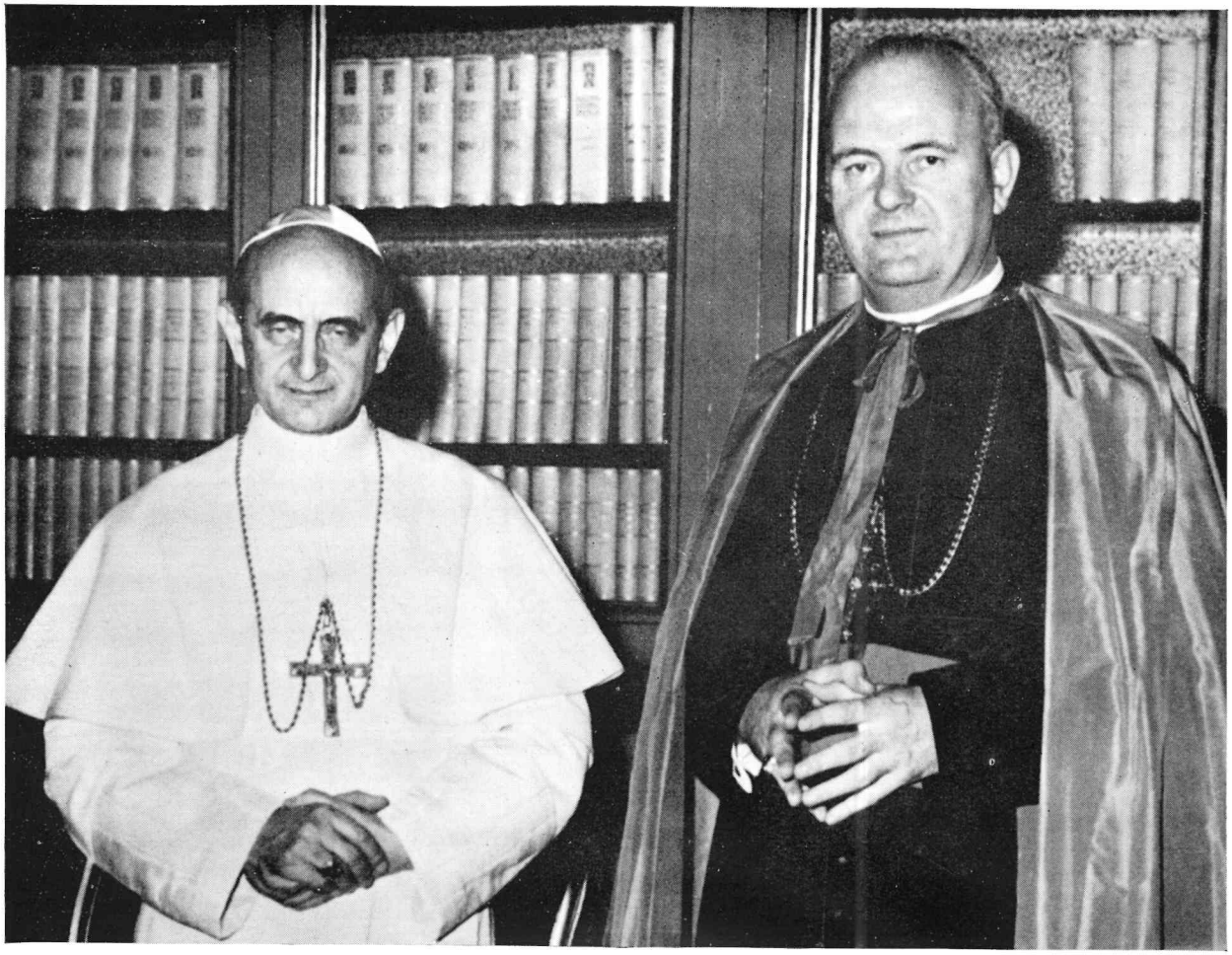
THE SIMMARIAN

CHRISTMAS 1963



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

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



His Holiness Pope Paul VI and Most Rev. Dr. Conway, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland.

Editorial

During the past year great changes have taken place. The death of His Holiness Pope John XXIII was the occasion of universal regret, proving how much loved he was. Goodness received its tribute even from the most materialistic. R.I.P. A worthy successor has been found in the person of His Holiness Pope Paul VI whose aims are very similar to those of his predecessor. Long may he rule the Church is our earnest prayer.

This is a year in which great things have happened in our own sphere. An old Simmarian is now the successor of Patrick in Armagh and Primate of All Ireland. His Grace, the Most Rev. W. Conway, is probably the youngest Churchman to attain that dignity. Coming to it at this most historic period in the Church's existence he will, we feel quite assured, in his own gifted way play his part in the solution of its problems. Under his leadership much may be expected in the spreading of the ecumenical spirit. Our homage and prayers are his.

In the material sphere things have really begun to hum. The bulldozers are levelling the playing fields of the new school at Airfield, and the start on the foundations of the building may be a matter of weeks only. More spacious days are in the offing.

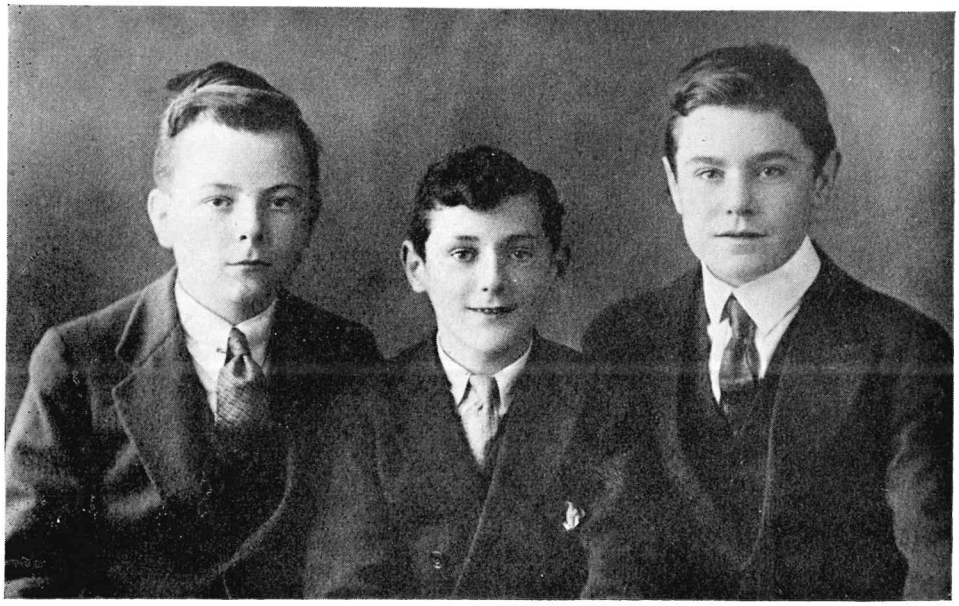
The number of Vocations has been good, though it could and will, with God's help, be bettered. It is gratifying to see boys prepared to go to far-away places to do God's work; in this they are but living up to their Irish heritage. We would like, however, to see a steady stream of candidates for the needs of our own diocese.

The examination records have been very satisfactory. Congratulations to all. The Junior section of the school has been largely responsible for the material in this magazine and has proved itself almost the exclusive nursery of poetry. What about it, Seniors? As may be seen in pages elsewhere the number of school activities has greatly increased.

To our loyal advertisers our sincerest thanks, and the wish that practical expression of it may be given by our readers.

Finally, we are indebted to all who helped in the production of the "Simmarian," in particular to Mr. Kennedy who designed the cover, Mr. O'Boyle who supplied illustrations, Mr. Walsh who collected the advertisements, and to the staff of the "Irish News" for their helpful co-operation.

Comarba Pádraig



AWARD WINNERS IN JUNIOR GRADE, 1928
W. Conway (Exhibition), J. F. Bereen (Exhibition), P. Charleton (Prize).

CÚIS mhór áthais agus bróid dúinn go léir an nuaíocht go raibh an Pápa Naofa, Pól VI i ndiaidh an Dochtúir Oirmhinneach Liam Mac Conbhuidhe a cheapadh mar Ard-Easpag Ard Macha agus Príomháidh na hÉireann uile. Iar-scoláire clúiteach é a bhfuil cáil air ar fud na tíre, fear mór léinn ag a bhfuil meoin fhairsing, intleacht ghéar agus tuigsint mhaith ar chúrsaí an tsaoil ní amháin in a thír féin ach i mór-Roinn na hEorpa chomh maith. Fear simplí dúthrachtach atá ábalta ceisteanna deachra dlí na hEaglaise a phlé agus san am chéanna gnáth-chúrsaí na ndaoine a fhreastal mar a thaispeáin sé agus cúram paróiste air i nDún Dealgan. Mar shagart, mar ollamh agus mar aoire, togha fir a bhí ann i gcónaí. Guímid gach grásta ó Dhia air féin agus ar a chuid oibre.

Nowhere did the news of the elevation of Most Reverend William Conway, D.D., D.C.L., to the ancient and primatial see of Armagh receive a warmer welcome than in his alma mater. It was in 1922 that William Conway, then nine years of age, came from St. Columba's School, Boundary Street, to the old brick building with the Gothic windows in Divis Street which is remembered so well by the many thousands of pupils who have passed through St. Mary's since the day in 1866 when it was first opened. The entry in the school register

merely records the date of William Conway's admission, 21st August, 1922. Here he was to attend school for the next eight years, except for one year in St. Patrick's, Donegall Street (where the first year of the Secondary Course was then held) and a brief period in the new Barrack Street School after it opened in November 1929.

The scholastic record of the future Archbishop is truly an impressive one. His Primary course completed, in 1924 he proceeded to St. Patrick's, Donegall Street, for the First Year of the Secondary after which he came back to St. Mary's, Divis Street to prepare for the Junior Certificate. However, as he was not old enough according to the regulations of the Ministry of Education, he was not allowed to sit for the examination with the rest of his class in June 1927. When he did the examination the following year he was awarded an Exhibition. Another member of this class, James Frederick Bereen (now a medical specialist in the City) also obtained an Exhibition that year while a third member, Patrick Charleton (at present a Civil Servant in Dublin) obtained a Prize. In 1929, after only a year's study in place of the customary two years, William Conway sat for the Senior Certificate in which he also gained an Exhibition. In the following year he completed his school course in brilliant manner by obtaining First Place in the Belfast Corporation City Scholarship to Queen's University, valued at £300, his subjects for this examination being English, Irish and Chemistry.

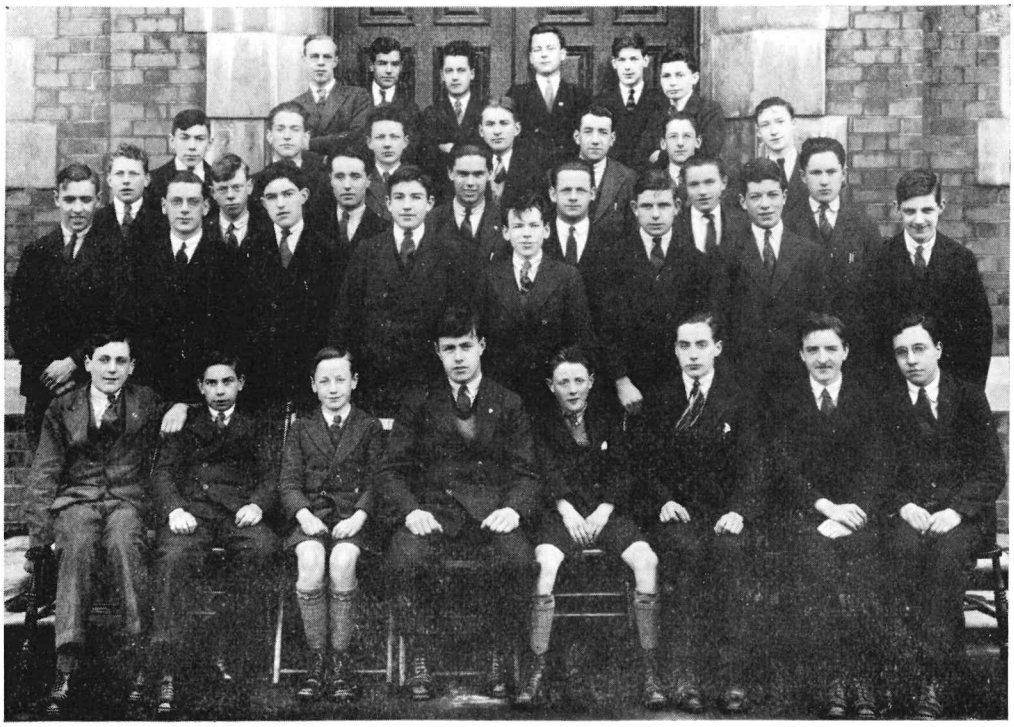
It is not the place here to trace in detail his outstanding academic career afterwards in Queen's University, in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, where he was ordained in 1937, at Dunboyne where he gained the Doctor of Divinity degree in 1938 and finally in Rome where he was awarded the Doctorate in Canon Law "summa cum laude solus" in 1939. Thereafter he proved himself a most devoted and successful teacher at St. Malachy's College, Belfast. Following this, came his appointment to the staff of Maynooth where he held the chair of Canon Law for many years, and was Vice President, before being elevated to the Bishopric and appointed Auxiliary to the late Cardinal D'Alton in 1958. Finally, just before the opening of the Second Session of the Vatican Council, came the news of his appointment as Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland. So, at fifty years of age Most Reverend Doctor William Conway takes his place in the long line of Primates that goes back to Saint Patrick. He brings to this exalted and onerous position rich talents and a wealth of varied experience which will enable him, please God, to meet the many difficulties facing the Church in the modern world.

However, as we honour him to-day as head of the Irish Hierarchy, our thoughts go back to his early school days. Luckily we still have on the staff of St. Mary's two of his teachers, Mr. T. Kane and Mr. D. Cashman, while two others who taught him, Rev. Br. M. H. Duggan (now in Tralee) and Mr. P. McGrath, are enjoying a happy retirement. They remember our present Primate as a chubby boy, quiet and retiring, who was nevertheless fond of fun and merriment. He was well able to hold his own in the rough-and-tumble of school life as well as in the more serious business of studies. The writer remembers him playing handball against the wall of the old school, but in those days the 'alley' was more spacious than it is to-day though the sport is more popular than ever. For the University Scholarship his teachers were Rev. Br. Duggan (English), Mr. Kane (Chemistry), and the late Rev. Br. Nagle (Irish) —ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam. In the School Magazine of 1931, then called Glas agus Ór (the old school colours) we find the fact recorded that William Conway won the City Scholarship to the Gaeltacht in 1930 and the picture that appeared in the Concert Programme of that year shows him wearing the Fáinne.

His teachers recollect that William Conway did not mention to anyone his intention to go on for the Church until he had completed his school course, but they add that it did not come as a surprise to them. At all times in his school career he had shown that strong faith, devotion to duty and steadfast purpose which bore such good fruits afterwards.

Doctor Conway has always shown a keen interest in the progress and success of the school of which he is such an outstanding past pupil. We find that he contributed a long article to the Simmarian Magazine in 1939. He was then in Rome and so nothing could be more fitting than that the subject of his article should be the death of Pope Pius XI and the election of his successor, Pope Pius XII. After his consecration as Bishop he came to the school to distribute the prizes, and we hope that in the not too distant future he will again grace a school function by his presence. Beidh fáilte agus fiche roimhe, agus guímid go léir saol fada dó agus rath Dé ar a shaothar.

Senior Leaving Certificate Class 1929-'30



Back Row: Desmond McGranaghan, Joseph Charleton, James Maguire, William Conway, Bernard Rooney, Terence Hagan.

Fourth Row: Gerard Scanlon, Peter Murray, John Nihill, Patrick Gallagher, Francis Murray, Charles McIldowney, Percival Stokes.

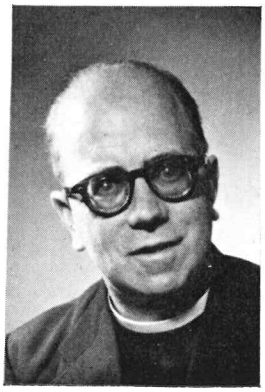
Third Row: Thomas Keville, Malachy Morgan, Thomas Finnegan, Michael J. Tierney, John Murtagh, Gerard McGuinness C. McAllister.

Second Row: William G. Cohohan, Edward McIntyre, Matthew McNaughton, Henry Gunning, Joseph Hughes, Henry Healy, Chas. F. Campbell, Frederick Devlin.

Front Row: James F. Bereen, Michael Rea, Joseph Murray, Donald McFarland, Patrick McGrogan, Joseph G. Hill, William L. Tohill, Colman Sinnott.

Also in class: Patrick Fitzharris, Michael Laracey, John Tohill.

FOLLOWING THE MASTER



by *Rev. Bro. G. R. Giffney,*

Vocation Director,
St. Mary's Province.

ONE of the biggest building projects undertaken by the Irish Christian Brothers here in Ireland in recent years was the erection of a Novitiate House for the training of future Christian Brothers. The project, started in 1961, is nearing completion and, please God, will be fully ready in 1964.

During the year the Reverend Brother Provincial appealed to the pupils of the various Christian Brothers' schools throughout the Province for funds to furnish the Novitiate Chapel. The boys answered this appeal most generously, but few answered it with greater generosity than the pupils of St. Mary's.

Each day for many years to come these benefactors will be remembered in the prayers of the novices at their morning Mass and daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament. May we hope that down the years, also, many boys who have studied at St. Mary's will themselves be found praying in the Novitiate Chapel of St. Mary's, Swords—that is the name of the new novitiate.

Requirements: Perhaps **you** are thinking of devoting your life to God's service in the great and glorious work of Christian education, but you are worried about what is required of a candidate for the Christian Brothers. Well, the requirements are quite simple. Applicants must have the right intention—the desire to follow Christ more closely by prayer and teaching. Candidates should have good health and average intelligence. Common sense and a desire to work hard and pray harder are also important qualifications.

Preparation: Applicants with these qualifications are accepted at any age from 13 to 25. Those who have not completed their Grammar Secondary Course of study enter the Juniorate, where they remain until they have this course finished. Then they are admitted to the Novitiate, where they are clothed in the Holy Habit of the Irish Christian Brother. This ceremony takes place each year in the Novitiate Chapel on August 22nd, feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

At the Novitiate the spiritual training begins in earnest. As a novice, the Brother devotes an entire year to the study of the Religious Life as well as absorbing the ideals and traditions of the Irish Christian Brothers. At the close of the first year of Novitiate the Novice pronounces the first of the Annual Vows he will take before Perpetual Profession. The second year of Novitiate is spent in further spiritual training and some secular study.

In the Training College the religious spirit of the Novitiate is continued, but the emphasis is on professional teacher-training. This may take two or three years. In the final two years the student Brother receives a liberal education in addition to courses in the practice and theory of teaching, to prepare him to take the State Department examination for qualification as a teacher. Brothers complete higher studies at local Universities after they begin teaching.

In the Juniorate, Novitiate and Training College there are special times set apart for recreation and relaxation. Ample facilities are provided for outdoor and indoor games, and all are encouraged to take an active part in these games.

By his prayers in the monastery and his teaching in the school the Christian Brother labours for his own salvation and the salvation of his pupils. His morning is taken up with prayer, Holy Mass and a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. His day is taken up with school activities. His evenings are spent in prayer, study, recreation, preparation for classes and a multitude of related activities.

The Great Need: There is no greater need in the Church to-day than Religious Teachers. All authorities are striving to capture the classroom, and the number of religious teachers is lamentably small in comparison with the needs. Every day, bishops and priests are appealing to the Superior in St. Mary's, Marino, to send more Brothers to stem the waves of paganism and materialism that are sweeping over the modern world. Were Brothers available by the hundred the Superior General could place them all in the morning. Our Divine Lord's words were never more aptly applicable than to the present age: "The harvest is great but the labourers are few."

You may realise the need for more Brothers and you may think that you would like to offer yourself to Our



Novice at prayer

Lord in the Religious Life, but there are so many things which offer themselves as obstacles that you are afraid of failure. How can you succeed if you do not try? No man ever became a champion if he never accepted a challenge. In order to prove himself champion he must overcome all obstacles.

Objections: There are various objections which are used to put obstacles in the way of following a religious vocation. These often come from the devil and, as you are aware, he is not slow to point out the difficulties.

A very common objection is that I AM NOT HOLY ENOUGH. Well, do you want to become holy? The life of a Christian Brother offers you the means and the opportunity; for, the sanctification of his own soul is the first duty of any religious. As a Christian Brother you will have at hand for your sanctification the means recommended by the Church through the ages.

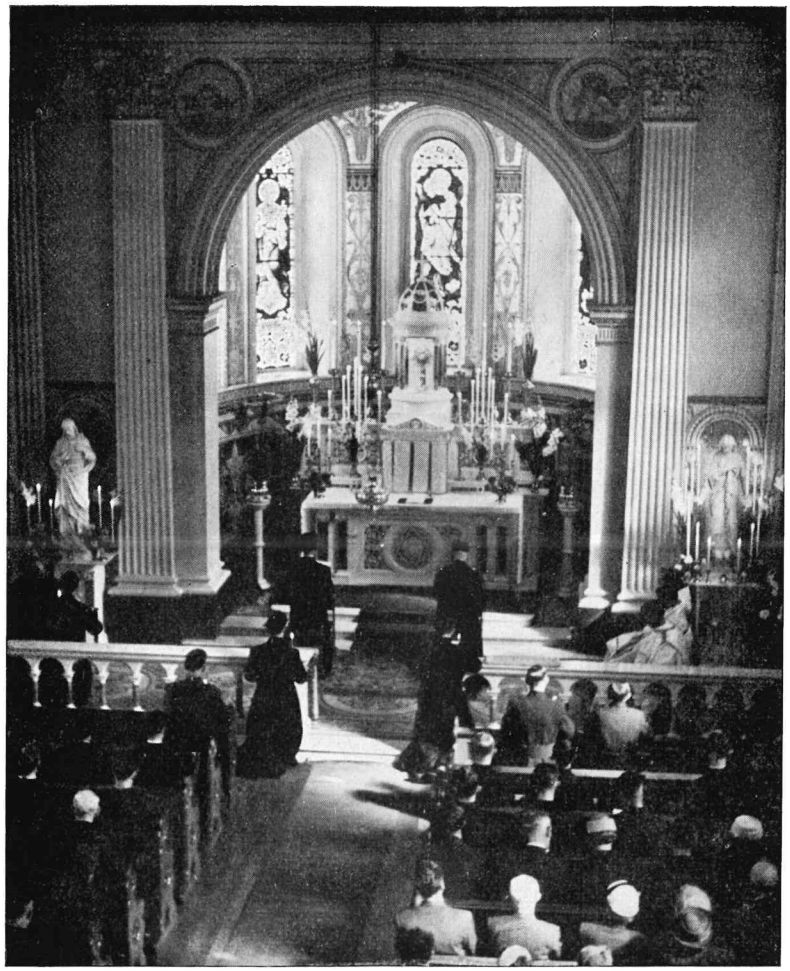
I HAVE NO TALENT FOR THE WORK. Remember, Christ used men who seemed to have little talent for the work when He picked out the twelve apostles.

Some think THE LIFE IS TOO HARD. Undoubtedly there are difficulties in leading the life of a good religious, but grace makes things easy. Jesus and Mary will help. Besides, life is short and eternity will never end. No worthwhile task was ever accomplished without overcoming difficulties.

Another argument put forward is that THERE ARE MANY OPPORTUNITIES OF DOING GOOD WITHOUT BECOMING A RELIGIOUS. WHY SHOULD GOD WANT ME? The greatest service anyone can do for the Church and for the world is to become a saint. And the shortest and surest way to sanctity is through the evangelical counsels of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. As a religious a person will be able to increase the number of good people in the world much more than as a lay person, because of his consecrated life of prayer as well as his apostolic labour. When the Holy Father rightly praises the work of the laity in Catholic Action and urges them to participate in the apostolate, he does NOT mean to imply that they are to PREFER the lay apostolate to the religious life. The lay apostolate is for those who do not wish to enter religion, or who are not qualified for the life through some unavoidable circumstances.

Perhaps the most common parental objection to a boy joining the Christian Brothers is that HE IS TOO YOUNG TO KNOW HIS OWN MIND. It is quite understandable that a boy of thirteen or fourteen may not know his mind. But if a boy expresses the desire to become a Brother, why not put him in the circumstances in which he will be capable of knowing his own mind? If he is to make a choice between the religious life and the life in the world, why should the world have first choice in forming his mind? In the Juniorate and Novitiate he will obtain a healthy view of both vocations, and really be in a position to make an intelligent decision. In a well-balanced schedule of prayer, study and recreation he acquires a true outlook on life and makes his choice not only an intelligent one but also a meritorious one.

There are other objections, but all can be answered. Obstacles will arise, but obstacles are there to be



Final Profession at St. Mary's, Marino, Dublin

overcome. The generous boy who wishes to serve God as perfectly as he can will find graces and helps in abundance if he asks for them.

The religious instruction and education of youth is a grand and glorious work. Nothing is more pleasing to God than the salvation of souls, and that is the work in which the Christian Brother is engaged. He is a companion and fellow-worker with Jesus Christ in the salvation of the young souls so dear to His Sacred Heart.

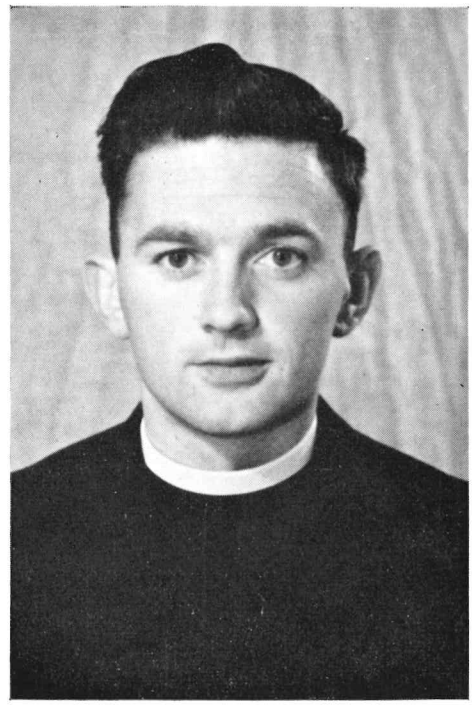
The Christian Brother has to work hard—teaching is not always easy—but he is sure of a great reward, both in this life and in the next. Our Lord has said that those who leave all to follow Him will have a hundredfold in this life; and in the next, life everlasting. He also said that those who instruct others unto justice shall shine like stars for all eternity. These are Our Lord's promises and He always keeps His word.

If you have the desire and the fitness to serve God better than you

have been doing, you should consider carefully whether you will serve Him in the ranks of the Christian Brothers. Our Divine Lord may be giving you the chance He gave to the rich young man in the Gospel, i.e., inviting you to COME FOLLOW HIM. Be generous and answer that call, and when you kneel to pray to Him have the courage to say: "MASTER, I FOLLOW THEE WHERESOEVER THOU GOEST."

. . . . . .

Down through the years St. Mary's has generously played its part in swelling the ranks of the Christian Brothers, and please God it will continue to do so. This year there are four students from St. Mary's in the Juniorate, two in the Novitiate and many who are teaching in our schools at home and abroad. Two Brothers on the present staff of St. Mary's are past pupils, and two other past pupils last July celebrated their Golden Jubilee in the Christian Brothers.



REV. BR. T. V. GOFF (St. Patrick's C.B.S., Donegall Street and St. Mary's) who made his Final Profession last August. He is stationed in Mullingar.

The Cross

by

KIERAN WOODS (1F)

He preached to rich and poor alike,
He sought to spread the Gospel true,
Though in the end He surely knew
That He must die for me and you.

With thorns they crowned Him
mockingly,
And marched Him up that lonesome
hill,
Unaided but for one poor man;
The powers of evil must have their fill.

His gentle Hands and Feet were
nailed,
Unlike the other prisoners two.
What agony He then went through
For people such as me and you!

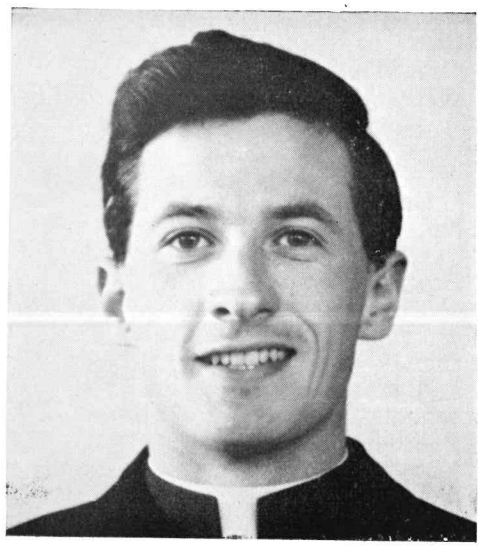
But yet we oft forget the fact,
That willingly He suffered so
To win us love and peace and joy —
Sweet Saviour, help us here below.

CONGRATULATIONS

Past Pupils Ordained . . . . . .



REV. FR. FRANCIS KEENAN, S.J.

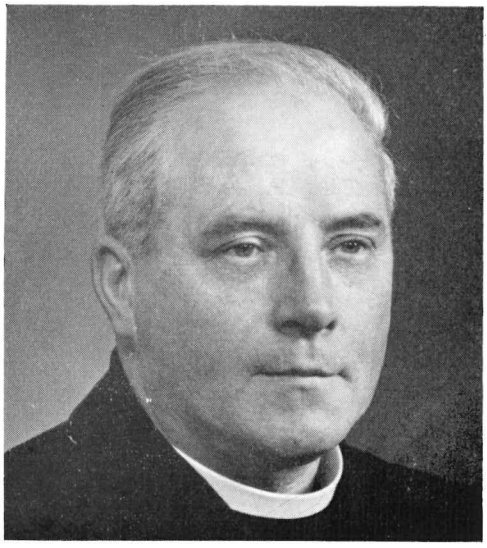


REV. FR. COLM McKEATING, St. Columban's, Navan.

. . . . . Past Pupil Jubilarians

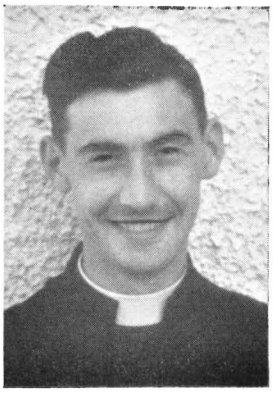


REV. BR. F. X. McCLOSKEY



REV. BR. M, H. McCLOSKEY

. . . A Missionary Letter



from *Rev. Fr. A. Anglin, S.M.A.*

BENIN PROVINCE, NIGERIA

I have received your letter and greetings — thanks very much. Well, we are just getting over a hectic weekend of athletics, as the Diocesan Cup competition for the fourteen Catholic Grammar Schools has been held here. 278 competitors for the 13 events — "no small thing," as they say here. Thank God it went off well. I have not told you the story of the field; it was great "crack" while it lasted.

In the middle of 1961 we got a note from the Principals' Conference telling us that the athletics competition would be held here in March of 1963. That looked all right on paper, but when you have no field it is a different story. However, we have one advantage over you at home: there is no shortage of land. The snag here is machinery. It would be lovely to have a bulldozer! However, Fr. Jim and I decided to see what we could do. Fortunately for us we did not really understand what we were attempting, so we started.

With pick axes and shovels the boys, and the two labourers we have here, set to work to cut down trees over an area of 4 acres — no trouble at all. But how were we to get out the roots? It was very slow progress, the boys in their spare time after classes digging out each single root, and some of these cotton trees have mighty roots. Many a time we thought what fools we were ever to have started! But by May '62 we had all the roots cleared. The next snag was the ant hills — I was telling you about them before. There were six of them, some being the size of a small two-storied house at home. Then came a stroke of luck. We got the loan of a tractor and a disc plough which really turned up the ground and made it easy for the boys to clean it and level it with rakes. We told the tractor driver to leave the ant hills alone (for they would destroy a tractor) and we would ourselves try to dig out the hard, red earth. But the impossible happened! He went over even the highest of them and kept at them until he had them broken down. He put the wind up us a few times, between the fear of him killing himself and the seeming certainty of destroying his

tractor. The farmers would have cried at the desecration of such a useful machine. Thank God, both man and machine remained in good working order.

We then finished clearing and levelling, and prepared for planting the grass. We had to rush the planting, for the rains end here in October; and unless the grass has taken root before then there is no chance for it because the next rains don't come until the following May. I was very fortunate, too, for I met an engineer who did a survey of the ground with his theodolite and gave us a perfect track, full 440 yards. A little bit more of the bush had to be cut down to get one section of the outside lane down — but that was all. We felt proud of our achievement, though once is enough for that sort of task!

It was great to see the march past of the 278 athletes, each Catholic college having its own colours and flag . . . Olympic Games style. The boys out here love that sort of thing. We had a greater number of competing colleges than the official A.A.A. had for their meeting. My own boys did not do well in the Sports itself. If there had been medals for throwing the sheaf or the hammer they might have won these! However, they did a terrific job on the field, and in helping the organisation of the meeting and playing host to the boys from the other colleges . . .

All this is a far cry from my idea of a missionary when I was at school. I had the idea then that they went around in flowing white robes, with a Cross in one hand and a small "bucket" of baptismal water in the other, and by eloquent preaching people came to Christianity and Baptism. However, when we were in the Seminary we were told that we were not just going out to baptise and make everybody Christians, but we were going out to help in setting up the Church like we have it at home. When I got out here I began to understand what that meant: building colleges, schools, churches, with all the many things that go with them. Then, baptising, preaching, offering Mass, examining children for the Sacraments, visiting the sick, marriages, trying to teach tables and Latin and geography . . . but above all, striving to build up a strong, local, secular clergy. All these things are in the fully-developed Church at home and we have to try to establish them here. It is little use just baptising people and leaving them there.

So, you see, there is great variety in our work — never a dull moment, in fact. You never know what is coming next . . . you have a timetable all right, but that is only an ideal to strive for. You are teaching in class; then in comes a sick call, or the cooks tell you there is no firewood to make the boys' dinner . . . never a dull moment.

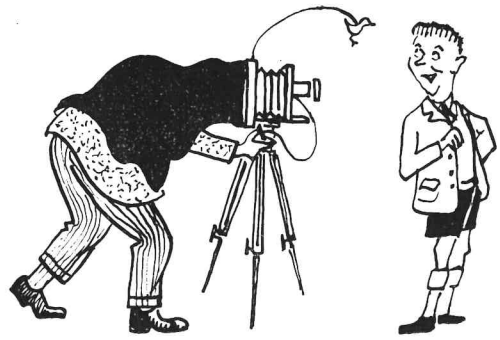
What we need most is man power. We have a goodly number of native (or as they are called "local") clergy but not nearly enough, and so for some time missionary priests will still be needed to consolidate the newly-established Catholic centres. Please ask your boys to pray that we get more secular native priests out here like the ones we have at home. And let's hope that St. Mary's will continue that fine tradition of the past in supplying missionaries for the spreading of God's Kingdom in Africa and other areas.

Well, slán leat and God bless. I must be off now to a Patrician meeting in the college.

Yours sincerely,

AIDAN ANGLIN, S.M.A.

roll call



summer 1963

First Year Students

D. Boyd
M. Cochrane
P. Caldwell
E. A. Campbell
J. Boyle
E. Brownley

P. Byrne
R. Burdock
D. Benson
M. Clarke
A. Closkey
E. Campbell

H. Barry
R. Catney
F. Burns
M. Blaney
B. Brady
N. Connolly

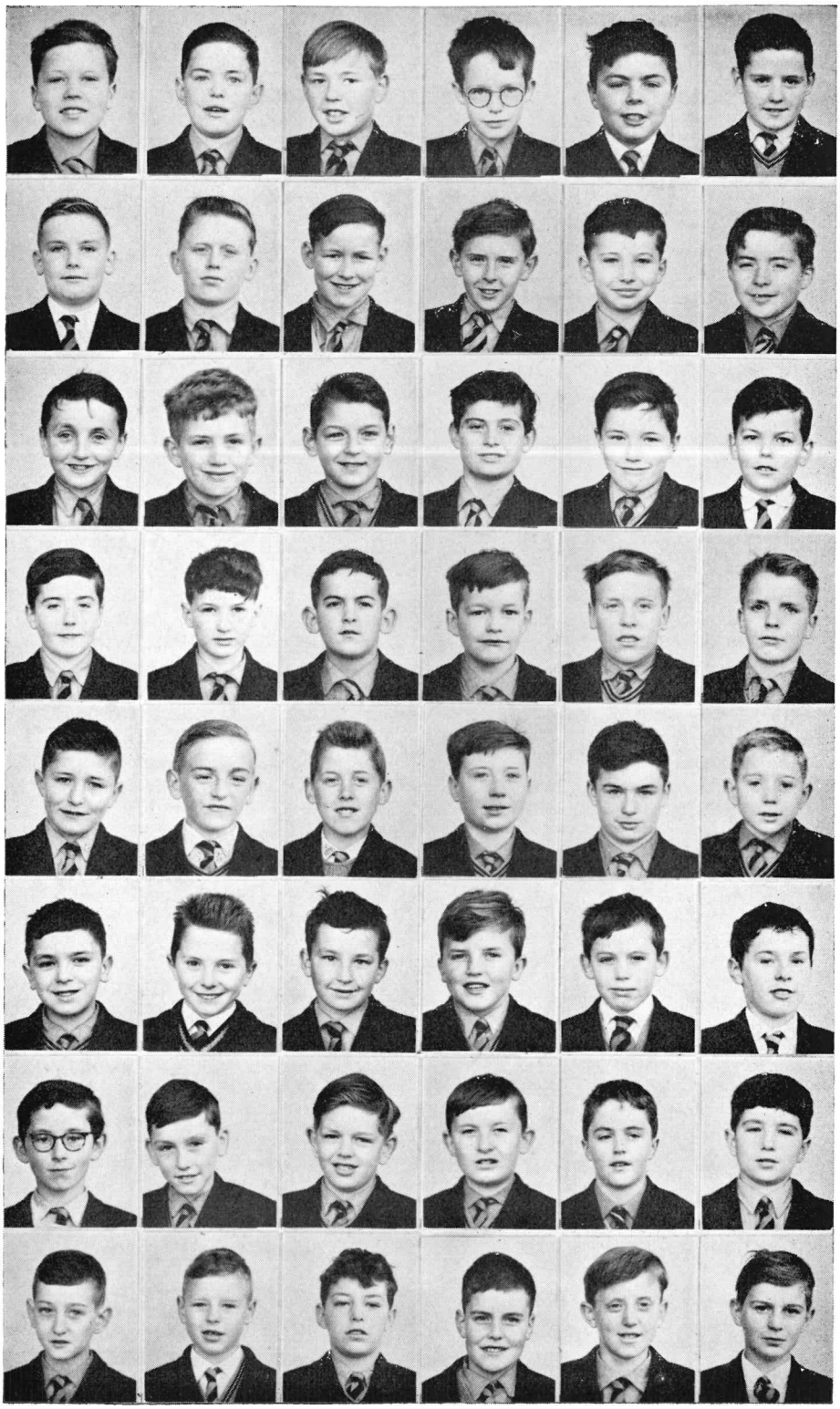
P. Brady
D. Blondell
M. Collins
P. Benson
G. Boyle
K. Bowen

K. Brady
M. Convery
F. Brady
F. Barnwell
P. Anderson
F. Cassidy

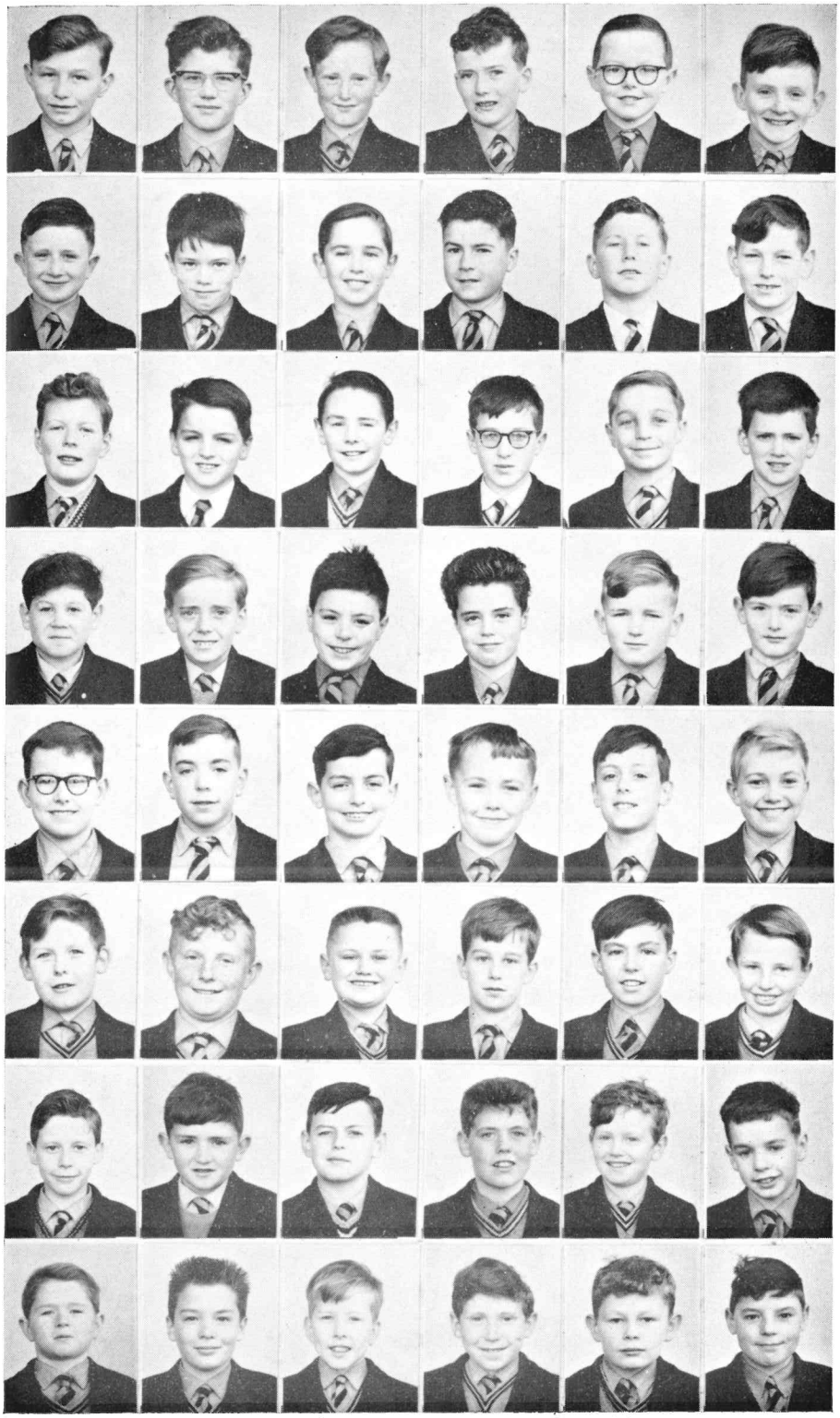
S. Comerford
M. Adamson
J. Barry
M. Breen
T. Cochrane
J. Coyle

D. Cormican
L. Drumm
J. Eastwood
P. Fitzpatrick
P. Downing
J. Drainey

K. Curran
P. Donnelly
J. Curran
T. Donnelly
W. Copeland
P. Cushley



First Year Students (contd.)



M. Foster
G. Davey
M Flynn
C. Cosgrove
D. Delargy
J. Craig

S. Crawford
P. Crozier
E. Foster
J Flanagan
J. Deeney
P. Duffin

E Flanagan
P. Fitzpatrick
P. Ewings
T. Coyle
J. Cunningham
C. Devenney

G. Creen
S. Dufty
S. Corrigan
J. Growcott
D. Kelly
D. Gillespie

P. Herdman
B. Johnston
C. Gallagher
O. Gray
J. Hallworth
M. Gannon

A. King
D. Hawkins
J. Lavery
P. Loughran
G. Kelly
M. Hill

L. Greene
J. C. Kennedy
J. G. Kennedy
J. Jamison
N. Glover
E. Kennedy

G. Gibson
B. Kelly
J. Kennedy
V. Lundy
F. Kane
G. Hanna

First Year Students (contd.)

R. Galway
M. Lundy
L. Graham
H. Fullerton
K. Linehan
D Graham

M. Lambe
C. Graham
P. Kelly
J. McCartan
J. Mallon
F. Mulholland

D. Lynch
T. Martin
C. Murray
R. Mulholland
M. Masterson
G. McCoy

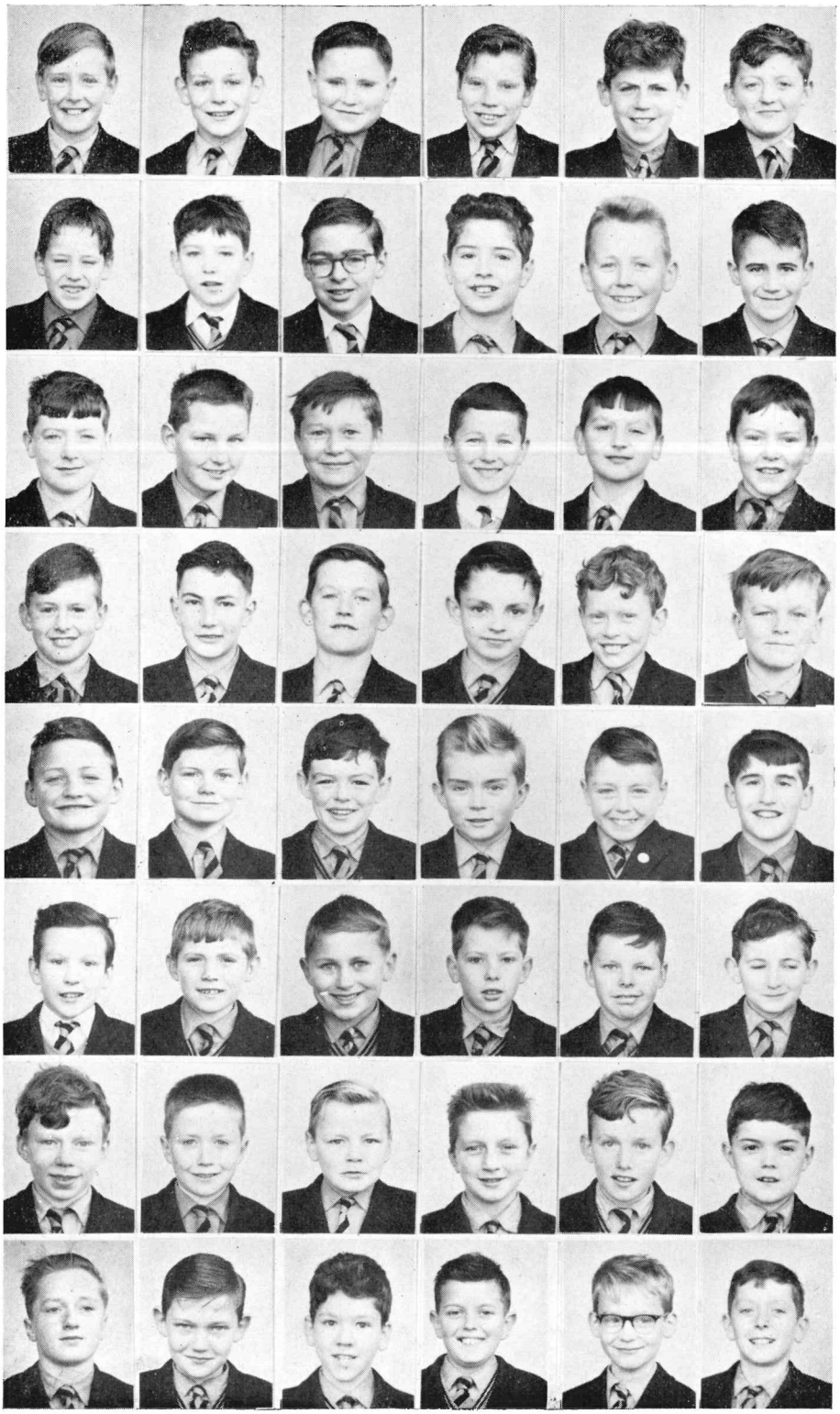
C. McCrory
G. McCoole
J. McCann
J. McComb
P. McCorry
C. Magee

J. McCafferty
L. Morgan
J. Morrison
J. Magill
S. Mallon
P. McCavana

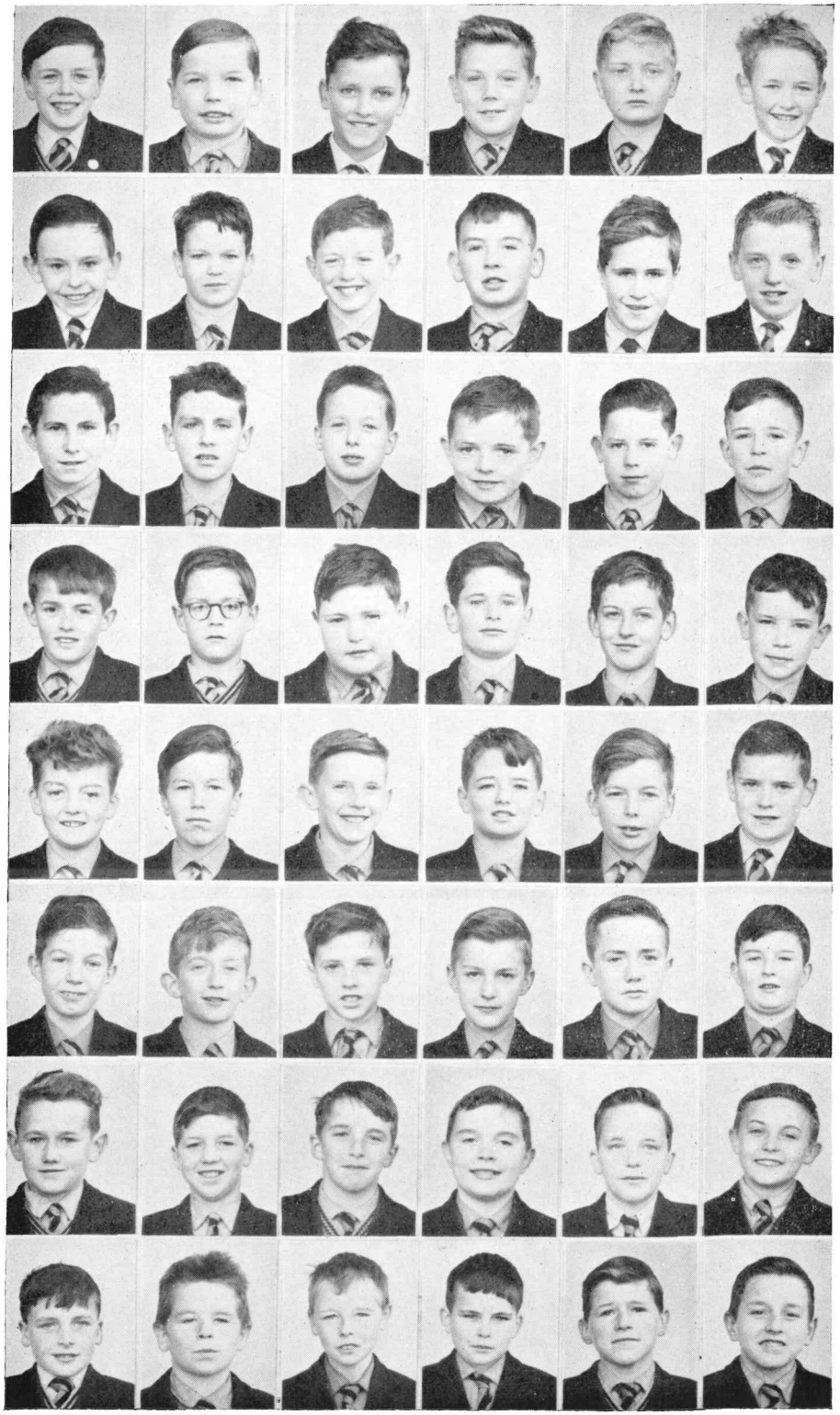
M. McArdle
J. Marshall
W. Mulholland
T. Millar
W. McAvera
J. Mooney

P. McCann
K. Murray
P. McCready
F. McColgan
C. Monaghan
J. McAllister

S. Murphy
K. Mellon
J. McNulty
A. McLoughlin
M. McDonagh
D. McCurry



First Year Students (contd.)



K. McGrady
L. Nellis
D. McKeown
T. McGlone
C. McGrath
P. McGrath

M. McGinnity
P. McCullough
P. M. McCullough
B. McFarlane
P. J. McGrath
E. McIvor

S. McNamee
M. McDermott
H. McMahon
P. McGarrigle
R. McSuigan
R. McCullough

B. McHugh
S. McIlvenny
G. McMullan
M. McQuillan
A. McMurray
S. McKenna

G. McGrath
D. McRandall
G. McAvoy
I. McEvoy
B. McKervy
G. McGuinness

J. McLister
R. McKeown
A. Shevlin
G. Rooney
J. Sloan
T. Rooney

J. Price
J. O'Prey
D. Phelan
J. Roden
R. Patton
D. O'Neill

C. Toner
T. Russell
G. Todd
J. Reid
G. Teeney
F. Woods

First Year Students (contd.)

J. Palmer
J. Smyth
E. Schiess
J. Townsend
P. O'Brien
T. O'Neill

P. Quigley
W. Smith
T. O'Hare
S. Peover
J. Sweeney
B. O'Neill

M. Roberts
P. Ryan
B. Searle
F. Wildy
M. Toner
A. Rowan

B. Watson



OTHER FIRST YEAR STUDENTS

M. Briggs D. Campbell G. Flood S. Dowds P. McCrory
E. McDermott S. O'Hara B. O'Quigley

Second Year Students

P. Corr
L. Corr
D. Butler
S. Bingham
L. Byrne
D. Adams

M. Cummings
L. Boyle
R. Drumgoole
J. Connolly
J. Allen
J. Curran

S. Collins
D. Butler
D. Cunningham
D. Cooper
J. Bailey
B. Delaney



Second Year Students (contd.)



A. Boyd
C. Burns
J. Caldwell
K. Armstrong
G. Crudden
G. Branagh

P. Anthony
H. Crossey
R. Cashell
P. Canning
M. Carey
V. Brennan

B. Butler
J. Beattie
V. Bent
E. DeOrnellis
K. Brock
G. Ennis

L. Fry
M. Donnelly
N. Graham
P. Brumm
J. Gribbin
B. Ellis

G. Downey
F. Donnelly
J. Ewings
K. Duffy
A. Fitzpatrick
J. Hamill

M. Glover
C. Harvey
J. Elliott
M. Hanratty
M. Hackett
B. Hamilton

J. Duff
K. Diamond
G. Doherty
H. Feeney
M. Donnelly
J. Grant

T. Gallagher
D. Hanna
G. Gilmartin
P. Gormley
D. Duffin
E. Gallagher

Second Year Students (contd.)

O. Gallagher
G. Gilroy
D. Dolan
P. Hanna
D. Donnelly
T. Jackson

P. Kennedy
T. Johnston
A. Hasson
D. Hughes
J. Lambe
J. Mason

J. Kerr
A. Keenan
G. Kelly
E. Henry
S. Megahey
P. Livingstone

D. Leddy
G. Lundy
M. Liddy
V. Masterson
I. Livie
H. Lavery

A. Kennedy
E. Magennis
P. Kennedy
P. Hope
J. Hughes
C. Laverty

T. Marron
M. Humphrey
A. Kennedy
J. Lappin
T. King
D. Mannion

P. Mallon
B. Holly
B. Jackson
P. Lynch
B. Magennis
T. Marnell

F. McCartan
S. Morgan
D. McFerran
P. McCann
K. Mooney
T. McCullough



Second Year Students (contd.)



J. McAllister
M. Moran
P. McCormick
J. McAree
H. McAuley
J. Mulholland

F. McFerran
B. McDonnell
D. McCartan
M. McAleese
M. McCrudden
J. Moore

D. McCarthy
R. McCann
B. McDonald
D. Murray
K. McCann
K. Mulligan

D. Murray
J. Molloy
D. McCormack
G. McCabe
G. H. Mullen
M. Morgan

J. McCormick
C. McCavana
S. Murray
D. Moore
G. F. Mullan
F. Mohan

P. O'Keeffe
F. McKenna
C. McKenna
M. O'Hare
P. McGlade
S. McIlvenna

G. McNally
T. McNally
K. McKenna
J. McGuigan
W. McKeown
P. O'Brien

B. Chesser
M. McGivern
O. McNally
J. McLaughlin
M. McNeill
G. O'Hagan

Second Year Students (contd.)

M. McKenna
T. McKenna
G. O'Callaghan
G. McLister
M. McGrath
J. McNaughton

D. McGlone
J. O'Malley
P. McLarnon
J. McGeown
M. McNally
B. McKenna

M. McLoughlin
R. McIlhatton
S. McGrath
C. Neeson
M. McNicholl
J. McWilliams

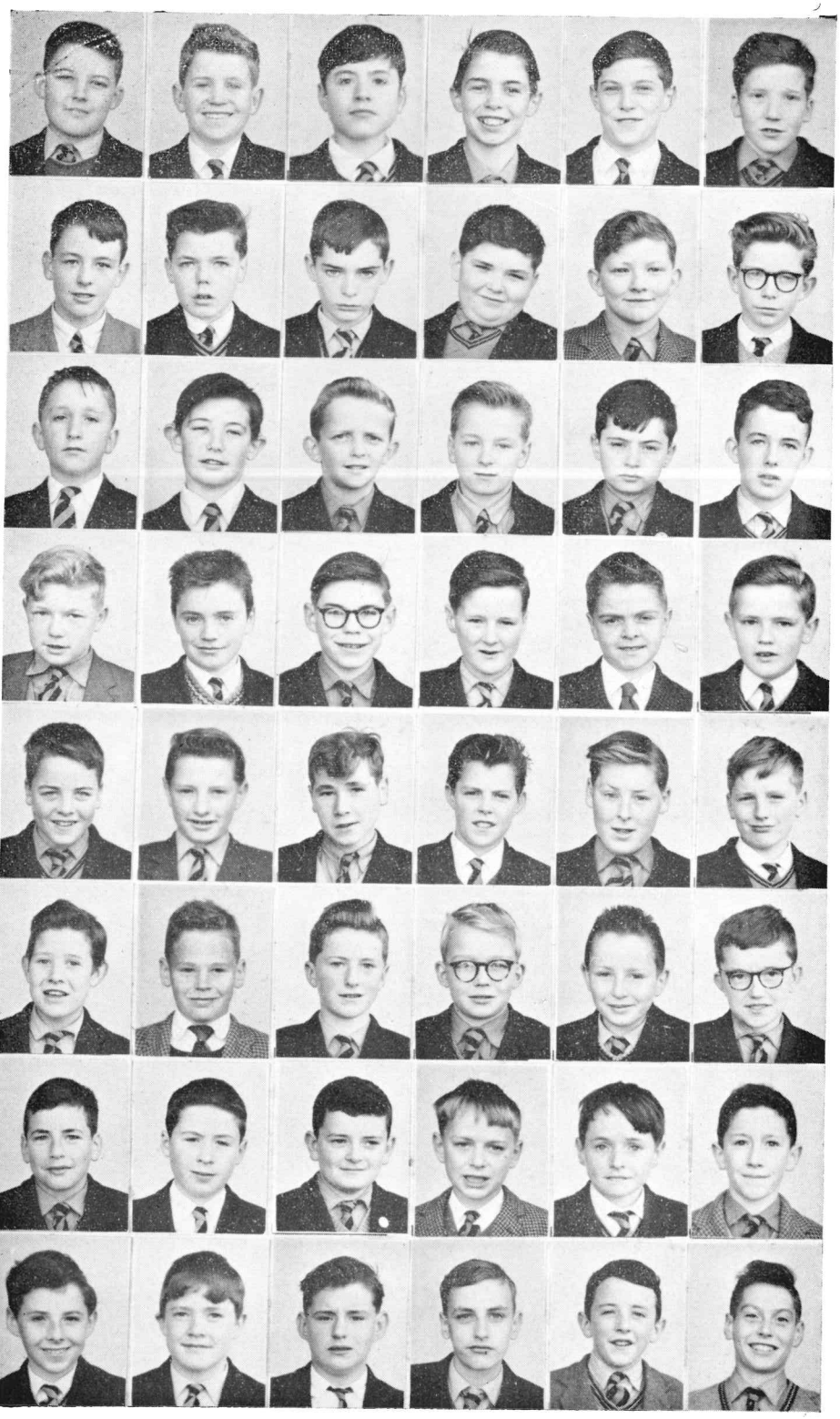
G. Nellis
D. McGlue
A. O'Neill
M. Taggart
A. Quinn
K. Ratton

C. Tracy
S. Ward
P. Regan
J. O'Neill
B. Sloan
T. Webb

F. Shannon
A. Thornbury
S. Webb
S. O'Neill
S. Rea
S. Orr

B. Reid
S. Toal
F. Walsh
P. Prenter
P. Wilson
S. Ward

T. Patton
K. Rea
G Smith
D. Shiels
K. Woods
J. Scott



Second Year Students (contd.)



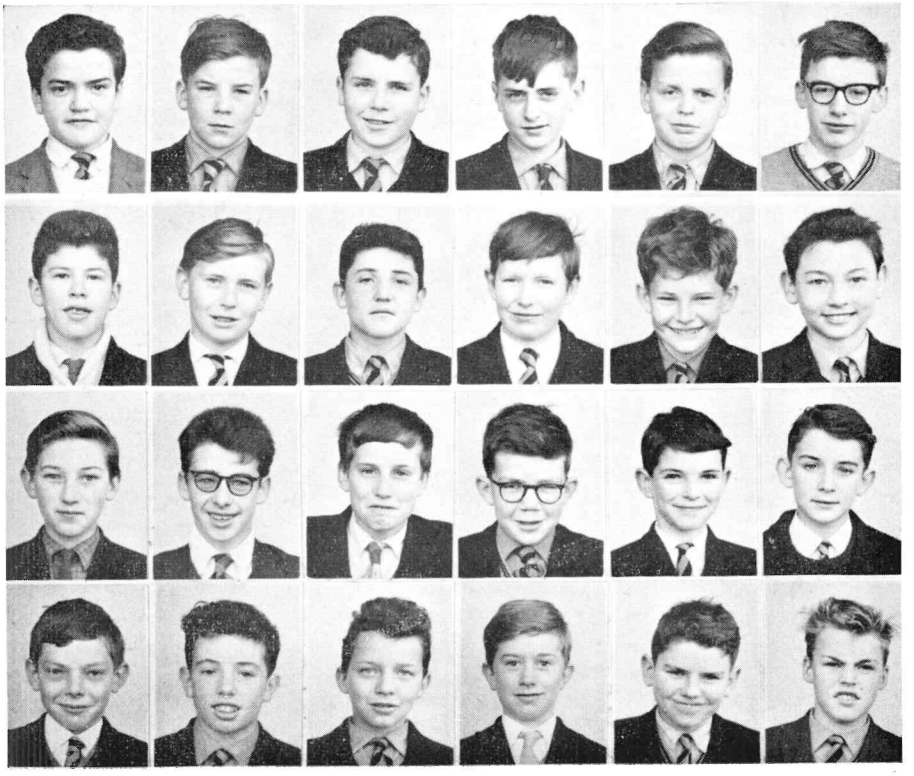
M. Toomey
J. Whyte
M. Quigley
P. Trainor
J. M. Quinn
D. Simpson

L. Wiggins
J. B. Quinn
M. Meehan

OTHER SECOND YEAR STUDENTS

P. Devlin G. Milligan M. McCoy E. Rolston R. Smyth J. Duffin A. Gilmore

Junior Certificate Students



M. Glover
S. Anderson
S. Brady
J. Brophy
P. Catterson
M. J. Collins

G. Adams
J. Cooley
G. Breen
J. Benson
T. Bradley
F. Blaney

M. Burke
D. Cochrane
M. Clifford
A. Agnew
D. Brennan
D. Conliffe

K. Carville
P. Cluskey
F. Bunting
M. Caher
M. Collins
G. Condit

Junior Certificate Students (contd.)

T. Bradley
J. Cherry
F. Coogan
B. Bunting
G. Coyle
K. Bowler

G. Casey
M. Devlin
D. Colgan
A. Flanagan
F. Curran
J. Devlin

B. Gillespie
L. Curran
R. Flanagan
J. Donaghy
G. Devanney
S. Davidson

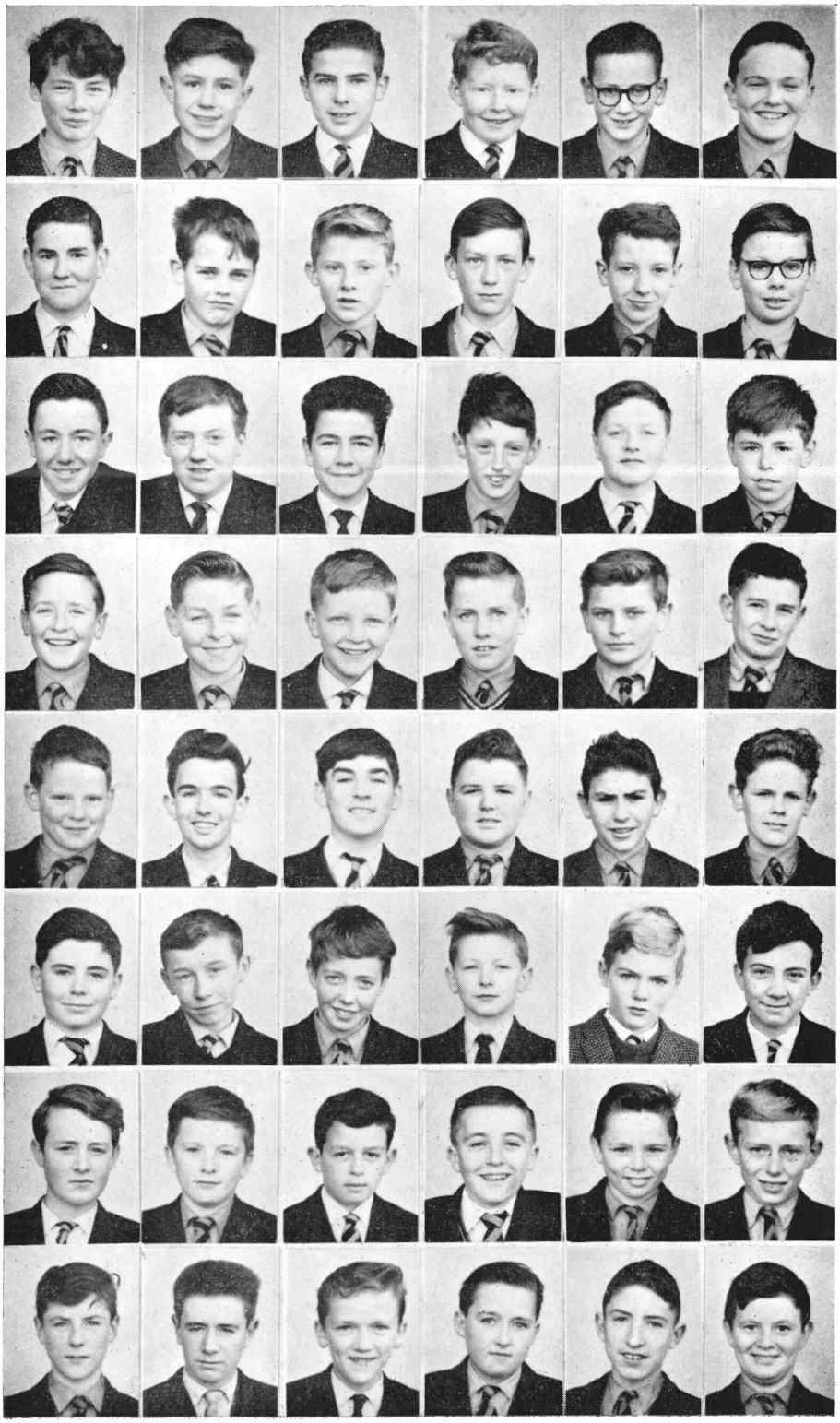
C. Donnelly
G. Gilmore
S. Devlin
R. Duff
B. Delargy
G. Fox

B. Cooper
S. Fitzpatrick
C. Cruise
G. Colahan
M. Drugan
P. Duffin

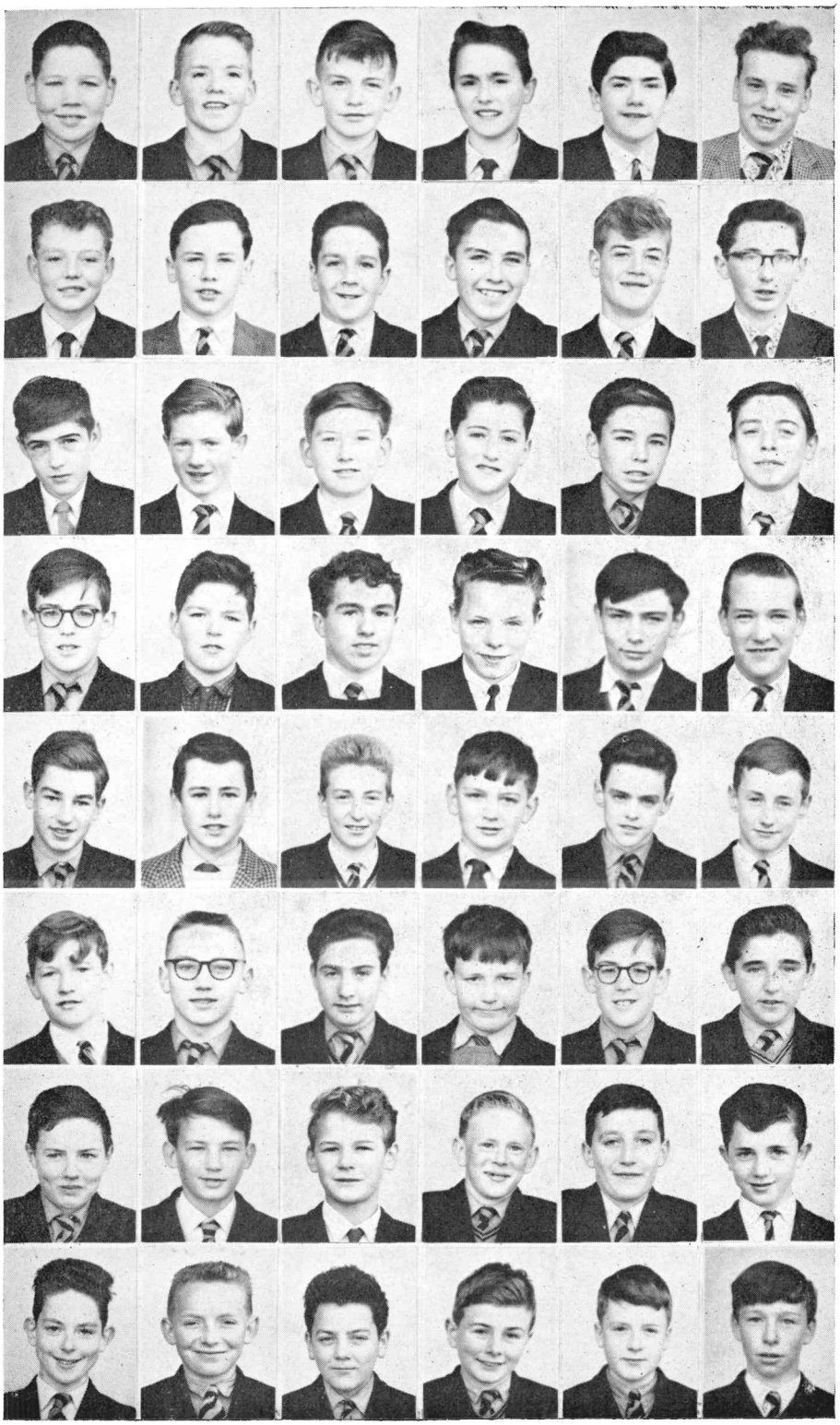
P. Cullen
M. Fitzpatrick
J. Douglas
P. Finucane
L. Gallanagh
F. Kennedy

P. Nolan
P. Hennessey
J. Keane
G. Johnston
B. Gorman
G. Fay

P. Kane
D. Wylie
M. Hagan
R. Grant
T. Howie
P. Corrigan



Junior Certificate Students (contd.)



M. Kennedy
S. O'Doherty
A. Hughes
J. Hanna
J. Higgins
A. Hamill

B. Hughes
M. Woods
P. O'Boyle
G. Jamison
B. Holt
P. Kennedy

S. Gormley
P. Mulholland
M. Manning
F. McAdam
G. Murray
F. McAlea

D. Madine
S. McAloran
J. Lavery
R. Maguire
T. Lavery
P. Mooney

D. McCafferty
S. Kennedy
J. Magee
T. Lawless
A. Magee
J. Mulholland

B. Lee
D. Lavery
M. Mulholland
G. Liddy
D. Madine
P. Murphy

M. Maguire
J. Lynch
P. Moutray
J. McBride
P. McCallion
J. Malone

J. McAleese
J. McDonnell
L. McLarnon
G. McKeating
J. McMahon
J. McCann

Junior Certificate Students (contd.)

P. McDermott
J. McVarnock
P. McCusker
P. McCluskey
E. McCrudden
P. Maginess

A. McFarlane
D. McKeever
P. McGrath
P. McGarry
H. McGrath
F. McCorry

E. McQuaid
D. McLoughlin
G. McKenna
K. McLoughlin
P. McCann
M. McCurley

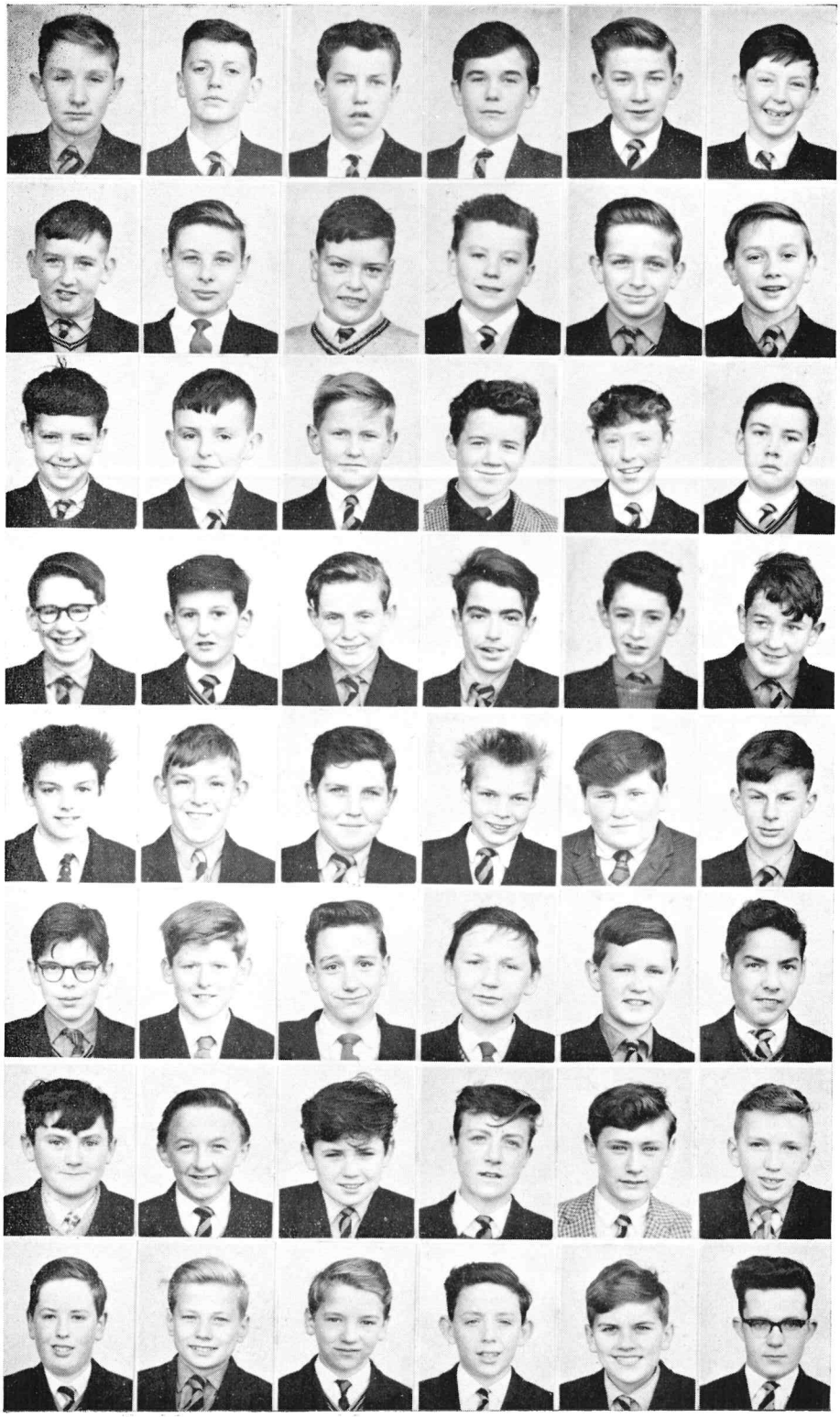
P. H. McCann
E. McGrattan
M. McInerney
A. O'Doherty
P. Nolan
J. Wilson

N. O'Reilly
J O'Hara
E. Fagan
J. Thompson
E. Sweeney
P. Stewart

J. R. O'Hara
S. Rice
P. Thorogood
E. Wallace
J. Tohill
T. Smith

P. Smyth
E. Taggart
J. Walsh
S. Price
K. Steele
J. Morgan

J. E. O'Kane
M. Sands
B. Ward
J. P. Wilson
P. J. Ryan
P. Totton



Junior Certificate Students (contd.)



P. Watson
A. Thompson
M. J. O'Kane
P. Shevlin
R. Lemon
D. Vaugh

T. Crosse
K. Fullerton
K. O'Kane
M. Bradley
J. Brady
T. McCurry

P. Ward
T. Mullan
J. Dwyer
D. Cooper
G. Mannion
T. McAnallan

P. Duffy
C. Tully
B. McCallion
P. Cunningham
P. McKee
S. Murray

K. McClure
B. McHugh
D. Hill
B. Arkins
K. Donnelly
S. Pimley

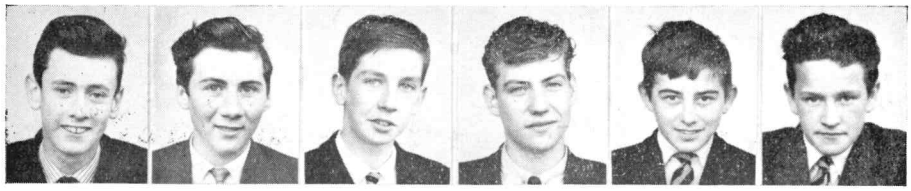
B. Morrissey
D. Moore
J. Rocks
P. Gregory
A. Gatt
J. Gray

D. Savage
A. Donnelly
P. McCavana
D. Cormican
R. Dynes
R. Skeffington

R. Cooper
T. Colligan
J. Nesbit
D. McAllister
P. O'Hare
R. McLoughlin

Junior Certificate Students (contd.)

F. Murphy
P. McCabe
J. Cassidy
T. O'Hara
C. Robinson
T. Egan



OTHER JUNIOR CERTIFICATE STUDENTS

P. Curran C. Falls J. King R. Kelly B. Mulvenna T. McIlmurry K. McFall
M. Sterling B. Rogers

First Year Senior Students

J. Rowan
C. McMahon
M. Ginty
P. Kerr
C. Carson
K. McAlinden



G. Cassidy
P. Sloan
J. Lennon
D. Ryder
M. Martin
A. McAuley



S. Toner
J. Shortt
F. Loughran
J. Reilly
H. Carville
C. Delaney



S. McKenna
D. Veigh
B. Magee
S. McErlean
J. Agnew
M McCloskey



J. Keenan
A. Martin
M. Liddy
B. Cullen
B. McKeown
E. McMahon



First Year Senior Students (contd.)



R. McIlroy
P. Cahalane
G. McNeil
T. McNamee
S. McCullough
F. Donnelly

N. Brennan
D. Thornbury
J. O'Neill
H. McNally
J. McIlwee
K. Gormley

P. McCaffrey
J. Madden
G. McCaffrey
C. Murray
V. Keegan
L. Bunting

G. Reilly
D. Carey
P. Smyth
L. Kerr
P. Simpson
P. O'Reilly

T. McCall
M. Murray
T. Whyte
P. Maguire
R. McCullough
W. Molloy

G. Stewart
B. McConville
M. Bennett
T. Ward
J. McMullan
B. O'Neill

B. McGivern
B. Peel
P. Rogan
D. McCartney
R. Arthurs
O. Lecky

T. Frawley
T. McKenna
S. Connolly
P. Rea
H. Connolly
H. McKeown

First Year Senior Students (contd.)

J. Goodall
W. Taylor
C. Ferguson
A. Hegarty
P. Gilmore
R. Burke

P. McGarrigle
P. Quigg
D. Breen
R. Boyle
J. McIlduff
C. Fay

M. Prior
A. Harvey
B. Moran
W. Trainor
B. McKeown
D. Lavery

J. Johnson
J. Millar
F. Caldwell
H. Jones
B. Fagan
B. McCarthy

D. McMenamin
D. Monaghan
E. Loughrey
H. Trainor
P. Murphy
J. Conlon

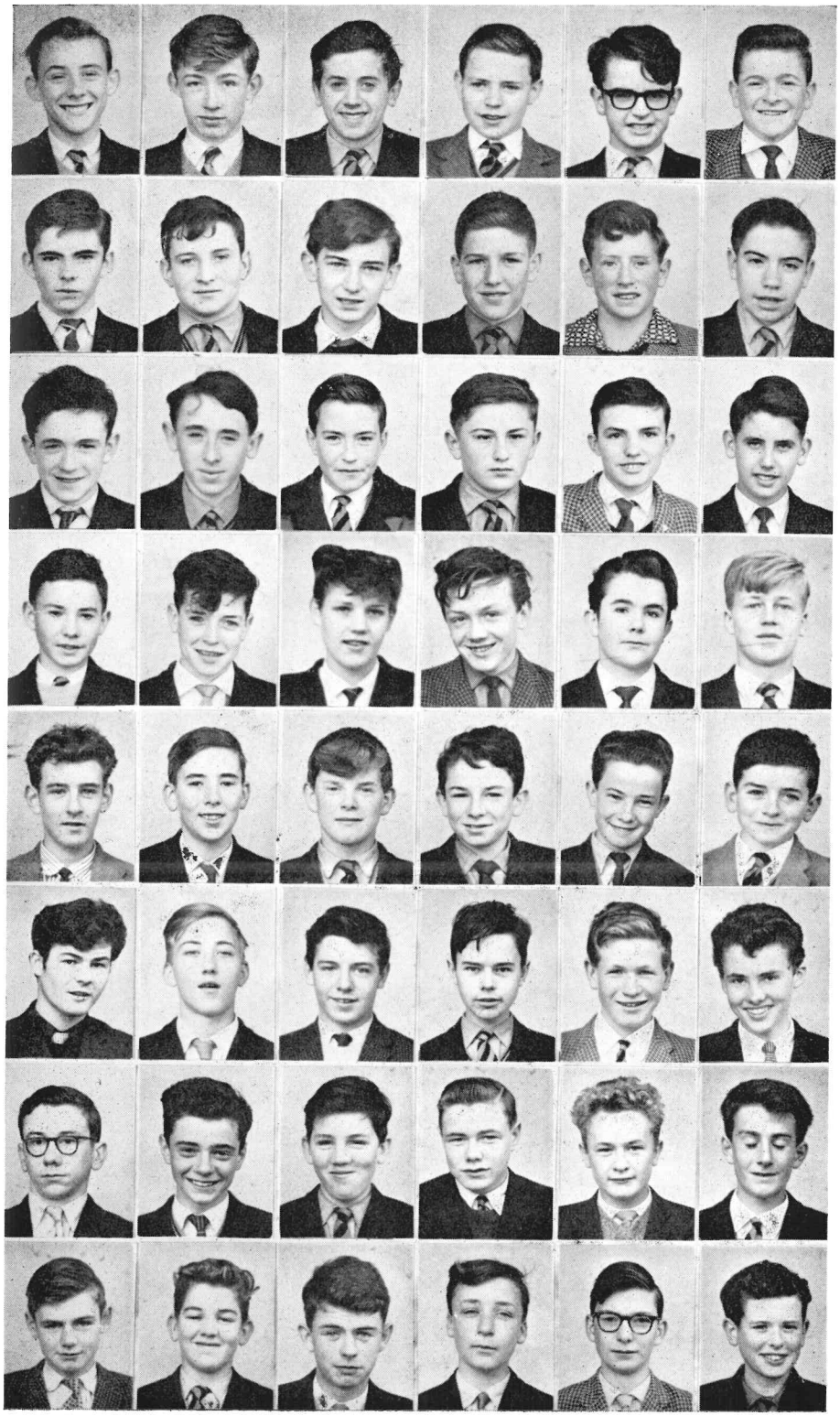
M. Arkins
I. Brown
G. O'Neill
B. Fearon
B. Evans
D. Wildy

D. Meleady
A. Reid
D. Rodgers
A. Alexander
P. Alexander
M. Sloane

P. Campbell
J. Neary
P. McFaul
G. McManus
T. Totton
P. McGuigan



First Year Senior Students (contd.)



T. O'Kane
C. Marnell
J. McIlroy
P. Henry
P. Duffy
D. Quinn

M. O'Kane
M. Donnelly
B. Quill
F. Trainor
J. McCrory
M. Cassidy

R. Rice
J. McCaughan
M. McClean
M. Doherty
T. Clifford
D. Goldsmith

J. Crosby
J. Corr
K. Campey
P. Wilson
E. Elliott
J. Holt

B. Pimley
P. Gilmore
G. Murray
M. McCrudden
D. Monaghan
P. McKenna

W. Montray
M. Street
B. Carswell
D. Davey
J. McMullen
T. McHugh

K. Manning
B. Keown
K. Smith
J. Hodgkinson
J. Bartlett
A. Hennessey

P. Kelly
L. Catney
R. Bailey
P. McCullough
S. Finnegan
L. Short

First Year Senior Students (contd.)

T. Gribben
B. O'Neill
P. Cush
B. Cullen
B. McLaverty
A. Kavanagh

B. Mulvenny
F. Lambe
J. Heuston
N. O'Hare
H. McNulty
J. Hughes

E. Poland
B. Morris
K. Connolly
K. Logan
L. Fegan
A. O'Brien

C. O'Brien
P. Murphy



OTHER FIRST YEAR SENIOR STUDENTS

E. McMahon, P. Briggs, R. Conlon, J. Lavery, J. Allen, G. McCann, W. Auld, D. Cormican, J. Agnew, P. Kane, E. Quinn, M. Moran, K. Davis, J. Porter, P. Bennett, J. Murray

Senior Certificate Students

B. McCartney
J. Masterson
M. Reid
C. Ryder
M. McHugh
D. Martin



Senior Certificate Students (contd.)



O. Tohill
M. Farnan
K. Delaney
J. Magee
B. Trainor
T. McGovern

J. Boyle
L. Davison
P. Forte
D. Rooney
G. McKeown
T. Bartlett

G. Cleary
J. Cushnahan
J. Macklin
M. Cooney
E. Rice
A. McGlone

O. Boylan
S. McQuillan
W. Street
T. McVicker
G. Harte
E. O'Kane

N. O'Callaghan
K. Trainor
G. McGarry
N. McNamee
V. Mallaugh
P. Ward

G. Finnegan
D. Marron
T. Kernaghan
P. Johnston
B. Keeleher
G. McNamee

H. McDonald
P. Cullen
D. Kelly
E. Bannon
S. O'Neill
S. O'Kane

L. Watson
B. Thomas
C. Dunne
J. Brown
J. Devlin
J. Flanagan

Senior Certificate Students (contd.)

H. McCusker
S. Nellis
W. Taylor
M. Madden
D. Curran
G. Carey



N. O'Reilly
H. Cush
S. Murphy
S. Mullan
C. Morrissey
P. Boyle



J. Graham
J. Devine
S. O'Kane
G. Kelly
W. Stewart
W. Barbour



S. Flanagan
D. Cochrane
T. Mason
P. Fry
H. Deeny
M. Kelly



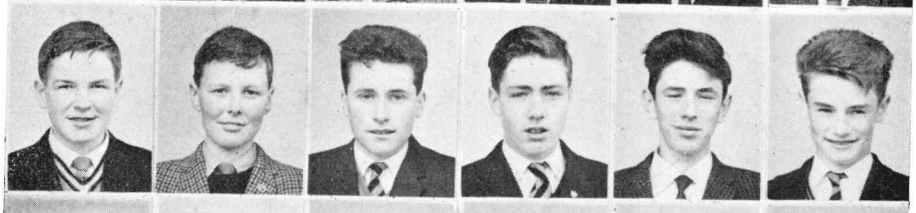
B. McDade
P. Cormican
J. Clarke
B. Devlin
B. McCready
J. Owens



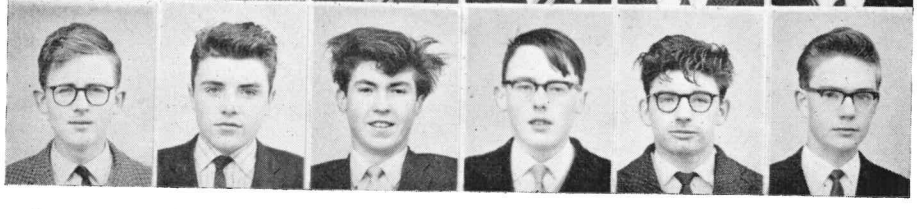
T. Agnew
T. Conlan
J. Branagh
J. O'Neill
T. McCourt
R. McBride



N. McFerran
P. McNeill
P. Rooney
J. McCreanor
R. McDermott
J. Donnelly



G. Ryan
P. Gormley
M. Wilson
P. McMahon
C. Mullaghan
K. Doherty



Senior Certificate Students (contd.)



J. Ewins
G. Blake
P. O'Boyle
D. McNaughton
J. Murphy
D. Gardiner

G. Murray
P. Gallagher
P. Thorney
L. Dowds
P. Rodgers
F. O'Hare

M. McGlade
J. May
M. Fallon
D. Craig
J. McCusker
M. Braithwaite

M. Corke
B. Donnelly
P. McGrath
T. Hill
P. Murray
T. McCartney

A. Murray
G. Prenter
J. Leopold
F. Dynan
G. O'Neill
B. Carson

S. Brennan
S. Mooney
D. Murray
O. Frawley
F. Kelly
G. Donnelly

G. McIlroy
E. McLaughlin
F. McGrogan
G. Lee
M. Hannon
P. Kelly

G. Montgomery
R. Briggs
J. Devlin
J. Boyle
J. Rafferty
N. Hendron

Senior Certificate Students (contd.)

P. Falls
G. Mallon
S. Goodall
R. Meenan
J. Armstrong
P. Rafter

F. Rodgers
J. Curran
G. Donnelly
L. Duffy
B. Donnelly
N. Scott

J. McCormack
W. McGlue



OTHER SENIOR CERTIFICATE STUDENTS

S. Drumm
H. Cox
D. McKeith
G. Pollock
D. Maguire
P. Conlon
W. Simpson
Burke
D. McCurry
J. J. McKenna
J. Collins
S. McCafferty
J. G. McKenna
J. McCormack

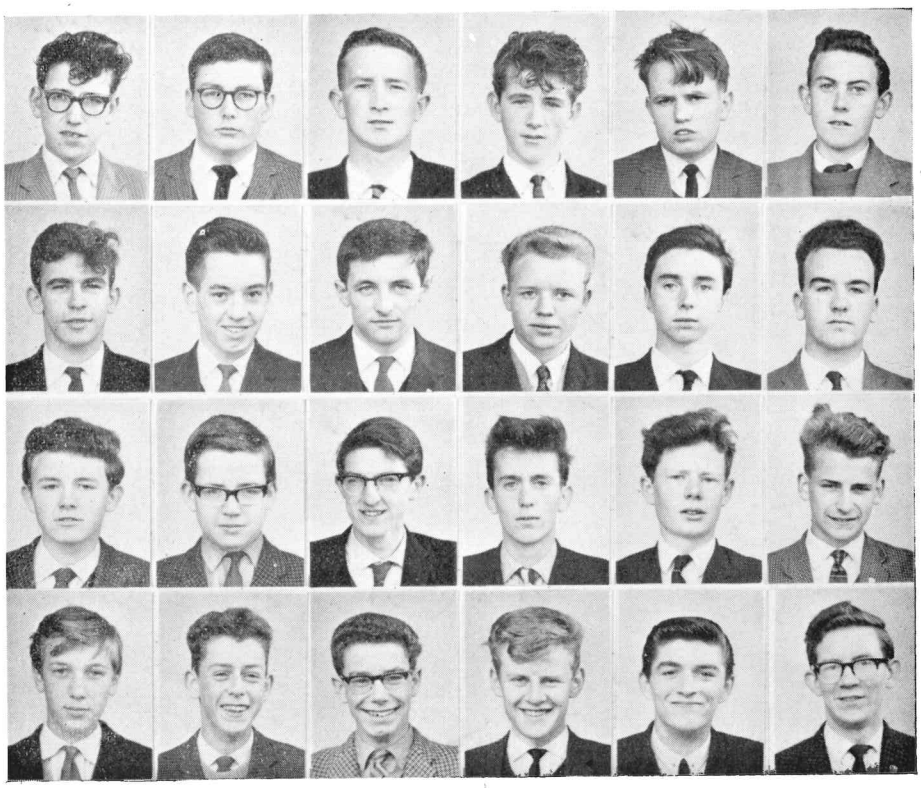
Advanced Students

M. Bennett
T. Kerr
G. McVeigh
J. Mulholland
P. Bennett
E. Murphy

P. Goudy
J. McGinnity
J. Morrissey
A. Loughrey
J. Close
L. Curran

P. Magill
P. Murray
S. McCormack
E. Halligan
M. McCann
G. Donnelly

M. Bradshaw
J. Dolan
E. Golemboski
P. Maguire
J. Burns
T. Bennett



Advanced Students (contd.)



M. Rea
B. McDonald
P. McManus
J. Linehan
O. Kelly
D. McCall

J. Donnelly
H. Hadley
M. Breen
M. Brennan
B. Turk
K. Austin

G. McCurdy
D. McConvey
J. McBride
S. Bunting
D. Haughey
H. Grimes

P. Bradley
B. McConville
W. Johnston
D. Rooney
P. McGorman
T. McMullan

P. Jeffers
J. McAlonan
M. Rooney
A. O'Prey
M. O'Callaghan
T. McCarthy

R. McLaughlin
D. Glover
J. Hanna
E. Hamill
T. Birch
J. McCloskey

G. Gorman
B. Fegan
F. Devlin
G. Donnelly
G. McAleavey
E. McConvery

J. McMahon
S. Slack
J. McGlinchey
V. McKeown
W. Carville
P. Gaffikin

Advanced Students (contd.)

B. McKenna
R. Anderson
E. Marnell
B. Smyth
G. Dalton
F. Dargan

H. Rice
G. Mooney
T. Blake
R. McGuigan
S. Slack
M. McEntee

T. Higgins
E. Quinn
P. McRandal
P. Donnelly
K. Kane
R. Howie

A. McCallion
P. McMahon
R. Lee
E. McDevitt
G. Patton
J. Kelly

K. Clifford
S. McKernan
J. Hagan
G. O'Neill
J. McCormick
K. Hood

F. McCallion
F. Manning
P. McMahon
R. McKillen
J. O'Reilly
W. Barker

P. McManus
J. McLoughlin
M. Colohan
K. James
P. Teague
P. McGrory

D. Clarke
W. Hodgkinson
P. Haller
W. Lavery
B. Hill
F. Thompson



OTHER ADVANCED STUDENTS

C. McGranahan S. Andrews B. Bunting A. Craig J. Doherty J. McIlduff E. McLarnon K. Kilano

EVENTS OF THE YEAR



As a result of the increasing number in the school we had three groups for the Retreat this year. This meant that about three hundred boys enjoyed the advantage of a few days " away from it all" in St. Clement's, Antrim Road. It was encouraging to hear from some of the city curates that individual boys had spontaneously expressed their gratification for having this opportunity of quietly considering the good of their souls. We know the great work that Rev. Fr. Connolly and his Redemptorist colleagues are doing, but it is heartening to hear that their work is appreciated.

The guests of honour for the Prize Day this year were Rev. Fr. McLaverty, Adm., St. Mary's, and Mr. Frank Hanna, M.P. There was the usual big gathering of parents and pupils in St. Mary's Hall to hear Fr. McLaverty in his own inimitable way congratulate the boys on their performance in the public examinations and to see him present prizes and certificates to the successful candidates.

Mr. Dynan's drama group presented a touching Nativity play on the occasion, while the choir under Mr. Cooney gave its customary polished performance.

Again the Vocations week had its highlight in the School Mass in St. Mary's and once more we have to thank Rev. Fr. D. Wilson, St. Malachy's College, for an inspiring address. Our thanks, too, to Fr. McLaverty and the priests of St. Mary's for their unfailing co-operation. The number of Vocations this year was ten; please God next year there will be an increase.

In this year of wretched weather we were lucky on our Sports Day. The committee are by now very expert at this kind of thing and so we expect to have events run off in breakneck fashion, and we were not disappointed. Our thanks again to the Celtic Park Committee. Is it too much to hope that we will have our own grounds next year?

Two Belfast men, twin brothers and past pupils, celebrated in July the Golden Jubilee of their joining the Christian Brothers, as also did a man whose name for more years than he probably cares to remember was practically synonymous with St. Mary's. To the Brs. McCloskey and to Br. T. P. Nolan we wish from our hearts "Ad multos annos."

Undoubtedly the source of greatest joy to all pupils, present and past, was the nomination of Most Rev. Dr. W. Conway to the Archbishopric of Armagh in succession to His Eminence Cardinal Dalton whose passing we mourned on a day when even the elements seemed to be at one with the Irish people in dark sadness. Let us hope that the accession of Dr. Conway to the highest dignity of the Irish Church may be a shining example to our present generation of students. He can be assured of our prayers and good wishes during the arduous years that lie ahead. Five years ago he graced our Prize Day and perhaps he may find the time to honour us again sometime in the future.

• We again won through to the Ulster final in the Gael Linn Irish Debating contest held in Omagh and, though we did not win, we proved once more to be the best of the Northern Grammar Schools.

• Our Gaelic Drama Group had a particularly good year. They won the trophy for the Under 16 Grammar School section in Ballymena, followed this up by winning the corresponding competition in the All-Ulster Festival in Belfast and were then nominated to represent the province in the All-Ireland Festival in Dublin. There they got second place in an entry of twelve schools sent forward from the four provinces. During the holidays they put on a brilliant performance in the famous Amharclann Ghaoth Dobhair, won 1st place in their section and were awarded Gaeltacht Scholarships.

• Séamas Mac Mathúna won Corn Theilinn in the province-wide essay competition sponsored by "An tUltach." He also gained 1st place in Ulster for spoken Irish and won the Gael Linn gold medal award, together with a two months' Gaeltacht scholarship.

• A staff reporter in the "Sunday Press" on January 13th had some highly complimentary things to say about last year's "Simmarian." He singled out Terry McMullan, E. McGeough and the illustratators for special mention.

• Gweedore Parish welcomed — and here is one place where "Cead mile failte" is not a tired cliche — the usual big number of enthusiasts both at Easter and during the Summer. This year they even got sun. Nach meanair doibh!

France also had its quota. Unkind people say that General de Gaulle must not have known they were coming!

• Our prayers and good wishes go with Maurice McAdam who has recently volunteered for work in the Congo. As well as teaching English in a school at Thysville he will spend part of his time there promoting the Legion of Mary.

We offer our deepest sympathy to the family and friends of Rev. John F. O'Neill, S.M.A., who died suddenly some months ago after having spent many years in Africa, and of Rev. Patrick F. McSwiggan, O.P., who died at the early age of 44, shortly after returning from Rome.

May God grant them, and other past pupils who may have died during the past year, eternal rest in their heavenly home. Ar dheis De go raibh a n-anamacha.

AWARDS, 1963

IN the summer examinations 123 students obtained the Senior Leaving Certificate and 192 passed Junior.

Of those who qualified for the University the following have entered on their First Year course: Brendan Smith, James Totton, Michael Carville, Patrick Doherty, Anthony Mernock, Gerard McCann, Edward McGeough, James McGivern, James McMahon, Michael McMorrow, Sean Malone, Hugh Davison, Thomas Donald, Kieran Gorman, Brian Liddy, Joseph Meegan, John Mulholland, Ciaran McFerran, Patrick McGrath, Hugh McGrillen, Brendan McGuinness, Sean McHugh, Pearse McHugh, Conal McLynn, Francis O'Connor; and Liam Briggs (U.C.D.).

Sean Cullen, Thomas Donnelly, Brendan Smith, Hugh Rice, Brian Mackle, John Adams, Gerard Caher, Joseph Gilmore, Aidan Craig, Joseph O'Connor have entered St. Joseph's Training College.

Degrees obtained at Queen's University:

M.A.—Thomas O'Doherty.

Dip. Ed. — Muredach Dynan, Malachi Fox.

B.E.—Charles McEntee.

B.Sc. — Maurice Clint, Conal McKeith, Liam Conlon, John Boden.

B.A. — Eamonn Rodgers, Brian Hamill, John Creaner, Edward McCormick, Edward Parslow, John Sullivan, John Watson.

Among those who obtained Honours in their degree the following two deserve special mention: Maurice Clint and Eamonn Rodgers, both of whom merited 1st Class Honours, First Division. Eamonn Rodgers also had the distinction of winning the French Government Gold Medal for translation.

At the end of their First Year University course Joseph Boyle won a Foundation Scholarship (Science) and Bernard Rooney a scholarship in the Medical Faculty.

There were 10 Vocations this year —5 to the priesthood (2 Dominican, 1 Divine Word, 1 Jesuit, 1 All Hallows for the South American mission) and 5 to the brotherhood (4 Irish Christian Brothers, 1 De La Salle).

Joe Devlin Scholarship: Brian Cullen (Junior Irish) and Philip McGorman (Senior).

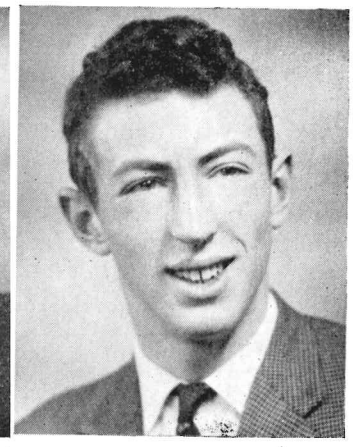
McElhinney Cup: Philip Teague (highest aggregate in O level Senior Maths. and Science).



BRIAN CULLEN
(Junior Irish)



PHILIP McGORMAN
(Senior Irish)



PHILIP TEAGUE
(Maths. and Science)

By DAVID GARDINER (4SB)

THE CULPRIT

ON the west coast of Ireland is a town which, for want of a better name, people call Ballyshannon. I am told that this is an anglicism of the town's Irish name which means —believe it or not—"the mouth of Shannon." And about three miles away in a roughly southerly direction is a reasonably well-known coastal resort entitled "Bundoran." This seemingly innocent English name may indeed have a sinister Gaelic meaning but, if it has, nobody has ever told me.

My association with these two areas and their inhabitants lasted from the impressionable age of seven months through an approximate decade and a half to the year of Our Lord, and the first Sputnik, 1958. The two names that fly at once to mind when I think of those years are: Bow Yansen and Seamus Quigley. Two people more opposite in appearance and character would be difficult to imagine. Bow was Swedish by birth, his father having come to Ballyshannon in connection with the Erne Hydro-Electric Scheme ,of which doubtless you will have heard. Tall, white haired (almost an Albino), and of an impulsive, devil-may-care temperament: that was Bow. He never quite lost his slight foreign accent, and his flair for gay clothes and bright American shirts would have made him conspicuous anywhere except in the cosmopolitan community of Ballyshannon in those days.

Compared with Bow, Seamus Quigley ("Quig") must seem a crude, almost uncouth, sort of character. Quig was short, a schoolboy champion in the ring, and sported a sharply chiselled rural sort of face and dark hair. (If you happen to have seen the symbol of the Communist World Youth Forum, that was Seamus Quigley). He was something of a studious type, I suppose he liked to think about everything and work it out carefully. In an emergency he was useless. I don't think **my** parents had much regard for him; he was one of the "hard up" type, riding temporarily on the crest of the great boom brought to the town by the Cementation workers.

When we got together, as we did almost every day, we had one binding interest to talk about and work on endlessly. Bikes. We used buy up for next to nothing every old dilapidated frame, wheel or tyre we could get our hands on, and from these we constructed some of the most individual and colourful machines ever to appear on a public highway. By treating the moving

parts with a very thin grade of oil—(to wit, Singer sewing-machine oil)—we could reduce road friction almost to nil for short periods, and thus attain fairly high speeds and good all-round performance for motorless vehicles. Thus mobilised we became well-known in the surrounding towns and won a reputation for going too fast always, for failing to slow at corners, racing cars and buses down hills, riding down the steps to the Bundoran shore, and so on. Yet in the two or three odd summers that we had the bikes we never had the slightest accident.

Not to dwell too long on all this we now come to the morning of the fifteenth, as they say in Court. I got up early to answer the door. It was Bow, in quite a state of excitement. The dialogue, as near as I can remember it, went something like this:

"Oh, hello Bow! What's up?"

"Good morning, Dave. Shell's and Lacey's have been robbed."

"Oh, is that so?" I rubbed the remaining sleep out of my eyes.

"Yes. Come on to Bundoran and we'll see the fun. Police all over the place."

Shell's and Lacey's were confectionery - and - cigarette shops in Bundoran. They were about the biggest in town, too, and were placed at opposite ends, Shell's being the one at the Ballyshannon side. We picked up Quig on the way and rode into town. Certainly the Gardai were having a field day but they were unwilling to share their secrets, if any. Finally we met up with the local sergeant (a friend of the Yansens) and he explained that in each case some neighbours thought they had heard a noise in the shop but had said nothing about it until the alarm was raised in the morning. The obvious question was, "Did the same person do both?" but the sergeant did not think so. It had been established that both robberies had been done at approximately the same time, or within three or four minutes of each other. The shops were separated by almost a mile, and none of the neighbours had heard a car engine.

Still, the tactics used in each case had been the same: the window covered with treacle paper, the glass broken without tinkling fragments . . . Nothing could be simpler. The extent of the robberies was not yet known; the tills had been opened, but certainly all the money had not been taken.

The time factor fascinated Bow. We were standing outside Shell's at the time, with the sergeant. Yanking off his wrist watch suddenly he said, "Sarge, would you hold this and time me, please?"

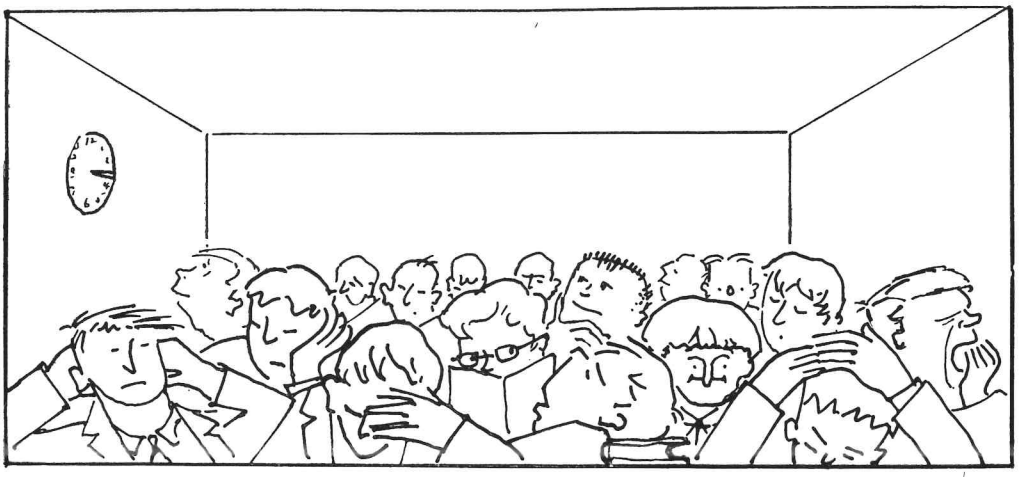
"I'll go with you," I ventured, for I was curious to see what Bow was trying to find out. We lined up and, with a good-natured "Now!" from the sergeant, we shot off and literally flashed up the slight hill towards Lacey's at the other end of the town. We took the corner at American House with inches to spare, shot down East Port and squealed to a stop outside Lacey's.

"All right!" shouted Bow, picking up his bike and turning it round, "Now back!"

On the down gradient of the return journey we could really open up. Topping forty miles an hour we tore down the road, depositing a few ounces of rubber here and there, but miraculously we stayed in one piece and did not leave the road until we jammed on the brakes again outside Shell's.

"Stop!" shouted Bow to the sergeant as we passed. Throwing

—(contd. 47).



TWO MINUTES TO THE BELL



FIVE MINUTES LATER

the bikes into a gentle sideways skid we managed to come to a halt and walked towards the sergeant.

"Three minutes forty seconds," he said, giving Bow back his watch and adding, "No more of yer speedin' m'lad."

"Thanks, Sarge. So it would be quite possible for someone to do both robberies within two or three minutes of each other," mused Bow replacing the watch, "and without anyone hearing an engine."

"I don't know," said Quig. "You did it in daytime. It wouldn't be so easy in the pitch dark."

"I didn't say it would be easy. I said **possible.** Anyway, I have an idea . . . "

The idea was briefly as follows. That night or, to be precise, in the early hours of the following morning we were to patrol the area around Bundoran and Ballyshannon and look for even the slightest clue. Bow was convinced there was a very simple explanation to the whole affair. I preferred to leave things alone but I didn't want to "lose caste" by backing down on this adventure of his, especially as Quig seemed thrilled with the idea. At the agreed time we met and he took us to a certain intersection outside Bundoran. Here Bow made his plan clear.

"Every night," he explained, "I see a single powerful headlight coming down that hill (he indicated the one behind us), and always about this time: three thirty a.m. I'm pretty sure it's someone on a bike, and it might well have something to do with those robberies. To night we're going to find out."

He shone a pocket torch on his wrist watch. "About a minute to go!"

We all looked up the hill at the little winding white road and the dark shadowy fields all around it. Not a blade of grass stirred.

"Thirty seconds approximately," he whispered.

A breeze sighed gently through the nearby trees. The dull glow of the quarter moon still revealed nothing.

"About—now!" said Bow, putting the torch away.

Hardly had he spoken than a gleam appeared over the crest of the hill, and the familiar clickety-click of a bicycle free-wheeling drifted down to us. The lamp came into view, still a long way off but travelling quickly towards us. I remember just being able to distinguish the vague shape of the person in the saddle as he approached us, but no more.

The bike flashed by with a purr of rubber on tar and as one man we jumped forward into the chase. Our lamps slashed through the darkness as we gained rapidly on our terrified and somewhat erratic prey. He swayed dizzily from one side of the road to the other and we finally overtook him just in time to keep him out of the ditch. We waved him in to the side and stepped in front of him in our usual dramatic fashion.

"My name is Bow," said Yansen, and I want to know what you're doing at this time of the night. It better be good. What's your name anyway?"

He was a small, thin, fair haired boy of indeterminate age and nervous disposition.

"M . . . my name's Parkins, M . . . Michael Parkins . . . ," he stammered.

"Yes," said Quig," and what are you doing?"

"Well . . . er . . . you see, I . . . I help my uncle in Lahy . . ."

"Your uncle? At this hour?"

"He . . . He's a m . . . milkman."

Feeling rather stupid, and more than a little disappointed, we apologised and moved on.

It was about four a.m. when we next visited Main Street, Ballyshannon. We were passing through it fairly fast when we saw the thing. It looked like a flicker from a weak flashlight, inside one of the shops. We stopped at once to investigate. Was Bow's plan bearing fruit after all?

There was an alley beside the shop and it was here that Bow stopped us and motioned us into its murky depths. Leaning against the wall, carefully balanced at a safe angle, was exactly what I had expected to see: a fast-looking bicycle. And in the alley, too, was a side window leading into the shop, and in this window was a gaping black hole.

I didn't think so at the time, but evidently we had made some slight noise for, almost at once, the flashlight glared in our direction, then cut off.

It's surprising the indecision one can be guilty of at a moment like that. If we had jumped at the broken window in the alley we would, at once, almost certainly have caught whoever it was. But no; we leaned on our bikes and stared in amazement. A small, completely black-clad figure almost dived through the hole, grabbed the bike and flashed past us —out of the alley and down the deserted, unlit country road behind us. We were mounted in a second, but I could see at once that this chase was going to be no easy matter. We, three, all had powerful front lamps but the little figure ahead of us was dressed in black, on a black bike, with no headlight or reflector. We changed into top gear and began to accelerate as best we could on the narrow, twisting carriageway. The chase was mainly downhill now. Surely not to the sea and the Bundoran cliff top, I queried inwardly. The pace was already becoming dangerous. In order to take the corners we had to sway from one ditch to the other, and I would guess that we were travelling at well above the thirty-five mark. The road surface was poor, too, and the vibration made all the steering laboured. This stretch must have been shorter than I had thought, because I remember getting a considerable shock when the cliff path suddenly jumped up ahead and we had the choice of turning on to it or just continuing on over the cliff! The figure ahead of us swung off just in time.

This little concrete footpath runs the full length of the Bundoran cliffs and is barely five feet in width. True, there is a small border between it and the actual thirty or forty foot drop, but at our speed, and in the dark of night, the pursuit would have been suicidal. Luckily, then, for all concerned, it was soon to end.

The black bike turned on its front light and slowed almost to a walking pace. Within seconds we slid up in front of it, Bow on one side, Quig the other, and I behind; thus we enclosed the machine and rider in a complete equilateral triangle of bicycles. I, for one, must admit I certainly got a surprise when I saw the rider. It was a girl; with short hair, a black shirt or blouse of some sort, and pure black jeans. She, like us, was well out of breath.

Bow was the first to speak. "I'm sorry," he began. "If I'd known you were . . . " and I think that's as far as he got. Suddenly I had reversed out of the triangle, pulling the girl's bike after me through the resulting gap.

"Get out of here!" I shouted, pushing her off into the night. "Fast!"

Bow and Quig, taken unawares, tried to hasten after her, but due to the angle their bikes formed they only succeeded in hitting into each other and falling off. Bow, strangely enough, took it all quite calmly. Still entangled in his bike he politely enquired, "Why did you do that, Dave? We had enough evidence to have her put away in borstal."

"Yes," chipped in Quig angrily, "why did you stupidly let her go?"

I thought for a moment before answering, and listened to the gentle lapping of the waves below.

"Why did I do it?" I said at last. "Well, for many reasons:

"Because I don't think we caught her fairly (I was a fair-minded person at heart); because she's a girl; because she's one of the best cyclists I've come across yet. But mainly . . . well . . . because I did the other two robberies myself! Don't tell anyone, will you?"

An Sagart



le

MÁIRTÍN Ó CEALLACHÁIN (6L)



Culaith dhubh,
Bóna geal,
Grá aige
D'fhear is bean —
Sin an Sagart.

Dreach crua,
Nó dreach groí,
Tá spiorad Chríost
Ina chroí —
Sin an Sagart.

Grásta úr
D'achan pheacach,
Déirc aige
Don uile bhacach—
Sin an Sagart.

Braon fíona
I gcailís óir,
Fuil Chríost
Ar altóir —
Sin an Sagart.

By BRENDAN MAGEE (3D)

Saturday Night

Some aspects of country life

THE waning light of dusk has once more come, and in the village the noise of the day is receding. Little lights glimmer here and there from the old houses and modern bungalows. Outside the forge stands the blacksmith, wistfully thinking of the "good old" busy days.

Suddenly the silence is broken by the chug-chug of an old tractor engine. The noise draws monotonously nearer as the vehicle comes into view. The weekly pilgrimage ends outside "The Farmers' Rest," for here the engine comes to a spluttering halt and Old Jemmy, his weather-beaten face drawn up in a smile, clambers slowly to the ground. The quiet sounds of talk and merriment become a crescendo of confused noises as he pushes open the tavern door, then the heady warmth and excitement is shut off once more from the outside world.

Old Jemmy is welcomed by many voices; the bartender is already pulling for him his usual pint, and soon he is but one of the carefree crowd.

Many and varied are the topics discussed between bouts of uproarious laughter. A group near the window discuss the auction of a recent farm and argue it out as to whether it was a good "buy". In the snug a couple of older men crowd round the fire, talking in earnest whispers. One of their group — poor Paddy Fitz — has gone to his reward. His sayings and doings are not hard to recall; and wasn't that a great funeral he had, and didn't Father Mick give a great "talk" about him in the church. A few at the counter are looking about, surveying the faces present. They see, for instance, Frank Devlin across the room—he owns the threshing mill. His son Joe is not with him, though he is home on holidays from England. A year ago he would take his place with the rest and yarn about the harvest; but tonight he has probably gone off to the city with its modern lounge-bars and stylish ballrooms. The men don't altogether resent progress, but they have deep roots in the past.

Over in the corner a fiddle breaks into tune, and sometimes a rival mouth-organ rallies the younger spirits. Traditional songs are still to the fore but they often have to give way to the modern "hits"—though these frequently, after a rousing start, falter into mere humming or mouthing as the words are not too well known.

Away from all this, a few men and some youths lean against or sit up on the parapet of the stone bridge and

are full of talk and fun. Words are exchanged with all who pass the way: a civil greeting, friendly banter. But often in more serious mood they discuss machinery, cattle—and that Milk Marketing Board with its new-fangled ideas!

In the cottages most of the children have been groomed spotless and sent to bed. A few, however, may be having a "late night" as the father who works all week in a city factory enjoys the weekend comfort of his home. To-morrow is not his Sodality day, so there will be no early rising for him.

Night has come quickly. The "Road -up" signs stand sentinel, flanked by the dull red glow of the lamps. Mick has safely stored away the picks and shovels and for a while yet will linger near the dying brazier. The tavern lights are still blazing, but only the "hard" drinkers remain. Slowly the sergeant makes his way along the far side of the street, stopping now and again on his routine check. A little beyond the doctor's house he crosses the road to begin the return journey. He knows that his movements are watched from the window of the Farmer's Rest but he has no inclination at the moment "to investigate the matter". He has known Tom Dillon, the owner, for many a year and often they've had a good evening's chat . . . .

Carefully the clients file out and disperse quickly. The sergeant passes by: " 'Night, Tom; hope it doesn't rain to-morrow for the match!" The old farmer ambles over to the tractor, humming in snatches — then "Damn!" as the engine fails to respond. A few grunts and wrenches and the ancient machine splutters into life.

Chug-chugging along, the tractor slowly disappears out the country road. The noise ceases to be heard and slowly silence, peace — and darkness — reign supreme.

Autumn

Thou herald of the Winter,
Thou dirge of Summer glory,
Autumn man hath named thee —
Destruction is your story.

You kill the leaves that deck the trees
Through Summer, warm and balmy,
And turn them into lifeless souls:
Withered, and wet, and clammy.

You chase away the singing birds,
From your dark breath they fly,
They go to seek a warmer clime
Beneath a tropic sky.

SEAN MURPHY (4LC).

Something in my Life

Something tells me I'm a fool
Who is inconsiderate and cruel,
Whose selfishness must make it plain
That chivalry is on the wane.

Something tells me I'm a kind
Of monster with a stupid mind,
A lazy good-for-nothing man —
The crankiest since the world began.

Something tells me I am not
The hero good I might have thought.
But what's this something in my life?
It is indeed my spouse for life!

MICHAEL MULHOLLAND (2D).

Le MÁIRTÍN Ó CEALLACHÁIN

COR NA CINNIUNA

LE rúide is le callán d'éirigh an t-eitleán beag ón talamh. Suas, suas leis go dti go raibh sé thuas os cionn na scamall agus cead ag an bheirt phaisinéir a bhí ar bord a gcriosanna sábhála a scaoileadh. Ní raibh ann ach an bheirt acu gan an píolóta a chur san áireamh mar eitleán beag príobáideach a bhí ann. Beirt fhear a raibh deifre orthu dul ar ais go hÉirinn ab ea iad, agus cibé smaointe a bhí ina gceann, bhí aoibh an gháire ar a n-éadan acu. Níor labhair ceachtar acu. Ar ndóigh, ba doiligh rud ar bith a chluinstin, bhí tormán na n-inneall chomh hard sin.

Bhí an píolóta sa chábán agus cuma sásta airsean fosta. Cad chuige nach mbeadh agus a eitleán féin faoina lámha aige? A eitleán féin — an rud a ba ghoire dá chroí ón chéad lá in Éirinn a leag sí súil ar eitleán. B'fhada na blianta a bhí caite aige ina phíolóta san aerfórsa agus é ag cur gach pingin i dtaisce le luach eitleán a chruinniú. Bhuel! mhéadaigh ar a thaisce i ndiaidh a chéile go dtí sa deireadh go raibh an oiread sin aige 's a cheannódh an t-eitleán álainn seo. Bhí comhlucht curtha ar bun aige féin agus ag cúpla cara dó agus anois bhí an chéad eitilt ar súil sa deireadh. Ní raibh ann ach beirt phaisinéir, ar ndóigh, ach níor chuir sin beaguchtach air. Nach minic a chuala sé an nathán úr. 'Is i ndiaidh a chéile a thógtar na caisleáin.' Bhí sí ar rothaí an tsaoil dáiríre. Nár mhéanair dó!

Siar i gcabán na bpaisinéirí bhí an bheirt ciúin tostach ar fad. Bhí an duine a ba shine acu ag amharc ar grianghraf a bhí i láimh amháin aige, agus ar litir a bhí sa láimh eile. Grianghraf de theach feirme a bhí ann —a fehirm féin; a fheirm féin in Éirinn a bhí ceannaithe aige de thoradh tríocha bliain de chruatan agus d'anró agus de shaothar a bhí caite aige ar an choigríoch. Chuir an smaoineamh meangadh ar a aghaidh. Léigh sé síos tríd an litir arís . . . . ". . . . feirm ceannaithe i d'ainm . . . . seilbh a ghlacadh am ar bith . . . ." agus ar aghaidh mar sin. D'éirigh go maith leis sna Stáit Aontaithe ainneoin an chruatain, ach mar adéarfad Sasanach "There's no place like home." Agus anois bhí sé á seoladh thar néalta na spéire go dtí "Tír na nÓg."

Ba fhear óg aigeantach an dara paisinéir, agus dá mbeifeá ansin déarfeá gur airsean a bhí an lúcháir ba mhó den bheirt. Litir a ba chúis lena raibh d' áthas airsean fosta. Litir a tháinig ón chailín ar thug sé searc agus síor-ghrá di a bhí inti agus bhí a

shúile sáite anois sna trí fhocal a ba thábachtaí den iomlán . . . "pósfaidh mé thú . . ." Ní raibh ina smaointe ach í . . . . an cailín ab áille ar domhan gan amhras . . . . bheadh sé lena taobh go deo na ndeor . . . .

Ach mo léan! Níor bhain an t-eitleán t a l a m h slán amach a choíche. Ní fios cad é mar tharla an taisme. Fuair na cuardaitheoiri trí chorp ar snámh ar an fharraige ach tásc ná tuairisc an eitleáin ní bhfuarthas ariamh ó shin. Is dócha gur ar ghrinneall na mara atá sé ina luí, ina raic briste casta . . . .

Tá fiailí ag fás go tiubh ar fheirm bheag thíos i lár na tíre agus tá an teach ag titim as a chéile le teann faillí . . . .

Agus an cailín 'ab áille ar domhan'? Is fada í ina trua Mhuire agus gan ar a béal ar fad ach "Níor tháinig sé . . . och . . . níor tháinig sé . . ."



This will hurt ME more than it hurts you.

By PETER JOHNSON (4LB)

The Scarecrow

IT had been raining all day and the roads and fields were glistening with wetness. Grey, racing clouds shut out most of the failing light as he passed over the surrounding bleak countryside. Down below him in a recently-ploughed field was a scarecrow dressed in an old raincoat, its grotesque straw head covered by a broad-rimmed hat.

The man's eye casually noted the figure as his gaze swept upwards towards the racing clouds overhead. Then as he looked down over the valley again something jarred in his subconscious mind. Something was different. The road was just the same, winding into the distance and flanked by low hedges. But something had changed . . . The scarecrow had moved! When he had last looked at it, its side had been towards him: now it was facing him, a black cross outlined against the dusk.

It was looking at him.

He laughed nervously. Of course it had been facing him before—it was only a scarecrow.

It was looking at him. Although its head was a mass of straw, somewhere underneath was a face . . . looking at him. No! It was only scarecrow: it scared crows, it doesn't scare us . . .

It moved.

It jerked forward, and stopped. Then it began to hop, on the one leg supporting it, towards the gate. He could hear it now, tapping down the narrow road.

In ten seconds the world he knew, the world of sanity, had crumbled; and out of his childhood came a memory brought by the sound of the scarecrow:

"When we were about half-way through I suddenly put my hand on her arm; for I had heard in the silent, frosty air a sound that brought my heart into my mouth—the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road."

Drawn irresistibly by this strange, other-world drama the man moved down the slope and followed. It was now almost completely dark and he could scarcely discern the figure in front of him. It went round a bend and he could not see it for some seconds. When next it came into view there was now not one of them but two, bobbing down the road side by side. Gradually more and more scarecrows joined in, coming out of fields and lanes, until the road ahead was filled with a vast concourse of gaunt figures and the night air echoed with their eerie tapping.

At last they reached a mound of earth and one of the scarecrows, dressed lavishly in an old army coat with silver buttons and a top hat, stood on a vantage point and seemed to address the crowd—though no words were spoken.

Heedless of the wet grass the man lay down and watched. His eyes were rivetted on this large group of anonymous, dim shapes; their leader seeming like a vast crucifix silhouetted against the clouds.

Some time later the crowd began to disperse. As they melted into the the darkness he could hear the monotonous tapping receding into the distance. The night breathed again and a soft breeze fanned his heated face.

The night passed, and early dawn found him staggering back to the village. There was no one about except the milkman.

"Where is the police station?"

"'S truth!" said the milkman, "been on the booze?"

"Dammit, man, where's the police?"

"White house on the left," said the milkman, watching the retreating figure.

"Roast me!" he ejaculated, and a bottle slipped from his fingers.

By noon the village was in a turmoil. An ambulance waited outside the police station; inside were two doctors and the sergeant. The man sat on a plain chair, nursing a cup of tea. In the bright light of day and in the presence of these oh-so-realistic persons he was not so sure: a dream, that extra gin, a fall—it could have been anything. But it had all been so vivid.

"Okay," said one of the doctors, "you're going to have a good rest and then we'll see what's what."

It was but a fleeting glimpse he had from the ambulance of the words "Home for Mentally Dis . . ." as they turned in the gateway of the long drive. The house itself was a gaunt, brown building, many years old. Inside, he walked meekly along with a doctor and nurse, down a long corridor, the gloom of which was pierced by shafts of golden sunlight from the narrow, high windows.

Silently the doctor opened a door and the man stepped in. Long fingers of bright sunshine lit up the room with its meagre wooden furnishings: bed, chair, table. But he saw none of this — for, black against the window, was a scarecrow! Then he was beating on the door and screaming.

The door opened.

"Ah, doctor . . ." then stopped. In the doorway was a scarecrow. Screaming, he fell back into the room and the door closed.

"What happens to these people . . ." began the doctor to the nurse outside the door as they commenced hopping down the corridor towards the dimness of the far end; their outstretched arms lit by the sun, their straw heads nodding.

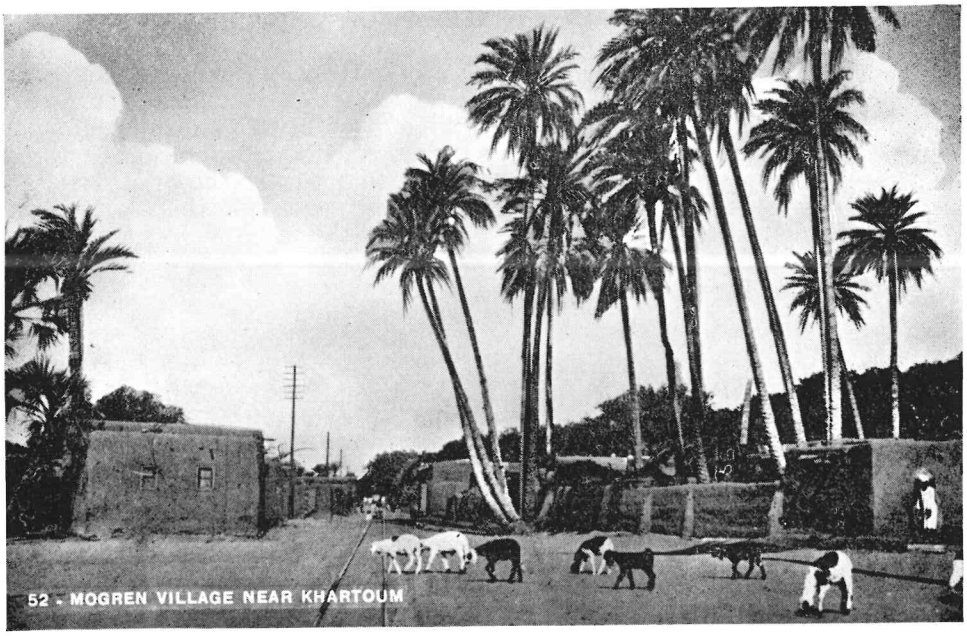
Night

At night I'm glad to get to bed,
For really I'm a sleepy-head,
But before I go
I kneel down low
And say my prayers
To One who cares,
To guide and watch and keep me right,
Safe and sound through the dark of night.

GERARD McNALLY (1E).

By DANIEL BRENNAN (2A)

I Lived in the Sudan



NOT many schoolboys of my age have had the privilege of travelling to the far-distant shores of Africa; indeed, many would perhaps shudder at the thought of leaving behind school-pals and friends at home and going to spend the greater part of two years on the "dark continent." As a boy of six I had mixed feelings of excitement and uneasiness when my father decided to bring the whole family out to the Sudan where he was teaching. And though we were to spend only seven months of each year in Africa, because of the great heat there during the summer, it was an experience that is still vivid in my mind.

My first experience of Africa was a small village some distance from Khartoum, capital of the Sudan. What a change from the life and suroundings we were accustomed to at home! Luckily, there were two other houses in the village—also built for teachers. For the rest, our neighbours were the African natives who lived in the few small huts scattered about the village.

During our stay here we soon accustomed ourselves to the climate. For my brother and me it was a joy to experience warm sunshine all day, to watch the queer (and, to us, uncivilised) habits of the natives, and to be called each morning by our faithful Sudanese servant—for the day began early in Khartoum for my father. Then at night we used envy

those who were allowed (for we were still too young) to sleep out under the starry sky and the bright moon—a moon so bright you could read without difficulty under its light. Most of the time we spent playing with the other whites; we did not mix with the natives though they appeared to be friendly. There would have been the language difficulty anyway.

One thing which amazed me was how swiftly darkness fell. At 5 o'clock it was bright and sunny as we played in the garden, but by 5-30 it was almost completely dark and we had to go indoors. It took us some time to get used to having lizards on the walls of the house, and the thoughts of queer crawling things just outside our bedroom.

Still, I shall never forget lying in bed during the rainy season and listening to the croaking of the frogs as they repeated their raucous "lullaby." During the day, too, the sight of the camel-train on the road was something to be remembered as it wound its way through the village. Every Sunday we went to Mass in the city, but, apart from this, we spent our time in the village.

For our second term in Africa we had moved into Khartoum, a city divided by the river Nile as Belfast is by the Lagan. We were all thrilled with the change, and for the rest of our stay we enjoyed the luxury of our own apartments, a refrigerator, electric fans and, as usual, our faithful Sudanese servant. In the mornings there was no need of an alarm clock or a servant to call us; the rising sun, topping the tall thorny hedge round our garden, wakened even the sleepiest of us. And, without fail, our servant prepared coffee and biscuits for us before 7 a.m.

We still had no formal schooling in Africa, though mother gave us some lessons at home, and so I had an opportunity of seeing round the city and watching the people at their work and play.

In Khartoum the old world and the new stand side by side, and nowhere more strikingly than in the market place or "Suk," which we visited quite often. The Sudanese are at the same stalls as they have held for years, selling the fruits and vegetables, eggs and meats which have not changed with time. Here, too, you have the bargaining and haggling over the cost—none of your "fixed prices" here! As time went on I learned more about this great city of which the people are so proud.

The day begins early, and all shops and offices are as busy at eight in the morning as at eleven. For children going to school or men to their work it often means the change from their mud hut in the village on the other side of the Nile to a modern brick building in the city.

Outside Khartoum, where the Blue and White Nile meet, the good road gradually changes to a wide, rutted sand-track or "Wadi." Along this way the secondary schoolboys used to be taken by truck from the city to a boarding school twenty miles off, after their week-end at home. On one occasion the rains had swollen the river, which in turn overflowed the track, and it so happened the boys had a reckless driver who tried to force a way through the water. Of course the truck got stuck in "mid-stream," but not for long! Undaunted, the lads piled off and soon a hundred hands were almost carrying it, inch by inch, to safety. This is but one instance of the jolly and adventurous spirit of the natives.

Games were played with great enthusiasm. After the siesta break I remember seeing the boys at play, and even the heat was never considered too great for soccer. Two teams would start off playing, wearing proper football boots, but before half-time many of these would

be thrown off and bare feet kicked the ball or tackled with even greater zest than before! At basketball the lads were uncanny; looking back now I picture them as the Harlem Globe-Trotters in their teens.

Then came the day of reckoning for me — I started school in Khartoum. It was run by the Verona Sisters. Work began at 7-30 each morning except Friday and Sunday—the Muslim and Christian days of worship. Even yet I find it hard to believe that children could start lessons so early in the day; still, even I survived it! The teachers were mostly Italian nuns who could speak English and were helped by a few young native teachers. In the morning, lessons were conducted in English and after an interval at 9-30 they continued so until noon—at which time I left, as the rest of the lessons were taught in Arabic.

Although life in Khartoum was enjoyable for us, still at times we experienced some of the dangers which lurked about us. One day after school my young brother was playing quietly on the sand at the side of the verandah when out popped a scorpion, nipped his hand, and with a swish of its tail scurried away. My brother's screams of terror brought mother rushing from the house and, amid many lamentations and prayers, he was rushed to hospital to be treated for this deadly sting. I remember, too, while we were finishing off a nice picnic by the banks of the Nile loud and excited shouts in Arabic broke the stillness of the evening. We rushed down to where a crowd was gathering and there learnt the sad news that a taxi man, enjoying his evening swim in the river, had been whipped off in the massive jaws of a crocodile. But these casualities seem to be part of the everyday life of the African people.

Alas, too soon our stay in the Sudan ended. It was an enlightening and enjoyable experience. I will treasure the memory of it, and I would be happy to take back there the few piastres I brought home as a souvenir and with them enjoy a gigantic grape fruit in the cool shelter of the palm trees.

High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bounds of earth,
And danced the sky with laughter-silvered wings,
Sunwards I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds, and done a hundred things
That man but dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hovering there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through uncharted realms of air,
Up, up the vast, delirious, burning blue;
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where never lark or eagle flew —
And while with silent-lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
I've put out my hand and touched the face of God.

TOM LAVERY (2D).

Arrive a Paris

By GERALD McCURDY (6L)

PARIS, la gare de l'Est. Une lourde valise, un sac à dos, un billet entre les dents, une carte du Métro sous le bras, et mon copain Tony Mernock en avant, parce que moi je ne sais jamais où je vais. Je regarde encore une fois mon ami d'école. Un drôle de gars. Il n' a plus l'air d'un archevêque car il a poussé une barbe hirsute, ses cheveux disparaissent dans son faux col, son pantalon balaye le quai, il s'efforce de traîner quatre valises, et ses lèvres s'ouvrent et se ferment tandis qu'il marmotte des mots que je ne peux pas écrire ici parce que je n'en connais pas l'orthographe.

On arrive à un banc où on s'assied pour reprendre ses esprits. Il est dix heures et demie du soir et il faut trouver l'hôtel bon marché dont Mademoiselle Colette Viard nous a donné l'adresse. Malheureusement nous n'avons pas beaucoup de sous, mais on peut bien se débrouiller quand même. Alors on se dirige vers le guichet où, bien entendu, le contrôleur est saoûl comme une grive, et il nous dit:—"Je ne sais plus ce qu'il devient, ce pays-ci." On ne pense pas à répondre car, tout droit devant nous, il y a le Métro que nous allons prendre pour la première fois. Nous déplions la carte, la consultons avec soin, discutons sérieusement, acquiescons enfin en signe d'accord; on saute dans la première rame qui se présente, on se perd, on sacre, et on se dépêche de chercher un taxi. Ca ne marche pas, mon vieux.

"Bonsoir, monsieur, on peut prendre un taxi s'il vous plaît?" "Oui." Seulement, voilà; il y a des taxis mais pas de chaffeur. Enfin un petit vieux sort d'un bistro et s'approche de nous. Il a peut-être soixante-dix ans. Mernock lui dit:—"Port Royal, l'hôtel Nicole, s'il vous plaît." "Comment?" Mernock, à haute voix:—"Port Royal, l'hôtel Nicole, nous voulons y aller." "Où ça, monsieur?" Mon copain n' insiste pas davantage, en grommelant des mots anglais et mal polis. "Mais c'est à cause de ton accent, Mern. C'est l'accent de Falls Road. Moi je vais essayer. Vous ne savez pas où se trouve l'hôtel Nicole, la rue Nicole, Por-r-r-rt Roya-a-al?" Rien. Ou bien nous parlons français comme des vaches espagnoles ou bien le chaffeur est sourd. Mernock est pris d'un fou rire, moi je trouve que ce n'est pas du tout amusant, et le chauffeur nous regarde comme si nous étions des fous. Peut-être qu'il a raison. Enfin il nous faut lui montrer la carte; il voit où se trouve l' hôtel et nous y arrivons à onze heures et demie. On a dépensé un argent précieux.

Une fois arrivés dans notre chambre à deux lits, "on se dégonfle," complètement fourbus. Nous nous couchons tout de suite et nous pouvons tout juste gémir: "bonne nuit."

Mais, au bout de cinq minutes, on commence à parler, et on parle, et on parle; et tous les quarts d'heure on dit "bonne nuit." Enfin, à deux heures du matin Mernock se lève et se met à fouiller dans ses valises. Je le regarde avec curiosité et le vois en extraire deux pains, du jambon, et un camembert. On commence à bien se réconforter. J'espère que, quand je serai grand-père avec une tribu d'enfants, je pourrai leur décrire comment j'ai pu voir ce copain à l'air dédaigneux, en pyjama, qui mangeait des sandwichs rassises à deux heures du matin, installé sur son lit dans un petit hôtel de Paris. A présent on n'a plus faim, mais on a la langue sêche. Mernock enrage parce qu'il n'a pas de bière; moi je décide de boire de l'eau, bien qu'elle ne n'inspire pas grande confiance. Mon ami n'est pas un lâche. Il n'a pas peur quand il me voit boire de l'eau; il est même ravi de voir que je ne tombe pas malade. "Bon," dit-il, "maintenant je peux en boire." Mais nous sommes d'accord: nous préférons la bière; du moins peut-on être sûr qu'elle est potable. A deux heures et demie on réussit pourtant à s'endormir.

Maintenant, je ne vous décrirai pas cette ville si belle et si pleine d'ambiance car c'est chose impossible. Il faut y aller. Comme dit notre professeur:—"Go to Paris and starve."

The First Day

From Ballynahinch that September morn
I arrived at St. Mary's, quite forlorn.
The fish out of water had nothing on me,
I felt like one lost — not a friend could I see.

Those city slickers they deemed me "green,"
Such a bumpkin indeed they had never seen;
They laughed at my strange up-country talk
And threatened of the plank I must surely walk.

Off to the sink I was dragged to duck,
By two hefty seconds —I hadn't the pluck
To cry for my mother for I knew how they'd howl
If showing my terror, I threw in the towel!

Then thoughts of my hometown came crowding on me,
I remembered poor Betsy and the Fenians that she
Had led into battle herself without care;
And I thought on Bill Russell from God-knows-where.

So I swung on my heel and landed a blow,
Right on the nose of one of the foe;
The other I caught on the shin with me boot,
Then I stood there defiant, and straightened my suit.

You see, they'd forgot that the County of Down
Was always a place for men of renown:
As Kerry can tell you, they know how to kick —
So the s i m p l e countryman has conquered the slick.

MAURICE LIDDY (3C).

By NOEL HENDRON (4SC)

The Unbeliever

IF you mentioned to Edmund Evitt that you believed in ghosts he would draw back from you as if to see whether you were in your right mind. His eyebrows would then arch haughtily as a sign of utter disgust at your peasant belief. You had automatically launched him into his pet subject, and his vigour in the ensuing denouncement of ghosts was worthy of the great orators of the past.

Edmund Evitt had but recently established himself as a writer. He was heady with excitement when he was paid a substantial amount of money by C. J. Walker and Co. for the rights of publishing his first novel. He had spent two precious years of his life writing it, but success was sweet. He bade farewell to his flat in Baker Street and had his meagre furniture transported to his new abode — a stately house of the Georgian type, having a wide sweeping lawn with sheltering chestnut trees here and there about the grounds. He had picked that particular dwelling because he felt that these new surroundings would create the quiet atmosphere so necessary for the writing of future novels.

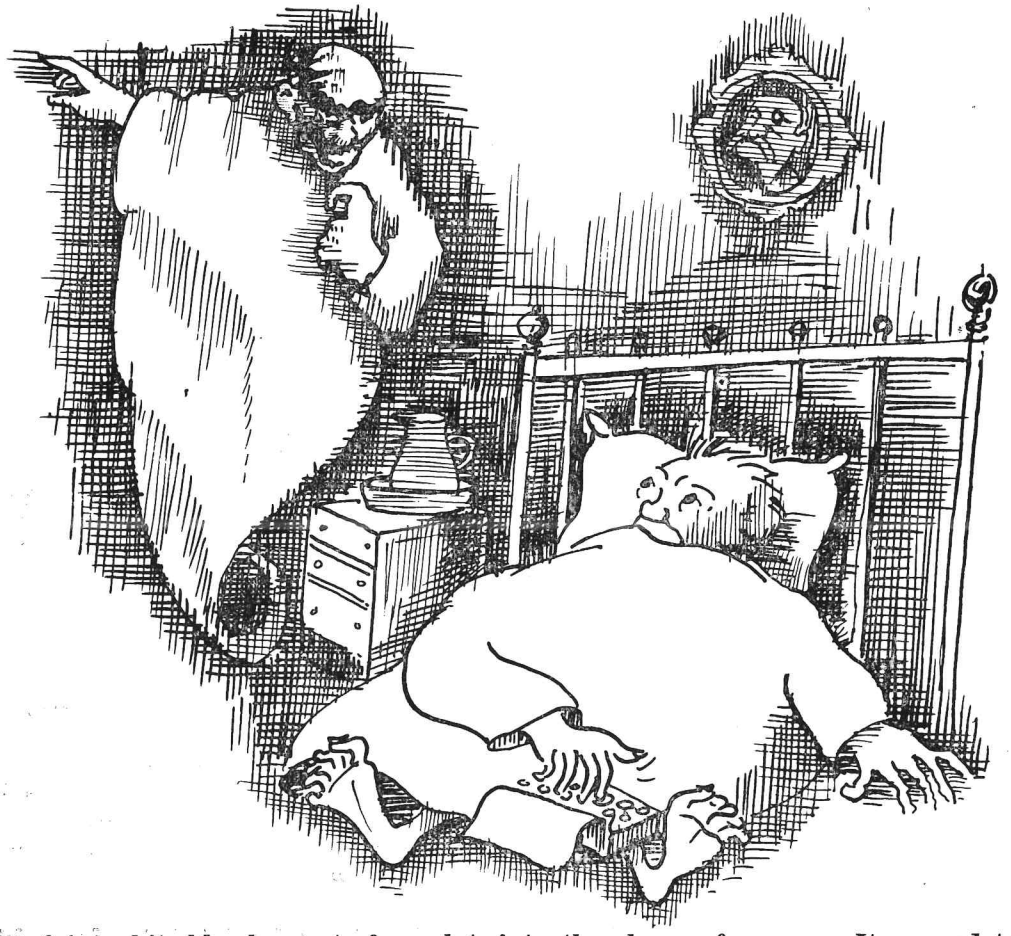
There was never a prouder man yet seen as he stood on the lawn for the first time in the early morning sunlight, gazing up at his newly-acquired property. Yes, it was **his** house. And he had got it at an amazingly low price. What a lucky buy, he mused.

On his first night there he set to work in a frame of mind almost too eager for proper writing. He got his typewriter out and pushed a sheet of paper between the rollers. A moment's pause, then the fingers were tap-tapping on the keys. Suddenly he was startled. The printed words were not those of Edmund Evitt:

"The room was in darkness. A faint white blur began to formulate into the shape of a man. It seemed to beckon to the occupant of the bed . . . "

Feverishly he tried to draw his hands away, but it seemed an eternity before he could free them from the typewriter. Some unknown power had held his hands there. Beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead. It was too much for him; he ran out of the house and on to the lawn. The cool air of the evening soon helped him back to his usual tranquillity of mind and body. Of course there was nothing supernatural or preternatural about the occurrence, he argued; his mind had been somewhat overwrought.

But Edmund Evitt **was** upset. For the next three days he did not attempt to continue with his novel but busied himself looking over the domain. He had often wondered what it was like to have



"A faint white blur began to formulate into the shape of a man. It seemed to beckon to the occupant of the bed."

a house of one's own. Now he knew, and thrived in the relish of it.

Finally he tore himself away from the idle life, and with grim assurance returned to his typewriter. It was a quiet evening, one for creative composition; and already he had the plot of his story well thought out. But no sooner did he begin to put his thoughts on paper than the self-same eerie words were being tapped out. For a moment he was bewildered; then exerting all his will-power, he tore his fingers from the bewitched keys.

This time he kept a cool head. There must be a logical explanation for these happenings. Perhaps subconsciously he had been typing words that were coming to him from a hidden recording machine; or might not some person hidden in the house be hypnotising him so as to drive him from this mansion? Stung into action he lit all the lights and made a thorough search of the rooms —but to no avail. A fatigued and somewhat unnerved Evitt retired late to bed that night.

It seemed he had not been long asleep when he awoke with a start. The room was in darkness. A faint white blur began to formulate into

the shape of a man . . . it seemed to beckon to the occupant of the bed . . .

Without demur Evitt followed the beckoning figure; it seemed he could not refuse. Onwards, upwards, until this strange drama ended in the attic. There, the figure pointed to the floor —and was gone. Evitt felt the cold and damp of the attic seeping into his bones. Hurriedly he went downstairs and with shaking hands prepared a stiff drink.

As the morning sun spread its slanting beams through the old Georgian mansion Evitt, with grim determination, began levering up the floorboards of the attic. He stopped short. Before his eyes lay a treasure of gold chalices and a wide selection of silver and gold candlesticks! It must have been booty that thieves had stolen from churches. But who would know from what churches it came? The ghost should have told him that.

He was loath to sell his house. Perhaps no more strange happenings would occur there—but who could tell?

Edmund Evitt successfully continues his writing; not, however, in any secluded mansion but in a semi-detached villa, not far from his former flat in Baker Street.

A True Pet

With little chubby pointed ears
The slightest sound the mongrel hears;
He looks so odd with shaggy sides,
But with his master he abides.

In shape and size he seems a fool,
The butt of unfair ridicule;
He is the outcast of all breeds,
But proves his worth in useful deeds

Oh, what's the use of a fancy dog
That sleeps all day just like a log,
Doesn't sport like all dogs should
But lies a-weary beside its food.

The mongrel ranks among the best,
To serve his master is his quest.
A loyal pet indeed to own —
For ever joyful, disdains to moan.

RAYMOND CASHELL (1A).

Ships

Tramp steamers old and new,
Liners lordly in gorgeous hue,
Tankers, tug boats fussing by,
Schooners drifting, sails set high.

Trawlers with their nets on tow,
Drifters toiling by so slow,
Lobster boats a-setting pots,
Stately, graceful, sailing yachts.

Submarines their decks awash,
Destroyers dauntless in naval clash,
Gunboats, cruisers, battleships
Sailing from the shipyard slips.

Arab dhow and flat-bottomed scow,
Chinese junks and sampans too,
Over the water's broad highway
They sail unfettered, day by day.

P. DUFFIN (2B).

By DAVID GARDINER (4SB)

The Perfectionist

"THIS is the B.B.C. Scottish Home Service. Here is the news: Professor Ernest J. Lowther of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, head of the American Armaments Development Group, is visiting Edinburgh University tomorrow as the first in his lecture tour of European universities. The professor's stay in Great Britain is expected to last three days . . ."

"Expected, is right," said the Dark man switching the radio off. "That gives us exactly twenty two hours to prepare."

"Have you anything in mind, sir?" enquired his assistant.

"The usual sort of thing," came the quiet answer.

"Then you're using a time bomb?"

The Dark man stood up and strolled over to the windows. They were in a third floor hotel room commanding an impressive view of the railway junction across the road, the bridges, the factories and houses of a great industrial city. He gazed fixedly at the station entrance, through which the professor would soon walk, and the twisting, interlaced railway lines behind it.

"Yes," he nodded, "a time bomb. Simple, old-fashioned, somewhat crude maybe—but effective. As always I will arrange things so that even you can't make a mistake, no matter how imbecile you may be. I consider myself something of a perfectionist."

"So you have said, sir."

"As regards details I find myself somewhat undecided—torn as it were between fulminite of mercury and nitrogen tri-oxide. As always, the timing device must . . . "

Suddenly the door was flung open and a third party rushed in. Instinctively the Dark man pulled out his watch chain with the little derringer on the end. Then, identifying the intruder, he quickly replaced it in his waistcoat pocket.

"I believe I have mentioned before, Mason," he said with cold civility, "that the next time will quite possibly be the final one. Please bear that in mind, will you?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said Mason. "Next time I'll be careful to knock. I came to tell you . . . there's been a leak somewhere. The Yard men are searching the professor's train with mine detectors right now."

"Inconvenient," remarked the Dark man, unperturbed as ever. "Rather inconvenient. One asks oneself where the leak might have occurred. Who was guilty of this latest indiscretion?"

"The Organisation is investigating it now, sir," said Mason. "They should be on his trail within a matter of hours. He sure ain't got a chance with those guys."

"Let us hope," added the Dark man, "that our associates see fit, as always, to temper justice with murder. Now to the business of the day. It's evident we must leave the train alone. Tell me, are they using magnetic or audio detectors?"

"The newest kind, sir. Audio."

"I see. These are indeed the most difficult to deceive; they can detect even the tiniest amount of sound made by a clock mechanism of the most carefully designed type. We could, of course, wrap up the mechanism in rolls of cotton wool, but then it would be rather cumbersome, and difficult to conceal. My friends, we must find a more subtle solution. We must design something very unusual indeed. Yes, a silent time bomb. The professor will be arriving in the small hours of the morning—secrecy and all that, you know. About five a.m., in fact. Then to the City Hall for a so-called civic welcome—that's at exactly five-forty-five a.m. Now we must have a little present ready for him . . . under the platform he'll be speaking from . . . a time bomb with no moving parts . . . now, let me think . . ."

"Now, let me think," murmured Inspector Baxter to Sergeant Maclaurin, as he paced thoughtfully up and down the office floor: "We believe they're planning to kill him on arrival, yet we've gone over every inch of the special train with audio detectors and no sound has been registered except for a couple of mice in one compartment. We've checked on the City Hall, the car he'll be travelling in, his luggage. Nothing. Seems strange."

"Well, it could be they've switched to a gun," suggested the sergeant.

"I don't know," said Baxter. "I doubt it. Out of character. This fellow is clever enough but predictable."

He stopped pacing and sat down. "I confess I'm worried" he said at last. "One hour to go and we're none the wiser. Of course . . ."

A desk intercom buzzed.

"Jock at the City Hall" came the crackling message. "We've been over the place again, sir. Nothing resembling a bomb mechanism."

"Then the place is 'clean'?"

"I'll stake my reputation on it."

"All right. Anything else to report?"

"Well, the crowd here is growing; and getting pretty restless. Ban the Bombers and the like. So far everything is well under control but later we may need the riot squad."

"Right. Stay where you are, Jock; I'll be right over."

Pulling on a light overcoat he descended into the cold night air and climbed into his car. As he started the engine he had another glance at his watch. Just fifty minutes to go. Then it would be all over.

In the City Hall preparations were almost complete. The B.B.C. were testing their equipment to record the professor's speech, and the Mayor was putting the finishing touches to his carefully-composed reply. All seemed orderly (as much as is possible on such occasions) when suddenly there was a shout in the street and a low chanting started up, slowly growing in intensity and volume.

It was something to do with nuclear disarmament. In the growing confusion no one took any notice of the distinguished-looking

dark gentleman, in a quiet corner of the public gallery, surveying the scene with detachment and mild amusement. His assistant came in and sat down beside him a little apprehensively. "Good morning," said the Dark man brightly, "and I trust you have had an untroubled night down at the platform?"

"Everything's going too smoothly, sir."

"You have the package delivered, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why worry? This transitory existence should never be squandered on profitless anxiety. By all means make provision for every eventuality, but don't worry; there is a distinction, you know. Shall we go?"

The Dark man stood up, waited for his assistant to move towards the passage, and followed him at a polite distance. He held the door for his assistant, tipped his hat to a group of girls, and made his departure.

The Inspector's car inched its way through the chanting, but as yet orderly, crowd and crossed the floodlit courtyard of the ancient City Hall. There on the steps was Jock Martin helping to co-ordinate the movements of the riot squad by means of a walkie-talkie.

"Hello, Jock," he shouted. "Any news?"

"Not a thing. We've given the platform one last inch-by-inch check. Either the bomb scare is a hoax, or someone has invented a silent time bomb."

He laughed nervously, but stopped

—(contd. over).



TO BE OR NOT TO BEatles

short as the bell on top of his walkie-talkie summoned him.

"Hello. Martin here."

Chief Inspector Baxter suddenly went pale. He spoke in such a low voice it was scarcely audible over the noise of the crowd.

"Jock!" he butted in, "I've just thought of something. Something horrible . . . "

He had not the time to finish what he was about to say. There was a sudden and fierce eruption in the crowd. The professor's car had arrived.

At Edinburgh Airport the Dark man boarded an aircraft and fastened his seat belt. He glanced at his watch. Ten minutes to go. Toying with his watch chain he leaned back in the seat and dozed contentedly.

"Don't you see?" shouted the Chief Inspector, even now barely audible in the clamorous din. "A moment ago that walkie-talkie was an inert, silent piece of metal! Then it receives a special signal and the bell reacts—it comes to life!"

"I'm beginning to see what you mean, Inspector. A bomb set off by a signal from elsewhere? The perfect time bomb?"

"It must be; there's no other explanation. Now where could the signal come from?"

"Look, the Professor's being led towards the platform right now!"

"It must be something simple. It has to be. Now, what special signal would go out around six in the morning? What could . . . oh, my God!"

"What? What is it?"

"The Scottish Home Service! It comes on the air at six a.m. In exactly seven minutes' time!"

"You mean, when it comes on the air . . . the bomb . . . ?"

"Exactly. Come on! We've got to get the Professor off that stand!"

In the B.B.C. News Studio activity was reaching an unusual level. An office boy rushed in and handed the news reader a pile of sheets, closely typewritten.

"No hard words, sir," he said with a grin. "On the air in three minutes twenty."

"Ready, Len?" asked the technician, adjusting the microphone. "Speak slowly and don't forget the special announcement before the news."

He made himself comfortable at the news desk and took a sip of water.

"On the air in three minutes exactly."

The two men fought their way desperately towards the crowded hall, but progress was maddeningly slow.

"I've an old transistor with me," shouted Martin, "but not much good, though. No tuning dial; hardly any volume control."

"Never mind," returned the Inspector, breathing hard. "Keep turning the knob. If we pick up the Home we'll know we're too late!"

They pushed and fought through the heckling crowd. At long last they seemed within earshot of the platform.

"Professor!" screamed Baxter at the top of his voice, "you're in great danger there. You have only fifteen seconds to get off that stand!"

"Don't be ridiculous, sonny," returned the professor disdainfully, making a slightly impatient gesture towards them. "I can take care of myself. Be quiet!" He made a valiant effort to get on with his speech.

"You have seven seconds!" yelled Martin, "to get down from that platform. You must believe me! You must!"

Baxter was now nearing the platform and had begun appealing wildly to the Mayor when Martin caught his arm.

"It's no good," said Martin, "it's too late. The station is already on the air. I've managed to locate it . . . there's the time signal."

"But . . . but . . . that's impossible . . . why hasn't the bomb gone off . . . I don't understand . . . "

"Quiet, and listen!"

"The time is six a.m. Good morning everyone. This is the Scottish Home Service, coming to you for the first time on our new frequency of three hundred and seven metres . . . "

So Silent

Boiler out,
No cry or shout,
Desks bare,
No boys there.
Picture on wall,
An unused ball,
Papers on ground,
Not a sound.
Dust there
On the chair.
The clock unheeded,
The bell not needed —
For the boys are away
On their holiday.

STUART BINGHAM (1A).

Another Day

Perhaps you have stumbled and fallen,
Perhaps you are down in your luck;
Conditions may quickly be altered —
Don't falter, or lose your pluck.

Remember that the road to success
Had days that were black with distress;
The man that is wealthy today
Perhaps wasn't always that way.

He knows what it is to have sorrows,
So don't go about with a frown;
For you there are many to-morrows—
Take courage, you won't always be down.

MARTIN McNEILL (1E).

By PETER JOHNSON (4LB)

THE GOLDEN ROAD

DAZED, he walked down the road to the sea. He pushed blindly through the crowds of roistering holiday-makers. On one side of the road was the Amusement Arcade: garish dens of noise and the smell of fish and chips; on the other, the sea—and peace.

Grey clouds swept down from the hills and across the bay and suddenly the evening was cold. He was being jostled about in the crowd of exhilarated teenagers and children and middle-aged folk, all enjoying themselves with true British determination. But he didn't belong here; he didn't belong anywhere, now.

For a moment his attention was rivetted on a group of teenagers approaching. How strange they looked! They weren't humans at all; they were . . . triangles! Yes, that was good: triangles. About two feet at the shoulders, tapering down to six inches. He began to laugh, but stopped; for the laughter was too near to tears. Then he noticed something—their eyes. They never looked at anything directly, always over or around it. And it wasn't only the teenagers but also the middle-aged people; they, perhaps, more so. Thousands of secret eyes flitting uneasily over this and that. Like rats, rats with two feet; snakes on legs . . .

Suddenly one of the triangles spoke: "Cheer up, mate, we're all happy here!" and sniggered. The others burst out in convulsive laughter.

Big black spots of rain blotted the pavement. The crowds melted. He now found himself in the door of the Amusement Arcade, looking out at the rows of parked cars and the sea, grey in the sweeping rain.

Slowly the rain passed and the people came out again into the evening sunshine. He wandered through the crowds, on and on until he stood at the steps leading to the rocks. What could he do? He could . . . No, he couldn't. Once more that memory had flooded his mind.

He climbed over the rocks and reached a little promontory scarcely a yard in width, far from the jostling crowd. The noise of the town no longer annoyed or bewildered him; the place was hushed in the great calm of the sea. That great heart seemed to breathe: rising slowly, lifting the small fronds of seaweed horizontally, then subsiding with a little gurgle, or, sliding upwards, playing in the tiny crevices of rock, and hissing away.

He looked up. The red sun was sinking just above the horizon, surrounded by orange layers of

cloud. Between him and the sun, spread across the sea was a path of gold, shimmering with the faint movement of the water.

That golden path fascinated him. To what glorious haven would it lead if one could but walk on it?

A lay preacher had set up on the promenade and gathered a crowd. They were singing their usual songs with great fervour, but he paid no heed. Then, as he looked across to the sun they began a new hymn. The words came indistinctly on the night air but the refrain, oft repeated, gradually seeped through his mind:

"Walk the golden road, the golden road to Jesus."

The golden road. It looked so real, so solid on the calm sea . . .

. . . . . .

They found him, two days later, bumping against the boats in the oily waters of the harbour.

Ar n-Oidhreacht

Is teanga bheo í teanga ár dtíre,
Labhair go líofa í.
Is teanga mhilis í teanga ár sinsear,
Labhair go nádúrtha í.
Is teanga bhríomhar í teanga na nGael,
Labhair go díoscasach í.

Is scéalta deasa iad scéalta ár dtíre,
Inis go díograiseach iad.
Is scéalta inspéise iad scéalta ár sinsear,
Inis gan stad iad.
Is scéalta maithe iad scéalta na nGael,
Inis go dúthrachtach iad.

Is amhráin bhinne iad amhráin ár dtíre,
Abair go caoin iad.
Is amhráin bhreátha iad amhráin ár sinsear,
Abair go bog iad.
Is amhráin cheolmhara iad amhráin na nGael,
Abair go séimh iad.

ANTÓIN Ó LUACHRA (6L).

By JOHN WHYTE (1F)

THE JEWELLED BED

THE pilot made a series of S turns to lose height and, with expert precision, made a smooth landing in the narrow channel. At once the attention of the four men on board was captured by the most wonderful colours and designs as the fish wriggled or streaked past in full freedom and vigour.

John McCreesh, Jim Lynch and Bob Hedges had been touring West Africa in John's private plane, one of the amphibian class. At Kumasai they had met an old friend, Sandy McIntyre, who had greeted them warmly. He was all the more delighted to see them because, just a short while previously, he had discovered some very important information. It concerned an atoll with a ridge not more than five feet high. During storms the waves swept over it, carrying in pearl oysters which then remained safe in the sheltered lagoon. Safe indeed they were, for those jagged edges of the reef would rip asunder any oncoming boat. But now that trusted and competent friends were here, complete with a seaplane . . .

Sandy had persuaded his doubting but adventurous friends to come on this pearl-dive, and now they were only a few feet from the hidden fortune. "Gosh!" exclaimed Sandy, "look at that shell. Come on! Let's get at it!"

In a few minutes they had lowered the basket and Sandy plunged into the crystal-clear water. For the next half-hour the three friends watched Sandy tear the oysters from their mollusc. Reluctantly they decided it was enough for one load. John climbed into the cabin and turned the self-starter.

"Taxi down to the far end," yelled Sandy above the roar of the engine. "We might as well see how far the shell bed stretches."

Gradually the water grew deeper until it was impossible to see the bottom of the lagoon. They paused for a moment. Then Jim, who was looking through the cabin windscreen, suddenly saw what looked like a large circular portion of the bottom swim towards him. He sat there, stunned into tongue-tied silence. Then, realising it was a monstrous octopus, he shouted, "Look out, John!"

John glanced at the ashen face beside him and then at the water. Quickly he thrust open the throttle and wrenched the joystick back into his stomach—but it was too late. A huge tentacle shot out of the water and pinned down the aircraft. The

tailplane was half in the water and half out of it, while the nose spluttered skywards.

Seeing how dangerous the situation was (and it would soon become much worse), Sandy grabbed an axe, clambered on to the tailplane, and hacked at the tentacle until the axe thudded into the soft woodwork of the hull. But Sandy forgot that immediately the tentacle was severed the hull would spring upwards and so, within seconds, a rather surprised Sandy found himself catapulted into the water.

John at once swung the plane round and was taxi-ing towards him. Jim was at the cabin door ready to pick him up, for they couldn't afford to keep the plane at rest in case the enraged octopus got a second chance at them.

Whether it was Sandy's weight or the speed of the plane Jim did not know, but a moment later he, too, was splashing in the water and with Sandy was striking out desperately for the nearest part of the reef. As soon as they were safely there John came swooping down on the monster, trying to frighten it into going back to the depths of the sea bed. But it soon became evident his bullying was in vain and so, with a "thumbs up" sign to their marooned companions, John and Bob flew off.

Sandy and Jim wondered what the other two had in mind, but meanwhile they had to deal with their own predicament. For some moments they had only the discomfort of sitting or standing on sharp edges to worry about, but then to their horror a quivering tentacle felt its way out of the water some distance away from them, clung on to the reef, and soon the massive octopus was clambering on to the rock.

"Come on!" gasped Sandy, "get moving."

Slowly and painfully the companions made their way on all fours along the jagged edges, hardly daring to glance back at the hideous eye which glared menacingly after them. But after a short pursuit the octopus seemed content to stay put and guard its prisoners.

Suddenly Jim heard the drone of an approaching aircraft. In its first swoop in he vaguely realised that Bob was signing to them to shelter on the other and more dangerous side of the reef. This they did as best they could. On the second run-in a package was discharged in the direction of the octopus and seconds later there came a tremendous explosion, throwing up showers of coral and almost dislodging Sandy and Jim from their precarious hold. However, when they scrambled back over the ridge they heaved a sigh of relief —the octopus had been destroyed.

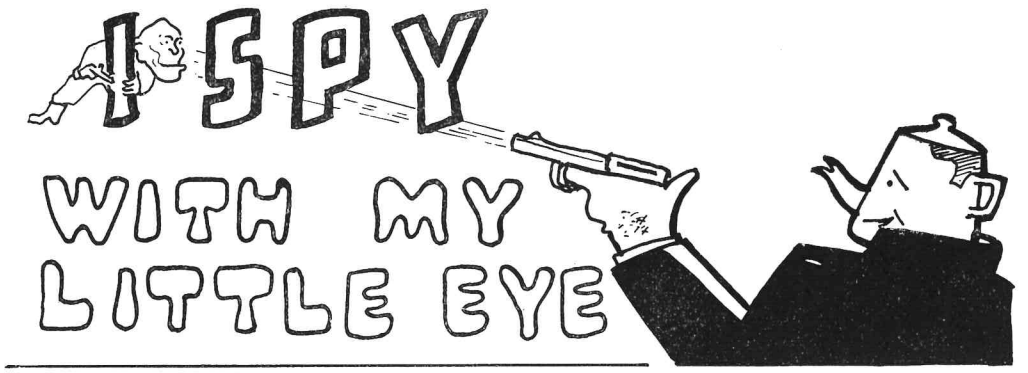
John was now landing and taxi-ing towards them. Half an hour later they were warming themselves in Sandy's house and keenly eyeing the thirty-five precious pearls on the table before them.

Time

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon my window sill,
Cocked his shiny eye and said:
"Aren't you ashamed, you sleepy-
head?"

B. HOLLY (1D).

By C. MULLAGHAN (5SA)



Author's note: A true spy story, never published before so as to avoid nation-wide panic.

Press comments:—
The Irish Stew—"Almost as good as 'I spy with my squinty eye'."

The Fast Telegraph—"Not as good as 'I spy with my bloodshot eye.'"

The Mews Litter—"Better than 'I can't spy with my black eye'."

MY name is Bruke Bond and my code number is T-4-2. My chief's number is I-8-U, but everybody affectionately calls him "Chief," except me. I call him ———.

Well, one morning I was knocked unconscious, bound and gagged, and carted down to H.Q., where the chief was conveniently waiting for me. "Cuppa," he smirked, knowing I hated that (but since he had a gun in my ribs I couldn't return compliments), "I have an important assignment for you. I want you to go to Napaj to break up a smuggling ring . . . "

Before I could offer any objections I was again knocked unconscious, bound and gagged, and (to save the taxpayer's money) transported in the luggage compartment to Napaj. When I woke up I found myself in a hotel room with a note (not a fiver, I regret to say) pinned on my coat. It read:

Dear Cuppa: Don't try to dodge assignment or you will be killed.—Love, Chief.

I ate the message, as I had seen spies do in the movies. Then suddenly I realised (with the aid of my spy's handbook) that there might be a hidden microphone in the room, so I tore the place apart. At last I found it, or rather it found me—it was one of those pointy microphones. With another look at my do-it-yourself manual I set out to trace the lead. On the sixth guess I concluded that it must surely be in Room 2. I took out my 38 (I hope the numbers are not confusing you) and entered.



" Bound and gagged and transported in the luggage compartment."

There, sitting at a beautiful, early 1961 table, was a man sporting a cute set of earphones. I popped the all-important questions: "Who is the King of Looneyland?" and "How many sheep can you count before falling asleep?" But no answer was forthcoming (mainly because I had my hand over his mouth). Suddenly he turned and made a plea for mercy, so I shot him in self-defence. One has to do some odd jobs on these assignments, and so there was but a brief twinge of doubt before I convinced myself that all was well.

The following day I took up my undercover job as a conspicuous underhanded radio-operator. My undercover name was Michael McTwirp, who had the cleanest record in our files: twenty burglaries, four arson cases, ninety-nine unproved murders and five hundred and sixty-eight unpaid parking tickets.

While I supported a wall in our canteen with my shoulders I was approached by an innocent, almost baby-faced, chap. A scar showed purple on his left cheek, and his eyes were so cold that underneath his eyelids were hot water-bottles.

"Hey, you!" he drawled in a garlic voice. I merely sniffed, and next moment he had me flat on my back with one swing.

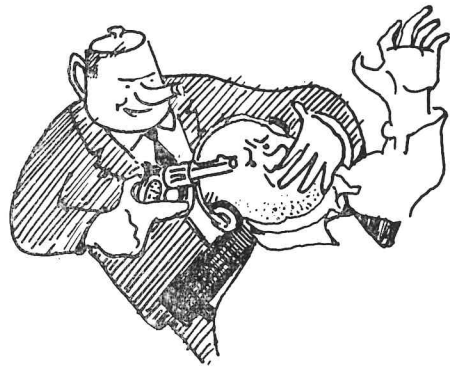
"How would you like to earn an easy 14,899 dollars or a couple of billion yen? Easy dough, son."

I answered "yes," after which he warned me to call at his apartment without fail at 57 minutes 4 seconds past seven that evening.

When I got to my room I took out my ten padded padlocks and my portable portcullis; then I felt reasonably secure. I approached my coat at an angle of 57° 4′ and extracted at an elevation of 57° 4′ my 7 cms. pen. With the utmost care I removed the cap and placed it on the table, again at an angle of 57°4′. Holding my breath I extended from the nib a 57·4″ radio aerial. I took a matchbox from my pocket. Of course it wasn't a matchbox; you probably knew all along it was a miniature camera. But you're wrong—it was a transmitter! The wire from the transmitter I earthed in my low-potential chewing gum. I flicked over the pages of my memory and at last came upon my complicated code. You probably won't understand the code, but here it is anyway:

A:1 B:2 C:3 D:4 J:10, etc.

And so with the greatest secrecy I sent fraternal greetings and explained



"Who is the King of Looneyland?"

the situation to H.Q., beginning:
25, 15, 21—81, 22, 5—10, 21, 19;
20, 6—20, 8, 5, 7, 13—.

Next morning I went to the scar-faced, cold-eyed man's apartment at 57 minutes 4 seconds past seven. He invited me in but told me to wait while he disposed of a few bodies. He confided in me that his main hobby was torturing — and I could easily believe that because his room was indeed a wreck. His bathroom was brilliant, with an acid bath and hot-and-cold running blood. On the cabinet in the sitting room he kept poison in whiskey bottles and in the other room was 90% proof.

"How about a game of Russian roulette?" he purred. "Winner takes all." I heartily declined the offer, for even though I hadn't lost yet how could I be sure he hadn't lost yet either? "I once knew a fella who lost at that game . . ." I began.

We pulled in our chairs and got down to serious business.

"What's it you want, mac?" I drawled in my best Cagney accent.

"Just a minute, you rat," he stamped in his best E. G. Robinson accent.

"Naw," I croaked a la Capone.

"Watch it, you creep," he snapped a la Bogarte.

"Way off, wee lad," I jerked in my best Belfast nasal. That shut him up.

He disappeared into the bedroom before you could say: Count Charles Compton Carlo Castleton of Carlobovilidia — vulgarly known in these parts as Jack Robinson. He was back again before you could count backwards. He had something in his hand.

"Here," he muttered unfeelingly.

I saw at a glance that it was a thick hair shirt. Counting at super speed I noticed that there were 8,000,000 hairs on the shirt. He indicated that they were for making 800 wigs—799 for baldy Americans and 1 for a famous baldy Russian who will remain anonymous. He added, with some warmth, that there was a great demand among men for these wigs. (Are you sure your father's hair is real?).

We made arrangements to get them by the Customs. That would be easy enough.

Then I was told what to do when I got them to Acirema. I was to go



I saw at a glance that it was a thick hairshirt.

into a certain barber shop and ask for a Yul Brynner cut. While our contact man was pretending to cut my hair I was to drop the hairs one by one on the floor. When I had left he would brush them up and make them into wigs . . .

The plane was due to take off at 4.57 a.m. I took up my position in the cockpit. I was uneasy. Soon the crew noticed my uneasiness as I turned and twisted and tried to

scratch myself all over. They asked me what was wrong, but I reassured them it was only a nasty itch. You could see they were enjoying my discomfiture.

Suddenly I stiffened, and started to shiver. Yes, I knew. I knew that fortune from the gullible public (of course, dear reader, this is not one of those made-up lousy yarns).

To keep this story action-packed I made a dramatic attempt to get help. I whispered at the top of my voice over our emergency service: "I-8-u."



Brainwashing, using the c r e a m y lather of Brand X soap.

the cold-eyed Benjamin Abraham Scarborough had boarded the plane.

We were only fifteen minutes in the air when Scarborough with the aid of 57 men and boys began his take-over bid. One of our officers tried to rush him but Ben ventilated his stomach. They quickly took control of the plane, but baby-face Benjamin had no traitorous designs on me—at least for the present. Somehow, he had found out that I could still be of use to him. He had uncovered me as a spy (or a "peep-creep" as he called it) and he would now make me write lousy spy stories so that he could amass a

"I-8-u-2." was the unhelpful answer.

"This is T-4-2," I fumed.

"This is 4-4-T, and with you coming that makes 5-4-T," he cracked.

I then decided to give him the international sign for help needed: "May die." It was at that moment I was knocked unconscious, bound and gagged, and dumped in one corner.

When I woke up I found I was in a fix, but by sheer will power I decided to remain where I was.

People have always been jealous of my self control.

Ten hours and seven thousand pleas for help later we arrived at Mossgo in the land of Ruska. By that time, however, I had undone the knots. I rose quietly and was just about to put into practice the hints given in our do-it-or-die manual when I was overpowered again. They dumped me in a dark cell with glaring white walls. Next day they began the pleasant operation of brain-washing, using the creamy lather of Brand X soap.

They then told me I'd be released in four days' time—by being executed. So, with this happy thought in my mind, I took out my nail file and started scraping at the wall. I kept at the work constantly, for you know I am a patient man and have great self-control. On the fourth day I had only half an inch to go (it was most boring) when I heard them approaching. They opened the door. There were six of them. All was lost! I kicked the wall in disgust and it caved in. I churned my feet so fast that the floor became so hot that the six of them jumped up in the air and hit the ceiling and were knocked out. Of course I had anticipated this.

My next obstacle was a four hundred foot wall. With a brilliant jump I made a calculated landing—and came down on my head in order to soften the impact on my feet. So with a little soreness and slightly ruffled hair I raced on. Well, to make a long story short (and cut out a lot of hoojah): I stole an airplane, rode a bike for a hundred miles or more, swam across six rivers, walked forty kilometres, drove a car while ten gallons lasted, and finally crawled the last few yards into the Chief's office.

Right before his eyes I threw down all my information, and said, "I-8-U. Here you are."

I flashed my white teeth; and all the Chief wondered about was . . . where my yellow ones had gone?

So ends the 574th exploit of Bruke Bond, T-4-2 secret agent.



By TERRY McMULLAN (6L)

BON SANG NE PEUT MENTIR

BIEN que notre collège jouisse d'une ambiance très libérale, "cherchez la femme" n'y est point populaire comme devise. Chose étrange cependant, c'est que le bruit courait, l'an dernier, qu'on avait vu une jeune femme en plein jour dans la cour de récréation. Pourtant nous n'avons pas eu besoin de nous livrer longtemps à des conjectures, car on nous a bientôt présenté l'inconnue qui était en effet Mademoiselle Viard, une jeune fille française qui avait filé à l'anglaise de son cours universitaire pour venir prendre le joli accent de Belfast. Aussi était-elle venue pour enseigner la conversation française aux élèves.

De prime abord, la révélation de son identité nous a donné un vrai coup. La tradition collègienne de parler français avec l'accent de North Antrim était déjà bien établie à cette époque. "Cette Française va en avoir de grises," disait-on. Mademoiselle Viard, qui comme Jeanne d'Arc était native de Lorraine, déclara immédiatement alors la guerre à la tradition. Pour se faire l'émule de la Pucelle d'Orléans, elle gagna bientôt, en tant que championne de sa langue maternelle, une totale victoire, armée seulement d'un charme irrésistible et d'aptitudes extraordinaires.

Si l'on s'attendait à ce que cette jeune femme se sentît intimidée de se trouver toute seule à l'étranger en compagnie d'un millier de garçons, décidément on se trompait! Elle tenait bien la classe, et, sans hésitation, arrangeait les chahuteurs de la belle façon. Un seul mot de réprobation de sa part suffisait pour produire un silence presque sépulcral dans la salle de classe. En moins de rien, ses élèves faisaient un progrès appréciable en français.

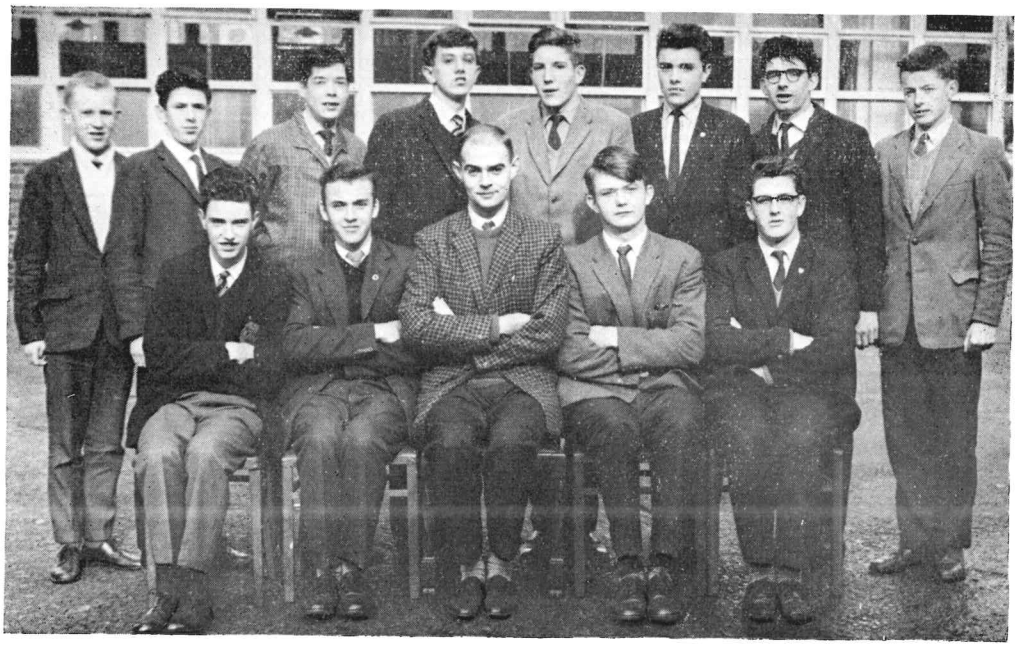
Sans aucun doute, Mademoiselle Viard consacrait tous ses efforts à bien remplir son rôle d'assistante de français. Tandis qu'elle passait toute la journée à supporter patiemment le brouhaha de toute une ribambelle d'enfants, elle gardait le plupart de son temps libre pour donner des classes supplémentaires aux premiers. De plus elle se donna de la peine pour leur trouver des situations en France pendant les grandes vacances. Comment se fait-il qu'une jeune femme puisse dépenser autant d'énergie au service d'autrui . . . .?

Cette année l'apogée de notre séjour plutôt éducatif en France ètait, bien entendu, une visite chez les Viard. Cette famille à la fois sympathique et accueillante nous a donné un vif témoignage de l'hospitalité bien connue des Français. C'est ainsi que nous avons vu quelle ètait la source de la gentillesse qui nous avait tant enchanté chez nous. C'était simplement la vérification de l'adage "Tels parents, telle fille." Nous avons trouvé dans sa famille l'explication de son comportement impeccable.

Il arrive souvent que lorsqu'on veut remercier quelqu'un d'une bonne action, les mots qu'on prononce ne semblent qu'un faible écho de la sincère gratitude qu'on porte dans le coeur. Pourtant, pour aussi insuffisant que ce soit, veuillez accepter, Mademoiselle, ce faible hommage à votre bonté, car votre souvenir restera longtemps vif parmi nous.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

THE LEGION OF MARY



THE Legion of Mary is an association of lay people who have pledged themselves to work for the spread of God's Kingdom in union with Mary, God's Mother, and under her banner. Membership of the Legion offers to pupils an opportunity of participating in an excellent and well-organised manner in the apostolate of Catholic Action and thereby increasing in sanctity themselves. Membership of the school praesidium is open to all pupils in the senior division of the school and a cordial invitation is extended to all such boys who feel a call to do that something extra for God in the person of His poorer followers.

The main work undertaken by the school praesidium—"Our Lady Queen of the World"—is performed in the Morning Star Hostel, Dover Street, where members assist in the preparation and serving of meals, and perform other duties assigned to them by the Senior Legionaries. Members also help, in a supervisory

capacity, in the running of the Ignatius Rice Boys' Club in Marquis Street. They also help to spread good Catholic literature by selling C.T.S. booklets in school. Recruiting of auxiliaries and the spreading of devotion to the Miraculous Medal is also undertaken. Chairmanship of Junior Patrician groups also forms part of members' work.

The Legion annual outing took place at the end of May. This year we visited Armagh, where Rev. Br. O'Shea made us feel very welcome and ensured that our stay was very pleasant. We wish to thank the school Principal, Rev. Br. Magee, for his generous contribution towards the cost of the outing.

Our President for the current year is Mr. Eugene McEleavy, an active member of the Queen's University Praesidium. Our sincere thanks are due to him and to our other officers for the fine example they have set us of regular attendance and devotion to the Legion's cause.

OFFICERS, 1963

President: Mr. Eugene McEleavy.
Vice-President: Gerard Patton.
Treasurer: Martin O'Callaghan.
Secretary: John McBride.
Spiritual Director: Rev. Br. J. N. Glespen.

PIONEER ASSOCIATION



Student members of the School Council.

A school branch of the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association was set up last March. The members of the Council are as follows: Br. P. L. Mallon, Mr. J. Toner, R. McLaughlin, F. Kelly, B. McConvery, J.

McGlinchey, J. McCormick and G. McAleavy.

To date, over 50 students have joined the school Pioneer centre either as probationers or full Pioneers, while it is pleasing to note that many others have joined their Parish Centres.

The Pioneer Association is NOT an anti-drink organisation. It recognises that drink is a gift of God and if used properly can help people to suitable enjoyment and the proper service of God. The Association is for those who wish to make a sacrifice of this gift, not for monetary or other selfish cause but for the 5 intentions set out in the Heroic Offering:

> For Thy greater glory and consolation O Sacred Heart of Jesus, for Thy sake to give good example, to practise self denial, to make reparation for the sins of intemperance, and for the conversion of excessive drinkers, I will abstain for life from all intoxicating drink.

All Pioneers are urged to be faithful in reciting this prayer morning and evening as it keeps before them the real motive of their sacrifice.

Copies of the Pioneer monthly magazine (price 5d.) may be obtained in the school by Pioneers and non Pioneers alike, by contacting any member of the school centre.

ATHLETICS

DESPITE the persistently inclement weather, athletic activities started soon after Easter. Once again the Casement Park Committee kindly allowed us to use their grounds for practices, not without inconvenience to themselves, as they were engaged in re-sodding much of the pitch. The turnout for practices was so good that it was decided to hold the School Sports once again after a year's lapse.

Celtic Park was, as usual, the venue and in this connection it cannot be stressed too often that our sincerest thanks are due to the Committee for facilitating us on each occasion that we asked for the use of their ideal pitch.

The Sports were held on Thursday, May 9th. We were very fortunate indeed that the weather proved ideal for the occasion. The grounds were in excellent condition and thanks are well deserved by those who helped to mark the track and prepare the various jumping-pits. The red and white discs used to mark the various starting and finishing points, and which had been designed and made by Rev. Br. J. A. McGirr, were much admired and deservedly so.

In the under 13 section K. Woods attracted attention by his strong running in winning the 80 yards sprint. Vincent Best cleared 4 ft. 1 in. to beat the previous best performance of 4 ft. by E. Cunningham (R.I.P.) in 1958. The IA relay team made a new school record of 1m. 1.1 secs. for the 4 x 110 yds.

In the Under 14 Section A. Hamill covered himself with glory by winning both the 100 yds. and 220 yds. sprints. The relay team from 2C clipped 4 secs. off the previous best performance of 1 m. 2 secs, made in 1958.

M. Reid proved the outstanding athlete in the Inter-Section (under 16). He had a triple victory by beating all rivals in the 100 yds., 220 yds. and discus events. With a throw of 116 ft. in the last of these he beat the record set up by J. Hope in 1957 by $3\frac{3}{4}$ ins. P. Murphy also deserves mention, as he took first place in the 880 yds. and long jump. Helped by the strong running of M. Reid, 4LA won the relay race in the new record time of 53.1 secs.

In the Senior Section (under 19) P. McManus had the distinction of

winning the Mile, High Jump and Long Jump, while J. Ferrie had a double in the 12lb. shot and discus. Again the relay record was broken when 5LB returned a time of 50.9 secs.

St. Mary's were hosts to the various Ulster C.B. Schools on Saturday, 18th June, when the Athletic Championships were held in Celtic Park. Torrential rain fell at intervals during the morning, but fortunately the clouds moved off and no rain fell during the afternoon, but a blustery wind made conditions anything but ideal. At 2-30 p.m. sharp the gun sounded and the 880 yards Inter. was under way.

While giving every credit to the performances of other schools it must be stated that St. Mary's athletes carried off most of the trophies. In fact they won all three trophies awarded to the best teams in each section.

A. Hamill again proved his worth by winning both the 100 yds. and 220 yds. M. Reid did likewise in the Inter. Section, and in so doing he equalled the record time of 10.2 secs. in the 100 yds. and created a new record of 29.8 secs. in the 220 yds., beating that set up by B. Murphy of St. Mary's in 1960 by 0.1 secs. In fact this was the only record made at the meeting. J. Neary, who came second in the 100 yds. and 220 yds., together with M. Reid, made certain that we would win in the Inter. Relay.

St. Mary's dominated the Shot events. B. McGlue and W. Hodgkinson took first and second places in the Inter 8lb. Shot, as did J. Ferrie and G. Lambe with the 12lb. Shot. Their success, no doubt, was due in no small measure to the tuition of an acknowledged but anonymous expert!

In the seventeen field events St. Mary's boys took first place in no less than six. Two of them have already been mentioned, then we had the victories of B. McCallion in the Javelin Junior; L. Dowds, who was first in the High Jump Inter.; W. Taylor, who threw the Inter. Javelin a distance of 126 ft. 2 ins.; and finally, J. Ferrie, who won the Discus Senior event.

The meeting was run off with that smooth efficiency which we have come to expect at these championships each year. We in St. Mary's express our sincere appreciation of the invaluable assistance we received from the officials of other schools.

This virtually ended our athletic activities for the year. The shadow of exams. loomed above both boys and teachers, and performances on paper rather than on track engaged all our attention.

Last year we concluded our account of school athletics by expressing the hope that St. Mary's would have its own sports-ground available by May, 1963. Time has proved our hopes too sanguine, but the arrival of bull-dozers on the site in mid-October has dispelled our disappointment. Beannacht Dé ar an obair!

DRAMA

THE last two academic years have brought an innovation to St. Mary's in the form of examiners in speech from Dublin's Royal Irish Academy of Music. Each year about 300 boys have been entered for grades II and III, with very gratifying results. The vast majority passed the examination, many of them gaining 1st and 2nd Class Certificates. The examiners were unanimous in their opinion that the standard of sight-reading of both seen and unseen passages of prose and verse was higher in Belfast than elsewhere in Ireland.

The Drama Section staged the now-customary Prize Day production in December, this time a Nativity play with a carol background. It was so successful that a development of this is currently being prepared which, it is hoped, will be equally satisfactory. The appalling weather conditions precluded any serious effort at recapturing the Shakespeare Trophy at the Belfast Musical Festival, as it would have been out of the question to ask the boys to come in specially for rehearsals during that Arctic spell. Next March, however, a team will be entered for this keen competition, the standard of which rises steadily.

HURLING

UNDER 14 HURLING

WE won the League more easily than usual. In the first match we defeated a small Holy Child team by 14 pts. to 3. St. Malachy's provided much stronger opposition but we won. We then met St. Peter's on a flooded Falls pitch and "swam" to a 6-0 to 1-0 victory. In the final against Hardinge St. in Casement we had to play hard in the first half against strong attacks but our backs stood firm. In the second half our forwards showed their paces and we won well.

Championship: After our easy win in the League we were confident of the double. We beat Glen Rd. C.B.S., in the semi-final after a hard fought match. Our opponents in the final were Hardinge St. This was a much improved team but again we won comfortably. The double was ours.

Team: P. Rea, R. Rice, C. Fay, F. Donnelly, R. McIlroy, M. Collins, B. Bunting, J. Brophy, P. Curran, A. Hamill, P. Hennessy, S. Kennedy, E. Johnston, J. McCann, J. Wilson, K. Steele, P. Totten, J. McAleese, S. Ward, S. Collins, J. Mulholland, P. Regan.



UNDER 13 HURLING



Championship

IN this knock-out series we had an easy win against Hardinge St. in MacRory Park and then in the semi-final against St. Comgall's. Our first-time, ground pulling on the ball certainly paid dividends for between these two matches we had an aggregate of 17 goals!

We were now in the Final, and how excited we were! The match was being played in Casement, too, and most of us had never played there before. The big occasion, the small goal-posts, and the pitch within a pitch, may have been the cause but anyhow we were very slow in settling down. After many wides we gradually improved and were 2-1 in the lead at half time. St. Thomas's staged an all-out rally on the resumption and scored a good goal, but our backs didn't panic and soon our midfielders and forwards were in control of the game. We won to the score of 6-2 to 1-1. We had now gained the Under 13 Championship double. We then went on to win the League without much difficulty.

Special tribute must be paid to Mr. R. Morris, Mr. T. Moloney and Mr. J. Moloney who devoted so much time and care to the training of these young teams.

ULSTER COLLEGES' JUNIOR HURLING, 1963

THIS competition was played in two divisions. Our two opponents were St. Michael's, Omeath, whom we easily defeated, and Hardinge Street C.B.S., whom we defeated by the narrow margin of one point. The winners in the other section were St. Mac Nissi's, G a r r o n Tower. We travelled to Glenariffe to play them in the final, and by this team of Antrim "giants" we were vanquished.

The team: P. Rea, P. Ward, R. Skeffington, T. Kernaghan, F Donnelly, S. McQuillan, J. Rowan,

D. McGuigan, D. McCurry, B. Molloy, A. McGlone, A. Hamill, R. McIlroy, G. Pollock, A. Poland, G. Cassidy, C. Cassidy, C. Carson, S. Drumm, D. Quinn, B. Cooper, B. Rice.

Belfast Schools: Under 15 Hurling League, 1963

IN this competition St. Mary's had no difficulty in defeating St. Malachy's, St. Finian's, St. Gabriel's and St. Thomas'. But in Hardinge St. C.B.S. team we met stiff opposition, and they deprived us of the Schools' Trophy.

The team: R. McIlroy, G. Cassidy, B. Cooper, P. Ward, P. Rea, T. Kernaghan, D. McGuigan, F. Donnelly, J. Rowan, A. McGlone, D. McCurry, A. Hamill, S. Drumm, B. Rice, D. Quinn, A. Poland, R. Skeffington, C. Carson.

FOOTBALL

UNDER 13 FOOTBALL

The League

THIS year a new series of competitions began — Hurling and Football for the under 13's. Regular practice and our own 1st year class matches showed that we had good talent. We looked forward to our first match in the Schools' League but unfortunately our meeting with St. Gabriel's was postponed. Then we had to meet Glen Rd. C.B.S., who already had the benefit of matches. Though we defended well when playing uphill in the Falls our inexperience told against us in the second half and we were beaten 2-3 to 0-4. Our League hopes were now dashed, but we did not give up and in Corrigan we beat St. Thomas's by 2 goals.

Championship: We got a bye into the semi-final, though this did not please us. We now met the Glen Rd. and a battle royal ensued. This time we showed greater understanding than previously and though our opponents mounted attack after attack in the dying minutes of the game we won by 3-2 to 1-3. Now for the Final! We knew that no Hardinge St. team is a pushover so we prepared diligently for this all-important match. Playing with the slope on a heavy MacRory pitch we combined well to score 2 goals 1 pt. without letting our rivals get any score. In the second half we were mainly on the defensive, and well our backs stood up to it. We won by 2-1 to 1-0 and so St. Mary's became the 1st Under 13 Football champions.

Team: K. Woods, G. Branagh, A. Quinn, A. Thornbury, C. McCavana, P. Regan, G. Nellis, P. McCormick, M. McAleese, P. Moutray, T. Trainor, S. Ward, M. Teggart, M. McGivern, J. Molloy, S. O'Neill, D. Leddy, H. Crossey, G. O'Hagan, J. Caldwell, S. Collins, J. Mulholland, R. McIlhatton, G. McLister.

UNDER 14 FOOTBALL

League

OUR first opponents were St. Comgall's whom we defeated easily. Our next match was in Ballysillan against a strong St. Gabriel's team but we won by 4 goals to 1. St. Thomas's were beaten by 4-6 to 0-6. In the Falls we came up against Glen Road C.B.S. and by half time our chances looked very slim indeed but a last minute goal gave us victory. Hardinge St. were next overcome and that brought us to our final match — against Bearnageeha, who were also undefeated. This



Under 14 League winners.

meeting in Casement proved a very close affair. Defences on both sides were very good but at the final whistle we had won by 3-1 to 2-1.

McMahon Cup: Our first match was against our old rivals Hardinge St. In our previous three encounters in this competition they had won easily but now after a very close first half we pulled out to win comfortably. In the semi-final we played the formidable Newry C.B.S., but we got off to a good start and this gave us confidence. We had a comfortable win. In the final, however, played in Ballinascreen after Easter we met a big Derry team. Our lads seemed overawed by the occasion and the opposition, and so played very badly. Derry ran out easy and deserving winners.

Championship: In the Belfast Championship we had easy victories over St. Comgall's and Hardinge St. In the final we again met Bearnageeha who got off to a good start with two early goals. Though we fought back to narrow the gap a very fit Bearnageeha team pulled ahead and deserved their 5 pts. win.

Team: P. Rice, P. Sloane, R. McIlroy, T. Frawley, P. Hennessy, B. McCallion, P. Ward, J. McCann, J. Wilson, M. Collins, P. Curran, A. Hamill, P. Totten, K. Steele, B. Hughes, P. Mulholland, T. Smyth, S. Kennedy, K. O'Kane, T. Colgan.

UNDER 15 FOOTBALL

Corn na nOg

IN our section we played Hardinge St., St. Colman's and St. McNissi's. Against a fit Hardinge St. we played very badly and suffered our biggest defeat of the season. We improved against St. Colman's and played well for most of the game but were eventually beaten. We continued to show improvement against St. McNissi's and, after a hard-fought match, we beat them by a point in their home ground.

League: In the Belfast League we were defeated only once — by Hardinge St. Even in this game we could have won if our forwards had been accurate. Against St. Thomas's we wiped out their half-time lead of nine points and went on to win by 5 pts. We beat St. Gabriel's on a heavy Ballysillan pitch by 4 pts. and then accounted for St. Malachy's, but only by a small margin. Our last match, against Glen Rd. C.B.S., gave us another victory, to leave us runners-up in the League.

Championship: Our first-round match against St. Thomas's proved unexpectedly easy for us. Then in the semi-final we beat St. Malachy's in a game where defensive errors by them gave us victory. The final was against Hardinge St. in Casement. This was a thriller. We lost, however, by 1 point.

Team: T. Frawley, G. Cassidy, C. Carson, R. Cooper, R. McIlroy, J. Rowan, D. Quinn, R. Rice, D. Cormican, R. Skeffington, L. Fegan, D. McCurry, J. Cushnahan, T. McGlone, M. Kelly, S. Donnelly, G. Pollock, A. Hamill, P. Curran, P. Mulholland, J. McCann, J. Murphy.

SWIMMING AND WATER POLO

DURING the 1962-63 season St. Mary's 1st team of the previous year remained intact and so it was confidently expected that we would retain the Canada Trophy. We had win after win until we met "Inst," who drew with us. We later met them in the final and again it was a draw. A play-off was necessary and "Inst" won convincingly—our congratulations to them!

Despite the loss of the Canada Trophy we "redeemed" ourselves by winning the Minor League at the first attempt. Neptune, our nearest rivals, were mainly from "Inst." Of a total of 98 goals scored, E. McPeake got 38 and G. Lambe 32.

Our second team also acquitted themselves well in the Schools' League, but unfortunately no less than 10 of our best players have gone, leaving an unusual void for the current season.

G. Lambe, E. McPeake, P. McGoldrick and G. O'Neill were selected for the Ulster Schoolboys' Inter-Provincial series and also for the Belfast v Dublin (under 19) fixture. W. Stewart, W. McGlue and G. McIlduff were picked on the Under 16 team.

The outstanding player of the year was undoubtedly our captain, Gerry Lambe. He played for Clonard when they beat the Scottish champions, Galashiels, and when they won the Senior Irish Cup. It is generally held that it will not be long before he is capped for Ireland.

Swimmers from the school took part in the Ulster and Irish Championships and though they had no great successes they were happy to be able to participate and gain valuable experience. Our team was grateful to "Inst," and in particular to Mr. Stewart, for the welcome extended us at their annual gala.

Finally, a word of sincere greeting to Mr. O'Callaghan, that great swimming and polo enthusiast, who is now on the staff of St. Mary's; our

thanks to Br. Murphy, who gives us continued support, and to Mr. Lally, our coach — this year he has the difficult task of building a school team from scratch, but we have every confidence in him and will give him our loyal support.

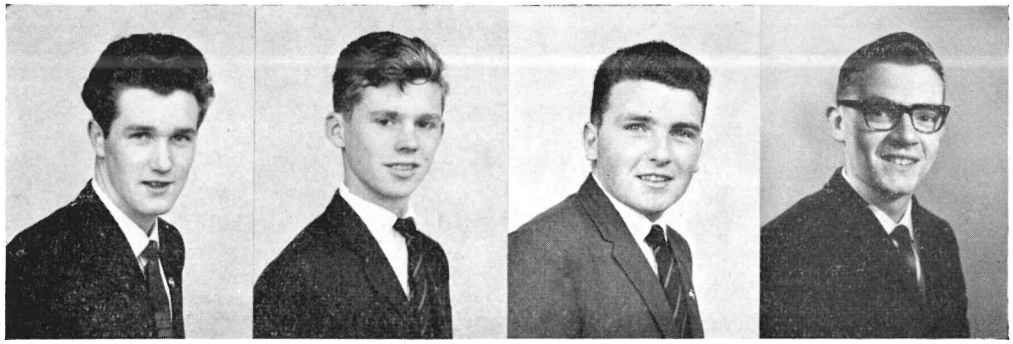
1st team: W. Johnston, G. Lambe, J. Ferrie, E. McPeake, P. McGoldrick, J. McAlea.

2nd team: G. O'Neill, B. McGuinness, B. McGlue, D. Coyle, M. Rea, W. Stewart.

W. STEWART (5 LC).

AN CUMANN DIOSPOIREACHTA

An Fhoireann:



B. Mac Aonghusa **S. Mac Ádhaimh** **T. Ó Donghaile** **G. Mac Canna**

CUIREADH tús luath le himeachtaí an Chumainn don Scoilbhliain 1962-63. Bhí díospóireacht ann gach seachtain comhair a bheith ar ábhair de gach cineál. Bhí na chéad iarrachtaí útamálach agus lag go leor ach níorbh fhada go raibh na cainteoirí in ann tabhairt faoi na mná nach bhfanann sa chistin! Ní raibh siad ar an aon intinn faoi phíonós an bháis a chur ar ceal ach ní raibh amhras dá laghad orthu faoi phíonós corpartha sna scoileanna!

Nuair a bhí a sá cleachtaithe acu toghadh dhá fhoireann a tháinig os comhair an tsaoil san Ardscoil leis an cheist seo leanas a chaibidil: "Gur chóir d'Éirinn leanstan de athbheochan na Gaeilge ó tharla go mbeidh sí ina ball de Chomhargadh na hEorpa."

Ar fhoireann A bhí Tomás Ó Donghaile, B. Mac Aonghusa, P. Ó Dochartaigh agus M. Ó Ceallacháin. Ar taigh agus M. Ó Ceallacháin. Ar fhoireann B bhí G. Mac Canna, C. Mac Gradaigh, S. Ó Maoileoin agus S. Mac Adhaimh.

Go gairid ina dhiaidh sin cuireadh tús le Comórtas Díospóireachta Ghael Linn agus ar ndóigh ghlac an Cumann páirt ann. Is san Ardscoil a bhí an chéad bhabhta ar siúl agus bhí trí scoil páirteach ann, mar a bhí: Clochar Naomh Doiminic, Port na Binne Uaine; Coláiste Naomh Maolmhaodhóg, Béal Feirste, agus Scoil Mhuire.

"Tá deireadh le ré na náisiún beag" an t-ábhar díospóireachta a tugadh, agus pléadh an cheist go maith. Ag an deireadh thug na moltóirí an chraobh d'fhoireann s' againne. Seo

leanas an ceathrar a sheas an fód go buach dúinne: Tomás Ó Donghaile, Seán Mac Ádhaimh, Georóid Mac Canna agus Breandán Mac Aonghusa. Agus chuir Tomás Ó Donghaile an dlaoi mhullaigh ar an bhua sin nuair a bhain sé an duais don chainteoir ab fhearr.

Ba thrua an scéal é, ar bhealach, nach raibh babhta eile den Chomórtas ann le cleachtadh a tabhairt dár bhfoireann sular thug siad aghaidh ar an Ómaigh le iarraidh a thabhairt ar Chraobh Uladh a bhaint.

I gClochar Loreto, An Ómaigh, a tháinig na foirne le chéile: Clochar Lughaidh, Muimhneachán; Clochar Loreto, An Ómaigh; Clochar Loreto, Leitir Ceanainn; agus Scoil Mhuire, ar a raibh an ceathrar céanna a luadh cheana. An ceathrar gasúr bocht agus iad ag dul a dh'iomaíocht le dáréag ban! Nach minic a deirtear go mbíonn deis a labhartha ag na mná agus, leis an fhírinne a dhéanamh, crúthaíodh sin ar an Ómaigh an tráthnóna sin.

"Is í an Fhrainc agus ní Meiriceá atá mar threoraí ag an Domhan" an rún a bhí le plé acu. Cé go mbeadh an-chuid daoine ag déanamh gur ábhar tur go maith a bhí ann, b'iontach mar a d'éirigh leis na cainteoirí óga uilig beocht agus brí a chur sa mhéid a bhí le rá acu. Rinneadh tagairt don pholaitíocht ar ndóigh, do De Gaulle, do Uachtarán Mheiriceá, dá bhean Jackie, do Dior agus fiú don Mhona Lisa. Bhí na cailíní ar thaobh na Fraince agus na bhfaisiún mar ba dhual dóibh a bheith ach thug na buachaillí an chraobh do Mheiriceá as ucht a chumhacht míleata.

Mhol an moltóir na foirne uilig agus cé nach raibh an fhoireann ó Scoil Mhuire mórán chun deiridh, d'admhaigh gach fear inti go raibh Craobh Uladh saothraithe go maith ag Clochar Lughaidh, Muimhneachán.

Chím go mbeidh Corn ar leith le baint ag an fhoireann is fearr sna Sé Chondae i mbliana. Má leanann baill an Chumainn faoi láthair sompla na ndaoine a chuaigh rompu cá bhfios bhfios nach ag Scoil Mhuire a bheas an Corn sin.

CHESS



Ulster Schoolboys' Championship winners:

H. McGrillen (Senior) and G. McAleavy (Junior).

ST. Mary's entered the Belfast Schools' Chess League for the second time in 1962-63. We played our first match against "Inst." and won by the fine score of 5-1. As "Inst" had beaten us easily the year before this seemed a good omen. Our next

match was against Belfast Royal Academy who had also beaten us the year before. Again, however, we surprised ourselves by winning 5-1.

Our win against Campbell College $3\frac{1}{2}$-$2\frac{1}{2}$ was good, considering that we played the match with one man less than our opponents. The next team we met was M.C.B., who were last year's champions and had a strong team. After a tough struggle we lost by $3\frac{1}{2}$-$2\frac{1}{2}$ and this ensured that M.C.B. would win the League. We had only one more match to play: this was against Annadale and we won by 4-2.

Although we failed to win the league our performance shows how much we have improved since last year.

H. McGrillen won the Senior section of the Ulster Schoolboys' Championship with ease while I won the Junior section. H. McGrillen also was runner-up in the Irish Schoolboys' Championship held in Dublin at Easter. G. McCurdy again had the best individual score of our team and for the second year running he won the St. Paul's Senior Championship.

This has been a very successful year for the school, which has now established itself as one of the strongest in Belfast. We now hope to do even better in the future. Would those students who are keen on chess please contact Br. L. B. Murphy or any member of the team.

Chess Team ('62-63) : H. McGrillen, G. McCurdy, G. McAleavy, P. McMahon, K. James, D. Lavery.

G. McALEAVY (6L).

GOLF

DURING the year a team consisting of golfing enthusiasts among students and staff was formed to play a selection from the Past Pupils. The students were B. Turk, T. Higgins, B. Liddy, P. McRandal, A. Burke, S. Hannon, and the staff members were Mr. Heery, G. Kennedy, J. Fearon, O. Cahill, R. Ewins and T. P. Mulholland. Among the talented array of the opposition were Mr. M. Smyth, P. McCoy, V. McEvoy, Jack Sloane.

The meeting took place at Balmoral on Ascension Thursday, and what a glorious day that was! The competition was soon in full swing and though we were eventually beaten we all agreed it had been a very enjoyable meeting. Afterwards the Past Pupils entertained us to tea in the Clubhouse, and short speeches were made by the captain of Balmoral (Mr. Fraser) and by various team members.

We would like to thank the Past Pupils, and especially their captain, J. Thompson, for their generosity on this occasion and to extend to them an invitation to meet us again in '64.

We also arranged a match against St. Malachy's on 1st November. We were, however, well beaten — but we hope to do better next time.

Finally, we appeal to those golfers among our students who have not yet joined the School Team. Come and join us now, for we will certainly need replacements when many of our members leave next summer.

P. McRANDAL (6S).

COLAISTI SAMHRAIDH

BHÍ suas le ocht scór gasúr as an scoil seo sa Ghaeltacht i mbliana —an scaifte is mó riamh. I gColáiste Cholmcille, Gaoth Dobhair a bhí a mbunús.

Lá scamallach a bhí ann nuair a d'fhágamar Béal Feirste. Bhaineamar Doire amach thart faoin haon a chlog agus cupla uair a chloig ina dhiaidh bhíomar i gceartlár na Gaeltachta. Chuir muintir na dtithe fáilte mhór romhainn agus tugadh tae breá dúinn. Bhí an tae céanna de dhíth go mór orainn mar bhí tuirse agus ocras orainn i ndiaidh an turais fhada.

Scoil Dobhair, Scoil Chonaill agus Scoil Mhuire i nDoirí Beaga a bhí in úsáid ag an scaifte seo againne. Bhí uachtarán úr ar an Choláiste i mbliana — an tAthair Mac Sheáin. Ach thug an tAthair Mac Eiteagáin, a bhí ina uachtarán leis na blianta, cuairt orainn lá amháin i rith na míosa agus cuireadh fáilte Uí Cheallaigh roimhe. Gabhaimid buíochas leis as a ndearna sé ar son scoláirí Scoil Mhuire agus guímid gach rath air mar shagart paróiste ar an Charraig.

Bhíodh ranganna gach aon lá ach amháin Dé Domhnaigh. Cionn is an aimsir bheith chomh maith i mbliana bhí faill againn dul chun na trá gach lá agus thaitin sé go mór linn. Bhí cead ár gcos againn sa tráthnóna.

Bhí cúpla céilí i n-aghaidh na seachtaine. Tháinig na cailíní as scoil na Luinní. Léirigh Aisteoirí Ghaoth Dobhair an-chuid drámaí san Amharclann agus bhain an lucht éisteachta an-taithneamh astu.

Tháinig deireadh an tréimhse agus d'imíomar linn chun an bhaile ach bhí dúil chomh mór sin ag gach duine againn san áit go bhfuil mé cinnte go bhfillfidh ár bhfurmhór an bhliain seo chugainn.

LIAM MAC DÁIBHÍ (5LA).

MUSIC

THIS year saw the formation of a school orchestra in St. Mary's. Orchestra is, perhaps, too grand a word, bringing to mind, as it does, the magnificent sight of a hundred musicians about to give a performance of "Beethoven's 5th" or "Stravinsky's "Firebird" to a hushed audience of some two thousand people. Yes, perhaps it is a slight exaggeration to call our own small collection of three violins, three guitars, four recorders and a piano, an orchestra. But no matter what name you give this slightly unorthodox gathering of musicians, there can be no doubting their enthusiasm.

Every Saturday we met in the music room for a two-hour rehearsal. We played almost every type of music from Thelonious Monk's "Blue Monk" to Franz Liszt's "Liebestraum," from "Stranger on the Shore" to "Cockles and Mussels." Not only did we enjoy ourselves at these meetings but also the experience of playing together was one which we all valued.

Already our numbers have been reduced. Two of our founder members have gone to the priesthood, one to the Jesuits, the other to the Dominicans. Two others are now studying at Queen's University. Therefore we hope that in the coming year new members will come forward and strengthen our ranks.

P. McGRORY (6.S.A.).

TENNIS

FOR the first time ever we have a school tennis team, in fact we have two teams: the senior team (under eighteen) and the junior team (under sixteen).

Next year we are going to enter these teams in the Ulster Schools' Cup Competition. Each team in this competition has four players who each play a singles and a doubles match.

We are rather proud of the junior team and think that they will do very well in the junior section of the competition because three of the players in it won junior tennis tournaments in 1963.

Michael Farnan won the Belfast U.15 Hardcourt title at Easter, the Ulster U.15 Hardcourt title in July, and was a semi-finalist in the Irish U.15 Grasscourt Championship.

Damien McGuigan won the Ulster U.15 Grasscourt title in July and the Belfast Under 16 Hardcourt title in August.

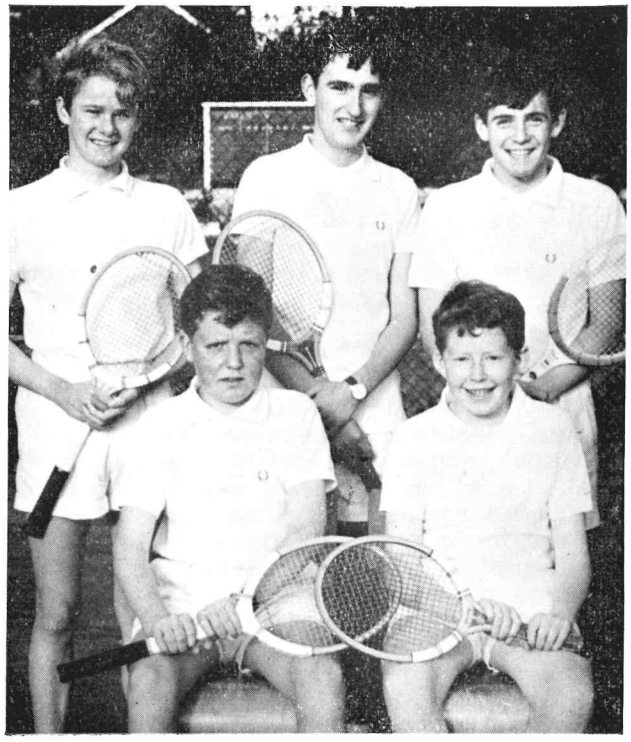
Patrick Rogan won the Belfast U.14 Singles and Doubles titles.

The other members of the junior team are Brendan Bunting and Anthony Hennessey.

Michael Farnan will captain the team.

The senior team will be: Kieran Clifford, Terence Higgins, Liam Dowds, John Close and Leonard Curran.

Kieran Clifford will captain this team.



M. Farnan
K. Clifford
D. McGuigan

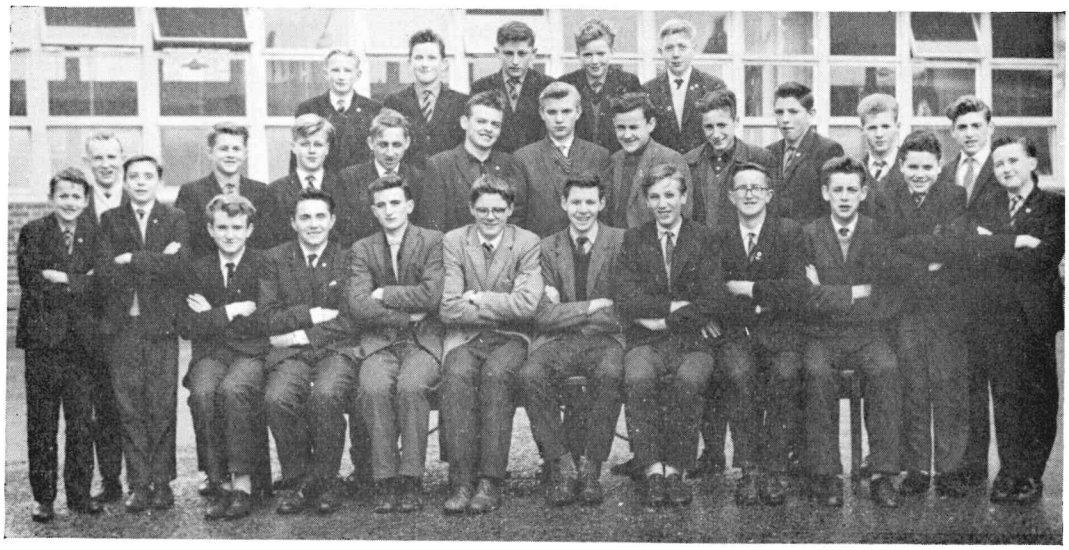
P. Rogan
B. Bunting

Six players from both the senior and junior teams will play a trial match with St. Malachy's College before the start of the Schools' Competition.

When we move to our new school, which will have tennis courts on the premises, a school tennis club will be able to be formed and this will enable a lot more boys to enjoy the game.

KIERAN CLIFFORD (6S).

OGRA EIREANN



Cuid de bhaill na bliana seo.

CHRUINNIGH scaifte maith mór le chéile san Ard-Scoil an chéad Déardaoin de Mhí Mheán an Fhómhar agus cuireadh tús le obair na bliana 1962—'63. Cuireadh fáilte ar leith roimh na baill úra. Bhí ceol agus cómhrá ansin againn.

Bhí cruinniú seachtainiúil againn go rialta ina dhiaidh sin agus tá ár mbuíochas ag gabháil leis na Bráithre a bhí i láthair. Cionn is go raibh dath úr ar an halla níor ceadaíodh na cluichí peile ach bhí rudaí eile ina n-áit. Bhí cuid mhaith siamsaí againn i rith na bliana agus bhaineamar ansult astu.

Mar ba ghnách chuidigh na baill leis an bhailiúchán náisiúnta i Mí na Marta. Thógamar airgead i bParóiste Naomh Muire agus i bPáirc Ruairí Mhic Easmainn.

Chaitheamar seachtain na Cásca i nGleanntáin Ghlasa Ghaoth Dobhair agus bhí sin ann seachtain ar dóigh. Táimid faoi chomaoin mhór ag Aisteoirí Ghaoth Dobhair as an fháilte a chuir siad romhainn agus as na siamsaí a chuir siad ar fáil dúinn i rith na seachtaine.

Bhí cúpla cruinniú againn i ndiaidh na Cásca agus bhí cuid mhór de na baill ar ais sa Ghaeltacht sa tsamhradh.

Tá an obair ag dul ar aghaidh arís i mbliana ó bhí Mí Mheán an Fhómhar ann agus tá rud úr ar an chlár—bíonn Séamas Ó Mealláin ag teagasc damhsa. Taitníonn sé go mór linn.

FEIDHLIMIDH MAC GORMÁIN.

DRAMAIOCHT

I mbliana don chéad uair léiríodh dráma le haghaidh Chomórtas Chumann Drámaíocht na Scoileanna. "Na Cruiteacháin" teideal an dráma agus gan áibhéal ar bith dráma beag taithneamhach é atá lán spóirt agus grinn. Rinne gach duine idir léir-itheoirí agus aisteoirí a sciar féin den obair agus bhí bláth na hoibre le feiceáil sna torthaí ag an deireadh. Dún Geanainn i gceartlár Thír Eoghain an chéad stop a bhí againn. Lá breá i dtús ar Earraigh bhaineamar Halla Phádraig amach. Bhíomar ar an ardán ar leath i ndiaidh an trí ag geatsaíocht an méid a bhí inár gcorp ag iarraidh suim an lucht éisteachta a mhuscailt. Agus bhí sin ann lucht éisteachta a chuir suim sa dráma agus a thug misneach dúinne. Ba léir ón stáitse go raibh siad ag baint pléisiúr an domhain as an léiriú. Méadaíodh ar ár misneach de réir a chéile agus níorbh fhada go rabhamar féin ag baint suilt as. Niall Ó Tóibín as Raidió Éireann a bhí mar mholtóir. Bhí seo le rá aige faoi "Na Cruiteacháin":

"Léiriú snasta foirfe ar dhráma taitneamhach g r e a n n m h a r. An buachaill a rinne páirt Eibhlín (.i. Colm Ó Dubhshláine) ar fheabhas. Gan laige dá laghad san fhoireann. Bhaineas sult mór as an léiriú seo."

Bhí an lá linn. Bhí an chéad áit sa Roinn bainte amach againn agus seans againn anois páirt a ghlacadh i bhFéile Chúige Uladh, i mBéal Feirste.

Chuamar go Baile Meánach Níor bhaineamar áfach, agus is fíor a rá nach rabhamar comh rathúil anseo de thairbhe gach rud bheith bun os cionn nuair a bhaineamar an áit amach. Rinneamar ár ndícheall cibé rud a tharla agus ar scor ar bith nach raibh seans eile againn san Fhéile Chúige? Níor chailleamar an dóchas mar "níor bádh a leath dá ndeachaigh i gcontúirt." Thuigeamar go mbeadh faill againn cathair Bhaile Átha Cliath a fheiceáil dá mbainfimis i m B é a l Feirste. Tá mé ag déanamh gur mhuscail sin an spiorad ionainn. Rud eile a chuidigh linn go raibh an halla plodaithe le daoine — ár muintir féin. Ar an ábhar sin chuireamar léiriú ar dóigh roimh lucht éisteachta na hArd-Scoile an oíche áirithe seo. Thaitin an dráma go mór leis an mholtóir Tomás Mac A o n g h u s a as an Ghaillimh. Thug sé ard-mholadh dúinn agus nuair a scairteadh na torthaí bhíomar sa chéad áit.

Bhíomar i gceart. Bhí Craobh Chúige Uladh bainte amach againn thosaíomar ár bpleananna a dhéanamh réidh dhul go hAmharclann an Gheata i mBaile Átha Cliath. Bhí sé de dhualgas orainn anois a thaispeáint do lucht an Deiscirt go raibh plúr na bhfear, plúr na n-aisteoirí agus smior na Gaeilge i mBéal Feirste. Ar aghaidh linn ansin go Baile Átha Cliath!

Chuaigh an scaifte uilig againn go Óstlann chomh luath agus a bhaineamar an áit amach. Fuaireamar greim le hithe agus nuair a bhí sin caite againn d'imigh muid linn i dtreo na hAmharclainne i lár na cathrach. Agus bhí sin ann amharclann dheas. Le fírinne a dhéanamh ní fhaca ár bhfurmhór a leithéid de Áras galánta ariamh. Ar ndóigh, ní fheiceann ach daoine clúiteacha áiteanna m a r Amharclann an Gheata! Caithfidh mé a admháil go rabhamar milltineach bródúil as an éacht a bhí déanta againn agus bhí fhios againn inár gcroí go mbeadh clú na scoile agus clú Uladh le seasamh againn ar an stáitse mór leathan sin a bhí ós ár gcomhair amach. Ach bhí taobh eile ar an scéal anois. Thosaigh na néaróga ag bualadh bobanna orainn san amharclann mór uasal seo. Bhí difear ollmhór idir an Geata agus an Ard Scoil. Thig liom a rá ar mo shon féin go raibh fonn orm mo chúl a chur leis



An fhoireann: **B. Ó Cuilinn, S. Mac Mathúna, A. Ó hAonghusa, S. Ó Brádaigh, C. Ó Donghaile, C. O Dubhshláine.**

an stáitse udaí agus rith a dhéanamh ar na príomh-doirse. Ach ní tiocfadh liom. Bhí mo dhá chois sáite san urlár.

Scaoileadh na cuirtíní dearga ! Tosaíodh ar "Na Cruiteacháin"! Bhí ár gcroí ag preabadaigh agus ár nglúine ag crith ach d'éirigh linn dhul tríd an dráma ar nós na réidhe. Tuirseach, traochta ach caithréimeach d'fhágamar slán agus beannacht ag lucht an Gheata agus ag Baile Átha Cliath. Bhí an dara háit in Éirinn sa roinn bainte againn. Cupla lá ina dhiaidh sin bhí tuarascáil an dráma ar an phaipéar, Inniu (5ú lá d'Aibreann '63):

> "Scoil Mhuire na mBráitre, Béalfeirste, a rinne an dráma deireanach a léiríodh tráthnóna Déardaoin. "Na Cruiteacháin" is teideal den dráma seo a rinne siad agus ba thaitneamhach ar fad an léiriú é. Bhí an luas ann nach mór le haghaidh dráma den sórt seo a chur trasna ar an lucht féachana.
>
> Tugadh an-léiriú don dráma ag Seán Ó Daghnáin agus ag an Bhráthair Ó Beaglaóich, agus tá an-mholadh ag dul dóibh.
>
> Ní aithneofá nach i dTír Chonaill a rugadh agus a tógadh gach duine de na haisteoirí sa dráma seo, bhí an Ghaeilge chomh maith sin acu, le cois a bheith soiléir."

Dála an scéil, chaitheamar an oíche i mBaile Átha Cliath. Bhí féasta mór againn agus bhain gach duine sult as agus ar maidin lá arna mhárach chuamar linn le radharcanna clúiteacha na cathrach a fheiceáil. Ba bhreá amach an spórt agus an pléisiúr

a baineadh as an ócaid seo i mBaile Átha Cliath. Ní dhéanfar dearmad go brách de!

I gcionn na haimsire agus sinn ar ais ar an scoil bheartaigh an t-Uasal Ó Daghnáin gur chóir dúinn an dráma a chur roimh mhuintir 'an Priory' ar an Bheann Borb. Cuireadh fáilte agus céad romhainn agus bhain na sagairt agus na hábhair sagairt, a bhí ag cur fúthu ansin, taitneamh mór as an léiriú. Ag an deireadh cuireadh dinnéar breá roimh na haisteoirí agus ní gá a rá gur chaith siad a gcuid bia go craosach. Béile bhlasta a bhí ann, féadaim a rá!

Shíleamar anois go raibh deireadh leis Na Cruiteacháin, ach níorbh fhíor dúinn é. Lá de na laethe ina dhiaidh seo chuir an Bráthair Ó Beaglaoich in iúl dúinn go mbeimís páirteach i bhFéile na n-Óg i nGaoth Dobhair. D'inis sé dúinn go bhfuair sé cuireadh ó Áine Nic Giolla Bhríde páirt a ghlacadh ann. Ba í scoil seo againne an t-aon scoil amháin as an Ghalltacht a léirigh dráma ag an fhéile. Ní gá a rá go raibh an Amharclann dubh le daoine an oíche chéanna ar cuireadh dráma seo againne ar an stáitse mar bhí mic léinn na gColaistí Samhraidh sa cheantar ag an am seo. Bhí cuid mhaith de na Bráithre Críostaí ar na gaobhair fosta faoin am seo den tsamhradh (mí Iúil a bhí ann). Cé go n-admhaím féin é chuireamar léiriú thar a bheith maith roimh lucht éisteachta na hAmharclainne agus thug an moltóir, ard-mholadh do na haisteoirí uilig. Ba mhaith liom mo bhuíochas a ghabháil le haisteoirí Ghaoth Dobhair a réitigh an stáitse chomh fóirstineach sin dúinn agus a chuir smidiú chomh maith sin orainn. Ag deireadh na féile pronnadh dhá scoilearacht míosa orainn, scoláirachtaí ar baineadh tairbhe astu, más géar mo chluasa go fóill. Pronnadh bonn chroí-óir ar Séamas Mac Mathúna mar an aisteoir is fearr i bhFéile na n-Óg.

Mar is léir ón tuarascáil seo bliain rathúil a bhí ann don scoil ó thaobh na dramaíochta de agus bliain nach ndéantar dearmad de go ceann fada an lá. Molaim an Bráthair Ó Beaglaoich go mór as an oiread oibre a rinne sé ar son an dráma i rith na blianan. Chruthaigh sé ní amháin gur léiritheoir maith é ach gur sáraisteoir atá ann chomh maith, rud nach raibh fios ag ár mbúnús fá dtaobh de go dtí gur thosaíomar ar an dráma. Ní gá domh a rá, ar ndóigh, go raibh an t-Uasal Ó Daghnáin ina chuidiú an-mhór againn a g u s tá sé tuigthe ag gach duine go bhfuil cleachtadh na hoibre seo ó nadúr aige. Ach ab é an Bráthair Beausang ní bheadh an ceol sa dráma leath chomh maith agus a bhí sé. Tá sé d'fhiacaibh orm fosta mo bhuíochas a ghabháil lenár lucht leanúna, daoine mar Liam Harrison, Seán Ó Labhra, An tUasal Mac Aonghusa agus an tUasal Ó Dubhshláine a choinnigh suas ár misneach nuair a bhíomar i gcontúirt ár mbriste. Ar son na foirne uilig ba mhaith liom a rá leis na daoine a chuidigh linn—"Go raibh céad maith agaibh." Tá súil agam go n-éirí an t-ádh leis an fhoireann sa bhliain seo chugainn agus cá bhfios dúinn nach mbeidh Craobh na hÉireann i Sráid na Beairice roimh i bhfad!

S. MAC MATHÚNA.

PRESIDENT of the PAST PUPILS' UNION



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

C.B.P.P.U.



The Union's premises on the Antrim Road.

FOR the past 25 years there has been a Christian Brothers Past Pupils' Union in Belfast. From previous articles in this magazine readers will have become aware of the very proud history of its achievements during this period.

Since its foundation the Union can claim to have contributed much to the cultural and artistic life of Belfast. Its social functions, too, have enjoyed the support of large numbers and have been amongst the most enjoyable and best organised in the City. It would, however, be idle to pretend that everything was happy during all this period, or that the Union's history was one of uninterrupted progress and advancement.

On the contrary, two years ago the position of the Union was the cause of great concern to those who for so many years had laboured to keep it alive. Housed in unsuitable premises, and lacking the support of substantial numbers of members, its future did not look bright.

In the last two years, however, there has been a resurgence in the Union unparalleled in its history.

Few people in Belfast are now unaware of the existence of the Christian Brothers Past Pupils' Union. In the past 12 months the number of paid up members has almost trebled. Past pupils from all walks of life, and from all Christian Brothers Schools, are now pouring into the Union. At the present there is a lengthy waiting list of people, not past pupils, who are seeking associate membership. The Executive Council have been forced to decline all applications for associate membership, believing that the Union was formed, and exists mainly, for past pupils of the Christian Brothers schools, and that they must be considered first, and to the exclusion of others. It should here be emphasised that the Union caters for all past pupils of the Irish Christian Brothers. Past pupils of Primary Schools are eligible equally with past pupils of the Secondary Schools. Past pupils of the Irish Christian Brothers are eligible wherever they may have received their schooling. Amongst our members are past pupils from Christian Brothers Schools all over Ireland, and some who received their education from the Irish Christian Brothers in England.

In another page will be found an advertisement, giving the address to which applications for membership can be made. The subscription is a modest one, at present £1 0s. 0d. per year, and the activities and facilities in the Union are so numerous and varied that it can be claimed that the Union caters for almost every taste, and offers scope for every type of talent.

The present success of the Union dates to the opening and establishment of the new club premises at 287/9 Antrim Road, Belfast. These premises were formally opened and blessed on the 16th day of June, 1963, by His Lordship Most Reverend Dr. Philbin, Bishop of Down and Connor. Already the premises are considered too small, and elaborate extension plans are being prepared by the Executive Council, which, when completed, will give us still more elaborate accommodation for the various activities and groups which are functioning under the aegis of the Union.

Here are some examples of the activities at present flourishing: On the recreational side, we have a very successful Bridge Group , a Chess Section, a Table Tennis Section, a Whist Section, a Swimming Section, a Gaelic Football Section and a Golf Section. Facilities will be available in the new extension for a billiard room. Our Camera club has been most successful in competitions, and its annual exhibition attracts widespread attention. We have an excellent assembly hall, which at the present time can be used for meetings, functions and exhibitions. The new conversion plans visualise the addition of a stage to enable this room to be used as a small theatre.

On the cultural side, we are particularly proud of the activities of our Gaelic section. It has organised a number of successful meetings, and has embarked upon an elaborate and ambitious programme for the study and furtherance of Irish language, literature and culture. Dramatic and Choral groups are in the process of formation.

However, all these activities, impressive as they are in themselves, give but a little idea of the spirit of enthusiasm in the Union. The new premises are more than club rooms, they are a home. Many past pupils have visited the premises, and have renewed acquaintanceship with former classmates after intervals of years. Members are encouraged to drop into the premises any evening and to relax in comfortable surroundings.

The Union has secured a licence which permits the sale of liquor to members, in the comfortable first floor lounge. We would emphasise, however, that this is a facility in the

club premises enjoyed by members who resort there. It is not the reason for the existence of the club, and the strictest control is exercised by a very vigilant House Committee, against any possible abuse.

At the moment kitchen facilities are available for the provision of teas and light refreshments on specified nights, but our extension will provide for a very attractive Snack Bar at which teas, snack meals and soft drinks can be procured.

Our concern is that the club premises should be pervaded by an atmosphere of friendliness and brotherliness, and that the Union should carry on its activities in surroundings both congenial and comfortable. We believe there are bright days ahead of us, and we have ambitious plans for its future. We hope to assist the Brothers in the schools in Belfast, by providing prizes and travelling scholarships for worthy pupils.

Again, we should be able to assist school leavers. Our present membership roll includes members from all walks of life, and we are hopeful that through the Union this younger generation of past pupils may be assisted by advice and guidance in their choice of careers from many of the older generation who have already made their mark in various walks of life, commercial, professional, and industrial. A possible danger to any past pupils' Union is that it should lose contact with the young past pupils. They may drift away and, losing contact with the Brothers for a period of years, may later feel themselves too isolated and removed to join the Union then. In many instances they have little time for a great many club activities on leaving school, especially if they are pursuing courses of further study. Nevertheless it seems a pity that they should lose contact and drift away completely. Surely in all the activities of the Union there is one activity, either recreational or cultural, which should attract each of them, at least enabling them to join the Union and maintain contact with fellow students of their own generation.

Many of the older past pupils who have picked up the threads of former associations and friendships have regretted that such facilities were not available many years earlier. The present generation of students who are to leave schools within the next two or three years have an opportunity of joining the Union, and of helping to make it still greater. To past pupils, young and old alike, the Executive Council of the Union extend a cordial welcome. The Union has a great deal to offer past pupils, and every past pupil has something to offer the Union.

Above all, every past pupil of the Irish Christian Brothers has an obligation to identify himself with the Union which in the last resort is the physical and corporate expression of the loyalty, affection and esteem which the Irish Christian Brothers have inspired in all their pupils.

MR. FRANCIS HANNA.



On receiving news of the assassination of

President John F. Kennedy

Friday, November 22nd, 1963

●

Columbia — no time is this for tears;
Tears are for gentler sorrows, lighter loss;
We mourn not our to-morrows, though our fears
Bred in this dread to-day must deep emboss
The clawing of their talons on our souls,
And shadows of our yesterdays arise
Like spectres, or like evil-minded trolls,
To haunt the pathway leading to the skies.
His blood enfloods the road; we are beset
With dreadful perils; and he who was our guide
Lies palely murdered; haven is not yet,
While he lies dead who was Columbia's pride.

Hibernia weep! ah, tears were aye thy lot;
Thy love lies dead, lies dead; his blood was yours;
Encradle in thine arms his youthful head,
Thine is a sorrow which for long endures;
And thine a mem'ry which can deep embalm
For ever the loved image of a son
Incense-clouded in green arbours calm,
Where he can walk with heroes that have won
Thine accolade for bravery and truth,
For gentleness, and knighthood of degree,
For honour, and for freedom, and for ruth;
Hold him fondly, mother of the free.

SEÁN DYNAN.

(May his noble soul rest in peace)

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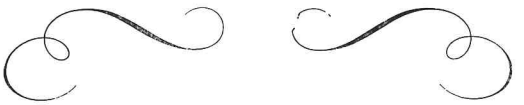
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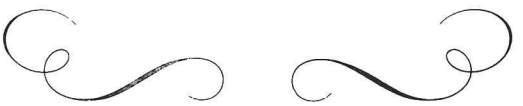
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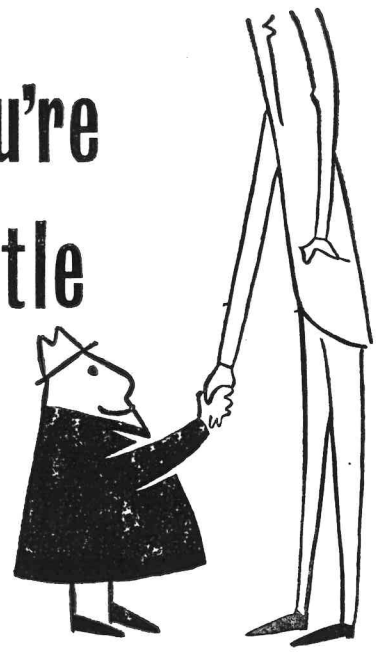
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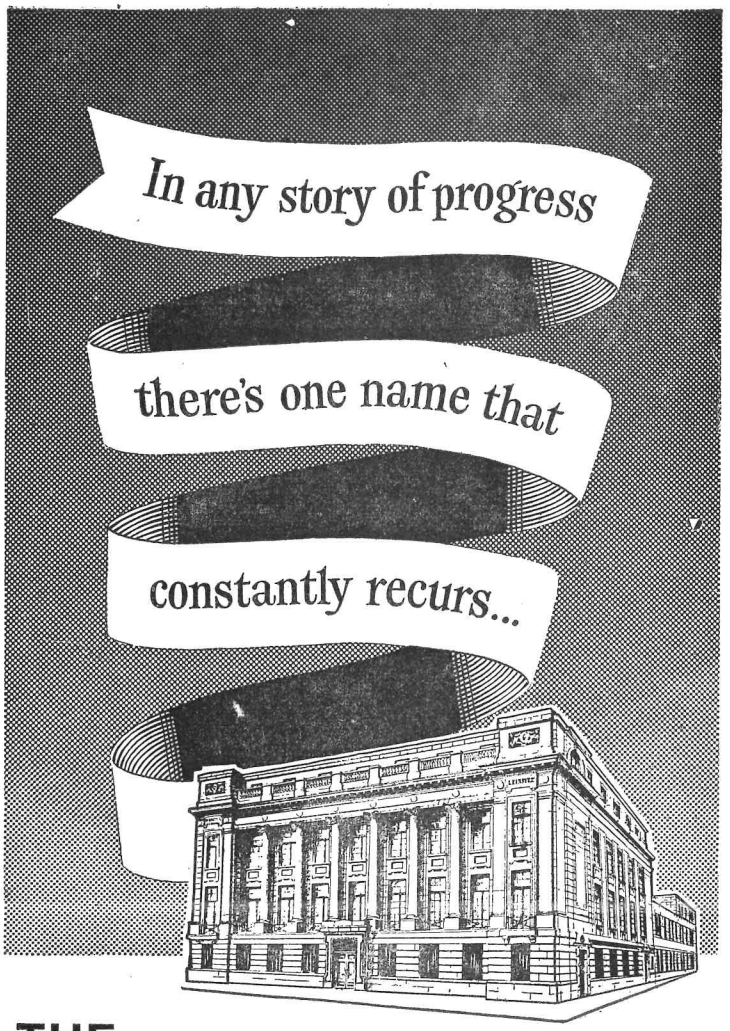
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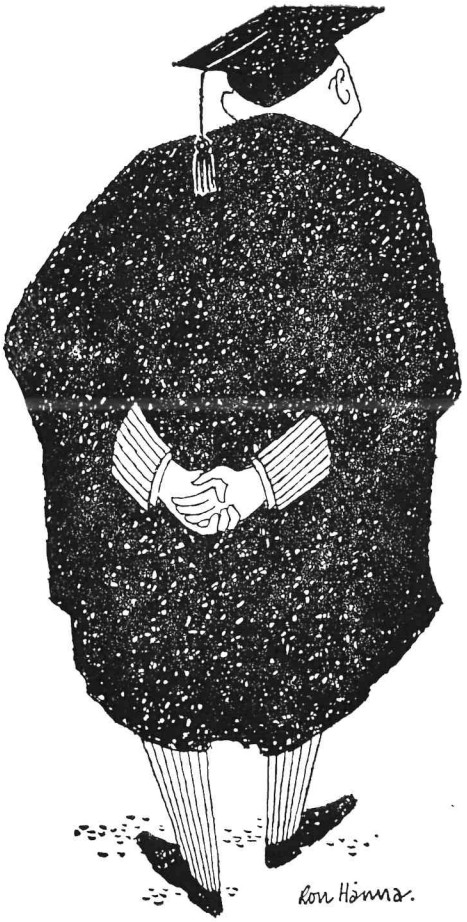
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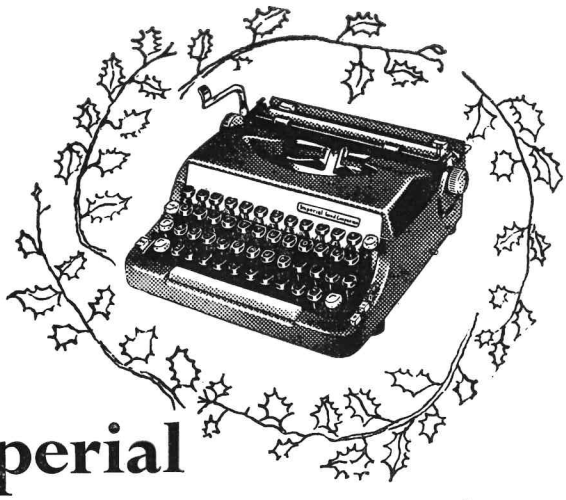
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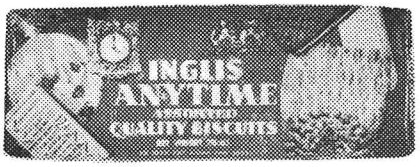
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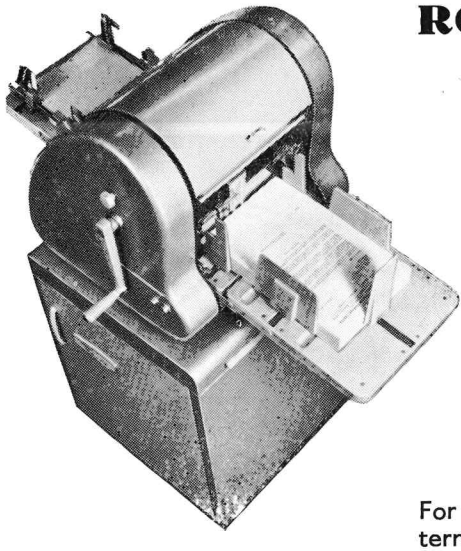
seems to be current that a fire exists only to warm people; it exists also to lighten their darkness, to raise their spirits, to toast their muffins, to air their rooms, to cook their chestnuts, to tell stories to their children, to make chequered shadows on the walls, to boil their hurried kettles and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

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