THE SIMMARIAN



+ MAGAZINE +

THE SIMMARIAN

CHRISTMAS 1964

Tidings of great joy

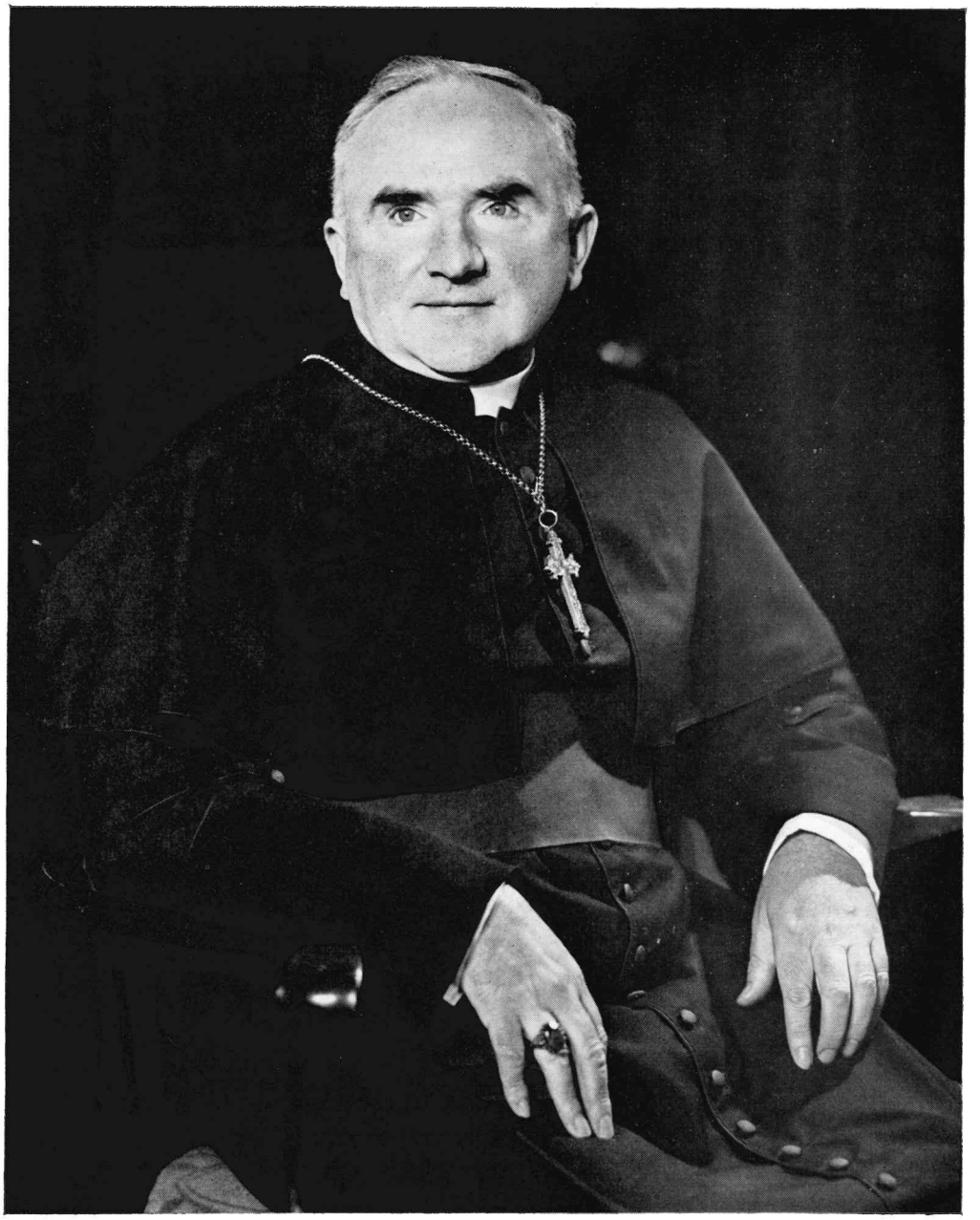
When we had already gone to press it was announced that His Holiness, Pope Paul VI, would in his first Consistory, raise to the Cardinalate our own Primate, Most Rev. Dr. William Conway, Archbishop of Armagh. This announcement was received by the staff and boys of St. Mary's with great rejoicing and the occasion was made memorable for all by the granting of a free day.

We would like to offer our congratulations to Most Rev. Dr. Conway and to assure him that he has our prayers and best wishes for the many years which, we hope, God has in store for him as a Prince of His Church. The Simmarian recalls with special pride that the Cardinal elect was Editor of the first magazine produced in the school.

"Déanaimid comhgháirdeachas ó chroí leat. Faoi bhrat Mhuire thú i gconaí."

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

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



MOST REV. WILLIAM PHILBIN, D.D.
Bishop of Down and Connor

Editorial

The outstanding event of the school year was the visit of His Lordship, the Bishop of the Diocese. Elsewhere his talk to the senior pupils is given but tribute must be paid to his graciousness and easy informality which won the hearts of both pupils and staff alike. We hope that he will often walk amongst us in the future.

The "Simmarian" this year is dedicated to the memory of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. The decision to do this was made on account of the large number of contributions (both in prose and verse) relative to the late President which were presented for publication. Only a fraction could be used and we would have liked to publish more. His life has been an inspiration to youth all over the world. The ideals he stood for have a universal appeal but we may be pardoned for remembering him with special pride as a great Irish-American.

As we go to press, we are heartened that another milestone has been passed in our journey towards the Promised Land of the Glen Road. The advertisement for tenders appeared in the newspapers and they have now come in and are under consideration. Great progress has been made in preparing the playing fields and we hope to use some of them in summer 1965.

In the year gone by the number who entered on University Courses from the school was bigger than ever. These young men have our very best wishes for the future. We would remind them of the great opportunity and responsibility that is theirs. The large number too who have decided to try their vocation to the priesthood and the religious life augurs well for the future.

Our advertisers deserve our warmest thanks. Please support them as without their help publication would not be possible. This year, due to ever increasing costs, we had to change the format slightly and our advertisers co-operated with us in this to the full. We hope that our readers are pleased with the change also.

THE EVENT OF THE YEAR

His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. Philbin, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor visited the School and addressed the Senior boys during Vocation Week, 1964.

Opening his address, in Irish, His Lordship thanked the Headmaster, Rev. Br. T. L. McGee, for the opportunity of speaking to the Sixth Form boys. He praised the Brothers and teachers for the work they were doing for Catholic Education and hoped the boys appreciated the work being done for them.

Continuing, in English, he mentioned that, owing to his busy life, he had not time to write out an address but would speak to them informally. Perhaps, he said, it was all the better for this. The Apostles in the early days relied on the Holy Ghost when speaking to the people and he prayed that the Holy Ghost would enlighten him to make the right appeal to them.

They had come to the time when they should give a great deal of thought to what they were going to do in later life. It was only natural that they should look for a career with good prospects of financial and material remuneration and one which would give them security in constant employment. God wishes us to succeed both financially and spiritually. It would be wrong, however, to emphasise the financial aspect too much. Life is a test period and their main concern was to find out what God wanted them to do.

His Lordship emphasised that everyone had a vocation, religious or secular. Each one should develop his abilities to the full, keeping in mind the proper Christian attitude to life. Though every walk in life is a vocation, providing we do it properly, the most important is the religious vocation, particularly that to the priesthood. St. Mary's had a great tradition of providing suitable subjects for the priesthood and religious life and he was quite sure that a certain number of future priests were listening to him. Not everyone can become a priest but those who receive the grace should not refuse it. The priesthood enables us to live in close harmony with Our Divine Lord, and those who were considering the priesthood should give careful consideration to the needs of their own Diocese of Down and Connor.

The extent of this diocese is very great, continued his Lordship, comprising all County Antrim, most of Down and part of Derry. It is densely populated and at the present time there are not enough priests from the diocese itself to cater for all the needs of the diocese. In former days there was a surplus of priests and those who were not required at home went on temporary work to England, Africa and America. To-day, dioceses who have priests to spare send them to South America. In Down and Connor there are, at present, some priests on loan from other dioceses. The shortage of priests was not confined to this

diocese. His Lordship remarked that he had met many bishops at the Vatican Council who were crying out for more priests for their own dioceses.

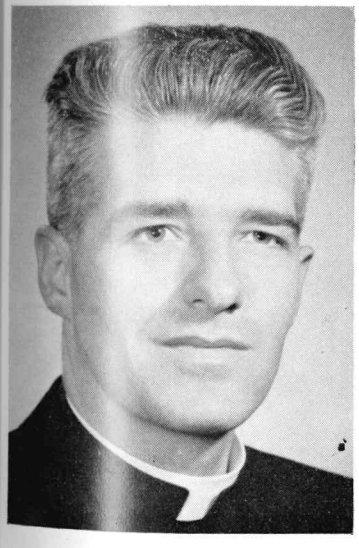
In the priesthood, unlike secular vocations, there was no danger of unemployment. Always there was interesting and satisfying work to be done. In the diocese, as well as the ordinary administration of the parishes, there were many other activities of a rewarding character; e.g., chaplains to various institutions, hospitals and orphanages, Stella Maris, the new Seaman's Hostel, the Marriage Guidance Bureau (newly opened) and Youth Clubs. It was a heart-warming sight to see recently so many adult confirmations in St. Mary's Church, showing the large number of converts in the city.

The great work of the priest, after his own sanctification, was helping others on the road to Heaven. What can we do in this life? Can we leave it in a better state than we found it? To help some soul back on the right way would be a sufficient reward. Any boy who was considering the priesthood should consult his Confessor and talk over the matter with his parish priest or the head master or the Brothers who would give him any information he needed. Please God the diocese shortly would have a surplus of priests who could go on temporary mission to South America and elsewhere as the needs of the Church required.

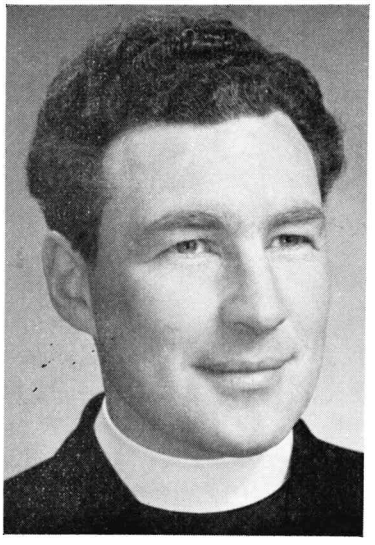
Afterwards, the Bishop met all the members of the staff and spent some time chatting informally with the teachers and Brothers.

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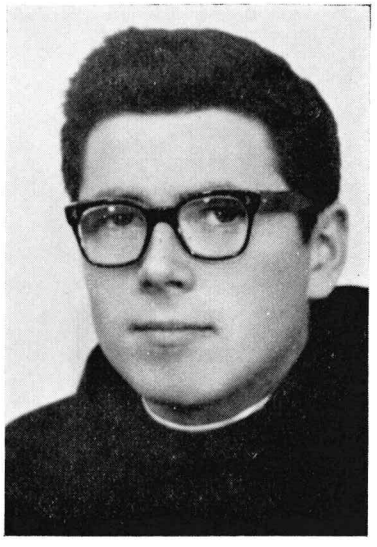
Past Pupils Ordained



REV. FR. MALACHY DONNELLY

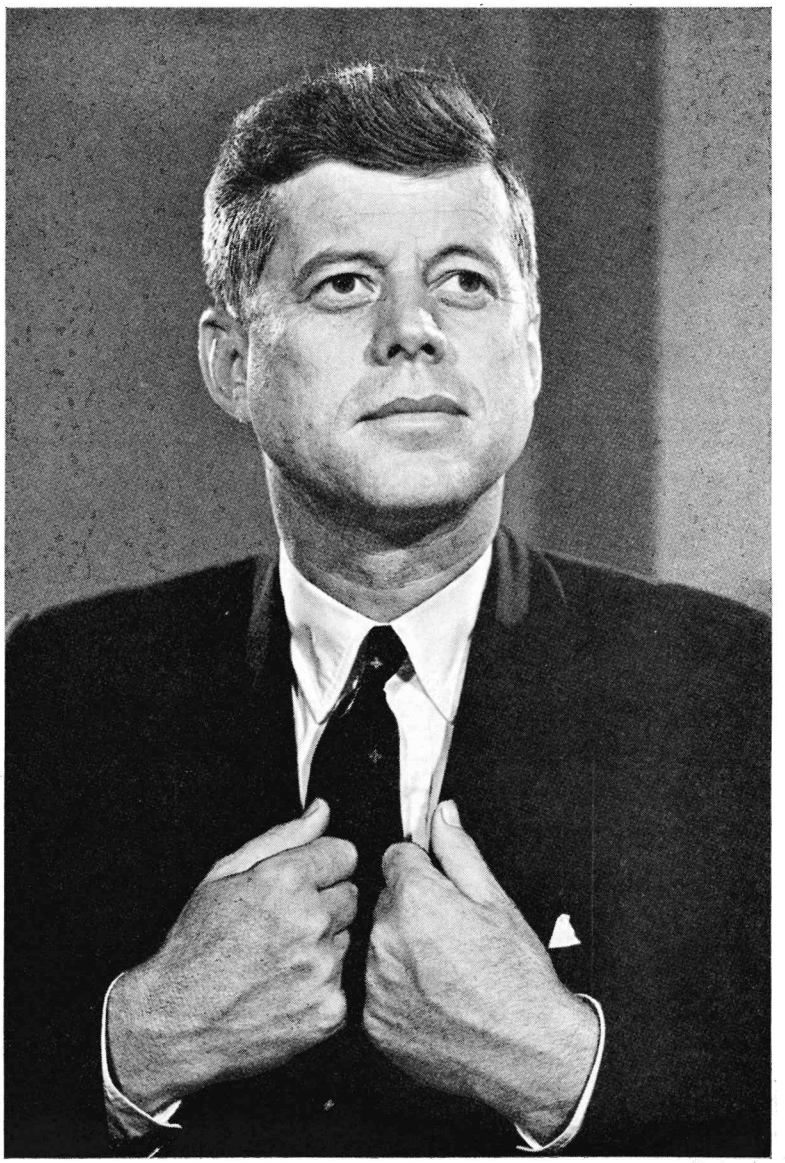


AN tATHAIR BREANDAN MAC MAOLAIN



REV. FR. GERARD O'REILLY

35TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY
(born 1917 — died 1963)

By MICHAEL D. I. DONNELLY (5SA)

"My fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you — ask what you can do for your country."

President John F. Kennedy

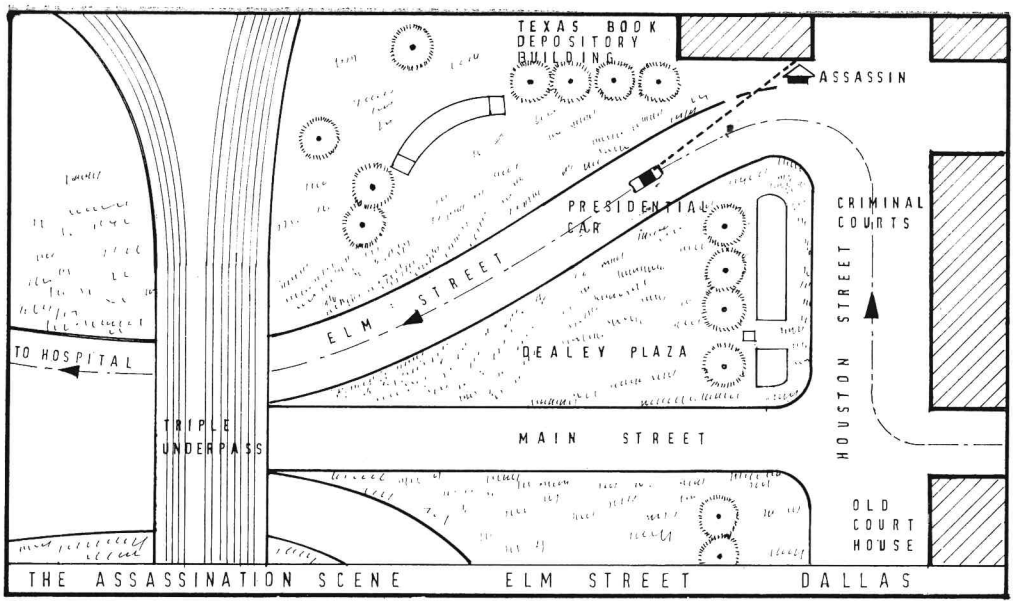
—"LEST WE FORGET."

AT 11-40 a.m. (CST) on November 22nd, 1963, the Presidential Boeing touches down at Love Field Airport, Dallas, Texas. On board are President Kennedy and his wife Jacqueline. For the President it is one of his first election forays into the Republican camp and he has brought with him his 'secret weapon,' Jacqueline. The Presidential party are met at the airport by the Governor of Texas, John Connally and his wife. After the formalities of the arrival the President and his wife climb into an open 1961 Lincoln limousine for the 45 minute motorcade through Dallas to the new Trade Mart where the President is to make a speech. Mrs. Kennedy rides on the left of the President while Mrs. Connally is in front of her beside her husband who sits on a jump seat in front of the President. The car is driven by Secret Service Agent William R. Greer while beside him sits agent Roy H. Kellerman.

To gain access to the Stemmons Freeway for the last lap to the Trade Mart the motorcade makes a right turn up. Houston Street at Dealey Plaza and proceeds towards the Texas School Book Depository building. At the intersection of Houston Street and Elm Street the presidential limousine makes a left turn into Elm Street. It is now 12-30 p.m. and the limousine is travelling at 11 m.p.h. down Elm Street. Crowds are on both sides of the road waving to the President and some sit having their lunch break on the grass verge.

Suddenly one after the other three shots explode. President Kennedy and Governor Connally slouch over in their seats. Pandemonium breaks out among the crowd, some run while others fling themselves upon the ground. Secret service agents in the following car draw their automatic weapons while Mrs. Kennedy cradles her wounded husband. Agent Kellerman gives the order to accelerate and make for the Parkland Memorial Hospital.

The first shot fired has passed through the President's neck and into Governor Connally's chest, the second passes through the President's right



temple, the third misses. The assassin, one Lee Harvey Oswald, now makes his way from the easternmost room of the sixth floor of the Texas Book Depository building in a bid to escape.

Meanwhile the Presidential limousine is speeding down Stemmons Freeway carrying the wounded President and Governor. It turns into Harry Hines Boulevard and enters the emergency entrance of the Parkland Hospital at 12-35 p.m. (CST).

Doctors work feverishly and perform a tracheotomy. Other forms of resuscitation are attempted but to no avail. Thus at 1 p.m. (CST) Fr. Oscar Hubert who had attended the dying President informs Mrs. Kennedy, still wearing her blood-spattered clothes, that the doctors have pronounced her husband dead. The President might have been able to survive the neck wound but the wound in the temple was fatal. Thus ended the life of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, President of the United States of America.

On that day in November, 1963, the news went out from the Parkland Memorial Hospital that President Kennedy had been assassinated. The American nation went into mourning as did all the world. The shock resounded everywhere and there was a deep sense of loss felt by all.

"Our consolation is that he died in a noble cause and we pray that God will give to the United States another such leader."
— President de Valera.

"The execrable attack which has cut down President Kennedy's young life is a crime against all mankind."
— President Antonio Segni of Italy.

"The heinous assassination of Mr. Kennedy is a heavy blow to all people who hold dear the cause of peace and Soviet-American co-operation."
— Chairman Nikita S. Krushchev.

"I am deeply shocked and grieved."
— Premier Nehru of India.

"We are profoundly grieved by this wicked crime, by the mourning that strikes a great and civilised country in its leader and by the pain afflicting Mrs. Kennedy, her children and her family."
— Pope Paul VI.

"The immense grief which has fallen upon us moves my wife and I to the bottom of our hearts." — **President de Gaulle.**

"All those who had the lucky opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of President Kennedy, in particular the people of Berlin, are deeply grieved in this hour." —**The West German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard.**

Sixty heads of state, including President de Valera (as well as twenty-four Irish army cadets, at the express wish of Mrs. Kennedy), attended the funeral on the 25th of November. The President was laid to rest with full military honours in Arlington National cemetery, on a gently sloping hill, overlooking the Potomac River.

* * *

This great statesman was born the son of Joseph and Rose Kennedy in Brooklyn, Massachussets, on May 29th, 1917. His family had originally come from Dunganstown, County Wexford, Ireland, and fled to America during the famine years of the 1840's. His paternal grand-father had served in both houses of Massachusetts State Assembly (Patrick J. Kennedy) whilst his other grand-father, John F. Fitzgerald, was elected to the Congress of the United States for three consecutive terms from 1895 to 1910. He had also been Mayor of Boston in the period 1906-7 and also in 1910-14.

At the age of 19 John F. Kennedy entered Harvard University where he studied political science and distinguished himself in University politics. He graduated from Harvard in 1940 and for a while was secretary to his father who had been United States Ambassador to Britain from 1937-40. When America entered the war John F. Kennedy tried to enlist but was turned down on account of a back injury that he had sustained whilst playing football. He persisted and at last he was accepted as a navy lieutenant. He was given a desk job and was highly dissatisfied with it. He applied for a job in the field and was made the commander of a motor torpedo boat in the Pacific. Thus it was that in August, 1943, he was awarded the Navy and Marine corps medal for his gallantry in saving the lives of his crew when their patrol boat was sliced in two by a Japanese destroyer off the Solomon Islands.

He was discharged from the navy in 1945 and for a short time was a reporter, covering the Potsdam conference. His father was by now a multi-millionaire, having made his money in banking, and business investments. Joseph Kennedy had settled $1,000,000 (£360,000) on each of his nine children and had had great ambitions for the eldest, Joseph, in a political career. Unfortunately Joseph had been killed, a navy pilot, over Europe during the war and thus the father's political ambitions fell on John.

John first entered politics at the age of 29 as Democratic Congressman for the 11th Congressional district of Massachussets. In 1952 he decided to run for the Senate. He defeated his Republican opponent, Henry Cabot Lodge, and thus became the Democratic Senator for the state of Massachussets.

At this time Senator John Kennedy was the most eligible bachelor in Washington and thus his wedding to the daughter of a New York financier, Jacqueline Bouvier caused great interest. They were married at New Port, Rhode Island, on December 9th, 1953, by Cardinal Cushing.

A recurrence of his spinal injury necessitated a serious operation in 1954 in which he was very near to death. Because of this operation Senator Kennedy missed the great struggle against McCarthyism which was being waged at this time.

At the 1956 Democratic convention in Chicago, Adlai Stevenson was elected Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. At the last moment Senator Kennedy made a bid to be elected candidate for the vice-presidency. He was beaten by 38 votes by Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee. However, in the 1956 American Presidential Election, Dwight David Eisenhower was returned to the White House for a second term, as 34th President of the United States of America. As a result of this election Adlai Stevenson and Senator Kefauver faded into the background of American politics. This had been Senator John F. Kennedy's first and only defeat in politics. Whereas Stevenson and Kefauver faded into the background Senator Kennedy was well to the fore.

This was the political set up for the next few years in the Democratic party. In 1957 a daughter, Caroline, was born to John and Jackie Kennedy and Bobby and Ethel Kennedy were its god-parents. Thus in 1960 at the Democratic Convention, John F. Kennedy made a strong bid for the Democratic candidacy for the Presidency. Senator Kennedy's election machine was efficiently run by his brother Bobby and he defeated Senator Hubert Humphrey to become the Democratic Party's candidate for the presidency.

The Republican party nominated Richard M. Nixon, vice-president under Eisenhower, as their candidate. Senator Kennedy threw all into the election while Robert built up the most efficient election machine ever to come upon the American political scene. Senator Kennedy won by a slight margin, thus fulfilling his father's dream.

* * *

JOHN F. KENNEDY
35th President of U.S.A.

On January 20th, 1961, John Fitzgerald Kennedy was sworn in as President of the United States, by Chief Justice Earl Warren. In his inaugural address the new president spoke to his countrymen "My fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you — ask what you can do for your country." These words typify the 'New Frontier' policies that President Kennedy brought to the United States.

In April, 1961 the disastrous invasion of Cuba, at the Bay of Pigs took place. President Kennedy was quick to state that all the blame for its failure rested nowhere else but at the White House. Another problem that faced the new president was the Berlin Wall which was erected on August 13th, 1961.

It was in the Kennedy Administration that the greatest crisis of the Cold War, since the Berlin airlift, came. In July, 1962, rumours were circulating that there was a build up of Russian missile installations in Cuba. These rumours raged on through August and September until on October 14 verification was given by aerial photographs. Still there was no reaction from the government.

On October 16th a top-level meeting was held to discuss the situation. The next day President Kennedy met the Russian foreign minister, Mr. Gromyko. He made no mention of Cuba. Then on October 22nd the President spoke to the nation. He informed the people of America that the United States Government was imposing a blockade of Cuba. Any ships carrying offensive weapons to Cuba were to be stopped and sent back. It was a critical time indeed. America was challenging Russia on the high seas. That night President Kennedy stayed up all night to await developments. Mr. Zorin was questioned about the missiles, in the United Nations Assembly, by Adlai Stevenson. He avoided the issue. For several days the world was on the brink of a nuclear holocaust.

Then on October 25th Mr. Krushchev ordered the removal of the missiles and their installations. Verification of their removal was obtained by aerial photographs. Mr. Krushchev hailed the removal as a victory for humanity but all knew that it was the greatest victory of the Cold War for America and for President John F. Kennedy.

In May, 1963, the Civil Rights issue loomed forward with riots in Alabama. President Kennedy summed up his policy in the words, "There are no white or coloured signs on the graveyards of battle."

In June, 1963, President Kennedy set off on a visit to Europe. He had an audience with Pope Paul VI and from Rome he went on to Berlin. In Berlin he was given a tumultuous welcome by 250,000 West Berliners who chanted his name so much that he could hardly speak for the noise. When he got round to speaking he began by saying: "There are those who think that communism is the way of the future, who do not understand the issue between the free world and the communist world, who think that it is possible to work with the communists or who think that the communist system allows them to make economic progress. Lass die nach Berlin kommen—Let them come to Berlin." The crowd took up this new catchphrase and roared out, "Lass die nach Berlin kommen." "Two thousand years ago," he went on, "the proudest boast was "civis Romanus sum" but to-day in the world of freedom, the proudest boast is "Ich bin ein Berliner" (I am a Berliner). Democracy is not perfect but we have never had to put up a wall to keep our people in."

From Berlin, President Kennedy returned to the country of his ancestors, Ireland. He stayed from the 26th—29th of June. He visited Dunganstown, was made a freeman of Limerick, of Cork and of Dublin as well as receiving honorary doctorates and addressing a joint session of the Dail and Senate. All over Ireland he was received with great acclaim and the informality of his visit delighted all.

President Kennedy returned home with happy memories of his Irish visit. On August 28th he was faced with the Civil Rights march on Washington. It was at this time that he initiated the Civil Rights Bill that President Johnson made law. A true politician would have avoided supporting the negroes in their stand for Civil Rights as their cause was generally unpopular and supporting it would probably have damaged his chances of re-election. This explosive

situation brought one of John F. Kennedy's best qualities to the fore —integrity. On this issue President Kennedy acted in accordance with the dictates of his conscience and not in accordance with the whims of the electorate. President Kennedy, being a great humanitarian recognised that negroes and whites are equal in the sight of God and he respected them as fellow human beings. Only his sense of justice made him commit political suicide, as one might call it, in supporting the Civil Rights Bill.

On one occasion President Kennedy was asked for his attitude to assassination. He replied, "If anyone wants to exchange his life for mine he can do so. No one can protect you from that." Thus on a sunny day in November, President Kennedy was cut down by an assassin's bullet. His time as President was short but in three years he made a great impression on the history of America and of the world.

There is no doubt that John Fitzgerald Kennedy will go down in history. Not merely because of the fact that he was the fourth President of the United States to be assassinated but because of the diplomacy he exercised in the dark days of Cuba, the spirit of New Frontiersmanship he brought to America and especially the Civil Rights Bill that he enacted. President Kennedy was the first Catholic to be President of the United States and by his choice of Lyndon Baines Johnson as vice-president he paved the way for the first southerner to become President. The American political scene owes much to John F. Kennedy. It was he who brought an air of intellectualism to the White House, which was lacking in previous administrations. One could go so far as to say that John F. Kennedy brought respectability to American politics. By his choice of advisors he has set high standards for future Presidents and this statement is borne out by the fact that President Johnson has retained most of the advisors that John F. Kennedy painstakingly selected for his Administration (an event unprecedented in American history). His style of leadership and his forceful dramatic personality are greatly missed to-day.

For those who think that the name John Fitzgerald Kennedy will be forgotten, the numbers of those who have visited the late President's grave speak for themselves. The Arlington National Cemetery office says that in the first six months, 2,745,000 paid homage at the grave site.

One can sum up the policies of this great man in the words of Abraham Lincoln "to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

The tragic assassination of this great statesman, at the age of 46, brings to mind his own words, "A man does what he must — in spite of personal consequences, in spite of the obstacles and dangers and pressures — and that is the basis of all human morality."

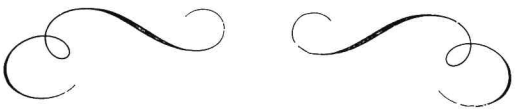
May his great soul rest in Peace. Amen.

* * *

Michael D. I. Donnelly wishes to express his gratitude for the co-operation afforded him by the American consul in Belfast, Mr. Hughes, in the preparation of this article for publication.

Ambrose Serridge

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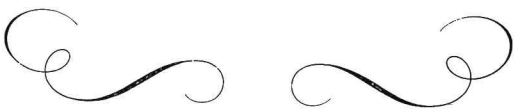
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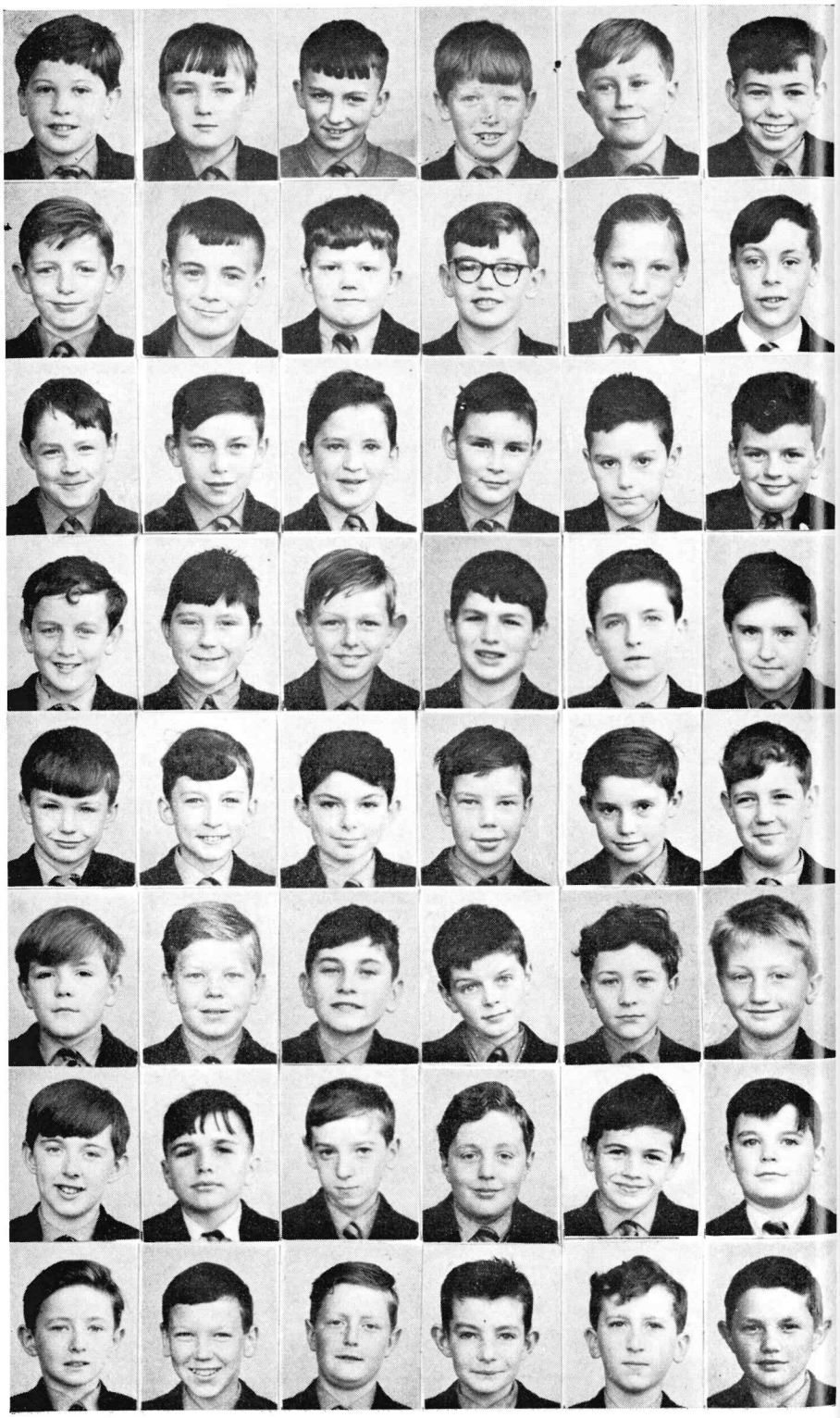
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C. Brock
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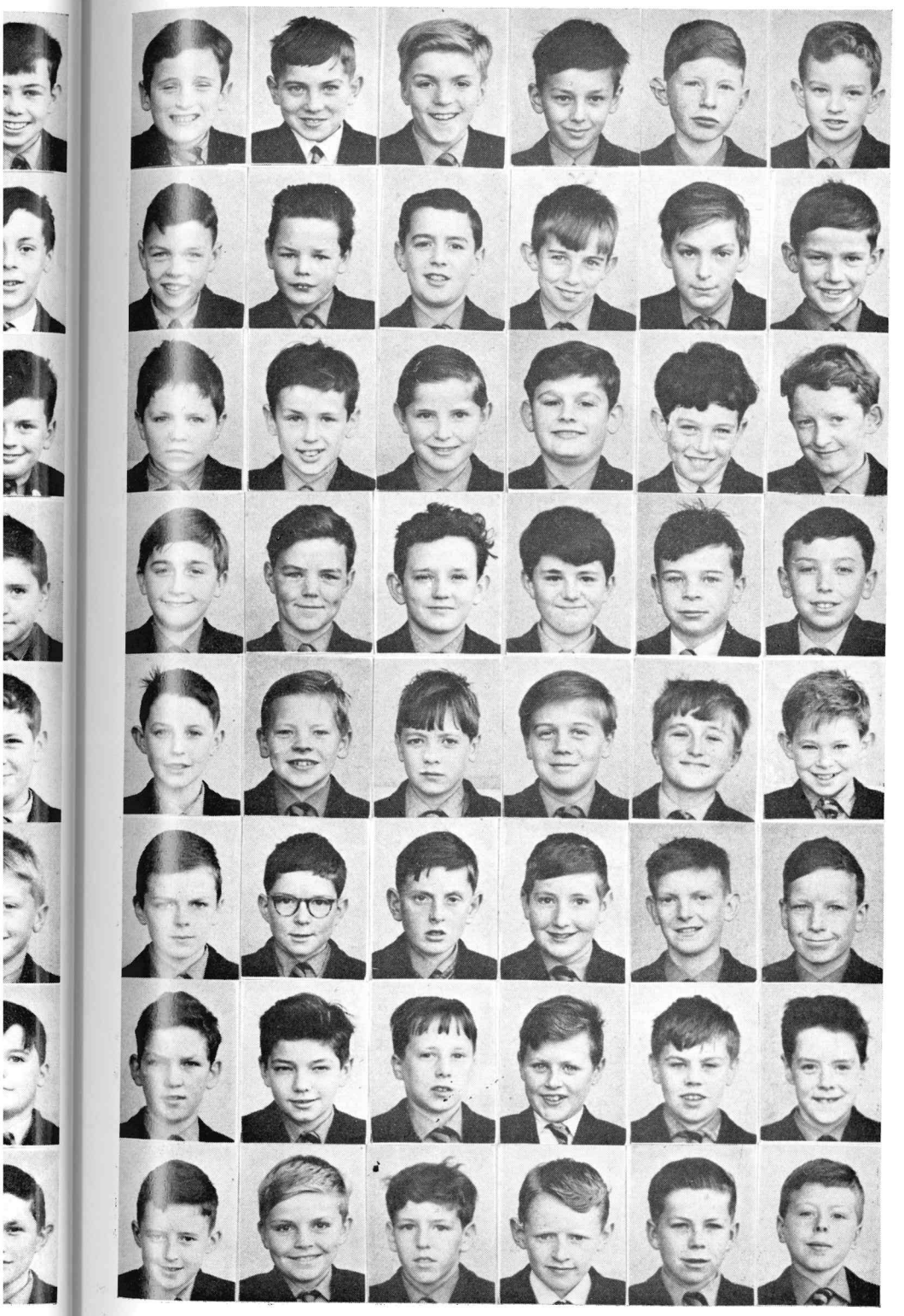
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M. Donnelly
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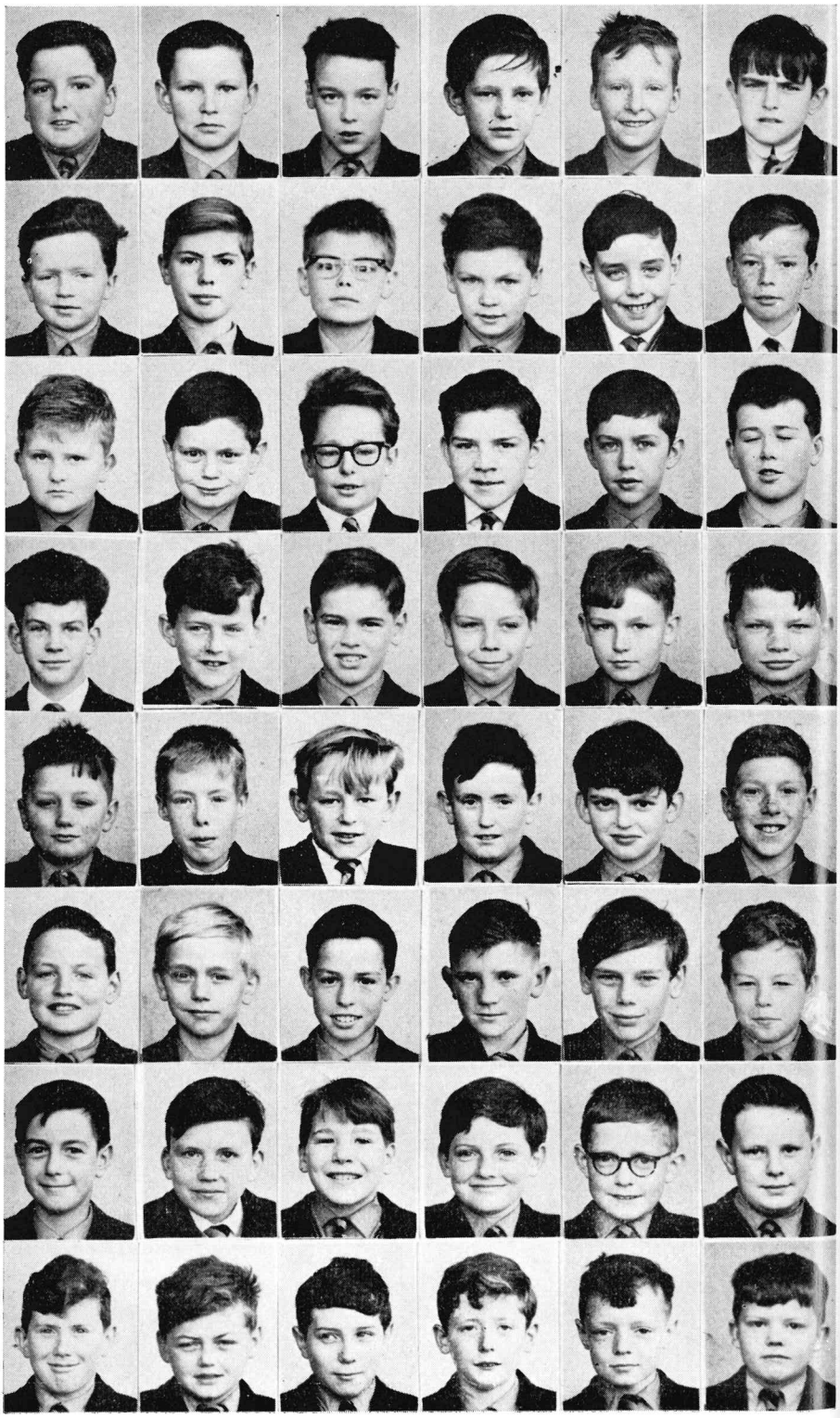
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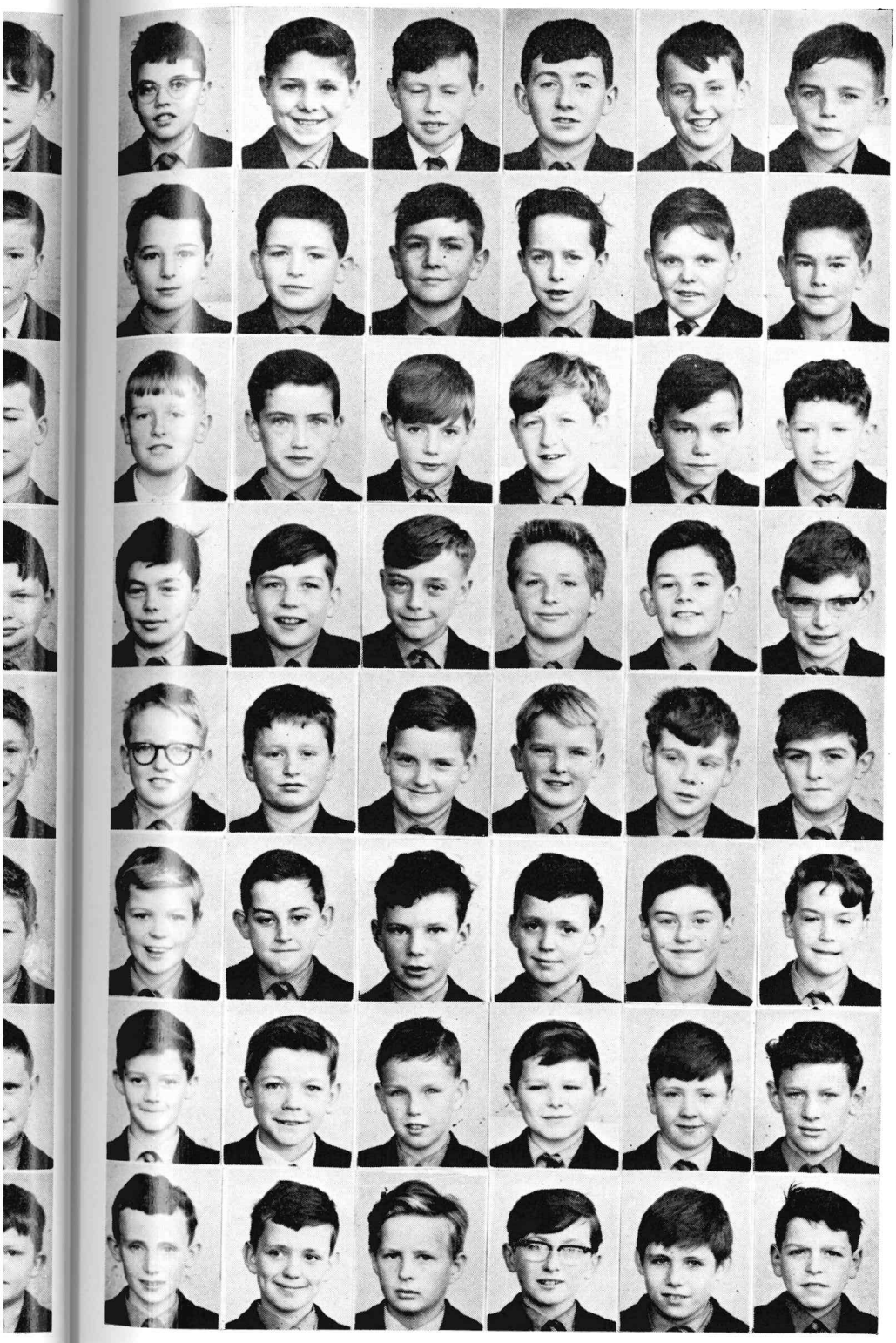
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M. L. O'Kane
W. D. McHenry
R. O'Neill

M. P. McGuigan
W. McKeever
G. Phelan
J. J. McVarnock
I. M. McKeown
P. G. McQuillan

J. J. Nelson
C. P. McLoughlin
K. M. McNally
B. McKeown
G. H. O'Keeffe
M. O'Connor

E. L. Quinn
G. P. McHugh
P. J. O'Neill
J. T. McVicker
E. G. Phoenix
D. A. O'Neill

M. J. McKeever
A. E. McQuillan
J. E. Quinn
B. G. McKeating
D. O'Callaghan
J. J. McQuillan

P. D. McLaughlin
J. T. McVicker
D. G. McQuillan
P. O'Reilly
J. J. McMurray
J. Quinn

First Year Students (contd.)

E. P. Neeson
K. J. Quinn
C. P. O'Doherty
P. J. Quinn
R. G. Pimley
B. J. Wilson

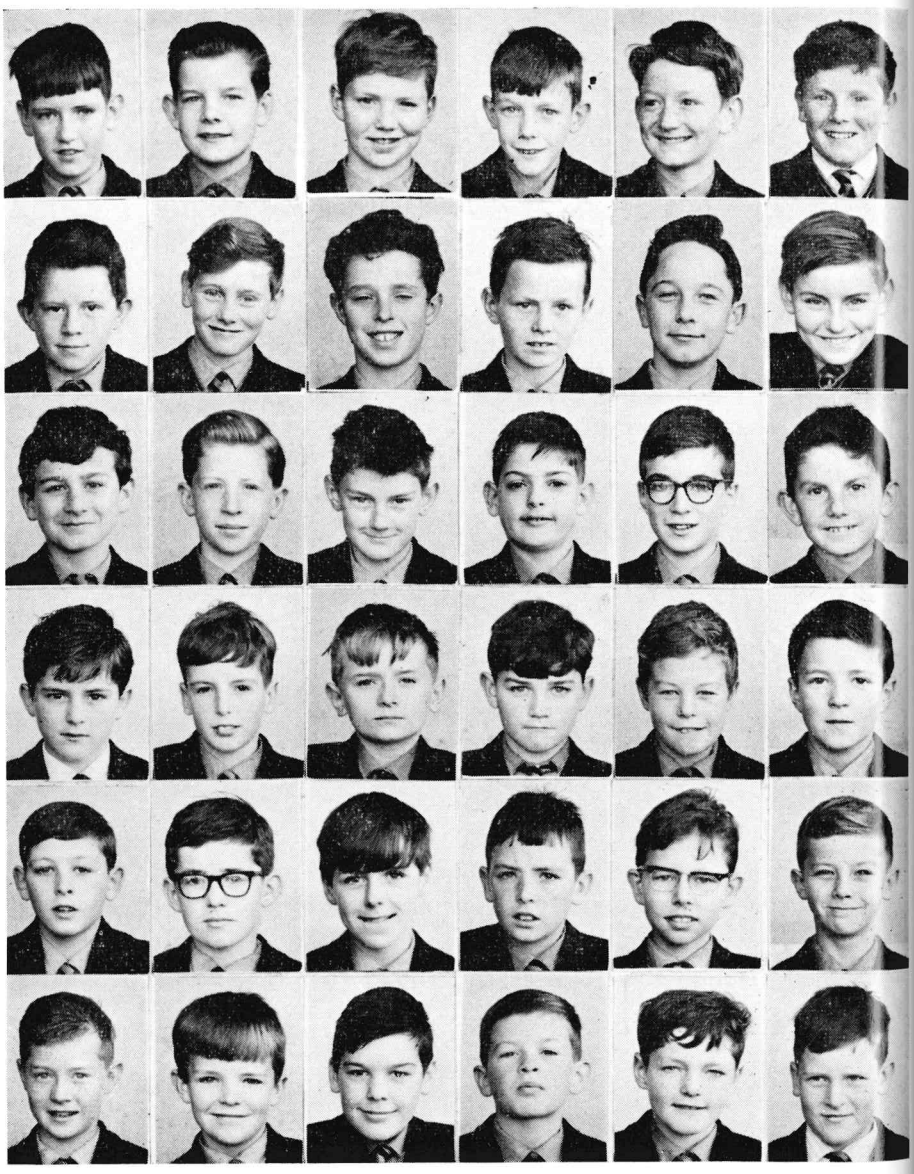
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S. Robb
M. F. Slevin
P. Woods
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B. J. Toner

P. A. Smyth
A. G. Webb
D. M. Turner
S. Turk
A. Shannon
G. E. Reid

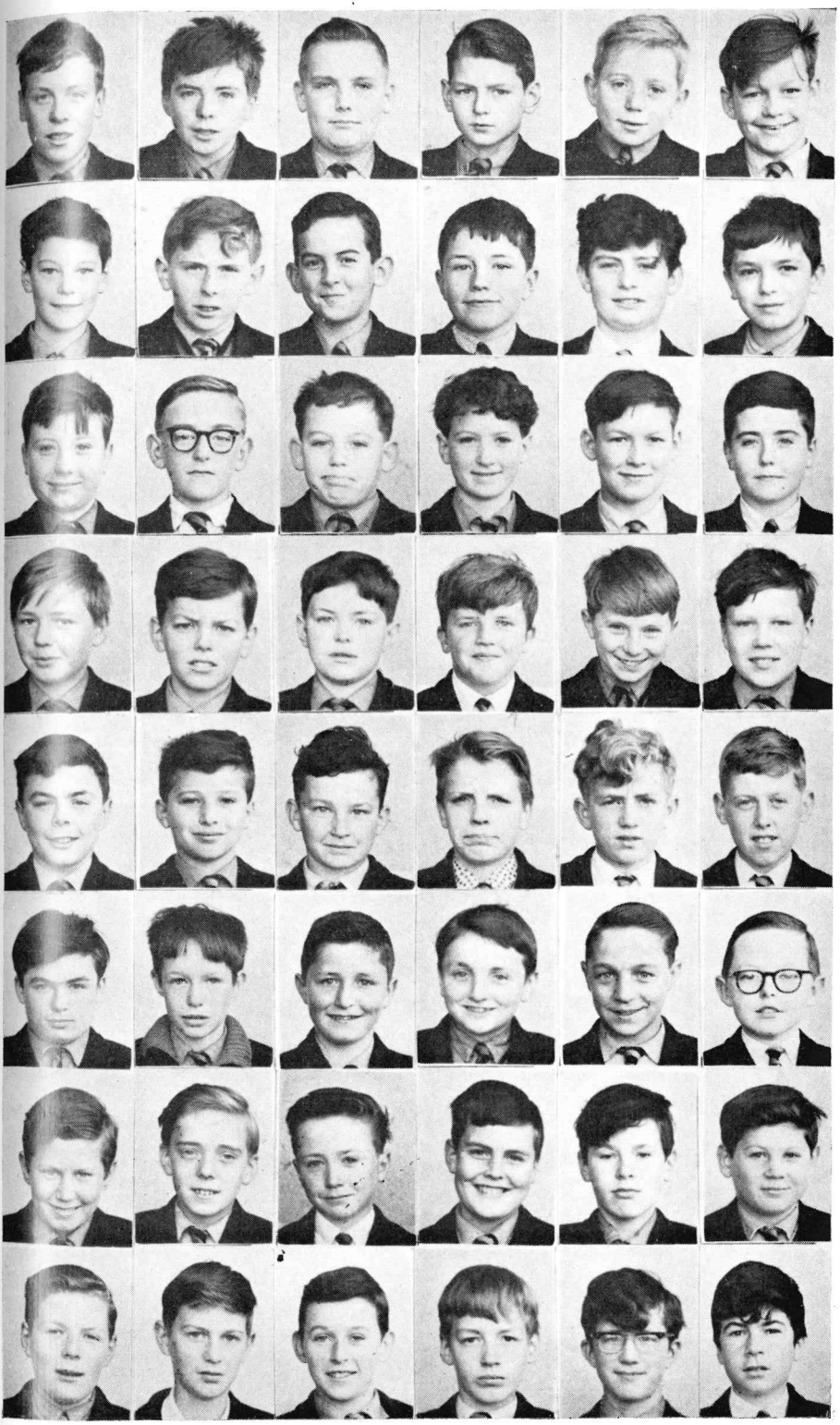
B. C. Robinson
F. E. Thompson
P. Rainey
P. G. Tracey
M. Young
B. B. Wilson

W. J. Steele
F. J. Rice
C. Smyth
P. Woods
G. Tubridy
G. Waring

J. Tracey
J. G. Stilt
J. P. Trainor
B. W. Wilson
P. Walsh
P. M. Shannon



Second Year Students



P. Boyle
E. Campbell
P. Berne
F. Burns
F. Cassidy
P. Benson

G. Reynolds
M. Clarke
M. Collins
B. Brady
M. Blaney
S. Comerford

F. Baronwell
M. Convery
T. Cochrane
D. Blundell
D. Benson
P. Brady

P. Caldwell
N. Connelly
M. Cochrane
M. Breen
M. Adamson
D. Boyd

J. Boyle
T. Cluskey
J. Barry
K. Bowen
R. Catney
F. Brady

P. Anderson
E. Campbell
K. Brady
H. Barry
J. Cunningham
D. Delargey

J. Deeney
S. Fuffy
K. Murray
T. Donnelly
J. Coyle
G. Green

E. Flanagan
P. Cushley
M. Armstrong
B. Flood
G. Davey
J. Flanagan

Second Year Students (contd.)

P. Crozier
S. Corrigan
P. Hill
C. Deveney
J. Craig
P. Duffin

J. Mooney
P. Donnelly
J. Curran
L. Drumm
K. Curran
E. Foster

D. Gillespie
H. Fullerton
W. Copeland
W. McCann
M. Foster
J. Eastwood

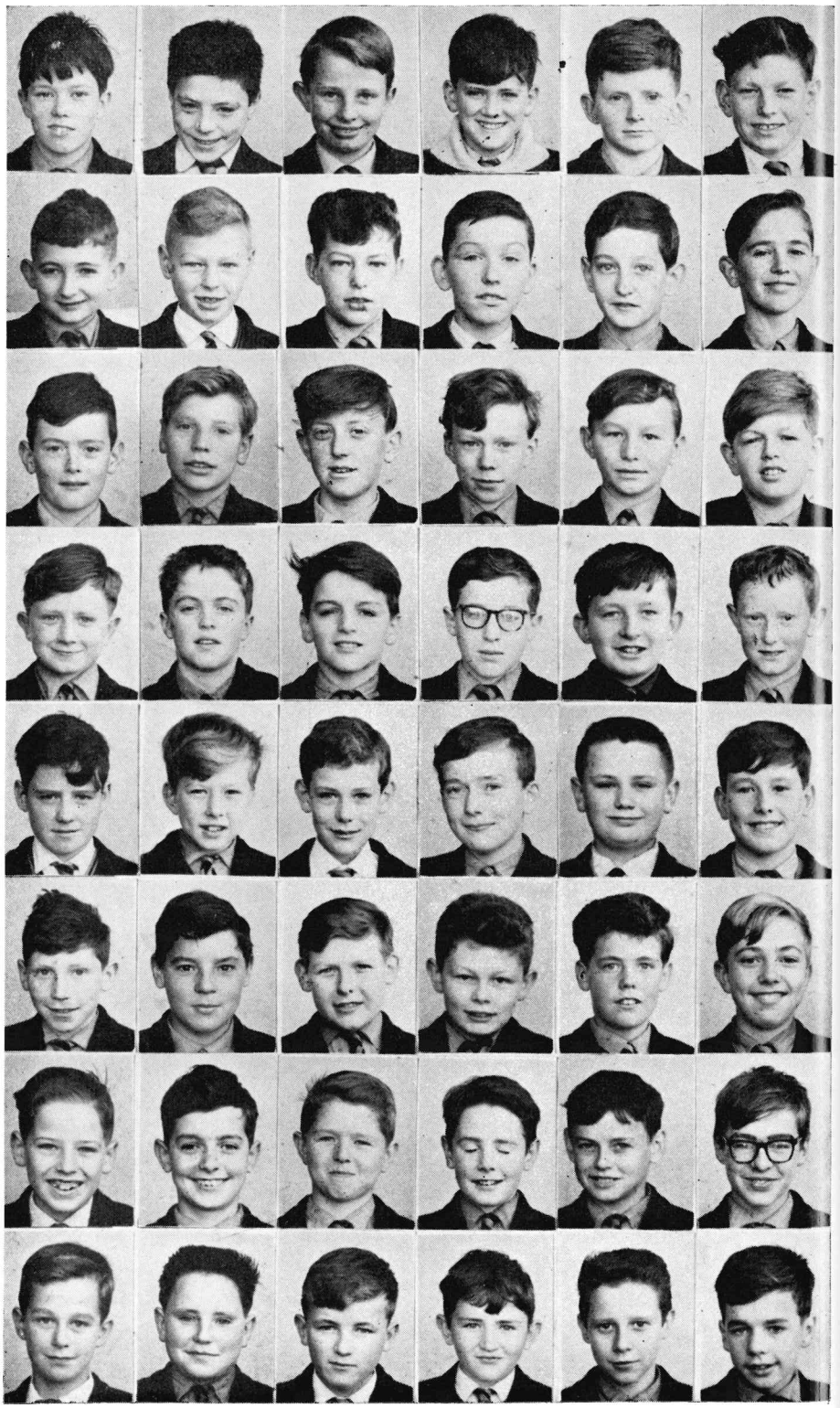
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P. Downing
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T. Coyle
P. Fitzpatrick
M. Flynn

E. Brounly
J. Kennedy
M. Lundy
C. Cosgrove
G. Lavery
P. Herdman

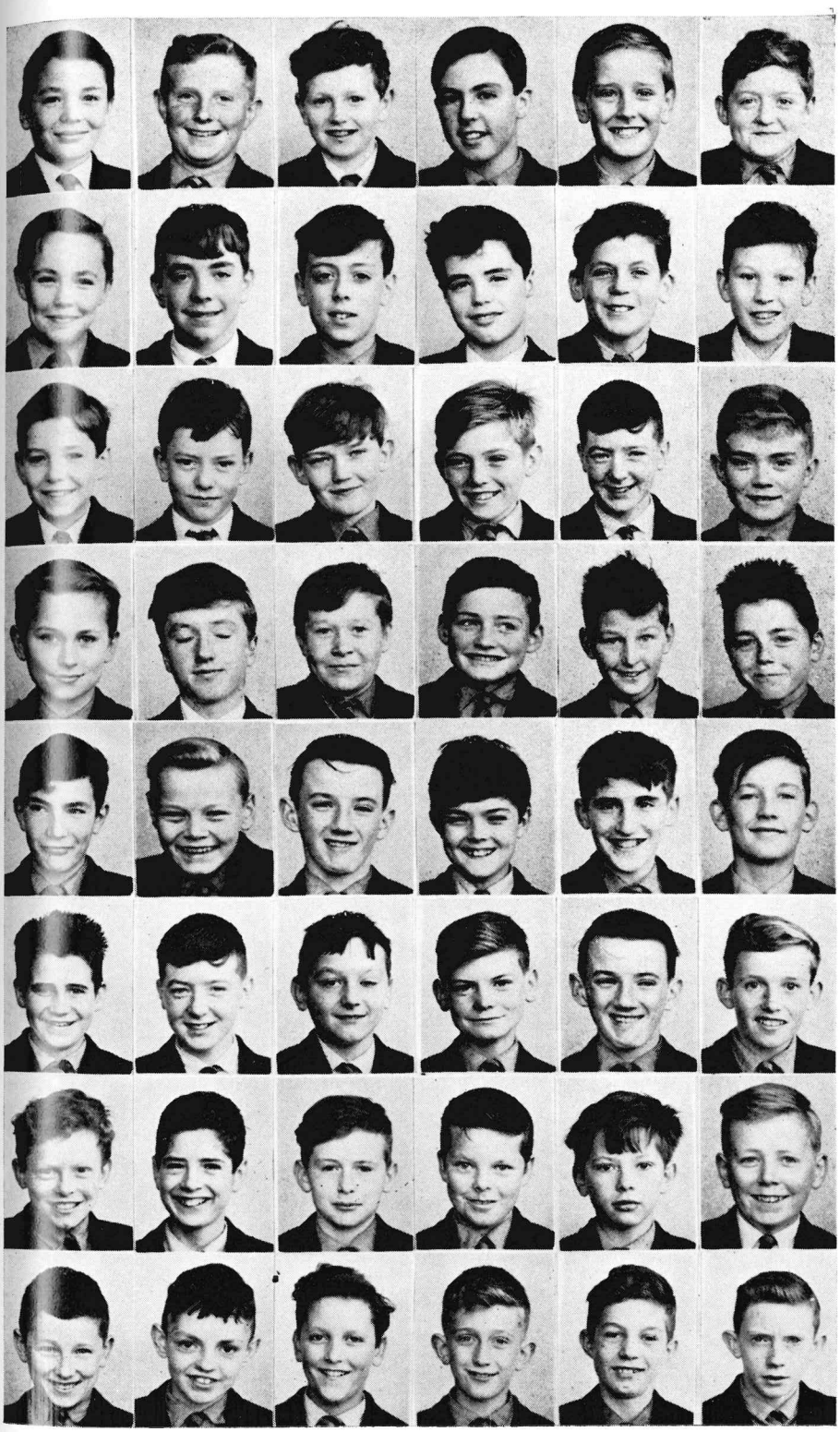
V. Lundy
G. Hanna
P. King
F. O'Kane
J. Jamison
M. Gannon

M. Lambe
K. Gallagher
G. Gibson
P. Ewings
J. Kennedy
P. Kelly

P. Loughran
G. Graham
D. Kelly
J. Kennedy
L. Green
J. Kennedy



Second Year Students (contd.)



B. Kelly
D. Hawkins
N. Glover
G. Kelly
R. Galway
J. Graham

O. Gray
B. Johnson
J. Hallworth
J. Growcott
K. Lenehan
M. McArdle

C. Graham
G. McCoy
K. Mellon
J. Marshall
P. Lynch
J. Magill

W. Mulholland
S. Murphy
C. Murray
J. McCafferty
T. Martin
S. Mallon

G. McCool
P. McCready
P. McCrory
J. McAllister
P. McCavanna
J. McCann

F. Mulholland
D. Lynch
M. Masterson
L. Morgan
P. McCrory
C. Monaghan

P. McCorry
J. McCartan
L. McCrory
W. McAvera
J. Millar
J. Mallon

R. Mulholland
J. McComb
D. McKeown
R. McKeown
J. McLister
G. McAvoy

Second Year Students (contd.)

K. McGrady
C. McGrath
I. McAvoy
P. McGrath
T. O'Hare
B. McFarlane

G. McGuinness
P. McCullough
L. Nellis
A. McLaughlin
D. McRandal
R. McGuigan

M. McDermott
B. McKervey
J. McNulty
T. McGlone
S. McNamee
D. McCurry

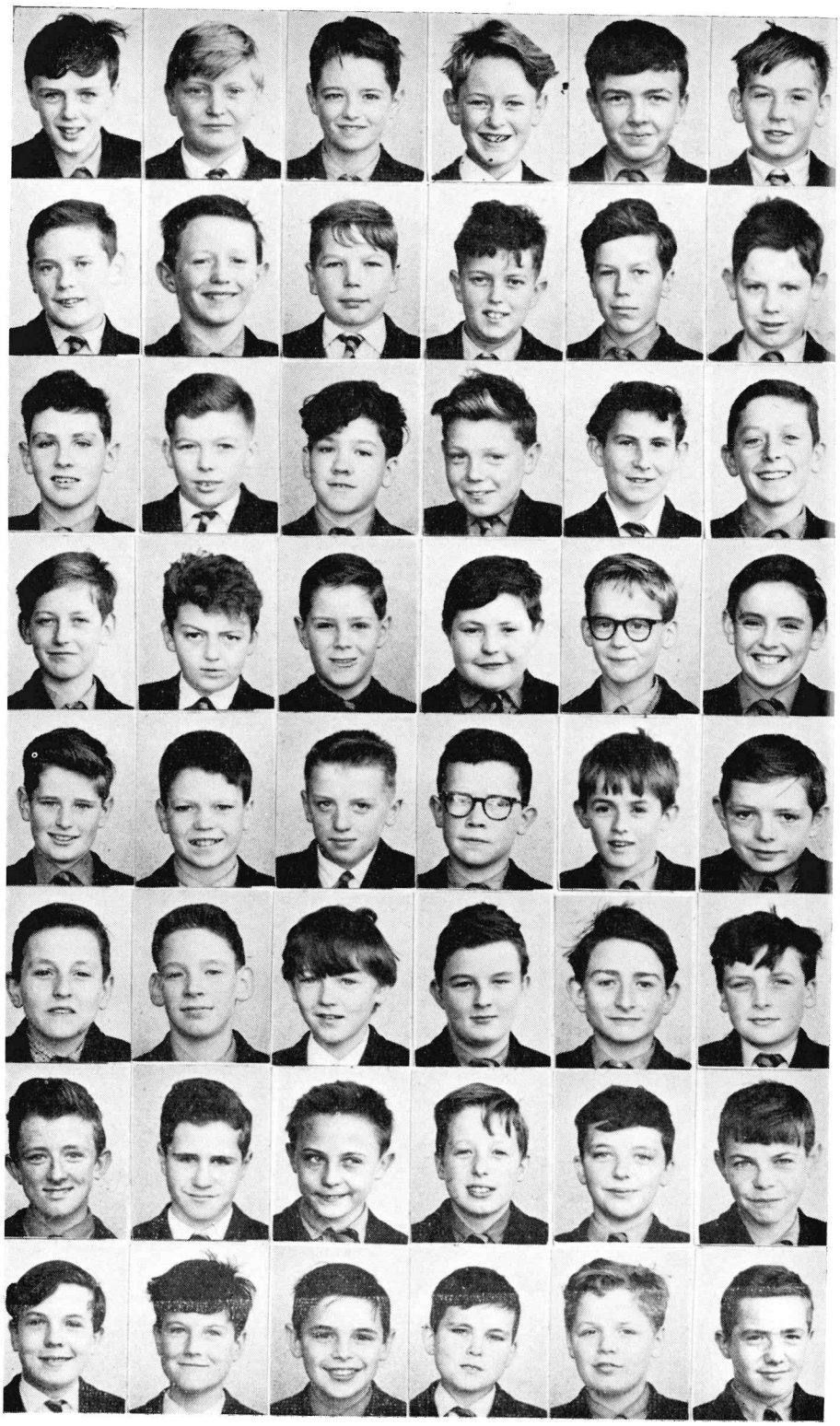
A. McMurray
G. McGrath
S. McIlvenny
G McMullan
M. McDonagh
M. Toner

M. McQuillan
P. McCullough
E McIvor
J. McKenna
B. McHugh
P. McGarrigle

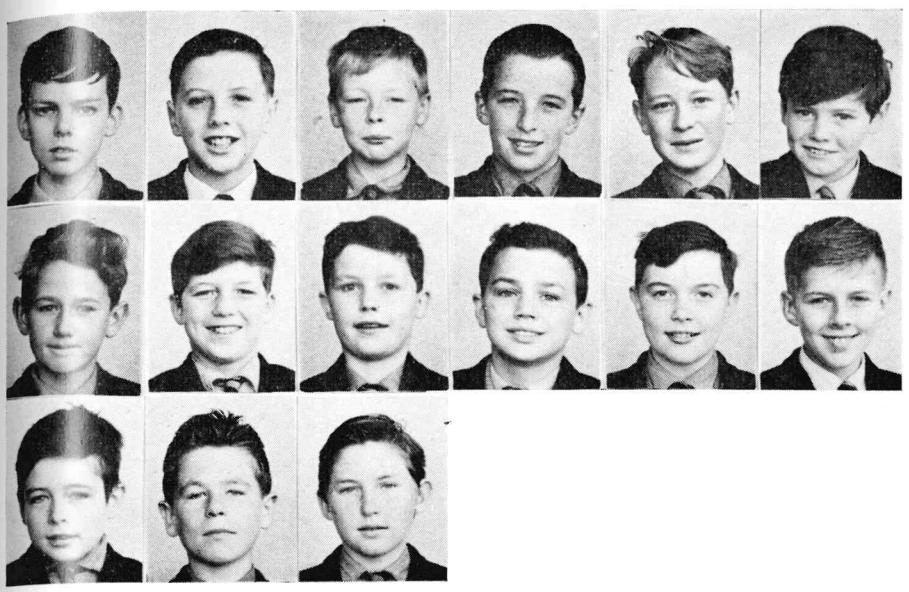
F. Woods
J. Sweeney
J. Palmer
M. Rooney
J. Smyth
C. Toner

B. Quigley
P. McGrath
D. O'Neill
H. McMahon
R. Patton
P. O'Brien

S. Peover
A. Rowan
S. O'Hara
J. Reid
F. Wildy
J. Sloan



Second Year Students (contd.)

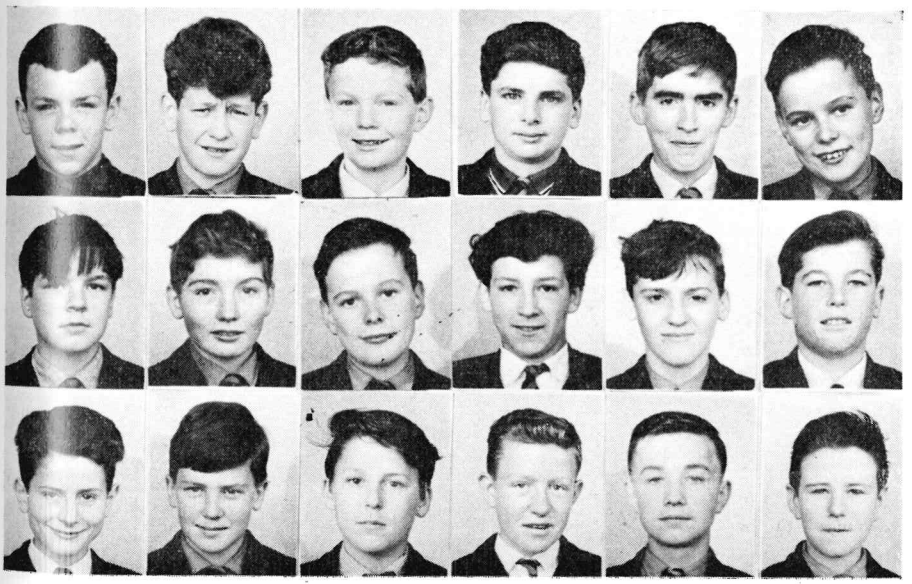


B. O'Neill
A. Shevlin
G. Todd
D. Phelan
B. Searle
B. Watson

J. Price
J. O'Prey
M. Roberts
T. Quigley
J. Roden
P. Ryan

W. Smith
T. Russell
T. O'Neill

Junior Certificate Students



H. McAuley
J. Moore
G. Mullen
D. McCartan
C. McCavana
R. McCann

F. McFerran
M. McCrudden
R. McCann
P. McCormick
G. McCabe
D. Murray

M. McAleese
M. Moran
G. Milligan
B. McDonnell
J. McCormick
K. McCann

Junior Certificate Students (contd.)

P. Corr
G. Crudden
M. Cummings
L. Burns
E. De Ornellas
V. Bent

J. Caldwell
J. Connolly
D. Butler
S. Bingham
V. Brennan
P. Canning

S. Collins
B. Delaney
L. Boyle
D. Adams
R. Cashell
C. Burns

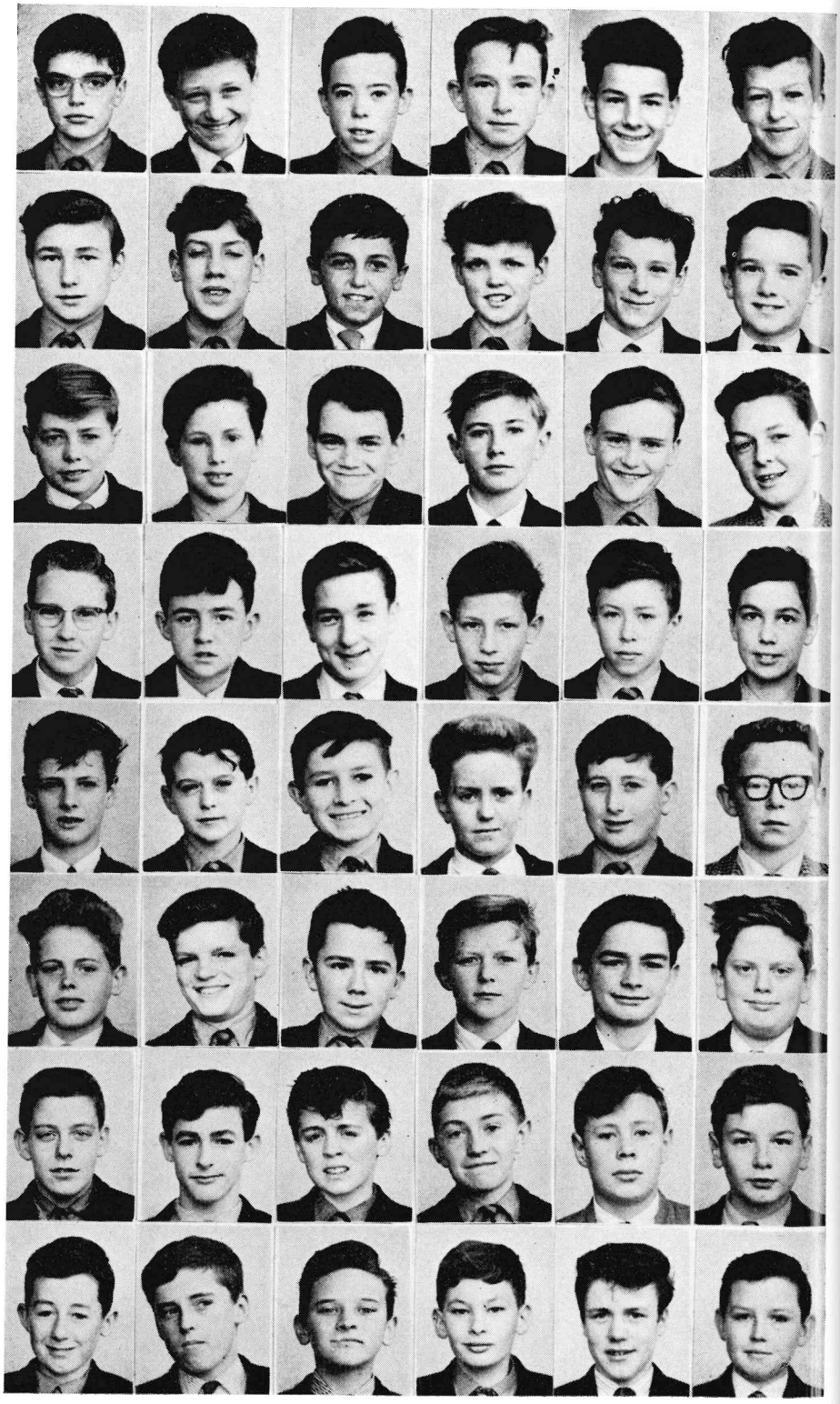
J. Allen
P. Anthony
J. Beatty
H. Crossey
D. Cunningham
K. Brock

G. Branagh
L. Corr
B. Butler
J. Bailie
K. Armstrong
J. Curran

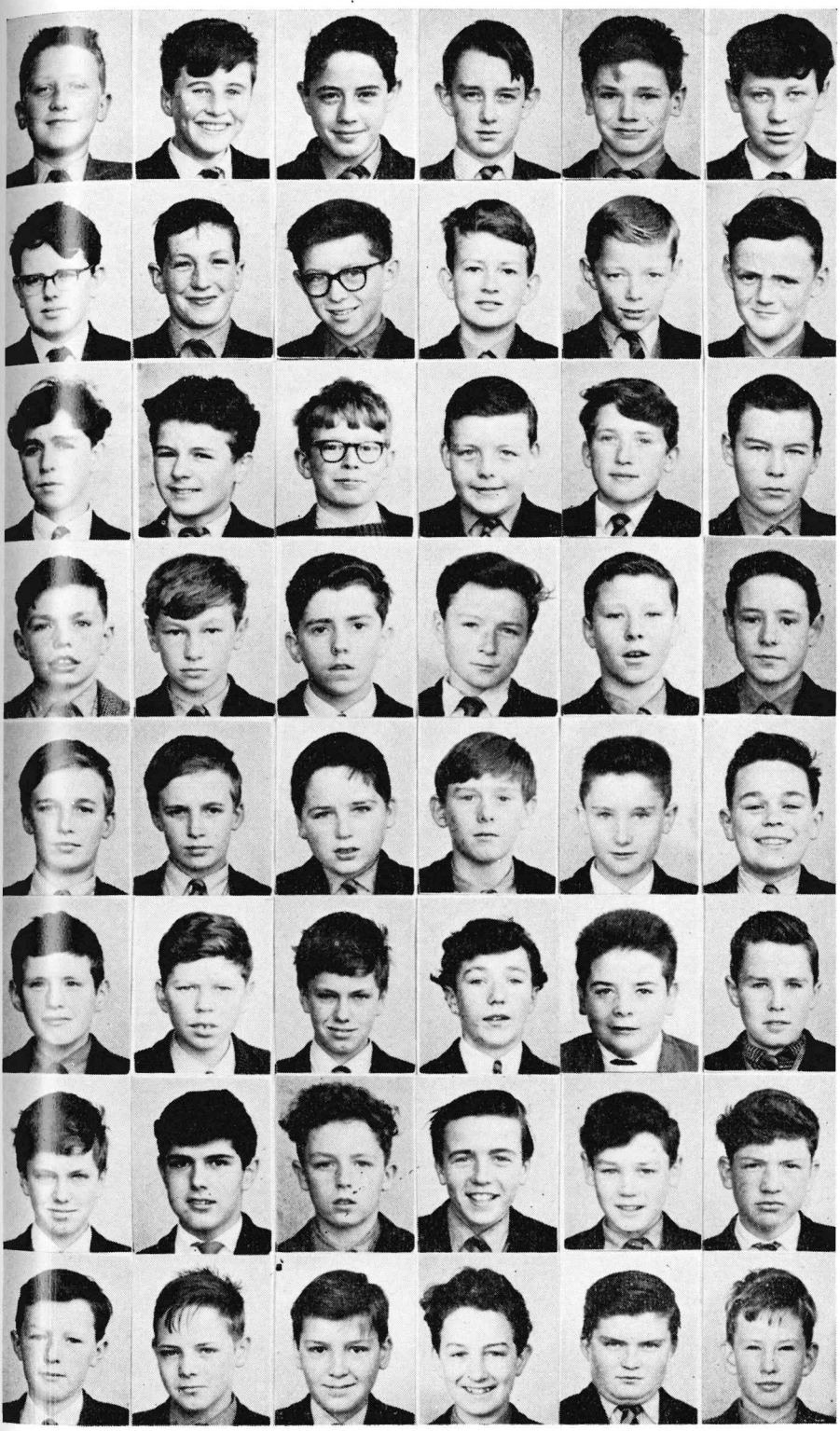
D. Duffin
A. Fitzpatrick
D. Hanna
M. Hanratty
P. Drumm
D. Donnelly

G. Doherty
M. Donnelly
L. Fry
B. Ellis
C. Harvey
P. Hanna

G. Ennis
C. Diamond
G. Gilmartin
M. Glover
O. Gallagher
G. Downey



Junior Certificate Students (contd.)



J. Ewins
P. Gormley
N. Graham
B. Hamilton
C. Duffy
J. Grant

E. Gallagher
T. Gallagher
M. Hackitt
J. Duffin
T. Marnell
O. Mannion

A. Kennedy
S. Megahey
T. Johnston
T. King
E. Magennis
I. Livie

J. Mason
J. Kelly
B. Magennis
J. Molloy
D. Liddy
M. Humphrey

P. Livingstone
P. Livingstone
F. McCartan
C. Laverty
D. Murray
J. Kerr

A. Keenan
B. Holly
H. Lavery
V. Masterson
P. Mallon
T. Jackson

H. Lavery
J. Lundy
B. Hughes
P. Lynch
P. Kennedy
A. Kennedy

M. Liddy
J. Lambe
K. Mooney
J. Mullan
S. Murray
M. McCoy

Junior Certificate Students (contd.)

D. McFerran
G. McLister
M. McKenna
P. McCann
P. McGlade
M. Morgan

J. McGuigan
J. McGeown
K. Mulligan
S. Morgan
T. McNally
F. Mohan

P. O'Brien
P. O'Keefe
F. McKenna
M. McNally
M. McNicholl
P. McLarnon

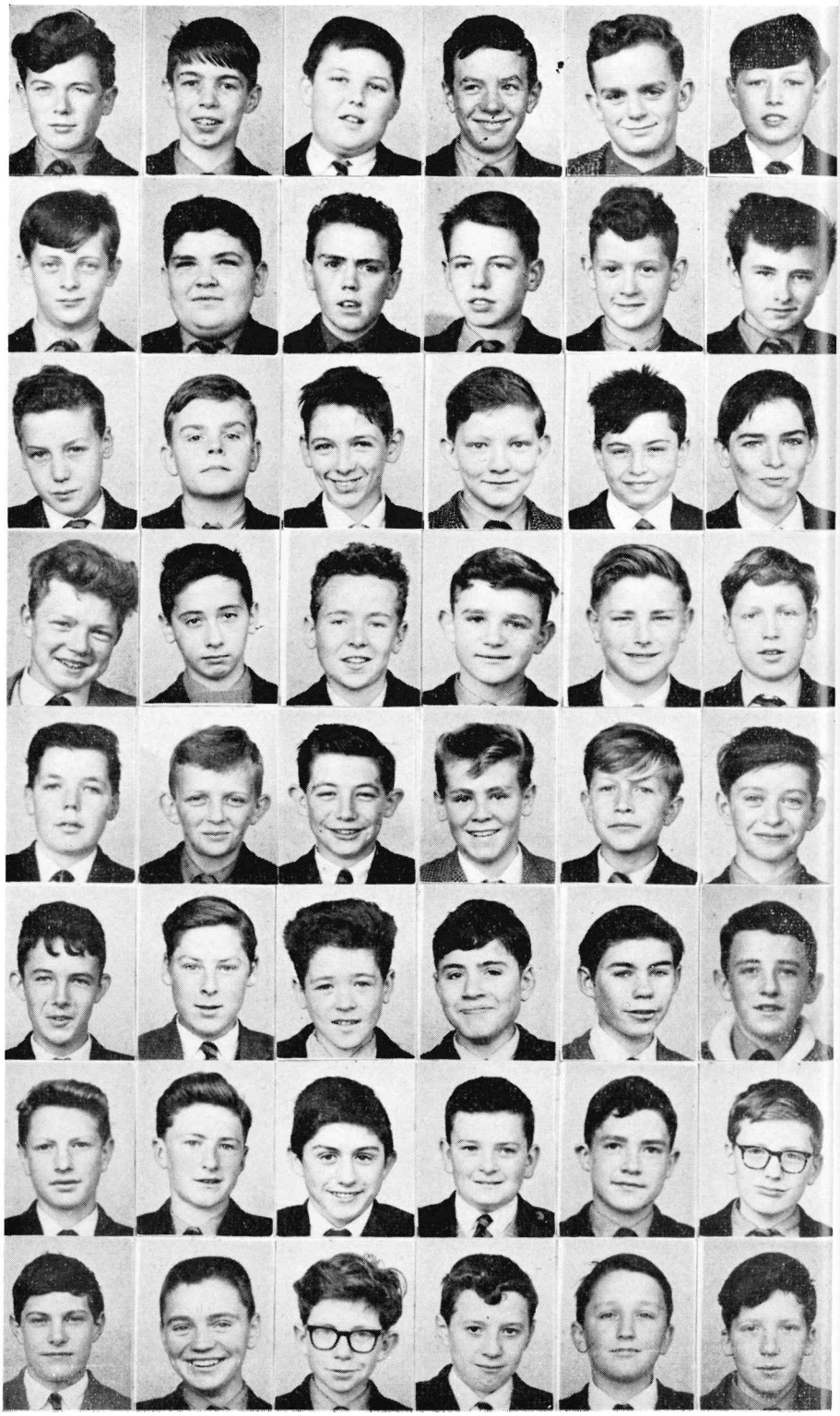
G. Nellis
W. McKeown
M. McNeill
B. Chesser
M. McGivern
F. McKenna

J. O'Malley
S. McGrath
R. McIlhatton
G. O'Hagan
B. McNally
K. McKenna

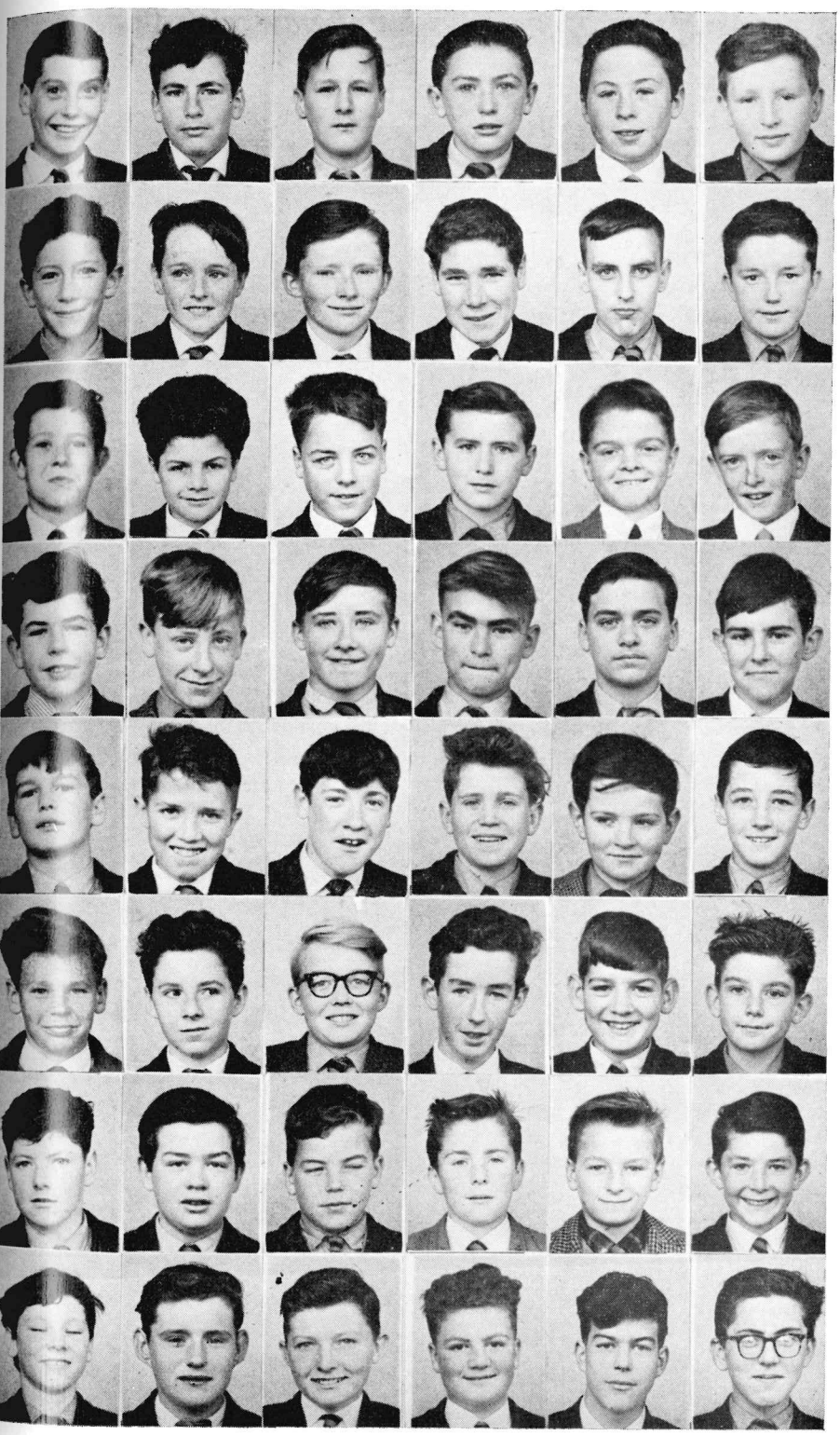
J. McWilliams
B. Sloan
J. McLaughlin
S. O'Callaghan
E. McNamee
K. Woods

S. Ward
S. Webb
M. Toomey
J. Walsh
K. Rea
T. Webb

M. McGrath
D. McGlue
B. McKenna
G. McNally
M. McLaughlin
J. McNaughton



Junior Certificate Students (contd.)



J. Scott
B. Reid
M. Taggart
M. Quigley
S. Tohill
J. Rea

C. Warde
P. Wilson
T. Whyte
P. Regan
O. Sheals
J. Orr

F. Shannon
J. Quinn
C. Tracey
T. Trainor
A. Quinn
D. Simpson

J. Agnew
H. Tanney
R. Smyth
E. Rolston
A. Boyd
B. Jackson

J. McIlvenna
D. Butler
L. Byrne
J. McKenna
P. Donnelly
T. McCullough

A. Thornbury
P. Patton
S. O'Neill
P. Kennedy
T. Lappin
J. Quinn

D. McCormick
J. Gribben
W. Wiggins
A. Hasson
C. Neeson
M. Donnelly

A. McDonald
G. Smyth
W. McCarthy
R. Lemon
B. McCallion
K. Knight

Junior Certificate Students (contd.)

T. McAnallen
C. Cruise
K. McClure
P. Corrigan
M. Sterling
A. McFarlane

M. McCurley
C. Tully
K. O'Kane
P. Watson
F. Fullerton
D. McMahon



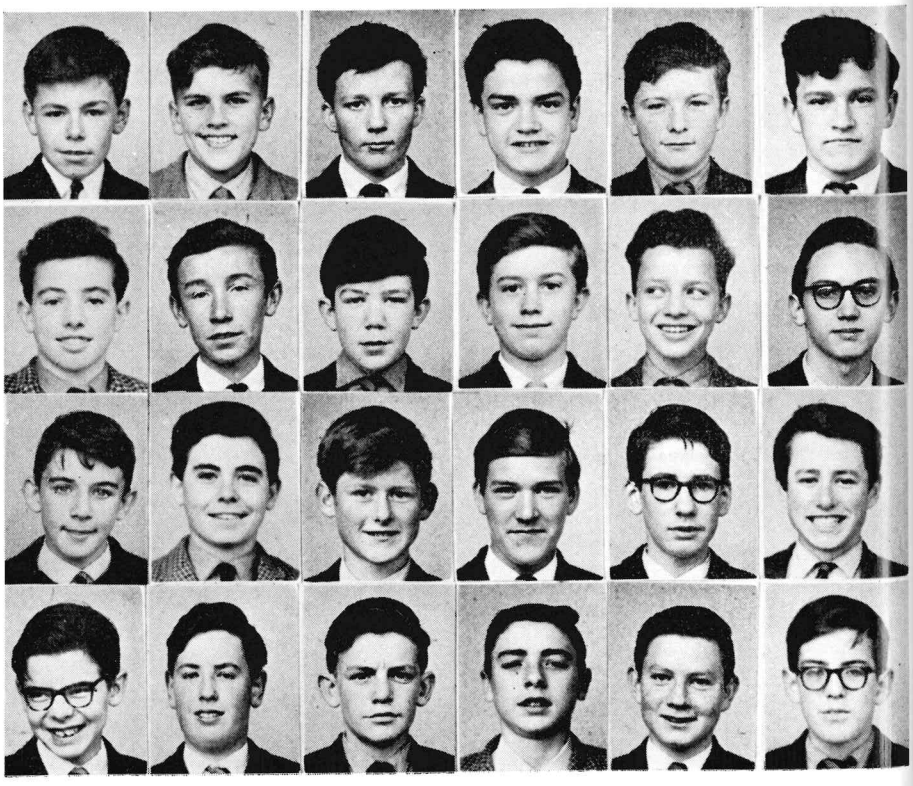
First Year Senior Students

S. Davidson
P. Ryan
E. Liddy
M. Glover
P. Hennessey
T. Egan

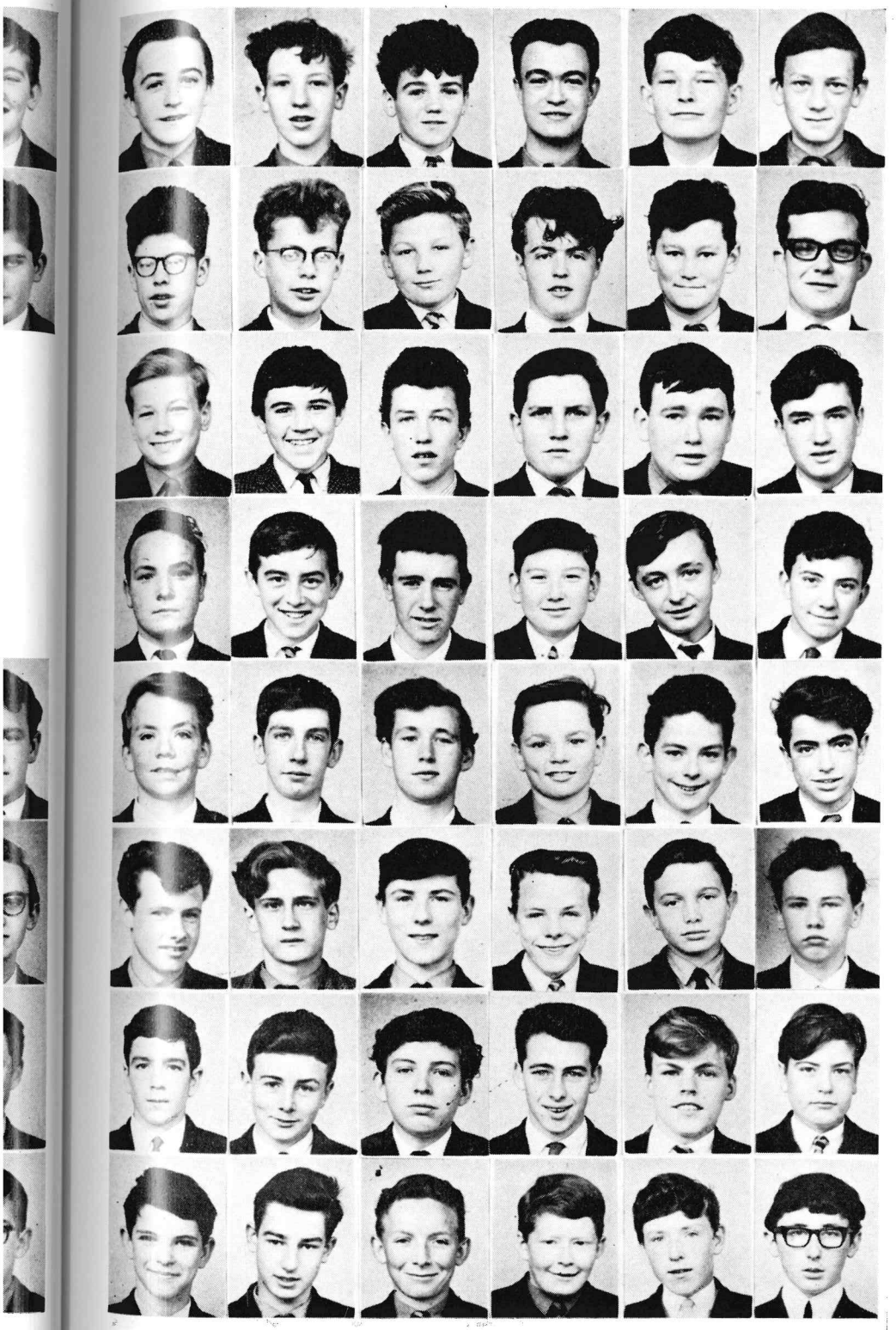
P. Closkey
M. Fitzpatrick
E. Agnew
M. Caher
F. Bunting
D. Lavery

D. Conliffe
P. Cullen
J. Rice
P. Mooney
P. McCann
J. Kennedy

J. O'Hara
J. O'Kane
A. Hughes
F. McAlea
P. Shevlin
D. Madine



First Year Senior Students (contd.)



R. Duff
F. Curran
T. Cross
C. Falls
T. Bradley
A. Flanagan

G. Adams
J. Brady
J. McGlone
S. Hill
S. Murray
P. Totton

M. Sands
T. McIlmurray
P. McCusker
E. Fagan
P. Briggs
R. Dynes

R. Cooper
C. Robinson
D. Wylie
M. Manning
J. Gray
P. Kane

S. O'Doherty
J. Cassidy
R. Skeffington
B. Gorman
J. McAleese
T. O'Doherty

D. McAllister
A. Donnelly
P. Kane
R. Maguire
W. McIlvenna
M. Woods

P. O'Boyle
G. McKeating
A. Thompson
D. Cochrane
J. Condit
P. McGrath

D. Brennan
D. McCafferty
J. McDonnell
B. Bunting
P. McCann
P. Kennedy

First Year Senior Students (contd.)

J. Mulholland
G. Casey
F. Blaney
M. O'Kane
M. Devlin
H. McGrath

A. Hamill
B. Lee
T. Bradley
J. D. Colgan
B. Ward
J. Howie

K. McFall
P. Curran
M. Clifford
G. Jamison
S. McCann
J. Quinn

M. Burke
J. Wilson
A. Vaugh
P. Smyth
S. Devlin
J. Tohill

J. Brophy
J. Gallagher
V. Coyle
J. Donaghy
C. Lambe
J. Magee

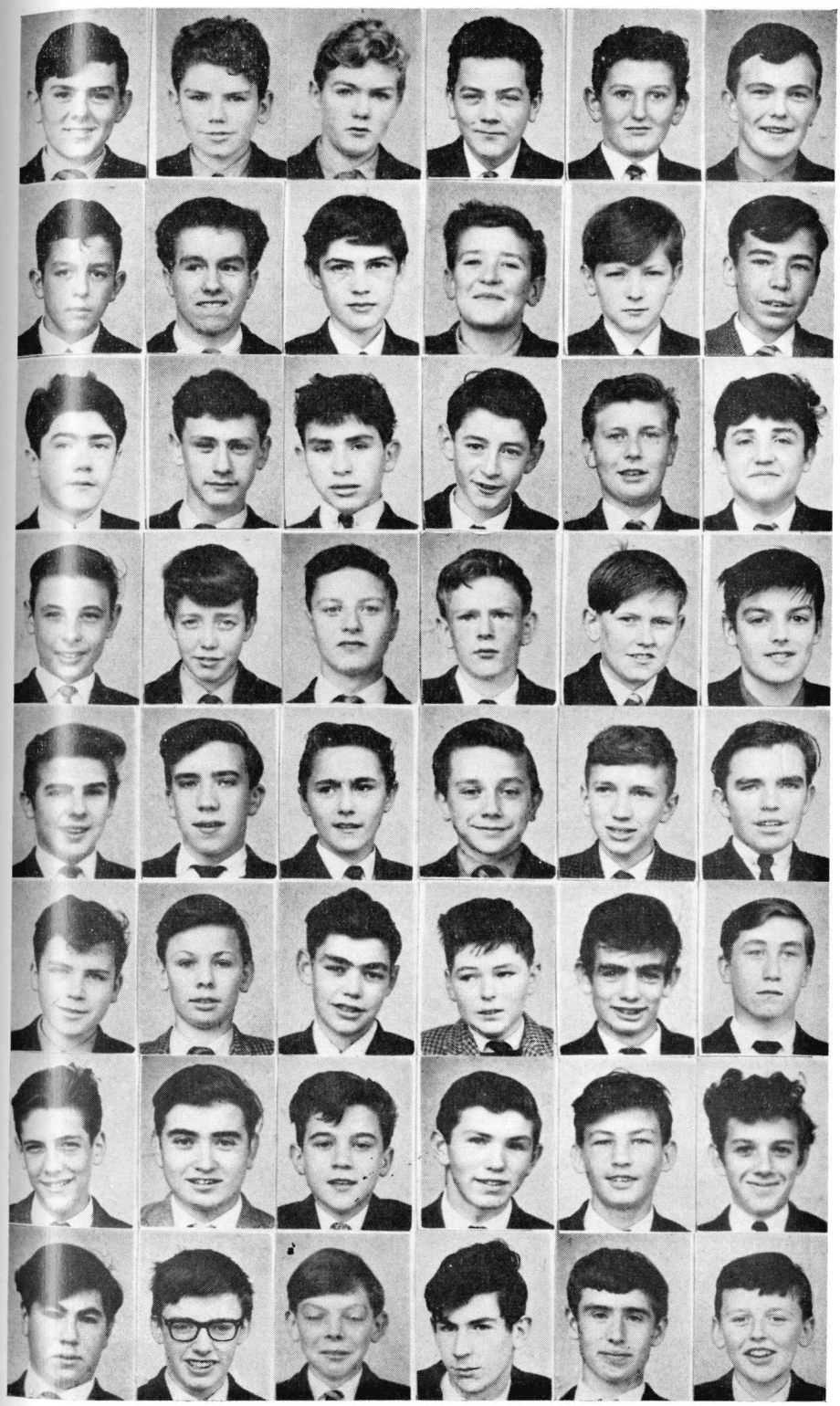
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R. Grant
E. McCrudden
G. Walsh
P. McDermott
M. Hagan

T. Lawless
P. Thorogood
A. Magee
J. Johnston
B. Delargy
G. Colohan

E. McLaughlin
E. Taggart
P. Mulholland
P. Fay
P. Nolan
P. Maguinness



First Year Senior Students (contd.)



R. Corvin
M. Collins
L. Gallinagh
L. McLarnon
E. McGrattan
K. Bowler

J. Keane
J. Lavery
J. Gormley
C. Donnelly
P. Finnucane
G. Murray

J. Higgins
K. Steele
M. Drugan
P. Nolan
J. Cooley
E. Breen

D. McKeever
G. Douglas
G. Devaney
C. McBride
G. McKenna
N. O'Reilly

F. Coogan
E. Johnston
J. Hanna
F. McCorry
J. Morgan
J. McAlorum

S. Brady
J. Devlin
D. Cooper
D. Moore
P. O'Hara
P. Cunningham

T. Mullan
T. McGrath
J. Dwyer
D. Savage
J. Lynch
S. Pimley

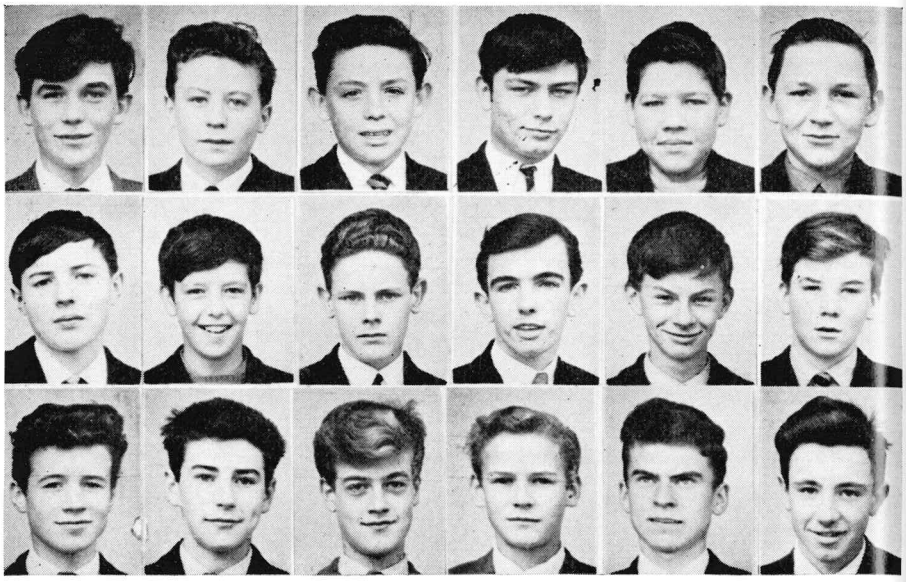
D. Donnelly
M. Collins
K. Carville
B. McHugh
J. Arkins
B. Rogers

First Year Senior Students (contd.)

P. McCloskey
P. McGarry
J. Wilson
T. Lavery
M. Kennedy
E. Wallace

M. Maguire
E. McQuaid
P. Duffin
S. Fitzpatrick
P. Stewart
S. Anderson

K. McLaughlin
P. Taggart
B. Holt
P. Moutray
J. Clint
B. Gillespie



Senior Certificate Students

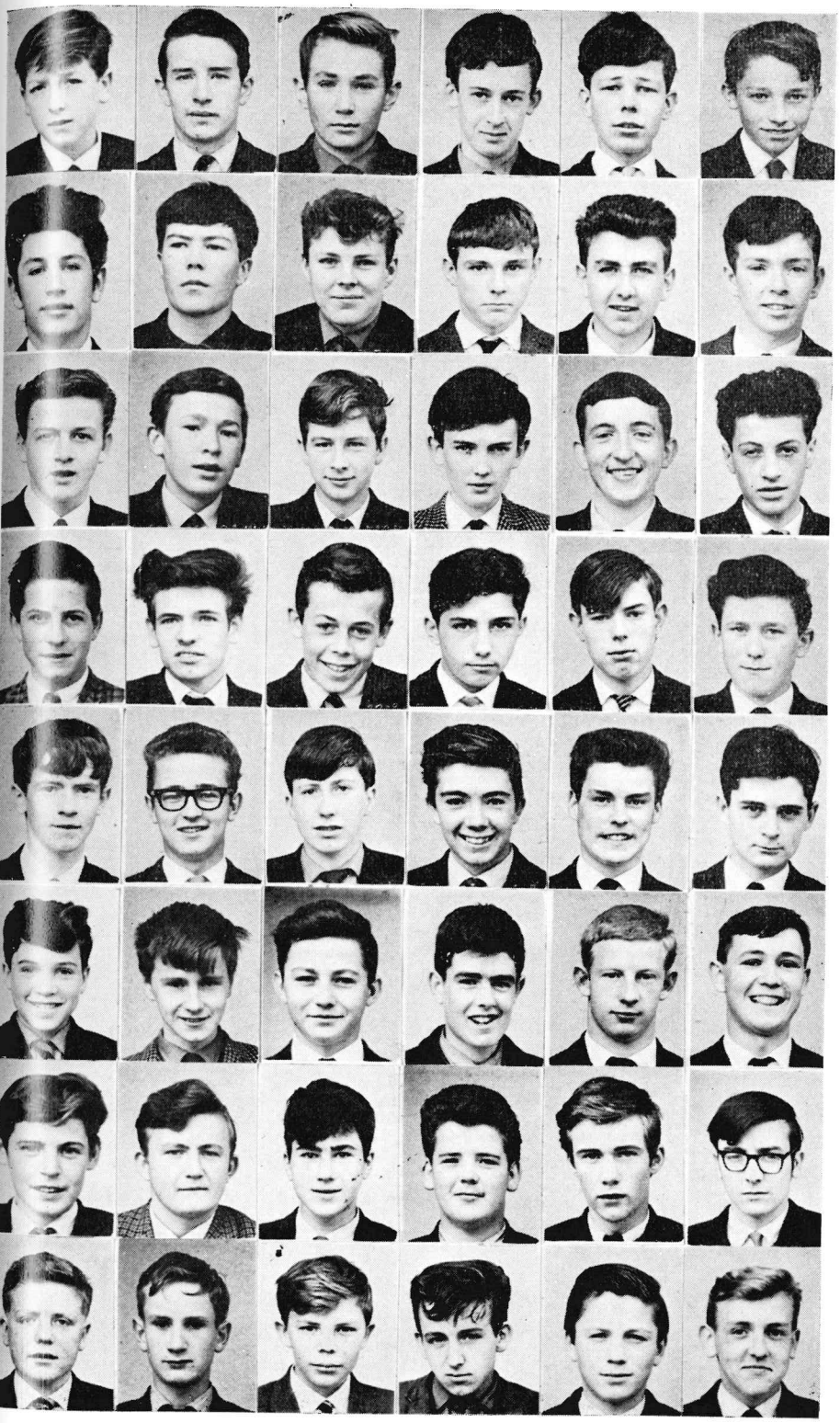
J. McCaughan
M. Donnelly
M. Cassidy
P. McGuigan
J. McCrory
J. Neary

G. Corr
P. Henry
B. Goldsmith
J. Crosby
D. Quinn
G. McManus

J. Clifford
P. Campbell
M. Moran
M. McClean
C. Marnell
M. O'Kane



Senior Certificate Students (contd.)



B. McKeown
D. Carey
D. Thornbury
J. Agnew
S. Connolly
T. White

P. Maguire
L. Kerr
R. Arthurs
V. Keegan
F. Donnelly
B. McGivern

E. Quinn
P. Rea
G. Boyle
P. Smith
G. Stewart
J. Goodall

M. Murray
E. McKenna
H. Connolly
C. Fay
P. Quigg
H. McNally

E. McGarrigle
A. Hegarty
D. Breen
T. Ward
P. O'Reilly
J. McMullan

B. Moran
A. Donnelly
H. McCarthy
F. Caldwell
G. McIlduff
J. Peel

K. Davis
T. Frawley
R. Burke
T. O'Neill
B. Monaghan
J. Johnston

P. Rogan
O. Lecky
A. Harvey
B. O'Neill
M. Prior
B. Fagan

Senior Certificate Students (contd.)

M. Doherty
P. Duffy
F. Trainor
R. Rice
T. O'Kane
T. Totten

B. Carswell
K. Manning
M. McCrudden
W. Moutray
J. Porter
K. Campey

G. Murray
B. Pimley
J. Hodgkinson
L. Catney
P. Kelly
R. Bailey

K. Smyth
J. McMullen
T. McHugh
J. Bartlett
E. McCullough
P Wilson

D. Monaghan
A. Hennessey
P. Gilmore
B. Keown
P. McKenna
D. Davey

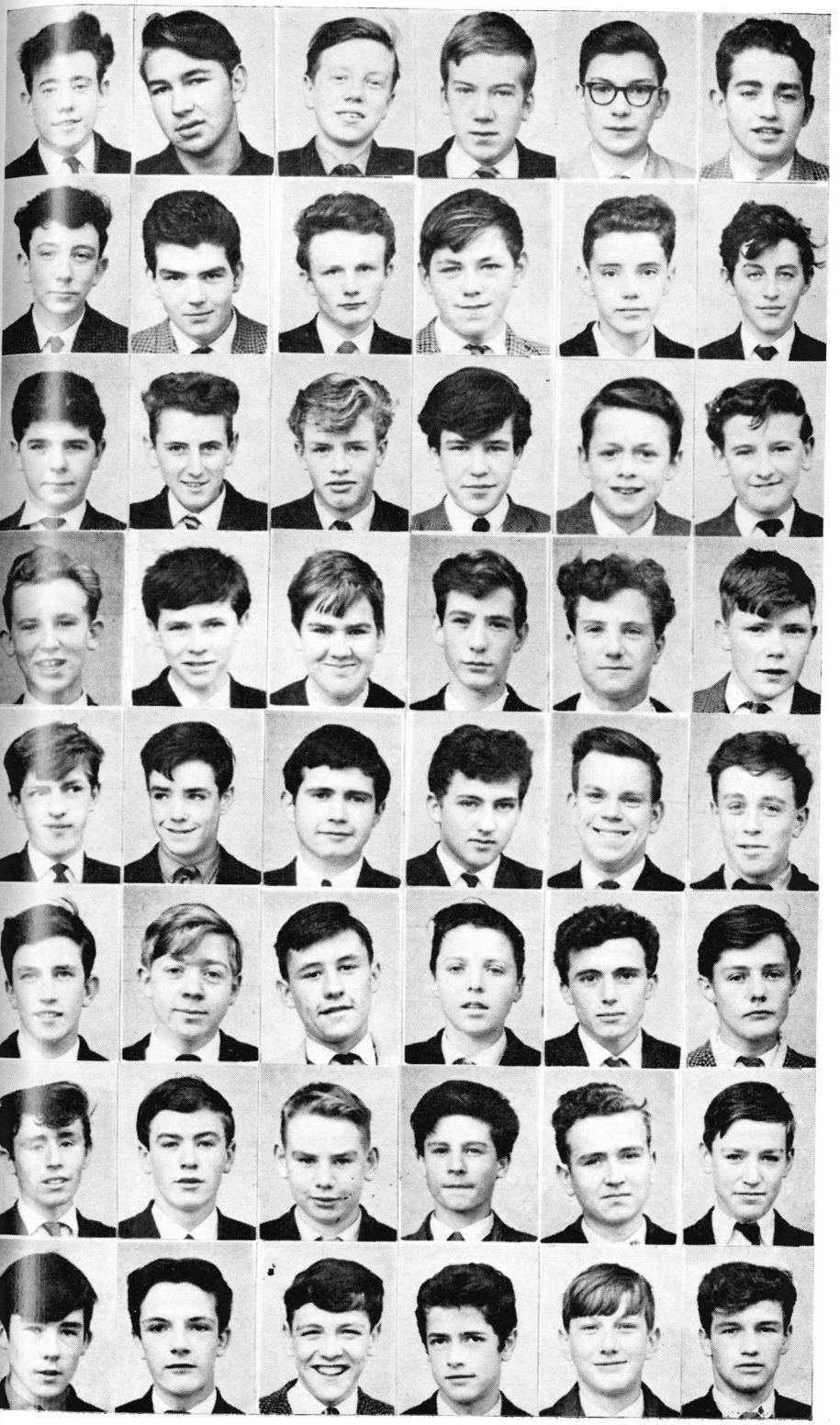
H. McNulty
A. O'Brien
J. Hughes
J. Hueston
J. Murray
B. Morris

P Cush
N. O'Hare
B McLaverty
P. Cullen
K. Connolly
A. Kavanagh

M. Street
E. Elliott
W. McHenry
K. Logan
B. Mulvany
A. Poland



Senior Certificate Students (contd.)



B. McAuley
T. Fagan
B. O'Neill
T. Gribbin
S. Finnegan
F. Lambe

G. Short
M. Martin
M. Liddy
M. McCloskey
S. Lavery
N. Martin

D. Ryder
K. McAlinden
G. Keenan
P. Agnew
C. Delaney
S. McKenna

B. Cullen
H. Carville
C. McMahon
P. Kerr
J. Rowan
S. Toner

S. McErlean
C. Curran
M. Ginty
D. McVeigh
E. McKeown
F. Loughran

P. Sloane
G. Cassidy
J. McIlroy
K. Gormley
M. McCullough
P. Simpson

G. Reilly
W. Molloy
S. McIlwee
L. Bunting
G. McNiel
C. Murray

B. McCall
G. O'Neill
N. Brennan
J. Madden
P. Cahalane
R. McCullough

Senior Certificate Students (contd.)

A. Alexander
P. Alexander
P. Bennett
P. Murphy
D. Rodgers
A. Lavery

D. Wildy
B. Fearon
B. Evans
H. Trainor
P. Cormican
W. Trainor

P. Kane
M. Sloane
M. Arkins
B. Donnelly
F. Dynan
V. Cochrane

J. Graham
P. Falls
O. Frawley
F. Flanagan
F. Madden
B. Carson

J. Devine
H. Cush
T. Mason
J. O'Kane
G. Mallon
P. Johnston



Advanced Students



H. Rice
K. Clifford
P. Gormley
W. Street
J. Owens
H. Donnelly

G. Blake
M. Braithwaite
P. McDaid
P. Gaffikin
G. McVeigh
S. Murphy

N. O'Reilly
F. Rogers
S. McCafferty
J. Donnelly
J. Boyle
P. Murray

P. Ward
P. Forte
R. Meenan
F. Kelly
K. Doherty
N. McFerran

M. Kelly
J. Kelly
S. Maguire
J. McCormick
J. Lee
J. Carey

R. McBride
E. Grimes
P. Magill
J. Harte
T. Murray
A. Murray

J. McLaughlin
P. McGrath
J. McCourt
D. Rooney
P. McNeill
G. McKeown

J. Flynn
K. Delaney
J. Cushnahan
J. Kelly
K. Austin
G. O'Neill

Advanced Students (contd.)

M. Hannon
E. Finnegan
M. McGlade
B. Rainey
M. Corke
M. McHugh

R. McBride
T. Birch
M. Farnan
T. Agnew
C. Craig
G. Murray

E. Golomboski
B. Stewart
P. Cullen
G. Ryan
S. F. Langan
P. Cormican

S. Slack
J. Collins
J. McCusker
O. Boylan
D. McKeith
M. Cooney

E. O'Kane
R. McLaughlin
T. McGlone
P. Gormley
E. Rice
D. Marron

A. O'Prey
K. Trainor
M. Fallon
T. Hill
M. Reid
G. Cleary

D. Kelly
S. Drumm
T. McCartney
T. Kerr
P. McMahon
G. McGarry

J. Robertson
J. Murphy
J. Hanna
S. Bunting
J. Macklin
J. Dolan



Advanced Students (contd.)



V. McKeown
L. Dowds
G. Devlin
D. Haughey
T. Bartlett
S. Slack

J. McAleevy
J. Ewings
S. Brennan
B. McGlue
L. Davidson
B. Trainor

J. Leopold
G. May
P. Rooney
D. McNaughton
M. Brennan
J. O'Hare

The Long Striker

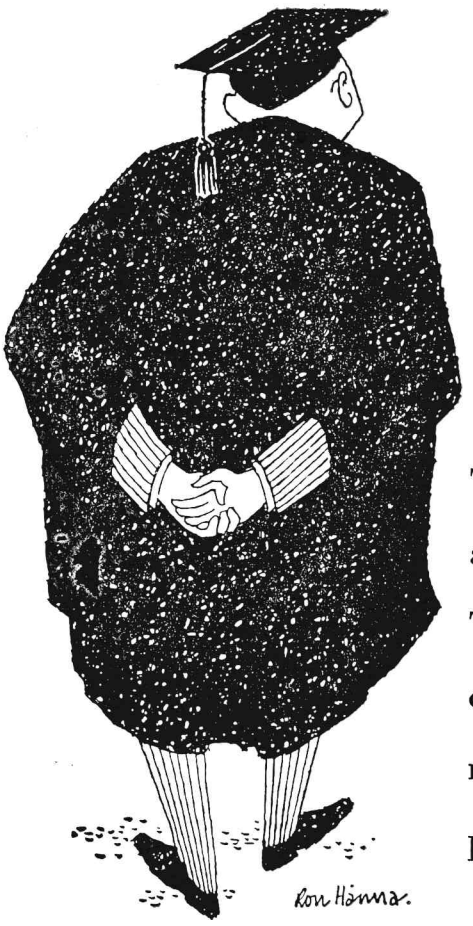
A flag flutters in the distance
A man takes his stance
Strangely dressed, and with weapon
in hand
He strikes; a white object flies
Arcs, drops, and lands.
Near to the circular patch it lies,
The man advances, his black suit
And white collar looking quite out of
place
In such a situation as this.
He nears the object foot by foot
(Its a wonder it doesn't explode in
his face!)
He sees how easy it is to miss.

K. GORMLEY

Travelling Hopefully

This time two years where shall we
be,
Up on the Glen Road, wild and free.
No more Latin, no more French,
No more sitting at the well-carved
bench.
We'll play games; we will swim,
We will make the same old din.
No more tumbling down the stairs,
No one will be late for prayers.
We'll be good as gold and more
Like our fathers were before.

G. A. COLOHAN (4SC)



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BRANCHES IN ENGLAND, WALES AND THROUGHOUT IRELAND

By SEAN ANDREWS

The Missing Fountain Pen

JIMMY was the proudest boy in Primary Five. To-day was his birthday and he had been presented with his first pen. What a wonderful pen it was too. It was blue with a silver clip and shone with a glossy newness which delighted Jimmy's eye.

As he walked through the heavy iron gate of St. David's Primary School with his school-bag at a careless angle over his shoulder he thought of how long he had waited for his first pen. Pencils were fine, and they had character too, fat ones, thin ones, long ones, short ones and blunt ones, but there was something "grown-up" about a fountain pen. How the other boys would envy him as he wrote his compositions and did his sums with such a fine pen.

His imagination began to conjure up pictures of himself writing important letters and signing cheques with his pen as he had seen his uncle doing. He was never quite sure what a cheque was, but his uncle always looked very important when signing them and used to take his pen and cheque book out of his pocket with a great flourish when some money had to be paid. Why was it that his father never had a cheque book but always kept grubbing in his trouser's pocket for money and parted with it with such bad grace? But he, Jimmy would have to have a cheque book when he grew up.

The ringing of the school bell interrupted his thoughts. Time to get into line. Primary Five lined up in a corner of the yard over near where the milk crates were stacked. There was never much order in that line, until the teacher, Mr. Devlin made his appearance. Then the squabbling stopped, caps lost in the numerous tussles and wrestling bouts which were part and parcel of lining up were replaced and trousers and jackets were pulled back into some semblance of order.

Primary Five left the yard last and wended its way, Mr. Devlin in front, through the arched doorway of the school building, up the concrete stair-

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case, worn down by the thousands of small feet which had trod there over the past thirty years.

Jimmy sat up at the front of the class but found this position under the watchful eye of 'Specky' Devlin no hardship, unlike Paddy Green who sat in the row opposite. Paddy Green was one of those misfits to be found in any Primary School class. Renowned for his low looks, foul language and bullying tendencies he struck terror into the hearts of all. Jimmy was no exception. He would have given anything to be on the opposite side of the class-room from sly-looking Paddy. He could never understand why everyone was always trying to be friends with Paddy and trying to join his gang although he was hated by all. The members of Paddy's gang made their head-quarters in the back row whence the boss, Paddy, had been forcibly removed by 'Specky' Devlin as a result of an escapade which involved pouring ink down wee Johnny Dolan's neck.

Paddy Green found it difficult to create trouble in his present isolated position but had taken every opportunity when the teacher's back was turned to make Jimmy's life a misery. Jimmy hated him.

Mr. Devlin took spelling first. Spellings were not Jimmy Doherty's strong point but he managed to get through them without a slap this morning although his mind was engrossed with thoughts of his new pen which was filled and ready for action in his jacket pocket.

Composition was next and Mr. Devlin set a composition with the edifying title of 'The Joys of Spring.' Jimmy had often wondered why teachers set compositions on such daft subjects as Spring. Why not a composition about "Wells Fargo" or "Cheyenne"? He knew something about that kind of subject and so did everyone else in the class for that matter. But on this particular day Jimmy could have written about anything, so eager was he to try his pen. He took it from his pocket and laid it carefully on the desk to admire it. The silver clip winked at him in the light.

The teacher as usual went round the class distributing the school pens, wooden holders with penny nibs on the end which had to be dipped in the ink-well about three times per line of script and which caught and blotted the paper of the composition books for no reason at all. About six other boys in the class owned fountain pens and Jimmy felt pride at joining the elite.

"You'll not want one of these," said Mr. Devlin noticing the fountain pen.

"No, sir," Jimmy replied with a feeling of great importance. But he could not help noticing out of the corner of his eye the look that Paddy Green gave the pen when he said this.

The fountain pen performed well during the next hour even though its owner was rather inexpert in handling its unwieldy size and bulk, but the saving in time of not having to dip it made up for this as far as Jimmy was concerned.

He was quite confident when he had finished and put the pen down with a

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sense of intense satisfaction and handed up his composition book.

The bell sounded for the break. It was one of the best loved sounds in St. David's and caused a reflex action. Everything was dropped as the whole two hundred pupils of the school headed for the yard, determined to make five minutes an eternity, if possible.

It was only when he was in the yard did Jimmy realise that he had forgotten his pen. He knew he could not get upstairs again during the break. The teachers drank tea upstairs and were always very bad-tempered if interrupted. Jimmy could not take his mind off that pen. Supposing someone stole it? It was with a sinking heart that he remembered that Paddy Green had not come out with the rest of the class but had stayed behind to put a book in his bag. Paddy was the only person who could steal a pen without turning a hair. He was a good liar and even the most rigorous questioning by a teacher would yield nothing. Jimmy had seen it before.

At the end of the break Jimmy mounted the stairs before the others. He was almost afraid to go into the class-room. He knew it wouldn't be there yet he was driven on by some invisible force. He opened the door and walked in. The room was dull and empty but Jimmy's desk seemed to hurl itself at him showing its bare expanse of dark wood where the pen should have been lying. It was gone! The bare top of the desk silently mocked him.

Jimmy began a frantic search, on the floor, in his bag, under neighbouring desks. Nothing! A wave of despair almost overcame him. He sat down heavily, near to tears. The class trooped in and noisily took their places. Mr. Devlin came in from the corridor last of all, closed the door, dropped his cigarette end in the waste paper basket and began the class.

All this Jimmy hardly saw. He glanced at Paddy Green and saw his sly face looking straight at him. Jimmy knew he had taken it.

"What's up with ya,?" hissed Paddy.

"Nothing," said Jimmy, with a lump rising in his throat.

The class dragged wearily on. Jimmy hardly heard a word of it so dejected were his thoughts. Everything about him, both voices and things, seemed curiously distant.

What was he going to do? What was he going to tell his father and mother? How was he to get his pen back from Paddy Green? Paddy was a terrible fighter and would take offence at the slightest word. There would be a jeering invitation to "see me outside" and all would be lost. Jimmy couldn't fight. He knew he should be able to fight but fear always rendered him helpless. A knot of nervous dread began to build up inside him. He could see himself being beaten up by Paddy. All the strange abstract shapes and feelings which he had felt in other fights were re-enacted in his mind.

Should he try asking Mr. Devlin about it? No. That would be as bad as accusing Paddy himself. If Mr. Devlin questioned Paddy he would

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get no admission of guilt and he, Jimmy, would be 'bashed' outside for being an informer. He could tell his father and mother and let them deal with it but by the time they could do anything the pen would be broken or damaged by the uncaring Paddy. Besides, that was cowardly. He must face up to it himself. He would accuse Paddy at lunch hour and fight him, if necessary.

The time dragged on. The old class-room clock seemed to be grinning evilly down at him as it ticked the weary seconds and minutes away. Jimmy glanced at Paddy Green. He was absorbed in his work and even his intent face seemed to be mocking him.

The last fifteen minutes of the morning seemed eternal. Mr. Devlin was reading from a book about religion but Jimmy didn't hear his words, just the drone of the voice. A great swarm of butterflies had invaded his stomach and the room seemed to be heaving slightly on an invisible swell. He was scared sick.

The bell rang and seemed to batter Jimmy's soul to pieces with its clanging, so suddenly had it rung. A deathly calm came over him with the silence that followed the bell. He packed his bag slowly, purposefully, put it under his desk and began to walk towards the door on legs which seemed to him to belong to someone else.

He heard Mr. Devlin call after him. Jimmy did not hear the first few words, so lost was he in a fear-drugged world, but he stopped mechanically. Then the words forced themselves on to the blank of his mind ". . . . I forgot to ask you James, is this your pen? I found it on the floor under your desk during the break . . . ."

The Lake

The forest around is green and dark,
Blue are the hills beyond;
While here in the valley, lies the lake
Of which I am so fond.

Like a mirror set in a frame of green,
Like a pearl in an emerald sea;
Lies the lake with its tiny isle,
Home of the wild ducks three.

I wish that I should never leave,
That I could always be
In this calm and secluded spot,
Just the lake, and the ducks, and me.

RAYMOND CASHELL (3A)

His Prayer

The house is in darkness,
The boy kneels in prayer,
The room is unfurnished,
Save an ancient old chair.

His parents have died,
They have left him alone,
To them he prays now,
This prayer of his own.

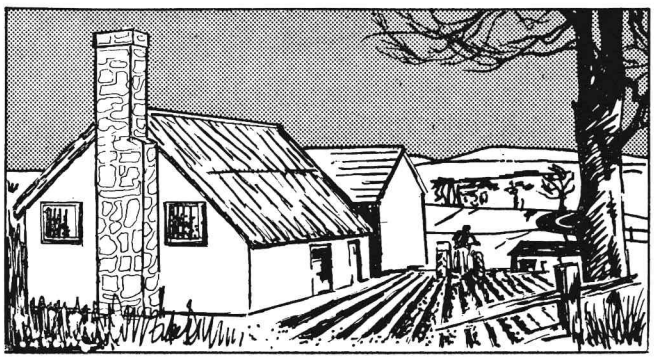
"O mother and father,
Please hear my plea,
And send angels from Heaven,
To take me to thee."

JOHN ALLEN (3A)

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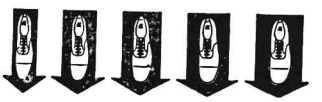
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By M. CORKE (6S)

Appreciative criticism and comment on

THE OWL and THE PUDDYCAT

The story begins:

"THE owl and the puttycat went to sea in a beautiful sea-pea green boat"

This may, at first sight, seem odd. For example, what is a sea pea, and why would a cat and an owl travel happily together? Actually, the cat was rather senile, and knew it, and this explains his docility. The first question is more difficult, for although there is such a creature as the sea cucumber, the sea pea has yet to be found. We may hence deduce that sea-pea green refers to the colour of the boat. Even this is in question, since it is not known nor thought that Dulux had a paint of that colour.

It is known, however, that they did not go to sea in a sieve, as did three well-known gentlemen from somewhere in the South of England (mad dogs and southerners go out to the sea in sieves). Basic as it was, putty's knowledge told him that sieves are not ideal for sailing in, and so they went to sea in a bath, with a plug-hole to drain out any water: — he thought.

So they went to sea. But, the question arises, what did they go to see? Perhaps it was 'Lawrence of Arabia,' but it is doubtful if their £1 note would have been accepted; many people do not agree with £1 notes which have been used to wrap up honey. Thus proving that they were not going to the cinema, we must assume that they were going to see the land where the bong trees grow, which lay across the sea, and where piggywigs hung from their branches by silver rings in their noses: odd! However, they did.

As they progressed painfully across the wet watery wastes of the sea-green see-saw sea puttycat Willum became seasick, and he said "Oo, oo," and leaned over the side of the boat. Day and night and night and day they travelled on, until they were reduced to licking the last of the honey off the £1 note. It was then that they saw the shore, where the sea ended, and the land began.

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After landing, they were very tired, so they said, "Shall we go to sleep, or go for a sleep?" so they did, and there in the wood a hairy piggywig stood with a ring at the end of his nose, his nose, with a ring at the end of his nose—(they were very popular at the time), and so they said to him, "Hey daddyo piggywig, you swine, wilt thou sell for one tanner thy ring on the end of thy nose?" and he replied, "Yes," and he did, which was very unusual, since all hair piggywigs are known to be notorious liars.

Notwithstanding, they took their runcible spoon and smitted him with mighty blows on the head, so that he said, "Ouch," and fell down and died, and soon became a corpse which smelled something awful so that the owl said, "Cor blimey, what a niff," and put him in a convenient dustbin, all unsuspecting how particular the local garbage disposal officers were about finding dead corpses in their dustbins.

"Ha, ha!" cried Greaseylock Home as they reported the dastardly incident; "This foul varlet must be brought to justice with the greatest of speed which, when differentiated gives acceleration, and when integrated gives distance, so there! whereupon his wig fell off and he returned to the dressing room to contemplate.

Came the dawn . . .

"Send for the owl and the putty!"

"Send for the owl and the putty!"

"Send for the owl and the putty!" the formidable battle-cry rang out.

Stubbing out his ciggyo on the defence counsel's head, the judge said, "The boy stood on the burning deck, and I must therefore acquit you for lack of evidence." So, with great rejoicing, they rushed out, all free to freedom.

"Two thruppennies there and back," said putty as they caught a corporation bus. When they arrived, the conductor said, "Here you are." "What!" yelled putty, swallowing his false teeth. "I told you I wanted to go there, and now you say we're here, filthy pleb!" and he was, so they shot him with an Ashai Pentax and he died of over-exposure and rigor mortis.

"Let's ask where we are," suggested Owley, "Look, there's someone over there."

"You over there," he expostulated in his best Swahili, "Who are you?"

"I'm me," replied the stranger, "Who are you?"

"But I'm me too, so you can't be me, you fiendish fiend," so they shot him and approached another strange stranger.

"I'm Man Friday," he said when questioned.

"But it's only Wednesday," argued putty. "Strange."

They shot him, too, but in his dying words he muttered, "B.O.," so they did. "After all," observed Owley, "He wasn't our best friend, was he, the cheeky swine."

Later, putty, who was feeling rather romantic, said, "Let's get married, old duck," which insulted her greatly, for she was, after all, an owl. Anyway, they went up to the

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old turkey who lived on the hill and said, "Hey, old turkey who lives on the hill, will you marry us?"

"I don't know if I can marry both of you," he replied, "after all, what do you think I am: a water-melon or something?"

But he was, and so they were, and that night they danced by the light of the moon, the moon, which wasn't very light at all because it was, after all, night-time. The darkness, for that was what it was, was rather unfortunate, since putty lost his runcible spoon which he used for eating as well as smiting people, and could not find it because it was indeed lost. So they cried, "God save the Common Market," and ate the pickled slices of pickled quince, of which both were very fond, with their fingers. "After all, said Owley, it's much more hygienic this way. Look what that spoon had been used for!" So they were both sick and said, "Ooo, ooo," which they always said when they were sick.

But they all lived happily ever after, except, that is, the ones who were dead, and they wern't bothered anyway.

* * *

I would like to dedicate this story to Me, who, all things considered, did **write** this piece of literature, persevering with great perseverance through the trials and tribulations of The Law of Libel, The N.S.P.C.P. (National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Publishers), and writer's cramp.

After the Bomb is Dropped

A long time had passed
It was a very long time
Since we had last
Seen the beauty of the world.

Exactly twenty years ago that
morning
Longer than some remembered
The siren blared its warning
And sent the multitudes to earth.

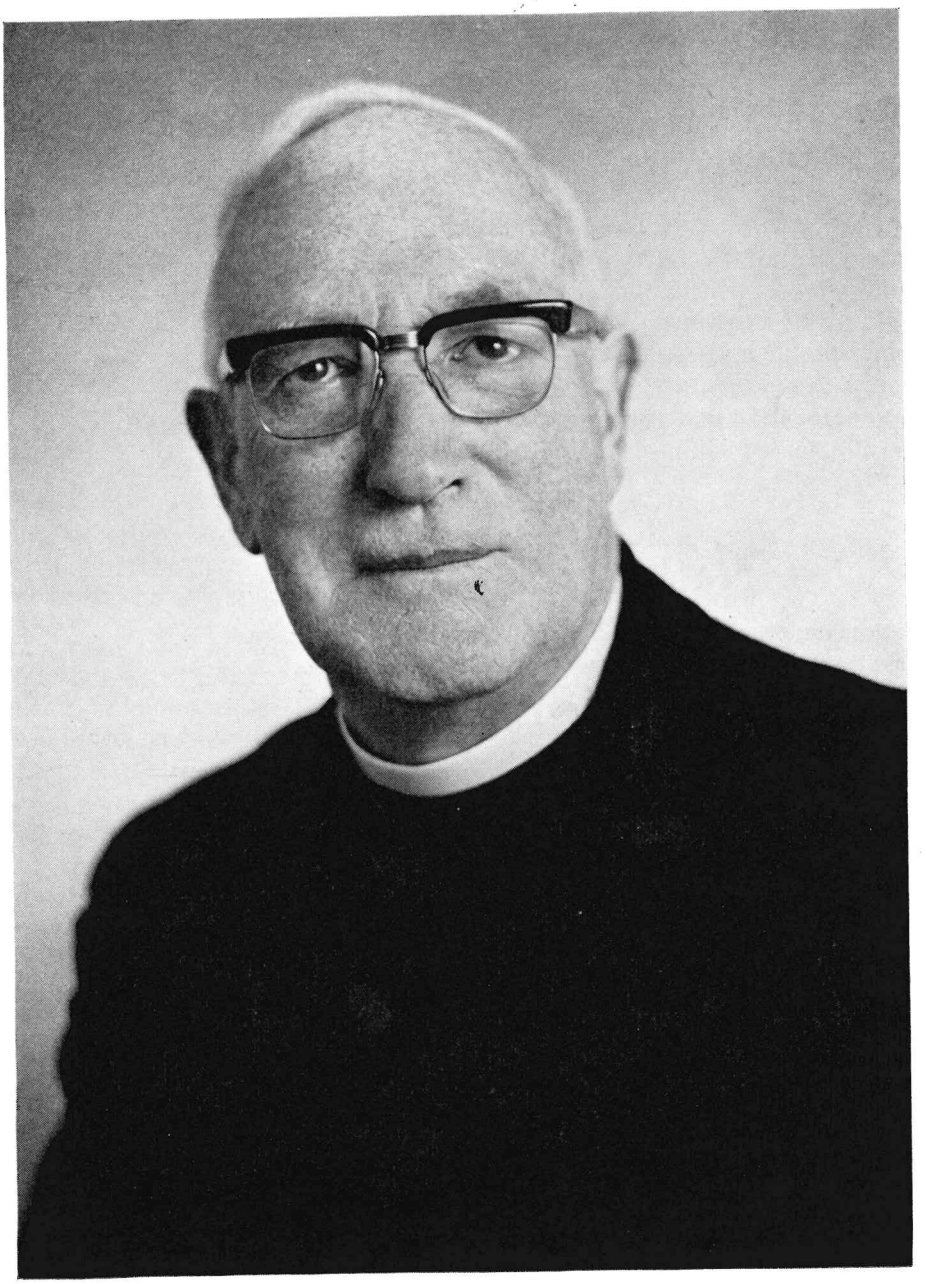
Life must always continue
Many children were born
And of deaths there weren't a few
In this tomb that was our world.

How long to wait
To see the wonder of nature again
What will be our fate
When we dare to break the seal—
All is lost
Of our art, our writings, our glory.
Nothing is left
Of our empires, our countries, our
nations.
We had hoped
For much too much of civilization.
Now we must
Work from the beginning again with
patience.
There will be
Homes to be built and lands to be
tilled.
Then we will
Harness the rivers and conquer the
oceans,
And in time
With a new generation the earth will
be filled.

EAMON HALLIGAN (6LB)

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Ad Multos et Felicissimos Annos



REV. BROTHER L. B. MURPHY

Brother L. B. Murphy has been a member of the Staff since 1940 when he came to us from Armagh, where he had spent fifteen years, during the last six of which he had been Headmaster and Superior. An Old Boy of St. Mary's which he left more years ago than he cares to remember, Br. Murphy has now reached the age for retiring, though we are still privileged to have him with us.

He recalls that in his school-days in Saint Mary's the complete Secondary school was accommodated on the upper floor of the old building which housed the last class of the Primary school in the year 1963-64.

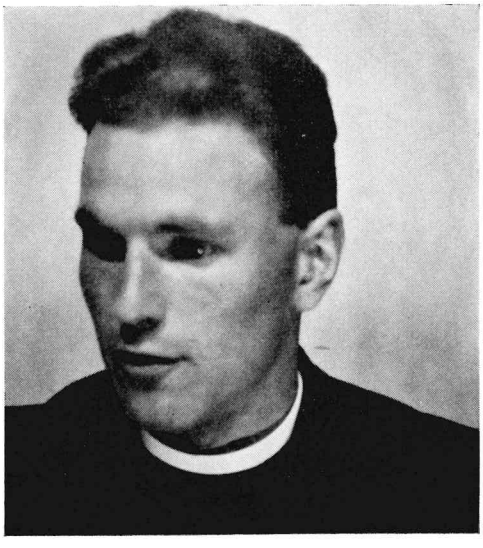
During his time here he has specialised in teaching Latin to the Middle and Upper Forms and his past pupils remember well his interesting and effective presentation of that difficult language. However, his interest in his pupils went far beyond mere class-teaching and his students always realised that they had in Brother Murphy a "guide, philosopher and friend" not only for schooldays but for life as well.

In his twenty-four years in Barrack Street, he has taken a very active part in the sporting activities of the school. Gaelic Football, Athletics, Water-Polo, Chess and Tennis have in turn received his attention and in all these he produced highly successful teams. The performances of his athletes in Cherryvale were the best St. Mary's have achieved. It was in Water-Polo, however, that he had his greatest triumphs.

Few schools can field an International team of past pupils in any sport and that is just what Brother L. B. Murphy achieved in Water-Polo. No wonder then to learn that his school teams won the Water-Polo competitions year after year. Perhaps the outstanding

tribute paid him was by St. Mary's closest rivals, "Inst," when they invited him to present the trophies at their own gala some years ago. Both his past-pupils and the Ulster Branch of the Irish Swimming Association marked his retirement by presentations. One of his past pupils pays tribute to "this modest man who by his quiet confidence, his unceasing encouragement and his stringent insistence on playing the game earned the respect and admiration not only of his own boys but of those from the other schools with he came in contact." We hope he will be spared many more years to us yet.

Past Pupils finally professed at St. Mary's, Marino, on 15th August, 1964



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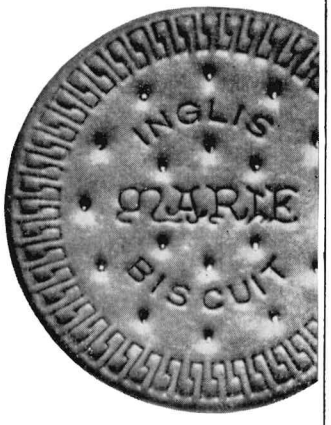
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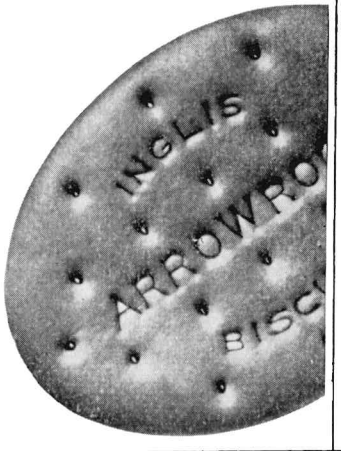
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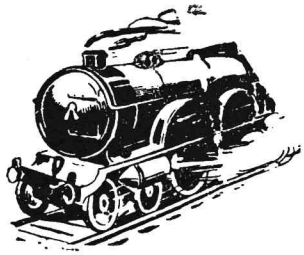


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By D. F. WILDY (5LD)

Railways at the end of the line



Sidelights on the Past.

"IN the early part of the day the carriage (engine) of Mr. Robert Stevenson, of Newcastle, attracted great attention. It ran, without any weight attached to it, at the rate of 24 miles in the hour, rushing past the spectators with amazing velocity. Those present could hardly believe their eyes and some even ran out of the race-grounds shouting that it was possessed by the devil. A race-horse owner present at the competition said that he only wished by lighting fires under his horses he could make them travel as fast."

This is an extract from the "Liverpool Times," 13th October, 1829, and it shows the excitement which the railways created in their pioneering days. It seems a long time, now, since 24 m.ph. was considered an "uncontrollable speed" and no one to-day, except perhaps, Dr. Beeching, thinks that railways are possessed by the devil. To some these machines are a fascinating study. (How few fathers can resist the attraction of playing with the miniature train sets intended for their sons!). However, the day is fast approaching when railways will be a dry-as-dust fact of history. Already many have reached the "end of the line." For example, the G.N.R. (I.), which in 1950 had seventeen lines, will, after 3rd January, 1965, have only one. Not many, to-day, want to retain the train; it is old-fashioned, inconvenient and uneconomical to run. So, as we approach the final stage in railway history who can blame us for looking back on the past?

> Men are we and we must grieve,
> When even the shade of that
> which once was great,
> Has passed away.

No one knows for certain when or by whom railways were invented. Relics have given us evidence that the Greeks, Romans and Assyrians used grooves cut in stone slabs as guide tracks for their vehicles. It is also known that in Elizabethan times ruts were made in the roads to enable horses to haul their carts much more easily. Gradually this

This page sponsored by LIPTON'S TEA

developed until by 1759 trucks running on cast-iron rails and operated by man-power, horse-power, or sometimes by a rope attached to a stationary steam engine, were used in mines.

However, in 1769, the first locomotive to run on rails was built by an Englishman, Richard Trevithick. It broke down after the first 300 yards and later set fire to the coach-house of an hotel. Later a more successful model carried ten tons of iron ore and seventy passengers on its maiden run in the Pen-y-Darran Iron works in Wales. The speed attained over a ten mile run was five miles per hour!

On September 7th, 1825, the first public railway was opened. It ran from Stockton to Darlington, a distance of twenty-five miles. The engines were built by George Stevenson and were liable to explode at a moment's notice, or else race down an embankment at the uncontrollable speed of 25 m.ph. The coaches were like to-day's open goods trucks and it was not unusual for them to become detached from the rest of the train at the most inconvenient places. One day the end coach of the Darlington to Stockton train became uncoupled and ended up on the middle of a viaduct. There was nothing for its occupants to do but climb out and crawl precariously on hands and knees along one of the girders of the viaduct until they reached the safety of the other side. Not very pleasant when one slip would have been welcomed by a hundred and fifty foot drop.

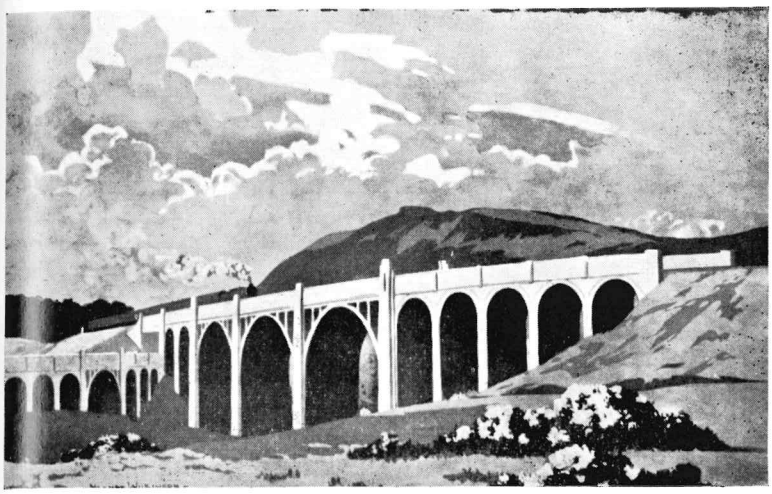
As space travel is the craze to-day, so it was in those days with railways and steam engines. Every Tom, Dick and Harry was trying his hand at building engines and in October, 1829, the "Grand Locomotive Competition" was held at which Stevenson's "Rocket" was an easy winner. (The excitement it caused is given in the newspaper extract quoted at the beginning of this article).

In the following year 1830 the construction of the first railway in Ireland from Dublin to Belfast was begun though it was not opened until 1838. At first there was no bridge across the River Boyne and consequently passengers had to change at Drogheda and walk across the road bridge to another station on the opposite side. In 1848 it was decided to bridge the river and on 21st June, 1851, the contract was signed with William Evans of Cambridge for £18,000. However the alluvial clays were found to be so soft that in some cases the coffer dams for the foundations of the four huge piles had to go down 32 feet. This setback broke the contractor who declared himself bankrupt in 1853. The railway company now decided to finish the task (a tremendous undertaking for a company which knew very little about bridge construction) and in 1855 the last rivet was driven into the viaduct. The final test by the Board of Trade consisted in bringing together two trains each of 550 tons on to the two tracks crossing the girders. It was successful and so traffic began to use the bridge on 5th

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April, 1855, a day which should rival in history that other day in 1690 when the crossing was accomplished on a white charger. From the first this railway was a great success and soon branch lines to Derry, Armagh and Enniskillen were added.

Inspired by this other companies followed suit, the Great Southern



GREENISLAND VIADUCTS

Railway from Dublin to Cork, and the Northern Counties Railway whose main line was Belfast to Derry. This line also had difficulties to overcome for when the line was first built trains had to run from York Road to Greenisland, turn and proceed up to Monkstown and Antrim. However this was later overcome by the building of a viaduct at Whiteabbey (See photograph). This almost caused a political scandal at the time as one of the Ministers of the Government was closely connected with the Company. Another difficult and very picturesque part of this line, at Downhill where two tunnels had to be built at the foot of sea-cliffs recalls the eccentric Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry, who built for himself a huge mansion and "folly," his "castle of the winds" on one of the promontories later pierced by a railway tunnel.

Many narrow gauge railways were constructed in Ireland, usually 3ft. as distinct from the metre gauge common elsewhere. (Incidentally the broad gauge in Ireland is wider than the standard broad gauge used in England and in other countries). When the boys from St. Mary's travel to the Donegal Gaeltacht the journey from Derry to Gweedore or Ranafast is made nowadays in buses belonging to the Londonderry and Lough Swilly Railway Company (though the company has not operated a single train since 1953). The railway, which the buses superseded, was opened in 1863 (first a broad gauge running from Derry to Farland Point). Later it was reduced to a 3 ft. narrow gauge and an extension line was built to serve Burtonport and Carndonagh. On this line there was a very long and high viaduct (Owencarrow Viaduct) which will long be remembered for the tragic accident in 1925 when a train was blown off it by a violent gale. After this wind gauges

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were set up on either side of the viaduct and trains would not cross the bridge when winds were too strong.

Another Irish narrow gauge was the Fintona Tram. This was a small, horse-drawn tram which carried passengers the one and a half mile journey from Fintona, Co. Tyrone, to the main Railway Line. One day in 1953, the "engine" got out of control causing damage to the tram so that the tramway was closed. However it caused such a public outcry that it had to be replaced but it was only a postponement of its final shut-down. No account would be complete without reference to the West Clare Ralway immortalized by Percy French in his song "Are you right there, Michael, are you right?"

But what of the future? Are our railways heading for final extinction? Societies have been established for the benefit of railway enthusiasts and perhaps new developments will give another lease of life to this interesting form of transport. Some schools, even, have their own rail-day societies. What about it, St. Mary's?

The Fugitive

From town to town, from State to State,
An innocent man with a terrible fate.
His wife was killed, on him rests the blame,
Now he's a man with unwanted fame.
He flees, he hides, hinder him not,
Think of him as something which may be forgot.
His conscience cries out, "Stop! Stop and go back,"
But courage is something which he seems to lack.
He walks through the streets, a hunted man,
Hiding his face as best as he can.
His mind grows weak, his body grows sore,
He prays to the Lord, "No more, No more."

GERARD WALSH (4SC)

The Bats

The bats flew through the old mill,
Out of the wood and down the hill,
Flittering and fluttering they go on their way
Through the wheat and past the hay.

They flew with antennae raised up high
Screaming and squealing through the sky.
The old people say, "Look at them, see,
Fluttering towards the old oak tree."

Looping and swooping they go on their way
Who knows what the old people now will say?
They hang themselves up when the day does fade
Like things which the Devil himself has made.

PAUL NOLAN (4SC)

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By G. CLEARY (5LA)

THE BIRD

A gust of music and sweat and perfume swept them as the three boys cautiously entered the dance hall. Since it was only 8 o'clock the band was standing rather pathetically before an empty floor, thumping out a jazz tune for the benefit of one solitary couple who were dancing in a far corner. Everywhere the hall was littered with knots of boys sprawled on their chairs trying to look tough and anxiously watching the entrance for "some talent." The only "talent" at this early hour was a group of fading beauties who sat, listening intently (or so it seemed) to the band and who were destined to adorn the walls for the rest of the night.

"I told you we were too early," muttered one of the trio who had just come in and who were gazing nervously around the hall. The others told him to be quiet or words to that effect and made a dive for the nearest empty seats glad to be away from the idle eyes of the loungers already seated.

Meanwhile the band had stopped playing for a few minutes and were gathered round a piano trying out a few tunes. A sudden bass chord which caused the floor to vibrate made the boys look up to see the guitarist, with that sickly grin that all instrumentalists seem to have, test his glistening, fifty-guinea electric guitar. The band started a fast furious rocking tune that bounced around the walls and set everybody's feet tapping. Suddenly the doors swung open and in stepped a large group of girls (real girls this time) and all the boys looked up and stared. Everyone watched as the group all teeth and smiles and high-heels, tripped across the floor trying to look dignified. One of them giggled, they all laughed and made a rush for the empty seats, at the far corner. However, after a few minutes a few bravados from the boy's sides had swept them all up and they were dancing furiously before the band. Our three boys had missed this first chance and were now cowering in the shadows feeling very much out of things.

However, as the dance progressed and as nine o'clock merged into ten the hall became full of dancers and a babel of talk and laughter could just be heard above the roar of the

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band. Everybody was "having a ball" as the saying goes. Everyone, that is except one of the trio, a pimply-faced, bespectacled youth, who perched uncomfortably at the edge of his seat anxiously waiting for something. His friends had taken the plunge and were now twisting, and jiving, and enjoying themselves thoroughly but he remained in his seat, lacking courage and feeling very miserable.

"Why aren't you dancing?" asked one of his friends who had just escaped breathlessly from the mass of dancers on the floor.

"I don't feel like it." he lied and tried in vain to put a bored expression over his pimples. His friend knew the truth and left him to his misery. In reality he really wanted to be up there dancing with some girl, using his pent-up energy in the fast dances which everyone else was enjoying. But he hadn't the courage. All the nice-looking girls seemed to have been taken up and the remainder didn't interest even him. He slunk away down to the café at the end of the hall, bought a mineral and stood leaning against the wall, brooding into his straw. The gaseous liquid scorched his dry mouth and made him close and water his eyes. When he opened them he saw her.

She wore a black frock with traces of blue which seemed to flash whenever she moved and when she turned her head he could see her black shining locks perched around a face which was not beautiful but at least pretty. The boy stared at her intensely thinking how different she was from the other painted dolls in the hall. He realised she wasn't exactly beautiful but then he wasn't handsome. Why hadn't he noticed her before?

Suddenly she was looking at him. He stiffened, blushed and could feel every one of the ugly pimples on his face. Nervously he adjusted his ugly spectacles and tried to think fast. He couldn't very well walk away after she had returned his long stares.

"May I have this dance, please," he b l u r t e d uncomfortably, almost tripping as he walked over to her chair. She nodded, and a black curl fell over her forehead. The next moment they were out on the floor.

The dance was a twist and everybody was moving and gesticulating wildly in an effort to keep up with the furious pace of the band. Our friend and his friend were no exception. Her high - heels and his winkle - pickers vied with each other in an attempt to stub out imaginary cigarette ends on the floor and they were soon quite breathless. She replied, in monosyllables to his small talk. "Perhaps she is shy," he thought, "or maybe she doesn't like me." Suddenly a sharp pain shot through his left leg and made him wince involuntarily. Inwardly he cursed this wretched cramp which always seemed to affect him when he was twisting. Despite the pain he continued dancing but this time in silence with sweat beads breaking out above his glasses. Finally he could stand it no longer and with a murmured apology he left his partner high and dry on the floor and rushed outside.

The coldness of the night bathed his face and, now he had stopped the ridiculous dance he could feel the pain

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melting away. But his heart felt like lead. He had made a fool of himself before the only girl he had eyes for in the hall, and even now she was probably telling her friends about the "queer boy" who had asked her to dance.

"I suppose I'd better go home," he thought miserably and he turned back into the lights and music, to tell his friends that he was going home.

Once inside the hall he looked up and down to find his friends but instead he saw his former dance partner sitting all by herself. When she saw him her eyes lit up. Was she giving him another chance?

"Faint heart never won fair lady," he muttered to himself and without stopping to think about it any more, he almost ran up the hall, asked her to dance and in a moment they were on the floor. However what could he possibly do now? He couldn't twist once more like everyone else around them. Instead he stood there undecided, uncomfortable and with a very red face. She solved his problem.

"Can you jive?" she asked hopefully. The boy clung to this like a drowning man to a straw. "Yes, I used to jive but it's out of date now." "Well, we'll have a try," she answered.

All this time they had practically to shout at each other over the thundering beat of the band, but as they began this more intricate form of dance they found there was no need for talk. Each was able to "jive right." He knew when she would swing around and she knew exactly the right moment to grip his hand and dance to the music. Soon they were really dancing, their feet a blur, their arms swinging. They were the perfect jiving couple and even the other dancers began to realise this for they formed a circle round the flying couple as they made the floorboards bounce. The boy was lost in the dance, hypnotized by the music. All his pimples and ugliness had been banished from his mind as he turned and slipped with his whirling partner. There is something in a dance like this that has its origins in man's ancient history, a feeling of absolute joy, roused by the fast dance and the furious music — in modern terms "they were with it."

A sound of clapping brought the boy from his primitive, joyful dance-world back to reality and his acute self-consciousness. The other dancers were clapping their performance much to the girl's delight but the boy visibly wilted under all this "publicity."

"You can jive better than twist," gasped the girl, still quite out of breath. He blushed for yet another time and mumbled something about another dance. So they continued all through the evening dancing together. From the usual small-talk between couples at a dance he learned she was called Ann and was still at school like himself. The more she talked and laughed, the more he liked her. A little voice which had been born when he asked her to dance for the first time was now clamouring in his ear. "Are you going to leave her home?" He tried to put it off as he always did with everything. "After all," he thought, "I've never taken a girl home before. I'll wait a few more

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dances." But as always, in such situations, time flew and at last he had to directly face his mind, as they were dancing the last number. Suddenly he decided, quickly and without any further thought he burst out, "Can I leave you home?" and wished that the ground would swallow up hmself, his pimples and all his ugliness for being so presumptuous. "All right, I'll get my coat," and she was gone, leaving him trembling on the dance floor. Hundreds of doubts and fears rushed into his head. She is only making a fool of you. Say you've changed your mind. What are you going to do? He was almost ready to break down before all these doubts when she re-appeared and they left the hall together.

Outside, the silence and the cold was delicious compared to the stuffy uproar of the hall. The frosty stars twinkled faintly through the city fog and the full moon shone on row after row of glistening silver, slate-roofs which stretched monotonously into the inky blackness of the surrounding hills where three red lights winked from the T.V. mast. For once, the city, all its ugliness hidden in shadows, even looked beautiful. Their footsteps echoed with a hollow thump as they walked down the frosty pavements between the endless rows of dark houses. There was no light shining except the infrequent street lamps but the moon made it seem like day as it shone on the silent, glistening streets. The girl talked to him about everything which suited the taciturn, shy boy very well. But gradually her bubbling personality drew him out of his shell and he talked as he had never talked before. He told her everything, all his secret fears and dreams. Things he had never told anyone but then he had never met anyone like her. The more they talked and walked, the more he liked her but as usual there was always something to rob him of complete contentment. Another voice even more sinister than the first kept saying to him "What are you going to do next?" He tried to put it away for in truth he had no idea, or perhaps he was afraid.

"Hello, beautiful!" — The couple stopped, as a staggering figure lurched out of the shadows. His glazed, inebriated eyes had only seen the girl and she screamed as he almost fell on top of her, waving an empty beer bottle in his hand. The boy was too amazed at first to do anything, and then decided to run. Suddenly he rememberd the girl and without hesitating another moment he rushed in, kicked the drunk hard in the shins and grabbing his girl's hand they ran down the street at full pelt leaving the drunk cursing in the gutter.

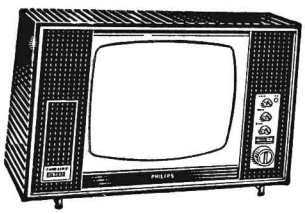
They raced down past the silent terraced houses, turned a corner and ran for another few hundred yards. Finally the girl cried breathlessly. "Stop! there's nobody there now." Indeed they were quite alone in one of those "backwaters of suburbia" which are found in all cities. It was deserted and there was no one to see them standing, holding hands, under a solitary lamp post.

"My Sir Galahad," said the girl when she had recovered from the

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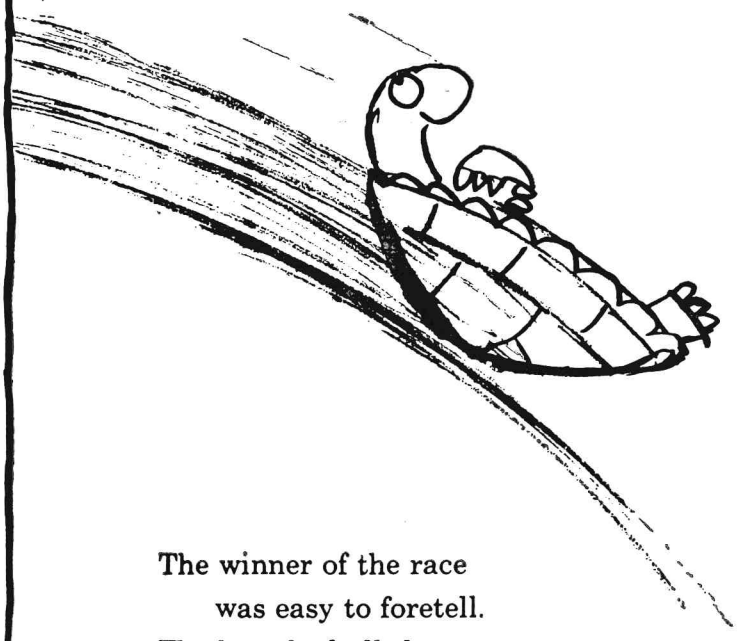
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SHELL

shock — "Seriously though, I'm very glad you were with me." The boy tried to laugh it off but instead blushed and nervously adjusted his glasses. "Come on, it's getting late, we'd better hurry," he mumbled and they began walking at a more leisurely pace down the quiet avenue. The girl began talking again much to the boy's delight for he liked to hear her speaking and soon they were so engrossed in conversation that they hardly noticed they were crossing the frosty road.

A sudden roar and a screech of brakes ripped up the suburban silence. The boy looked up in alarm to see two blazing head lights rushing towards him from the darkness. Before he could think another second, there was a horrible thump, a scream and he felt a searing pain rushing up his spine. He found himself falling foward — the frosty concrete rushed up to meet him. There was another even more violent thump this time inside his head. Suddenly he became very sick, headlights and street lamps seemed to dance before his eyes and he sank back, before a wave of nauseating darkness.

. . . . . .

His eyes flickered open, and he gazed on a stiff white starched sheet which seemed to stretch from below his nose, away into nothingness. An overwhelming weariness seemed to be holding him fast, making it seem an effort to lift his eyes which now gazed at a bare ceiling and four green walls. Where on earth was he? What had happened? He tried to remember but everything seemed so foggy and dim in his mind. Finally he gave up the struggle and let his eyes fall on a kind of steel frame which seemed to be erected at his feet. There was a brass plate on it and he struggled to read the words.

"This hospital bed was donated by Lady Cynthia." He was in hospital! Why? When? But the fogginess seemed to come over him again and he closed his eyes.

Voices, whispering together made him waken and half open his eyes. Two tall girls clad in blue uniforms which smelt of starch and disinfectant were standing in earnest conversation by his bedside.

"Oh, dear, Mary," said the smaller one with the thick, horn-rimmed glasses. "What's wrong with that poor chap beside us." Her companion, obviously the more intelligent of the two replied in a low voice."Don't you remember? That's the boy who was knocked down by a drunken driver. The doctor says he's paralysed, and has severe head injuries—Oh, the poor boy, he's so young — But that's not all. It seems he was taking home his girl friend from a dance at the time." — "And what happened to her?" ventured the first nurse anxiously. "She was killed outright, when the accident happened."

The boy's eyes flashed open in horror. He tried to speak but there was no sound and he could make no movement. Beads of sweat appeared on his brow and his eyes filled with water. At last the foggy dimness and the black waves of nausea which were never far away swept over him again, and he became unconscious.

When the nurse came to check her critical patient she found him cold and already becoming stiff. He had gone out with his first girl friend.

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By DOMINIC MURRAY (3D)

THE HOLIDAY FATHER PLANNED

"LEFT turn," said mother. "No! it said right turn!" retorted my angry, redfaced father. "Why don't we reverse and look again?" I put in meekly from the back seat.

There was a snort as of an enraged bull, engaging of gears, which sounded like a tractor going the wrong way up a one-way street, and the car shuddered backwards.

It had all started when father decided to be holiday-planner for this particular year. There was to be none of the usual fuss or worry, he said; leave all to him! Of course he soon found out that the business in hand was not so easy after all, at least in the initial stages. Letters passed to and fro, reservations, an urgent phone call ... Now, look where it has landed us — in a country lane, miles from nowhere.

Having reversed the car we carefully studied the signpost. "There it is — LEFT to Kilkeen," said mother quietly. This was followed by an indignant snort, then the car shot forward and careered round the left bend. Boy, did we make time to Kilkeen: father emulating the road hog you see on T.V., while mother grimly sat in silent prayer. I can't describe to you the countryside, because most of the time my eyes were glued to the road ahead. As we neared our holiday haven father relaxed, for soon we would be by the sheltered bay where rain rarely fell, where the sun beamed down on glistening bodies and shimmering sand, where the foam-tipped waves gave you a good-to-be-alive feeling.

Our first glimpse of Kilkeen was hartening. Then as we toured the main street for the fourth time, still not finding the "Rockabilt," we became uneasy. At last we found it — a gaudy-looking large house, a few yards down a side street. Our entrance was momentarily halted by the smell of food. "Boy, what a pong!" I muttered. The old lady received us graciously enough. We were shown our rooms which were certainly large enough, but old and badly furnished. Mother grimaced. After a hurried wash we went down to dinner, more through hunger than through any anticipated enjoyment.

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The salmon, lathered in mayonnaise, having been disposed of, father lit his pipe and settled back to read his newspaper, while mother and sister hurried upstairs to unpack and I went outside to view our surroundings. A few minutes later I returned, bounded up the stairs and into my room. "Watch the wood-rot in the middle of the room!" mother hurriedly shouted from next door. Whether it was my entrance or her piercing shout, I don't know, but a growing, nerve-racking volume of vibration was set off. Even my sister's tins of talc began playing drum solo on the shelf.

"Don't worry; there's nothing to worry about," whispered mother when the teeth-grinding noise had ended. "But don't go romping around on the floor."

Of course we didn't answer for fear of the racket starting again. Our unpacking was done in deathly silence, broken only by a spasmodic tremble of disapproval from the woodwork. The next few hours were spent around the town but we had no inclination to go for a dip; the sun was securely hidden away and a blustery breeze was blowing. By seven o'clock rain had begun to spatter the pavements outside while we were feasting on a hard-boiled egg. The rest of the evening I spent in reading comics.

There was no coaxing needed to get us to bed that evening. I thought I'd be off to sleep in a few minutes, but the hard, lumpy mattress saw to that. Finally, as darkness really closed in I became drowsy —. A piano tinkled, then came voices.

"Oh, no!" I prayed. But my prayer went unheeded.

Slowly the music and hilarity grew into a deafening crescendo. All Kilkeen must have been in the lounge below. And now the vibrating spirits around me were roused to action!

Morning found us feverish and haggard. At breakfast scarcely a word was spoken. Father, it seemed, was sullenly prepared to let things be. But mother would have no more — and my sister and I heartily concurred. The bill was paid and our bags packed.

I did not mind the sullen silence on the homeward journey; nor the wrong turns, if any. For I slept most of the way.

Boy, what bliss it was that night to be in my own cosy bed — far away from the haven that father had planned.

Associations

'Oh, to be a Skylark,
Larking in the sky,
Or some silky nightingale
Twittering while I fly.'
So says the philospher,
His wish before he'll die,
But why not be a lobster
Or a common household fly;
To me a crawling lobster
Has more in kind with man,
Than any foolish twittering nit
That chants when'er it can.
Ah! break away from such
associations
Praise your household fly
He fevers you, he steals your food,
But he'll love you when you die.

SEAN McERLEAN

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By GERALD McCURDY (6L)

Who's this geezer Horace?

HORACE was launched upon the "fallentis semita vitae" by lower middle class parents who lived in the province of Apulia in southern Italy. When the embryonic master poet was twelve, his father did the world a service, the magnitude of which might be violently debated, by sending his hitherto harmless son to receive the best education that Rome could afford. In this illustrious capital the lad remained, reaping the fruits of the ancient world's equivalent of higher learning until, at the dangerous age of eighteen, he was sent to Athens to complete his studies in literature and philosophy. While he was there the political situation conveniently supplied him with a momentous occasion in the assassination of Julius Caesar. This led to civil war and, Roman officers being in short supply, our student, by this time in possession of the ancient equivalent to the key of the door, was given a commission in the Republican army. This army, despite the fact that it bore in its bosom him who was destined to write numerous odes, epodes, satires and other poetical masterpieces, and who probably rushed into battle shouting the immortal words "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," was defeated. Horace fled back to Italy where he managed to scrounge a small post in the civil service.

But a most significant event occurred during his three years' labour in the civil service. As he was later to put it himself, with characteristically unimaginative felicity—the hallmark of his genius —"paupertas impulit audax ut versus facerem." So as they say on television, let us not knock Horace, for on his own admission, he was in fact driven to writing poetry. Those early years probably did not bring our author any great financial reward but they did win for him the friendship of a fellow poet, Virgil, who in turn introduced him to the rich Maecenas. The patronage of

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Maecenas Horace was to enjoy for some 30 years.

For the rest of his life Horace was to live in relative prosperity. With these facts in mind his creative period can be divided into two parts: firstly a three-year stretch in conditions ideal for the writing of great literature—a period of poverty and want. During this period Horace wrote lyrics described by J. W. Mackail as of "extraordinary weakness and badness," and secondly, a period of thirty years of relative affluence during which he had at his disposal a surfeit of leisure for writing poetry. In these pleasant circumstances some of the greatest literature of all time was churned out upon perishing papyrus, some fragments of which h a v e been discovered during the last century among the rubbish dumps of Egypt.

Yet Horace's colourfully expressed prophecy, rich in typical modesty and self depreciation, "non omnis moriar," has a grain or two of truth in it. Admittedly the old fellow died in 8 B.C., the language in which he wrote is unfortunately dead and, even in its ecclesiastical form, is in the process of being buried by enlightened clerics. Thus Horace's poetry is appreciated by an ever-decreasing minority, but still his name lingers on. One critic, striving frantically to explain this apparently eternal popularity, attributes it to "the charm and pregnant phrases" of his odes. Professor Mackail probably comes very near the truth when he bases Horace's perennial appeal upon "the perpetual felicity, something between luck and skill, which was Horace's secret." Another critic in a bit of flap, dear me, rails at the poet's critics and sweeps them aside with the majestic sentence, "It is needless however to pursue the question." "Humbug!" said Scrooge.

But there must be some reasons for setting Horace upon a poetic pedestal. The main reason, I should suppose is that, of Horace's works, the Odes, at least, are gems of lyrical poetry and must be appreciated as such. Indeed it can hardly be denied that some of Horace's lyrics have a kind of beauty that finds a ready response in the taste of almost all cultivated people. But is not this something which can be said of any lyrical poet who has any worthwhile ability at all? Then let those who find pleasure in Horace's f a c i l e platitudes, his carefully selected wording, and his laboriously intricate metrical patterns, preserve his memory and lovingly learn his Odes by heart. Let them not, however raise their voices in pompous wrath to condemn as a philistine someone who reads "nec prata canis albicant pruinis," thinks it pleasant, and then turns to something better, keeping Horace's lyrical felicity in its proper perspective.

For me therefore, Horace is neither an inspiring nor even a pleasing poet, mainly because I cannot succeed in ignoring what he says in order to appreciate the way in which he says it, or rather because the beauty of the words is prostituted to the u n w o r t h y thoughts they express. Words or phrases can never be aesthetically pleasing when they are used merely

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to express ideas which will inevitably become in the moving tide of human experience, mere platitudes if not banalities. Words, I believe, should be of themselves beautiful and should, in literature as an artistic form as distinct from simple exposition, either describe or express a deliberately incoherent and ambiguous but nonetheless very personally felt jumble of emotions which will, from a rational point of view, be incomprehensible to the individual reader, but which will appeal to his emotions, arouse his interest, and possibly stir in him similar feelings. Horace, for my taste, was not enough in love with words.

If then, and I say it with fingers crossed, a literary revolution were to take place, overthrowing those who were, or still are, pleased to parade their own miserable thoughts under the guise of art, Horace the poet would be in danger of being forgotten. But I think that his personality would survive. Those studying his poems in Latin text books would no longer feel under an obligation to appreciate him, but would still, as I do, conjure up a picture of a short, stout epicure asleep under a tree, well oiled internally with draughts of rich Falernian and lost in dreams of Lalage, or Chloe, or Lydia. And would not this amiable fellow be content to step aside making way for a potential millenium of modern writing? Would he not voluntarily relinquish his laurels, perhaps smilingly whispering, "Dulce et decorum est pro litteris mori."

History Repeated

To remove the flag was their only thought,
But in denying this right, revenge was sought.
That night the road was filled with crowds,
They gathered as one, under the clouds.
Appeals were made that they should go home,
Appeals they heard, but heeded none.
They sang their songs, they sang with pride,
Uneasy were they on the other side.
They jeered out their hate mocking the police,
Efforts were made to keep the peace.
But all of a sudden, wild were the crowd,
Swearing and fighting, shouting aloud.
Many were wounded throughout the fight,
Many mourned loss during the night.
But still they continued, the worst was near
Showing their courage, but hiding their fear.
For those who watched, it was a sorry night,
And it happened in Belfast, one September night.

GERARD WALSH (4SC)

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They love to eat . . .



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By PETER JOHNSON (5E)

MOMENTO MORI

HIS brain began to function more quickly than his body. It was day, he knew that for the light shone through his closed eyelids which as yet he was not inclined to open.

His head was in a bad way.

Somebody was playing, pizzicato, on the nerves in his temples while stabbing two vindictive fingers in his eyes.

His mouth tasted of bad fish.

The winter sun, pouring through the window agonized his eyes when he cautiously opened them. At length he plucked up his courage and got out of bed, still dressed, though his jacket was still on the floor and his left shoe was on the window-sill. He went slowly down the stairs, stopping every few steps in case he fell.

The lights were still on in the lounge, spreading unwholesome yellow light on the scene of the revelries of the night before. Piles of tin-tops in the hearth: a grey stain of ash and butts on the carpet where an ash-tray had been overturned; burns on the furniture; several bottles on the floor; an absinthe bottle in lonely majesty on the television set.

Scenes of former glories, indeed!

He was uneasy. Something was wrong ...

Something ...

Tick-tock, one o'clock.

Into the kitchen. Not so bad here. Somebody had tried to scramble an egg but had given up. It lay, a congealed yellow pancake in the pot. Ugh!

Something ...

What?

Clouds, big grey -yellow-blue snow clouds were piling up in the east. The bare trees stood gaunt, unruffled in the sun. Not a breath of wind to break the silence.

Silence?

No birds.

Not even the sound from the distant road. He looked out. Blue sky, black skeleton trees, the wide sweep of the lawn. Like a picture. Still.

And no birds. No movement. A hushed funereal silence.

He stared down the drive, through the trees to the road and saw a car lurking big and black among the trees. What was a car doing there? The cold blast of wintery air did something to clear his head as he walked down the path, looking up at the trees, at his silent land.

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It was a car—John's car. Squatting by the gate. But they had left at four yesterday morning! It was John's car and John was in it, and Mark and Denis and Ivan.

Dead.

Smiling.

He backed away, slowly at first, but quickening his step until he was stumbling over himself. Not until he was yards away did he dare turn round and then he was running, falling crazily back to the house.

No birds, no movement, a silence found only in churches . . . and cemeteries.

He switched on the radio and spun the dial round. All the Home Services and the Light were dead. Everywhere was silent except for faint guitar music from what he thought must be Sweden.

He sat for a long time in the lonely kitchen uncertain what to do. In the end he decided to go into the city, though his car was in for its annual overhaul. It was only when he was walking down the drive again that it occurred to him to wonder what had happened to the other five who had been there the previous night and how he had escaped. It had taken them perhaps three minutes to reach the car — longer, for they had all been tight — and by then he would have been in his study which was in fact a disguised fall-out shelter.

He skirted well round the car, looking the other way.

But there had been no fall-out -- no bombs of any sort — just this Angel of Death who had passed unnoticed.

The other five were in the Humber, fifty yards down the road. He crossed to the other side of the road until he was well past.

The sky was overcast and the world was yellow-brown, waiting for the snow. It was bitterly cold. The stillness of death was everywhere, with the skeleton arms of the trees raised in silent salute. The hollow noise of his footsteps rang in the street, offending the morgue.

He saw only two bodies, both men, in the suburbs, but when he reached the centre of the city an hour later, he saw quite a few lying on the streets.

The cars lining the kerb-sides, the shop windows with their eager "SALE — HALF — PRICE BARGAINS!!" and the models and washing-machines and shirts and books and cosmetics — all seemed to be waiting for the dead to spring out of the hotels and houses and hostels to carry on as if nothing had happened.

An occasional snowflake would drift out of the sky, flutter towards a lamp-post, quiver away and melt to a spot of wet on the pavement.

He wandered round for a long time looking at the blank walls and smokeless chimneys. He was nearing the square in the city centre when he saw a little figure plodding, head down in the distance.

"Hallo!"

The little man jumped, turned and they ran towards each other. The stranger was a little round man, clasping a volume of Hemingway, with a brown suit too big for him and

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a pair of rimless spectacles, behind which little eyes darted, uncertain and afraid.

"Oh," said the little man, "I'm so glad I was ... that is ... Ah, my name's Rodgers. I ..."
"Cairns," said the other.

"Oh, Mr. Cairns what has happened? I mean ..."

"I don't know," said Cairns, "I don't know."

They walked on, nerves on edge. Once, in a grimy street leading to the docks, Rodgers thought he heard a noise in a house. Cairns burst open the door and went through the rooms, up the narrow stairs to a room at the head of the staircase. Cairns pulled out at the door which should have opened outwards, but something was holding it shut. He pulled again, and the body of an old man with wide-staring eyes fell into his arms.

They did not go into any more houses.

. . . . .

A little garret room, one chair, one table, plaster walls, one window facing the distant docks. On the table, Hemingway and a saucer. On the mantleshelf, a vase, a present from Llandudno.

There were two tiny pieces of coal in the grate, emitting a tiny streamer of smoke.

Outside, it was snowing. It had been snowing for three days, covering the silent streets, the dirt, the squalor, creating a desert of white. It had reached the first floor of most buildings, cracking windows, bending doors, but gently, oh so gently, caressing away the scars and wounds of the city and putting the seal on what a week ago were homes and castles and were now tombs.

Cairns was sitting on the chair, staring at the quivering thread of smoke from the last of the coal, staring as he had stared for the last three days. Rodgers stood at the window, watching the snow drift gently down through the night. The building faced the docks and was the highest in the neighbourhood, but he could see only a few yards into the shimmering night. Down below where there was a car, there was now only another undulation in mantle. Here in the valley between these two great tenements, the snowflakes vacillated, idling their way down; but in the open spaces like Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly and Hyde Park, they swept along almost horizontally like millions of silent spirits.

He turned back into the room lit by one flickering bulb. They had found an old petrol generator in the basement and had managed to get it going. The light was beginning to dim, but the generator was far below and anyway there was no more petrol.

"It's gone out," said Cairns suddenly.

"Look, it's gone out."

There was no more smoke from the two pieces of coal. He bent down and put his hand over them.

"It's gone out." he said again.

"Ah," said Rodgers, running his hand nervously over the volume of Hemingway.

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"There wasn't much of it. I mean, not much coal. It was ..."

His fingers flickered over the book.

Silence.

"Ah, ... Have you ... I mean ... Have you ever read Hemingway?"

"That sort of thing's a waste of time," said Cairns. "Ha! Plenty of time to waste now. God! It's cold."

Silence.

Cairns stood up, hands in pockets.

"Hold on, what's this?"

He took out a match. They stared at it.

"One match."

"What could we burn." said Cairns looking round.

"How about that book of yours!"

"No! Not Hemingway!" exclaimed Rodgers. He snatched the book and clutched it.

"Not Hemingway!"

"Come on, it's only a book, you won't be reading books from now on."

"It isn't the book. It's Hemingway himself, I can't."

"Give!" said Cairns throwing him against the wall.

"Give!"

He seized the book and Rodgers said plaintively,

"You can't."

"Touch me when I light this and God help me I'll kill you!"

He took the match with a trembling hand and struck it against the fireplace.

Nothing.

The noise was unnaturally loud.

Again. breathless faces.

The match flares up. The yellow flame blazes and dies slightly. The book is brought down to the flame. The match head is tilted down to let the flame run up the stick. The flame gets smaller, smaller.

Agonized faces.

The flame turns blue, contrasts until it is only a tiny blue light on one side of the matchstick—and vanishes.

The match falls. The book falls.

Cairns sinks on to the chair and begins to cry.

Rodgers picks up the book, smoothing the crumpled pages gently, with love in his eyes.

. . . . .

The ships in the river are covered in snow. Cabins, derricks, hatches are white. Only the river is unaffected. The flakes swirl down only to be snatched by the black water which eddies round rudders, under the quays gurgling, chuckling. It slaps the iron hulls, laps the mud, slides back, slips on its way to the sea.

There is a slight lull in the dazing cascade of snow. Across the river is a light, shining like a distant star — the only one remaining in a city of stars.

It flickers tinily, the twitch of a nerve in a dead body.

The light vanishes.

The black river smiles to itself in myriad currents and eddies. The snow whirls down anew, white and beautiful and silent.

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By G. SHORTT (5LA)

"And drink delight of battle with my peers Far on the ringing plains of Divis St."

HAVE you ever tried it—boarding a moving bus while an insignificant little first year tries to tie you to the bus standard while another clings to your ankles ? Besides feeling embarrassed and apart from hitting him a gentle thump, you may also notice the one hundred and one other innocent looking "——" who, taking advantage of the pandemonium, throw the occasional jab into the midriff of the nearest unsuspecting besieger. Or again, perhaps, you don't even hail from this "vulgar" part of the world and are only vaguely aware of the "capers" at 3-20. Whatever your origins, I am sure you would all appreciate the viewpoint of a sane and sensible bystander.

The epic begins, of course, with that detested bell which tolls out the weary message that despite all opposition, the "boys" must go home. Picture their sad plight, with heavy-laden head and downcast eyes, as they trudge through the gate reciting the saddest part of the "Aeneid" they can remember. Moreover, these brave chaps even try to put on a facade of merriment so as not to make the school authorities feel in any way guilty. They even carry along a few Brothers in their midst to back up this feigned joviality. Belfast "fog" however is a great healer and by the time the bus-stop has been reached all are in exceptionally high spirits.

And this, as that vulgar and hackneyed phrase goes is "where the fun begins." Down below the traffic lights, lurks that four-wheeled, corporation monstrosity, purring slightly, as if preparing for its daily battle with the sons of this "land of saints and wrestlers" while the "dux magnus," sobbing hysterically, cringes in fear beneath a well-worn seat, a broken man. The lights give a flicker. No: false alarm, and the curses of disappointment mingle with the "Thank God's" — and prayers for a Happy Death from under the seat. Red, orange (get set) and green (they're off). Even as it moves, outstretched arms cling to that bar of salvation while those less fortunate pick themselves up and try again. Bodies fall like ninepins while school books roll in the dust. The sound of screams mingles with the hefty thud of blows. "Remember 1916" and "Up Celtic" ring in the clear air while

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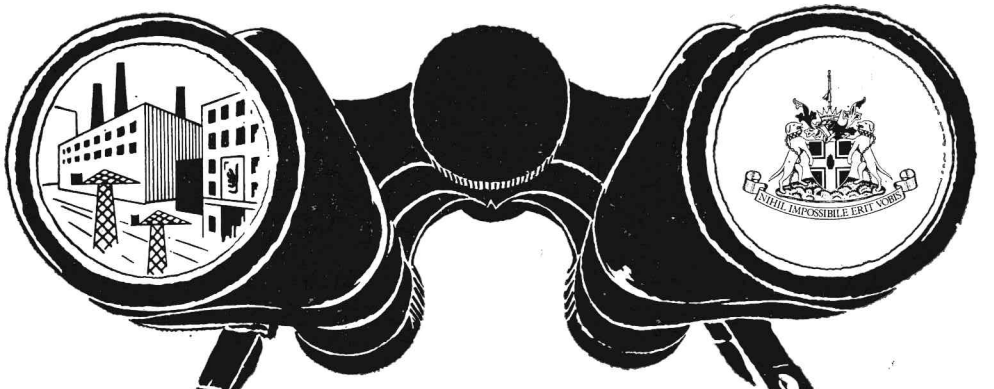
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several of our more senior citizens are buried in a sea of bodies. Passing motorists stare in flagrant disbelief while the inevitable slacker beneath the wheels scurries for safety from the accelerating monster. Nor yet is the battle done, the last stubborn besieger being playfully bundled down at "Ma Trainor's Door." Food for the soul indeed!

Alas, this ancient ritual, instituted in 1929, is in danger of abolition. It has been decreed without any care for tradition and a bit of harmless(?) rowdyism that queueing and such like are the order of the day. If our daily romp with the bus is abolished what else will there be to live for? Why, the possible results are too awful to dwell on. So, if the freeway of the bus stop is to be maintained I call upon you all to gather yourselves in concerted action while all contributions towards my own personal campaign will be gratefully accepted.

The Olympic Games

This is a story about the Olympic Games
Which first began in Greece.
It's one of the very rare occasions
When nations meet in peace.

These games take place every four years
And are open to woman or man.
The host nation this year was in
The far East in Tokyo, Japan.

It does not matter if your skin is black
Or perhaps dark brown or white,
Your main ambition is to win a gold medal
Or next best thing, put up a good fight.

It's a pity when these games come to an end,
That some nations can't remember
To spread goodwill and peace on earth,
Like angels on the 25th of December.

PAUL RAINEY 1F

St. Patrick's Prayer

Again I walk the slopes of Erin,
But not in the robes of a shephred lad,
My staff is a crook now, my sheep human souls.
My weapon, not a sling, but a faith that moulds
The hearts of men; a faith I first knew on Slemish glen
When a lady of beauty beyond mortal words
Appeared to me on the mossy swards
And told me the way of the Lord.

So my life I will live on Irish soil;
From my landing at Saul to my death I will toil
To convert these people so fierce and so proud.
And sometime, I know the day will dawn,
Perhaps not for aeons when I am gone
That all Ireland shall honour the name of Our Lord.

JOHN McILROY 5SA

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By JAMES McLOUGHLIN (6SA)

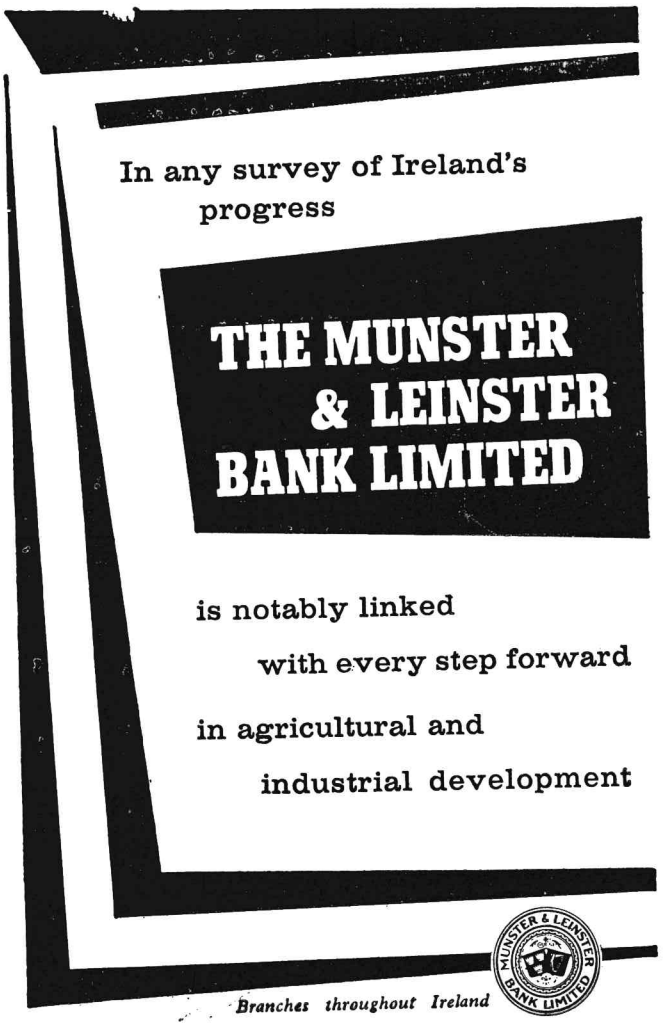
Rockets and the Future of Man

WHEN the Almighty created this wonderful world we live in He decided that the earth should have but one natural satellite. This we call the moon. Not only does the moon provide us with light, though only the reflected glory of the sun but it rules the earth's tides. The lover woos his love under its silvery beam, the artist paints it, the poet and songwriter praise it. But this, one of the universe's humblest members also provides Man with a goal, something to strive for, something to conquer.

For centuries men have dreamed of reaching out into the vast emptiness of space. What was once a fantasy, now looks like becoming a reality. In 1956 the first man-made satellite was sent into orbit by the Russians. Since then many others have joined it, radio satellites, weather satellites, and satellites to carry out tests in the upper atmosphere. There have also been many visitors, both man and animal, and all have been returned safely to Earth.

This step forward into the exploration of space would never have been accomplished if rocket propulsion hadn't been discovered and developed. The rocket works on the same general principle as the jet engine, thrusting the gas out behind it at very high speed, providing the foward propulsion. The main difference between them is that the jet engine sucks in air as it passes through it, while the rocket carries its complete means of propulsion with it. This means that the rocket can operate under water, in the atmosphere, or in the inky blackness of outer space, where scientists hope to employ it in the near future.

Just recently the American Ranger rocket transmitted television pictures back to the Earth of the surface of the moon, a feat which stands among the highest of Man's accomplishments to date in this field. These pictures showed that the moon isn't covered by the deep layer of dust, feared so much by scientists engaged in space research. The Americans revealed this news to the world, with the hope that mankind will have reached the moon by 1970. Their plan of procedure will be to launch a


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rocket carrying a large fuel reservoir which will orbit around the Earth. The capsule with the moon explorers will be launched from Cape Kennedy, to rendezvous with the orbiting 'fuel tank'. So to the moon, the journey of two hundred and thirty eight thousand miles taking several days. The tricky procedure of landing on the moon's surface without crashing will be executed by the specially trained team of explorers. At last the dramatic moment will arrive, The leader of the expedition, the first human being to set foot on the moon, will climb out of the spacecraft and claim the moon for his country. He and his partners will carry out the prescribed tests and collect numerous samples, before re-launching their rocket and returning to the Earth to be acclaimed as national and indeed world heroes.

For the possibilities beyond that, a lively imagination can conjure up ideas which once were deemed fantastic, but come now within Man's scope. Men and equipment will be transported by the faithful rocket and by 1980 the moon will probably have a rocket base. Its launching pads will send exploratory rockets to Venus, Mars and possibly far away Jupiter, as Man seeks to answer the age-old questions and uncover the secrets of the universe.

By these days, rockets have begun to be used for pleasure. A millionaire with an afternoon to kill could go for a quick spin round the Earth in his own private rocket. The Riviera has long lost its popularity as a holiday resort for the Earth's wealthy citizens, the moon, with its towns covered by transparent domes having taken its place. A private enterprise firm now operates a regular service of passenger and freight rockets. Its luxury rockets can now carry up to thirty people and their baggage to the moon in just eight hours. Viewed this way, the rocket seems to hold a very pleasant future for us. But there is a possibility that the rocket will end Man's future, that it will be used to annihilate mankind . . . .

During the last war, London was nearly destroyed by the flying bombs, missiles carrying a charge of high explosive. Its successor now carries a charge, so deadly, so powerful as to destroy whole cities, even whole countries in one foul sweep—namely the nuclear war-head. A threat hangs over our head that some day, someone will push a button and a rocket, laden with its deadly cargo, will leave its launching pad at a missile base, or shoot from the depths of the ocean and start on its electronically-controlled path for some pre-determined destination.

A four minute warning sounds. The old air-raid sirens again emit their sonorous wail. Some think that it's just a factory fire-drill, possibly a real fire. Others, realising the true meaning, run, screaming and shouting, run anywhere to escape the silver monster, which carries their fate in its nose-cone. Chaos seizes a city. People flee here, there, everywhere, ignoring barriers of all kinds. Hundreds are killed in the stampede, trampled under the feet of the

terror-stricken populace, or knocked down by lorries and cars ploughing through the uncontrollable mob. A few, realising the hopelessness of flight, fall on their knees in the street, imploring their Creator's mercy. Even atheists begin to doubt their doctrine and for a few brief moments think of God, hoping He will be merciful to them.

Suddenly a silver streak in the sky as the nose of the rocket tilts downwards. A deadly hush descends for the last few seconds, except for the screaming of the rocket as it hurtles earthwards towards its helpless victims. The intensity increases as it gets nearer—a city awaits its doom.

A hundred miles away the flash blinds hundreds of people. The mushroom cloud blossoms forth and the thundering detonation is heard, telling the world that a city has just died. Thousands, h u n d r e d s of thousands of people have been killed, their bodies in countless little pieces, buried under the radioactive remains of their city. Now it becomes a free-for-all. The fury of nuclear weapons is unleashed. Man has begun a complete destruction of himself and his planet. If any survive, what a miserable existence they have to lead. The danger from radioactive fall-out lingers on for years. Children born during this time are deformed and feeble. Are they to thank their parents for this fate brought upon them?

Is this to be the future that rockets hold for us? All of us hope and pray that Man will never condemn himself in this way. Will he use the rocket to this end or as a peaceful means of space exploration. Someday I suppose, a means of travel more efficient than the rocket will be invented. Man's faithful servant, Man's faithful enemy will be forgotten and become just another relic of the twentieth century, but will it be a creative or destructive relic, one to be remembered or one to be forgotten?

An Chead Nollaig

Ó iúltaig siad uilig i mDeitil.
Deit istig a tabairt don dís
Is dá brí sin rugadh Íosa
In uaim fuar i measc beitíoch.

Ar na cnoic tart ar Deitil
Bí na haoirí i mbun a dtréada
Is go tobann nocht cór aingeal
Os a gcionn, tuas sa spéir.

Bí an-imní ar na haoirí
Ach tug aingeal uchtach dóib
"Rugadh Slánaitheoir i mDeitil
Molaḋ agus glóire Dó."

Tog siad uain beaga bána
Mar bronntanais don Naí.
Ó! nach orthu bí an lúchair
É a feiceáil ina luí.

S. Ó Cinnéide (4LA)

By F. J. McKENNA (3E)

THE CASE OF THE MISSING GOLDFISH

LONDON had become dense with fog. A tall man, with sharp blue eyes, thin lips, a long narrow nose and thinning brown hair, sat in a carriage smoking a pipe, beside him sat a quiet fat man, with a long grey moustache. Upon his head was a cap. His snub-nose and sulky expression gave him the appearance of a bull-dog. "Move faster, driver," said Sherlock Combes, "I've an important business appointment." As his voice died away, the crack of the whip could be heard in the quiet early hours of the morning.

When the carriage stopped, out stepped Combes and his friend, Hatson. They passed the gate of the mansion and came to a door, whereupon "Investigator Combes," withdrew a magnifying glass.

"Looking for fingerprints," inquired Hatson.

"No, I'm looking for the handle, can't see a thing in this fog."

When they entered, they were greeted by Mr. Bubblehead, the soap manufacturer.

"It's been stolen! It's been stolen," he screamed frantically.

"I deduce something has been stolen," said Hatson.

"Elementary, my dear Hatson," came the answer.

"My goldfish has been stolen!" said Mr. Bubblehead.

Immediately, the inspector began searching for 'fingerprints.' Suddenly they stumbled on the mutilated body of a goldfish.

"Evidently the victim of a vicious master-mind cat," cried Hatson, aghast.

"Yes, probably a puss-in-boots. No paw-marks," agreed Combes.

"No! No! We had herring for dinner," retorted the client.

"Should we inspect the fish-bowl?" suggested Hatson.

"No, a clever cat won't return to the scene of the crime," said Sherlock.

"But it couldn't have been a cat, for there are none in the 'ouse'old," said a maid.

"There's something very fishy going on," said Hatson.

"Elementary," answered Combes.

"If it was a fishfinger we could at least look for fingerprints. Maybe someone melted it to make a gold-ring. —You there! Stop! that ring you are wearing is gold. Could it be the remnants of a goldfish and those diamonds its eyes!"

"It would be an expensive ring for a housemaid," insinuated Sherlock.

"Housemaid ! ! I happen to be Mrs. Bubblehead, and this is my wedding ring."

Sherlock and companion beat a hasty retreat and headed for the door. They stopped, frozen to the spot — There was the thief. Mr. Bubblehead had grabbed Inspector Combes by the nose, intent on pulverizing him, when suddenly he saw the missing goldfish in the hands of his next door neighbour, Miss Ingfish.

"All right, so you've found out, but you better not try anything," said her brother, brandishing a double-barrelled pea-shooter. In a flash the two inspectors reacted, Hatson diving for the fish-bowl to make sure the fish came to no harm, while Sherlock with a lightning movement, drew his catapult and began firing at Mr. Ingfish, who "opened up" mercilessly. But Combes was too fast and although wounded, he overcame the thief.

"Lucky he was using "Bird's Eye" peas, they're specially graded so as to make them small. Had they been any bigger, your wound may have been fatal," said Hatson.

It's men like these, who let our fish swim without fear.

A Nocturnal Fray

They wore no decorations,
No medals on their breasts,
But they fought with desperation
And scorned the thought of rest.
The scarcity of rations
Had made their courage rise,
They tried to overcome the foe
With loud discordant cries.
When at last they surrendered,
As prisoners they were held,
One and all united
In unison they yelled.
Oh! it was a dreadful battle
And awful was the din;
The night that father paced the room
Each arm around a twin.

JAMES McNEILL (5LB)

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Comment

• A great deal of work was done on the levelling of our new sports fields during the Summer. It was quite a sight to see six bulldozers careering around and levelling off a sizeable part of the Black Mountain. Unfortunately, wet weather prevented the completion of the work but perhaps next Summer we will have a beginning of the kind of facilities that may enable St. Mary's to again make an impact on the world of sport.

• We were sorry to lose Br. Nannery who went as Superior to Omagh in August. Br. O'Neill came to take his place. Fr. Forrestier also returned to his native France bringing, we hope, pleasant memories with him of his stay among us. Au revoir, Father.

• We again had to make three groups for the annual Retreat in St. Clement's even though the Retreat was confined to the Fifth and Sixth Years. One group had to face the hazard of fog on their first morning. We trust that they will navigate the fogs of the spiritual life as successfully.

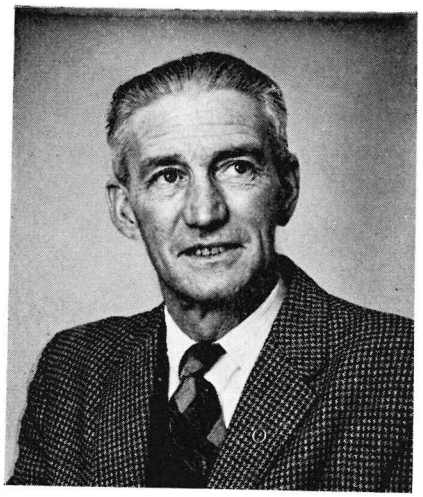
• Just before Christmas we heard that the tenders for the erection of the new St. Mary's had been received and so perhaps we shall see something appearing above ground by this time next year. It cannot come too soon. In September we finally took over all the old Primary School in St. Mary's, Divis St. and still the numbers flock in. With the initiation this year of a two-year course for Advanced Level, a further increase is expected next year.

• The School Gaelic Drama Group won three First Prizes:—Corn Uí Néill at the Dungannon Festival, the Kennedy Trophy at Belfast Festival and First Place in Ulster Provincial Competition.

• It was pleasing to read of an ex-pupil from Lurgan, Mr. Alf Murray being elected President of the Gaelic Athletic Association.

• In July the largest number ever of pupils from the school (168) were attending summer courses in the Gaeltacht. The great majority were in the Gweedore Parish. A number of pupils also went to France.

It was with very deep regret that we heard in early December of the death of Mr. P. Bartley who up to his retirement in 1959, was one of the Old Faithfuls of the staff. R.I.P. Mr. Bartley had not been well for some time and he passed peacefully to his reward on 15th December. Solus Dé d'a anam. He was described in the Simmarian on his retirement as "a truly Christian gentleman" and that rather hackneyed phrase really did sum up his character. Our sympathies go out to his son Rev. Fr. T. Bartley of St. MacNissi's.



G.A.A. President

B'ÁBHAR bróid is áthais dúinn uilig i Scoil Mhuire na mBráithre gur toghadh Alf Uasal Ó Muireadhaigh mar Uachtarán ar Chumann Lúthchleas Gael. Iarscoláire dár gcuid é a sheas clú na scoile ariamh ní hamháin ar pháirc na himeartha ach áit ar bith a ndeachaigh fir i gcomhairle le chéile ar son leas ár dteanga nó ár gcluichí.

Scríobhamar chuige a dh'iarraidh air 'cúpla focal' a chur le chéile don "Simmarian." Rinne sé sin le croí mór maith. Ní gá ach iad a léamh leis an mianach agus an sprid atá san fhear a mhothú. Go musclaí an cúpla focal sin an sprid céanna agus an dearcadh céanna inár léitheoirí óga.

Cúpla Focal Ó Uachtarán Cumann Lúthchleas Gael do scolairí Scoil Mhuire na mBráithre.

To the Christian Brothers I shall be always thankful for something which was not deliberately taught to us but which we, in our school-days with them, could not but assimilate —a national attitude. Our training under the Brothers did not allow us to forget that we were the Irish, that we had a language of our own, games that were native to our soil and a distinctive culture that was our birth-right. Nor were we left unaware that this knowledge placed a responsibility upon us.

I am sure that the boys who attend the Christian Brothers' Schools to-day have that same realisation and that same awareness of their duty. The preservation of a nation's separateness depends firstly upon knowledge of what Nationality means, and, secondly, upon a willingness to serve, in some way, the National Cause.

If that willingness to serve inclines some of this generation of Christian Brothers' boys towards the Gaelic Athletic Association there is an opportunity there to join a new crusade. It is this year's attempt to "bring the hurling back"—to have

Ireland's finest game played in every parish in the land. If you wish to join this new crusade, contact your local G.A.A. club and you will find there is an important place for you in a national campaign that needs the help of every Irish boy.

If games do not appeal to you, there are other fields of National endeavour. Take part in some one of them. Your own life will be the richer for it. You will find that in serving an ancient and holy cause, in being "to God and Ireland true," you are keeping alive an ideal that should inspire every Irishman worthy of the name.

Guím Rath Dé ar obair na mBráithre ar son tíre agus teanga.

Biographical Note:

Alf Ó Muireadhaigh, President of the Gaelic Athletic Association, though a Downman by birth has long been associated with County Armagh and more particularly the Lurgan area. We are proud to claim him as a past pupil of St. Mary's (1929-33) where he played with distinction on the School MacRory Cup teams, gaining his place on the Ulster Colleges team as well. On leaving St. Mary's he trained as a teacher in Strawberry Hill and almost all his teaching career has been spent in Tannaghmore School, of which he is now the Principal.

Though he played right full back on the School MacRory Cup Team (then thirteen aside) it was as centre half forward that he was an automatic selection not only for County Armagh but also Ulster from the mid-thirties to the mid-forties. Twice he was on the winning Railway Cup team and it was his inspiring leadership which was largely responsible for these victories (incidentally the first gained by Ulster).

For twenty-five years Alf has been the Armagh representative on the Ulster G.A.A. Council, of which he was President 1946-49. During the same period he has been a very active member of Comhaltas Uladh, organising each year the Sabhail na Páistí Fund to send children to the Gaeltacht. At present he is chairman of the Clann Eireann G.A.C. and Craobh Chlann Éireann of Connradh na Gaeilge. The facilities offered by the Clann Éireann Club in Lurgan are a model for G.A.A. Clubs throughout the country. Alf believes that the language is the main objective of the National movement and that this should be joined to our efforts to spread our native games, Gaelic football and more especially hurling. He was elected President of the G.A.A. in 1964.

Mairimid an onóir mhór seo dó ó chroí agus guímid go raibh ráth agus séan ar a shaothar mar cheannaire ar Chumann Lúthchleas Gael.

January

January is here,
The first month of the year;
With the snow falling fast,
All over the grass.

A world of white,
A frosted spire;
But inside, logs burning bright;
In a blazing fire.

DAMIEN MONAGHAN (1C)

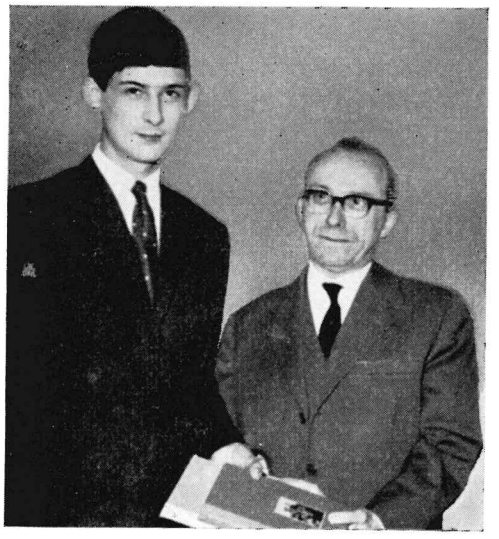
AWARDS 1964

IN the summer examinations 112 students obtained the Senior Leaving Certificate and 199 passed Junior.

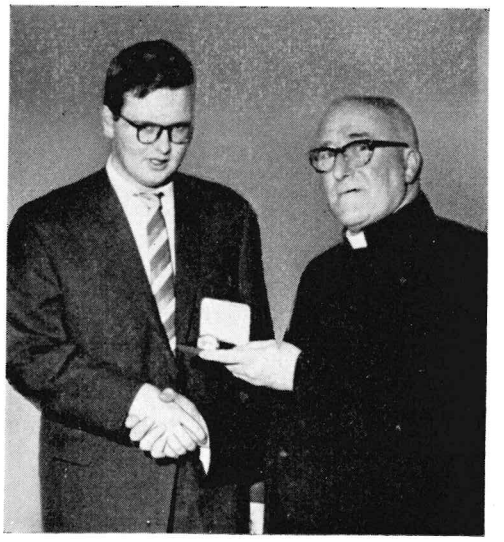
Of the 75 who qualified for the University the following have entered on their First Year course: Sean P. Andrews, Denis Barker, Denis Clarke, John L. Close, Michael D. Colohan, Leonard P. Curran, George J. Dalton, Patrick J. Donnelly, Brian Fagan, Paul K. Haller, Eamon M. Halligan, Eamonn G. Hamill, Terence J. Higgins, Bernard J. Hill, William A. Hodgkinson, Kevin J. James, Peter P. Jeffers, Oliver J. Kelly, William Lavery, James G. Lenaghan, Anthony F. Loughrey, John V. McAlonan, Alexander McCallion, Michael G. McCann, Brendan P. McConville, Gerald F. MacCurdy, Edward O. McDevitt, Michael A. McEntee, Philip P. McGrory, Raymond K. O. McGuigan, Robert G. McKillen, Eugene A. McLarnon, James J. McMahon, Paul F. McMahon, Edmund J. McManus, Terence P. S. McMullan, Charles P. McRandal, Kevin F. Manning, Eamonn J. Marnell, Patrick M. O. O'Callaghan, James J. O'Reilly, Charles G. Patton, James Rea, Daniel G. Rooney, Philip Teague, Brian Turk, John P. Doherty, James F. Donnelly, and John J. Donnelly.

Training College First Year Students: Bernard J. Bradley, Gerard F. Gorman, Finbarr A. McCallion, Terence F. McCarthy, Joseph McGinnity, Philip McGorman, Patrick J. McMahon, Hugh G. Rice.

Nine boys decided to try their vocation for the priesthood (five to the Diocese of Down and Connor and one each to the Cistercians, Dominicans, Redemptorists and African Missions). Three boys entered the



T. McMullan receiving from Monsieur P. Bourdon, French Consul, prize awarded by French Government for first place in Advanced Level French in G.C.E. of Northern Ireland and also French Consul's own prize.



Rev. G. H. MacNamara, P.P., St. Teresa's, Glen Road, congratulating G. McCurdy, winner of Queen's University Open Scholarship, at the Prizegiving Day in St. Mary's Hall.

Christian Brothers and one the Order of St. John of God.

Joe Devlin Scholarship: Francis Gerard McAlea (Junior Irish) and Dermot Eugene Tohill (Senior Irish).

McElhinney Cup: Neil Brian McFerran (Senior Maths. & Science).

Corn Theilinn: Martin O'Callaghan.

Queen's Open Scholarship: Gerald F. McCurdy.

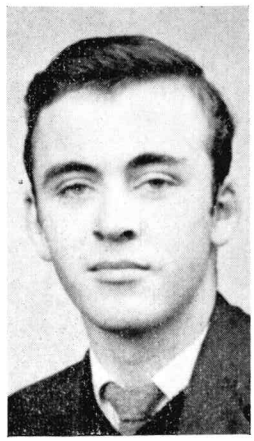
French Consulate Prize and French Government Prize: Terence P. McMullan.



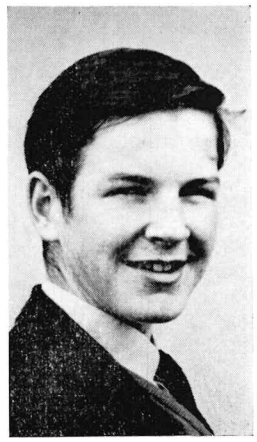
FRANCIS GERARD McALEA
(Junior Irish)



DERMOT EUGENE TOHILL
(Senior Irish)



MARTIN O'CALLAGHAN
(Corn Theilinn)



NEIL BRIAN McFERRAN
(Senior Maths. and Science)

CONGRATULATIONS to the following Past Pupils who obtained Degrees at Queen's University in 1964.

Ph.D.—James Dunwoody, M.Sc.

M.Sc.—Sean Declan McCartan and Roderick McNicholl.

M.B., B.Ch., B.A.O.—
James G. Murtagh and Thomas N. Fogarty.

B.D.S.—Thomas J. Davey.

B.Sc.Econ.—Leonard Quigley, B.Sc. (Civil Engineering).

B.A.—Vincent D. Braniff, James P. Brown, Aidan A. Canavan, Gerard P. Doherty, Joseph Hennessy, Edward Jones, Brian J. McComish, Gerard D. McCormack, Frederick A. McKenna, John C. O'Connor, James J. O'Hara, Robert G. O'Prey.

B.Sc.—(Faculty of Science):
Daniel V. McCaughan, Aidan J. McCorry, Eugene McEleavy, James J. McGuigan.

B.Sc.—(Faculty of Applied Science and Technology:

Brian Andrew Curran
(Pharmaceutics)

Michael Oliver Daly
(Electrical Engineering)

John Joseph Haughey
(Civil Engineering).

B.Ed.—James P. Tracey, B.A.

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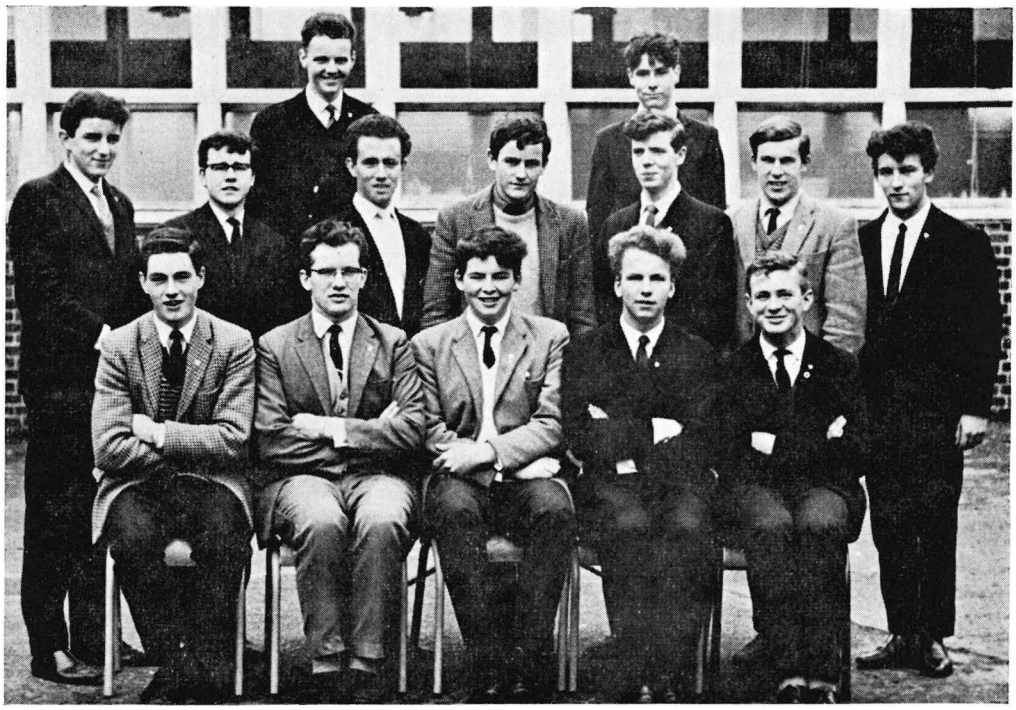
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OFFICIAL SCHOOL UNIFORMS

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

PIONEER ASSOCIATION



STUDENT MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

IT is pleasing to note that up to the present over 100 have joined the school branch, and many others their own parish centre.

To those who are already Pioneers we say: Be loyal to your promise, and give it real meaning by carefully repeating the Heroic Offering each morning and evening.

And to those who are not Pioneers. Drink is one of God's gifts and if used properly can help a person to serve Him better. A Pioneer is **not** an anti-drink campaigner. He is one who makes a sacrifice of something good and offers it to the Sacred Heart — and this he does for the following noble reasons: the greater honour of God, reparation for excessive drinking by many others, personal self-denial, and to give good example to one's neighbour.

Members of the School Centre: Bro. Mallon, Francis Kelly, Paul Simpson, Leo Short, Pat Ryan, James O'Kane, Donal Wildy.

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THE LEGION OF MARY

OUR MAN IN THE LEGION
An inside story

THERE are currently 15 active members in the school praesidium of the Legion of Mary. It's a fair membership and I suppose we should be thankful. It could be worse and it could easily be better. There must be some 500 boys in the senior division of the school and a membership of 15 gives a figure of 3%. Perhaps some of my readers may do something about raising that percentage.

When I first joined the Legion, I imagined that at the weekly meeting everyone would be seated at a large table in relatively comfortable surroundings, but in a somewhat cold non-friendly atmosphere. It didn't work out that way. We haven't got a large table, the surroundings are depressing, but the atmosphere is the most friendly imaginable.

On Sunday mornings we leave our respective homes to attend the weekly meeting which begins at 11-30. Most of the members arrive well before that time and join in a game of handball or football in the school yard. Alas! At 11-30, with much hand-clapping on the part of the president, we are persuaded to adjourn to the 4SC room for the meeting.

We commence with the recitation of the Rosary and this is followed by 5 minutes spiritual reading, usually from an interesting book. Next, the minutes of the previous week's meeting are read by Secretary, John McBride. The Treasurer, Seamus Lavery, informs us of the financial position and somewhere about the same time the Vice-President, Declan McNaughton takes the roll call. The meeting is chaired by the President, Mr. Eugene McEleavy.

With the completion of formalities, members are asked to give an individual report of the work accomplished during the preceding week. About half-way through the reports the Catena is recited and this is followed by a short spiritual talk known as the Allocutio, given by the Spiritual Director, Rev. Br. Glespen. Reports are then continued and meanwhile the secret bag circulates. Each member puts his hand into the bag. What else he puts in besides his hand is a matter for him to decide. (The Praesidium is not "in the red"). Usually after the reports are finished a discussion takes place upon some pages or paragraphs of the Legion's handbook. The members contribute freely to this discussion, though it is to be noted that some are better at asking questions than at answering them. After this discussion, work for the following week is allocated. Then, if there is no further business, the meeting terminates with the recitation of the closing prayers.

If you have read this far you will probably be anxious to know something of the work the members do. Well, our principal sphere of activity is the Mens' Hostel in Dover Street. Members go there on Monday and Tuesday evenings and help to serve the teas to the residents and afterwards haul in the dirty plates and wash them. On Saturdays we help to prepare the dinner and brush and mop out the dormitories. Quite frankly, the work in itself isn't all that pleasant. The accommodation in

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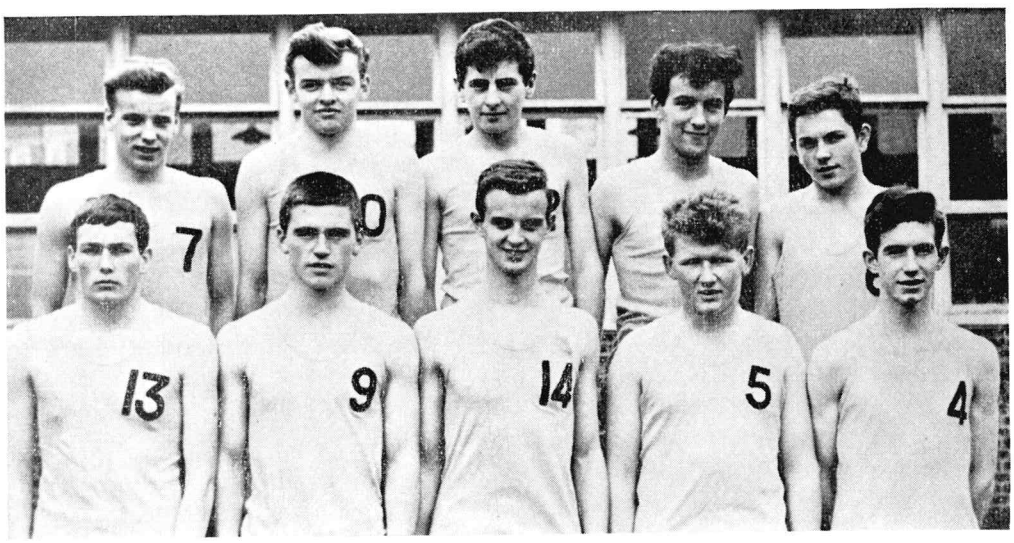
the Hostel isn't Grade A hotel class and some of the "residents" could be better-mannered. The spirit among the Legionaries is, however, excellent, and everybody helps everyone else in a true spirit of charity.

Perhaps the biggest day in the Legionary's year is the day of the annual excursion. It takes place on a Sunday in summer time. We all pile into cars or minibus and set out for some pre-selected place. There's plenty of lemonade, fruit and other good things for all. Usually there's a sing song aboard and generally there's somebody out of tune. It turns out to be a day to remember.

Well, my friends, that's about all the Official Secrets Act will allow me to say. Before you turn over the page, please consider, if only for a moment, whether or not you would like to join Mary's army. If you are even remotely interested, all you have to do is contact any member of the Legion and he will put you on the road. Ask not what Mary can do for you. Ask what you can do for Mary.

CATHAL MULLAGHAN (6SA)

BASKET BALL



TEAMS were entered for the Ulster Schools Basketball Championships (Senior and Intermediate). The Intermediate team reached the semi-final. Our thanks are due to Rev. Br. D. M. O'Connell, Superior, for allowing us the use of the Glen Road Gymnasium.

Squad: H. G. Rice, W. McGlue, S. McCafferty, S. McQuillan, A. McGlone, T. Kerr, A. Hamill, J. O'Reilly, A. O'Prey, W. Hodgkinson, J. McCormick, M. Reid, A. Hamill, T. McCartney.

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ATHLETICS

PUPILS, past and present, will be interested in St. Mary's record of best performances which follows. It will remind the stalwarts of the past that their achievements have not been forgotten, and at the same time it may act as a spur to the more lethargic young men of the present generation.

JUNIOR (under 13)

80 yards	B. Murphy	1958	10.1 secs
880 yards (new)	J. Scott	1964	2 min. 38.5 secs.
High Jump	V. Bent	1963	4ft. 1in.
	P. Kelly	1964	
Long Jump	T. Howie	1955	14ft. 1in.
Javelin	D. Brannigan	1955	97ft. 10in.
Relay	Form 1D	1963	1 min. 1.1 secs.

JUNIOR (under 14)

100 yards	B. Lundy	1951	11.4 secs.
220 yards	B. Farnan	1951	28.4 secs.
880 yards (new)	G. Kelly	1964	2 min. 37 secs.
High Jump	G. McLarnon	1957	4ft. 5in.
Long Jump	B. Murphy	1959	16ft. 7in.
Javelin	M. Tierney	1957	96ft. 2in
6lb. Shot (new)	G. Nellis	1964	41ft. 5in.
Relay	Form 2C	1963	58.5 secs.

INTERMEDIATE (under 16)

100 yards	B. Farnan	1952	10.5 secs.
220 yards	B. Farnan	1952	24.2 secs.
880 yards	J. Doran	1952	2 min. 14.3 secs.
High Jump	G. McLarnon	1959	5ft. 1in.
Long Jump	T. Howie	1958	17ft. 0½in.
Hop, Step & Jump	T. Howie	1958	38ft. 4½in.
8lb. Shot	T. Kearney	1956	45ft. 3in
Javelin	B. Farnan	1952	135ft. 0in.
Discus	M. Reid	1963	116ft. 3¾in.
Pole Vault	G. Keegan	1958	8ft. 0 in.
Relay	Form 4LA	1963	53.1 secs.

SENIOR

100 yards	J. McCann	1949	10.6 secs.
	M. Reid	1964	10.6 secs.
220 yards	C. Lambe	1955	24.6 secs.

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440 yards	P. McPhillips	1956	56.2 secs.
880 yards	J. Leathem	1953	2 min. 7.4 secs.
Mile	J. Leathem	1953	4 min. 52.8 secs.
High Jump	S. McKinney	1955	5ft. 6in.
Long Jump	S. McKinney	1955	20ft. 10in.
Hop, Step & Jump	T. Howie	1959	39ft. 11in.
12lb. Shot	M. Murphy	1950	40ft. 1in.
Discus	S. McKinney	1955	125ft. 5in.
Javelin	N. Farnan	1957	186ft. 11in.
Pole Vault	S. Kearney	1956	9ft. 0in.
Relay	Form 6S	1964	50.6 secs.

We were blessed with good weather on May 14th when we held our Annual Sports in Celtic Park. For a few weeks prior to Sports Day quite a number had responded to the appeal of enthusiastic coaches and had turned out faithfully for practice. Too many, however, appeared to imagine that their natural athletic ability would see them through. But like the foolish virgins who were found to have no oil in their lamps at the critical time, so they discovered too late the lack of wind in their lungs. Records will never be broken unless those who have athletic talent develop it with intensive training.

Our sincere thanks are due to Casement Park Committee for allowing us the use of their grounds for practice and we particularly thank Mr. J. Rowe for his invaluable assistance.

On the track both M. Reid and J. Neary had double successes. Michael won the Senior 100 yds. and 220 yds. and in the process he equalled J. McCann's time of 10.6 secs. in the 100 yds. which had stood since 1949. In the Intermediate section J. Neary won the 100 and 220 yds. Sprints, as was confidently expected. He collected a third medal when he beat all-comers in the Long Jump Intermediate.

In the Junior Section (under 14) G. Nellis was first in the 100 yds. and 6lb. Shot. The latter event was introduced for the first time this year and his throw of 41ft. 5in. augurs well for the future.

Among the under 13 competitors, P. Kelly is to be congratulated on clearing 4ft. 1in. in the High Jump and thereby equalling the record set up in 1963 by V. Bent, who, incidentally won the High Jump (under 14) by clearing 4ft. 4in.

As Derry C.B.S. were unable to act as hosts for the Annual Ulster C.B. Inter-School Sports, our newest establishment on the Glen Road, generously offered to step into the breach. The preliminary organisation and the excellent accomodation and catering they provided helped greatly to make the day a very pleasant one for the visiting teams and supporters.

Once again Celtic Park was the venue. Here is the appropriate time to express our sincere gratitude to the Management Committee for allowing us the use of their stadium and for facilitating us in every way.

The weather was ideal and in the bright sunlight the freshly-mown and

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newly-marked arena looked perfect. Thanks must in justice be given to those from St. Mary's who worked so strenuously in preparing the field for the occasion.

In the Junior Section (under 14) G. Nellis had a win in the 6lb. Shot and came second in the 100 yds.

J. Neary was our outstanding competitor in the Inter. Section. He left all his rivals behind him in the 100 yds. and 220 yds. events. His successes on the track were emulated by J. Porter in field events. He won both the 8lb. Shot and Discus.

We confidently expected M. Reid to win the '100' but he came up against a 'flyer' from Newry and had to be content with 2nd place. He made amends, however, in the 220 yds., which he won convincingly.

St. Mary's captured three 'firsts' in the five field events. T. Higgins won the Discus, while D. McCall and W. McGlue emerged victors in the Javelin and Shot events respectively.

We came second to Newry C.B.S. in all three relay races. Indeed Newry are to be congratulated on winning all the nine cups — six of which we had held the previous year. We must ensure, however, that these same trophies will grace the Abbey sideboards for the minimum length of time!

In the Ulster Grammar School Sports J. Neary was third in the Intermediate 100 and 220. J. Porter was unlucky to have his best effort in the Shot disqualified. This would have gained him third place, also. The Intermediate Relay Team also occupied third place, recording their best time ever. J. Neary was selected to represent Ulster Grammar Schools against Ulster Intermediate Schools, a new fixture this year.

Fágaigí an bealach ag laochra Scoil Mhuire!

CROSS COUNTRY

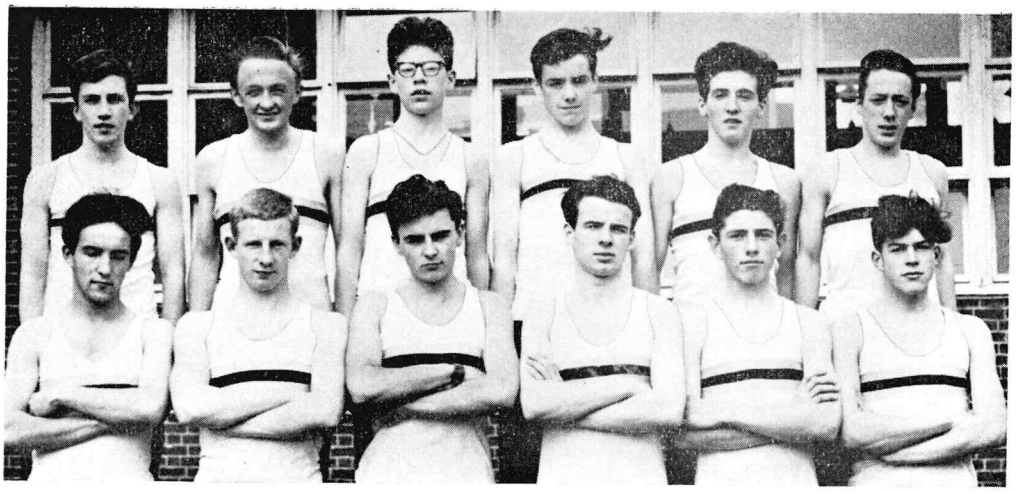
IN the Spring of 1964 teams were formed in the school. In the County Antrim Youths' Championships our Senior Team finished first in the 3 miles (under 18), filling 2nd, 6th, 7th and 9th places. D. Tohill was our first man home. In the Junior Race (2 miles, under 15) we had the individual winner in T. Taggart and our team finished third. (Our scoring four were in 1st, 5th, 11th and 14th places).

Our next outing was against St. Joseph's Training College over the Trench House course. We were lucky to win as some of our runners arrived late. Our scoring team was as follows:—1, P. Ward; 3, T. Murray; 6, G. McIlduff; 7, E. Taggart; 8, K. O'Kane; 12, B. McCallion.

The first-ever Ulster Colleges Cross-Country Championships were held in Armagh on Sunday, 26th April, 1964. The team results were as follows:

Senior (over 16)—1, St. Pat's, Armagh, 28 pts.; 2, St. Pat's, Cavan, 33 pts.; 3, St. Mary's, Belfast, 42 pts.; 4, C.B.S., Newry,

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42 pts.; 5, C.B.S., Derry, 84 pts.

Junior (under 16) — 1, C.B.S. Derry, 18 pts.; 2, St. Mary's, Belfast, 50 pts.; 3, St. Pat's, Cavan, 71 pts.; 4, Glen Road, C.B.S., 74 pts.; 5, St. Pat's, Armagh, 94 pts.; 6, C.B.S., Armagh, 101 pts.; 7, Academy, Dungannon, 102 pts.

It is interesting to note that St. Mary's were first in the overall total (92), followed closely by Derry (102), Cavan (104) and St. Pat's, Armagh (122).

Our runners finished:—**Senior**—6, T. Murray; 8, D. Tohill; 13, G. McIlduff; 15, J. O'Reilly; 18, K. O'Kane; 20, J. B. Hagan; 23, J. McCormick; 35, K. Hood. **Junior**—2, P. Ward ; 10, P. Sloan ; 13, E. Taggart ; 25, B. McCallion ; 33, G. Adams; 41, K. Carson.

Downpatrick is the venue for this year's championship and 3rd April, 1965, is the provisional date.

Our own school championships were held also.

SWIMMING AND WATER POLO

DURING the year St. Mary's staged a gala for the first time. It is hoped it will be an annual event. F. McGrogan dominated the Intermediate events, gaining the "best swimmer" award with C. Lamb runner-up. In the Senior G. McIlduff was outstanding, followed by W. Stewart and W. McGlue. D. McGlue and T. Coyle emerged as promising Juniors. Class team races were won by 1B, 2E and 3D. The highlights of the evening were the Past Pupils Race in which the judges found great difficulty in separating the swimmers in a thrilling "blanket" finish and the squadron races between two teams of past pupils: Irish Water-Polo Internationals v. The Rest; and the Staff v. 3D. The prizes which were the gift of an anonymous donor were presented by the Headmaster, Rev. Br. T. L. Magee. Our unknown benefactor has volunteered to give

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trophies every year and we are indeed very grateful to him.

The school swimming team also participated in the annual Bangor Grammar School Gala. Out of eight Schools competing we were narrowly beaten into second place by our old rivals "Inst."

The water polo teams, however, did not achieve the glories of former years but with the support of Brother Murphy, who is always at hand, the coaching of Mr. Lally and Mr. O'Callaghan we look forward with confidence to the future.

Last year's first team was:
W. McGlue (capt.), B. Stewart, F. McGrogan, G. McIlduff, W. Johnston and S. O'Kane.

The second team:
D. McGlue, T. Kerr, B. Delargy, K. O'Kane, C. Lambe and F. McAlea.

W. STEWART (6SB)



CHESS

THE school team entered the Belfast Schools' League for the third year in succession and it was a case of third time lucky.

We began with a fairly easy win over Belfast High School by $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$. Our match against Campbell College wasn't too difficult either and we won again by 5 to 1. Belfast Royal Academy put up a much tougher struggle and we only managed to win 4 to 2 after three sessions play.

It was obvious that the match against "Inst" was going to be the decisive match of the League. We eventually won 4 to 2 though the

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match was much closer than the score would seem to indicate. After this win we needed only another draw to clinch the League and in fact our match against St. Malachy's resulted in a comfortable 4 to 2 win for us.

As we had therefore won the League the match against M.C.B. was only a formality: we won 4 to 2 without much difficulty. It was obvious throughout the season that our greatest assets were Kevin James and Bill Lavery who scored consistent wins on third and fourth boards respectively.

Gerald MacCurdy and Gerard MacAleavy had the fortune to gain places in the Irish Schoolboys' Team which took part in the Glorney Cup International during the Summer holidays. Unfortunately most of our best players have left and we have been unable to field a team in the 1965 League.

The 1964 team was:—
G. MacCurdy: Gerald MacAleavy: Kevin James: William Lavery: Joseph Dolan: Terence MacMullan D. Haughey: Patrick MacMahon:

G. MacALEAVY

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ÓGRA EIREANN

BUNAÍODH Ógra Éireann i scoileanna na mBráithre i mBaile Átha Cliath sa bhliain 1946. Tá craobhacha den Chumann ar fud na tíre uile anois. An Bráthair Ó Conghaile a chuir tús leis an Ógra i Scoil Mhuire anseo sa bhliain 1948 agus tá an eagraíocht go láidir sa scoil ó shin.

"Is é aidhm Ógra Éireann an Ghaeilge a chur á labhairt mar ghnáth-theanga i measc scoláirí agus athscoláirí scoileanna na mBráithre. Ach tuigeann Ógra Éireeann gur ar leathcheann a bheadh sé mar chumann d'Éireannaigh óga mura mbeadh i gceist aige ach suim a chur in athbheachan na Gaeilge. Mar sin múineann Ógra Éireann dá chomhaltaí meas a bheith acu ar Éirinn, a dtír dhúchais agus ar gach a mbaineann léi; a bheith bródúil as stair agus as laochra a dtíre, as uaisleacht agus cultúr na nGael agus as gach uile ní a thaispeánann gur náisiún faoi leith Éire; go bhfuil comharthaí náisiún ag baint le hÉirinn is léi féin amháin ; go bhfuil againn mar Ghaeil: ár dteanga féin, an Ghaeilge, agus an litríocht a ghabhann léi; ár gcluichí féin, iomáin, peil ghaelach, liathróid láimhe, maguaird; ár rincí féin; ár gceol is ár n-amhrán féin.

Múineann Ógra Éireann do chomhaltaí an Chumainn gur de bharr meas a bheith acu ar gach uile ghné de chultúr an chine Gael a éireoidh le muintir na hÉireann iad féin a neartú, a dhaingniú is a bhuanú mar náisiún." — Lámhleabhar Ógra Éireann.

Níl ach riail amháin againn—an Ghaeilge a labhairt le linn cruinnithe seachtainiúla Ógra Éireann agus le linn imeachtaí faoi stiúrú an Ógra. Bíonn cruinniú againn gach Déardaoin agus darna achan Domhnach. Ar mhaith leat bheith páirteach linn? Tabhair d'ainm don Rúnaí, Gearóid Mac an Bheatha, 6L.



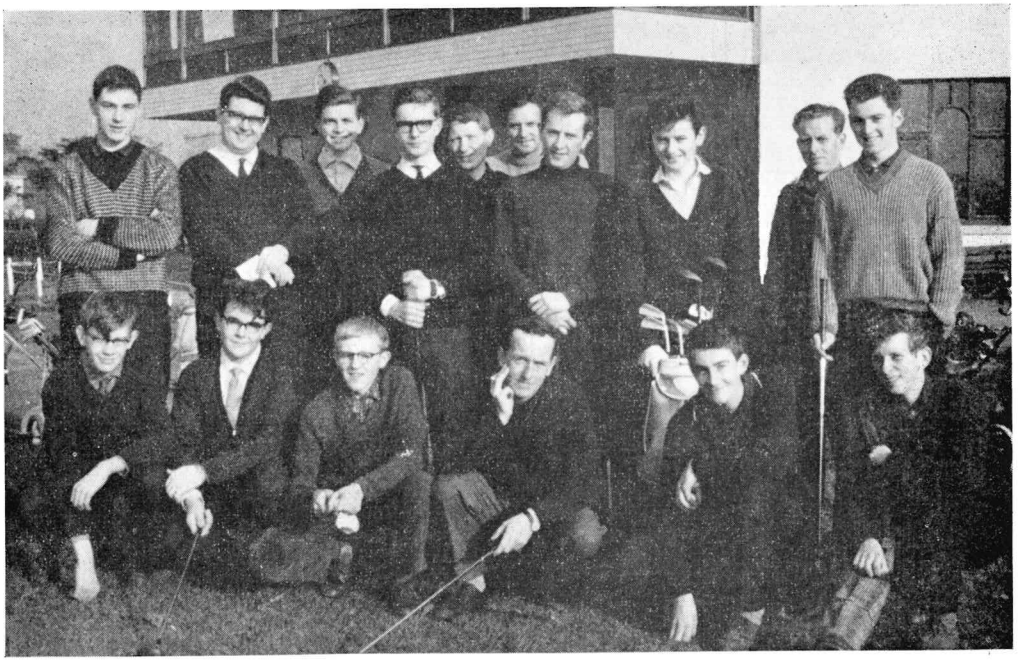
CUID DE BHAILL NA BLIANA SEO

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GOLF

DURING the past year matches were played with St. Malachy's College, the Staff and the Past Pupils. We also took part in the Ulster Grammar Schools Championships held in Shandon Park. Though no big successes came our way, the matches were keenly contested and the promise shown by our younger players gives hope for the future.

1964-65 team:—P. Cullen, K. Doherty, M. Elliot, J. Ewings, B. Fearon, T. Hennessy, P. McGrath, R. McLaughlin (capt.), D. Martin, M. Reid.



FOOTBALL

UNDER 14 FOOTBALL

OUR under 13 side of the previous year, having won all before them, it was decided that we would enter 2 teams under 14. We were not very successful, however, but it did mean that more players got match practice. Our B team proved the better of the two, winning well against St. Gabriel's, narrowly beaten by St. Malachy's B and drawing with St. Malachy's A. Our players were: G. Nellis, S. Ward, P. Regan, P. Ward, P. Thornbury, B. Leddy, P. McCormick, M. McAleese, P. Smyth, J. Collins, J. Mulholland, T. Mason, B. Donnelly, J. McGivern, M. Taggart, C. McKenna, B. McCallion, K. Woods, C. Molloy, P. Scott, S. O'Neill, P. Caldwell, M. Morgan, M. Masterson,

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M. Toomey, G. O'Hagan, G. Downey, T. Trainor, G. McAllister, P. McCann.

The inter-class football league for 1st years was won by Form 1c.

M. McALEESE (3D)

FARNEY CUP

THIS under 13 Football Competition was run in two sections. The winner in our section was Glen Road C.B.S., who had beaten us in the very first match. St. Malachy's College won the other section. The semi-final pairings were:

St. Malachy's v. St. Mary's

Glen Road v. St. Augustine's

Our match with the College was a close affair all through but we played with great determination and won by 5 or 6 points. Glen Road easily won their match. Now in the final we had a return match with Glen Rd. C.B.S., and this time there was no doubt as to who was the better team. That day nothing could go wrong for us and we easily won the Farney Cup.

Team: B. Leddy, K. Gallagher, B. Kelly, C. McCrory, M. Masterson, K. Leneghan, B. Searle, F. Cassidy, F. Ewings, J. McCaffrey, J. Sloan, G. McGuinness, J. Growcott, J. Kennedy, S. Copeland, C. Graham, C. McGrath, P. Brady, K. Armstrong, P. McCavana, D. McCurry.

Corn na nOg Championship Matches

St. Mary's v. St. Malachy's

WE played St. Malachy's in the first round of this competition at their ground. From the word "go" the game was played at a very fast pace and within the first few minutes we were 3 points clear. Halfway through the first half with the score 1 goal



UNDER 13 FOOTBALL

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3 points to 3 points, in our favour, we were awarded a penalty which T. Frawley converted. From this on we scored freely and at the interval the score stood at 4-4 to 1-3 for St. Mary's. At the beginning of the second half, St. Malachy's scored 2 quick goals but after their defence just couldn't hold our forwards any longer and we added scores continually after that. When the whistle blew we had scored 6 goals and 8 points to 3 goals and 4 points. Scorers were A. Hamill 2-3, B. Rice 2-1, T. Frawley 1-0, P. Hennessey 1-0, P. Curran 0-2, S. McCann 0-1, S. Kennedy 0-1.

St. Mary's v. St. MacNissi's

This was the second match in this championship and once again we had to play them at their venue. In the first half we had both the advantage of the slight breeze and slope and so we were expected to obtain a big lead by the interval. This wasn't the case, however, and at half-time were only leading by 8 points. Score 3-2 to 0-3. Directly from the throw-in, Paul Curran finished off a splendid move by scoring a lovely point. This piece of play seemed to inspire us and shortly after it we scored a goal. The Garron Tower boys weren't as effective in this half as they had been in the first and although they tried hard they just couldn't break down a solid St. Mary's defence in which P. Mulholland and M. Collins played extremely well. At the final whistle we ran out deserved winners by 4-6 to 0-3. Scorers were A. Hamill 1-2, B. Rice 2-1, P. Hennessey 1-1, P. Curran 0-1, S. McCann 0-1.

St. Mary's v. Newry C.B.S.

We played this game at MacRory Park. Our opponents had the advantage of the hill in the first half, but despite this we went ahead in the opening minutes of play through an opportunist goal by A. Hamill. The Newry team, however, hit back and replied with 2 quick points and from this, until the interval, play swung from one end to another. Half-time score 2-3 to 1-2 for us. We got a shock in the second half when Newry broke away and scored a goal, and so narrow the margin to a point. Then P. Curran scored a point for us and they replied immediately after that with a similar score. Before the game ended our forwards scored 1 goal and 2 points and therefore left the score as 3-6 to 2-3 for us. Scorers A. Hamill 1-2, B. Rice 1-1, S. Kennedy 1-0, P. Hennessey 0-2, P. Curran 0-1.

St. Mary's v. St. Columb's, Derry

We had to travel to Ballinascreen to play this semi-final match. From the start of this match we were up against a very good team and although we tried throughout the game, we just hadn't any answer to the brilliant football which our opponents played. A. Hamill and T. Frawley were the only two who played well in our team, with the former scoring both our first half points. Half time score 2-4 to 0-2 for Derry. In the second-half the Derry team kept up the pressure as they had done in the first and very soon they were scoring freely. At the final whistle the score stood at 4-6 to 0-2 for Derry. Scorer A. Hamill 0-2.

The team was : A. Hamill, P. Curran, T. Frawley, S. McCann, S.

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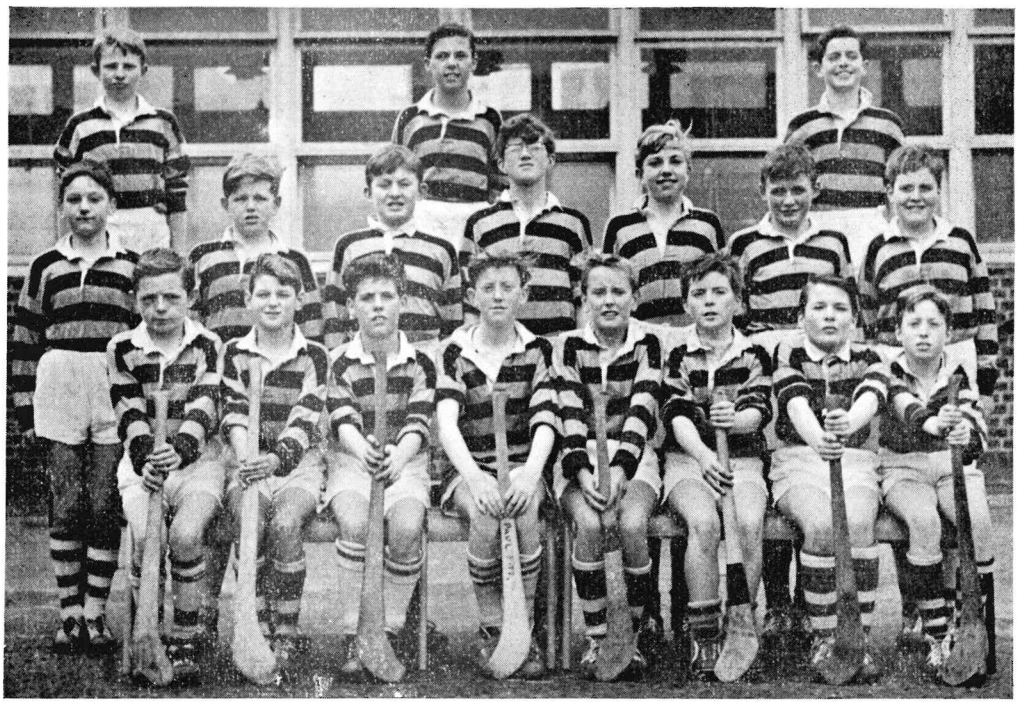
Kennedy, P. Mulholland, B. McCallion, P. Ward, P. Hennessey, M. Collins, K. Steele, B. Rice, S. Ward, M. McAleese, P. Totten, R. McIlroy, T. Smith.

A special word of thanks must be given to Rev. Bro. Nannery, now left, for his coaching and patience in training. May he have the same success in Omagh.

S. KENNEDY (4LA)
and P. HENNESSEY (4LA)

SENIOR FOOTBALL and HURLING TEAMS from the school took part in the MacLarnon Cup, Ranafast Cup and Senior Hurling competitions. Of these the Hurling team had the best season in finishing runners-up to Garron Tower. The following boys from the school were on the the Antrim Minor Football team which won the Ulster Championship—Seamus McLaverty, Eamon Hamill, Aidan O'Prey and Oliver Kelly, as well as Barry McGlone who left school the previous year. E. Hamill and O. Kelly also played on the Antrim Minor Hurling team.

HURLING



UNDER 13 HURLING

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ULSTER COLLEGES' JUNIOR HURLING

SEVEN teams took part in this competition — St. Mary's, St. Malachy's, St. MacNissi's, Hardinge St., Derry C.B.S., St. Tiernach's, Clones, and St. Michael's, Omeath. Our first match was against Hardinge St., whom we easily defeated in Corrigan Park. A week later we travelled to Clones to play St. Tiernach's. This was a good hard game. St. Tiernach's were somewhat the stronger team and after a hard hour's play they emerged winners by 2 points. Thus our hopes of winning the Junior Trophy were dashed.

St. Mary's team: R. Skeffington (Capt.), F. Donnelly, P. Totten, R. McIlroy, A. Poland, D. Cormican, G. Cassidy, A. Hamill, J. Rowan, P. Curran, R. Rice, S. Kennedy, D. Quinn, C. Carson, M. Doherty, P. Henry, C. Fay.

DRAMAIOCHT

LÉIRÍOMAR dráma maith anuraidh agus chinneamar ar dhráma eile a dhéanamh i mbliana. Cé go raibh deichniúr de dhíth lena léiriú thoghamar "Míorúilt na gClog" mar thaitin sé leis na léiritheoirí agus nuair a léadh don fhoireann é bhí siadsan breá sásta fosta.

Ar tús chuamar go Dún Geanainn áit ar bhaineamar an corn anuraidh. In Éadan na dTorc, cúpla míle taobh amuigh den bhaile, a bhí an halla. Halla mór cruinn a bhí ann. Bhí na fuinneoga thuas ar an díon agus gan dallóga ar bith orthu. Ar an ábhar sin ní raibh dorchadas ar bith againn agus bhí dorchadas de dhíth go géar don dráma s'againne. Ach rinneamar ár ndícheall agus bhaineamar an chéad áit agus Corn Uí Néill. Bhíomar páirteach i bhFéile Drámaíochta Bhéal Feirste ansin. Bhí an chéad áit againn anseo fosta agus fuaireamar trófaí galánta Mhuintir Uí Chinnéide.

De bhrí na mbuanna sin bhíomar san iomáiocht ag Féile Chúige Uladh san Ard-Scoil. Tháinig an oíche mhór agus bhí gach duine den fhoireann iontach neirbhíseach. Chruinníomar san scoil ar tús agus rinne Seán Ó Daghnáin an dmidiú dúinn. Chuamar ar an stáitse agus leiríomar an dráma. Scairteadh na torthaí ag deireadh na hoíche agus bhí an chéad áit againn — bhí Craobh Uladh bainte againn don dara huair. Bhí scaifte mór gasúr as Scoil Mhuire san lucht éisteachta agus thóg siad gáir mholta a mhair cúig nóiméad!

Bhíomar i mBaile Átha Cliath don Fhéile Náisiúnta. Chaitheamar an oíche in Óstlann agus an mhaidin lá arna mhárach chuamar go dtí Amharclann an Gheata. Bhí an dara áit againn san Fhéile seo anuraidh agus bhíomar den bharúil go raibh seans an-mhaith againn an chéad áit a bhaint i mbliana le "Míorúilt na gClog." Nuair a hosclaíodh na cuirtíní, áfach, chonaic mé os mo chomhair amach halla a bhí plodaithe go doras le páistí óga—lucht éisteacht nach dtuigfeadh an chanúint ná scéal an dráma s'againne. Shíl siad gur dráma grinn a bhí á léiriú againn! Theip orainn. Ach bhaineamar an-

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sult as an turas go Baile Átha Cliath!

Ba mhaith liom thar mo cheann féin agus thar ceann na n-aisteoirí eile buíochas a ghabháil leis na léiritheoirí Seán Ó Daghnáin agus Greagóir Ó Coileáin, leis an stiúrthóir an Br. Ó Beaglaoich, leis an bhean uasal as Co. Thír Eoghain a rinne na héadaigh dúinn agus le gach duine a chuidigh linn. Go raibh maith agaibh.

COLM Ó DUBHSHLÁINE (5LA)



"MÍORÚILT NA gCLOG"

Ina seasamh (ó chlé): B. Mac Fhlaithbheartaigh, S. Holt, A. Caomhánach, G. Ó Casaide, C. Mac Gabhann.

Ina suí: C. Mac Craith, G. Mac Giolla Domhnaigh, B. Ó Cuilinn, C. Ó Dubhshláine, N. Ó Gréacháin.

TENNIS

THIS year our School was affiliated to the Northern Ireland Branch of the Lawn Tennis Association, and we entered two teams, Senior and Junior, in the Schools Cup.

Our thanks are due to President Mr. M. J. Dunne of Falls Tennis Club for the use of the Club courts, for practice and home matches, and to Brother L. B. Murphy for his interest and encouragement during the season.

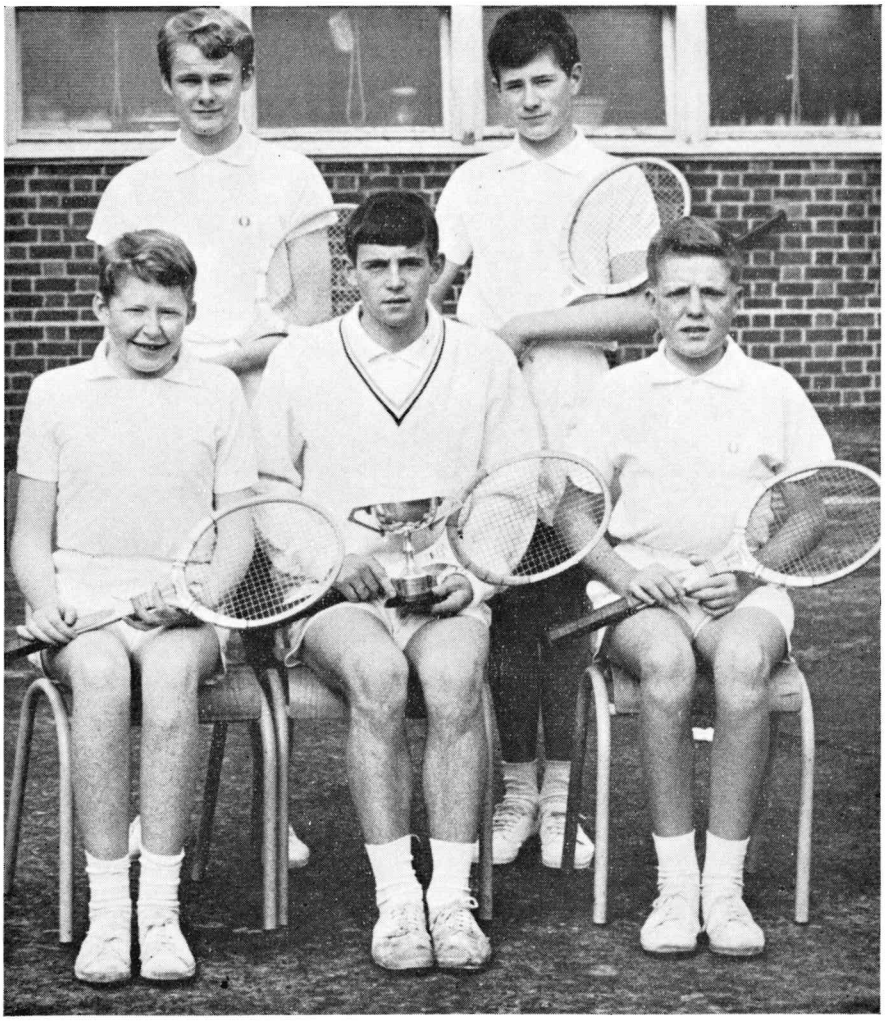
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In the Senior League our representatives did not fare too well, but we are glad to report that in the Junior Section our School Team was successful in winning the Schools Cup.

The Senior Team lost in the First Round, to Wallace High School, this match being played at Falls Club.

In the case of the Junior Team, however, we went from strength to strength and with every player showing his best form the match results were as follows:—

Annadale v. St. Mary's — Result: St. Mary's 4-0 (games) ; Inst "B" v. St. Mary's—Result: St. Mary's 4-1; Ballyclare H.S. v. St. Mary's—Result: St. Mary's 4-0. Semi-final—Friends v. St. Mary's — Result: St. Mary's 4-0. Final—Inst "A" v. St. Mary's—won by St. Mary's by 7 sets to 5 sets.



Standing: M. FARNAN, R. McCLURE. Seated: B. BUNTING, D. McGUIGAN, P. ROGAN

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PRESIDENT of the PAST PUPILS' UNION



WILLIAM H. McEVOY, F.R.I.C.S.

C.B.P.P.U.

THIS year Mr. Francis Hanna, M.P., handed over the reins of office to Mr. William H. McEvoy, F.R.I.C.S. and tribute must be paid to the great work done by the out-going President. The outstanding event during his term was the acquisition and development of the Union's premises on the Antrim Road. That this was a major step forward in the history of the C.B.P.P.U. is shown by the large number of new members, the increase in attendance at functions of all kinds and the renewed growth and vigour of the various activities of the Union.

The premises, when opened in 1963, consisted of two three-storey houses and now a third house has been added, giving increased accommodation and better catering facilities. A large hall has also been built and it is hoped to have it in full operation by February, 1965. The Union has gone heavily into debt to make these developments possible but a very active Functions Committee is now operating with the objective of clearing this debt in as short a time as possible.

Membership is open to all past pupils of the Christian Brothers' Schools and the Union offers facilities for a great variety of activities in very pleasant surroundings. Among the interests catered for are Bridge, Chess, Choral Singing, Drama (in Irish and English), Folk Singing, Golf, Gaelic Football, Investment Club, Irish History and Language, Photography, Swimming, Table Tennis and Whist. In the compass of a short article it is only possible to touch on some aspects of these activities.

Pride of place must be given to the Bridge Section which, founded in 1947, has continued to meet every Saturday since and can justly claim to be the 'veteran' of the Unions' activities. Since 1948 it has taken part in the Northern Ireland Bridge League (winning the Hyman Cup in 1949). Its founder Mr. J. O'Dempsey was honoured in a special way two years ago when he was elected Chairman of the Northern Ireland Bridge Union. Together with another member, Mr. Aidan Lennon, he has frequently represented his Province and his country. At present the Bridge Section is in a flourishing state, meeting every Tuesday and Saturday, when 20-25 tables are occupied. Those interested in playing Whist are catered for on Thursday night, and this game attracts an equally large number of enthusiasts.

The Gaelic Section has a great variety of activities. Lectures are arranged on cultural subjects, that of Tomás MacAnna of the Abbey Theatre on "A National Theatre" recently being outstanding. Regular language and history classes are held as well as sessions devoted to Folk Music. The Drama group (producer Len Quigley) presented "Cuairt an Mheán Oíche" with which they won First Prize at the Dungannon Festival going on to win Provincial honours also. They are currently working on

the original Irish play which is better known in its English translation as "The Hostage" by Brendan Behan. The English Drama Section, after putting on "Shadow and Substance" and "Boyd's Shop" last year are preparing "The Shop at Sly Corner" and "The Righteous are Bold."

The Choral Section of the C.B.P.P.U. meets every Sunday (conductor Mr. H. Donnelly). It includes some who are members of St. Agnes' Choral Society, St. Teresa's Choir, St. Mary's Choir and the Belfast Philharmonic Society. They make contributions to the Musical Evenings given in the Club Rooms. It is hoped to extend their activities in the near future in giving Concerts and in producing a Musical with the Drama Group.

The Table Tennis Section had a very successful season, winning the Down and Connor League (under 20). Individual awards:—

Close Championship:
C. James, Singles (under 18)
M. Gregg, Singles (under 20)
Open Championships:
T. McGill (singles)
T. McGill & T. O'Neill (doubles)

Coaching is available for players and new members (especially young players) are very welcome.

The Swimming Section has one night a week at Falls Baths (Thurs.) The Chess Club meets every Tuesday night and the Investment Club once a month. The Golf Section organises an outing on the last Sunday of each month and has a membership nearing 100. This year the Gaelic Football team were narrowly defeated by Queen's University in the Past Pupils League for the Brother Nagle Trophy (presented by Danny MacRandal). The standard of their achievement can be gauged by the fact that Queen's went on to win the Sigerson Cup for the second time ever.

The Camera Club, has perhaps the most outstanding successes to report. They won the Inter-Club Trophy of the Northern Ireland Camera Clubs Association for the second year in succession and hope to make it three-in-a-row this year. They have held the Y.M.C.A. Trophy now for five years in succession and are working hard for a win the sixth time. Dr. O'Gorman (President) and George Mooney gained the A.F.I.A.P. and won Silver Medals at the Photographic Society of Ireland Annual Exhibition (against international competition). The New Studio and Dark Room are just ready for use and the Club is preparing now for their Annual Exhibition 22nd-27th February.

The Union has ambitious plans for the future. The enlarged premises will give the opportunity for a greater variety of functions. With the new hall it is hoped to run weekly dances and to have bowling and other indoor games as well as dramatic presentations.

Already a small beginning has been made in helping with the educational work of the Brothers. Pupils studying foreign languages have been helped to perfect their knowledge by spending holidays in France. The Union feels that with the large building projects that all the Christian Brothers Communities in Belfast are at present engaged in and with the centenary of the Brothers coming to Belfast just approaching (1966) a big effort should be made by all Past Pupils to help in whatever way they can to show their appreciation of the work done by the Brothers in Belfast.

Christian Brothers' Past Pupils' Union

(A.M.D.G.)

287/289 ANTRIM ROAD Telephone 747401

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A cordial invitation

is extended to

all pupils leaving school

to join

The Past Pupils' Union

Sections:

BRIDGE CAMERA CHESS CHORAL
GAELIC CULTURE GAELIC FOOTBALL DRAMA
BILLIARDS TABLE TENNIS SWIMMING