

THE
SIMMARIAN
MAGAZINE



CHRISTMAS 1965

THE SIMMARIAN

CHRISTMAS, 1965



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

Toirbhrítear
an t-eagrán seo den irisleabhar
dá shoilse

AN CAIRDINEAL LIAM MAC CONMIDHE

Comharba Phádraig
Ardeaspag Ard Macha
Príomháidh Eireann uile.

Editorial

Change is the outstanding feature of our times. The site of the new school is being transformed and we eagerly await the change to the higher regions of the Glen Road.

Rev. Bro. T. L. McGee has left us after a fruitful term of office and Rev. Bro. J. M. Murphy has succeeded him as Headmaster.

The record in examination successes has been of the usual high standard and we wish those who left St. Mary's in the past twelve months every success and God's blessing in their work. We pray that our present pupils may be as successful and that many of them will aspire to serve God in the priesthood or the religious life.

With respect we tender our sincere congratulations to His Eminence Cardinal Conway on his elevation to the College of Cardinals. We pray God to bless him and his great work.

Our grateful thanks are due to past-pupils who interested themselves in school activities and especially to Mr. W. McEvoy, President of the C.B.P.P.U., who recently presented a magnificent trophy for Advanced English Literature.

It is just 100 years since the Christian Brothers established their first school in Belfast. A special centenary souvenir publication will take the place of next year's "Simmarian" — one of the many efforts by our past pupils to celebrate the event.

The diversity of the pupils' interests is amply illustrated in the articles and accounts of activities which follow. We appreciate the literary efforts of the boys and congratulate in a special manner those connected with extra-mural activities.

In conclusion we tender our most sincere thanks to our generous advertisers, to the printing department of "The Irish News" for their unfailing co-operation, to Mr. Leslie Stuart who supplied the Cardinal's portrait, to the school staff especially the Art Department, and to Mrs. C. Campbell for her clerical work in connection with this issue of "The Simmarian."



AN CAIRDINEAL LIAM MAC CONMIDHE

WILLIAM CARDINAL CONWAY

The boy, the man . . .

An appreciation by Joseph Charleton



IN 1922 our family went to live in a house at the foot of the Falls Road and my brothers and I were duly enrolled pupils of the Christian Brothers in Donegall Street. Our route to school often took us up Dover Street and I struck up a friendship with a boy who lived in that street and who was also a pupil in St. Pat's C.B.S. This was how I first came to know Billy Conway and I have been very fortunate that our friendship, begun in warm boyhood days, has continued close and uninterrupted.

It is not easy to write analytically of such a dear and honoured friend. My inclination is rather to write of the Belfast in which we both grew up and of the teachers and schoolfellows who meant so much in our lives. It is better so because environment and companions are large factors in one's formation and in the compact community of our youth no man, whatever his wishes, was an island.

I left school in 1931 to go to Dublin. The move meant separation from

most of my friends. His Eminence (plain Billy then) entered St. Malachy's College to attend Queen's University and to start his studies for the priesthood. We were, however, regular correspondents and together with Seamus O'Neill (now professor in Carysfort College, Dublin) and the late Eoin McKernan we met again for the summer holidays in the Donegal Gaeltacht. In 1965 I was one of the small party who went to Rome with the Archbishop of Armagh for the conferring of the Cardinalate and later in the same year I paid a visit to our old haunts around Rann na Feirste, An Bun Beag, an tEargal and Cnoc Fola. I wrote a nostalgic letter to His Eminence describing my visit and had a long letter back. The Donegal Gaeltacht played a big part in our early education.

Our interest in the Irish language, particularly in speaking it, was nurtured by Brother Nagle, who taught us in our last years in St. Mary's, and by the Ard-Scoil to

which we went in the evenings. Brother Nagle was inspired by a natural love for the language so that we always liked his classes, and that I take to be a test of a good teacher. An exhibitor from the famous Christian Brothers' North Monastery, Cork, Brother Nagle brought all his ability and enthusiasm to the study of Ulster Irish. He haunted Rann na Feirste, absorbing its language and its lore. We liked to think of him as an Ulsterman by adoption and he made us very conscious of the great heritage of our people. Go ndéana Dia tróchaire dá anam. From this fine Christian Brother the Cardinal learned his Irish which he still speaks with a definite Donegal blas: tá mo chuid Gaeilge féin measctha le canúintí na gcúigí uilig.

Curiously enough Billy Conway as a boy had also a tremendous interest in English literature and in writing English. Those of my age remember Brother Duggan rolling out the great verse of Milton or using Jespersen slyly to enlighten initiates about the origin of the word "tobacco." There's not a St. Mary's man of those days but can declaim reams of Milton, Wordsworth & Co. It was quite a sight to see the Seniors as they converged on the school, "Golden Treasury" in hand, drumming out the endless lines while "Old Damoetas" waited confidently to hear our song. Irish and English progressed side by side in Billy Conway's studies and

from an early age he was writing for magazines like "Our Boys" and for newspapers. I remember well the pride with which he showed me a story he had written for "Our Boys." It was a natural choice that he should become first Editor of "Glas agus Ór," the school magazine which preceded "The Simmarian." His editorial committee included Johnny Tohill, Fred Bereen, Fred Devlin, Sean McKeown and myself. It is worth recording that we not merely wrote the magazine, we printed it as well.

Billy Conway was good at all subjects and very good, as I recollect, at science. His decision to become a priest took me entirely by surprise and I felt that a great scientist was lost. He afterwards told me that his original intention was to become a doctor like others of our class—Fred Bereen, John Tohill, Frank Murray, Cahal Campbell, but (to use a Gaelic phrase) it came to his mind "that a priest was better" and in this apparently simple way his vocation was settled. His interest in the sciences is as keen as ever today and the Irish Church is fortunate to be led in this modern age by a man with his broad grasp of the great issues arising out of rapid scientific advances. Here again the boy was father to the man.

I imagine the present pupils of St. Mary's are more fortunate than we were nearly forty years ago in the matter of sporting facilities. The

Brothers of our day, particularly Brothers Tynan, Duggan, Nagle, Murray and Moloney deserve great credit for their efforts to provide us with facilities for games and athletics. We played Gaelic football and hurling, officially in the Falls Park — unofficially at the back of "Rocks's." Many of our MacRory Cup team had been keen soccer players and indeed the picture of a match is quite clear in which our full forward, a leading soccer centre-forward, found himself in front of goal with the ball in his hands and was about to concede a foul but recollecting himself rammed home a glorious goal. Of our team two players Ted McLaughlin and Alfie Murray (now President of the G.A.A.) afterwards won Railway Cup medals with Ulster. Billy Conway was not naturally athletic, he was probably growing too fast, but he brought his own great interest to school games. His favourite was handball as it was played against the wall of the old primary school. I hear this individual brand of wall game is still being played at every vacant gable.

Incidentally the Cardinal's generation was the first into the new building in Barrack Street, hence our tremendous desire to enhance the school name. We had a MacRory Cup team respected by the giants of Cavan, Monaghan and Armagh, our athletes included Donal McFarland, 440 yds. and 880 yds. champion of Ulster, J. J. Magennis, Ulster sprint

champion, Dr. Frank Murray, Dr. Joe Hill, Jimmy Maguire and half a dozen others fit to meet the best of St. Malachy's, Methody and Inst. at Cherryvale, and our young hurlers were the best in the Province. Under the same roof we had Cardinal Conway, Dr. Fred Bereen, Pat Charlton, Pat Fitzharris, Fr. Paddy O'Donnell, C.S.S.R., now novice-master, Fr. Walter Larkin, President of St. Malachy's, Bro. J. B. McGreevy and Bro. H. F. McGreevy — all exhibitioners, a goodly dozen fine priests and Christian Brothers, together with scores of other modest and excellent men — the salt of our Ulster earth. What better companions could any man have? It is my earnest prayer that the St. Mary's boys who read this may have memories as rich.

Two issues, which perhaps are less urgent now, dominated our lives in the late nineteen twenties — economics and politics. It is as a man that I realise the extraordinary self-denial of our parents in a city of appalling unemployment, the sacrifices of the Brothers to build and maintain a Grammar school where the fees were a paltry £3 per year — we never knew that some of the less fortunate could not pay even this, and the great good fortune that was ours to have as companions such outstanding boys from the humble, wholesome homes of Belfast and the surrounding towns. And I must not omit the excellent lay-teachers whose example and efforts meant so much

to us—the late Tom Ivory who expertly expounded Roman battle plans in terms of the Belfast Celtic forward line, that true gentleman Tom Kane, the kindly Paddy McGrath and the dynamic Corkonian, Dan Cashman, still gloriously “declining.”

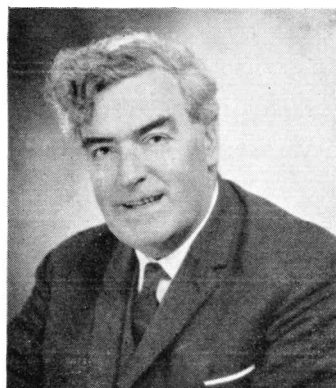
The second issue to shape our lives was politics and the big question was whether the newly-constituted Irish Free State would survive and take over the North. I remember well the famous visit and imprisonment of President de Valera and the stir which was created by the speeches in Irish by the Ministers of the Irish Government in the Ard-Scoil. Whatever side we favoured the discussions were often furious and served their part in our education. Billy Conway was always with the Irish element but he had a great respect for the staunch qualities of those who stayed King’s men. Reared in a mixed street, a stone’s throw (and many a one was thrown) from the Shankill Road, he was not blinded by the passions and injustices so prevalent in the Belfast of our youth. That I can honestly say and as Cardinal he has a unique background and experience which enable him to promote understanding between Catholic and Protestant,

North and South. Despite his great reputation as professor and educator south of the border I see always the St. Mary’s—St. Malachy’s—Queen’s University background to his approach. It is my own belief that all Northern people will recognise in him as Cardinal Archbishop over the ancient diocese of Patrick which straddles the border, the vital hinge on which the gate of division may open to complete the integration of our Christian island.

I undertook this article of appreciation as a small return to my old school for all that it did for me — and so many others like me. I am beginning to think there is the nucleus of a book in it, a book which will unfold the slow development of great issues in Ireland and the part which one man can play in them if he is geared in quality and in time towards leadership from boyhood. One can see this in the Cardinal Primate. There is no doubt that in God’s good time he will accomplish much for all our people and all God’s Kingdom. To achieve this end his mind is constantly on the youth of this generation seeking the leaders for the next.

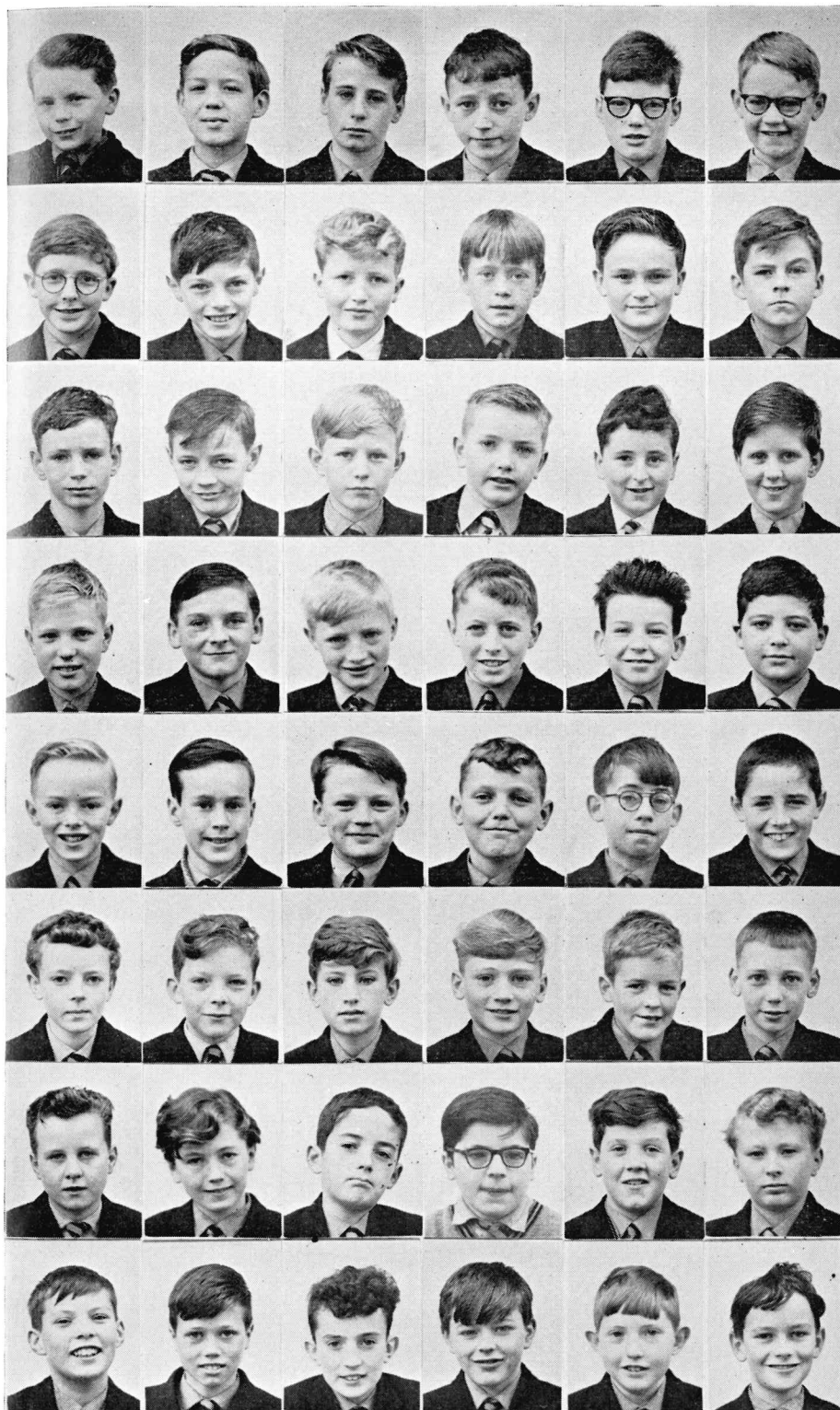
Go mbuanáí Dia a shaothar.

Joe Charleton, A.C.A. Born 1914. Educated St. Mary's C.B.S., Belfast. Entered Irish Civil Service 1931 as Clerical Officer and rose to become Inspector of Taxes. Qualified as Chartered Accountant and left Service, is now a partner in Bastow & Charleton, Chartered Accountants, Dublin; Trustee, Maynooth Scholastic Trust; Lecturer, University College, Dublin; Director, Headforth School Kells; Council Member, College of Commerce, Rathmines; Financial correspondent to Irish papers and journals. A life-long Irish enthusiast, Joe is married and has nine children.



September, 1965

Roll Call



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P. G. Adamson
S. G. Allison
G. P. Arkins
P. V. Armstrong
D. J. Beattie
J. McGuigan

G. M. Bennett
A. M. Best
M. G. J. Blundell
P. J. Boomer
J. J. Bowler
K. J. Boylan

M. J. Bradley
M. G. Brady
G. A. Braiden
M. J. Brennan
N. R. Brennan
M. G. R. Brown

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J. A. Burke
M. Burns
J. J. Butler
A. E. Byrne
P. C. Cafolla

G. A. Callaghan
C. N. Campbell
M. J. Campbell
P. P. J. Carland
T. A. O. Carragher
G. Carson

H. L. Carville
P. B. Carville
G. Casey
B. G. Cashell
C. Caughey
P. T. Clarke

S. V. Clarke
K. M. Collins
P. D. Conlan
E. Corrigan
M. G. Cosgrave
J. Craig

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A. J. Crozier
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J. Daly
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D. L. DeOrnellas
D. J. Devenny
J. P. Devlin



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J. P. Donnelly
J. Donnelly
P. Donnelly



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D. P. Drain
J. Dunne



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P. Ennis
T. G. Fay
J. Fenton
A. K. Finlay
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G. J. Hughes
J. G. Hughes
P. E. Hughes



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R. J. Kane
E. Kelly
G. E. Kelly



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J. J. Maguire
J. C. Maguire
M. Maguire



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M. J. Mallon
P. Marshall
G. D. Malone
S. G. Martin
P. J. G. Matthews



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D. M. Miller
D. Miller
P. F. Mongan
J. J. Mooney
J. J. Mooney



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E. J. Mulholland
F. Mulholland
J. G. Mulholland
J. Mulholland
G. Mullan



J. J. Mullan
P. Mulvenna
R. P. Murphy
W. Murphy
E. D. Murray
P. F. Murray



P. Murray
S. Murray
T. J. McAdam
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G. F. McCaffrey
R. J. McCallin
P. McCambridge



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L. M. McCann
K. P. McCarthy

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L. McCloskey
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N. M. McCluskey
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G. W. McCrory



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L. McCurry
P. J. McDade
K. N. McDaid
B. J. McDermott



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D. A. McEvoy
K. G. McGarry
F. J. McGeough
D. M. McGlade
P. G. McGowan



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M. J. McGreevy
G. McGuickin
S. O'Kane
D. J. McGuinness
M. P. McKeever



G. McKenna
J. J. McKenna
M. J. McKenna
C. F. McKeown
D. A. McKeown
D. J. McKeown



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L. McLaughlin
P. G. McLean
P. J. McMenamin
G. B. McMillan
N. T. McMullen



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A. Neeson
J. G. Nellis
P. H. Norrington
M. Norwood
B. G. O'Boyle



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F. O'Connor
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K. O'Malley



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J. A. Patton
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D. J. Pimley
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V. G. Ponise
J. A. Porter
G. P. Sands



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N. G. Price
C. E. P. Rafferty
P. E. M. Ramsey
A. J. Rice



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C. F. Ritchie
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J. Rowntree
J. P. Ryan



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A. D. Simpson
M. A. Skeffington
T. P. Smith



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E. Stranney
A. Thompson
A. M. Thompson
T. Toal



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G. Totten
J. G. Trainor
P. A. Trainor
T. J. Tubridy



A. Walsh
D. M. Ward
G. F. Wiggins
A. Wildy
A. Wilson
J. Wilson



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J. J. Beattie
R. D. Bell
J. G. E. Bennett



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D. J. Boylan
B. M. Boyle
D. C. Boyle
J. Boyle
P. Boyle

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T. G. Braniff
J. R. Brennan
R. Brennan
T. G. Breslin
C. Brock



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H. P. Burke
J. R. Burns
P. G. Byrne
A. Caher



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D. M. Caldwell
J. G. Campbell
J. P. Campbell
N. S. Carlin
P. Carson



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B. C. Coney



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G. F. Jordan
P. Crummey
G. J. Cullen



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B. J. Gilmore
B. Gorman



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T. R. Gormley
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B. J. Hayes

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M. Maguire
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P. J. Morgan

O. Moutray
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P. M. Murray
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B. McAughey
C. M. McAuley
R. G. McAuley
A. McAvoy
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G. St. McCallion
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B. G. McCartney



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P. McCormick
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T. McCullough
M. V. McCartan



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M. McGarrigle
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M. McGettrick
P. J. McGinley



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E. G. McGreevy
P. G. McGrory
E. B. Sherry



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B. G. McKeating
M. J. McKeever



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I. M. McKeown
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T. J. McMurray



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D. G. McQuillan
D. G. McQuillan
S. P. McStravick
J. J. McVarnock





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E. P. Neeson
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M. O'Connor
C. P. O'Doherty



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P. J. O'Neill
R. O'Neill
D. O'Reilly



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G. J. Quigley
E. L. Quinn



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J. Quinn
K. J. Quinn
C. L. McElvogue
P. J. Quinn
K. Rafferty



P. G. Rainey
G. E. A. Reid
F. J. Rice
L. P. Rice
S. Robb
B. C. Robinson



G. J. Rocks
A. J. Shannon
P. M. Shannon
P. G. Sheppard
H. A. Sloan
C. Smith



P. A. Smyth
P. A. Spruce
W. J. Steele
J. G. Stitt
F. E. Thompson
B. J. Toner



T. P. Totten
J. G. Tracey
P. G. Tracey
J. P. Trainor
G. G. Tubridy
S. Turk



D. M. Turner
P. M. Walsh
J. Ward
G. Waring
A. G. Webb
B. W. Wilson

B. J. Wilson
B. G. Wilson
J. P. Woods
P. Woods
M. Young

Form 3

M. J. Adamson

P. Anderson
F. J. Barronwell
H. P. Barry
J. D. Barry
D. B. C. Benson
P. Berne

M. J. Blaney
D. G. P. Blundell
K. M. Bowen
A. J. Boyd
D. Boyd
J. Boyle

L. Boyle
P. G. Boyle
B. Brady
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K. J. Brady
P. Brady

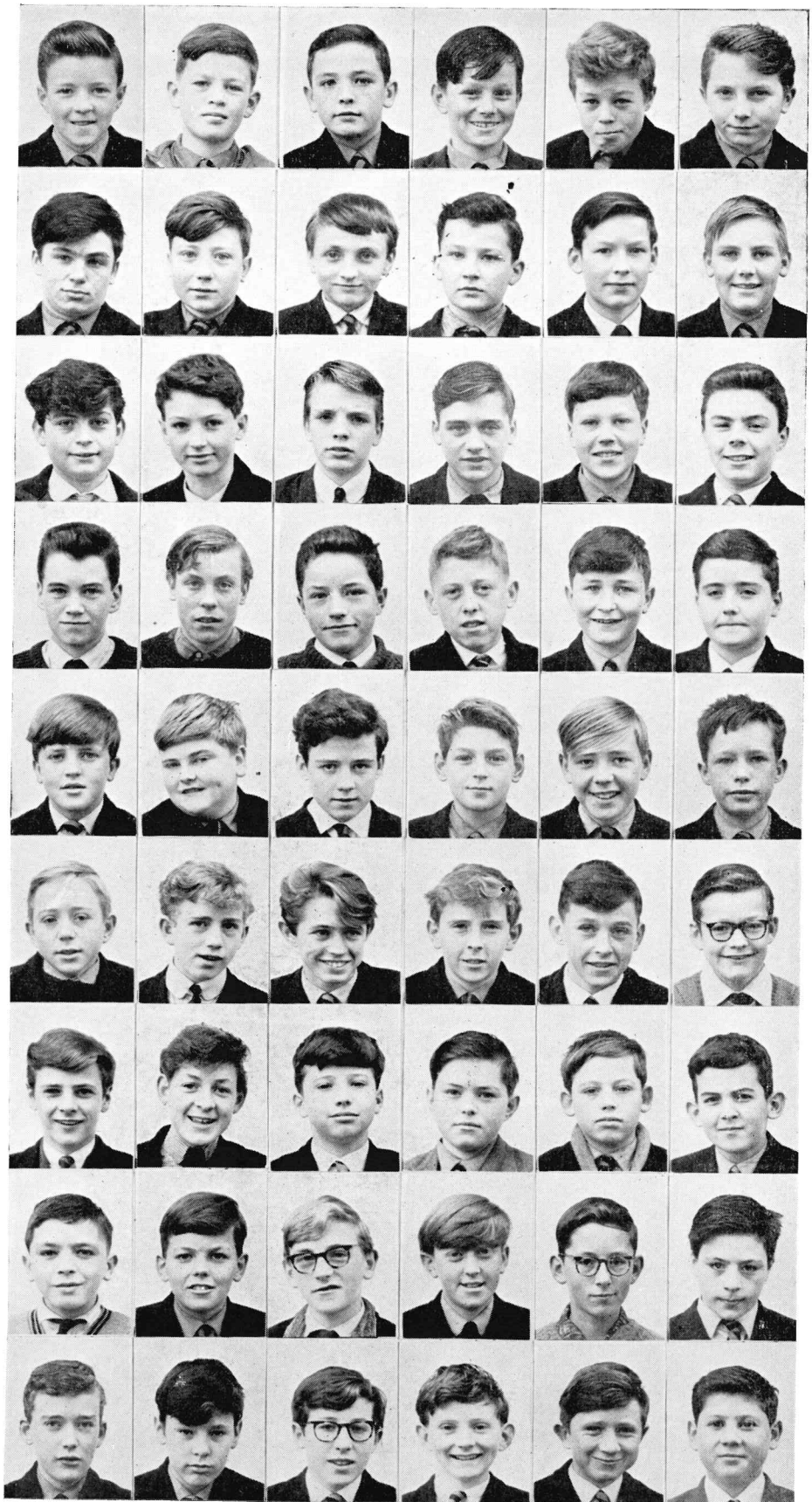
M. Breen
M. P. Briggs
E. Brownlee
F. G. Burns
P. C. D. Caldwell
E. A. Campbell

F. V. Cassidy
R. P. Catney
J. Clarke
M. J. Clarke
M. Armstrong
P. F. H. Benson

G. P. Branagh
C. B. Burns
A. Cluskey
M. Cochrane
T. G. Cochrane
M. Collins

S. Comerford
N. J. Connolly
M. P. D. Convery
W. J. Copeland
D. S. Cormican
S. Corrigan

C. A. Cosgrove
J. J. Coyle
T. J. Coyle
J. P. Craig
J. J. Crawford
G. P. Creen





P. J. Crozier
J. Cunningham
J. G. Curran
K. N. Curran
P. D. Cushley
G. Davey



J. F. Deeney
D. J. Delargy
C. J. Deveney
B. T. Butler
W. P. Corr
P. G. Donnelly



T. P. Donnelly
P. J. Downing
L. J. Drumm
J. J. Duff
E. P. Duffin
J. Duffy



S. S. Eastwood
J. A. Elliott
P. I. Ewings
P. Fitzpatrick
P. F. Fitzpatrick
E. Flanagan



J. C. Flanagan
B. J. Flood
M. F. Flynn
E. T. Foster
M. Foster
H. Fullerton



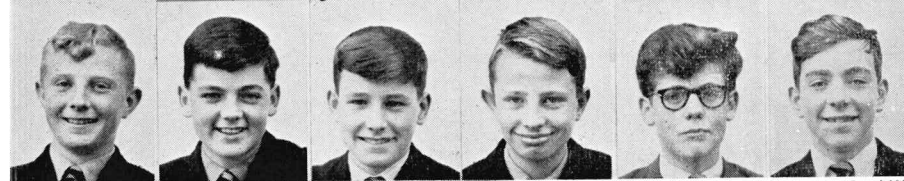
K. G. Gallagher
R. N. Galway
M. J. Gannon
G. J. Gibson
D. G. Gillespie
P. N. Glover



C. Graham
G. L. Graham
J. D. Graham
J. M. Gormley
P. F. Donnelly
H. Feeney

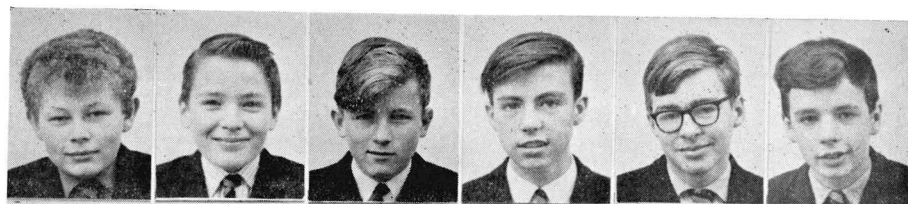


G. D. Gilroy
O. G. Gray
L. Greene
J. J. Growcott
J. P. Hallworth
G. J. Hanna



D. A. Hawkins
D. C. Heatley
O. Herdman
H. M. Hill
T. J. Jamison
B. Johnston

F. A. Kane
B. J. Kelly
D. J. G. Kelly
G. J. T. Kelly
P. A. Kelly
E. F. G. Kennedy



J. Kennedy
J. C. Kennedy
J. G. Kennedy
P. A. King
M. J. Lamb
G. Lavery



P. G. Loughran
M. G. Lundy
V. A. Lundy
J. J. Hamill
D. M. Lynch
C. G. Magee



J. B. Magill
J. J. Mallon
S. J. Mallon
J. P. Marshall
M. G. Masterson
T. P. Martin



T. J. Millar
C. Monaghan
J. J. G. Mooney
J. McAllister
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J. N. McCafferty
J. H. McCann
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J. O. McCartan
P. McCavana
J. McComb



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P. McCorry
G. F. M. McCoy
P. McCready
C. P. McCrory
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G. A. Dogherty
L. M. Morgan
J. S. Morrison
F. A. Mulholland



R. Mulholland
W. Mulholland
S. M. Murphy
C. Murray
K. G. Murray
G. McAvoy





P. M. McCullough
P. McCullough
R. G. McCullough
D. McCurry
E. McDermott
M. McDermott



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I. F. McEvoy
B. G. McFarlane
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L. F. Nellis
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T. J. A. O'Hare
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T. G. O'Neill
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R. F. Smyth
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G. Teeney



G. M. Todd
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M. B. Toner
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D. P. Wilson
F. Woods

Form 4

M. J. Beatty
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V. J. Brennan
J. A. Caldwell



P. G. Canning
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D. J. Duffin
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P. M. Hanna
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B. F. Hughes
A. Kennedy
T. C. F. King
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H. Lavery
M. Liddy
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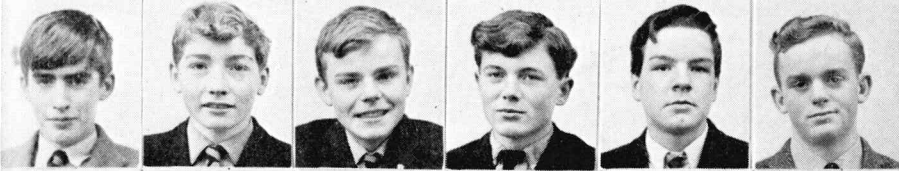




F. Mohan
M. Morgan
J. D. Mulholland
G. F. Mullan
D. M. Murray
D. P. Murray



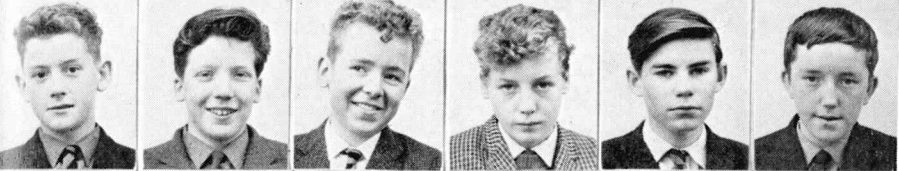
S. P. Murray
M. P. McAleese
J. A. McAree
K. M. McCann
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C. M. McCavana
M. P. McCrudden
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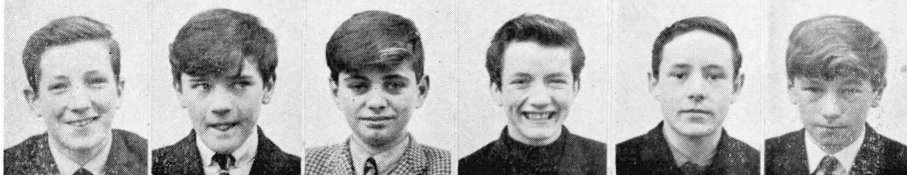
P. J. Regan
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S. J. Webb
J. W. Allen
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J. Curran
M. M. Davey
B. P. Delaney
G. M. Ennis
C. L. Fry
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T. M. Gallagher
G. Gilmartin
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C. J. Neeson

G. Nellis
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W. J. Wiggins

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F. P. Bunting
M. D. Caher
P. G. Cluskey
M. M. Collins

D. Conliffe
R. M. Corvin
P. Cullen
S. J. Davidson
T. J. Egan
M. Fitzpatrick



M. Glover
P. G. Hennessey
A. Hughes
J. M. Kennedy
D. Lavery
G. E. Liddy



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S. P. Murray
F. G. McAlea
P. H. McCann
M. J. McGuinness



J. R. O'Hara
J. E. C. D'Kane
J. B. Rice
P. J. Ryan
P. G. Shevlin
T. M. Smyth



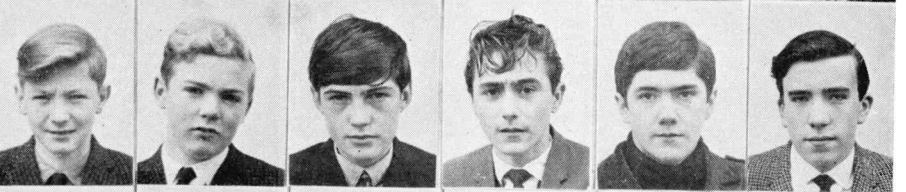
D. Sweeney
J. F. E. Lenson
T. F. K. Bowler
S. F. Brady
J. O'Neill
F. G. Coogan



J. P. Cooley
G. Devaney
J. Devlin
C. J. Donnelly
J. G. Douglas
M. J. Drugan



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L. J. Gallinagh
J. M. J. Gormley
J. L. Hanna
J. Higgins
E. A. Johnston



J. R. Keane
J. Lavery
J. J. McAlorum
C. J. McBride
F. J. McCorry
E. McGrattan



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T. J. J. Bradley
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L. F. Kerr
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D. Moore
T. P. Mullian
S. C. Murray
H. B. McCarthy
J. McGlone
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R. Mellroy
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P. D. Rea
D. Savage



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G. Boyle
M. B. J. Arkins
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M. A. McCrudden
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P. F. McGarry
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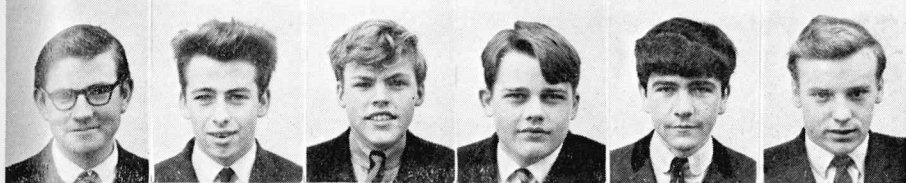




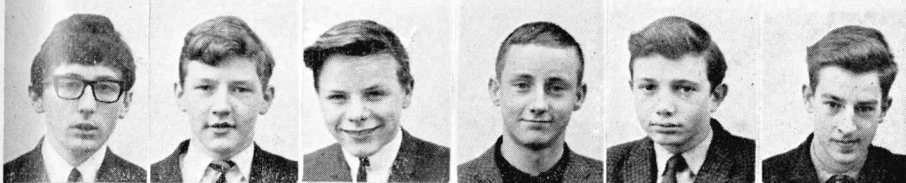
J. McMahon
J. F. McVarnock
J. P. Quinn
P. Smyth
J. G. Tohill
B. Ward



A. J. Waugh
J. Wilson
F. E. Blaney
T. Bradley
D. M. Brennan
B. J. Bunting



G. R. Casey
D. A. Cochrane
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R. W. J. Flanagan
A. C. Hamill



P. D. Kennedy
B. Lee
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D. F. McCafferty



P. V. McCann
J. F. McDonnell
H. McGrath
P. B. McGrath
G. E. Keating
P. M. O'Boyle



M. E. O'Kane
A. M. Thompson
M. J. Woods

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F. G. Flanagan
A. D. Harvey
J. P. Johnston



F. P. M. Madden
P. O. Maguire
G. I. Mallon
C. J. Murray
P. J. Murray
S. J. McIlwee



D. A. McMenamin
H. G. McNally
J. A. McNeill
J. J. O'Kane
J. Peel
B. D. Pimley



E. M. Prior
G. Quigg
P. G. Rogan
P. J. Smyth
J. Toner
H. Trainor

T. Ward
T. O. Whyte
D. F. Wildy
A. Alexander
P. Alexander
M. Bennett



P. F. Bennett
D. O. Breen
L. F. Bunting
R. D. Burke
P. P. Cahalane
K. J. David



C. Delaney
F. Donnelly
B. C. Fagan
C. J. Fay
B. J. Fearon
C. C. Ferguson



T. J. Frawley
P. G. Johnston
V. O. Keegan
O. Lecky
J. Madden
N. S. Martin



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T. P. J. McCall
A. E. McKeown
P. Agnew
R. C. Arthurs
W. J. Auld



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C. G. Carson
H. Carville
J. G. Cassidy
S. C. Connolly
B. A. Cullen



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A. J. V. Donnelly
G. J. Keenan
P. G. Kerr
J. Lavery
M. P. Lidly



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M. J. G. Martin
K. J. McAlinden
B. McAuley
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G. Reilly
J. F. Rowan
T. G. Shortt





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P. Gilmore
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K. Manning
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J. P. Holt
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J. M. McIlroy
J. A. McCrory



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M. A. O'Kane
D. M. Campbell
P. Duffy
T. Totten



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L. P. Catney
J. A. Porter
P. C. Wilson
F. P. Lambe
G. E. McManus



B. G. J. Carson
J. A. O'Kane
M. F. Street
K. G. Logan
B. G. O'Neill
M. J. Cassidy



P. F. Cush
P. Henry
T. J. Clifford
P. J. McKenna
J. T. McCaughan
A. F. Hennessy

G. D. Murray
J. W. Carswell

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T. Bartlett
O. Boylan
G. Carey
P. G. Cleary



M. E. Cooney
P. P. Cormican
P. J. Cullen
L. G. Davidson
K. Delaney
J. J. Drumm



J. Ewings
M. G. Farnan
G. P. Finnegan
P. J. Gallagher
J. G. Harte
G. J. Kelly



M. J. Kelly
R. D. Kelly
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D. P. Marron
J. F. Masterson
J. McCafferty



G. McGarry
A. J. McGlone
G. A. McIlroy
R. McLaughlin
G. O. McKeown
J. F. McQuillan



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J. N. O'Reilly
M. G. Reid
E. A. Rice
W. W. Street
P. C. Torney



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K. P. Trainor
P. G. Ward
P. L. Forte
A. D. J. Murray
M. J. Corke



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P. J. Rooney



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D. McNaughton
P. Gormley
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D. McKeith
R. E. McDermott

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J. J. McQuillan
G. A. Scott
E. Campbell

K. P. Mellon
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P. McCavana
L. F. N Short
T. N. Brennan
H. Cush

J. McErlean
J. J. McKenna
J. P. Murphy
E. G. Breen
D. O. Ryder



F. G. Rodgers
W. J. Stewart

The Wreck

The salt sea dashed upon the rocks,
And flecks of foam flew through the
air.

A noble ship cast on the reef,
Revealed its timbers bare.

A floating life-belt, a broken mast,
A waterlogged life-boat floating
past,

A man—face downwards on the sand,
His soul flies on to the promised land.

M. FOSTER (3C).

The Countryside

I wandered to-day in the country,
And watched the brown leaves
tumble down;

I longed to be able to stay there,
But alas! my home is in the town.

'Tis often my thoughts will return
there,

And when Springtime comes around,
I'll wander once more in the country,
Where freshness and fragrance
abound.

GERARD McQUILLAN (2E).

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By JOHN ROWAN (6L)

STUDENTS — *please!*

WITH seven or eight "O" level G.C.E.'s behind him the St. Mary's boy returns fully aware that his schooldays are over. He has shed the name school-boy which has plagued him ever since his mates started working. A whole new world has now opened up for him. Now he is one of the "A" level elite. He has climbed quite a few rungs higher in the Ladder of Life. He is becoming important. He is a student.

With his new status, our ex-school-boy — whom to avoid red faces we'll call George — sets about reviewing his every day life. Of course, there are a few outward signs of the 'change'. George is now entitled to wear that dashing new scarf, reserved solely for Advanced Students. How envious he used to be when he was doing G.C.E. — "what a bore that whole business was!" — when he saw a couple of newly-hatched Advanced types, scarfs hanging blatantly about their necks like chains of office, who had condescended to enter the school yard pushing unruly Juniors out of their way. Now here's a problem for George: what will be his attitude towards the lower types in the school proper? After all, a chap's entitled to some respect after he's reached

the position he's in now. But these little pests over in the school are not exactly renowned for their deference and respect towards their betters, are they? Just as likely to throw a water bomb at you! Then what's a chap to do? You can't go chasing some little runt across the yard. He'd probably escape anyway and you'd look a fool. Can't have that at all. So George decides to keep away from the herds grazing over in the school, and it's only a matter of the utmost importance that will force him to visit 'the old place'.

Another outward sign of George's new attitude towards things is the discarding of the old ex-army haver-sack, which has served him faithfully for five years. With no qualms of conscience the old bag is tossed into a dark corner. The many legends painted across it in George's hand will never again be admired by goggled-eyed passer-bys. Let's hear what George has to say about this abandonment of an old friend.

"Well, I mean to say! What's a chap to do? — When I was a kid I scribbled a lot of rubbish all over the old thing. Some silly old group, don't know what I saw in them anyway. Some stupid old footballer

— he couldn't even write his own name probably. Well I ask you, can a chap, on whom the establishment — George never uses the word 'school' anymore — is relying to keep the flag flying, run about with one of those on his back.

As you can see George is trying to throw off the shackles of his Belfast accent. Although he is by no means a 'snob,' he has gone a little overboard with the 'old boy' English. However, this is only a passing phase until he finds the right accent to match his intellect. As it is, he enters one of the city's foremost leather dealers and orders the assistant to get him "The best black leather folio in the place."

After a couple of months discovering what life is all about in the company of T. S. Eliot, Hamlet, Baudelaire and Bob Dylan, George's manner of speech has changed radically. The "jolly goods" have gone forever. Being profound is now the thing. George has realised that everything that was written by anybody who is good has a message. Our student now cloaks his moods in veils of obscurity. Everything he utters is either pure poetry or the answer to some world problem. However, the vagueness of his speech is practically driving his parents and mates insane. Such treasures as:—

"I'm looking down the road, man,
Two green dogs with distemper,
They're followin' me, man,
I'm a worried man, man."

— sum up George's present position in life. He has now severed all the connections with his old life and is

now frequenting the 'in' places with his new intellectual friends. His clothes are tattered and torn and now that some hair has suddenly appeared on his chin, he is going to grow a beard. Last week he was arrested for lying down on the M.1 in a bid to secure nuclear disarmament. As George said to the magistrate:—

"Man, I'm free! I'm young! There's two green dogs with distemper followin' me."

George was fined 10/- and recommended for psychiatric treatment.

Back at "Daddy's" — as George now calls St. Mary's, — things are becoming rather sticky. He has been ordered to dress conservatively and to shave. George, however, has been waiting for this very situation to arise. His hour is at hand when he will prove himself a disciple of Bob Dylan. It is George v. Authority. In the long night before the battle George ponders over the other contests between the individual and the establishment. He recalls how "Switched-on-Alf" chained himself to the City Hall railings as a protest against the slapping of a Vietnamese child by an American school teacher. However, Alf was rather unceremoniously 'switched-off' and locked up, but in George's mind the victory was Alf's. What about Jo-Jo Baby who went on hunger strike over the testing of an air-rifle on Divis Mountain? What if he did have a bag full of sandwiches stuck up his coat, it's the principle of the thing. Then with a bow of reverence towards his collection of Bob Dylan L.P.'s he selects one and places it



In later years many people regret not having made the most of their opportunities, regret not having availed themselves of all the advantages available.

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delicately on the record-player. The voice of the 'leader' bursts forth melodiously and George lies on the floor — I've never seen Bob Dylan lying anywhere else—in ecstasy as new courage is pumped into his blood.

"You'll be proud of me tomorrow, Bob" voices George. "I'll make them sit up!"

The next morning, slightly disconcerted by the fact that he has not bothered to do any work over the last few weeks and that he has

not even bothered to attend 'Daddy's' on the last protest march day, he strides out. "St. Mary's will never be the same after today!"

"I wonder what excuse to give old ——— for being absent?"

"Anyway my beard's not very long."

These thoughts race through the mind of the great liberator as he marches on his way to emancipate the establishment.

You wonder what happened? You're right — first guess.

By **MANUS McGUINNESS (5LA)**

Some Rules of Conduct

WHEN GOING FOR AN INTERVIEW

(1) Before the interview, find out all you can about the background and activities of the firm so that you will be able to discuss the job intelligently.

(2) Arrive about half an hour early so that you can relax. Have a chat with the secretary to find out more information.

(3) Be neatly dressed. An expensive suit is not necessary but what is worn should be neat and clean, shoes well-brushed, clean hair and fingernails.

(4) When shown into the interview room, wait until you are asked before seating yourself. Be relaxed and

speak directly to the interviewer. Speak clearly and reasonably.

(5) Listen to the questions, otherwise it is surprisingly easy to lose track of the conversation.

(6) Answer each question fully and simply. An experienced interviewer can spot insincerity a mile off.

(7) Above all, be polite and address the interviewer by his proper title.

(8) Remember, not every stranger has the same appreciation of your excellence and superiority as you have yourself.

By ALASTAR P. DONNELLY (5LD)



COURT CASE

Ludwig Von B.
v.
John de B. Lennon

Judges: St. Peter, Joshua and King David.

Jury: Mozart, Puccelli, Palestrina, Bach, Chopin, Handel, Wagner, Tschaikowsky, Schubert, The Volga Boatman, Danny Boy and Phil the Fluter.

Clerk of Court: Eric Burden (The Animals).

Prosecuter: Ludvig van Beethoven.

Defendants: John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr.

Ushers.

N.B.—At this stage the reader must know that John Lennon is conducting the defence because Perry Mason has just lost a case to Hamilton Burger for the first time in history and has suffered a mental breakdown.

Scene: A plectrum-shaped cloud floating lazily above the Liverpool fog where the music from the Cavern cannot be heard. A

court for taking depositions before forwarding the case to a Higher Court.

Clerk of Court: Stand please!

(Enter St. Peter, Joshua and King David to the strains of "When the Saints come marching in.")

St. Peter: I have no great musical ability, therefore I have asked King David, a good harper, and Joshua, a forceful trumpeter, to join me at the bench.

Herr Beethoven would you please proceed with the prosecution.

(Beethoven takes out a dossier).

Beethoven: Before the main charges there is a personal charge brought against the defendants by myself and Tschaikowsky.

St. Peter: This was not previously entered. However, you may proceed.

Beethoven: Gentlemen of the Jury, the defendants in one of their so-called songs, included the line "Roll over Beethoven, tell Tsch aikowsky the news today."

Do the Jury not think by slurring my colleague and myself these morons have warranted banishment to Hades, the region of horrible sounds?

Lennon: Now just a minute, we 'aven't done you any 'arm.

St. Peter: Mr. Lennon, would you please speak in standard English?

Lennon: We did not use these names for any other reason than to remind the populace of these great composers and their work, which was at the time disregarded by the ignorant population.

Beethoven: If this is so, I would like to drop this charge.

(Noise. The court is called to order).

St. Peter: You may do so.
(The defendants smile).

St. Peter: Herr Beethoven would you please state the main charges.

Beethoven: The charges are:

1. The use of new and queer instruments.
2. The change of rhythms and use of odd sounds.
3. The use of meaningless lyrics.
4. That this is not what the people honestly want.
5. It degrades the name of music and forces young people to act regardless of their self-respect.

St. Peter: I think Herr Beethoven that it would be wise to put these charges to the defendants in the order you have just stated them.

Beethoven: The first charge . . .

Lennon: I know what it is. Our instruments were popular at the time when we were on earth. The people of Liverpool at that time seemed to think that oboes were an African tribe, euphoniums a type of Asiatic flower and tubas underground railways. Herr Bach would understand our use of a few handy instruments.

(Bach and the Beatles at this point discuss Chamber Music in terms beyond the comprehension of ordinary folk).

Clerk of Court: Order please!

Beethoven: The guitar is not an instrument.

Lennon: Surely King David's harp — — —

King David: (blushing) Would you please move on to the next point Herr Beethoven.

Beethoven: Your rhythms are horrible. They sound like screeching cats and cause people to behave unnaturally.

Ringo: Have I the Court's permission to speak.

St. Peter: Certainly.

Ringo: Joshua's trumpet must have produced a fantabulous sound when it caused the walls of Jericho to fall.

(Joshua looks at Ringo with an amused smile).

Ringo: As regards people being "sent" by our music, King David was so "sent" before the Ark

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that his wife called him a buffoon.
(King David shifts uncomfortably in his seat).

Beethoven: The lyrics of your songs are really stupid. "Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" and "I wanna hold your hand." These are meaningless.

Ringo: Handel wrote a song containing one word "Alleluia." This sounds like a lunatic with lockjaw.
(Commotion).

Clerk of Court: Order, please!

Ringo: "I wanna hold your hand" is not as stupid as "Your tiny hand is frozen." Could she not have worn gloves or lit the fire?

(A noisy disturbance ensues and a scruffy Italian called Puccini is escorted from the public gallery, despite his vehement protestations).

Beethoven: Your songs are not the type the public wanted but due to "sales-pressure" the people bought them.

Lennon: Our tribe, the Liverpudlians, are a primitive people. They are a mixture of Irish, Welsh, Jews and a few dull English. Their delight is in singing and they sing at all our tribal gatherings, for instance football matches. They are not like the intellectuals of Oxbridge who would rather listen. Herr Wagner and Phil the Fluter surely appreciate good rhythm, which is the music of the common folk.

(The Volga Boatman starts to growl through his beard but is pacified by a smoke of Danny Boy's pipes).

Beethoven: The fifth charge is that
— — — —.

Lennon: We all know. We are not entirely stupid. With our help the guitar is now borne by many Liverpudlians instead of flick-knives and other instruments of violence. Furthermore, our music may be improved on by our fellow-musicians who are at present slogging in crummy clubs for union rate and eventually the people may once more yearn to hear the music of which you gentlemen are so proud.

(There follows an uproar which lasts much longer than those before).

St. Peter: Would you be so kind as to Belt Up!!

(Silence accompanied by shocked expressions).

Since this court has become so unruly I feel that the only way to settle this case is to hear the defendants play their music.

(Ushers wheel in the gear that caused so many riots and the Beatles play "Things We Said Today" and other numbers which receive a mixed reception).

The jury was still in recess when we went to Press.

A Little Accident

There was a man named Basis,
He wore a pair of laces.
The laces broke,
And that's no joke,
For they were used as braces.

BRIAN GORMAN (2B).

By MICHAEL D. I. DONNELLY (6SC)

The Wild Irish

"The Irish child can dance a jig,
And share its pillow with a pig,
And where we ask for pie or meat,
The 'prat'ie he is glad to eat."

IF you were asked to date this little gem of doggerel, what would you say? Perhaps, the Elizabethan era or the early nineteenth century, both periods of intense anti-Irish feeling. Surprisingly, you would be wrong for in fact this verse was published in a children's book, as recently as 1925. The children of that generation have all now grown up and in April, 1960, one of them inserted the following advertisement in both the "Kensington Post" and the "Middlesex Independent."

"Reliable man required as night porter for Saturday and Sunday nights only. Ladies' West End Club. Some reception work, cleaning and stoking. Applicant must have good references. No coloured or Irish need apply."

The frequent occurrence of this sort of thing, testifies to the existence in England today of what Mr. J. A. Jackson of Sheffield University calls "an anti-Irish prejudice, which is still enhanced by anti-Roman Catholic bigotry, existing under an overlay of

both secular and sacred ecumenicism."

How deep is this anti-Irish feeling? Is it a long-standing attitude or is it a recent one brought on by the exaggerations of a popular press or the recklessness of a few? Mr. Jackson observes, that "the stereotype of the Irishman as rough, drunken, dishonest and dirty, dies hard in the eyes of landladies and magistrates, and the press still take a subtle 'dig' at the supposed fecklessness of the Irish whenever an opportunity arises."

In the early 'twenties an American scholar, Mr. Edward D. Snyder, published the results of his investigations into what he called the "wild Irish phenomenon," and the purpose of this present article is simply to bring some of his more remarkable findings to the notice of an audience more directly affected by them than perhaps Mr. Snyder's original audience would have been.

The 'wild Irish phenomenon' he defines as "a prejudiced way of

writing Irish history, or an inordinate desire to satirise everything and anything Celtic, whether Irish, Scottish or Welsh." The extent of the phenomenon he illustrates from a wide selection of authors including "Giraldus Cambrensis, Holinshed, William Camden, Edmund Spenser, Shakespeare, Sheridan, Dryden and Swift, and yet by no means does he exhaust all the possible sources. He concludes:

"Certainly from the time of Giraldus Cambrensis to the present day, an anti-Celtic prejudice has been passed on from one writer to another until it has become almost self-propagating. By the early eighteenth century satirizing the Celts had become a traditional literary habit."

The expression 'wild Irish' has been in common use since the fourteenth century, but the ideas it contains were current as early as the twelfth, when we were referred to as "a rustic, filthy swarm of natives," by William of Malmesbury.

Robert Burton in his famous 'Anatomy of Melancholy' says of the Muscovites that they are "very supersititious like our wild Irish." And while we are on the subject of comparisons we might note that William Lithgow (1632) lumps together in what he calls "a fit comparison" "the Barbarian Moore, the Moorish Spaniard, the Turk, and the Irishman, the untamed Arabian, the Divilish-idolatrous Turcoman and the Moone-worshipping Caramines." So at least we were not alone in our squalor, but the suspicion begins to make itself felt that the most squalid

thing about us is that we are 'foreigners,' heir to all the inferiorities of character which only foreignness bestows. Racial inferiority is taken for granted by Fynes Moryson (1617) whose description of the Irish, according to Mr. Snyder, shows a supercilious scorn that is almost unbelievable.

"The wild and (as I may say) mere Irish, inhabiting many and large provinces, are barbarous and most filthy in their diet . . ."

Milton's normal way of referring to us was "Those barbarous Irish." What he was to say of the Scots Presbytery of Belfast, in 1648, is too good to pass over.

"What they are for ministers," he thunders, "or how they crept into the fold, whether at the window, or through the walls, or who set them there so haughty in the pontifical see of Belfast, we know not . . . By their actions we might rather judge them to be a generation of highland thieves and redshanks."

The stage Irishman appears as early as Shakespeare, who refers grossly to Ireland as a whole in the "Comedy of Errors." In general, the Irish were charged with lacking the fundamental qualities necessary to enjoy a civilised existence, and in particular those necessary for a satisfactory domestic life. Here the melancholic Burton provides another comparison with the Muscovites, who, "if they suspect their wives — will beat them till they confess, and if that will not avail, like those wild Irish, be divorced at their pleasure,

or else knock them on the heads, as the old Gauls have done in former ages."

Chesterton has some paradoxically favourable things to say about us, and so the last word can be safely entrusted to him.

"No other group in the British Empire," he says, "has done so much with such conditions. The nationalists were the only minority that ever succeeded in twisting the whole

British Parliament sharply out of its path. The Irish peasants are the only poor men in these islands who have forced their masters to disgorge. These people whom we call priest-ridden, are the only Britons who will not be squire-ridden."

The famous question "Can anything good come out of Ireland?" was a purely rhetorical one, and has been accepted as such ever since. Only we can ensure that it will be regarded as an ironical one in the future.

It's a very big World

— By a fly.

I start off flying from the house
Afraid of even the friendliest mouse,
Although it is late and I started at
dawn
I still have a long way to go to next
morn.

I go along the busy street
Dodging the cars as I fly,
The human people, they don't care
If I really live or die.

The monsters called humans
They come and invade,
They dig up our homes
With pick-axe and spade.

"Oh! what a fierce world"
I hear many say —
It's hard to keep living
As we fly day by day.

MICHAEL GARRON (3C).

1914

What a lady could do then,
What gaiety and pleasure had been
hers:
Those endless balls and parties,
The glories of the season,
Summer evenings on sunbright lawns.
There was charm, there was grace:
A gay world waltzing to an end.

Ah! those winters abroad,
Her waltzing in Vienna, her castle,
Champagne Christmases at Maxim's,
Prague, Warsaw, St. Petersburg —
She'd danced through them all.
There was charm, there was grace:
A gay world waltzing to an end.

An era in its dying beauty —
Unaware, that glorious June,
Of a gun waiting for an Archduke,
Of a last act being played out.
There was charm, there was grace:
But a great void yawned before.

TIM McCALL (6LB).

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By P. FORTE (7LA)

Il Palio di Siena

HAVE you ever felt compassion for the dozens of little sardines shoved into those small boxes? I never have. But as I looked across the Piazza del Campo from a balcony seat upon the thousands of people crammed into the small square below, something went twang in my heart strings. No, it wasn't my iron lung collapsing. From six in the morning the people had been standing there waiting for the pageant, the Palio, an event dearer to the Sienesi than their own birthdays. It really has to be seen to be believed. The town itself, Siena, has not changed from Medieval times and reeks with legends, famous people and sometimes bad sewage. Every year is the same. The Sienesi wait for hours to see a display of costumes and a two minute horse race. For the tourist it's "rather nice" but without any meaning. They simply do not understand why the people get incensed to such a degree, why they kick the jockeys if they don't ride fast enough, or why for several years now the nobility has refused to start the race. The tourist can capture the colour of the Palio

with his super-length telescopic lens etc., but he can't capture the intensity of feeling.

Roughly, the story of the Palio is this: In medieval times each town was a sort of a private state, each state trying to conquer the other. As you may imagine, military activities were very important and eventually the town was divided into military divisions, 17 of the original 23 now existing. Each *contrada*, as a division was called, had its own ensign, church, rules and so on. The first games consisted of oxen racing, but these were changed to horses after they discovered that sitting on horse saddles gave less agony to a certain part of the anatomy than the big bony oxen.

Nowadays, before the actual race, each *contrada* gives a march past in the Piazza. First comes the standard bearers, then the weapon bearers, one on each side of the Knight on horse back. The horse that is being raced follows after him. This goes on for hours and you really get quite

used to seeing the men in armour. About the actual horse race, there are a few interesting points. The horses are chosen by lot which means that the contrada are never sure whether they're getting a bomb on four legs or a walking flea bag. Both horses and jockeys are blessed in the church before the race. It is a novel experience, for the horse actually comes into the church. After the blessing the priest shouts 'Come back victorious' and everybody in the church cheers and claps, causing the horse to bolt down the aisle or get itself wedged in the seats. Differing from normal horse races, the horse may win the race with or without the rider, the only requirement being that it does not lose the contrada's colours that are attached to its trappings. In fact if the jockey sees that his horse is a bit slower than the rest, he may hop off, accidentally of course, so that his mount relieved of the burden can do better timing. There are very many tricks in the game, such as two or three jockeys hedging in the favourite, or driving him so near the rails that he jumps into the crowd to avoid being hurt if the animal should fall. God help him when he gets into the crowd, because the tourists are terrible souvenir hunters and a jockey's fancy suit would look so nice above the mantel-piece.

The prize is a banner and is the actual 'Palio.' There is very little betting, a surprising fact when you see the amount of bribery that goes on. The biggest contrada, Nuchio, wants to win so it pays the jockey of the Oca contrada accidentally to fall off or to slow up. When I saw it

there was so much bribery that all the jockeys held back and the jockey of a little contrada, which no one had considered worthwhile bribing, shot ahead and won. The people were rather annoyed about it. When I went to a restaurant to have dinner the waiter flung my spaghetti at me, spilt my wine, didn't give a serviette, and all because I was wearing the emblem of the winning contrada, whereas he was one of the losers. The night of the Palio is the traditional time for feasting and fighting. At the time, I was going about with twenty students and was having a great time. We joined a large mob of triumphant youths who were parading through the streets waving batons, bottles, etc., singing their contrada's song in bold defiance. Suddenly at a dark cross roads appeared a large crowd of rival supporters, thousands of them, well, fifty at least. War was imminent. The time was ripe, for during the Palio all the police leave the town. Yet the order to charge did not come. Naturally we students were urging them on; none too pleasant words flowed at our opponents in English, Greek, Dutch, German, American, Polish, we were a mixed crowd. To cut a long story short, we all dispersed and went arm in arm, to the nearest wine shop.

After the Palio, minor incidents came to light: How someone had tried to dope one of the horses before the race, but had got a pitch-fork in his stomach for his trouble. We were still talking about it for days afterwards. In the evenings we would crowd around an old man and ask him to tell us about the former

Palios. His eyes would light up and with the joy of a child he would tell us how he had paraded through the streets carrying his mace and gold armour. I suppose that for anyone who is not actually Sienese, it is very hard to imagine just what the Palio stands for. Nevertheless, in my reveries I imagine myself in the Piazza tossing the contrada's flag in the air, as do the brass band leaders with their batons, or else wearing my gold and red armour and swinging some fair damsel onto the back of my palfrey. But these things just don't

happen. When you leave the narrow enclosed streets of Siena, you leave something behind, probably your wallet, for the natives are as astute as they are in Naples. You leave a town that will really never change, a town in which pageant, poverty and wealth merge into a nuance unmatched by any of the sister towns. When I left Siena last summer after two months in its University, I carried with me wonderful memories to cherish, for this also is my land and these too are my people.



Smile, Please

Tomorrow's Citizens

THE post war era has seen immense changes in the various societies of the world. Perhaps nowhere is this change greater than in America and in W. Europe where social standards have improved immeasurably in comparison with the pre-war period and with the other nations of the world. Higher wages and the welfare state have combined to produce a sense of security and affluence unknown in preceding generations, and this in turn has produced a generation unmatched for its wealth and independence.

The youth of today have more freedom, more money, more opportunity for education, for travel and for advancement than their fathers. They are granted subsidies and scholarships, guided along the road to success and generally given every possible aid to help their development. Yet despite these benefits, they are also subject to considerable strains and stresses, by-products of a scientific age. Success, whether intellectual or economic, is now deemed the indispensable prerequisite for happiness and satisfaction. Consequently, competition for a place in already over crowded

Universities or other higher institutes reaches intense proportions, with adverse effects on those less able to withstand the strain. The emphasis is on exam. successes, be it the Eleven Plus or the G.C.E., and there is always in the final analysis the continued quest for a "good" job with "good prospects" and "good pay."

These are the undesirable, and also, unfortunately, the unavoidable effects of the post-war Space Age. However, the advance of science and technology has had many more important, and in the long run, more beneficial effects for mankind. The vast improvements in communications and transport over the last twenty years, have reduced the earth's dimensions, making no one part of it, theoretically at any rate, more than one day's travel away from any other. Science has also contributed to the innumerable advances in medicine, industry, agriculture, and latterly, the conquest of Space. These advances with their attendant discoveries and inventions have been put to many domestic uses so that it is possible to see the results everywhere about us in our own homes.

Of all these advances, the greatest and in the long term view the most momentous event of the post-war era has been the almost universal growth of educational facilities and the general availability of higher education to all those who merit it. Naturally, such opportunities are in the more prosperous nations, viz. W. Europe, U.S.A. and U.S.S.R., where scholarships and university grants ensure that a student with exceptional talent can continue with his education regardless of class or wealth.

But this remarkable progress of mankind has not been shared equally among all the peoples of the earth. The reasons accounting for the development of such a situation are numerous and varied. The rapid decolonization of Africa and large areas of Asia have produced political and economic difficulties which have hindered the steady and prosperous growth of these new nations, the world's population is increasing faster than man's present ability to feed it, the lack of capital presents problems as does competition from the very highly developed nations of this world. These are just a few of the problems facing most of Africa and Asia. The lack of any successful solution has produced grave results. Primitive cultivation, due to ignorance or suspicion of more scientific methods, has resulted in the millions of men living at a mere subsistence level. Consequently two out of three people on the earth suffer, in some degree, from malnutrition. Shortage of food is not the only problem. Intolerable and over-

crowded living conditions persist in many of these regions, disease is still widespread, whilst locusts and other vegetation-destroying insects are a constant threat.

It is not the purpose of this article to try to determine who or what is responsible for this present state of affairs, but rather to give a short account of the work being done, especially by the world's youth, to help improve the situation and improve international relations.

Perhaps never in the history of the world have so many young people been granted the opportunity of a university education. In America, one third of all high school pupils continue to attend further courses at college, in Britain, the proportion is lower, but still high: 14%, similar proportions are found throughout W. Europe. This elite group live in societies which are affluent and prosperous. Born during or just after the war, they have never known the unemployment, the hunger or the demoralizing atmosphere of the thirties. They have, through the intervention of Governments or private bodies, been relieved of any serious financial burdens. They are almost guaranteed lucrative careers in industry or the professions and a respected place in society on their eventual graduation. Yet, despite these lures and rewards, increasing numbers of students (and graduates) are devoting several years of their lives to help in the eradication of the many evils I have described. But why should they do this, when to

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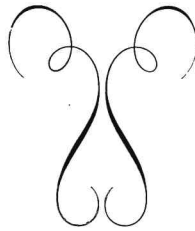
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remain at home would be so much more profitable in a material way?

There is no single answer, but rather a combination of interesting factors each of varying importance. The improvement of communications and transport has brought the scenes of such human misery and suffering so much closer, in more respects than the mere physical one, that it is impossible to avoid or ignore the obvious responsibilities placed on those in a position to give. This awakening of conscience coupled with an awareness and determination to improve the lot of mankind and strengthened by a knowledge that they are contributing immeasurably to the alleviation of much suffering, without at the same time sacrificing their career, must also be responsible for the recruitment of many student volunteers. Indeed they offer something which in the long run will be immensely more important: their skill, their knowledge and their generosity. By teaching the underdeveloped countries, through international organisations such as Voluntary Service Overseas, Peace Corps or Mission Societies, how to improve their harvests, their industrial output, their general health and inevitably the level of their education they confer benefits which will go a long way to achieving in these countries a degree of prosperity. Nor will the benefits gained be purely physical but, in an indirect way, they will result in an improvement in human values in the international

political situation and consequently in the chances of international peace.

These efforts designed to promote international aid and development present only one aspect of the charitable work of today's youth. They provide sufficient proof of a growing sense of responsibility, and an awareness of an inescapable duty to help those many millions less fortunate than ourselves. If this spirit continues in its present vigour for the next 15—20 years, the youth of today will be gradually assuming places of political and economic power throughout the world. If they still retain their unselfish attitude of today, when for no material gain they endure deprivation and discomfort solely that they might alleviate the suffering and misery in the world, then we may confidently hope for less strife and the eventual evolution of a genuine spirit of peace and co-operation in the years to come.

“By this shall all men know that you are My disciples — if you have love one for the other.”

The Folly of Major X

For Major X we must pine,
For the Major is now dead,
He didn't stop, to read the sign —
The Major rode ahead!

MICHAEL McCRUDDEN.

By GERARD McKEOWN (7L)

"The Restoration and Music"

ON his thirtieth birthday, May 29, 1660, Charles II entered London amid scenes of tremendous enthusiasm. The new king resembled his French mother rather than his martyred father, Charles I. He was witty, gay, and charming but lacked that devotion to a cause which had led his father to choose death rather than denounce his principles. Charles had spent nearly half of his thirty years abroad and if he returned devoted to any cause at all it was to the cause of self-interest. He was determined never to go on his travels again, and succeeded not only in keeping his throne for 25 years but in finishing his reign in a stronger position than he had begun it. After the "Rule of Saints," England swung to the other extreme and amusements of every sort flourished. The moral tone of the nation sank very low, and sober-minded non-Conformists were aghast. The king himself led the country in its reaction against Puritanism. His life abroad had demoralized him and he returned to England devoid of high principles

or even ordinary morality. The court was corrupt with "ladies" of dubious morality exercising too strong an influence. Under Charles II, the 'Merry Monarch,' the Restoration period became a byword for frivolity and licence.

When Charles II came to the throne in 1660 music, like all other arts, was at a very low ebb for Puritans had regarded music as an innocent diversion but it had to conform to suit their conceptions of life which were necessarily narrow. Music instead of emerging from the inhibitions of Puritan morality as it should have done during the reaction against Puritanism, was at once pressed into the service of courtly laxity. Charles, during his European exile had cultivated a superficial taste for music but he looked upon it merely as one field in which he could emulate the dazzling court of Louis XIV.

Hence in pursuit of this desire to emulate Louis XIV's "vingt-quatre violons du roi," Charles went to great

pains—and to great cost—to have his “24 violins.” Charles’s orchestra based of course on the 24 violins, also included trumpets, lutes, an organ, virginals, several other woodwind instruments and, when occasion demanded it, trombones and drums. This orchestra was run at great cost but in a court which laid little stress on honouring pecuniary obligations this gave rise to little concern and, as records show, the Court lived merrily on a basis of unscrupulous extravagance.

Although a Roman Catholic at heart King Charles had, for political reasons, to reinstate the Anglican Church and this he did with a great deal of pomp. So far as the order of the services went, the Church was reinstated on its old lines but Church music now became a very different thing, although the old school was, of course, still respected and some of its music was sung as a pious tribute to a past which was regarded as a glorious memory.

The humbler churches in this period contented themselves with a simpler fare in the matter of psalms and hymns, very much like the material which had been allowed by the Puritans, than did the High Anglican Church. A new harmonic style, encouraged by the introduction after 1660 of orchestral or organ accompaniment in church services, flourished and it was not to be expected that the Church of England, influenced on one side by frivolity at the Court and on the other by an inevitable reaction against Puritan stringency, should have over-ridden

this new style with any great show of severity.

One composer who stands out in this period from 1660-1700 is Henry Purcell. Not the greatest composer in any particular branch of music he was supreme for all-round versatility and it was his music which was the leading influence in England and which, for at least his lifetime, staved off “the foreign invasion of music” into England. In certain domains Purcell was succeeded by Lully who was then regarded as supreme in opera, Corelli in the chamber sonata, Alessandro Scarlatti in opera, Carissini and Schütz in vocal music, but none of these was skilled in so many branches of music as was Purcell. Purcell was a daring harmonist, a contrapuntist of unlimited skill, a superb inventor of great tunes and an enterprising innovator in rhythm.

Since his music forms the bulk of Restoration music in England, we have therefore to look at certain aspects of Purcell’s music. Historically his most interesting achievement, if not in every artistic respect, is undoubtedly his opera “Dido and Aeneas.” The words of the opera were admittedly pompous and inferior, yet it was not equalled for its musical drama by any composer of his time. Lully’s works were by comparison dull and monotonous while Scarlatti’s were formal. “Dido and Aeneas” was the greatest opera written since Monteverdi’s time and the most outstanding till Mozart’s operas. This really shows Purcell’s greatness when we consider that

Handel was to write many operas in England and even those from that great genius did not surpass "Dido and Aeneas."

Another great aspect of Purcell's music was his composition of anthems, written very much in a new or "modern" style. An anthem was a sacred vocal composition authorized to be sung at Matins and Evensong in the Church of England. The word 'anthem' was used to distinguish it from motet of Roman Catholic Liturgy to which it is similar and from which it was derived. Purcell's anthems consisted of alternating solos and choruses, the latter often dramatic in their use of striking harmony, the former invariably operatic in the sense that they cultivate a declamatory style very like the contemporary stage music. In this respect Purcell's church music, though not in actual style, resembles that of Mozart. The art with which the solo parts were composed is astounding.

It was Purcell who set the trend for the composition of odes and who was largely responsible for their vast popularity. He it was who set in motion the practice of composing an ode for St. Cecilia's Day. So popular in fact were the odes that poets such as Dryden, Congreve and Shadwell provided words for the occasions. In Dublin as well as in many cities in England annual celebrations were held on St. Cecilia's Day following the lead given by London, and the music of Purcell figured largely at all these centres.

Music-making throughout the country now became very popular as a part and parcel of the general extravagance of the Restoration period. Music-making by amateurs took on a new look as the lute, for long a very popular instrument, began to fall into disuse. Some of the 'gentlefolk' took to the cultivation of music in their own homes by either playing instruments or engaging musicians. Men about town, like Pepys, had music lessons from acknowledged masters and some even dabbled in composition. River parties became the new fashion, following on the trend set by Charles II on discovering the delights of a new pleasure-boat, and "water-music" became the rage half a century before Handel immortalised it with his "Water-Music Suite" composed for George I. Songs were very popular in the period despite the fact that madrigal singing was gone forever. Between 1660 and 1700 over 150 song books of various sorts were published and their popularity is emphasised by the fact that many of them were enlarged editions of older collections.

Despite, however, this great flourishing of English music during the Restoration period, it was in fact this period which witnessed the seepage of foreign influence into English music which developed into a flood on the death of Purcell and the arrival of George Frederick Handel. It does point to Purcell's greatness that he, the last great English composer till Elgar, was able to stave off this impending "flood" throughout

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his lifetime. Had he not died at the early age of 36, Purcell could perhaps have kept the vogue of Italian opera within bounds by opposing to it a native opera of so entirely different a nature that the two could perhaps have flourished happily side by side, each represented by a great master born in the same year, 1695, Purcell and Scarlatti. Dryden it was who wrote in his 'Amphitryon' "we have at length found an 'English-man' equal with the best abroad"—hand-some praise in 1670 for by then the foreign influence had gained the upper hand, and coming from Dryden who was much under the influence of France in the person of Louis Grabu. By the time Purcell was dead there was no one left in England who could stave off the flood of the foreign invasion now affecting not only opera but all music in England.

One cannot fully describe Restoration music without examining the foreign influence. One inherent danger to English music was very great and that was the fact that Charles was continental in his musical tastes because he had for so long been in exile on the Continent and because of the influence of his French mother. It is not therefore surprising that we find Charles being the first to appoint foreign composers and musicians to his Orchestra, the first being the German, Thomas Baltzar, "an exponent of that new-fangled instrument the violin." In 1672, a Frenchman of real distinction, Cam-ber, made his name in London having been forced to flee Paris

because of the influence and grasping policy of Lully. In 1679 we can discern the beginnings of the real flood of foreign musical influence into England with the arrival of Italian singers. Giovanni Siface, foremost of the Italians, soon found his way into the Chapel Royal in James II's reign welcomed no doubt as a Catholic. These eunuch singers became so powerful in the early 18th century that they could almost dictate their music to any composer less self-willed than Handel, and even he wrote parts for them so extravagantly difficult and florid that they have remained to some extent unsingable by normal voices ever since.

With the accession of James II the interest, shown by Charles his brother, in music at the court ceased. James' short and troubled reign gave him other things to think about, things he held nearer to his heart like his religion, Monmouth's insurrection and the Anglican clergy's refusal to read from the pulpit the Declaration of Indulgence. Meanwhile foreign musicians were enjoying their success in public, exercising a greater influence with the passage of time, while English native music deteriorated as quickly as the foreigners gained ground.

With William and Mary's reign the momentum with which foreign artists were arriving gathered speed. By the time Queen Anne came to the throne foreigners had completely taken over the music scene. The final blow to English opera, and music in general, came when an opera written by no

less a literary figure than Addison was a complete failure due to the incompetency of the composer, Clayton, who destroyed Addison's libretto. Whereupon Addison himself turned savagely on opera by writing against it in "The Spectator" and so completed the destruction of English Opera. The Italian survived because it happened to be represented by stronger composers just then, and one who was a master in it, though not himself an Italian, came to England in 1710 to make the most of it and to sway English musical life in general for half a century and more. That man was George Fredrick Handel.

The Restoration period, justly called the age of Purcell, was a great

though short-lived era of English music. Gradually throughout these years one can see the steady process of foreign influence gaining hold in England and killing the native English school. Not that music in England found itself in the same state as it was in before the Restoration, certainly not, for with the arrival of Handel the Italian style of opera was established in England and England became celebrated for oratorio through the work of the illustrious Hanoverian. But a renaissance of native English music did not take place until 1880 or thereabouts. I think it is true to say that England is now one of the leading countries in music, both for composition and performance.

The Winter Wind

The snow is falling,
The wind is calling,
Calling the winter in.

It's cold outside,
The animals hide,
Hide from the winter wind.

The children play,
Play all the day,
So merry, bright and gay.

Back one hour,
The clock does go,
And the children know —

The wind is calling, calling, calling
Calling the winter in.

L. CORR (3C).

The Unfortunate

The Winter sun rises like an auburn
ball,

A blanket of cold mist hangs over the
sleeping city,

Those coughing beggars with no
homes stumble and fall,

Their tallow flesh, white as the frosty
cobble.

Inside the rich lie — fat, warm;
Outside the poor curse, wishing that
they had never been born.

No hope — No food nor love nor rest,
A bed of hay, far from the best.

Soon they will die where they lay
their heads

Forgotten, Unknown—your brothers
are dead.

KIERAN McKENNA (4LB).

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By BRIAN DELANEY (4LA)

CHESS

CHESS is perhaps the oldest and certainly the most popular game in the world. The ablest historians of the game place its origins in India about 600 A.D. From India the game spread in all directions. The westward migration, by way of the Arab incursions of medieval times, eventually reached Europe.

During the Middle Ages chess was the great leisure activity of the aristocratic and wealthy classes. There was an obvious connection between chess and war. In ancient India pieces included chariots, elephants, horses and infantry. All of these point to the military inspiration of the game.

The Arabs were the first to develop a systematic chess literature, even if it was only in the form of manuscripts. Their best players wrote theses on the game demonstrating what they considered the best opening moves and the most useful winning methods. They also produced collections of problems.

The progress of chess was held back by Mohammedan theologians

who held that it was nothing more than a sinful pastime. Strangely enough when chess became popular in Europe the Church took the same attitude, probably because many games must have been the subject of a wager.

In Europe the game made tremendous strides. The power of some pieces was increased, making the play much more lively and therefore more popular. The number of works on chess increased considerably. It remains true to-day that the number of books devoted to chess is more extensive than that devoted to all other games put together.

It was the invention of the printing press that really gave chess playing enormous impetus. Treatises and manuals of the game could now be produced in quantity, multiplying the number of readers and players. The growth of great cities and the improvement of communications also favoured this trend. The coffee-houses of London and cafés of Paris became haunts of chess players. In Paris, for example, Rousseau,

Diderot and the young Bonaparte were all passionate if not particularly skilful devotees of the game.

In the eighteenth century we have the emergence of really great players. The first of these, Francois André Philidor (1726-1795), was primarily an operatic composer and only secondarily a chess player. Yet he was universally recognised as the greatest master of his age. Philidor's manual on the game was the best of its kind and remained in demand for a century. To-day it is, of course, merely a curiosity but it is noticeable for its emphasis on pawn play, a pioneering concept in Philidor's day. It was Philidor who started the rage for blindfold play which was later to be developed to a phenomenal degree.

After Philidor's death the two leading nations were England and France. The sharp rivalry between these countries reached its climax in 1834 in the match between Alexander McDonnell (1798-1835) and Louis Charles Mahé de Labourdonnais (1785-1840). The Homeric struggle between them lasted 84 games, winding up in a convincing win for Labourdonnais with 44 wins, 27 losses and 13 draws.

England had soon a new champion, Howard Staunton, challenging his French rival Pierre Fournier de Saint Amant. Staunton proved to be the stronger in a match in 1843, winning 11, losing 6 and drawing 4. But now Germany was producing great players. The greatest German of his period was Adolf Anderssen (1818-1879) whose superior technique enabled him to beat Staunton in

London (1851). Anderssen was not to remain in his eminent position for long.

Paul Morphy (1837-1884) was from U.S.A. Morphy's approach was to insist on rapid effective development in the opening stages. This "secret weapon" helped him to defeat his opponents easily. The match with Anderssen in Paris (1858) was decisive. Morphy won 7 games, lost 2 and drew 2. But Morphy was less interested in chess than in law. After the match with Anderssen he disappeared permanently from the world of chess.

One of the first masters who followed in Morphy's footsteps was Wilhelm Steinitz (1836-1900). After Morphy's 'disappearance' it was apparent that Anderssen and Steinitz were the two leading masters of the day. In a match in London (1866) the Czechoslovakian narrowly beat the German. Steinitz won 8 games and lost 6. Steinitz was now recognised as World Champion. His match victories against Englishman Blackburn, German Zudertoit and Russian Tchigorin proved his supremacy, which lasted until 1894.

Steinitz's lengthy reign revolutionized chess. Even during his match with Anderssen it became clear that his style was in transitional phase. Instead of playing wholeheartedly for attack he often resorted to sober defensive play, which at the time was a novelty. Gradually the revolutionary nature of Steinitz's ideas were revealed in his games and newspaper columns. Steinitz had broken definitely with the old easy-going idea

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of sacrificing material in the hope of a winning attack. He insisted stubbornly on the validity of the defence with the idea of winning in the end game with the extra material amassed in earlier stages. The right method, he preached tirelessly, was to forego speculative attacks and build up small positional advantages by judicious improvement of one's position.

For a long time Sternitz was ridiculed and reviled but his stubborn advocacy of his novel ideas over a period of three decades eventually had its effects, especially on the younger generation. The result has been that every modern master has been influenced in greater or lesser degree by Sternitzian theories.

It would take me too far afield to follow chess history since Sternitz's day in full detail. Chess tournaments and matches were becoming more frequent. Many outstanding new masters appeared. Chess clubs, chess columns in newspapers and chess magazines multiplied and flourished. But a few words are in order about World Champions after Sternitz.

Sternitz was finally dethroned by Dr. Emanuel Lasker in 1894. Lasker, a German, held the title until 1921. Lasker's approach was paradoxical. Though a self-proclaimed disciple of Sternitz, Lasker was above all a fighter. Although he took risks his play was polished to perfection. He viewed chess as a personal struggle and tried to exploit the temperament of his opponent.

But Lasker had to admit defeat eventually by the much younger

José Raoul Capablanca. This Cuban master seemed in his youth to be abnormal and as he grew older he seemed to become worse. After defeating Lasker he lost his title six years later to the German Alexander Alekhin, one of the great towering geniuses of the game, perhaps the greatest of all. He was a superb tactician, inventive, imaginative and full of inexhaustible resources. In 1935 Alekhin seemed to be finished when he lost his title to a Dutch master, Dr. Max Euwe. But two years later he decisively beat Euwe to regain his position. He reigned undefeated until his tragic death in 1946.

Alekhin's death gave the International Chess Federation a chance to take official control of the matches for the world title. This was an important step because the federation arranged for far more matches for the title, and thus enormously increased interest in the game.

Since Alekhin's death all the World Champions have been players from U.S.S.R.—Mikhail Botvinnik, Vassily Smyslov, Mikhail Tal, a Lett. At the moment Botvinnik again holds the title.

Over the course of many centuries chess has made enormous progress. It is more popular to-day than ever before, a hobby which in my opinion is second to none. This history has been written in the hope that it will contribute to the popularity in St. Mary's of this most ancient yet most modern game. The school has had some great players in recent years. Let's hope their peers will be found among our Juniors.

Butts of a Programme or a Programme of Buts

*To be transmitted from The Carrick Hill Studio of the B.B.U.T.V.
at 24.01 hours on 1st April.*

: DRAMATIS PERSONAE :

MABEL Little Lulu
JAMES David Jacobs
JOHN Lord Thomson
GEORGE David Frost
MACBETH Sir Laurence Olivier
3 WITCHES ... Kathy Kirby, Brian
Faulkner, Joe Tumelty.

Also Eamon Andrews, Brian Jones, Sandie Shaw, Mick Jagger, Sir Malcolm Sargeant, Lord Aran, Patrick Campbell.

Scene: 00.199 Park Lane, on a blasted heath near Malone Road.

MABEL: But really George!

JOHN: But really James!

JAMES: But really Mabel!

GEORGE: I deny it!

MABEL: At last! We know who is wrong!

GEORGE: I don't!

JOHN: But then, of course, George never does.

JAMES: Funny! I thought he did.

GEORGE: I don't! Only after 10 o'clock.

JAMES: I thought so!

ALL: What do you mean?

(Enter Eamon Andrews, dressed as Liver Publican, playing an anti-religious bass guitar.)

E.A.: Well.

ALL: (In unison, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent) W-E-L-L.

E.A.: I suppose you think it strange the way I am dressed.

ALL: Yes! But you can't fool us by dressing up as Bessy Braddock.

E.A.: Judas Weeps! I've been discovered.

(A peal of thunder. Enter three witches, singing "Satisfaction" and thumping the Book of Common Prayer with a picture of Terence O'Neill laughing with, or at, Sean Lemass. Exeunt witches.)

E.A.: The truth is, I am madly in love with Mabel.

MABEL: I never knew (murmurs of "neither did we.") Perhaps we could fly to some remote island — like Coalisland — off the coast of Tyrone.

(Eamon drops dead when he finds he's been singing "I got you babe" to Lord Aran.)

There will now be an intermission of 30 minutes, during which Patrick Campbell will attempt to sing: "Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious."

: PART TWO :

Scene:

At the funeral, a few days later.

(The hearse passes by with three witches perched on top singing "Tears.")

MABEL: Disgusting! Revolting! etc.

(Enter Brian Jones, Mike Jagger or, as rumour has it, Sandie Shaw and Bill Wyman, but two policemen and a garage attendant drag them off.)

Exeunt all singing, "We'll keep

the red flag flying," while carrying a picture of Jo Grimmond and shouting "Home Rule for the Hebrides."

Mabel comes on screaming and seizes the nearest log book. Finds in her despair, the anti-log of 4-7654. Along comes an animal, half-dog, half-tiger, half-elephant, but she pacifies it, when she finds out what it is called — Spot!)

Three witches appear with Tambourines, backed by two wayward Salvation Army members and the Red Army Ensemble, singing "Like a Rolling Stone."

Flourish of trumpets. Enter Macbeth, dressed as P. J. Proby, who sings a selection from his latest L. P. entitled "What ever happened to Lady Macbeth," and then disappears transported upon the nearest magic carpet crying: "Bisto for President."

Three witches dash around the stage looking for an exit, but find none. Take suicide pills and begin to laugh while one of them sings "Why Didn't Brookeborough stay."

Guess which one sang. For correct answer, a month's holiday for two on the glorious Costa Sandy Row. Winners will be there for the yearly 12th July festival in honour of the local saint.

Entries should be addressed to: "Mater Hospital Fund, c/o. The Ulcer Unionist Party. Chairman: Deacon Iam Pusslie."

As always our word is final, but F-I-N-A-L.

BY MARTIN FITZPATRICK (5LA)

War and Peace . . A VICIOUS CIRCLE

WORLD WAR V, as everyone knows, brought about the downfall of civilization. Cities, towns and villages disappeared from the earth. All the groves and gardens and forests were destroyed. Human beings became lower than the lower animals, and dogs and pets deserted their fallen masters.

Books, paintings and music vanished from the earth, and human beings just sat around, doing nothing. Years and years went by, and the few boys and girls grew up to stare at one another blankly, for love had passed away from the earth.

One day a young girl who had never seen a flower chanced to discover the last cluster in the world. She told the others that the flowers were dying but the only one who paid her any attention was a young man she found wandering around. Together they nurtured the cluster and the flowers began to thrive again.

One day a bee visited the flowers, accompanied by a hummingbird. Before long there were two clusters, and then four, and then a great many. Soon groves and forests grew up again. The young girl then began to take an interest in her looks and soon love was reborn into the world.

The children of the two young people grew up strong and healthy,

and learned to run and laugh. The young man discovered how to build shelters. Everyone then began to build shelters. Villages towns and cities sprang up. Music, art and poetry came back into the world, as also did soldiers and generals and major-generals and liberators.

Some people went to live in the valleys but soon they wished they had gone to the hills. Others went to live in the hills and soon wished they had gone to the valleys. The liberators then set fire to the discontent. So, presently the world was at war again.

This time the destruction was so complete that nothing at all was left in the world except . . . one man . . . and one woman . . . and one cluster of flowers.

Night

The blazing sun sets behind the hill,
Everything is quiet and still,
Darkness descends everywhere,
Traffic passes by with care.

The swaying trees form eerie
creatures,
The passers-by have hidden features,
Buildings silhouette against the sky,
The glowing moon shines up on high.

JOHN HUGHES (1C).

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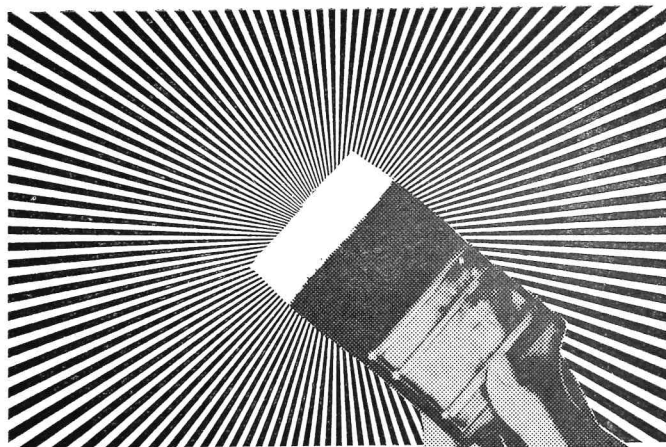
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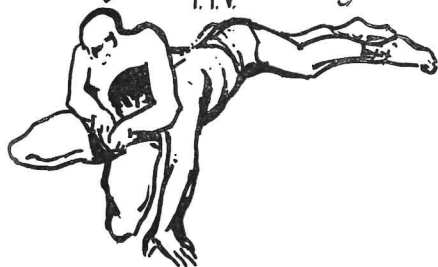
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They're called the 'Knights of the
Canvas'

But they're hardly that,
When they grunt and they grimace
On a stretched-hide mat.

When the heroes are to be seen,
Live, or on a T.V. screen;
Fans are there, wide eyes glued,
Saying, 'That one deserves to be
more booed.'

By now, you all know of whom I
speak.

The men, they say, must have a mean
streak.

Glamorous, amorous and adorable,
Or ugly and wicked with tricks
deplorable.

But why do we watch the utter sham,
Which we all know it to be?
Does it parody the life of Sam,
Of Jack and Dave, and Fred and ME?

MARTIN QUIGLEY (4LB).

The Old Man from Town

There was an old man from town
Who sat on a chair upside down;
He fell on the floor,
Went through the trap door
And now has a lump on his crown.

KIERAN KERR (1C).

Irish Sportsmen

First with the Gael is Hurling;
If asked to choose a king,
No other man could fill this role
Than the famous Christy Ring.

Next, let us think of Boxing —
A very noble sport.
Among our renowned amateurs
Is battling Jim McCourt.

And then to the professionals
Whose skill we all know well:
What better names can spring to
mind
Than Gilroy and Caldwell.

And outdoor to the Sport of Kings
With horses streaking fast,
Few have met with more success
Than O'Brien and Prendergast.

A proud array of Golfers
Now carry Ireland's banner.
Our most renowned on tee and green:
Joe Carr and Christy O'Connor.

We haven't much in Athletes
But of those who have gained fame,
A popular choice I'm sure would be
That lad named Derek Graham.

That indoor game of Snooker
Which is so hard to play —
Sure it always looks so easy
When watching Jackie Rea.

These are some of our men
That I have space to name.
The main thing with them — win or
lose —
Always play the game.

PAUL RAINEY (2F).

By B. JOHNSTON (3D)

How I got to the Moon

ONE day while I was working in the new Old Physics Lab. on my latest Top Secret experiment (Why, when I sit down, am I not standing up?) I was rudely interrupted by a certain science teacher whose name shall not be given. He told me that there was someone to see me, so, jumping on his back, I told him to take me to the office.

When I got there I dismounted, gave the master a lump of sugar (an old school tradition) sent him back to the stables and went in. There I saw my old friend the President of America, Lionel Basil Johnson, and greeted him in the usual way, calling him by his pet name "Dimple."

After this casual greeting, we proceeded to talk business and when he finished I found he wanted me to help him put a man on the moon. I told him that I would do it, so one day we arrived at Cape Kennedy along with four F.B.I. men and numerous others from secret organisations, e.g., The C.B.S. (a communist faction); The R.F.U. (a rugged fascist lot); The Black Preceptors (An Orange growth despite its colour confusion) and the

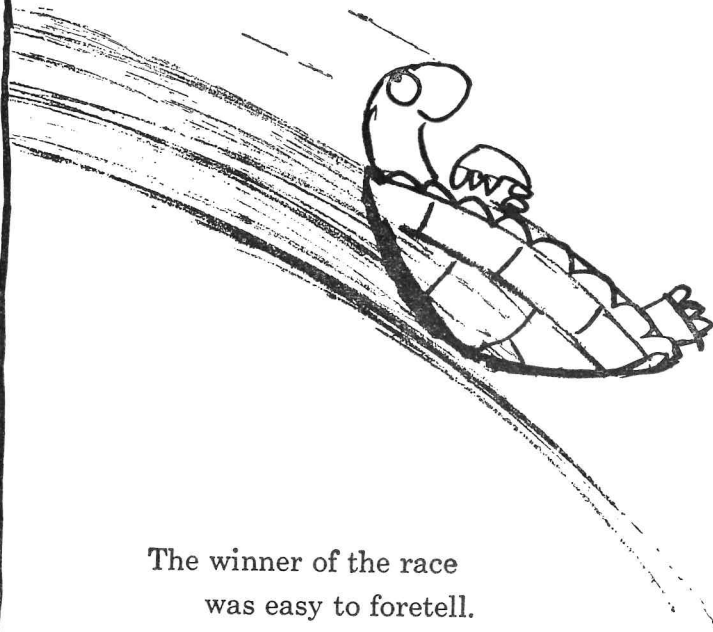
G.A.A. (definitely kickers with the wrong foot.) There I was asked how much I thought it would cost and I said roughly 5/6 — not forgetting the loan of a steam roller. Hearing this they thought I was mad (poor fools, I've known it for years). I asked for a man to go with me but none volunteered, so I went myself.

The next thing I did was make out a list of what I needed:—

- (1) A second-hand bike (preferably from the rack at St. Mary's).
- (2) Eight 8 x 4 x 1" boards.
- (3) One steam roller.
- (4) One fish supper.

I brought my steam roller to the top of Mount Everest and smoothed a path down it and up the next mountain. I then brought the rest of my equipment to the top of the mountain. There I fixed the boards onto the bike, three on each wheel like skis, and two at the handle bars, like a bulldozer. Then, after putting my fish supper in the saddle bag, I proceeded to speed down the mountain side. At the bottom I turned up the other mountain and shot into space pedalling furiously. I started out at night, but it took longer than I expected and before

Aesop Shell



The winner of the race
was easy to foretell.
The hare had all the pace—
But the tortoise had the Shell.

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long it was sun-up. The heat was troubling me a bit as it was melting my ice-lolly (I smuggled it aboard) so I had to turn down the gas at the mains. I got there in the end however only to find another, a Russian cosmonaut, there before me. I noticed he had the same kind of craft as I.

"I'm not the only nut," I thought.

I also found that he had a fish supper with him and when I asked him why he had not eaten it he told me he had neither salt nor vinegar. I'd forgotten to bring the necessary flavouring myself — so it seems we all make the same mistakes.

That is why I have gone to the trouble of sending you this account. We are hoping that some nut on reading this will get the brainy idea that we got and come to the moon bringing salt, vinegar, etc.

P.S.—If you look out at the moon you may see dark patches. Don't believe it if you hear that they are craters. They are just big holes where we have been looking for a salt mine.

Yours,

Starvingly,

B. JOHNSTON.

School — Nonsense

Every morn I do arise,
Clean my face and wash my eyes.
Then my breakfast I do make —
A cup of tea and a piece of cake.
At half past eight to school I head,
But always longing for my bed.

Into the yard at nine o'clock,
Half asleep I do trot,
Then I head straight for my class,
Ah! No! I am not the last.

Into my desk I do fall,
And lean my back against the wall,
The masters come and they do go,
But dozing there I do not know.
Then after three the bell does ring,
It is a very welcome thing,
This school now becomes a bore,
Fare ye well — I am out the door.

B. GORMAN (5LD).

The Magic of Summer

'Twas a June morning
And soft was the sun,
The lilacs were blooming,
And living was fun.

The roses their fragrance flung out,
And white clouds dappled the sky;
A delicate lily moved with the breeze,
And gay birds went winging by

With Spring in its fading stage,
The summer clothes were worn:
The girls their frocks, the boys their
shorts,
And heaven help them if they were
torn.

The swans their plumage exposed
Then suddenly rose to the sky,
Beautiful and mysterious
Sweeping and driving by.

BRIAN LENNON (1C).

By DAVID LAVERY (5LA)

Satan's Envoy

—a Short Story

THE moon's rays cleft down through the light night air, and shone upon the rippled waters of Lough Neagh. They bathed the little cottage in an eerie blue light, and shone steadily on the windows, as if trying to overcome the more stolid yellow glow from within.

Around the cottage table were seated five men, each of whom was squinting in the sickly yellow light at his own cards. They had been playing cards and yarning for a good four hours and it was by now long after midnight. One of them had just finished telling the tale about the man who sold his soul to the devil and died with the mark of the cloven hoof all over him. The company were now looking uncommonly ill at ease, with the thought of the walk home in the dark along the winding country roads before each of them.

"God damn ye, Michael O'Sullivan," said one of them, icily, "Tellin' us such a spine-chiller, just when we were about ready to go home."

"Aye," said another, "And with all the drinkin' and gamblin' we've

done in this night of Our Lord, it wouldn't surprise me in the least if Satan made off with one of us."

"All right, all right," said Michael resignedly. "I'll get out the pony and trap and drive youse home meself."

With that the company rose and filed out of the cottage into the moonlight. Michael doused the lamp and followed in a moment or two, with much grumbling and protestations, and full of scorn for those that were afraid of the dark.

Soon, however, fear was left behind as the pony and trap trundled steadily along the little country roads with Lough Neagh always adazzle with moonlight on the one side of them. After a little time the spirits already consumed began to manifest themselves in drunken song, while the pony was made to go faster and faster until the wind was whistling past their ears and the trap was bumping up and down on the untarred roads.

Suddenly the moon went behind a cloud, the drunken singing halted

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abruptly and from behind the drunkards came an altogether fearful noise such as had never been heard before in that part of the country. With yells of sheer terror the five men in the trap stared out at the road behind them but could see nothing save a small gleam of bluish light that kept pace with the trap no matter how hard Mick used the whip. And in truth the whip was scarcely necessary, for the poor animal was scared out of its wits by the fierce racket. The thing stayed behind them in the dark anyway for about a quarter of a mile and all that while the men in the trap were kicking and lashing out at each other, thinking

Satan himself was there trying to drag one of them away.

At Millar's Corner, just where the road makes such a powerful right turn, the wailing noise stopped, the gleam of light vanished, and the road was as empty as if t'were merely the dawn of civilization itself.

The thing had gone as suddenly as it had come and nobody was any the wiser. But next morning Old Dan the fisherman found the big iron wheel-hoop off a trap sticking out of the hedge at a spot they call Millar's Corner, on the loughshore. "It must have been Satan's envoy," he chuckled.

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The Outcast

He stinks of the jungle where he lives,
Where crazy eyes like lights in the
dark search for something
Better than the gates to hell which lie
ahead.
And we had the nerve to indict Hitler.
God such hypocrites!
We knock him down and look for
reward
And when you spit on his face you're
a hero
But in whose eyes!

He comes home at night to battle
again

With no support because he has no
friends.

It's either him or his neighbour and
his neighbour doesn't earn
any love.

It's another rat-race where the rats
have teeth

And when the mystic piper comes
they will follow him

And we will be bitten!

Things look good with Utopia on the
horizon

But all he can see is blood and sweat.
He's tired of our pretty speeches and
our hollow promises

And hurls himself in anger at our
front gates

But we release the hounds and hide
behind the lace curtains

And cry courageously

Nigger go home!

JOHN KEENAN (6L).

By JOHN McGEOWN (4LB)

Letter writing

SINCE time began, man has always felt the need for communication with his fellows. In earliest times they communicated by word of mouth. Later we have marks on rocks and wood and stones, pictures like the Chinese language, and strokes, e.g. the Ogham style. One might say this style of writing resembled in appearance modern art (so-called). Later they began to write on papyrus, wax tablets, parchment and later paper. Messages were conveyed to their destination by a messenger, often on foot. In the nineteenth century a Post Office came into being, and during this century it has developed from a crude delivery service into a well organized unit. Today it is one of the most important services in the world.

Everybody writes letters, from the humblest to the proudest. Cicero wrote many letters to his friend Atticus. Caesar wrote letters, which were mostly accounts of wars, including the famous Gallic Wars, for pure propaganda in order to boost his image in the eyes of the Romans. St. Paul wrote to the disciples, e.g. Timothy, and in one letter tells him to keep his tummy warm. In contrast to these I write letters to friends, dealing with the miseries of school,

the latest pop groups and models of cars. These letters of mine will probably end up in the rubbish heap, whereas the letters of Cicero and Caesar have been preserved. In 1820 the Prefect of the Vatican Library succeeded, by means of chemical reagents, in bringing to light the hitherto unknown work of Cicero, 'De Republica.' It was written on the type of manuscript known as a palimpsest, i.e. a manuscript in which the original text has been overwritten by a later scribe. Imagine handing up a Latin, French or English Exercise which had been overwritten by your neighbour's Irish, History or Geography. I wonder would this work make us famous.

As the years roll on and every one becomes used to letters the question arises "Do I like letter writing?" The answer is always a vague mumble. Certainly, to some it is a strange and fearful thing which should be avoided. On the other hand there are some who delight in writing volumes in one letter. In attacking the reader with words of gigantic length and booming sound they make the mind of the poor reader whirl with a multitude of monstrous distracting nouns and adjectives. However, other writers are quite different. They

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sit down with a resigned but painful expression on their faces. Everyone has to keep perfect silence, it certainly is not golden, until they have conquered the letter. They must keep beside them the letter to which they are replying, studying it so carefully that one would think they were trying to discern what tree the pulp came from. Which of these styles is correct? Neither.

The remedy, as always, is a happy medium. A moderate letter in simple words is worth a hundred awkward

or monstrous missives. A person looks for news in a letter, not a pocket dictionary. It is the mind that should be shown not the masterliness. In sorrow be sympathetic, join in joy, always be restrained even in reproof.

Towards the taxman or the awful letters from the Civil Service be charitable, the poor men who write them have feelings, although they seem faceless. Letters are an index, your character is framed from them by others. So write them well, with wit.

Suffering

They come.
Must we go through it all
Again?
They come when the first pink flush
 of dawn
Lightens the eastern sky.
Or when the lunatic moon glitters
 balefully
O'er the surf booming or some dark
 beach.
But why?
Have we been so bad?
So very bad?
Or is it for some foul reason of their
 own?

We must end it all.
Perhaps they wish it that way.
Perhaps
No — let the others do what they will
I will remain.
As I have always remained.
But they come
Again.

JAMES LAVERY (6L).

Observation

A trail of drifting smoke, ascends
 gracefully,
From the black, piercing chimneys.
On and on it drifts until
It fades gently into oblivion.

A motherly, searching sparrow
Ascends with glee from the newly-
 ploughed soil.
It chirps happily over its little
 nestlings,
Then, it too, takes to the air once
 more,
And soars gently until
It fades away beyond the horizon.

A weary tramp, clothed in a maze of
 patch-work
Comes trudgingly down the lane.
He has seen the smoke, the sparrow
 too he observes.
On he strolls until he disappears
 quietly round the bend.

HENRY McAULEY (4LB).

By FRANK McKENNA (4LB)

King Roseynose

— a Fairy Tale from the Grim Collection

LONG ago, there were two small kingdoms ruled by King Roseynose and King Cloverhoof. Although they lived close together they were different in many ways and they were continually at war. The stronger of the two, King Roseynose, overcame King Cloverhoof, killed him, and became king of both countries. He was very harsh on the small kingdom. He stole the best farms in the land and gave them to his own people. The Hoofers, as the people of the weaker country were called by their conquerors, did not like this but were afraid to do anything about it because King Roseynose was very cruel.

As the bitter feeling between them became greater some of the Hoofers, braver than the rest, rebelled but were beaten by King Roseynose's forces of freedom. This made matters worse and when King Roseynose stopped the Hoofers' pocket money, half of them left the country because potato crisps were their great delight.

A while later, while King Roseynose was fighting to "free" another neighbour (just as he had "freed" the Hoofers) some ignorant and ungrateful Hoofers rebelled and sixteen of

them were turned into frogs by the king's magician.

Because of this cruel deed the Hoofers, led by a tall Spanish toreador called Valerio, began to fight against the despot Roseynose, also nick-named Jackeen Bull, whom they defeated in the end. Now the Hoofers began to fight among themselves, as they had no one else to fight with, and the Spanish toreador was persecuted by his friend Billy who was for the other side. In the end the country was split in two. Some stayed unwillingly under the power of King Roseynose while the rest got someone else to take the place of the king. This man was, of course, much better and everybody loved him. Under him the country prospered and was always at peace and very happy.

But in the part of the country where Roseynose still ruled life improved very little. The people argued among themselves, they forgot to laugh, and only Roseynose's friends could get jobs or houses. Yet even among these some wise men were found who thought secretly "Perhaps some day we shall have the courage to stop acting like savages and to be real men who act justly."

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FOOL CYCLE

TOMMY Stanton leapt onto his motor-cycle.

"Get on, Janet," he yelled.

"She's coming with me," a deep voice came from behind. The group of youths and girls turned to see the tall, burly stranger. Tommy was the leader of the gang and no one would have tried to take his girl-friend.

"I'm taking over this gang," the stranger added.

"We'll see about that," hissed Tommy leaping from his motor-cycle, his fists clenched.

"Wait! You get at that end of the street and I'll get at the other end. We'll race, head on. The first one to turn away is chicken."

"O.K." Tommy's face was set and his lips were pressed in a thin line.

"Wait," interrupted Janet, her long hair dropping down her shoulders, "Don't do it, Tommy. It's too dangerous."

"Don't worry, he'll turn away long before I reach him," sneered the stranger.

The two riders separated. The machines started up. They surged forward. Who would turn away? Closer and closer they sped. Only a few yards separated them. Then came a sickening crash. Tommy was hurled onto the pavement. He landed on his back. The other youth lay under a motor-cycle. His head seemed at a curious angle and a thin, red worm squirmed from his mouth. Someone sent for an ambulance and in a few minutes the siren cried mournfully.

When they reached the hospital it was found that the stranger, whose name was Johnny Hale, was dead. Tommy's spine was injured, he would probably never walk again. He regained consciousness two days later. Janet and his mother were at his bedside.

"How's the other fella? What was his name anyway?" he asked softly.

"Johnny Hale."

"Hale! . . . Not . . ."

"Yes, he was the brother of that cripple boy you knocked down when first you got your licence."

By RAYMOND CASHEL (4SA)

On having a Haircut

EVERY so often I am faced by the tortuous ordeal of having my hair cut. I walk into the small crowded room. The sound of scissors and electric clippers fills the air. All the chairs but one are taken and, in the one vacant seat, I take my place in the queue. The talk is of boxing, football and horse racing. When my turn eventually comes, I seat myself uncomfortably in the chair and after shaking a large cloth, as if he were a magician showing it was not booby trapped, the barber wraps it around me. My head protrudes through a tear in one side, while the official slit is over my right elbow. Pinned down thus, I am helpless when he tucks the edge of the cloth inside my collar causing a strange choking sensation.

Now begins the savage onslaught. Selecting his weapons, a steel comb and a pair of scissors, he takes up a suitable stance, his outstretched right hand holding the flailing blades, the left hand on the back of my head. Suddenly he attacks. His right hand swoops in for the kill. My hair falls right, left and centre, victim to the vicious slashing of the scissors. But soon the tempo slows down, the onslaught becomes less brutal until it dies away to an occasional "snip-snip" around the ears. Then satisfied that he has inflicted as much damage as possible with the scissors, the barber introduces a new weapon, the electric clippers.

He selects a suitable blade and pushes it half way into the socket on the top of the clippers and, deciding that it should not rattle like a model T, knocks it fully into place, reducing the sound to a loud buzz. This weapon he rubs up and down the back and sides of my neck, carefully destroying my collar, where the large cloth has slipped off, and nearly deafening me in attempt to cut the hair around my ears.

He then proceeds to comb my hair, Hitler style, a style I am not exactly fond of, and he takes me by surprise from behind with the scissors, removing a few surviving hairs from the no man's land of my neck. At this stage he speaks to me (for the first time he expects a sensible answer because so far he has carried on a desultory monologue with the mirror).

"Would you like some dressing?" he asks the mirror. When the mirror does not answer, I butt in and ask for "the spray."

"The spray" is an interesting implement which is meant to spray some unknown liquid on the patient's hair. Instead, it sprays the said liquid on the patient's face and neck, and of course on the mirror: and of course, on his hair as well (sometimes). This is exactly what happens to me.

While he combs my hair, which he thoroughly disturbed after spraying it, the barber tries to pick up the threads of conversation again—in vain. My attention is fixed on the patch of mist on the mirror as it condenses and finally trickles down the mirror into the wash-hand basin, from there into Belfast's sewerage system.

To finish the performance, the barber brushed all stray hairs down the back of my neck and whips away the large cloth. He brushes me down, takes the money and shouts "Next." The ordeal is over. I write this account of a fast-dying ritual so as that future Kinks, Beatles and Rolling Stones may know what trials their elders endured.



HEUREUSE OCCASION

Le Simmarian se joint aux élèves et aux professeurs pour féliciter Colette Viard et le sous-lieutenant C. Hestin à l'occasion de leur mariage célébré en Août dernier.

Colette était assistante à St. Mary's il y a 3 ans et elle était si amoureuse de l'Irlande qu'elle y est revenue pour y passer sa lune de miel.

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The swish, swish of sweeping broom
Echoes dawn into the room,
Like God's grace it brushes clean
The pavement gray to a golden
gleam.

On the streets the engines roar
And the factory's every door
Is an artery for its floor.

Children storm the shuddering bus,
The sky is fouled with fumes and pus,
Streets of grime in Belfast grim —
Surburban gardens sweet and trim.

PAUL KANE (5LD).

STREET LIGHTS

The fragments of orange light lie
Beneath the yellow, ooze-dyed
standards

Like squashed fruit in the litter-laden
gutters.

Cars are splashed, and drag
Red, rear-light ribbons through
Old, imperfect, silvering mirrors of
streets.

The neon writing on these mirrors die
Read by the bloodshot eye of the
traffic light;

Concave rainbows lurk in pools of
jettisoned oil.

Joseph's coat is spread on this wet
night

Hemmed to the ordinary, grey
asphalt lining

Underneath by twin threads of dark
water

On either side.

D. BREEN (6LB).

THE HUNTED

The fox is out, chickens beware!
The human is out, planting a snare,
But the mice are shunning
The cat is running
And a patch of red blood stains the
green grass.

The wolf is prowling, the shepherd is
there,

The terrier is out to give the rat a
scare,

But the rabbit is shunning

The ferret is running

And a patch of red blood stains the
green grass.

The soldiers are out, the guns are
bare,

The planes are out the gunners to
scare,

The people are stumbling

The tanks are rumbling

And a patch of red blood stains the
green grass.

G. ADAMS (2A).

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Standing about. Walking slowly back
and forth.

Waiting, wondering, plucking up
nerve.

Should I or shouldn't I ?

I'll just have to, everyone else does.

Can't just stand here.

I will. No, I won't.

I couldn't.

Here goes, no turning back,

I'll ask this girl with her back to me.

"May I have this dance ?"

Help! No!

It's not a girl . . . it's a fellow.

FRANCIS KENNEDY (5LD).

A JOURNEY IN THE BRINK

A dark mist swirled low about my feet;
And in the distance a small glimmer
in the overbearing darkness
beckoned me on.
I had followed it, it seemed, for an
unending lifetime,
And my body was now weary, and my
soul tired of searching,
And I wanted to stop, but my mind
told me no,
That I must journey on till my aim is
achieved,
For the time for repenting is nigh,
and the time for regretting is
past.

And quite suddenly I found myself in
a wide, fertile valley.
And on either side quilted hillsides
swept down in uniformity,
And met unsurmountable hedges, and
streams with small fires licking
the surface.
And in front of me, as I marvelled at
the strange sight,
There stretched a long, narrow road
with no seeming end;
And on either side sat men and
women of all ages and creeds.
And as I came near, I saw that they
weaved an invisible pattern,
with hands worn by work.
And I asked them the cause, but they
gave me no answer,
They just looked down the road, and
I followed their gaze with
wondering steps.
And on either side stained signposts
warned us to give way to angels
with gossamer wings.
And I felt like laughing but the time
wasn't right.

And so I walked on, until finally I
found my predestined place.
And resigned to my fate, I sat down
to weave the invisible pattern.
And I dared not look up but just
worked for the day of Salvation.

GERALD P. STEWART.

CREATION

And there was light.
Pure, all-pervading light
Flashing out, from suns beyond suns,
To rim from centre
Banishing Darkness.
HE looked on light
And found it good.
Yet something disturbed HIM.
For the light showed nothing
But more light, and more light
And more light.

Therefore HE created matter
Imitations of suns, without light.
Yet the light showed matter
As featureless, without blemish
And HE created detail
Continent and island
Cloud and tree
And still he was not satisfied
For all this was silent, still
Without movement, and above all
HE created drama.

Then came Idea, and after Idea, Will.
And man was put upon the face of
the earth.
And so HE sat back to watch the
play.
And was satisfied.
But when the play is finished
What then ?

JAMES LAVERY (6L).

"YOUTH"

Poor you —
Misunderstood,
Frustrated by life,
Why don't you be good?
Oh, you are, are you,
Mature in mind?
But still you fight
Outside dances,
And juggle with pills
To give you zest,
To prove you're a man
Or a woman you say,
To live wildly now
But never to pay.
Yet, you talk of the Bomb,
Of the war in the East,
— That worries you least!
It's fun that you want,
Pleasure you seek.
That's not so strange,
We've all wanted that —
Life is so bitter
One loses one's sights
In the bright lights
That glitter
On dark winter nights,
Loses forever
The only true pleasure.
Lost! Lost! Lost!

WILLIAM CARSWELL (6SB).

Only September and already the
leaves are falling,
Blown by a cold east wind, helplessly
seeking
A place of rest, a place of death and
of decay,
In the soft mud, saturated by a recent
cloudburst.
The paths are littered with them,
trodden underfoot,
Tossed by fitful gusts, scattered by
young puppies
Determined to destroy the escaping
enemy.
Black clouds rout the pale blue sky.
A few drops descend.

Only September and the stream is a
raging torrent,
Bearing debris from trees half way
up the mountain.
The cold wind rustles softly through
the shrubbery,
And ruffles the feathers of the swans
on the lake.
Splash! What was that? The
threatened rain is coming.
The walkers curtail their evening
constitutional;
Sportsmen hurry for shelter — all so
autumnal —
And only September.

JOHN WHYTE (4LB).

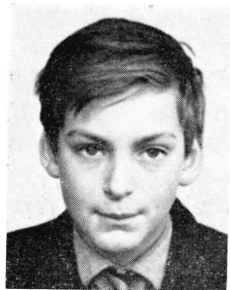
CHARITY

John Smith, intemperate savage,
Gluttonously gorges his invigorating
meal
Before a blazing fire squinting at the
square screen
And banishes to the dustbin of
affluence the unwanted
"scraps"
Of left-over potatoes and meat,
While little balloon-bellied boys and
girls
Wail in the arms of their starving
mothers,
Who wistfully wait, and pray
That today will bring a meal.
As Rodney contentedly toasts the
world at large
In the clubhouse after his eighteen
holes,
The headlines bring news from far-
away parts
Of fountains of blood and fire,
The deluge of bullets and bombs,
And the consequent flood of famine
and filth.
We, uncharitable barbarians, "tut-
tut,"
And smugly thank God,
And think of it no more.

BRIAN A. CULLEN (6LC).

Comment

- Numbers this reached an all-time 'high' of 1358. All the second year classes are being accommodated in the building in Milford Street that used to house St. Brendan's Primary School. A temporary wooden building, equipped as a Science Room has been erected in the yard of St. Mary's School to ease the pressure for space for teaching Science. The increase in numbers is due, partly to the introduction of a two-year course for Advanced Level subjects and also to the fact that nearly all our students now stay on to finish the complete course of seven years.
- The year under review saw the completion of Rev. Bro. T. L. Magee's term as Superior and Headmaster. During his six years he saw the school roll more than double in size. This meant a corresponding increase in staff. The fact that this great change was achieved so smoothly is a tribute to his administration. We all miss him very much.
- The large number of boys for Retreat necessitated four groups for St. Gerard's. The Redemptorist Fathers commented very favourably on the earnest way the boys of St. Mary's devoted themselves to the Retreat exercises.
- Between the Easter and Summer sessions almost two hundred boys spent some time in the Donegal Gaeltacht learning Irish.
- Rev. Bro. L. B. Murphy, an ex-pupil of St. Mary's, as well as a former member of the Staff, celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his entrance into the Congregation of the Irish Christian Brothers. Congratulations and best wishes.
- We welcome as French Assistante Mlle. Trottier who replaces Mlle. Duffie de Tassigny. We were very glad to see back a former Assistante, Mlle. Collette Viard who visited us on her honeymoon. Our very best wishes to the young couple.
- The School Senior Hurling team is to be congratulated on winning the Senior Trophy for the second year in succession. We wish them well in the All-Ireland Semi-Final in which they play the Connaught Champions on April 3rd, 1966. We hope many of the parents, pupils and friends of the school will travel to support them.



We wish to express our deepest sympathy to the parents and family of Stephen Dowds who died after a protracted illness borne with great patience. The large attendance of pupils and staff at the funeral showed the high appreciation in which he was held.

May God grant his soul eternal rest.

Congratulations...

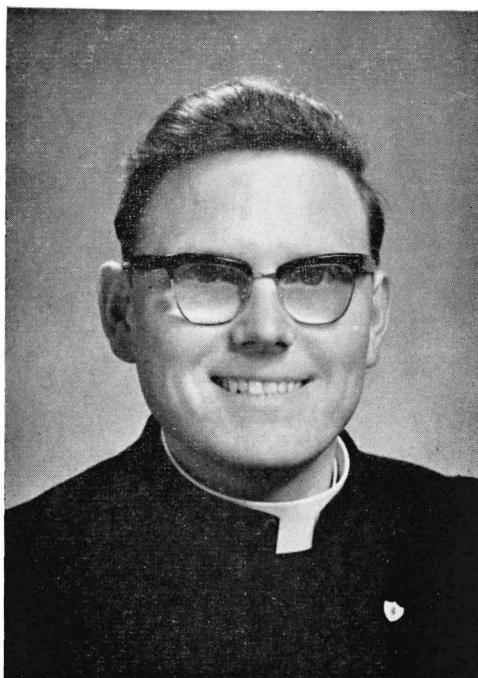
Rev. Fr. D. Dargan, ordained Maynooth, June, 1965 for Diocese of Down and Connor, at present attached to St. Teresa's Parish, Glen Road.

* *

Rev. Brs. C. K. Conliffe and M. R. Hawkins who made their Final Profession as Christian Brothers at Marino, August, 1965.

* *

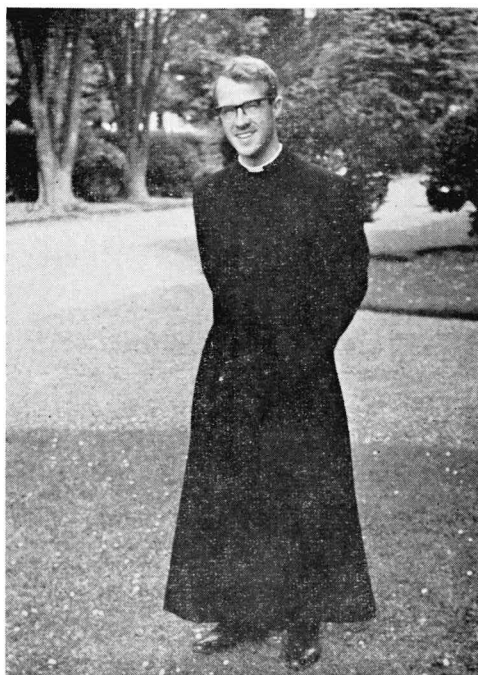
Go raibh toradh faoi chéad ar a saothar i bhfionghort an Tiarna.



REV. FR. D. DARGAN



REV. BRO. C. K. CONLIFFE



REV. BRO. M. R. HAWKINS

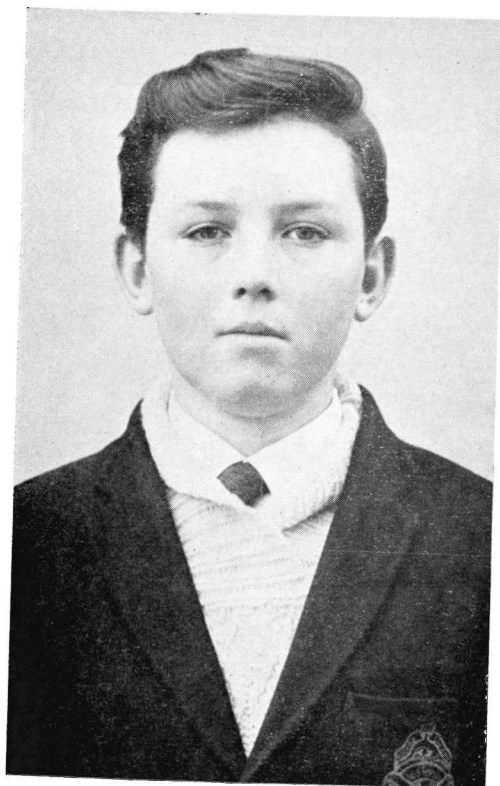
Awards 1965

IN the summer examinations, of the 204 boys who sat for the General Certificate of Education at Ordinary Level, 159 passed in 5 or more subjects. 232 sat for Junior and 192 passed. This represents approx. 80% in each case. A very creditable result.

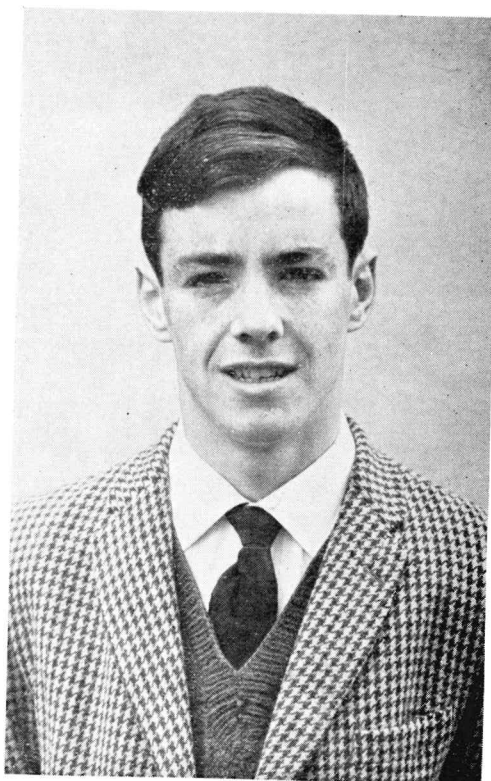
This year, owing to the introduction of the second year of Advanced Level work, a smaller number than usual took Advanced Levels. However, of the 35 who sat for two or more Advanced Level subjects, 33 were

successful in passing in at least two subjects and so qualifying for University entrance. Of these the following have entered on their First Year Courses:—

Kieran Austin, Owen T. Birch, James P. A. Boyle, Michael Brennan, Kieran W. Clifford, Frederick Dargan, Joseph Dolan, Gerard J. Donnelly, Patrick J. Gaffikin, Brendan S. Golemboski, Edward R. Grimes, James G. Hanna, Desmond J. Haughey, James D. Kelly, Terence P. Kerr, Gerard J. McAleavey, John E. McBride, D. Malachy McHugh, James C. McLaughlin, Gerard A. McVeigh, Paul Magill, Patrick F. Maguire, James P. Murray, George Dermot



THE JOSEPH DEVLIN MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS
GEAROID MAC GIOLLA DOMHNAIGH
Best in Junior Irish

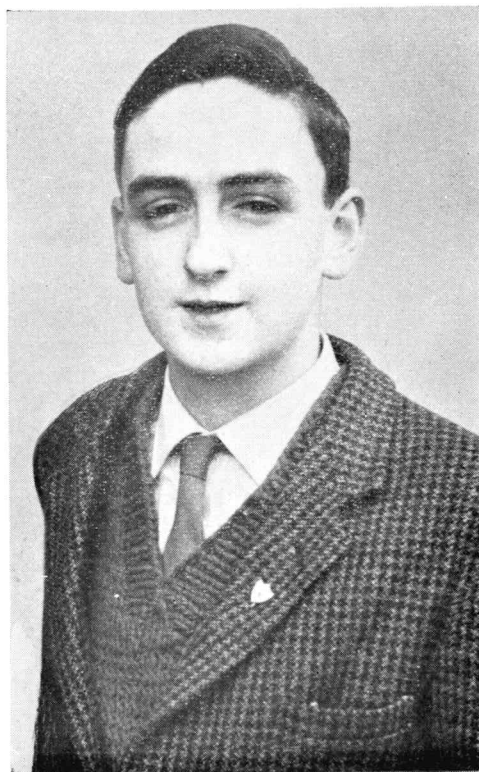


CIARAN MAC CORSAIN
Best in Senior Irish

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JOHN McCAUGHAN
McIlhinney Cup — Ordinary Level Science



G. McALEAVEY
McEvoy Trophy — Advanced Level English

O'Neill, Sean G. Slack, Dermot Tohill,
Michael Wilson.

**Training College First Year
Students:—**

Terence P. Agnew, Vincent Coch-
rane, Francis N. Devlin, Finbarr
Dynam, Oliver Frawley, Francis T.
Kelly, John McCormack, James V.
McKeown, Aidan O'Prey, Seamus P.
Slack, Michael Reid.

**The following boys decided to try
their vocation to the priesthood or
religious life:—**

Patrick J. Gaffikin (Diocese of
Down and Connor), Kevin J. Smyth
(Servites), Daniel Martin (Kiltegan
Fathers), Michael Twomey, Patrick
Kennedy, Tomás Marnell (Christian
Brothers).

**Congratulations to the following past pupils who obtained degrees in Summer,
1965:—**

Ph.D.—Michael O'Reilly, Vincent J.
McBrearty.

B.A.—Patrick Carvill, Joseph Kerr,
Michael J. Boyd, Bernard

Devlin, Christopher S. Hod-
kinson, Patrick J. Kavanagh,
Hugh D. Kearns, Brendan G.
O'Reilly.

B.Sc.—Applied Science and Technology:—

Seamus Joseph Laverty
—(1st. Cl. Hon. Elect. Eng.)

Edward Michael Wood
—(1st. Cl. Hon. Elect. Eng.)

Patrick John Hughes
Gerard O. McQuillan
—(Electrical Engineering)

Colm P. McGrogan
Gerard McMullan
—(Civil Engineering)

B.Sc.—Science.

Joseph Francis Boyle
—(1st Cl. Hon..Mathematics)

Robert Jos. Hughes, Eugene
McEleary, Peter Nicholas

Blake, Adrian Desmond Daly.
John Stephen McLoughlin.

B.D.S.—Brian Alphonsus Gorman.

B.Sc. Econ.—Daniel Gabriel Slattery,
Michael Joseph Parte,
Raymond T. Prenter,
James McCusker.

Dip. in Ed.—James J. McGuigan,
Gabriel M. McKeown,
Gerard M. Thompson.

We congratulate Terence P. S. McMullan, Martin O'Callaghan and John McAlonan in winning respectively The Porter Scholarship and Two Foundation Scholarships on their first years work in the Arts Faculty at Queen's University.



P. DUFFY

crewed winner National G.P. 14ft. dinghy Championships

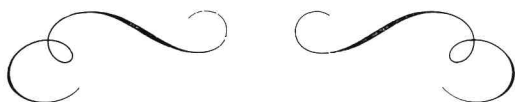


D. McGUIGAN

Nestle All-Ireland Tennis Title, 1965

Ambrose Serridge

Ultan Book Store



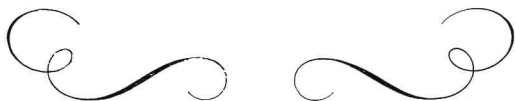
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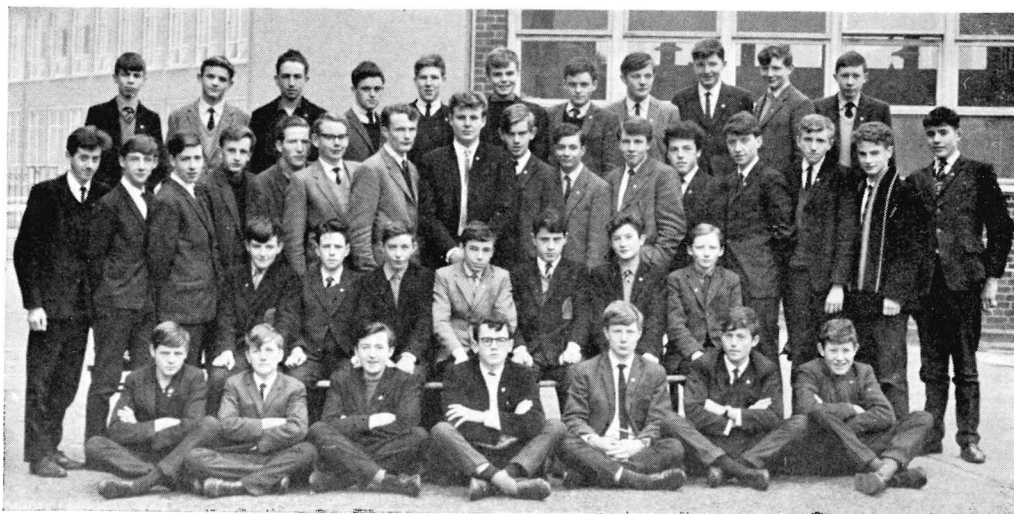
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Official School Uniforms

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

PIONEER ASSOCIATION



STUDENT MEMBERS OF SCHOOL COUNCIL

THERE has been a satisfactory increase in the number of Probationers and Pioneers in our school centre, and we trust they will be loyal not only to their promise but also to the daily saying of the Heroic Offering.

After preliminary instruction, which is open to all, enrolment usually takes place on the First Friday of each month — a day which should remind the new members that their sacrifice is being made in honour of the Sacred Heart.

Early next year we intend operating the Temporary pledge

section, and it is hoped that many of our senior students who might well hesitate to take a life promise will avail of it to test or safeguard themselves over a chosen period, e.g. while they are at University, or until they are 21, etc.

The present members of the School Council are: Br. Mallon, Paul Simpson, Leo Short, James O'Kane, Donal Wildy, Pat Ryan, Bernard Lee and Donal McKeown. Our former president, Frank Kelly, is now in the Training College; we are very grateful for his past help and example, and we wish him every success in his future career.

THE LEGION OF MARY

Our Man in Argentina

MY wife and I arrived in Buenos Aires on 21st November, 1963, the feast of Our Lady's Presentation and the day before the assassination of President Kennedy. After three days, we left for Corrientes (pop. c. 150,000), the capital of the province of the same name. It is situated in the sub-tropical zone and has a hot damp climate, average temperature in the nine summer months being 100° F while in winter the lowest temperature is about 65° F.

Here the people comprise four classes, a few very rich families, a middle-class of professional people, a large working-class and a very large number of extremely poor, almost destitute, people. Four fifths of the land is owned by thirty-two families and a state of near-feudalism still exists. Access to middle-class status is still fairly open but it is almost impossible to achieve social acceptance within the richest class.

In order to earn a living while engaged on Legion of Mary work, I taught English to private students. These were mostly middle-class with a few from very wealthy families. On the other hand the Legion of Mary members were working-class people and their work is among the working-class and the poor. Thus, my dual role of teacher and lay apostle brought me into touch with all sections of the community.

The state of religion generally can only be described as poor. Where I lived the parish contained 10,000 parishioners of whom about 600 attended Sunday Mass. Many of the rich are regular Church-goers but seem to lack an adequate concept of practical charity. In quite a few cases which came to my notice, they refused to help the destitute and the sick, who urgently needed medical attention. At first I thought that this was because they did not know of the misery in which many of their fellow citizens lived; later I realised that they knew only too well, but did not care.

Education, outside a few Catholic colleges run by religious, is in the hands of the State. The Catholic colleges, being, of necessity, fee-paying, cater for wealthy or middle-class pupils, hence the poor regard the Church as being for the well-to-do only. So it is very difficult to interest them in working for the Church while many of the professional class are indifferent.

The Legion of Mary in the city of Corrientes has twenty-six praesidia, ten Junior and sixteen Senior, a Junior Curia and a Comitium which has three other Senior Curia within a radius of 200 miles. There are also some praesidia in remote areas — some with no priest within many miles of them.

The Legionaries were mostly young people who were completing their education by attending night classes four evenings a week (8 p.m. to midnight) after a normal day's work.

Such generous souls were to be found though in some cases they were the only members of their family practising their religion, with parents, perhaps, living in adultery, sisters walking the streets and brothers who had not been inside a church since their baptism.

The need for apostolic laymen in this area was and is acute. Though seventy Masses are celebrated in the city each Sunday, a mile or two outside the people might only hear Mass once a fortnight, further out monthly Mass is common while in very remote areas people don't see a priest from one year's end to the other. The village priest is often surrounded by apathetic parishioners who contribute little or nothing to his support, so that he lives in poverty cooking his own meals and doing his own washing. In many places Catholic Action is non-existent.

Our first task was to learn the language — Spanish. We quickly found out that the only way to reach the poor and uneducated was through the spoken word, so we set to and in a few months had a working knowledge of the language. In fact towards the end of our stay in Argentina I had occasion to speak to an Irish Christian Brother in Buenos Aires and whether it was my Belfast accent or his want of practice in English, I don't know, but he preferred to do business with me in Spanish!

The aim we put before ourselves was to associate the Legion with some work of service to the

community. We found ample scope for our work in the field of health. The largest public hospital in the city suffered from an almost chronic shortage of a very essential commodity — cotton wool. Could we remedy matters? We could and we did. Again, among the very poor, parents lacked knowledge of the most elementary rules of hygiene. Infant mortality from diarrhoea and dehydration was shockingly high. We had some success in persuading doctors in the city to sacrifice a couple of hours a week for the slum-dwellers. These were some of the ways in which we tried to make the Legion known to the poor and neglected.

Within the Legion itself our main work had to be done by personal contact as a large section of the population was illiterate. Indeed it was not uncommon to find a praesidium in which the President only was literate and some of these qualified for that distinction simply by being able to write their signatures! To reach outlying praesidia involved travel and as there was only one paved road in our area, which was about four times the size of Ireland, journeys by bus, car, jeep, canoe, bicycle, on horseback or on foot could end four hundred miles from home with one stranded for a week by torrential rains.

One of the most difficult tasks was to recruit Legionaries from the middle and upper classes. We succeeded, however, in establishing one Prasidium of professional people and later on these were transferred to other praesidia, composed entirely

of working class members, at the same time filling up the depleted praesidium with working class members. So people who normally would have no social contact were brought together and taught to work in harmony. A Congress (a week-end Conference involving all Legionaries) was organised with the theme "True Devotion to the Nation," symbolic of the vital role of the Legionary in present day Argentina.

At times the co-operation and inspiration given us by people there exceeded our wildest dreams while at other times we were let down badly by those in whom we had placed the utmost confidence. Often we felt like catching the next plane home and then one thought that something was being achieved and that if only there were enough workers in the field all would be well. Not a day passes but my wife and I think of the many

friends we made out there. The work that we were engaged in is still being carried on though many more helpers are needed. If any of my readers would like to explore the possibilities of taking a post in this work he is invited to contact: **Mater Viatorum Praesidium, Viatores Christi, Magnificat House, 2a Derryvolgie Avenue, Belfast, 9.**

MICHAEL PRICE

* * *

[Michael Price, St. Mary's 1949-55, member of the Down and Connor Comitium of the Legion of Mary and former President of the School Praesidium, had hoped to spend a 4 years assignment in Argentina but had to return after 18 months when his son, born in Argentina, contracted a serious illness for which adequate treatment was not available in Corrientes].

We print the above in lieu of the usual account of the School Praesidium, which still flourishes, Thank God.

BASKET BALL

TEAMS were entered for the various age groups in the Ulster Schools' Basketball and Belfast Schools' Leagues. Though none of the teams succeeded in capturing a trophy we reached the semi-final stage in some of the Knock-Out Competitions and were runners-up in some of the Leagues. Two of our boys were in the Ulster Schools' Inter-Provincial teams.

Senior: W. McGlue, S. McQuillan, M. Reid, S. McCafferty, T. Kerr,

A. McGlone, R. McIlroy, C. Carson, A. Hamill.

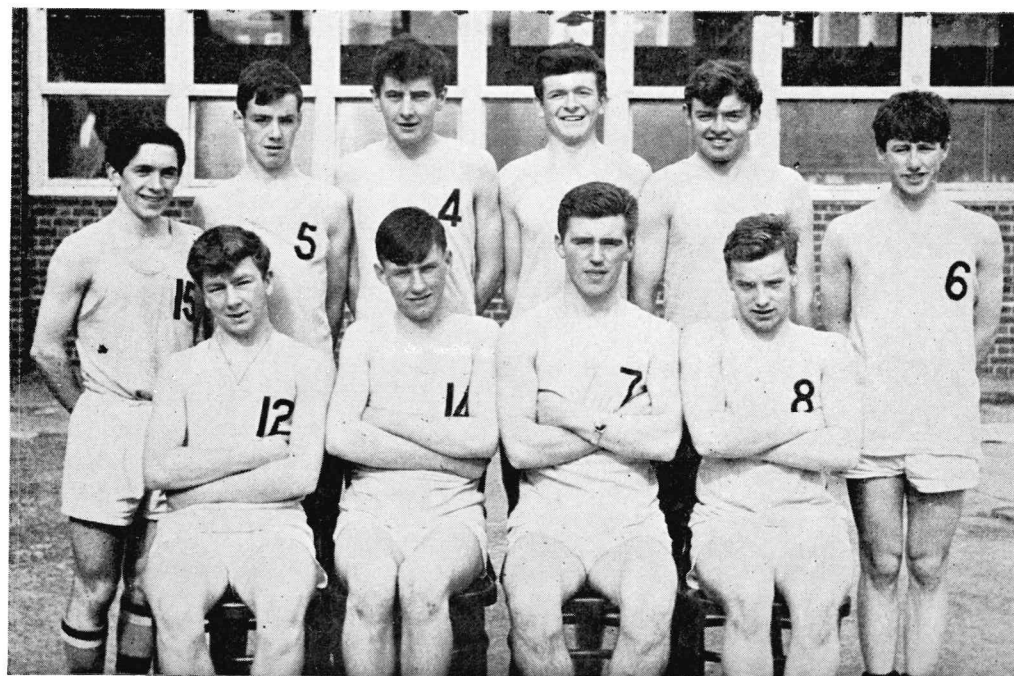
Intermediate: A. McGlone, T. McCartney, R. Rice, D. Quinn, R. McIlroy, M. Doherty, M. McClean, C. Carson, A. Hamill, P. Curran, S. Kennedy, J. Wilson.

Junior: A. Hamill, J. Wilson, P. Mulholland, P. Curran, S. Kennedy, J. Mulholland, P. Regan.

Minor: J. Mulholland, P. Regan, G. Nellis, G. McNally, D. McGlue, J. Sloan, J. McCafferty, D. Liddy,



INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL



SENIOR BASKETBALL

This page sponsored by **FALLONS** Educational Supply Co., King Street, Belfast, I.

ATHLETICS

THE athletic season started this year with the usual training in Casement Park. The competitive season opened with the Voluntary Schools' Sports, the preliminaries for which were held in the Glen Road School. St. Mary's won the overall competition for the lower age-groups and also the Senior section. Our sprinters, M. Reid and J. Neary battled it out for 1st place in the 100, 220 and 440 with J. Neary winning by a narrow margin in each event. The times and distances recorded at this meeting were very promising.

The School Sports, held as usual in Celtic Park, were managed expertly, and the fickle weather was extremely favourable D.G. The events ran smoothly and the competitors had excellent conditions for showing their true form.

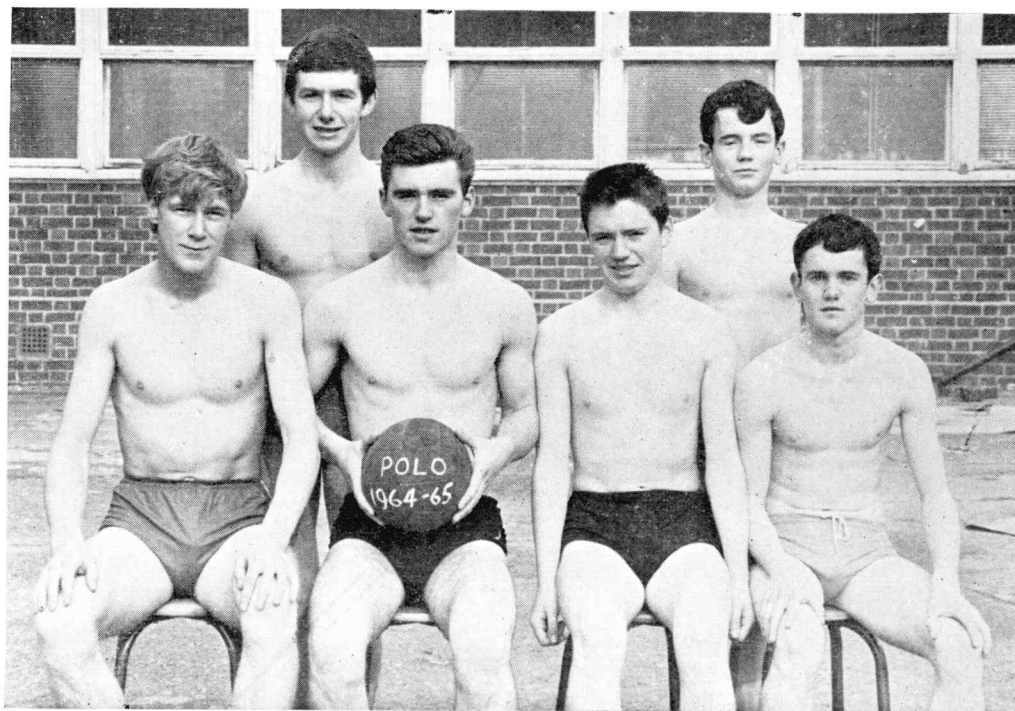
The Abbey, Newry, were hosts for the Inter-C.B.S. this year, and as we travelled by bus that Saturday morning our hopes were high. This meeting proved to be the climax of the season and we carried home seven of the nine cups. J. Neary and A. Hamill were the outstanding athletes, winning best all-round trophies.

In Cherryvale our boys performed well below their best but tribute must be paid to B. McCallin and P. Sloan who were well placed in the Javelin and Long Jump (Intermediate). Of those who are still at school — J. Neary, A. Hamill and G. Nellis (Sprints); J. Porter, W. McGlue, J. Wilson, G. Nellis (Weights); M. Farnan, P. Sloan, K. Woods (Long Jump); B. McCallion (Javelin) appear to be our best prospects. Perhaps some of these may represent Ireland at the International Schools' Athletics in Belfast in summer, 1966.



COMBINED ATHLETIC TEAMS

SWIMMING AND WATER POLO



THE school Water-Polo team in the past year experienced both heavy defeats and glorious victories. Once again we began as underdogs and fell to both St. Malachy's and 'Inst' by scores of over 10—nil. But the team, never losing spirit, put heart and soul into the fight. Poems were written, meetings held and impromptu talks given on the finer arts of Water-Polo so that in the end we rallied and defeated "Inst." our rivals of old, 3—2 in a trial of strength and skill, and substantially reduced the figures by which we had been beaten in the first two rounds.

Highlight of the swimming year was the Annual School Gala. This event brought to the fore many promising youngsters, of whom J. Adamson, J. Clarke, T. Coyle, D. McGlue, K. O'Kane and G. Lambe deserve special credit. The Swimmer of the Gala Trophy was awarded to Billy Stewart, who won all the senior events. The Water-Polo match against the past pupils was the grand finale of the night and proved very popular with the spectators.

In the 1965 Ulster Grammar Schools' Championship Gala held in R.B.A.I. swimming pool on Saturday, 6th November, St. Mary's scored a

clear cut victory in the Senior Section. Spearheaded by W. Stewart who won 100 metres Freestyle and 200 metres Individual Medley. The school team won both Squadron titles, also worthy of note in Junior Section was B. Johnstone's record shattering swim

in which he lowered Breaststroke record by 2 secs. This augurs well for the future.

The school 1st team was:

W. McGlue (capt.), W. Stewart, S. O'Kane, T. Kerr, K. O'Kane, D. McGlue.



SCHOOL GOLF TEAM 1964-65

GOLF

THE 1964-5 season was very successful for all concerned. The opening event was the annual match against St. Malachy's played at Fortwilliam. The school was beaten but the result was very close and gave us much encouragement when later in the year we challenged

the school staff. We lost by a narrow margin but the valuable competition experience did much to boost the confidence of the team.

The major event of the season was the Ulster Grammar Schools' Championships at Fortwilliam. Eighty players representing fifteen schools played magnificent golf, despite a continuous downpour of

rain. The school team finished fifth, a highly meritorious performance indeed, McLaughlin and Doherty filling fifth and tenth places respectively. St. Malachy's won the Championship for the first time and deserve our heartiest congratulations, B.R.A. finished second, with the holders R.B.A.I. third.

The outstanding achievement of the year was the school's victory over the Past Pupils for the first time. The occasion was the annual match held at Balmoral. As always it was a most successful and enjoyable occasion.

We look forward to even greater things in 1965-66 as all the team have been hard at practice during the summer, and we look forward to getting more new members, especially in fourth and fifth years.

The thanks of the whole team are extended to Mr. H. P. Heery for his valuable help and encouragement during the year.

Team: A. Hennessey, P. T. McGrath, K. Doherty, R. McLaughlin (Captain).

In the 1965 Hallowe'en mid-term break, St. Mary's scored their first ever victory over St. Malachy's (4-2).

Team: R. McLaughlin, K. Doherty, P. McGrath, A. Hennessey, P. Cullen, N. Graham.

This was followed on the next day by an overwhelming victory over the school staff in which the extra school players were J. Ewings, P. Gilmore, B. Fearon, J. McWilliams. So hopes are high that the school will do even better this year in the Championships.

CHESS

THIS year we had a school chess championship on the knock-out system. The twenty-nine entries included both Juniors and Seniors. Games were played at home venues and after two rounds the field was reduced to four competitors: A. Thompson 4SA, G. McAleavey 6L, B. Delaney 3A and C. Mullaghan 6SB. The final between Arthur Thompson and Gerard McAleavey was decided on the best of five games. Gerard McAleavey had a very convincing win and was awarded a book token.

A challenge to us to meet the C.B.P.P.U. in a seven-a-side was accepted. We visited their new premises at Antrim Road and though we did not win the contest we enjoyed the play as well as the generous refreshments provided.

We thank those who made the arrangements for the competitions and the C.B.P.P.U. for their interest and hospitality. We hope that in the coming year we will be in a position to field a team in the Schools' League and to emulate those who set such a high standard in 1963.

HURLING

UNDER 13 HURLING (1964-65)

FIRST years had a very interesting Hurling League which was won by Eoin Neeson's IE team. The only real test they got was from a very strong 1B side in which Gilmore showed himself the most accomplished hurler in the first years.

The inter-school competition tested the St. Mary's team and they lost a replay with Hardinge St. by 1 point. These two games really moulded both teams and Hardinge St. went on to

beat St. Teresa's convincingly in the final.

Brian Gilmore, Eoin Neeson, Pat Kane, Brian Gormley, Liam Moore and Gerry Fox are players that will certainly be heard of on future St. Mary's teams.

The Under 14 team did not do nearly as well, probably because they had not a class competition previous to the inter-school league. They were outplayed in the hurling league. Among the best hurlers to be seen in this age group were E. Campbell, Billy Copeland, Karl Gallagher, Joe McCafferty, Michael Gannon, J. Jamison in goal, and Michael Burns.



ULSTER COLLEGES' JUNIOR HURLING CHAMPIONS 1964-65

JUNIOR HURLING

(Under 15½)

THE Ulster Colleges' Junior Hurling Competition was divided into two sections. We were in the same section as Hardinge St. and Garron Tower. An easy win over Hardinge St. gave our team confidence but the match against Garron Tower proved to be the toughest we had to face. By winning these two matches we earned the right to contest the Final against St. Michael's, Omeath. This was played in Lurgan. St. Mary's, playing with the wind, built up a commanding lead in the first half, leading 6-5 to 0-0. In the second half exchanges were more even but we ran out easy

winners 8-5 to 1-1 and so regained the Ulster Colleges' Junior Hurling Trophy.

Team: M. O'Kane, A. Hamill (Capt.), P. Curran, S. Kennedy, D. Sweeney, G. Nellis, J. McCann, J. McGione, P. McCormick, P. Regan, S. Ward, J. Mulholland, G. Fay, T. Smyth, J. McAleese, P. Gilmore, J. Wilson, B. McCallion, J. Caldwell, M. Collins.

SENIOR HURLING (1964-65)

THIS year this competition was played later than usual and so the matches were not played under conditions suitable for good hurling. When practices started it was felt



ULSTER COLLEGES' SENIOR HURLING CHAMPIONS 1964-65

that there was material for a good team and the boys responded well by their attendance and hard training. Our first match was against Clones in Casement Park and we won this by 1 point. Our next outing was against Garron Tower, in Garron Tower and again our winning margin was a solitary point. We had clear wins over Omeath in Omeath and over St. Malachy's College in St. Malachy's to run out winners of the Ulster Senior College Trophy. We would have liked to enter for the All-Ireland Colleges but it was too late and so we travelled to Dublin on the Sunday of the National League Final and played a selection of Dublin schools. The match ended in a draw.

Team: K. Austin (Capt.), P. Gormley (Vice-Capt.), R. McIlroy, T. Mason, R. Skeffington, P. Ward, G. Mallon, C. Carson, B. Rainey, A.

McGlone, P. Gormley, S. McLaverty, A. Hamill, F. Madden, L. Dowds, E. McKenna, S. Drumm, F. Donnelly, P. Rice, P. Curran.

SENIOR HURLING (1965-66)

THIS year the Senior Hurling was played early. The majority of last year's team were still at school and they trained very earnestly for the games. They were determined to retain this trophy and to press forward their claim to enter the All-Ireland Colleges' Competition. The first match was against Omeath in Casement Park and St. Mary's ran out winners, 4-4 to 1-1. This was a good beginning but the team improved in the next match beating Garron Tower by 9-9 to 0-1. This match was played at Casement Park also. Our last match was against Clones in Clones. The team prepared



ULSTER COLLEGES' SENIOR HURLING CHAMPIONS 1965-66

very well for this and gave their best display in fast ground hurling. The final score was St. Mary's 9-8; Clones 2-2. So St. Mary's were holders of the Ulster Colleges' Senior Hurling for another year. Next came the news that we would be playing the Connaught Champions on April 3rd, 1936, at the same venue as the Ulster Colleges' Football Champions would be playing the Connaught champions. The hurling team is determined to make history in being the first Ulster school to reach and win the Hurling

All-Ireland. We hope that success will crown their efforts. The task facing them is difficult but not impossible.

The following boys played in the various matches: H. Trainor (Capt.), P. Gormley, S. McLaverty, R. McIlroy, L. Dowds, R. Skeffington, F. Donnelly, P. Ward, G. Mallon, F. Madden, A. McGlone, C. Carson, A. Hamill, P. Curran, D. McGuigan, R. Rice, S. Kennedy, C. Fay, D. Quinn, M. Doherty, G. Finnegan.

FOOTBALL

UNDER 14

WITH the team that won the Farney Cup, plus five or six from the under-15 team, we entered the competition with great hopes. We won our first match against Hardinge St. by 2 points. Next, against St. Aidan's, at Glenavy, the final score was 5-7 to 0-1 in our favour. We suffered a narrow defeat (10-8) by St. Augustine's and so finished runners-up in our section. In the semi-final, St. Teresa's C.B.S., Glen Road, beat us very convincingly.

In the McMahon Cup, however, we improved. We beat Newry C.B.S. on a heavy Falls Park pitch. Then we went to Armagh where we had no trouble in promoting ourselves to the Final, again against Glen Road C.B.S. We fared better this time but Glen Road ran out worthy winners.

Team: M. McAleese, D. Leddy, M. Donnelly, K. Gallagher, B. Kelly, C. McRory, M. Masterson, F. Cassidy,

P. Ewings, J. McCafferty, J. Sloan, G. McGuinness, J. Grocott, J. Kennedy, K. Armstrong, P. McCavana, D. McCurry, A. Quinn, M. Teggart, J. Kennedy.

UNDER 15

OUR first match in the Corn na nOg was against St. Malachy's, who beat a very rusty St. Mary's convincingly. However, at Garron Tower we had a very good match. At half-time St. McNissi's were winning 6-3 but Bro. McGreevy's glucose tablets worked wonders and we finished with the score 2-6 to 0-7 in our favour. Peter McCormick was carried off the field shoulder high and he deserved it as he played a great game. But the "Tower" was beaten also by St. Malachy's who went on to the Semi-final.

In the Belfast Schools' League we played St. Aidan's (5-6 to 0-1), St. Gabriel's (0-7 to 0-0), St. Thomas' (2-8 to 1-1) and St. Augustine's (5-4

to 0-4). This brought us to the Semi-final against Glen Road. After a slow start we were on level terms at half-time (1-1 each). With ten minutes to go we led 8-5, then Glen Road levelled with a goal, we replied with a point and in a hectic finish Glen Road scored the winning goal.

Team: G. Nellis, P. Regan, P. McCormick, M. McAleese, M. Donnelly, J. Caldwell, A. Quinn, S. Ward, P. Ward, A. Thornbury, D. Leddy, M. Teggart, B. McCallion, M. Twomey, J. Mulholland, J. McGivern, T. Trainor, G. McAlister.

MacRory-MacLarnon Cups

THIS year for the first time the MacRory and MacLarnon Cup competitions were amalgamated. The teams were divided into four divisions and each division played a preliminary league, the two top teams progressed to the MacRory Cup proper while the weaker teams played in the MacLarnon Cup competition. We lost to St. Malachy's by a single point and then went down to Garron Tower. Our match against St. Colman's, Newry, proved to be the most exciting and we were narrowly defeated by 2 points. This left us in the MacLarnon Cup and we were drawn against St. Patrick's College, Cavan, and St. Mary's College, Dundalk. We travelled to Cavan on a day of snow and ice and the match was played in a continuous downpour of sleet. Cavan were victorious. However, the day was enjoyed by all. Against St. Mary's, Dundalk, the team rose to great heights and it was only by the narrowest of margins that we failed

to qualify for the semi-final stage of the MacLarnon Cup.

Team: A. O'Prey (Capt.), S. McLaverty (Vice-Capt.), J. V. McKeown, R. Cooper, L. Fagan, T. Frawley, P. Gormley, T. Murray, O. Boylan, A. Hamill, H. Trainor, B. Rainey, F. Madden, D. Cormican, S. McCafferty, L. Dowds, E. McKenna, C. Carson, R. Rice, G. Finnegan, A. McGlone.

ANAFAST CUP (Under 17 Football)

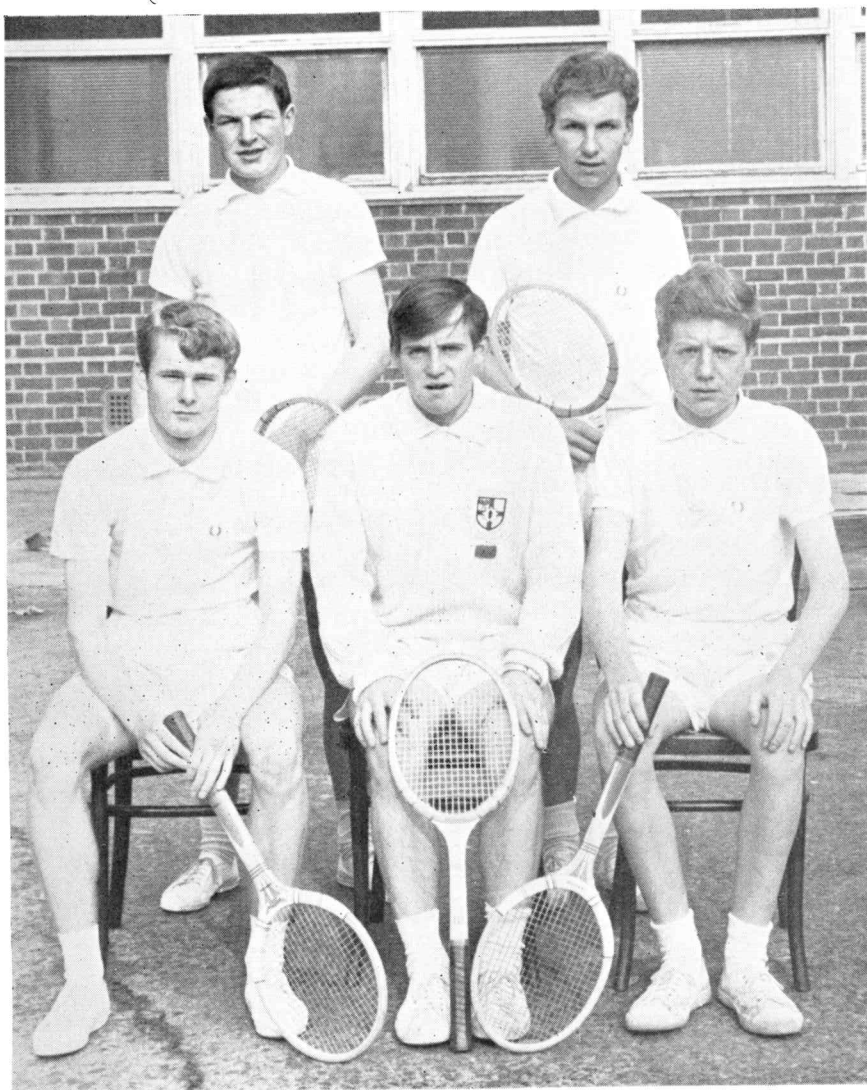
DUE to injuries and sickness we were unable to field our full team in this competition and after losing to St. Malachy's and Garron Tower in the Preliminary League we had no further interest in the competition. However, this left more time to prepare for the Senior Hurling.

Team: O. Boylan, A. McGlone, P. Ward, G. Finnegan, M. Kelly, M. Farnan, S. Donnelly, C. Carson, R. McIlroy, T. Frawley, A. Hamill, P. Curran, P. Sloan, R. Rice, R. Cooper, D. Cormican, M. Doherty, R. Skeffington, L. Fagan, G. Mallon.

TENNIS

ALTHOUGH it was only introduced into the school activities last year, tennis as a sport seems to have found a firm footing.

This year we again entered two teams in the School's Cup Competitions. The Junior team was beaten in the second round by St. Mac Nissi's after a first round victory over Larne.



SENIOR TEAM

The Senior team, which contained three members of last year's victorious Junior team, fared well. After a rather shaky start against Ballyclare High School, we advanced into the Semi-final by beating Belfast High School and St. Patrick's College, Armagh. In the Semi-final we faced the top-seeded team R.B.A.I. Each member of the team gave of his

best and we were unlucky to go down by seven sets to five, after the score had stood at three matches each.

Our number one player, Damien McGuigan, apart from rendering invaluable service to the school team, also collected individual honours for himself. After being chosen to represent Ulster in the Inter-Provin-

cial Championships, he later won the coveted All-Ireland Nestlé Tournament Title by beating the Southern Area Representative, Michael Smith. Other team members who were successful in Competitions were Michael Farnan, who won the County Antrim Junior Championship, and Patrick Rogan who won the Juvenile Titles at Cavehill and Portrush.

We would like to thank Bro. L. B. Murphy and Mr. Kennedy for their help during the Schools' Cup matches. We would also like to thank Mr. M. J.

Dunne and the Directors of Falls Tennis Club for the use of their courts during the season.

Results—(Senior Cup):

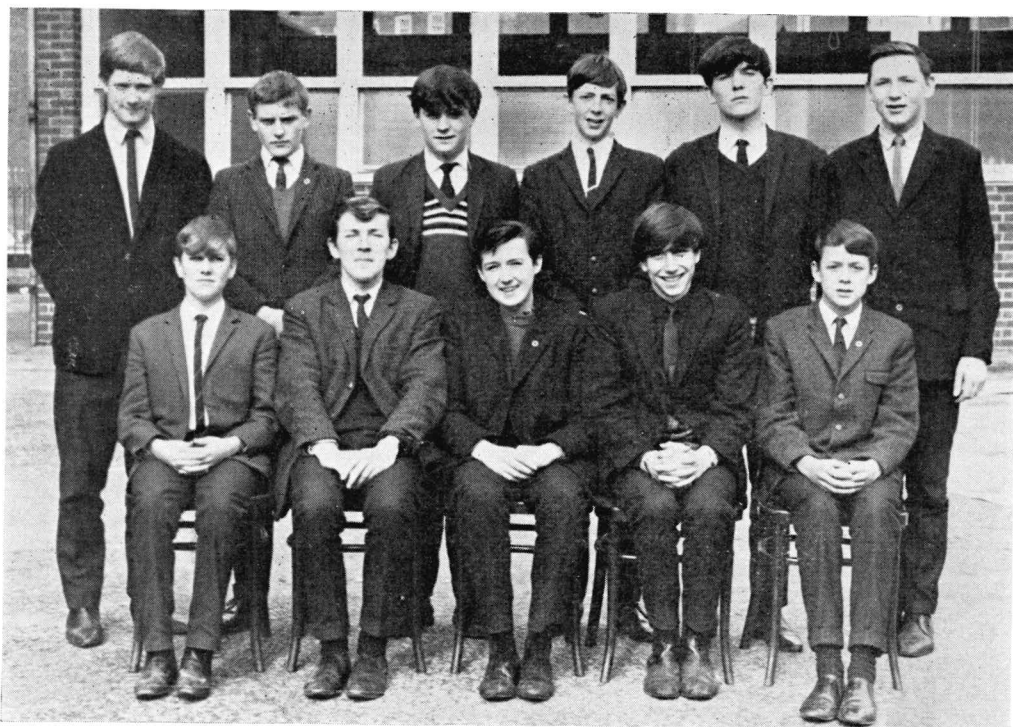
Round 1—St. Mary's v. Ballyclare at Falls—St. Mary's won 4-2.

Round 2—Belfast High School v. St. Mary's, at Belfast High School.—St. Mary's won 4-0.

Round 3—St. Patrick's College, Armagh v. St. Mary's, at Armagh—St. Mary's won 4-2.

Semi-Final—St. Mary's v. R.B.A.I., at Gibson Pk.—R.B.A.I. won 7-5

DRAMAIOCHT



An fhoireann a léirigh "An Rí a bhí tinn" ag Féilte Drámaíochta Bhéal Feirste agus Dhún Geanainn. Ina seasamh: Pól Ó Maolchalainn, Breandán Ó Duibhlearga, Peadar Mac Bhloscaidh, Eoghan de Bhailéis; Ina suí: Seán Mac Seáin, Barra Mac Rodáin, Ruairí Mac Gráinne, Peadar Thorogood, Colm Ó Dúshláine.

DEBATING SOCIETY

THE Debating Society was revived by Mr. Achenback at Christmas 1964. Its early meetings were open to Fifth and Sixth year students but now Fourth year boys as well are welcome. The meetings have been well attended and lively debates have been held on controversial subjects.

The affairs of the Society are managed by a Committee of seven, the foundation members of which were Dalton Kelly (Chairman), Peter Johnston (Vice-Chairman), Francis Kelly, Dermod Ryder, Brian Cullen, Patrick Agnew and Michael Martin.

The first President was Mr. Achenback, who was succeeded in September by Mr. Agnew.

During the first year of its existence, the Society concentrated mainly on school debates with volunteer speakers. Now there are plans afoot for an inter-class debate among the Senior classes and debates with other schools. There are also hopes of having guest speakers come to give talks to the members of the Society.

With the advent of the new school year the new ideas were put into operation. The inter-class debates began in October. We hope that this school year will see an expansion of

OGRA EIREANN



CUID DE BHAILL NA BLIANA SEO

the Society even beyond the dream envisaged by the few who first assembled under Mr. Achenbach's guidance.

Present Committee: Dermot Ryder (Chairman), Patrick Agnew, Barry Flanagan, Michael Martin, Michael Woods, Colm Delaney, Peter Johnston.

COLAISTI SAMHRAIDH

CAITH thart faoi céad go leith scoláire as Scoil Mhuire tréimhse sa Ghaeltacht i mbliana. Bhí gasúr amháin i mBéal Átha an Ghaothraidh, i gCúige Mumhan, agus bhí an chuid eile ar na Coláisti Gaeilge i dTír Chonaill. I gColáiste Cholm Cille, Gaoth Dobhair, a bhí a bhfurmhór. Bhí mé féin ag freastal ar an Choláiste seo le cúig bliana anuas agus ar an ábhar sin thig liom comhairle a chur ar dhuine ar bith atá ag gabháil a chaitheamh tréimhse sa Ghaeltacht an bhliain seo chugainn nó bliain ar bith eile.

An chéad chomhairle — déan rud ar na rialacha uile go háirithe ar Riail na Gaeilge. Ná labhair aon fhocal amháin Béarla. Is í an Ghaeilge teanga an cheantair agus ná cuidigh tusa le Béarla a thabhairt isteach ann. An dara comhairle — bí sa teach lóistín in am gach oíche agus gabh a luí go luath. Mar is eol don mhuintir a chaith tréimhse sa Ghaeltacht cheana féin tá drochnós ag Uachtarán an Choláiste agus ag

daoine áirithe eile bheith ag dul thart san oíche. Tá an-dúil acu sa dorchadas féadaim a rá. Agus creid uaimse é má fhaigheann siad tusa as an teach lóistín i ndiaidh an ama beidh tú ar “an chéad bhus” lá arna mhárach! Iarrtar ort fosta bheith múinte le muintir an tí agus le bunadh na háite. Tá ciall leis an riail sin, ar ndóigh.

Má tá tú ag dul chun na Gaeltachta don chéad uair tá seans nach bhfeicfidh tú ciall ar bith leis an chéad chomhairle eile atá mé ag gabháil a thabhairt duit, sé sin, tabhair níos mó ná péire amháin brístí leat. Mar is eol domsa tá sé an-fhuras briste a strócadh agus mura bhfuil agat ach péire amháin beidh tú san fhaopach cinnte! Agus ní leor dhá phéire in amanna. Stróc mise trí phéire anuraidh. Nach raibh an t-ádh orm an ceathrú péire bheith liom. Tugaim an chomhairle chéanna duit i dtaca le bróga de. Agus bíodh cóta báistí, bearád agus buataisí leat mar chosaint ar an aimsir. Bhí aimsir ar dóigh



againn i mbliana ach ní minic a bhíonn sé mar sin. Mura mbíonn cosaint agat ar an aimsir tá gach seans go bhfaighidh tú slaghdán. Thiocfadh leat bás a fháil fiú agus níor mhaith le Uachtarán an Choláiste sin.

Sin a bhfuil de chomhairle agam daoibh an iarraidh seo. Mholfainn do gach scoláire cúpla tréimhse a chaitheamh i nGaoth Dobhair. Áit

álainn é. Tá múinteoirí oilte de bhunadh na Gaeltachta ag teagasc ann. Ní ghlacfaidh sé i bhfad an teanga a fhoghlaim agus a luaithé a bheas an teanga agat labhair í. Thar mo cheann féin agus thar ceann scoláirí Scoil Mhuire gabhaim buíochas ó chroí leis an fhoireann teagaisc agus leis an Uachtarán, an tAthair Mac Seáin, as a ndearna siad ar son ghaeilgeoirí Scoil Mhuire. Go raibh maith agaibh.

CRUSADERS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

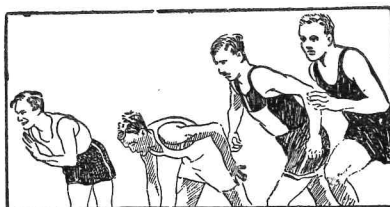
ALL our boys are members of the Apostleship of Prayer. They can easily become members of the Crusaders of the Blessed Sacrament by becoming weekly Communicants. This brings them many spiritual blessings. In each class a promoter

is selected and the classes can have discussions how they may best spread the love and devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist. This year we hope to have regular meetings of promoters so that crusaders may partake more fully in this great work.

CROSS COUNTRY

THE season began with the meeting against St. Joseph's Training College, which this year we lost narrowly. For the first time we took part in the Ulster Schools' Senior Cross-Country. The run was held in a snow-storm and our runners did

well to finish a complete team, with P. Ward our best individual. Later our Junior team finished seventh out of twenty-eight schools. We took part also in the Ulster Colleges' Cross-Country in Downpatrick.



C.B.P.P.U.

Report from the President

W. H. McEVOY



Picture by Dr. B. O'Gorman.

The Union's newly-completed premises.

WE have now embarked in one of the most ambitious projects attempted by any past pupils' union in the country, the raising of £30,000 to mark the centenary of the coming of the Brothers to Belfast. This money will be used to defray the cost of erection of the assembly block in the new Grammar School which is being built behind Airfield House in grounds that stretch from the Glen Road to the Springfield. The total

cost of the school will be in the region of half-a-million pounds and as the total building commitments of the Brothers in Belfast top the million and a half mark (of which they have to find £600,000) we realise that our target falls far short of the total that has to be found. The new assembly block will be a tangible record of our appreciation of the work of the Brothers during the past century and we appeal to all past pupils, whether

in the Union or not, to support this effort in every way they can.

The Union has engaged Irish Public Relations (Consultants) Ltd. to advise on all aspects of the Centenary celebrations and already seven meetings of parents have been held, one for each of the Brothers' Schools. These were very enthusiastic and from these Committees have been formed to devise ways and means of celebrating the Centenary in a worthy manner. On November 3rd, 1965, to inaugurate formally the Centenary year, a monster rally of all past pupils, parents and friends of the Brothers was held in the Ulster Hall, which for many has fond memories of the 'Brothers' Concerts.' This resulted in the formation of a general committee and of many sub-committees. A film strip on the Brothers in Belfast was given its premiere and a brochure was distributed. The first of a series of bi-monthly papers also appeared and the newspapers and television gave excellent coverage of this very auspicious beginning of the Centenary. Religious, social and athletic functions will be organised during the year and all past pupils are asked to take as active a part as possible in these. All can help greatly by interesting past pupils who have left Belfast in the celebrations and to this end the Union has had printed a Centenary Christmas Card, which has proved very popular. The Union has inaugurated an Educational Trust so that people who pay income tax can increase their contribution by giving it under a Deed of Covenant.

At the same time the ordinary activities of the Union during the

past year give great promise for the future. All sections report increased membership with fuller use of the amenities afforded by the completed premises. The Bridge Club records the highest membership ever with people coming from places as far away as Ballymena, Downpatrick, Lurgan, Ballynahinch and Newcastle. The Golf Section held monthly meetings (last Sunday of the month) on different courses and, as well, took part in a number of Competitions and ran a match-play knock-out competition (entry almost 100). Interest was kept up by film shows on golf instruction.

The provision of a "Little Theatre" has been a tremendous boost to the Drama Section. It has enabled them to cultivate their own audiences and give the opportunity to many more of their members to take part in stage production. Recent productions include "The Shop at Sly Corner," "The Righteous are Bold," "The Hostage" by Brendan Behan (in its original Irish version). "Daughter From Over The Water." Among plays that are to be produced shortly are Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World" and "An Cúirt." This last is an Irish version of a Scots Gaelic play that the Irish Drama Producer, Len Quigley, came across in Glasgow last May when he was adjudicator at a festival of Gaelic Drama there. Incidentally the Union won awards with "An Giall" (The Hostage) in Dungannon and Dundalk and Len won the Producer's Award in Armagh.

Irish Culture and Traditional Music are not neglected. There is a newly formed Badminton Club. The Choral

Group starred at the Ulster Hall rally and has a full programme for Concerts. The Table Tennis teams were runners-up in their section of the Belfast District League while the Camera Club continued to be the foremost Camera Club in the North, winning the N.I. Camera Club Association Shield and the Y.M.C.A. Shield, one for the 3rd and the other for the 6th time in succession. This year's President, George Mooney, A.S.I.A.P., won the silver medal in Cork Camera

Club Competition for Portraiture. The highlight of the Club's Annual Exhibition was a lecture on Architecture by Hugh Doran, E.S.I.A.P. Chess, Investment Club, Billiards, Whist and Swimming are some of the other activities catered for. In this Centenary Year the help of all past pupils is needed to make a success of the celebrations and we would ask all to make a really big effort to make the year a memorable one.



C.B.P.P.U. Executive in Centenary Year 1965-66.

Back Row (from left): M. McCorry, A. Goan, J. McLister, L. Quigley, B. McCann, D. McCavana, B. Fitzpatrick.
 Front Row (from left): J. McMullan, F. Hanna, W. H. McEvoy (President), B. Harkin, B. Campbell, G. McGuinness.
 Other Members: M. J. Ewings, G. Birch.

Christian Brothers' Past Pupils' Union

(A.M.D.G.)

287/289 ANTRIM ROAD

Telephone 747401



*A cordial invitation
is extended to
all pupils leaving school
to join
The Past Pupils' Union*

Sections:

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GAELIC CULTURE	GAELIC FOOTBALL	DRAMA	
BILLIARDS	TABLE TENNIS	SWIMMING	BADMINTON

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