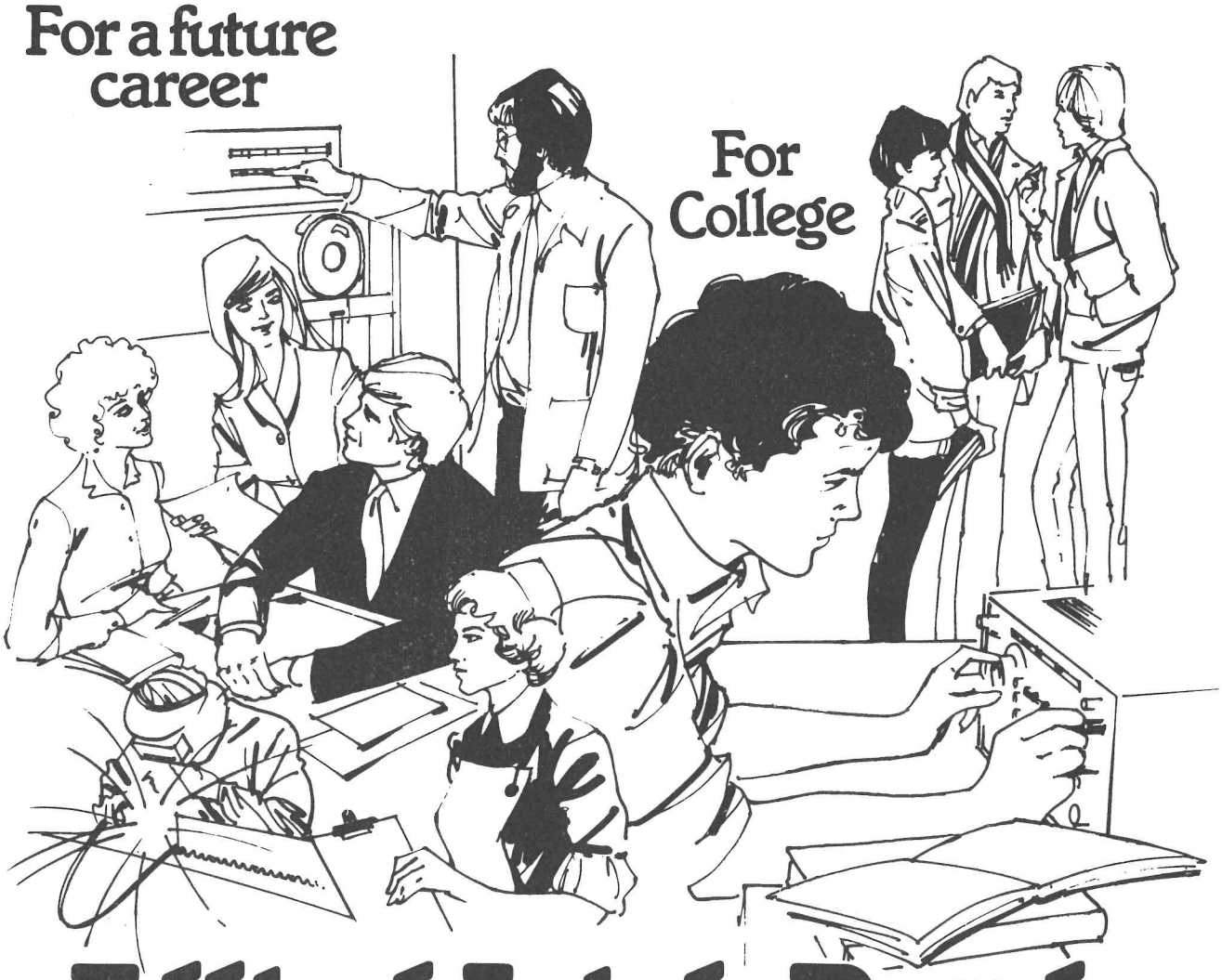
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THE SIMMARIAN

The Magazine of

St. Mary's Christian Brothers' Grammar School

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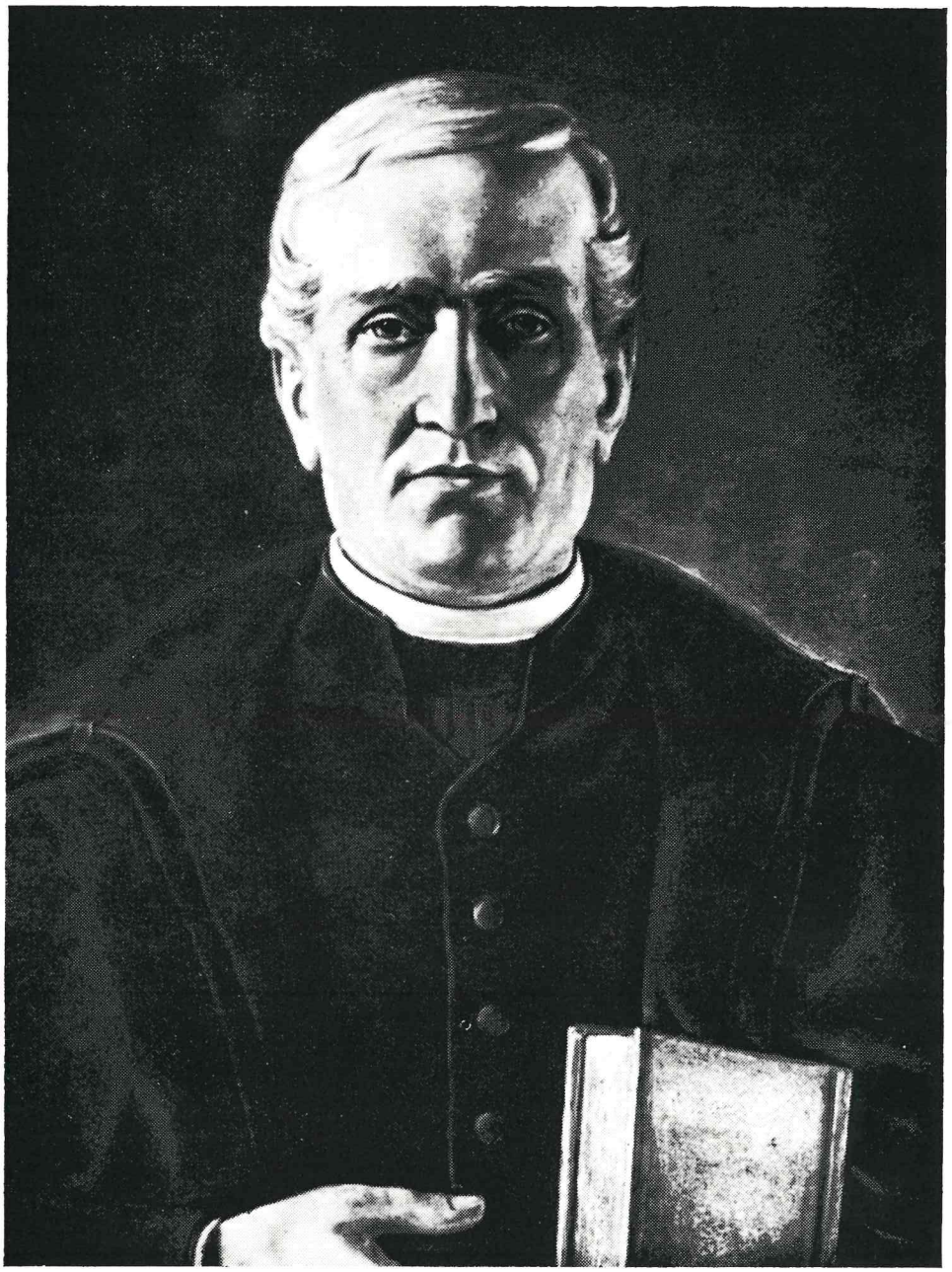
Founded 1866

Headmaster:
Rev. Bro. L. S. Kelly, B.A., Dip.Ed., Dip.Adm., C.F.C.

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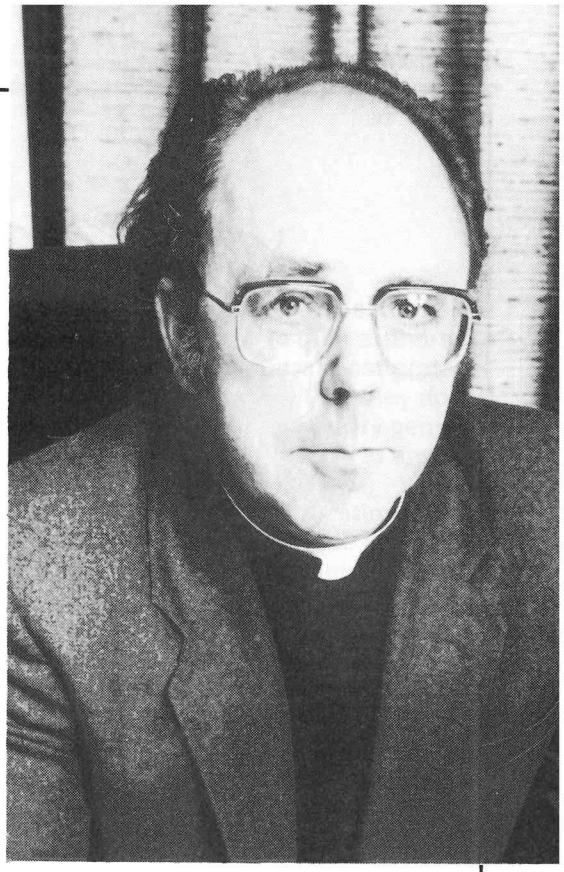
Reverend Brother Edmund Ignatius Rice



1762 - 1844

Founder of the Christian Brothers

The Headmaster's Address



The arrival of this issue of the Simmarian, for many of you, especially parents, teachers and students, reminds us that another year in the history of St. Mary's has passed. What have we to show for 1984? The pages of this Simmarian are an attempt to answer that question. The many photographs and articles are intended to be an enduring and tangible record of 1984. In years to come the photographs will become a focal point of reminiscing on school memories.

To the editor, Mr. O. McCann, I offer my congratulations on the successful publication of another issue of the Simmarian. To his many helpers, especially Mr. D. Tohill and Mr. A. Whitehead, I offer my sincere thanks.

The work initiated by Edmund Ignatius Rice in Waterford in 1802 continues in hundreds of schools throughout the world today - close on a quarter of a million students attend our schools. Why all this effort? The answer is a simple one - to make Christ known to our pupils, to carry on the work of the Christian home, the work of the Christian parents.

Among the various organs of education, the Catholic school is of outstanding importance. It nurtures the intellectual faculties, develops a capacity for sound judgements and introduces pupils to the heritage of past generations. With Christ as its centre, the Catholic education system finds its completion. He is the Way, the Truth and the Life. St. Mary's is proud to be part of this outstanding system.

Firstly, this year I would like to congratulate two past pupils, Fr. Rooney and Fr. McKeever on their ordination to the priesthood. We wish them many happy and fruitful years in the service of the Lord. Three more past pupils, Timothy Bartlett, Mark Kane and Sean McCloskey, commenced their studies for the priesthood and we wish them every success.

Once again the St. Mary's family showed its concern for others, with donations of over £8,500 to various charities. To the Bazaar Committee and the I.H.C.P.T. Committee I offer my sincere thanks.

The public examination results for 1984 were outstanding. With over one hundred of our senior students going on to third level education, the high standards of previous years has been maintained. A special word of congratulations is due to Gary Monaghan, Patrick McGowan and Ciaran Rogan who each obtained four A grades at 'A' Level; to Donal McCaffrey, Peter McCallion, Paul McCarron, Anthony McCormick and Brendan Mulvenna who each obtained three A grades at 'A' Level.

Anthony McCormick, Brendan Mulvenna and Michael McLaughlin won Industrial Sponsorships for their university studies.

At 'O' Level Ciaran Crozier was our top student with ten A grades. Congratulations are also due to James McGowan and Peter McClean who each obained nine A grades.

Congratulations also to Peter McClean on winning a major U.K. Computing competition. As a result over £4,000 of computing hardware and software was awarded to the school.

Once again I would like to thank our staff for the excellent way they prepared their students for the public examinations. Our students are indeed privileged to have such a dedicated and devoted staff who give generously of their time to ensure that our students are successful.

Our past-pupils were very much to the fore in the Honours lists published by the various universities. I offer my congratulations to Peter Downey, Daniel Lennon, Ciaran McArdle, Francis McCaffrey, Terence McMurray and Eamon Phoenix, on obtaining their Ph. D's. Once again we had large numbers of graduates in all the most prestigious departments and we in St. Mary's are very proud of their achievements.

To all the students who represented St. Mary's in various sporting and cultural events I offer my sincere thanks. It is pleasing to note the return of Scaith Mhic Ghiolla Bhride to St. Mary's and congratulations are due to the Irish Department under the direction of Mr. K. Burke.

On the sporting front pride of place must go to our Cross-Country team, coached by Mr. M. Morgan, who won both Ulster and All-Ireland titles. Our Senior Football squad, coached by Mr. E. McToal, had an outstanding season winning their way to the McCrory Cup Final. Once again our ski teams dominated the schools' skiing competitions and represented Ireland at both the Edinburgh and Aviemore championships.

I must place on record my sincere appreciation of those staff members who organise the full range of extra-curricular activities that we offer to our students. Their efforts help to build up the tremendous spirit that prevades St. Mary's.

Finally I want to thank the parents of our pupils who support the school so generously in so many ways. A special word of thanks to the Parents Committee for their help and co-operation throughout the year.

To the 'A' Level class of '84, and to the present pupils of St. Mary's a word of thanks for their loyalty, friendship and commitment to the ideals of Edmund Rice. May the Lord and his Blessed Mother be with you always.



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Editorial

Now that the Simmarian has established a niche for itself in our school calendar the original pains associated with a nascent production are beginning to fade away. The magazine has become a regular feature of school life welcomed it is hoped by students both present and past. Indeed one of the objectives of the magazine is to keep past pupils in touch with the school and views from them are gratefully received at any time. Each issue of the Simmarian is a record of the school and its progress; it is designed to be a worthy successor to the issues of previous years. Hopefully the reader while perusing this year's edition will get a fairly comprehensive view of the school and of the various activities with which it is associated and involved.

The quality of the literary contributions received for publication has maintained its customary high standard and it is hoped that they will give as much pleasure to the reader as presumably they have given to their authors. To all contributors to this Simmarian we are most grateful. Perhaps contributors could bear in mind that they do not have to wait until October to submit their literary gems for publication - they will be received by the editor at any time throughout the year.

Preparation of a magazine for publication is an enormous task and a special word of gratitude is reserved for Mr. D. Tohill who undertook to edit the literary content of this year's Simmarian. Publication of a school magazine is an expensive undertaking and could not be contemplated even less achieved, were it not for the generosity of our many sponsors and advertisers. We trust that you, the reader, will continue to give them your support.



Retirement

For many years the patriarchal figure of Pat Delaney has moved with quiet dignity along the corridors of St. Mary's as he delivered the eagerly-awaited monthly cheques or supplied specialised information to a member of the teaching staff. He was meticulous in dealing with salaries and accounts, and was most generous with his time. We wish him every happiness and success in his retirement.

Rath Dé ort a Phádraig!

Former Students Ordained

REV. FR. BRENDAN McKEEVER, C.P.

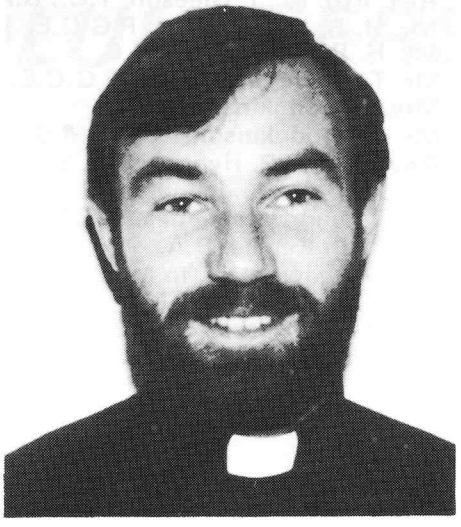
Father Brendan was a pupil of St. Mary's from 1968 until 1975.

On leaving here he joined the Passionists in Enniskillen where he made his First Vows in 1980 and his Final Vows in 1983 having studied French and Philosophy in U.C.D. and Theology in Milltown Park, Dublin.

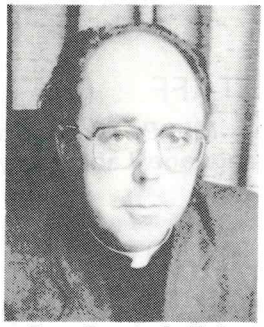
Father Brendan was ordained in June 1984 and is now part of the Mission and Retreat team based in Crossgar.

Our congratulations and best wishes to him.

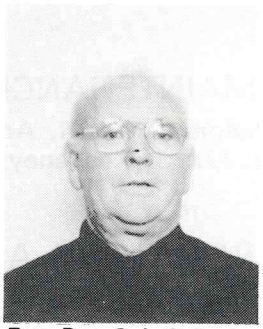
Also ordained this year, another former student Fr. Rooney, at present chaplain to Airfield House. Further details on Fr. Rooney will appear in our next issue.



The Teaching Staff 1984 - 85



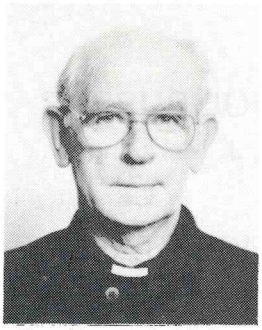
Rev. Bro. L. S. Kelly
HEADMASTER



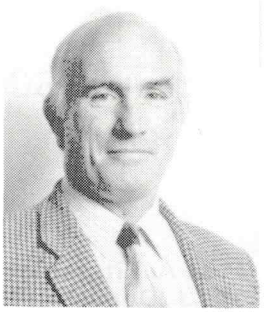
Rev. Bro. C. I. Gallagher
DEPUTY HEADMASTER
Chemistry Department



Mr. S. Haughey
DEPUTY HEADMASTER
English Department



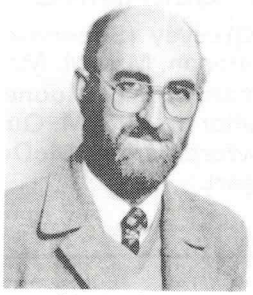
Rev. Bro. P. L. Mallon
SENIOR TEACHER
Mathematics Teacher
Moderator of Society of Legion of Mary



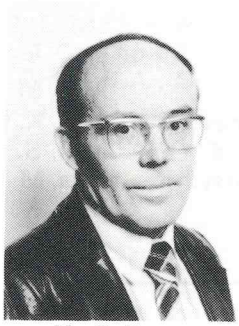
Mr. J. Lally
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Head of Dept. of Physical Education



Mr. M. Crilly
SENIOR TEACHER
Head of Careers Department



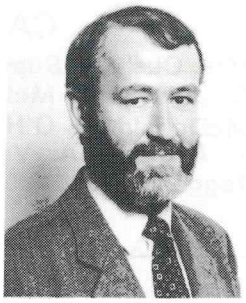
Mr. N. Cushley
SENIOR TEACHER
Head of Physics Department



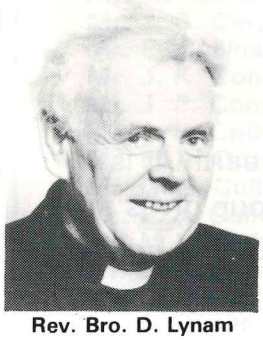
Mr. E. Crummy
Head of French Department



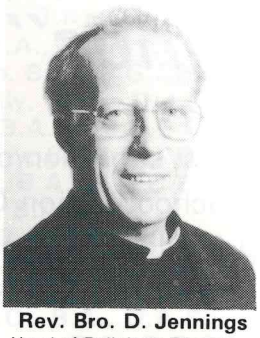
Mr. A. Whitehead
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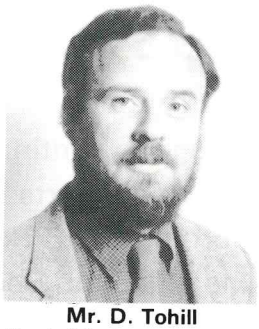
Mr. S. Bennet
Head of History Department



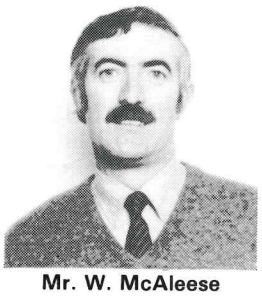
Rev. Bro. D. Lynam
Head of Mathematics Dept.



Rev. Bro. D. Jennings
Head of Religious Education Department



Mr. D. Tohill
Head of English Department



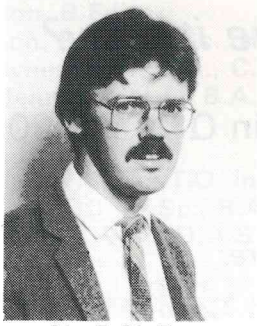
Mr. W. McAleese
Head of Chemistry Department



Mr. D. Rice
Head of Biology Department



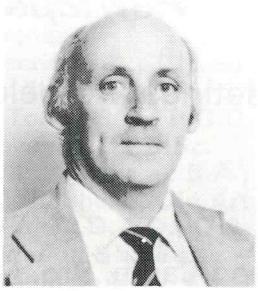
Mr. S. Daly
Head of Latin Department



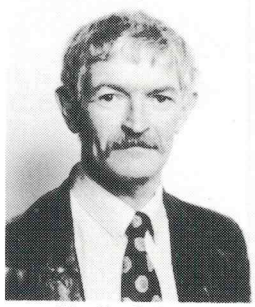
Mr. E. McFlynn
Head of Geography Department



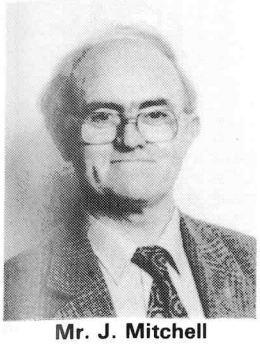
Mr. K. Burke
Head of Irish Department



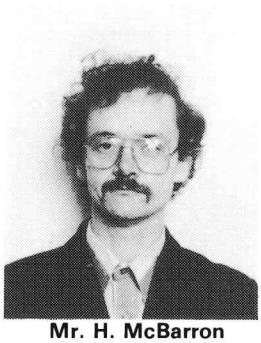
Mr. K. Keville
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Mr. R. O'Prey
Head of German Department
Moderator of R.A.Y. Society



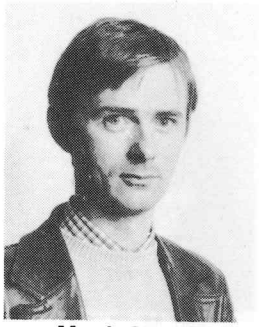
Mr. J. Mitchell
Irish Department
Moderator of Chess Club



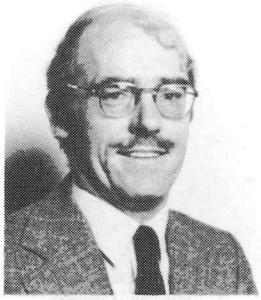
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Technical Drawing and
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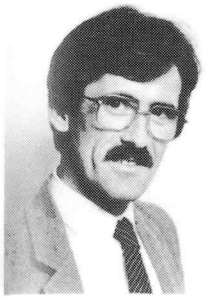
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Art Department



Mr. J. Sheerin
Careers Department
Moderator of 5-a-side
Football



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Barrack Street
French Department
History Department



Mr. F. Rice
Geography Department



Mrs. S. Devlin
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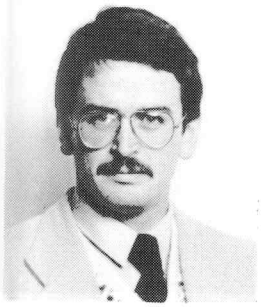
Mrs. A. Thompson
German Department



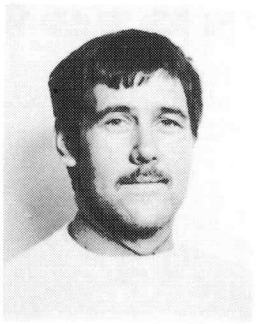
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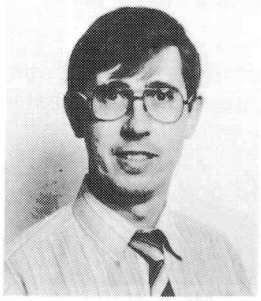
Mr. D. Diamond
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Mr. E. McCann
French Department
Irish Department
Spanish Department
Moderator of
Cumann Gaelach



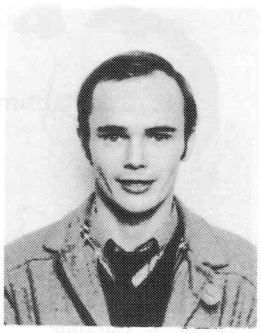
Mr. W. Hodgkinson
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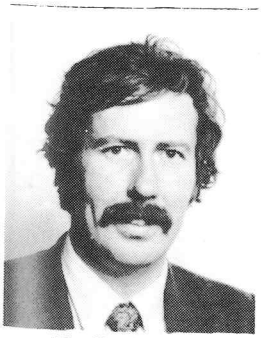
Mr. F. Dynan
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Mr. M. Mallon
Chemistry Department
Karate Club Instructor



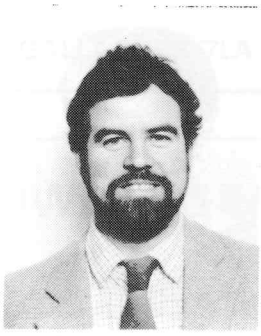
Mr. T. Hegarty
Irish Department
Physical Education Dept.
Moderator of Outdoor
Pursuits Club



Mr. D. Breen
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Mrs. M. McQuillan
English Department
Moderator of Dramatic Society



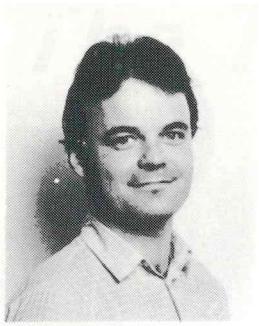
Mr. B. Harte
Biology Department



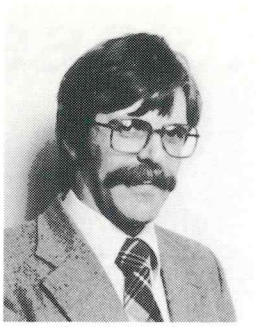
Mr. P. J. Connolly
Mathematics Department



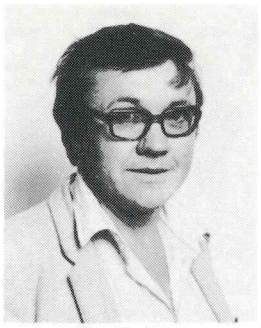
Mr. E. Collins
French Department



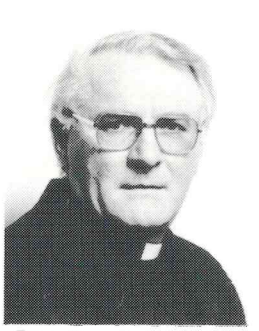
Mr. G. Cullen
Head of Italian Dept
Gaelic Football Coach



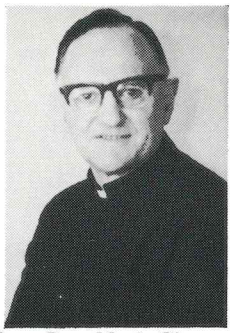
Mr. M. McGrath
Head of Computer Department
Moderator of Computer Society



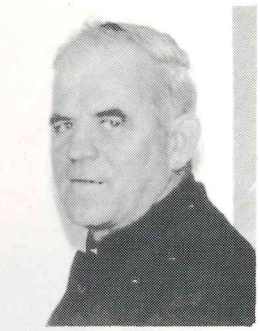
Mr. P. Rice
Head of Spanish Department



Rev. Bro. J. B. Walshe
Teacher in Charge Barrack St.
Geography Department



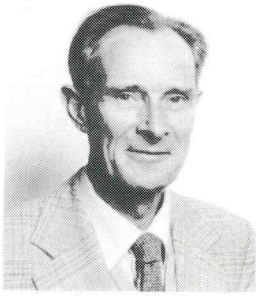
Rev. Bro. M. J. Gleeson
English Department
Careers Department



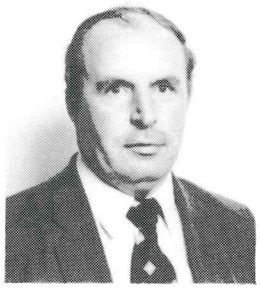
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Mr. J. Neill
Geography Department



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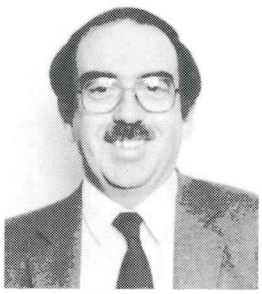
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Latin Department
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Mr. F. Manning
Physics Department



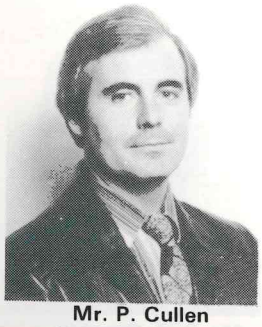
Mr. D. Tracey
Physics Department



Mr. M. McGovern
Chemistry Department



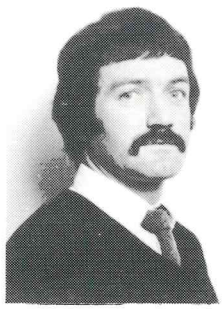
Miss M. Fitzmaurice
French Department
Spanish Department



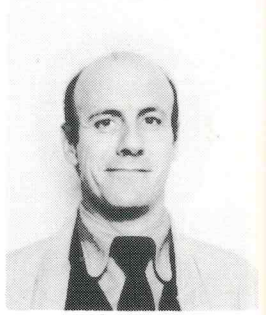
Mr. P. Cullen
French Department



Mr. J. McClean
Barrack Street
History Department
English Department
Water Polo Coach
Handball Coach



Mr. S. Crilly
English Department



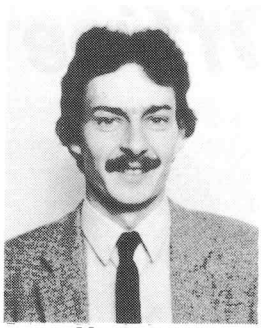
Mr. O. McCann
History Department
Moderator of Debating Society
Editor of The Simmarian



Mr. D. Campfield
English Department



Mr. K. Morgan
Mathematics Department
Athletics Coach



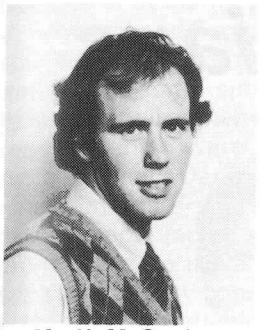
Mr. P. Barry
Physics Department



Mr. E. McToal
Physical Education Dept.
English Department
Football Coach
Hurling Coach



Mr. P. McParland
Chemistry Department



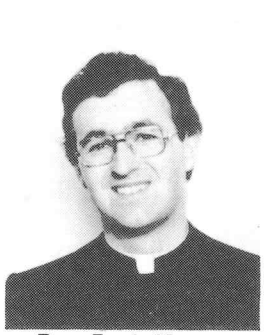
Mr. H. McGettigan
Physical Education Dept.
Geography Department
Football Coach



Miss D. McGarry
Physics Department



Mrs. A. Lowe
Music Department
Moderator of Choral Society



Rev. Fr. J. Murray
School Chaplain



Mrs. L. Hodgkinson
French Department

Literary Awards 1984

For this year's magazine prizes in three categories were awarded to those students who submitted the best literary articles. - The Prizewinners were:

'A' LEVEL

1st Prize **M. GALLAGHER** "Fading Shadows" pp 49-51
2nd Prize **K. DORRIS** "Lucky" pp 54-55

'O' LEVEL

1st Prize **R. McVEIGH** Poetry pp 66-67
2nd Prize **J. McALEAVEY** "Pith and Kin" p 66

JUNIOR

1st Prize **P. LINDEN** "Mr. Digby Comes to Town" pp 56-57
2nd Prize **G. McCLEARY** "The Empty House" p 58.

The overall prizewinner was **MICHAEL GALLAGHER 7LA for his short story "Fading Shadows".**

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

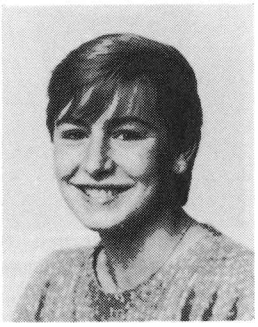
EDITOR:	Mr. O'McCann
LITERARY EDITOR:	Mr. D. Tohill
COVER DESIGN:	Mr. A Whitehead
CLASS PHOTOGRAPHY:	Mr. W. Green
TYPING:	Miss D. McCrory
	Miss A. Fitzpatrick

The Office Staff


Mr. J. Donnelly

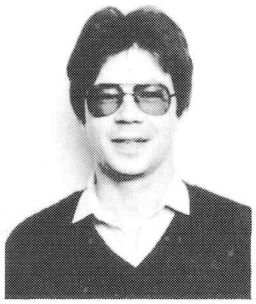

Miss A. Fitzpatrick

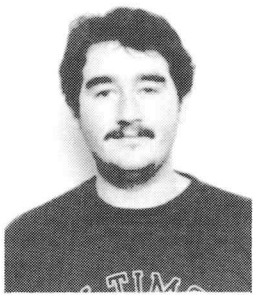

Miss D. McCrory


Miss M. O'Connor


Mrs. A. Lacey
School Librarian

Our Laboratory Technicians


Mr. J. Heaney


Mr. P. Morris


Mr. P. Marsden

Some of our Canteen Staff

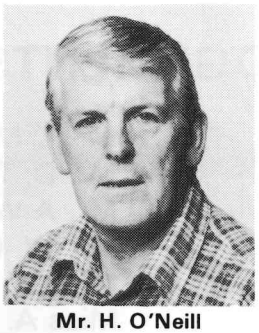

Mrs. R. Cushley

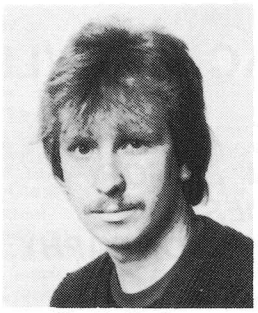

Mrs. M. Heaney


Mrs. M. Cox


Mrs. M. O'Halleron

Two of our Caretaker Staff


Mr. H. O'Neill


Mr. F. McCann

Results and Careers Report 1983-84

In spite of further increases in the numbers of applicants and the reductions in the number of places this years' leavers did very well.

Queen's was the single most important destination. Fifty three students began undergraduate studies in a variety of Faculties. Of greater significance is the large number entering premium vocational courses such as Accountancy, Business Studies, Computers, Engineering and Medicine. In all these fields there has been a growing entry in recent years in spite of escalating entry requirements.

Partly due to these high entry standards, a greater number of students are choosing to Study in Universities in Scotland and England. Some students have undertaken specialist courses there which would suit their career ambitions; some simply to get away from the Northern Ireland environment and others because the entry requirements were lower. In certain subjects, e.g. Accountancy, Dentistry and Pharmacy, Queen's entry requirements are among the highest in the U.K. and we can expect more students, wishing to enter these professions, to travel to other U.K. universities. This is in spite of the very considerable financial hardship involved with relative reductions in grants and the cutting of the travel allowance.

In 1984 the 'Poly' became the University of Ulster at the Jordanstown campus. An increasing number of students are choosing to study there especially the many excellent vocational courses such as Accountancy, Business Studies, Computer Science, Engineering, Surveying, Social Work, Building etc. Again grades for entry to these courses have increased dramatically and it is certain that they will be even higher this year.

A small select group continues to travel to University in Dublin in spite of the very high cost of living there.

Significantly we have a full class of 'A' Level repeats this year. Many of these students achieved good grades but are seeking to gain entry to the courses of their first choice. Of the students who repeated last year in St. Mary's all gained entry to their chosen course including two into Medicine and one into Law. We wish this year's repeats similar success.

A small number of boys went directly into employment. There were placements in Shorts as Engineering Apprentices, in the banks, civil service and in-service industries. However the number of employment opportunities remains very small and shows little or no signs of growing in the foreseeable future. This means that for those boys who leave with poor results there are few, if any worthwhile openings. Many are forced to continue their studies at other schools or in the Colleges of Further education: There they have had very mixed success.

Youth training opportunities remained shrouded in controversy. The quality of training seems very variable and thus there are frequent well founded criticisms. In spite of these reservations some of those who do insufficiently well at 'O' Level will have to take Youth Training places.

The highly impressive list of graduates shows how well our students have been able to cope with the demands of University education at all levels. Increasing numbers of our past pupils are now in graduate employment in all professions. Is is to be hoped that these graduates will soon be in a position to assist our pupils now entering or preparing to enter university.

In the Junior School advice and information on careers and entry requirements are provided from third year onwards. Pupils are constantly encouraged to set their standards high. It is pointed out that their fellow students have entered, and expect to enter, all the Faculties of Universities in the U.K.

Those students who have clearly defined career plans and aims will always do better in public examinations than those who do not know where they are going or what they want to do.

School Leavers

ENTRANTS TO QUEENS UNIVERSITY

ADAMS, Vincent	Arts (Joint Honours)
BARTLEY, Kenneth	Engineering
BOYLE, John G.	Accountancy
BRADY, Donald	Food Science
BRYAN, Aiden	Chemistry
CUMMINGS, Maurice	Dentistry
DEANE, Damien	Medicine
DUNWOODY, Ciaran	Comp. Sc/Maths (Joint Honours)
FRIEL, Michael	Enhanced Engineering
GREENWOOD, Eamon	Arts (Joint Honours)
GRIBBON, Malachy	Medicine
GROWCOTT, Brian	Maths. Sc. (Joint Honours)
HODGKINSON, Thomas	Chemistry
HUGHES, Brian	Enhanced Engineering
HUGHES, James	Food Science
HYLAND, Declan	Arts
KEARNEY, Vincent	Arts
KELLY, Kieran	Geology
KENNEDY, Brian	Arts
KIRKPATRICK, Paul	Engineering
LACEY, Brendan	Medicine
LARGEY, Henry	Computer Sc./Business
LENAGHAN, Seamus	Food Science
LOSTY, Noel	Chemical Engineering
McCALLION, Peter	Physics
McCANN, Maurice	Economics
McCARRON, Paul	Micro Biology
McCORMICK, Anthony	Enhanced Engineering
McDONAGH, Brendan	Psychology
McGARRIGLE, Colm	Economics
McGOWAN, Patrick	Deferement
McKEEVER, Thomas	Law
McNIECE, John J.	Economics
MONAGHAN, Gary	Deferement
MULVENNA, Brendan	Enhanced Engineering
MURRAY, Paul	German/Celtic (Joint Honours)
O'CONNOR, Hugh	Law
O'DOHERTY, Marcus	Electronic Engineering
O'DONNELL, Aidan	Electronic Engineering
O'HARE, Colin	Comp. Sc./Maths (Joint Honours)

PRENTER, Damien	Economics/Accountancy
RANKIN, Patrick	Law
RICE, Paul	Arts (Joint Honours)
SADLIER, Patrick	Engineering
SAVAGE, Manus	Engineering
SHERIDAN, Donal	Civil Engineering
SMART, Colm	Biochemistry
SMART, John	Arts
TRAINOR, Nicholas	Chemical Engineering
WALLACE, Don B.	Dentistry
WEBB, Patrick	Mathematics
WILDE, Gregory	Psychology

ENTRANT TO ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY

GILLILAND, Stephen	Medicine

ENTRANT TO U.C.D.

ROGAN, Ciaran	Accountancy

ENTRANT TO EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY

DEVLIN, Ciaran	Enhanced Engineering

ENTRANTS TO GOLDSMITH COLLEGE, LONDON

MORAN, Sean	German
O'NEILL, Kevin	Communication Studies

ENTRANTS TO LANCASTER UNIVERSITY

CARBERY, Desmond	Marketing/French
DONNELLY, Gerard	Management/French

ENTRANT TO MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY

GILHOOLY, Richard	Accountancy

ENTRANTS TO SALFORD UNIVERSITY

CAMPBELL, Sean R.	French/Spanish
McCAFFREY, Donal	French/Spanish

ENTRANTS TO TRINITY COLLEGE DUBLIN

BRESLIN, Dermot	English/History (Joint Honours)
McLOUGHLIN, Michael	Joint Honours

ENTRANTS TO UNIVERSITY OF ULSTER

ARMSTRONG, Kevin	Business Administration
BARR, Martin	Quantity Surveying
BRADLEY, Oliver	Geography/Computer Studies
BYRNE, Brendan	Business Administration
CAMPBELL, Colm P.	Art & Design
CARABINE, Seamus	Arts
CATNEY, James	Data Processing
COMISKEY, Michael	Computer Science
DAVIDSON, James	European Business Studies
DOLAN, Joseph	Engineering
DUNNE, Ciaran	Business Studies
FITZPATRICK, Neil	Computer Science
HOPKINS, Michael	Estate Management
MAGEE, Colm	Hotel & Catering Man.
MARTIN, Colm	Hotel & Catering Man.
McALLISTER, Barry	Communication Studies
McCARTHY, Timothy	Art & Design
McCOMISH, Liam G.	Art & Design
McCRORY, James	Art
McGRADY, Francis	Art & Design
McKIERNAN, Declan	Art
MITCHELL, Sean	Art & Design
MOONEY, Seamus	Micro Electronics
OWENS, Brendan	Quantity Surveying
ROCK, Brian	Art
RUSSELL, Paul	Engineering
SHANNON, Michael	Electronic Engineering
SHERRY, Michael	Accountancy
SILVESTRI, Vittorio	Computer Science
SMYTH, Kieran	Business Studies
TRAINOR, Peter	European Business Studies

ENTRANT TO (CANTERBURY) KENT UNIVERSITY

REA, Niall	Drama

ENTRANT TO ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

MULHOLLAND, Daniel

ENTRANT TO MANCHESTER POLYTECH. COLLEGE

KELLY, Gerard

McCORMICK, Anthony left in June 1984 and obtained an Enhanced Engineering Scholarship to Q.U.B. Sponsorship from Gallaghers

McLAUGHLIN, Michael left in June 1984 and was awarded free accommodation in Halls of Residence while attending Trinity.

MULVENNA, Brendan left in June 1984 and obtained an Enhanced Engineering Scholarship to Q.U.B. Sponsorship from Short Bros.

Graduates from Q.U.B.

Academic Year 1984

Doctors of Philosophy (Ph.D.):

DOWNEY, Peter	Arts
LENNON, Daniel J.	Science
McARDLE, Ciaran B.	Science
McCAFFERTY, Francis	Medicine
McMURRAY, Terence	Medicine
PHOENIX, Eamon G.	Arts
McCANN, James	Theoretical Physics

Masters

CASSIDY, John G.	Arts
DIAMOND, Dermot	Science
GARLAND, Brendan	Science
KANE, Paul J.	Education
KEARNS, Hugh D.	Education
KINNEY, Charles	Science
KNOCKER, John	Econ. & Soc. Sc.
McCANN, Edward	Arts
MATTHEWS, Anthony	Arts
MORGAN, Michael	Econ. & Soc. Sc.
RICE, Arthur	Engineering

Medical Doctors (M.B., B.Ch., B.A.O.):

BRERETON, Michael
CARSON, Joseph M.
KELLY, Barry E.
McCALLION, Niall E.
McGETTIGAN, Donal E.
MURPHY, Philip P.

Bachelors of Dental Science (B.D.S.):

FINNEGAN, Gregory
FINNERTY, John

Bachelor of Arts (B.A.):

BURNS, Keith	Psychology
DORAN, James	A. History & Archeology
LOSTY, Timothy	Philosophy & Politics
McBRIEN, Peter D.	General
McCLEMENTS, Colm P.	Sch. Philosophy & Fr. (Double Honours)
McGLONE, Terence	Modern History

Bachelor of Engineering (B.Sc.)

ARTT, Michael	Elect. & Electronic
BRADLEY, Hugh	Enhanced Engineering
HAGAN, Felix A.	Aeronautical Engineering
CURRAN, Liam S.	Elect. & Electronic
FITZSIMONS, Damien	Aeronautical Engineering
LALLY, James J.	Aeronautical Engineering
McCREESSH, Neal P.	Aeronautical Engineering
McGARRY, Robert G.	Elect. & Electronic
MULLANEY, Conor J.	Elect. & Electronic
O'NEILL, Brendan	Industrial
OWENS, Brendan	Civil Engineering
SADLIER, Colm	Elect. & Electronic
SHEARER, Dermot G.	Aeronautical
SMYTH, Gerard	Aeronautical

Bachelor of Law (LI.B.):

BOYLE, Paul C.
RAFFERTY, Charles

Bachelor of Science (B.Sc.)

CALDWELL, Martin	Chemistry
HAMILL, Terence	Botany & Genetics
MADDEN, Patrick	Biology
SHEARER, Cormac P.	

Bachelor of Social Science (B.S.Sc.):

BARR, Damien J.	General
DURKIN, Paul V.	Economics
DURKIN, Brian M.	Political Science
McCARTHY, Brian G.	Economics

Bachelor of Education

DURKIN, John
COLLINS, Paul
CRUDDEN, Malachy (Honours)
DOHERTY, Michael
McKAY, Daniel (Honours)
McKENNA, Michael (Honours)

Post Graduate Cert. in Education (P.G.C.E.):

BOYLAN, Eamonn
CAMPLISSON, James
MALONE, John
O'KEEFFE, John
WHITE, Patrick
McCANN, Paul

Bachelor of Agriculture (B.Sc.Agr.):

CAIRNS, Paul F.

Post Graduate Certificate:

McSORLEY, Damien J.	Youth and Comm. Studies.
McKENNA, Francis M.	Legal Studies
SMYTH, John G.	Legal Studies
TULLY, Ciaran	Legal Studies

Diploma in Advanced Studies of Education (D.A.S.E.):

BRANNIGAN, Patrick	Special Education
McGLONE, Brendan	Curriculum Studies
McWILLIAMS, John	Special Education
SMYTH, Thomas	Guidance & Counselling

Diplomas

BROPHY, Peter J.	Faculty of Engineering
McCRORY, Gerard D.	Faculty of Econ. & S.Sc.
McGRATH, John G.	Faculty of Econ. & S.Sc
McINTYRE, Sean	Faculty of Agric. & Food Science

Certificates:

McCONVILLE, Colm	Advanced Social Work
O'PREY, Peter J.	Biblical Studies

Graduates from Other Universities

(as known to date)

Cambridge University:
BYRNE, Peter B.Sc. (Electrical Engineering)
(First Class Honours)

Aston University, Birmingham:
SKEFFINGTON, Brian B.Sc. (Honours) Ophthalmics

Graduates from Ulster Polytechnic

Bachelors of Art:

MAGUIRE, Dominic	Combined Humanities
QUINN, John J.	Graphic Design

Bachelors of Science:

CAROLAN, Michael	Comp. Science
DEVLIN, Brendan	Engineering
GARLAND, Thomas	Psychology (Honours)
GOURLEY, John A.	Civil Engineering
HOUSTON, Thomas E.	Social Sciences
McSTRAVICK, Charles	Combined Sciences
SMYTH, John P.	Engineering

H. Diploma:

ROGAN, Eamonn	Civil Engineering

Diploma:

BURNS, Paul A.	Quantity Surveying

Other Courses:

CLEARY, Seamus	H.N.D. - Business Studies
CUNNINGHAM, James	H.N.D. - Mechanical Eng.
FORRESTER, Mark	H.N.D. - Prod. Eng.
McDONAGH, Anthony	H.N.D. - Catering

New Students

This year St. Mary's (Barrack Street and Glen Road) welcomed students from the following Primary Schools:

St. Aidan's
St. Anne's
St. Anthony's
St. Bride's
St. Colman's
St. Finian's
St. Gall's
St. John the Baptist
St. Mary's (Kircubbin)
St. Oliver Plunkett's
St. Paul's
St. Theresa's
Ballymacrickett
Ballymacward
Bunscoil Ghaelach
Edmund Rice
St. Joseph's (Crumlin)
St. Joseph's (Slate St.)
St. Kevin's
St. Luke's
St. Malachy's (Bangor)
St. Mark's
St. Mary's (Derrymore)
St. Mary's (Divis St.)
Good Shepherd
Holy Child
Holy Cross
Holy Rosary
Holy Trinity
Our Lady of Lourdes, Park Lodge
Vere Foster

Activities

Extra Curricular Activities in First Year

Athletics
Basketball
Five-a side
Golf
Legion of Mary
Skiing
Chess
Cross Country
Drama
Gaelic Football
Hurling
Swimming
Water Polo

The Following Activities will become Available after First Year

Computer Club
Debating
Karate
Outdoor Pursuits

Christian Brothers Past Pupils Union

287 Antrim Road, Belfast 15
Telephone: 747401



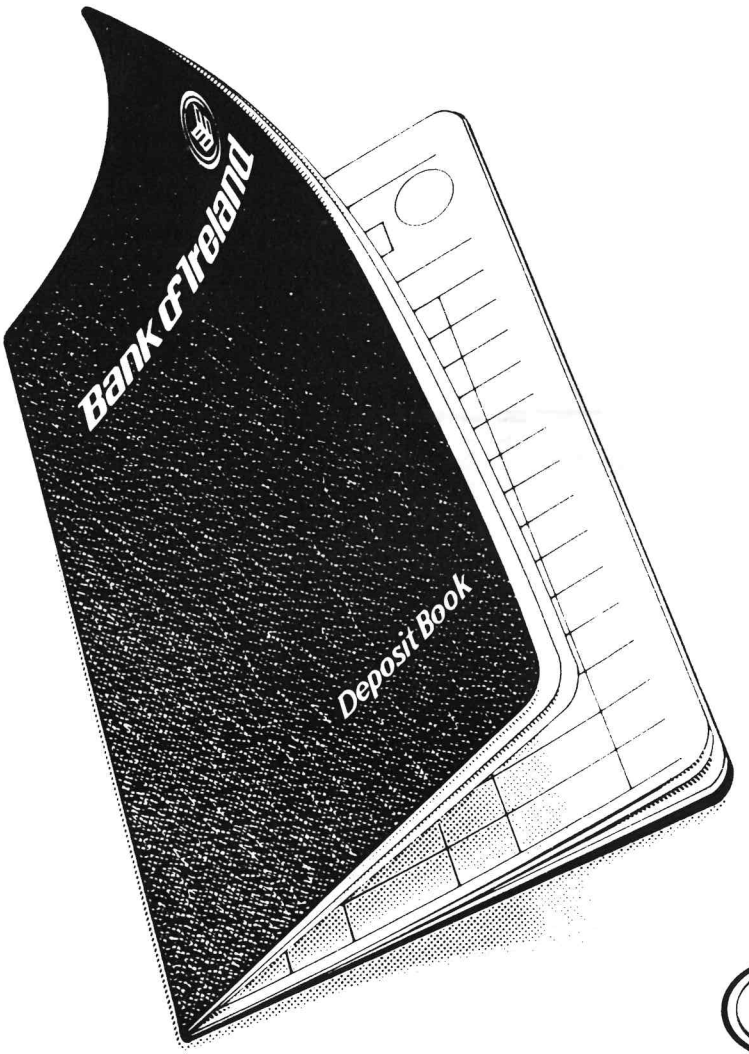
ACTIVITIES INCLUDE:

Dramatics, Choral Society, Table Tennis, Golf, Snooker, Football, Indoor Bowls, Irish Dancing.
(For Members Children)

Membership Fee £10.00 including V.A.T.
Student Membership Fee £2.00 plus V.A.T.

Past Pupils of all Christian Brothers Schools are cordially invited to apply for membership.
Applications to HONORARY REGISTRAR

Book yourself a sound future– save with us.



Bank of Ireland
The bank of a lifetime

62 HIGH STREET, BELFAST

Prizegiving Day Sermon

Given by Rev. Dr. P. Walsh, Bishop of Ros Cré

This is a Mass of Thanksgiving. I wonder how many of you who are receiving your 'O' and 'A' level certificates tonight have thanked your teachers for their teaching or have thanked your parents for their encouragement and support or have thanked God for the talents and the abilities which he has given you and enabled you to use, remembering Christ's words "To whom much is given, of him much will be required."

Tonight you are thanking God in this Mass and remember that the Mass, the Eucharist, is an act of thanksgiving, that is the meaning of the word Eucharist - you are thanking Him for the graces which He has given and will continue to give to all of you. And we will join with you in your thanksgiving, making it a family thanksgiving, for the school community is a family and the family is here tonight - pupils and recent past pupils, teachers, both religious and lay, chaplains, parents and governors. And tonight we also thank God that this family spirit of co-operation, in times none too easy, has preserved and indeed strengthened the best traditions of the Irish Christian Brothers' schools for the benefit of you, the present generation of pupils.

And it is to you the present generation of pupils and immediate past pupils I wish to speak tonight.

To you who have completed your O-level course my words are words of praise - praise for what you have achieved, but also words of encouragement - encouragement for what you are still capable of achieving. These next two years will be very formative years during which you will grow from being adolescents into young adults - years in which you will grow and mature, mentally, physically, morally and spiritually. Vital years indeed of formation, for the kind of person you will be in the year 2000 will be to a very large extent shaped in 1984 and 1985.

The next two years will see you make a great leap forward intellectually. Your A-level courses, very demanding, very specialised, will open up a new learning process for you. You will be learning, not just facts, not just information, though this will still be important, but the greater importance you will be learning how to check the facts, how to get behind them, how to interpret them. You will be learning to answer not just the question What? but the questions Why? and How? You will be learning how to assess, how to discriminate, how to argue logically, and this learning process is one of the great strengths of our A-level system. And in this learning process your teachers will be directing you along the different avenues of the sciences, the humanities, the arts, leading you and stimulating you in what one could call a search - a search for truth - your search for truth.

And you who have left school, who have completed your A-level course - and on your sucess we all congratulate you tonight - you are still involved in that search for truth, whether you are in third level education or not, for the search for truth is a lifelong search, not only in schools of academic learning, but also in the school of experience, the school of living in the world. Yes it is a lifelong search, as St. Augustine said in a sentence which I love.

"Search to find and find to search still more."

And it is a search which must be carried on in a great spirit of humility - the greatest scholars are always the humblest of men - for no one lifetime can exhaust the truth or indeed exhaust any of the facets of the truths of, say, the physical sciences, or the insights into truth which we find in literature or the arts. In a word no one lifetime can exhaust the truth about nature, especially about human nature, about man - to think so would be the height of arrogance and even of stupidity - and yet how many consider that they have exhausted the truth about God by the time they reach adolescence.

Could I disagree here for a moment. At present I am reading a book "The Intelligent Universe - a new view of Creation and Evolution" by Sir Fred Hoyle, the distinguished English theoretical physicist and astonomer. When I was a student I took lectures from Hoyle and I can still remember vividly in one of his classes he used the word 'truth' with a certain amount of scorn and yet clearly in his search for scientific truth he has been prepared to change radically his own views. The Hoyle of my student days could certainly never have written in this recent book and I quote "a component has evidently been missing from cosmological studies, a component involving intelligent design."

This acceptance by Hoyle of the fact that life could not have been started by random processes and that there must be an intelligence behind the universe is an example of the search of which I am speaking. The search as I say must be carried on in a spirit of humility and with a recognition that no one lifetime can exhaust any of the facets of the truth of even the physical sciences, not to speak about the truth about man or the truth about God.

Tonight I would ask each one of you to continue to search for the truth, to be intellectually honest and open and alert. Then have respect for the truth, live according to the truth, and so be young men of integrity.

Respect the truth. In one sense truth is very persuasive, is very strong but in another sense it is very fragile, it is very weak for it will never force itself on a person, it must be freely accepted.

And in our own current situation we have become all too aware of how fragile the truth is, how easily it can be broken and grounded to pieces by the propaganda machine, by the perversion of words, by the appeal to emotions. Moral corruption is often preceded and in part effected by corruption of language. When he accepted the Nobel prize for Literature in 1970 Solzhenitsyn devoted his acceptance speech to an analysis of the correlation between violence and the lie and he ended his speech with the dramatic sentence "One word of truth outweighs the whole world." Jesus is the word, He is indeed the word of truth. He claimed "I am the truth" and because He is the truth He is the one who overcomes, who outweighs the whole world. And if we accept his word, if, as He says, we make His word our home then we "will learn the truth and the truth will makes us free."

And we all want to be free and it is the truth which frees, but the lie which enslaves.

Search then for the truth, pursue that search, uniquely and perseveringly in the school of prayer for it is only the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Truth, as promised by Jesus, as we heard in the Gospel of our Mass, who will lead us even more deeply into the truth and then enable us to respect the truth and live the truth.

This page is sponsored by: **A.P. McCallion,** Falls Road, Belfast 11.

And there must be a correspondence between what we profess to believe and how we live. Recall the second reading of our Mass and the words which St John wrote to his friend Gaius "It was a great joy to me when some brothers came and told of your faithfulness to the truth and of your life in the truth - it is always my greatest joy to hear that my children are living according to the truth." Can these words be applied to us?

To be faithful to the truth and live according to the truth. These words must have been in Pope John Paul's mind when he said "Truthful thinking and truthfully living give integrity to a man." And integrity is perhaps the quality most admired in a man, the quality which earns most respect. To say that a man is a man of integrity is probably the highest praise that you can give any man - it is a quality praised in the Bible and in the pages of literature. Horace's praise of the man who was "integer vitae" is repeated in the literature of every culture. "Integer vitae" the man of integrity, the man whose life is integral, the man whose life is wholesome.

Life is now opening before you, especially those of you who have just left school. You have it in your power to make your life or to mar it - to make of your lives something nobly true, or something utterly false. Your lives will be true, integral, wholesome if you are faithful to prayer, to the sacraments and to the Mass, for without God's grace we can do nothing, and these are the words of Christ. Tonight in this Mass while thanking God we also pray for the blessing of His Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Truth and the Spirit of Fortitude. We pray that the Holy Spirit may lead you into all truth, and fill you with his Spirit of Fortitude. that you may be able to live lives in accordance with the truth, with the truth which will surely set you free.

May the grace of the Holy Spirit enlighten your minds and fortify your hearts. Amen.

St. Mary's Parents Committee

Members of the Committee:
Mrs. K. Crozier, Mrs. T. Devlin, Mr. and Mrs. S. Devlin, Mrs. H. Dunne, Mrs. K. Fallon, Mrs. G. Hughes, Mrs. D. Keaney, Mr. G. Kelly, Mrs. A. Lacey, Mr. Maginn, Mr. & Mrs MacGiolla Cathain, Mrs. S. Matassa, Mrs. M. Robinson, Mrs. M. Sadlier, Mrs. M. Smyth, Mr. T. Walsh.

For the past six years this devoted group of parents has given their time and talents so generously in the organising of many school functions, for instance, Prizegiving Night and Parent/Teacher Meetings.

They have also worked tirelessly in helping to organise and run the very popular Christmas Bazaar at which approximately £3,500 was raised each year.

The main charities which benefitted from their efforts were, the Blue Peter Cambodia Appeal, the Irish Handicapped Childrens Pilgrimage Trust, St. Vincent de Paul, Christian Brother's Zambian Mission schools.

This dedicated band of workers also organised the highly successful 'Strauss Ball' for which the Artane Boys Band provided the music.

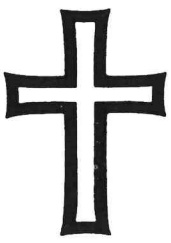
Without the help of this Committee these functions would not have been possible. We, the school organising Committee, would like to express our appreciation and sincere thanks to them.
Anne Fitzpatrick, Bro. Gallagher, Edward McCann and Oliver McCann

As new members are urgently required to support the existing Committee any parent who wishes to join please contact either Anne Fitzpatrick or Bro. Gallagher at the school.

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Prizegiving Day 1984

The school's annual Prizegiving Day took place in a crowded Assembly Hall on 8th February last. The distinguished guest and presenter of prizes was Dr. Patrick Walsh, Bishop of Ros Cré and past pupil of St. Mary's.

His Lordship celebrated mass for all those assembled. In his homily, his Lordship spoke about learning as a search for truth. Bishop Walsh said:

The search for truth is a lifelong search. As Saint Augustine said, "Search to find and find to search still more." It is a search which must be carried on in a great spirit of humility - the greatest scholars are always the humblest of men - for no one lifetime can exhaust the truth or indeed exhaust any of the facets of the truth of, say, the physical sciences, or the insights into truth which we find in literature or the arts. In a word no one lifetime can exhaust the truth about man - to think so would be the height of arrogance and even of stupidity - and yet how many consider that they have exhausted the truth about God by the time they reach adolescence.

He asked the students to have respect for the truth, to live according to the truth and so to be young men of integrity.

In our current situation we have become all too aware of how fragile the truth is, how easily it can be broken and grounded by the propagands machine, by the perversion of words, by the appeal to emotions. When he accepted the Nobel prize for Literature in 1970 Solzhenitsyn devoted his acceptance speech to an analysis of the correlation between violence and the lie and he ended his speech with the dramatic sentence "One word of truth outweighs the whole world."

There must be a correspondence between what we profess to believe and how we live. We must be faithful to the truth and live according to the truth. As Pope John Paul said "Truthful thinking and truthful living give integrity to a man" and integrity is perhaps the quality most admired in a man, the quality which earns most respect. To say that a man is a man of integrity is probably the highest praise you can give any man.

You have it in your power to make your life or to mar it, to make of your lives something true or something utterly false. Your lives will be true, integral, wholesome if you are faithful to prayer, to the sacraments and to Mass for without God's grace we can do nothing.

In opening the Prizegiving ceremony the headmaster, Rev. Bro. Kelly, welcomed the distinguished guests, parents and students. He then went on to outline the role and function of the Voluntary Grammar School in N. Ireland today and justified a selective system of education: "Over the years St. Mary's has made a great contribution to the business, professional, trade union, academic, church and social life of the city of Belfast. We are well aware in the present unhappy state of our city that this is not enough. We see a continuing need to do more to strengthen the forces working for understanding, reconciliation and stability, We, in St. Mary's, pledge ourselves to do so.

Traditionally Northern Ireland's Grammar Schools have always recruited their students from every social and economic background. It is a matter of great satisfaction that the Grammar Schools have helped countless students from poor and disadvantaged homes to enjoy the benefits of an academic education and go on to enter the universities and the professions.

The matter of social background is sometimes confused with the quite different problem of ability and aptitude. These are two quite separate and distinct problems. The Grammar schools openly welcome pupils from from every social background; but if we are to maintain our academic standards we must obviously concentrate to a large extent on pupils with the requisite ability, aptitude, motivation and perserverance. On the present debate for a new Transfer Procedure, St. Mary's believes that any new system must:

(a) maintain a selective system of education;
(b) respect parental choice;
(c) should not alter the proportions transferring to different types of Secondary Schools, i.e. about 27 : 73;
(d) should reflect established enrolment patterns which reflect community demands;
(e) should not, in any way, tamper with the rights of Voluntary Schools under the 1947 Education Act."

Bro. Kelly then outlined what St. Mary's students had achieved during the previous academic year:

"I welcome back, especially tonight, last years 'A' Level class. I congratulate you on your magnificent success in your 'A' Level examinations. As a result of your success, one hundred of you started undergraduate courses this year.

I congratulate the winners of the various awards at 'A' Level. In particular Andrew Hillan who is the second winner of the Edmund Rice Memorial and Gold Medal. Andrew scored grade A in Mathematics, A in Further Mathematics, A in Physics and B in Chemistry.

I must also pay a special tribute to the twelve students who came to us after doing their 'O' Levels in various Secondary Schools and who have now attained places in university. In particular I congratulate Paul McLarnon who won an Industrial Scholarship from Shorts and who is now studying Aeronautical Engineering at Queen's. Also I congratulate James McGivern who tonight will receive the Bank of Ireland Medal for an outstanding performance in 'A' Level Geography. These two students came to St. Mary's from St. Teresa's Christian Brothers' Secondary School.

A special word of congratulations to Lynda Deevoy and Rosemary McIlrath, the first two students from Cross and Passion Secondary School to take 'A' Levels in St. Mary's.

One hundred and eighty students sat their 'O' Level examinations and they achieved over 1,500 'O' Level passes - this represented an average pass rate of over eight subjects per student.

I especially congratulate Adrian Farquharson on winning the C.B.P.P.W. Gold Medal for the Best 'O' Level Student. (Adrian obtained eight A grades and one B grade)."

Thanking the teaching staff for their untiring efforts and excellent work during the academic year, Bro. Kelly commended their "enthusiastic and professional approach" which he said was reflected in the results obtained by their students. At this point he paid a special tribute to two members of staff who had retired the previous summer - Bro. Minogue and Miss Shelia O'Donoghue.

The Headmaster also commented upon the school's successes in the sphere of extra curricular activities:

"In the extra curricular field the staff and students of St. Mary's are prepared to give generously of their time and talents. St. Mary's students won Ulster titles in football, hurling, handball, water-polo, cross country, athletics, skiing, badminton, chess and drama."

Special mention was made of the senior Debating Team of Kenneth Bartley and Ciaran Rogan who won Ulster and All-Ireland titles as well as defeating the Observer Mace Champions in England.

Finally he referred to the work which was done by staff and students in the aid of charity.

"During the year students collected over £8,000 for various charities, this is a clear indication of the generosity of our parents and students in the aid of charity. The charities which benefited were:

Irish Handicapped Childrens' Pilgrimage Trust
Christian Brothers' Zambian Missions
St. Vincent de Paul
Legion of Mary
Cura
Diocesan Childrens' Fund
Poleglass Church Fund

I would also like to thank the Senior Prefects, the RAY Group, the Muckamore groups and the Legion of Mary for their work in the school and the local community. Our students are also involved in helping at the Divis Street Hostel for homeless men."

The most coveted prize - the Edmund Rice Gold Medal - which is awarded to the best 'A' Level student was presented by Bishop Walsh to Andrew Hillan who is now studying Veterinary Medicine at University College Dublin.

The C.B.P.P.U. Medal which is awarded to the best 'O' Level student was presented to Adrian Farquharson who achieved eight A grades and one B grade in his examinations in June 1983.

The full list of prizes and their recipients at St. Mary's Prizegiving Day is given on p.23.

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'A' LEVEL SPECIAL ACADEMIC AWARDS

BEST 'A' LEVEL STUDENT 1982-83 - EDMUND RICE GOLD MEDAL

ANDREW HILLAN
(Holy Child Primary School)
Reading Veterinary at U.C.D.

'A' LEVEL ECONOMICS 1982-83 - ULSTER BUSINESS EQUIPMENT MEDAL

MICHAEL SPENCE
(St. Finian's Primary School)
Reading Economics at Q.U.B.

'A' LEVEL ENGLISH 1982-83 - THE SERRIDGE MEDAL

MARK MAGEE
(St. Colman's Primary School, Lambeg)
Studying Quantity Surveying at Ulster Polytech

'A' LEVEL ART 1982-83 - THE TATLER MEDAL

SEAN MISTEÁIL
(Holy Child Primary School)
Studying Art at Belfast College of Art

'A' LEVEL MATHEMATIC 1982-83 - REV. BRO. J.B. McGREEVY MEMORIAL MEDAL

JOHN CONNOLLY
(St. John the Baptist Primary School)
Reading Engineering at Q.U.B.

'A' LEVEL PHYSICS 1982-83 - THE RONAN PRESS MEDAL

JOHN HOWARD
(Holy Child Primary School)
Reading Engineering Management at Trinity College

'A' LEVEL GEOGRAPHY 1982-83 - THE BANK OF IRELAND MEDAL

JAMES McGIVERN
(St. Teresa's P.S. and C.B. Secondary School)
Reading Law at Reading University

'A' LEVEL BIOLOGY 1982-83 - THE SHELL U.K. MEDAL

OWEN MULDOON
(St. Teresa's Primary School)
Reading Medicine at Q.U.B.

'A' LEVEL CHEMISTRY 1982-83 - THE O'HARE MEDAL

DAVID WOODHOUSE
(Holy Child Primary School)
Reading Medicine at Q.U.B.

'A' LEVEL FURTHER MATHEMATICS 1982-83 - REV. BRO. M.J. NANNERY MEMORIAL MEDAL

ANDREW HILLAN
(Holy Child Primary School)
Reading Veterinary at U.C.D.

'A' LEVEL HISTORY - THE A.I.B. MEDAL

DERMOT BRESLIN
(St. Teresa's Primary School)
Intending to Read English at Trinity College

'O' LEVEL SPECIAL ACADEMIC AWARDS

BEST 'O' LEVEL STUDENT 1982-83 - C.B.P.P.U. GOLD MEDAL

ADRIAN FARQUHARSON
(Holy Child Primary School)

'O' LEVEL MATHEMATICS 1982-83 - REV. BRO. L.F. ENNIS MEDAL

PATRICK WALLACE
(Edmund Rice Primary School)

'O' LEVEL T.D. & G.C. 1982-83 - JOE DEVLIN MEDAL

PAUL McCARRON
(St. John the Baptist Primary School)

'O' LEVEL IRISH 1982-83 - JOE DEVLIN MEDAL

CIARAN MULHOLLAND
(St. Oliver Plunkett Primary School)

'O' LEVEL ENGLISH LITERATURE 1982-83 - W.H. McEVOY MEDAL

BRENDAN SMITH
(St. Gall's Primary School)

'O' LEVEL COMPUTER STUDIES 1982-83 - S.O.S. MEDAL

ADRIAN FARQUHARSON
(Holy Child Primary School)

'O' LEVEL SCIENCES 1982-83 - D.J. MacRANDAL MEDAL

JOHN McATEER
(St. Luke's/St. Matthew's Primary Schools)

'O' LEVEL MODERN LANGUAGES 1982-83 PAT McGUIGAN MEDAL

CONOR SHANNON
(Holy Child/St. John the Baptist Primary Schools)

'O' LEVEL DRAMA - THE McQUILLAN MEDAL

NIALL REA
(Holy Child Primary School)

AWARDS FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR 1982-83 - THE GERRY MAGENNIS MEDAL

CIARAN BARR
(St. Finian's Primary School)

BEST SKIER OF THE YEAR 1982-83 THE DAVID HOBSON MEDAL

BRIAN WALSH
(St. Aloysius Primary School, Lisburn)

DEBATER OF THE YEAR 1982-83 REV. BRO. L.F. ENNIS MEDAL

CIARAN ROGAN
(St. Teresa's Primary School)

and

KENNETH BARTLEY
(St. Bride's Primary School)

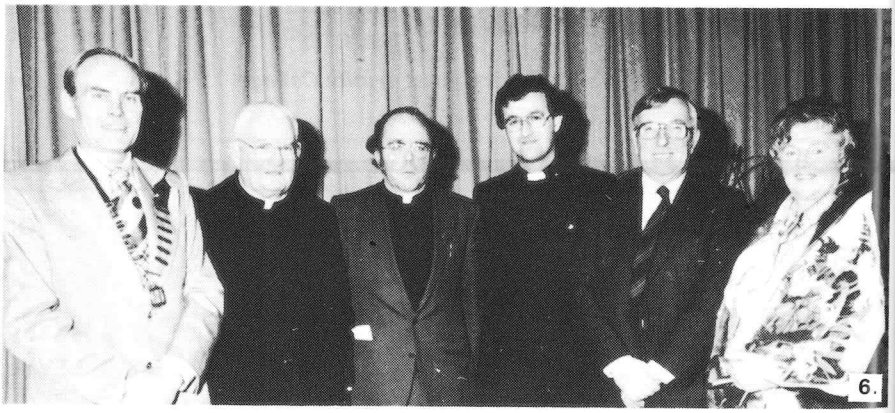

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Presentation of Awards at St. Mary's Christian Brothers, Glen Road

1. *Group of successful 'A' level students with shield.*
2. *Group of successful 'O' level students.*
3. *Platform party.*
4. *Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard and their son John.*
5. *Kenneth Bentley and C. Rogan, joint winners of the Ennis Shield.*
6. *Platform party.*
7. *Mrs. T. McGurk and son Ciaran, Mrs. E. Walsh and her son Brian, Mr. T. McKeever and son James.*
8. *Mrs. M. McQuillan and Neill Rae.*

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Licence to Print Money

In 1983, LEDU and the Irish Life Assurance company announced a venture throughout Northern co-operatives in several schools throughout Northern Ireland. The intention was to give pupils who were still at school experience working in a business environment. St. Mary's was one of the schools selected and the internal advisor, the person who had the job of setting up the mini-co was Mr. H. McBarron.

Within a fortnight of returning to the school in September, twenty had joined "Glenco Mini-Co" as worker-directors. Each had to carry out certain tasks necessary for the success of the venture, and the theory went that everyone bore equal responsibility within the mini-co. Each member had to be a shareholder, and shares were sold to others also, so starting capital was £69 plus a £50 grant from Irish Life Assurance.

Thus once a management team was elected (with Malachy Kearney as Managing Director) Glenco was ready to start production. It was decided early on to print tee-shirts because the methods of production were simple, the level of profits was high and the risks involved were low.

At first only three designs were printed. These were carefully chosen, because if the mini-co had infringed copyright regulations, there could have been a lot of trouble. Thus the first design was one proclaiming "It's mad!" It was hoped that this design would sell well to the juniors who were fans of Madness. Two football team designs were also introduced, one of Liverpool and one of Manchester United. Neither of the latter sold in any great quantities, but the next design was very successful. It was the very original idea of a design showing Cuchulann in combat with an eagle. Underneath it was the Irish equivalent of courage "misneach". This product was very popular and sold in great numbers both inside and outside the school. Once there was this sort of demand, production could be set up at a serious level. The last project that the mini-co took part in was the special design for the "Do Wado Kai" martial arts club of which Mr. Mallon (the chemistry teacher) is a member. This was the biggest earner for Glenco and it gave a big boost to the profits before the mini-co was wound up in mid-January.

When all the mini-co's gathered at the City Hall for a final meeting, Glenco was found to be the most successful in terms of profit. (The actual figure was £159) A. dividend of 50% was paid to each shareholder and their money was returned.

The most likely reason for the high level of profit was probably that Glenco had concentrated from the start on making money, whereas other mini-co's seemed more interested in making hand-carved chess pieces or a single snooker table. However Glenco did have its failures, one major problem was that to have a co-operative, people should be willing to co-operate. Some worker directors refused to, but Glenco managed fairly well without them. Neither was there any noticeable assistance from LEDU in running the mini-co - the LEDU advisor only turned up once.

However for all the problems, it was an enjoyable experience for those who were involved. Special thanks must to to Bro. Gallagher, Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Dynan, who all played a major part in the success of the venture, and also to the many teachers who let their classes be interrupted so that the tee-shirts could be sold. Finally, all the worker-directors feel highly indebted to Mr. McBarron without whom there would probably have been no mini-co at all.

THE BOARD

The photograph shows part of the St. Mary's G.S., Mini-Co team. The boys, all in Lower Sixth, raised £159 as part of a L.E.D.U. business enterprise project for schools. Various designs of printed T-shirts were made and sold by the group both locally, and, in the school. The work involved proved an interesting diversion from more traditional academic pursuits, and the overall scheme was thoroughly enjoyed by all concerned.



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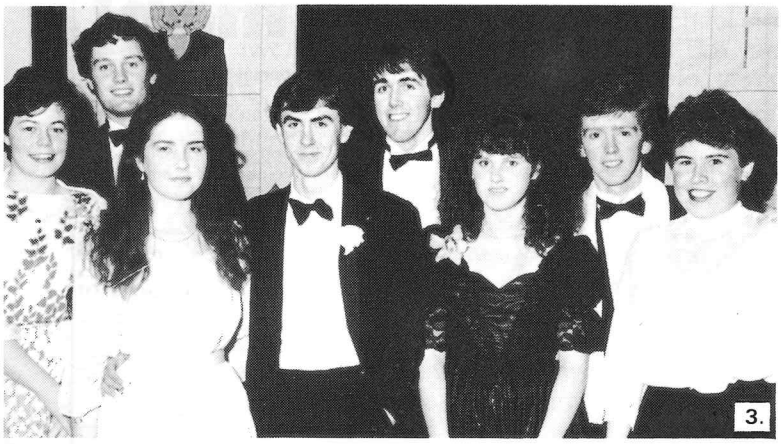
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THE SCHOOL FORMAL

1. *Tricia McMullan, Colm Martin, Nuala Nelson, Michael McCallin, Paula McVeigh, Charles Gordin.*
2. *Michael Kane, Catherine Mawhinney, Catherine Fagan, Frank O'Neill.*
3. *Katrina McCrory, Vincent Kearney, Kathleen Madden, Kieran Rogan, Kieran Dunne, Cathy Doherty, Joseph Robinson, Una Foy (Organising Committee).*
4. *Sean Clarke, Moira Brennan, Pat McArdle, Tracey Wilson.*
5. *Brian Lynn, Rita Heatley, Rosaline Dillon, Terry McCrudden.*
6. *E. McQuillan and Mrs. McQuillan, R. Br. Kelly - Headmaster, R. Br. Gallagher - Vice-Principal.*
7. *Mr. J. Lally, Mrs. Lally, Mr. and Mrs. Sean Haughey.*
8. *Anne O'Toole, Brendan Duffin, Brenda O'Toole, Kevin Armstrong, Roisin Devlin, Paul Morgan.*

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A GAS CHROMATOGRAPHY UNIT

Unknown to many, great things are afoot in the school's Chemistry Department. for the past year, work has been done in the design and production of a microcomputer aided gas chromatography unit which would be capable of being used to teach the principles of Gas Chromatography to A-level students.

Gas Chromatography is used to separate gases and volatile liquids (BP 200°C) in organic chemistry. The technique is an important analytical method for scientists in hospitals, universities and in the chemical and food industries. The unknown sample requiring analysis, is injected into a column containing a tightly packed solid (usually soap powder) known as the stationary phase. A gas supply (hydrogen) is passed through the column and is known as the mobile phase. Due to the components of the unknown sample having different degrees of affinity for the stationary and mobile phases, separation will occur. If a component has a large degree of affinity for the stationary phase, it will take a long time to pass through the column i.e. the RETENTION TIME is small. As each component emerges it adds to the flame, thus increasing the thermocouple voltage. The mobile phase is burnt at the end of the column at a thermocouple. This is a means of detecting the component.

The design of the unit was proposed by Mr. Diamond when he saw that the equipment being used was unsatisfactory for the teaching of gas chromatography. The previous apparatus involved the measurement of the thermocouple voltages by a centre-zero galvanometer. All those familiar with this instrument will know that any voltage changes across its terminals results in a deflection of the needle.

As you can imagine, it was a tedious and time consuming experiment, with teacher and pupils huddled around the galvanometer, staring expectantly at the needle for what were often lengthy retention times. If the needle movement was missed, due to distractions, the experiment would have had to be repeated.

An early innovation was the use of a BBC Microcomputer. This made it possible to have a permanent record of the results on the computer screen. The voltages produced at the thermocouples now pass via an electric interface to the computer which has been programmed to construct a graph of detector response (i.e. thermocouple voltages) against time.

The introduction of the computer into the system has made it possible for the efficiency of the unit to be increased. By means of the computer and a suitable programme it is now possible to control the temperature of the column. This is important in that the higher the temperature of the column, the shorter the retention times, the control of which is advantageous when dealing with the heavier organic substances.

We are presently under supervision of Mr. Diamond and Mr. J. Heaney, investigating the design of the column with respect to separating not only non-polar samples such as pentane and hescane, as at present, but also polar samples such as alcohols. We will be presenting our results in the finals of the "Aer Lingus" Young Scientist of the Year" competition in January.

COLM TRACEY & KIERAN McGOWAN 7SA

St. Mary's Grammar School Formal





ABOVE: A happy group of guests including Rev. Bro. Kelly, Headmaster.

LEFT: Michael Sherry, Bronagh Short, Colette Wilson, Paul Tumelty, Bro. Lynam, Lynda Cavanagh, Damien Deane.

13th ANNUAL IRISH CHILDRENS PILGRIMAGE

During the week after Easter, the sun shone continuously in Lourdes, to the great delight of each of the 865 handicapped boys and girls and their voluntary helpers forming the 13th Annual Irish Children's Pilgrimage. I think the oldies among us can say without contradiction - it was the best ever. It was also the biggest. For those interested in statistics, there were 436 children and 429 helpers - the helpers included 35 Group Leaders, 35 Chaplains, over 40 Nurses, 17 Doctors and 1 Bishop, our President, Dr. Dermot O'Mahony. We flew out in 5 flights, 1 from Shannon, 2 from Cork and 2, (including a jumbo) from Dublin.

Many of the the children were experiencing their first flight and indeed for some the first separation from their parents, but thanks very largely to the unique and happy Trust system whereby the children and helpers are arranged in small family Groups, the children quickly settled down to enjoy all that Lourdes and Our Lady had to offer.

And there was so much on offer, so much to crowd into a short week - daily Mass, the afternoon procession and the blessing of the sick, the nightly torchlight procession, the Way of the Cross, the Baths, the daily visit to the Grotto; the visits to the Shrines associated with Saint Bernadette - the Cachot, the Hospice where she made her First Communion, the farm in Bartres where she convalesced; sightseeing - the Chateau Fort, the Museum, the Pic de Jer and the Pic de Beout; the visits to the Cafes for refreshments; the very popular excursion to Gavarnie, with picnics and donkey rides; shopping as long as the money lasted, writing postcards. the Group party; talks from the Chaplain and night prayers at the Grotto. The memories come flooding back, and all of them are happy.

The distinction between helper and handicapped disappeared after the first day, thanks to the sense of security the children have in belonging to a small Group. The new helper soon discovers that to help physically is of little importance unless it is combined with giving oneself to share, to talk and to listen - and the happiness which builds up within a Group and throughout the Pilgrimage is one of the most wonderful experiences of the week.

The focal point each day is the Group Mass when the Chaplain, children and helpers join to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. The children play a major part - serving, reading, singing and adding their own bidding prayers. Very special prayers are offered for our benefactors and helpers at home who do so much to make the Pilgrimage possible but cannot share the joy of the children in Lourdes.

The highlight of the week was the ever popular Bishop's Mass - this is the only occasion when the whole Pilgrimage is together as all the Groups assemble for a great Community Mass - the central act of worship for the whole week for our Benefactors and our families and friends at home.

The trust has now grown too large for Saint Joseph's Church and so was accommodated in an enormous marquee. Bishop O'Mahony was assisted by our 36 Chaplains - two girls translated in sign language everything that was being said and a choir and musicians selected from various groups, aided and abetted by the young men from St. Cornan's. Overall there was joy as the magic of Lourdes touched every person; joy as the Bishop spoke lovingly to the children; joy as children and helpers shared signs of peace and friendship; and joy as we were touched by a greater awareness of the Spirit of Christ and His love for each of us. In his homily the Bishop said that he had never witnessed so much happiness.
He told the children and the helpers that on this Pilgrimage there was just one rule.
It was ..... "you must love one another just as I have loved you."

PROBLEMS...

Brother Hynes surveying his "handiwork".



A miracle required?



Lourdes '84

Impressions of Lourdes

I thought nothing could surpass the enjoyment I had experienced during the week Monday 16th April to Sunday 22nd (Easter Sunday) but, to coin a cliched phrase, things were just beginning. At first it was strange actually being in Lourdes. Almost a year had been spent in preparation and anticipation and then I was suddenly there. I was, however, not to be disappointed.

We all felt a sense of achievement as we caught our first glimpse of the Grotto and Basilica across a neatly-mown field and beyond the rapidly flowing Cave. The Grotto itself is simplistic in real terms, simply a nostalgic, strangely patterned hole in a rock-face, but its immense implications as far as the faith of the sick and believers is concerned only fully dawned on me later in the week.

After an excited photo session in front of the Grotto, Bro. Gallagher chauffeured us in pairs to our respective group hotels. Actually meeting the children and being separated from the rest of the cyclists had been the moment I had pondered about most. Would they accept and like me? Just what was it going to be like? In fact it was only in afterthought that I couldn't believe how quickly and easily Eamonn Dunne and myself settled into the group atmosphere. Luckily we had already met most of the helpers and so few formal introductions were necessary.

The children assigned to our group "62" were most 13 years of age or older and were all reasonably capable of attending to their own needs without assistance. A happier bunch you could not have met. They all had a magnificent outlook on life so that they let nothing annoy them. We all enjoyed each others company as individuals, as people, regardless of any so-called "handicap" and it is this characteristic of the Lourdes movement I admire the most. We were not so much helping them as sharing in their enjoyment.

The group visited the baths immediately on the Monday morning and those of us still not fully awake were soon shocked into revival. As expected the kids viewed the experience with dread but they all participated finally with the aid of some convivial coaxing. The baths I imagined did have some spiritual significance for us all and especially for some of the children who seemed to have enjoyed it thoroughly! The weather throughout the week was ideal and a visit to Gavarnie up in the Pyrenees left most of us nursing sun-burn for the rest of our stay. Each group had its own Mass and it was odd seeing the rugged sunny slopes dotted with over forty groups engrossed in their own celebration. This holiday aspect of the children's stay was enjoyed by all, what with pony treks and soaking in the river. The kids really did "make the most of it" and one bubbly little character, Joseph, had me leading him on horse back up and down the mountain for an hour.

Of all the Trust organised-events which took place that week the special torchlight procession remains the most poignant in my memory. Being the bearer of my group banner on that occasion I had to stand with the rest of the carriers along the side balconies of the Basilica. The throng of bright lights stretching away below me was a stupendous and "once in a lifetime" spectacle. Here certainly before me was the light of Christ, a symbol and shining example of how to live and experience life fully by complete sharing. These emotions experienced by all were summed up in the celebrants homily by the fact that here was;-

"the light and happy Christian family, where as a church of people this light represented true happiness through Christ."

Lourdes for me was a truly human experience, and then in that respect a truly religious experience, an experience involving people. The week was a symbol of human, friendship happiness and joy in simply sharing fully in each others company. The religious ceremonies were filled with applause, laughter and singing and indeed were important but more so the simple Christian togetherness that was experienced from the moment the week neared its climax. This aspect remains the most enduring lesson of the pilgrimage. Most of all it was due to the children themselves that this atmosphere was sustained. Everyone in the group put their all into the week and got everything they wanted back from it. Our last visit to the grotto late on Friday was when finally the true meaning of this pilgrimage to Our Lady of Lourdes gently settled completely on us all. As we said our private and group prayers we all felt at peace with ourselves and with each other.

PAUL McCOURT 7LB

Lourdes

We arrived in Lourdes on Easter Sunday at half past five. We made straight for the grotto. After that we were distributed in groups of two around the major hotels in Lourdes. I ended up by myself because my partner met with an accident while cycling and he asked to go home. Before getting out of the mini bus Niall Rea told everyone to meet at the Jean D'Arc at 10.30 p.m. The Jean D'Arc was a little cafe in Lourdes.

Upon arriving at my hotel I met my group, 109 from Dublin, and was introduced to the kids. After dinner the group went down to the torchlight procession, where we joined in the prayer service.

After the procession we went back to the hotel and the kids were put to bed at 10.00 o,clock. I then made my way down to the Jean d'Arc. It was almost full and the St. Mary's "choir" were already in full voice. It didn't take us long before the Jean d'Arc was alive with music. Groups from Galway, Cork, Dublin and England joined in with us, and when it came time to go we left the Jean d'Arc in full voice.

On Monday I woke with a buzzing in my ears, it was the early morning call. I got up, changed, and went down for breakfast. The rest of my group were already there. First on the agenda was a Lourdes bath at the grotto. You who have ever been to this will know what I mean when I say it was an experience. It was then back to the hotel for lunch and after that a mass was said by our group chaplain. Then it was back to the hotel for dinner. We then went down to the grotto for evening prayers. The kids of the group went to bed at 10.00 o'clock and some of the leaders went to the Jean d'Arc. Once again St. Mary's were out in force and we proceeded to outsing our competitors. It was another early morning for us then we went back to our hotels. On Tuesday we went to visit petite Lourdes after breakfast. This was a miniature replica of Lourdes as it was when St. Bernadette was alive. We then went back to the hotel for lunch. In the afternoon it was the Stations of the

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Cross. That was another of the many Lourdes experiences I will remember. The group proceeded to visit all 14 of the stations on the rocky hills above Lourdes. It was tough going to get the wheelchairs up this but with a bit of initiative and brute strength we managed to complete the stations. We then went to the Basilica where our chaplain said mass for us. The it was back to the hotel for tea. We then went down to the torchlight procession and the grotto and said our night prayers. The kids went to bed slightly earlier today because they were exhausted after all the walking they did.

I went to the Jean d'Arc to meet the rest of the cyclists. Most of them were there before me. One thing I must say St. Mary's were very punctual when it came to going to the Jean d'Arc (amazing isn't it). They were always first there.

On Wednesday it was the day trip to Gavarre. We were up at 8.00 o'clock and on the bus for 9.00 o'clock. The hotel supplied a packed lunch. It was an hour's journey by bus up the mountain roads. When we got there we could see the snow on the mountain sides and apparently Bro. Gallagher went skiing there. We had mass and then sat down to lunch. In the afternoon we played football against a Galway group and threw some of our helpers into the river. We went back to the bus at five. Dinner was served at 6.30 p.m. We had a quiet evening in the hotel and the kids went to bed. Once again there was a Rendezvous in the Jean d'Arc at 10.30 p.m. There was no singing on this night as we were hoarse after the other few nights.

On Thursday there was a mass in the underground Basilica for everyone. This was really fantastic. In the afternoon there was a procession of the sick. We stood for two hours in the scorching sunshine. After dinner there was a party for the group. Everyone enjoyed dressing up for this. The group leaders all went to the Jean d'Arc dressed up and you should have heard the comments being made about us.

On Friday the group went shopping but I had to meet the rest of the cyclists as we were going to see the Mayor of Lourdes. After a rushed lunch we went to the Trust Mass in the Marquee which was erected in the grounds of the Basilica. All the Irish groups attended this mass. After dinner we had a quiet evening followed by a visit to the Grotto to pray for a safe return home. When we got back to the hotel I packed everything ready for my early morning departure. Before the kids went to bed they all said "goodbye" to me since I wouldn't see them the next day.

I then went to the Jean d'Arc where the rest of the cyclists were already there. Since this was our last night we had a party amongst ourselves and everyone said goodbye to us and that they hoped to see us next year. Bro Gallagher came to the Jean d'Arc at 12.00 o'clock and said we should go to bed early since we had to be up at the mini buses at 6.30 a.m.

In the end some went back to the hotels and had about an hours sleep before getting up.

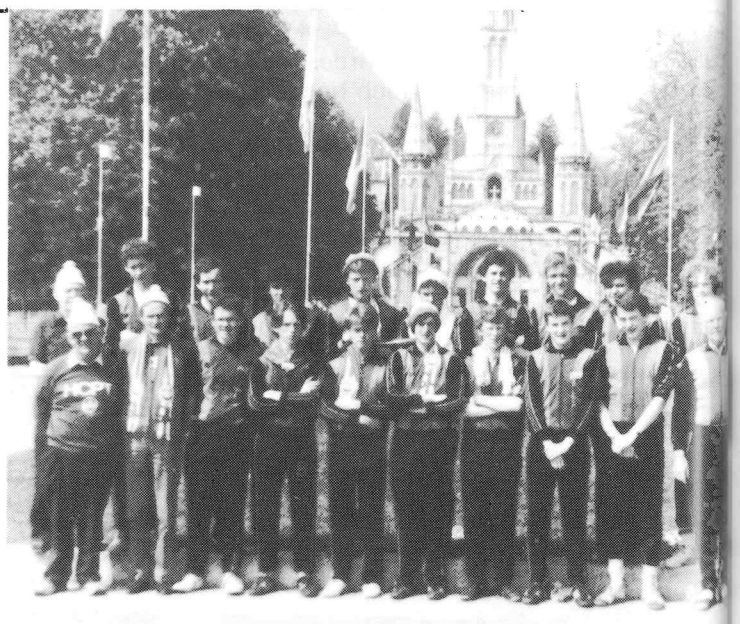
On the Saturday we left Lourdes and proceeded on our journey home. We arrived in St, Mary's at 10.30 a.m. on the Monday morning after a nights stay in Paris and a night on the Holyhead boat.

In my opinion it was a wonderful trip and I'd love to repeat it again some time in the future. We made lots of new friends on our trip the only mishaps being the few accidents and the damage caused to the bikes.

S. CLARKE 6LC

St. Mary's Students at Lourdes





ABOVE: The St. Mary's Team of helpers.

LEFT: St. Mary's students heading the I.H.C.P.T. procession in Lourdes.

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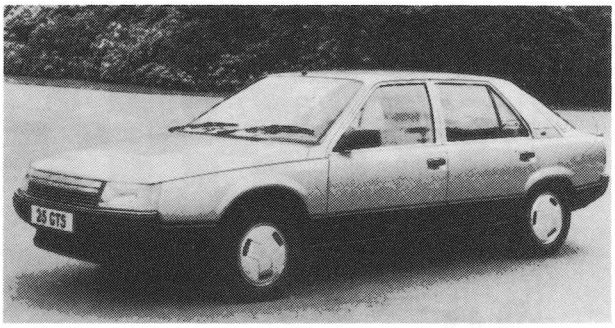
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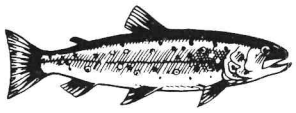
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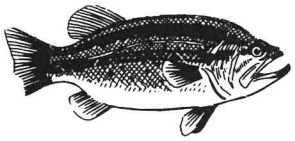
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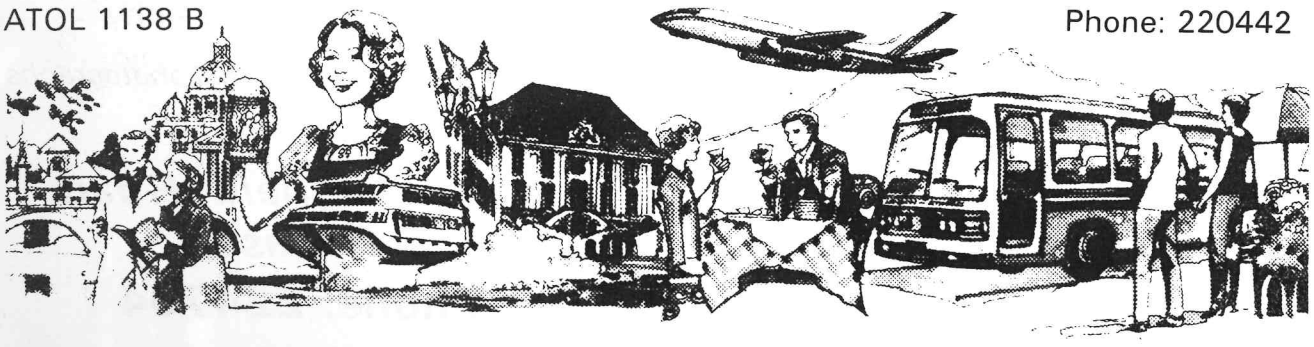
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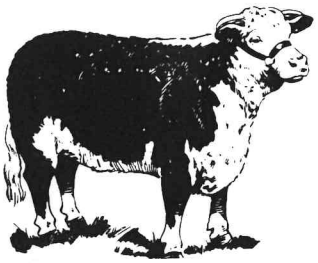
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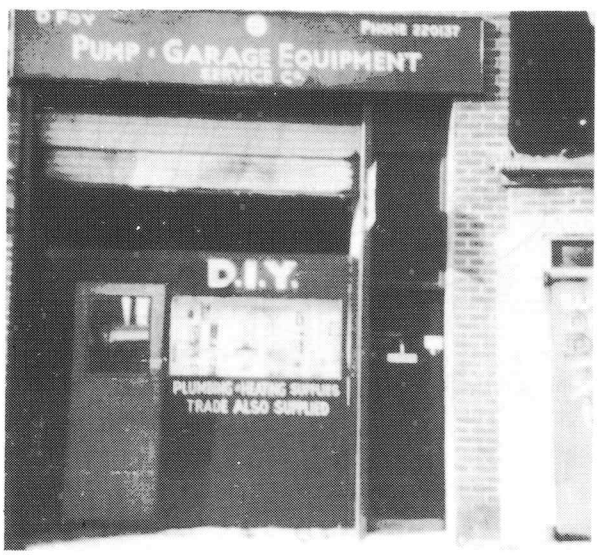
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Clubs & Societies

Fishing Club

The fishing club was started in April of last year by Bro. Hynes. The first place the club went to was Toomebridge in the heart of Antrim. The club got most support at the start from 4th and 5th years. The main fishing at Toomebridge was at the canal gates. The floats were sinking there but only for the smallest of fish such as roach and perch. Meanwhile some people had discovered the fisheries in the town just up river. As weeks went by the popularity of this place grew because the fish were far easier caught here even though they were small.

One week we ventured out to the Moyola river about three miles away from Toomebridge. We stayed there for about half an hour before realising it wasn't paying off and we went back to our original place. Another week we went to a river in Portadown where a record ten fish were caught by Damien McCrory and Kevin Walls.

After the summer break the fishing club started up again. More of the younger pupils from 1st and 2nd years started to join the fishing club while the 5th and 6th years started to filter off.

Brother Hynes decided to go some place different from Toome and announced a sea fishing trip to Ardglass and on the morning of the trip the biggest crowd yet were assembled. The biggest fish caught so far were caught in Ardglass mainly mackerel and they were caught close to the pier and from the rocks.

The fishing club will continue to flourish for a long time and the support from the the pupils of the school has been great so far. Long may it continue!



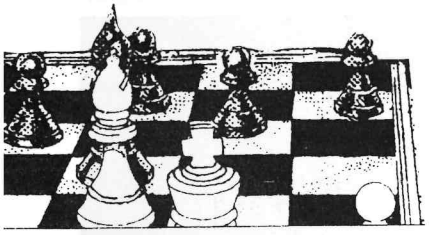
LEFT: All set to go to Ardglass.

BELOW: K. Walls and M. Kelly admiring their haul.





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Chess Club

During the 1983-1984 academic year four teams from the school competed in the Belfast section of the Ulster School's League. The Senior team of K. McCann, G. Kelly, D. Haughey, M. McLoughlin, C. McGarrigle, and J. Cairns finished third and the Junior team of J. Lonsdale, J. McCambridge won division four and the Albert Long Cup for the second time in three years. The Minor team (first three forms) and the first form team did well to hold their own against schools like Belfast Royal Academy and Methodist College where chess forms a much greater part of extra-curricular activity.

This year membership has increased to around thirty members and under the tuition of Mr. J. Mitchell and the use of a computer the younger members should be able to improve their game quite considerably.

We have had to part with G. Kelly, C. McGarrigle, M. McLoughlin and B. Hughes who have all served the school well over a number of years, We wish them all every success in further education and beyond. The Senior team is the only team being entered in the league this year and a capable squad has been assembled, built around K. McCann (who this year won the City of Dublin minor tournament), D. Haughey and J. Cairns, It is hoped to improve on last years showing of third. But the future looks bright with so many young minds ensconsed in the wonderful game of chess.



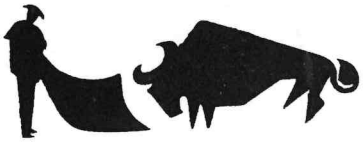
Literary Society

This year the Literary Society has continued its quest to bring some degree of culture to the largely philistine masses that are loosely termed 'scholars'. The society has flourished as a result of the work and dedication of a new breed of around forty enthusiasts under the direction of Mr. D. Tohill and the Executive committee of M. Flanagan, K. Pelan and the Kearney Brothers.

Last year Graham Reid and Padraig Fiacc were foremost among the writers brought to the school with no expense spared (subsidised by the Arts Council) and this year already the well known Turf Lodge community playwright Martin Lynch has discussed and possibly reappraised his work, here in the school. Michael Longley is the next target for the insatiable literary minds within the society.

In October the Literary Society made its first excursion to the Lyric Theatre where "High Time" by Derek Mahon and "The Riot Act" by Tom Paulin were very well received. Planned in the near future is a trip to see the Royal Shakespeare Company here in Belfast.

The showing of videos with some valuable literary content, attraction of theatre groups to the school and the promotion of local literature are also scheduled for this academic year, Anyone interested should contact Mr. D. Tohill or any of the committee.



The Hispanic Society

The St. Mary's Hispanic Society has recently been rejuvenated by popular demand and aims to help Spanish students and all others to a greater awareness of the increasingly important Hispanic world.

Most of the classes are engaged in a programme of correspondence with a school in Alicante and there is much exchange of materials at all levels between the schools. The boys hope to expand these links and look forward to vacational exchanges based on friendships established in their first year of learning Spanish.

One group has collectively joined Barcelona Football Supporters Club and intend to follow their club during the season in Spain with the aid of publicity material, newspapers and, if the static isn't too bad, the Sunday night results on Spanish radio.

For all levels there is a growing collection of "video" material on many aspects of Spanish and Southern American life and these have proved to be popular after school activities. Some of the older pupils hope to organise a series of talks this year to which they intend inviting sixth forms from other schools. Topics to be decided later.



An Cumann Gaelach

St. Mary's Cumann Gaelach is one of the most diverse societies in the school, encompassing, as it does, most aspects of Gaelic culture.

Recognising the popularity of Irish as a school subject, the society aims to use Irish as the spoken medium in all its activities as well as in day to day contact between pupils.

Outside the school the Cumann Gaelach is justifiably best known for its Cumann Diospoireachta (Debating Club) which has proved very successful at both local and national level for many years now. The Cumann has also received outside attention for its recent series of Ceili's, aimed mainly at the middle school and attracting pupils from every part of the city. These evenings have afforded the opportunity to some of our more musical members to entertain the dancers and a further spin-off was the establishment of classes after school last year for those wanting to learn to play Irish music on a variety of instruments.

Within the school the pursuits are very diverse with younger pupils being given every encouragement to attain silver or gold Fainne status and to visit the Gaeltacht at the earliest opportunity. Throughout the school good advantage is taken of both Summer and Easter courses in Donegal. The middle school fiercely contest their own Irish version of 'Blockbusters' after school and there is as much pride taken in team names as performance. The sixth form are presently engaged in producing their own magazine which is to be known as 'Oisin.'

All things considered, the pupils take all their Cumann Gaelach activities seriously and are often the source of new ideas within the Cumann. To reward their

zeal the Cumann is this year in a position to offer Gaelacht scholarships for presentation on prize night to the most zealous and generally most deserving members.

SCIATH MHIC GHIOLLA BHRÍDE

Don dara huair taobh istigh de cheithre bliana d'eirigh leis an scoil againne Sciath Mhic Ghiolla Bhríde a bhaint.

Fuair muid an chéad áit i Roinn na mBuachaillí i gcomórtas idirscoile, comórtas ina raibh scoileanna ó ghach aird sna sé Chontae páirteach ann. Ghlac daltaí ón chéad go dtí an seachtú bliain páirt sa chomórtas, tríocha duine ar fad.

Tá ardmholadh tuillte ag na buachaillí sea agus, ar ndóigh, tá súil againn go bhfanfaidh an Sciath linn ar feadh tamaill eile. Beimid ann arís i mbliana agus geallaimse daoibh go mbeidh sé doiligh ar scoil ar bith Sciath Mhic Ghiolla Bhríde a bhaint dínn.

NA CÉILIDHE

Bhí dhá chéilí mhóra againn sa scoil anuraidh agus ní raibh ach fadhb amháin againn, is é sin, bhí barraíocht daoine ag iarraidh fáil isteach sa halla. Banna Céilí Mhic An Stocaire a sholathraigh an ceol dúinn ach chomh maith le sin bhí grúpa ceoil de mhúinteorí agus grupa de dhaltaí agus Scoil Rince Gaelach agus Albert Fry agus Liam Mac Carráin againn. Ar ndóigh, ní fheadfadh céilí a bheith anngan fear an tí agus bhí Cormac Ó hAmaill agus Aodán Mac Póilin ar fheabhas ar fad.

An tUasal (an-uasal) Mac Canna a chuir tús leis na céilidhe sa scoil agus tá a fhios againn go leanfaidh sé ar aghaidh leis an deá-obair i mbliana. (Tá ticéid ar fáil don chéad cheann eile.) Bualadh bos mór do "Ed Mor."

Ba mhaith linn ár mbuíochas a ghabháil fosta do na múinteoirí uilig a chuidigh le heagrú na gcéilithe agus go háirithe do mhúinteoirí Cholaiste Dhún Liam.

SCOLÁIREACHTAÍ GAELTACHTA

Comhgháirdeas do na daltaí sin a fuair scoláireachtaí ó 'Gael Linn' agus ó 'Comhaltas Uladh': D. MacNuinseann C. Hogg, M. Mac Ainmhire, P. Mistéail, C. Ó Bruadair, Ronán Heenan.

Tá sé ar intinn ag an Cumann Gaelach scoláireachtaí a bhronnadh ar dhaltai sa tríú agus sa chúigiú bliain, cúrsa samhraidh don tríú bliain agus cúrsa na Cásca don chúigiú bliain.

BLOCBHRISEADH

Bhí comórtas "Blocbhriseadh" sa scoil anuraidh do na ranganna sa cheathrú bliain. Ocht bhfoireann is fiche a ghlac páirt sa chomórtas agus triúr ar ghach fhoireann. Frófaithe a bhí ann do na buaiteoirí. Táimid tosaithe ar na comortaisí seo arís i mbliana.

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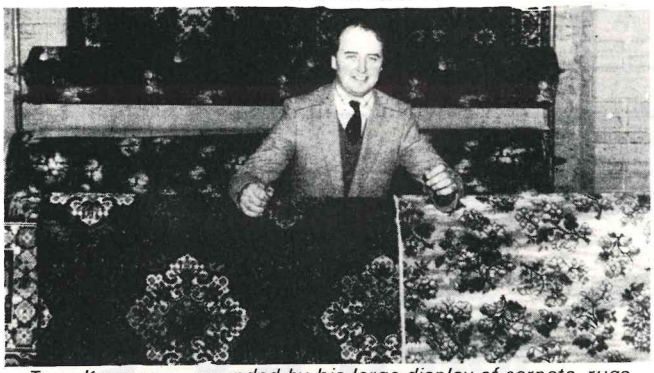
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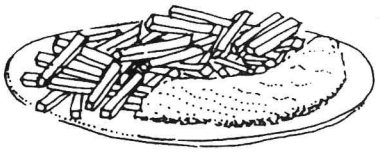
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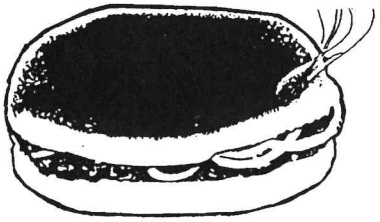
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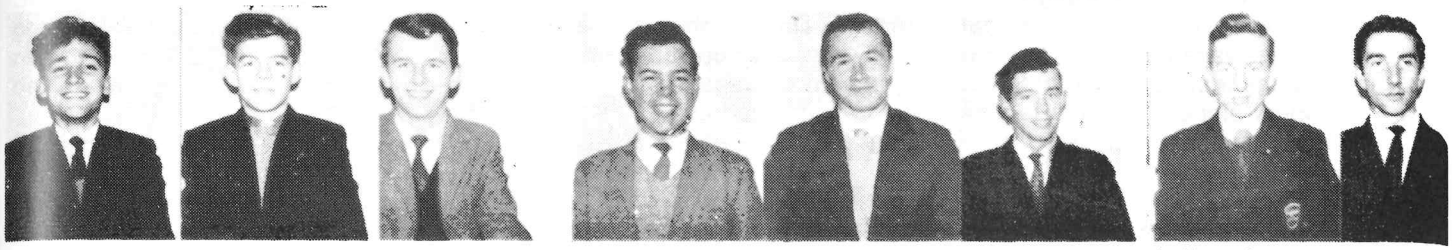
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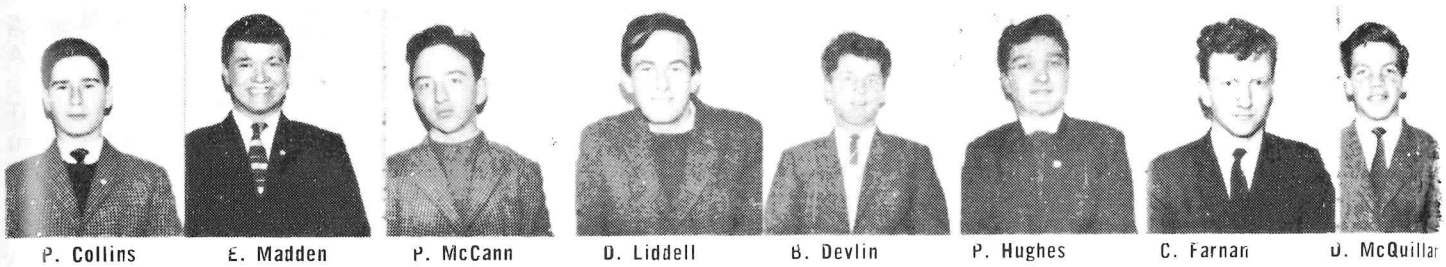
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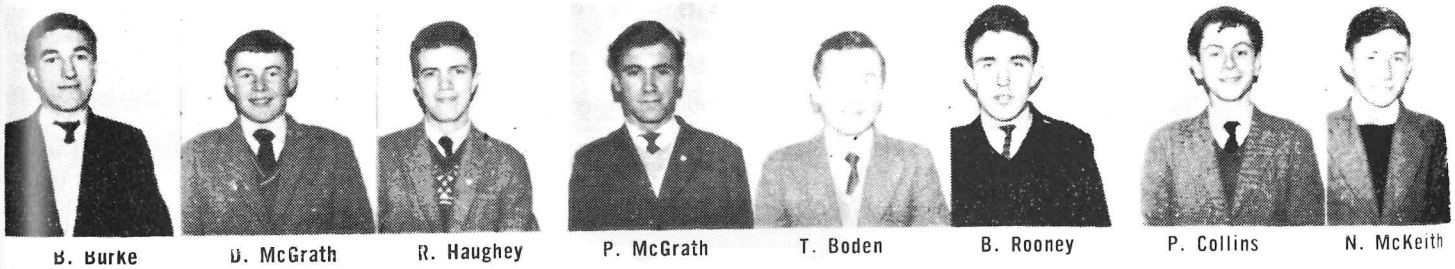
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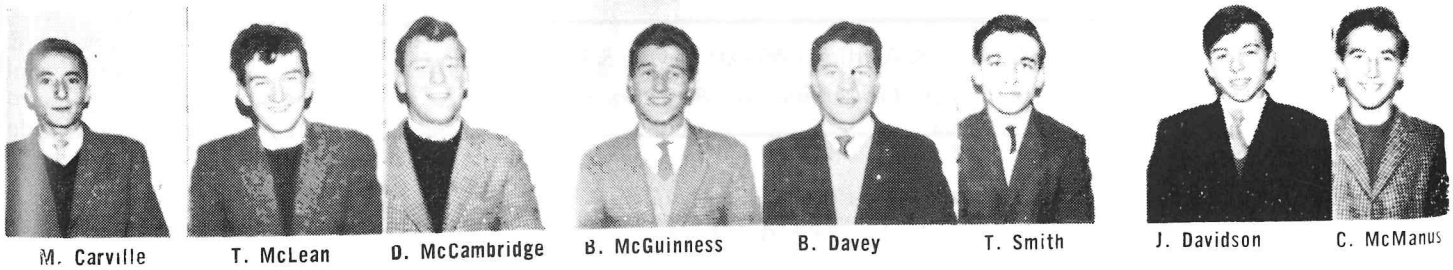
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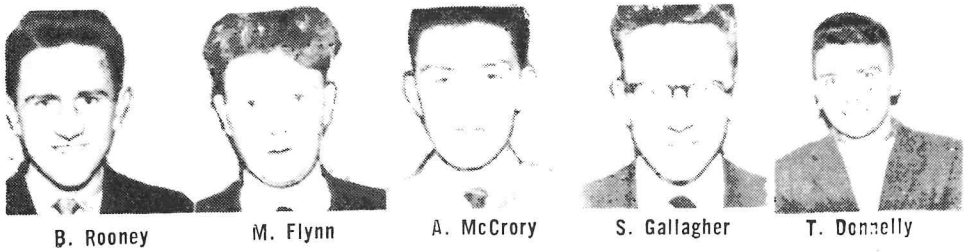
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Where are they now?

SKIING IN ST. MARY'S

About seven years ago skiing was introduced to St. Mary's as one of its many extra curricular activities.

Those interested were brought to Craigavon and Lisburn slopes to learn the basics of skiing. These slopes are covered with an artificial matting which consists of tufts of nylon fixed in a grid and anchored to the sloping ground. With the help of instructors attached to these centres learners soon acquire a degree of competency and in some cases achieve an international standard. During the Christmas vacation, in the past number of years, a group of pupils, teachers and parents have gone on ski-courses to the snow slopes of Bulgaria and Roumania. These have been thoroughly enjoyed by all taking part and each improved on their skills.

St. Mary's have entered teams for the Ulster Schools' Ski Championships and the 'A' team have won it outright on two of the last three years and have also won the 'Handicapped' event. As a result of this success we have, on three occasions, represented Northern Ireland in the Schools Championship held at Hillend in the Grampians near Edinburgh. Twice we have represented Northern Ireland in the Schools Snow Championship held at Aviemore in the Cairngorms in Scotland. On each occasion while we did not win, we were more than happy with our performances. We will be representing Northern Ireland again this year and will be going all out to improve our placing. Our present 'A' team is -

Brian Walsh (Captain), Anthony Lavery, Edmund Sinclair and Martin Diver.



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A Short History of Skiing

Skiing is one of the fastest growing sports in the world. It attracts an estimated ten million active participants throughout the world and the numbers are ever growing. Skiing started as a method of transport across sno-covered ground and it is only in fairly recent times that the recreational and competitive aspects of skiing have been developed.

Earliest References:
The oldest skiis that have been found, in Sweden and Finland, are thought to be between 4,000 and 5,000 years old. The earliest skis were made from the bones of large animals and strapped to the feet with leather thongs. Wooden skis were not used until early in the Christian Era. A rock carving of two men on skis has been found near the Arctic Circle in Norway and dates from 2,000 B.C.

Third century B.C. reports from China refer to skis being used in the North. The Vikings used skis in the 10th and 11th centuries A.D. and Laplanders of that period pursued game on skis. Skiing was introduced to central Europe via Austria in 1590 and has now spread to North and South America, Australia, New Zealand, parts of Hawaii and India.

Military Uses:
In 1200 A.D. King Sverrir of Norway sent out men on skis to reconnoitre before the battle of Oslo. Ski troops were used in Sweden in 1452 A.D. In 15th, 16th and 17th centuries the armies of most Northern European countries developed ski-troops for use in warfare. The first skiing handbook was written by Captain Jens Emmahusen and published in 1733.

The first reference to competitive sking was in 1767 when competitions were arranged for troops in Scandanavia. Utilitarian skiing soon developed into recreational skiing and various forms of the sport emerged.

Downhill Skiing:
Downhill skiing is the most popular form of skiing and is enjoying the fastest growth of all forms of skiing. There are various forms of downhill skiing which are organised into competitive categories

Ski Jumping:
In this event the skier slides down a prepared track to gain momentum and then leaps into space from a take-off platform. He is judged on the distance covered, body control and style. The longest ski-jump ever recorded was 593ft 10ins by Bogdan Nordic in 1953.

Downhill Racing:
This is the most dangerous and exciting of all events. The racer skis down from the top to the bottom of a prescribed course by the shortest and fastest route possible. Ruts, large bumps (called moguls) steep pitches and sharp turns add to the hazards. Courses vary in length from one and a half miles to three miles. Skill, fitness, stamina and courage are tested to their limits. The first downhill races were held in Australia in 1850. The fastest speed claimed for any skier was 126.24 mph by Franz Weber of Austria of Austria. The fastest woman skier was Marty Martin-Kunz of the U.S.A. who attained a speed of 111.29 mph. Both these records were set in 1982 in Silverton, Colorado.

The longest downhill ski-run is in Switzerland near Davos and is 7.6 miles long.

Slalom:
Slalom racing is a form of downhill skiing. The course turns and twists down a pre-determined course, defined by a series of "gates" consisting of flagpoles set singly, or in pairs or in combinations. In the Olympic games a descent of at least 650 ft is required. Of all skiing events slalom racing requires the greatest degree of skill in making precision turns at high speed.

Giant Slalom:
This is a longer version of Slalom racing in which the "gates" are set further apart. The vertical drop must be at least 1,000 ft.

All the above forms of skiing are known under the term **Alpine Skiing.**

Another form of skiing which is very popular is called Nordic Skiing in which the skier skiis over natural terrain, including uphill, downhill and flatland sections.

In cross country skiing the feet are not rigidly bound to the skis. The toe alone is fixed to the ski.

Nordic skiing evolved as a means of moving across the undulating Norwegian countryside in winter.

Today it is a sport suitable for all the family.

Ski Lifts

There are four basic types of lift

1. Cable Car
The cable car is the fastest and most comfortable way of getting to the top of the ski runs. It is also the most expensive.

2. Chair Lift
The chair lift in which one or two people travel up the mountain. It can be very exciting and very cold.

3. "Gondola" or "Telecabine"
The "Gondola" or "Telecabine" is like a small cable car or a covered chair lift. It carries two or four passengers.

4. "Drag Lift" or "Tow Bar"
The "Drag Lift" or "Tow Bar" drag you up the slope while you stand on your skis. They may be of the "button" type for a single skier or the T-bar type for two skiers. They are cheap and fun but are rather slow.

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Nerd Spotting for Beginners

Saturday is a busy day for shoppers in Belfast city centre. The town is alive and swarming with people from every religion and colour. In fact, there are so many people some days that you could be excused for walking straight past your brother and not noticing him. But there is one person who will always stand out in the crowd - the Nerd! what's a nerd? well, a nerd is a mummy's boy, someone who is a waste of water or food, a misfit, someone who always has a certain anti-style and whose behaviour is always inappropriate for the situation he's in. They are usually exceedingly intelligent and despairingly unattractive; you know - ungainly feet, bad posture, prominent Adams Apple, acne and they always have heads that somehow don't seem to match the rest of their body.

Now the best time to see one is around the Queens area any time on a Saturday after feeding. They usually slither into the town to get another piece for their model railway set or stand all afternoon outside the city hall trying to look important. The easiest type to see is the clumsy nerd. These are the ones who plough flatfooted through the crowded streets with annoyingly dumb expressions (dropping eyelids, sagging lower jaw, protruding front teeth) and who don't bother to look sideways crossing the roads then don't bat an eyelid when they nearly get run over by a bus, they just keep that same pensive stare to the ground, their arms always hang by their sides, their palms always face behind them. The timid nerds are the most difficult to see, partly because they rarely go out, preferring dark, dull, damp rooms where they can study Quantum physics and the lifestyle of head lice in peace. They stock up with tinned food in the winter and refuse to go out unless it is really necessary. They are occasionally spotted in Linenhall Library making the librarian get them the oldest, most difficult to reach, most boring book in the place. Their cars are always very basic, Skodas or Simcas with a "I am a member of the British Astronomical Society" sticker on the back windscreen.

Recently in Shaftesbury Square I stopped a nerd and explained to him I was doing an article for the School Magazine. He was from Ballymena, and with the aid of an interpreter, I discovered a shallow insight into the background and lifestyle of the nerd. We'll call him Denzil. Born in 1931. Denzil. As a baby was very quiet and well behaved. At primary school he was the first kid to wear glasses. Teacher notices a precocious talent at maths. At sports the team which agreed to include him in their team automatically got a 2 goal head start. Attended private Grammar School. His first trauma was a b-minus on his report card. Heavy acne makes his face look like a back lot from Apocolypse Now. Doesn't talk to girls who won't discuss Quantum physics. As a young adult he gets an article published in an obscure science journal - title? "Random Pollen mixing as a cause of branched ears in Zea Amyleasaccharta" Reads Physics, Maths and Computers at university. Offered a dull grinding job "with prospects" and accepts immediately. Parents begin pressurising him to leave home in his mid-30's. He becomes a scientologist, born again Christian or some other weird religious fanatic. He still has childhood stamp and coin collections. But how can you be sure you recognise a nerd when you see one? Spot these obvious giveaways:

(1) They have weak, limp handshakes, clumsiness is second nature and they usually wave their hands about a lot. They always carry books in Curley's or Stewart's bags.

(2) They are very neat around the house but not in appearance - they literally wouldn't hurt a fly - killing it may leave a mark on the wall.

(3) They are obsequious and pusillanimous. The love using big words because it makes them feel important.

(4) Nerds don't listen - they wait. They believe the whole future of the universe hangs on every word of their eccentric gibberish. People tapping their watches, falling asleep, going to the toilet and actually disappearing during his monologues prove to him that his audience lack his own cerebal rigour, depth and intelligence.

One question people always ask is what does a nerd live like? We put this question to Denzil and this is what we came up with:-

HOME: Probably suburbia e.g. (Balmoral Area). House furnished in drab colours, pale orange, lime green and purples are favoured. He has complete up-to date set of electronic journal - Byte. He is big as qizincs, Givinchy phone, UCR, T.V. and stereo probably remotely controlled, a gadget which he loves to fidget with. Rich Nerds will wire up the entire house so that the security systems, lawn sprinklers and garage doors can be operated automatically from 2 miles away.

DRINK: Nerds can't handle it. (maybe diluted shandy at Christmas)

CAR: Reliant Robin, 1976 special de luxe coupe model (high powered N.H.S. glasses slovenly repaired with sellotape)

CLOTHES & ACCESSORIES: Brylcream, Clearasil and Brut for men. Clothes are bought in large chain stores by his mother who comes with him. Short sleeved shirts with large collars. Nerds always have pens in their shirt pockets. Still has the very basic, first to come out, digital watch. Trousers too short, probably flared (favourite colours purple or beige) Hideous socks, wipe-clean slip ons or sandals (moses) They prefer synthetic material and colours that match their purple, orange, lime-green decor. Wardrobe is full of polo-necks and tank tops and pin stripe velvet jackets are a favourite.

SEX: Can only associate passion with fruit. As boyfriends nerds are single handedly the biggest root cause of deviation. Punitive mother's in law describe him as "such a big help around the house".

HERO'S Albert Einstein, Patrick Jenkin, (both seem unable to do anything right in public) Richard Nixon (heavy identification: everyone picks on him but usually he comes out top in the end) Clive Sinclair, brains, from Gerry Andersons Thunderbirds series (21st century nerd).

FOOD: exceptionally untidy and ill mannered at dinner table. They dribble gravy and drop beans on their shirts, then suck the juice off leaving the well known stain. Favourites include mashed potatoes and gravy, fish fingers, aspic jelly carrots with peanut butter and Marathon Bars (because he liked the commercials). Unfortunately this is where the interview ended because Denzil, being a hypocondriac, developed a headache and in his frenzy to reach the nearby City Hospital, took an epileptic fit and underwent major brain surgery for his bruised toe. Now he is in a mental institute somewhere in the country where he studies the velocity of grass growth during a thunderstorm.

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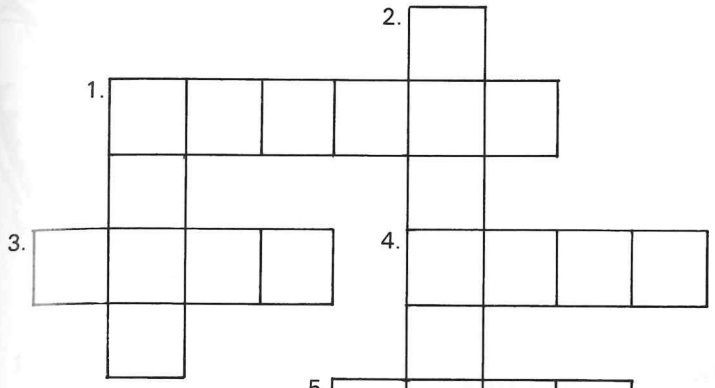
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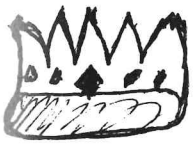


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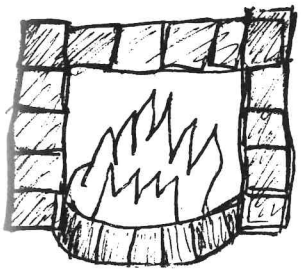
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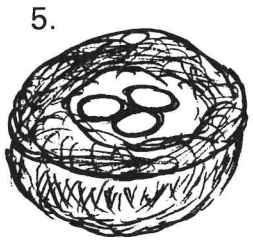


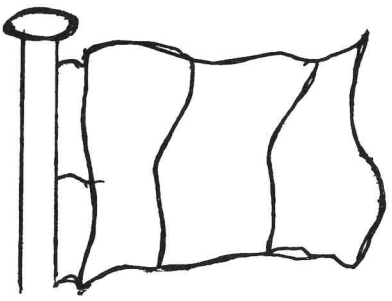


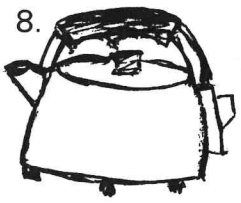












AR THÓIR MAOINE AN CUMANN GAELACH

1. Má roinneann tú nócha fá thrí
'S má chuireann tú litir in áit H, Q, no E
Feicfidh tú sa seomra seo, nî ina luî,
Rud mór agus uibheacha air, a 10=3=3. Cad iad?

2. Ar crochadh ar an síleáil
tá soilsí láidre daite
Agus ar crochadh ar an bhalla
Tá seachtar ag eitilt abhaile. Cad iad?

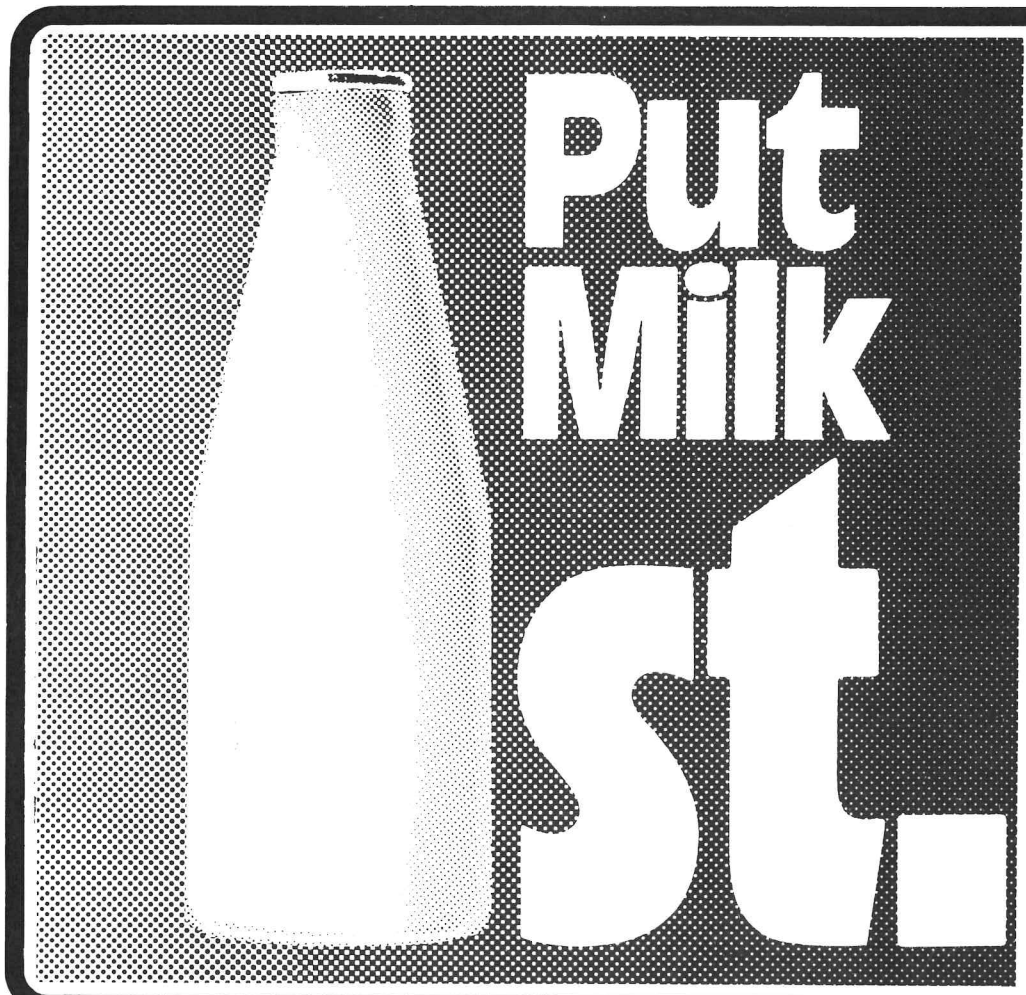
3. Idir an leasphríomhoide agus an dochttúir
Tá soilsí geala áille
Agus aghaidheanne geala snasta
Le scríobhneoracht is cluasa orthu. Cad iad?

4. Abair paidir sula n.itheann tú
Ceann eile ag an chríoch
Agus ar dhul amach an doras thú
Tá rud eigean ar crochadh ar chraobh. Cad é?

5. Ní seomra le fírinne é seo
Mar téann sé ó háit go háit
Tá sé níos mó ná an dá cheann eile
Agus is fearr leis an "Boss" é ar fad. Cad é?

6. Cé go mbíonn sé le Tony is Bríd
Níl baint ar bith aige le healaín
Ach le gruaig chatach agus spéaclaí
Bíonn sé ag líníocht is ag comhaireamh de shíor. Cé hé?

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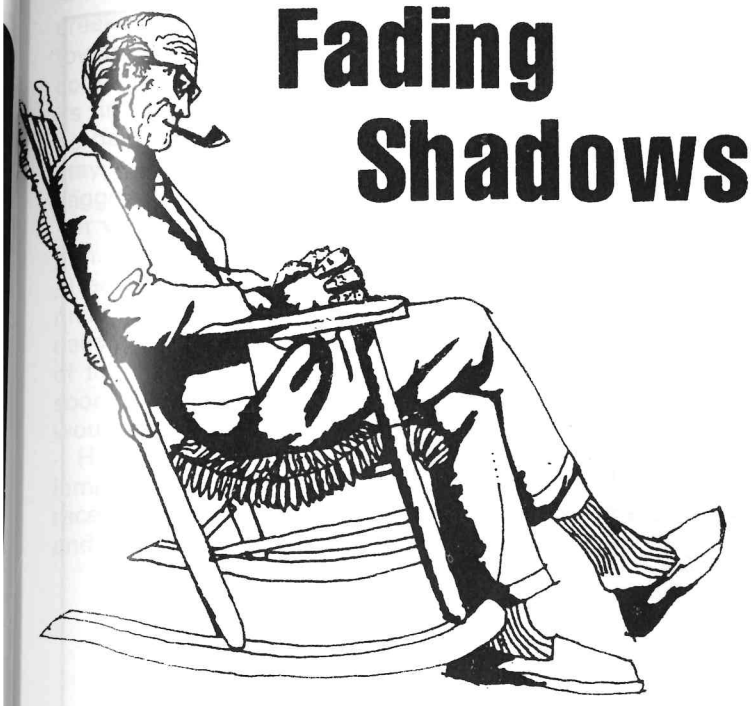
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Fading Shadows



He sat there staring blindly out the window, his gaze fixed on an imaginary spot in space, oblivious to the occasional shadows that flashed past him, the roaring of the dusty lorries and the cries of the happy children who ran about outside and shouted petty insults at him. Now and again his head would shake or nod as something from his past turned over in his mind, a tiny fragment of the younger days he'd long since ceased to live. Memories are all that remained, and not all of them were good.

It had been hard in those days, he could only have been about fourteen when he'd had to leave school, left on the Friday and was put into work on the Monday, having to sweat to earn any money and then at the end of it all handing over his wage packet to his mother so that she could feed the rest of his family. Life had been very demanding and at times cruel but right now he'd give anything to be back there. There was nothing left from that world, no friends, none of the old sights, the buildings and stores had been replaced with offices and colourful new boutiques. Other things had changed with time also, his eyes lowered to look at the hands which lay dormant in his lap, at one stage they'd been as active as the next mans, catching footballs, describing stories, digging up the lawn, planting flowers. The games had stopped now, the tales were long since forgotten and the garden overgrown and littered with empty beer cans and bottles.

Occasionally someone would call in to say 'Hello', make a cup of tea or tidy the place up a bit but they didn't really care, and why should they? After all he was old, it comes to everybody sooner or later, one of the drawbacks of being alive. He would only be a burden anyhow, unable to get about, having to stay indoors with a broken television set and a tap in the kitchen which dripped constantly day and night. If only he'd known it would be like this. When you're young you never think of growing old, mention it and immediately it brings to mind the man next door or the woman who sits in the front row at church every Sunday, never for a remote chance do you ever see yourself in these people. I'll never be like that, I'm active, don't smoke, only drink at parties, and eat all the right food. Anyway my family will look after me!" When you're old, however, nobody wants you, not even the grown up son or the caring daughter, they might call down once a week if you're lucky and sit for an hour or two while their kids run around and delve into the cupboards and knock down the ornaments, but you can tell they can't wait to get home, the constant glances towards the clock on the fireplace, the keys of the car wrapped around their fingers. Once in a while an article in the paper or an item on the news will bring you to mind and they'll pay an unexpected visit, but very rarely, on the whole they just forget about you sitting there all alone - until you're dead.Then it's all the crying and the memories and the continual recall of those little things you said when they were young, or the time they took you out with them for the day and how you really seemed to enjoy yourself when in actual fact only you know that their children drove you mad and you'd wished to God you'd stayed at home, and then they drag out the old photograph albums and squeeze out the sobs and the tears that came too late. He knew only too well what it was like, he'd had parents of his own.

It was the younger generation that really got to this figure in the chair, he'd seen them rioting on the television before it had given in and broken down, he'd seen the way they dressed, the chains, leather, jeans and multi-coloured hair, he'd even seen the way they behaved on their way home at night, young girls and boys unable to walk straight, singing and dancing, tossing the odd brick through a car window. Not when he was young ..... but he couldn't remember, it was too long ago, too tiring to think back over the years and cast up all the chivalry and respect that had been around, it was all a lot of rubbish anyhow, they'd been just as bad as this new lot, a bit more well mannered, not as forward and a good deal more sober but given the chance they too were rebels, they'd wanted society to change and fit them, to adapt to the 'modern' ways and not fall back into the rut of age.

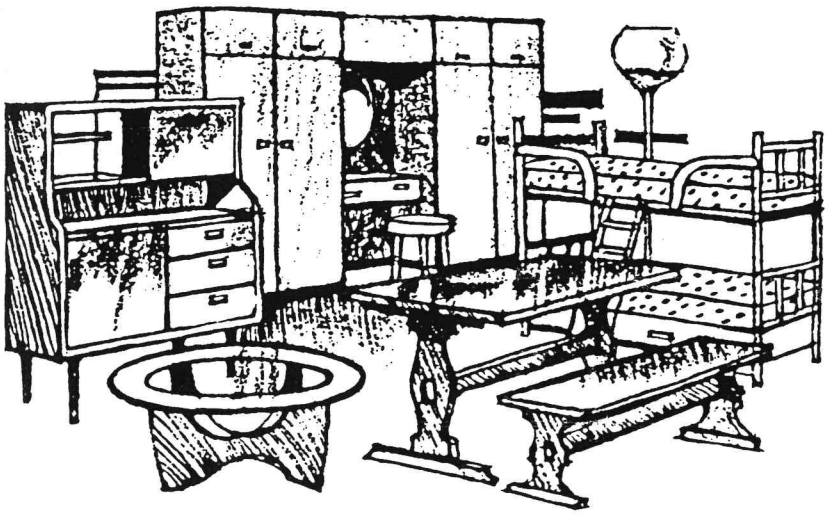
Young people nowadays didn't know how well off they were; not having to work for their money, free education, leisure centres, cinemas, videos, nightlife, you name it and it was there. Still they found it necessary to intimidate and beat up the old. He'd been mugged within the past year, the memory of it still haunted his mind, the fists, the legs, the pain and the blackness of his mind as he'd faded into unconsciousness. At least he'd come out of it in one piece, more or less, unlike some he'd heard about. Why only the other month in the paper, or was it this week, but then he didn't get any papers so someone must have told him, now who was it?

Hours passed by on the clock, the day faded and still he remained sitting by the window, his position unchanged, the light from the streetlamps shining in upon his face revealing the tired eyes, the sad mouth and the sparse dishevelled hair. His arm hung limp at his side, his chest rose methodically, the breathing was loud and husky. It wouldn't be long, he thought, before the family would gather together and bury him, and fight over the house and the money. It would probably be the only time they would all be together again and of course they'd get drunk and sing and cry and laugh and cry and say how much they missed him and how he was better off now that he was 'gone', and then the drink would make them turn nasty and they'd criticise each other and ask everyone else what they were doing coming down now when they hadn't bothered when he'd been alive, they should ask themselves! Oh, how he'd love to tell them all what he thought of them, but it was only Wednesday - Sunday, when they came to visit was still a long time away.

He watched the moonlight dancing on the carpet, a car's headlights would momentarily cast shadows onto the wall every other minute, but as the hours went on they too would stop. He sat there, indifferent to the world around him, the only movement was that of his eyelids, the only sounds came from his throat and the tap rhythmically dripping in the kitchen. Outside a dog barked at a passing drunk, the noise seemed to bring the man to life, his bones

(This article was selected for a special award - 1st Prize 'A' Level Section)

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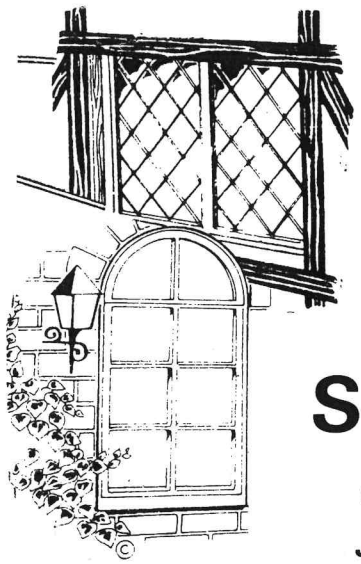
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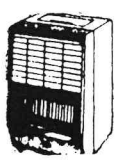
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creaked as he got up out of the chair, his feet moved stiffly towards the door, his hands were held out in the hope of contacting the walls. He was just like a child trying to take its first steps on its own, he was a little more successful perhaps but there was still an air of uncertainty - would he stay up or collapse in a heap? The light went on and he sagged back into the armchair.

It was the clinking of the milk bottles which wakened him. The whirr of the milk float as it trundled off down the street made him smile as it brought back a stream of memories, the old fashioned hand pushed carts that the dairy once used, the churns and the homemade butter. All of that was gone now as well, everything was electric, soon there would be no place for flesh and blood itself, it would be all microchips and computers.

His eyes closed again, he breathed deeply and slept. The lamps in the street went out, the kids in the house opposite raced off to school, the second post came, the kids returned and the street filled with children all laughing and playing and still he remained sitting there, the milk stood at the door like sentries on guard, the bulb which dangled from the ceiling in the room blended its dim glow into the rays of sunlight which streamed through the half closed curtains.

The clock was just striking nine as the old man died, no-one heard a thing, least of all the figure in the chair, the room was unusually silent. By his side was a photograph of his wedding day, his fingers were clenched loosely over the frame as though he'd been trying to lift it and failed.

It was Sunday before anyone noticed he had gone, only when his daughter screamed did the neighbours guess that something was wrong. The milk which had gathered on the step was brought in and used in tea and coffee, the photograph was packed away with the others in the attic, his chair removed to make way for the coffin, the light was turned out and the water turned off when it was all over. The house was empty, only the clock whiled away the hours noiselessly, counting the days, each one adding to its age, and becoming shadows.

M. GALLAGHER 7LC



Gone Fishin'

The assistant quietly placed the multi-coloured rod on the counter and removed his hands, clasping them tightly behind his back. The boy, dark-haired and rosy-cheeked, with a skin his sisters envied, stared his father in the eyes. The father, out of his benignity, nodded to the assistant, who instantaneously, wrapped the rod in the familiar brown paper.

That was Thursday night. The father slumped into his favourite armchair the following evening, lifted his usual paper and casually kicked off his shoes. A loose spring jutted out from beneath his cushion, the chair was old. Too old to be comfortable, but he liked it.

His son lay on the floor, his head propped up by a green and yellow cushion, stuffed again (having been stuffed twice before) after the dog had torn it in a moment of anger. The boy was staring aimlessly at the roof, pondering over which way to phrase the question: he wanted to go fishing and he wanted to go tomorrow.

"Can I go fishing in the morning dad?" he asked. His father grumbled a reply but it was inaudible. "Can I?" the boy persisted.

Mr. Winston (the father) was concentrating on the betting tips of the following day and he murmured something. Finally, the incessant pleas of the son cajoled his father into going fishing in the morning.

Colm, the boy, rose early next morning. He stretched out, and rudely yawned aloud. He tore open the curtains and poked his finger through the grimy blinds, rubbing away a peep-hole in the moisture through which he peered at the morning. The sun illuminated the mackeral sky with parallel beams of light, as a covey of birds flew overhead. The air was mild; the dew was balm. It was a perfect day.

The car choked and spurted as it drew out of the flag-stoned drive way. The father although lethargic, tried desperately to show some interest in his son's ecstasy as the car rose over the hill and disappeared until only a distant purring sound could be heard in the dormant, uninteresting street.

The car stopped. Around it, walls of limestone hedged fields and a horse stood with its head draped over the wall by the roadside.

The silence brooded a ghostly calm as the father stared pensively at the reservoir. A copper haze hung over the water and the hot morning sun beat on it and made it vibrate blindingly. The boy nodded in satisfaction and they unloaded the car as the father was too tired to drive elsewhere. Colm ensured that all the intricate items (fishermen all know them well) were tackled and secured to the rod.

The boy, despite his burden of gear, skipped and hopped excitedly down the embankment whereas the father plodded heavy-footed down the slope, noticing the other early fishermen's rods, rods which were much superior to his sons'. Although he noticed, they didn't look as happy. with theirs as his son did with his.

Before the father arrived, Colm had repeatedly cast out and reeled in until he was satisfied with the length of his cast. When his father strolled to the spot, the boy was anxiously watching his line and waiting. Watching and waiting.

The boy was disconsolate at not catching a fish immediately. But patiently he waited and willed a fish to come and have his bait.

Colm's father, who was not as patient as Colm, was beginning to adopt the 'I told you so' attitude but Colm was determined to catch a fish. Just one fish. A few minutes later Colm felt a gentle tug on his line. His heart began to palpitate below the thick layers of woollies and flexi-anoraks which clung to his back. He disregarded the text he had read on how to land a fish. He simply jerked and reeled, jerked and reeled until the silver belly of the fish could be seen flashing through the water. Colm jerked his rod one last time until the fish flew from the water. The iridescence of the fish's back made the boy cry exultantly, 'It's a trout! It's a trout!'

As Colm danced round and round, his father moved to one side, lifted a rock and brought it crashing down on the fish's head. Indeed, it was a beautiful trout.

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The Night Watchman

Stan Meadows sighed, and decided to make another check on the perimeter fence surrounding the plant he was guarding. He left the relative comfort of his little office and began plodding along the little path he knew so well.

Stan had been a security guard for 26 years and had worked as night watchman at Bunslow's chemical plant for a sizeable portion of the 26 long years. He felt he had walked up and down the security fence a million times and knew every inch of it by heart. For 17 years Stan had guarded the plant, an uneventful job, with only old Charlie Collins, who was in charge of locking everything up at night, for company during the first half hour of his shift. It was a lonely job and Stan was now pushing 50 and thoughts of retirement has begun to form in the back of his mind.

As Stan completed his check he heard a slight scuffling noise It was coming from beyond his office, an area he usually didn't check. Stan drew his heavy pistol, feeling more secure in its presence, and moved stealthily forward. There was someone lying on the ground, crawling underneath the fence. Steadying himself, Stan stepped, brandishing his weapon, and switched on his torch. The beam caught the frightened face of a youth, no more than 16. Stan's wariness vanished as he realised the intruder was no more than a young tearaway looking for his kicks. The kid was scared out of his wits and there was genuine fear and regret in his voice.

"Honest mister, I was only doing it for a laugh, sorry. I swear I didn't mean no harm".

Stan's heart filled with sorrow as he stared at the pale-faced boy and realised how bad things must be for the lad when he had to break into a chemical plant for his enjoyment in life. No-one would ever know if he let him go

"... All right sonny, get out of here, get the hell away from this place and don't let me ever see you round here again. You understand?"

Scarcely believing his luck, the boy slowly backed away under the fence and then it dawned on him he was free, turned an ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

Stan sighed and turned away, wondering if he had done the right thing. He knew what would happen if Mr. Devlin, his boss, ever found out about the incident.

The following night as Stan reported for duty, Old Charlie Collins called him over:

"Devlin wants to see you in his office, straight away. Something's up." Charlie mumbled sorrowfully.

Stan realised with a sinking feeling what he was wanted for. Somehow Devlin had got to hear of the previous night's events and now Stan was going to pay for it.

He was right. A local policeman had seen the intruder talking to Stan and reported it to the station, who had contacted Devlin. The full story came out, but Devlin found no compassion in his heart for the young lad. All he knew was that Stan had failed to do his duty. Someone breaking into his chemical plant, with thousands of pounds of equipment, and Stan had let him walk away?

Stan lost a month's wages and was suspended from work for a week. He left Devlin's office a changed man, determined never to make such a mistake again. He should never have let the little b..... get away.

The week dragged slowly by, as Stan itched to get back on duty, his mind filled with anger and hatred for the boy who had caused him so much trouble.

At last the week was up and Stan returned to the plant, eager for a chance to redeem himself. Not hard enough, Devlin had said, getting soft ..... well, he'd show him. The next one wouldn't be so lucky. Not by a long chalk.

Four days later Stan stood staring into the midnight darkness, willing something to happen. The dull blue steel of his gun gleamed in the moonlight firm in his grip.

Suddenly a noise, footsteps. Somebody was coming round the corner of the hut. Stan smiled to himself. No mistakes now. He'd get the b..... this time. He raised his revolver. In ten seconds the intruder would be in view. Stan tensed himself. "Not hard enough, eh"?

The figure came into view. Instantly Stan squeezed the trigger. The gun spat flame and death, twice. The figure jerked spasmodically and crumpled to the ground.

Stan ran towards the inert body, the dead man's last words still ringing in his ears "forgot to lock the bloody office" ..... He fell to his knees and turned the body over ..... and stared down in to the lifeless face of Old Charlie.

S. TUMELTY

Moving House

We prepared to move house in October and there, amid the hustle and bustle of the removal men, for the first time I saw our house as I had never seen it before. In the dining-room which now lay cold and bare, the shadows of family portraits clung to the walls while in the kitchen the old lino, with the clean vacant square where once the cooker stood, seemed different now, as if it knew of our imminent departure and had gone dull with sadness.

The whole house felt the same way. The living-room, hall and stairs seemed to claw at me not wanting me to go but the great castle of cardboard boxes guarded me, its walls standing firm as my father struggled out the door with a heavy chair.

And yet only my room felt indifferent to my going. The shelves above the old fireplace, still slept in dust-marks left by books and ornaments which had once stood there. If I looked hard at the windows the curtains would reappear and my bed once more take shape, but the room seemed willing to let me go as if our contract was terminated, our bond finally broken. It behaved like a best friend realising that I was restless and needed more space.

So silently I closed the door on my early childhood and cut myself free from cords that held me down. The landing outside was bright, the bathroom brighter as the sound of my footsteps bounced off the walls while the bare boards looked the other way and creaked in sorrow at my going. For the first time in my life I descended those stairs slowly the only time when I had not been in a hurry and the floor boards creaked a last farewell as I began the heavy burden of ferrying the cardboard boxes out to the removal van.

Outside it was raining and the brightly falling water danced on the roof before sliding rudely down the drain pipe. Daddy prayed the rain would stop before the new owners arrived lest they find the leak in the low window. My friends gathered around to say cheerio. I promised I would call down to visit them but I haven't managed to, yet. So now when I pass my old neighbourhood I feel guilty but somehow I never want to go back, more because of fear than decision. For that old house when it was empty of people, had such a life of its own that it scared me off forever.

SEAN DORAN 3E



'LUCKY'

I had grown quite attached to the old man. Ever since I had first stumbled upon his tiny cottage hidden out there beyond the crumbling ruins of the old castle, I had recognised the need in his eyes. Although he never cared to admit it, I knew he appreciated my visits. Even if I arrived only minutes later than usual there was a distinct look of hurt on his face as if he thought I had forgotten him.

I had often wondered why he lived out there in almost solitary confinement but I never dared to ask, fearing he would find me overly inquisitive. All the same, I was concerned for him. His cottage was nearly two miles from the nearest shop and, in the treacherous storms that frequently battered that lonely stretch of coastline, such a walk was often impossible. Even in calmer weather the hilly terrain of the region presented innumerable hazards for a man of his age.

It was only by chance that I found him at all, having gone in search of my dog 'Patch' who had gone astray. I didn't think she could have managed to get as far as the castle, especially as she had just given birth to three healthy little pups, but something seemed to draw me over Killana Hill and towards the coastline that ran for several miles from Dunfanaghy to Falcarragh. Few people ever passed along that way fearing the towering cliffs that so suddenly marked the end of the hillside. The hiker who ventured across these rugged hills would suddenly find himself confronted with the fiery dazzle of the Atlantic Ocean and the glooming presence of the jagged coastline that welcomed it to Ireland ..... it would only be a matter of time, the locals said, before some poor soul failed to notice that awesome panorama in time.

Then I had come upon the little cottage. Set on the side of Killana Hill, safely sheltered from the clutches of the wind. I remember thinking it bore great resemblence to those tiny leprechaun houses which my father had so often told me about. At first I thought it was empty but then I noticed a movement at the window and saw what seemed to be a hand bidding me go ..... but I was curious and approached, even if I had wanted to go I don't think I would have been able. Before I had a chance to knock at the door, it began to open slowly and the humped figure of an old man gradually became visible. I was about to mutter an apprehensive greeting when out of the darkness enveloping him emerged a howling creature that pounced on top of me, almost knocking me over. I was terrified - them I realised that the beast was licking my face and my hysterical screams became sobs of almost embarassed laughter - it was Patch!

****

It took a lot of persuading to get the old man to accept the pup. At first he had resented the mere suggestion: "I don't want any bother. Now go away and don't tell anyone I'm here," he would persist. However I was determined: "Collies make great friends.You're bound to be lonely out here ..... and he could always help you if anything happens ....." All at once his stubborn face became pensive. Something I had said had obviously made him consider the offer.

As the days went on the friendship between the two of us prospered. The old man was definitely coming out of himself. Soon he didn't even resent my daily visits to see them and he seemed delighted at my suggestion that he should call the pup 'Lucky'. "Perhaps he will bring you luck," I had said to him.

From the start I had been suspicious of the man's way of life. It was obvious he didn't want anyone interfering with his lifestyle. He fished every day and got water from a well not far from the cottage. He also had a small plot to grow potatoes. But he never entered the village and I never asked why - it had been almost impossible to get him to accept me and I didn't want him to turn against me due to some silly questions. Obviously he was just an eccentric old man who had accustomed himself to a certain lifestyle and wasn't going to change it now.

And then he told me. "I suppose you wonder what I'm doing away out here?" was how he began. His words cames as a shock to me. Until then I had been content to get a mere 'yes' or 'no', or even the occasional 'thanks'. But now I noticed a peculiar sort of urgency in his voice and I responded with my full attention.

"You know" he continued, "you are the first person I have talked to in about 30 years ..... but don't think I'd have in that way. Don't think I wouldn't like to be out there in the world making the most of my life ..... but I'm frightened."

I was listening to him intently and prompted him to go on. He seemed a little reluctant bt then began ..... "It's a long story - I don't really expect you to believe it, but you have a right to know, after your kindness ....."

"My family have lived around here for centuries," he told me, "and they were always well-off. Even when many around them were dying of poverty or hunger, they managed to live in comfort. We owned the old castle, you see. They always tried to help the locals when times were hard, whether it be by giving them chores around the castle or feeding the worst-off as best they could. They did try, you know. But, although most of the people were grateful to them, some were resentful of their wealth and did their best to ruin them."

"One such person was Kitty O'Reilly. They said she had the power to throw curses on people so everyone stayed clear of her. Such people were common in those days and people really believed in the power of their curses. She hated my family and was determined to get the better of them somehow."

By this time I had become a little incredulous but I thought he was a good storyteller at least, so I remained silent.

"Obviously she decided that perhaps, instead of ruining us, she could possibly make the most of our wealth." he went on. "She had a daughter called Peggy who, although beautiful, had inherited much of her mother's evil, so they were both treated in much the same way by the locals. At that time there were four sons in my family. Peggy was the same age as the eldest, John. Kitty decided they should marry. John, who was my own father's great-grandfather,

(This article was selected for a special award - 2nd Prize 'A' Level Section)

would have nothing to do with it and the whole family stood by him. Kitty was furious and at once laid a curse on them; the eldest son of all their descendants, without fail, would die a tragic death."

"As my family didn't believe in the power of such curses they didn't take this in the least way seriously and for years they continued to prosper. Then suddenly John died. He fell from the top of the castle one night during a grand party. As he had been drinking heavily everyone blamed this for his death and no one thought twice about the curse. But as time went on and other first born sons began to die mysteriously, there was no doubting that Kitty's wish had been fulfilled."

"Soon there was havoc among the family. Many fled the country to rid themselves of the evil that had been thrust upon them. Others went crazy and committed suicide. But the curse remained and soon the family had disintegrated - even the castle fell out of their hands. My father got killed by a train 30 years ago."

His voice which had risen markedly during the story now took on a calmer note.

"I'm the only one left."

For several months I just stared at him, hopelessly thinking of something to say. It wasn't that I believed the story - I wasn't really sure if I did or not - it was the fact that he seemed so serious and was visibly shaken by the effort he had exerted to tell the account to me. As it was, I didn't have to say anything. He did the takling for me.

"I know you are probably thinking I'm just a silly old man who has been affected by too much solitude, but remember - I don't want it this way. Why do you think I have hidden myself away up here, away from everyone? Can't you see it's because I'm frightened of death? I know it is hopeless but I keep trying to convince myself that nothing can happen to me here where no one or nothing can touch me. So when you came along I was terrified something might happen. But then I realised that a dog might be just the thing I need to protect me and I'm really grateful to you for giving him to me."

****

I suppose it was inevitable. If his story was true then why should the curse not account for him? It was foolish to think that he could succeed where so many others had failed. But offering him the pup had seemed the natural thing to do. No one else had wanted it ..... no one else had needed it in the way that old man did.

I know I will never forget that night. Those pathetic howls from poor Lucky and the heartbroken cries of his master, hopelessly trying to find a way down those rocks to reach him will haunt me every time I hear the wind blowing and .....

I had killed him. If it hadn't been for me he would probably still be up there, hidden away from everyone, and maybe he would have died peacefully. No.! It was meant to happen the way it did. The fact that I decided to go up past the castle in the first place proved that. But why did it have to be me.??? And why was I called up there on that fatal night to suffer as the old man called in vain for his beloved dog, and stumbled over that cliff edge, still bellowing out his name?

I suppose Kitty wanted someone to share in her triumph as she watched the last one fall.

C. DORRIS 7LA

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MR. DIGBY COMES TO TOWN



He wasn't the sort of cat you could ignore! He walked low and smooth. He flowed. Black as treacle. Not a spot of white. Just black!

He came out of the night like a piece cut out of the sky. He glided down the middle of the deserted road. Down the middle. I remember that, being a cat myself, these things stick in my mind.

Cats don't walk down the middle of roads. They move in the shadows. They appear only as wisps of colour crossing a lighted doorway, or a movement you see out of the corner of your eye. When you look it's gone. That's how cats move, not down the middle of roads.

Tom and I sat on the wall and watched him. He saw us. His eyes, green marbles, showed no surprise. He was neither timid nor boastful. He looked, saw and moved on.

We just sat there, Tom and I. He wasn't the sort of cat you spoke to. Still less the sort of cat you would chase and bite his tail.

He moved steadily down the hill. He passed the police station. "That's Sydney's territory he's in now", said Tom "He be in trouble if Syd sees him."

Sydney was a tough cat. In fact, Sydney was the toughest cat in town. We called him Lord Syd. He was tough and hard as nails. So we called him Lord Syd and smiled. And, we kept out of his territory. But the black cat didn't know about Lord Syd, and he walked straight in. The shadow quivered and three of his mates stepped out. Their tails were stiff and Lord Syd's eyes were black with yellow rings. They stalked slowly into the path of the Black Cat. Lord Syd was a large cat not long, but heavy in the shoulders with a head more like a lion than a cat.

"Just one minute friend" purred Lord Syd "you're trespassing" the Black cat stopped. His eyes were calm but a flicker of his tail showed tension. "I'm sorry," he said "I'm just passing through. Had I known I would disturb you I would have avoided your property." "What's your name fellow"? Syd sneered. "Mister Digby" said the black cat "well look here Digby" "Call me mister", said the black cat. The words dropped through the night air like falling icicles. That was a mistake. "I'm going to teach you some respect" he saunters forwards ..... There was a flicker of black and Lord Syd was magically resting on one ear. Fair streaks covered his face," blood started to drip like rain from the lines. Lord Syd held this most undignified position for about two seconds. Then he leapt up his ears flat, his hair standing up like a hedgehog's spikes. There was a rush and a flurry and Mr. Digby floated over the heads of Lord Syd and his compatriots like a black feather into an alley. It was a dead end. Lord Syd and his mates knew they had him. He crouched his white daggers unsheathed, but, at four to one I still did not envy the cats and Lord Syd. Suddenly Mr. Digby unwound, he kept his tail following behind him, ten, twelve feet his claws scraped the top of the wall as they dug in, he pulled himself up and paused, there was a twinkle of satisfaction in his eyes. Then with a swish of his tail he was gone. He went to a hiding place in the mountains. But not in shame.

****

They came in an invisible rustling. The night was full of silent noise. Shadows were alive. There was movement everywhere except where you looked. I felt the hair on my back lifting. I looked at my mate, Tom. His eyes were bulging like grapes. His fluffed hair had swollen now to twice its normal size, and he twitched as the muscles along his back shivered.

We stood on our wall, feeling, more than seeing the movements all about us. They trickled like water. Under doors, through windows, along pipes, between cracks. They seemed to melt through solid walls. And at their head was King Rat. A monster as big as a fox terrier, he was, with teeth like axe heads and a tail like a sloe worm. He set up his court in the bakery.

At first you hardly knew they were there. The humans saw only the occasional brown flicker. They found bacon rinds, grain sacks open and spoiled. There was a small fire at the post office where some rats had gnawed an electric cable.

We cats, too, had our problems. After the first creepy arrival we had found them rather good sport. We could stalk and kill one or two a night. We had competitions to see who could kill the most, of course Lord Syd won, it was not unusual for him to come back with ten or eleven kills, he broke their backs like matchsticks. Then, the rats started fighting back. Cats came back with cuts, scars and bald patches. Then one morning Wallace, a popular tabby from the grocer's store, limped back with no kills, battered and bruised. Scraped and scored and with one eye gouged out. Something had to be done. Someone had to be told.

Gloom hung over the town. The cats were living in terror. Only Lord Syd was unafraid, alone. Every morning a trail of dead rats had shown where he had been but this constant crusade was wearing him down. He came back with more scars every night and his battered head was beginning to throb, his ribs were showing; he had less kills. Something had to be done ..... I went to find Mr. Digby.

****

The woods were like a pool of mire. There was no moon, a man could not have seen his hand in front of his face. But we cats have our methods, and once my eyes became accustomed to the dark I found that I could see well enough. I made my way to where a rockslide had torn a gash between the trees. I found a deep overhang in which dry leaves, of the previous winter had been blown. It was dry and warm, and smelt of Mr. Digby, but he was not

(This article was selected for a special award - 1st Prize Junior Section)

there. I turned and moved through the trees again. I felt I was not alone. My fur prickled. I moved with my ears back, straining all my senses to pick up what was near me .....

"Good evening" a quiet voice made me spring sideways. Drifting like black smoke at my side was Mr. Digby. He walked so silently that his paws seemed to be several inches above the crackling forest floor. We sat for a long time ..... I told him of the dreadful affairs in the town. He listened gravely. The moon came out as I finished my story.

****

Lord Syd slept on. His tired muscles unwilling to carry him into battle again. The moon was high and shone brightly onto the streets. There was stillness and there were rats.

Then, down from the hills came a black dot. Down the middle of the road it stalked. Mr. Digby was back in town.

On floating paws he came. A black ghost with green eyes and danger written all over him. I heard the stir and scurry of rats. They had seen him. Mr. Digby stopped. He lifted his head and sniffed the air. Then, satisfied, he prowled on. He had the scent of King Rat. And he went to the bakery. I followed him, keeping some distance behind. The door was closed, like a fountain, Mr. Digby flowed from water barrel, to wall to roof. He crossed the roof to a half ajar skylight. Green eyes looked down on the court of King Rat.

I slid behind a packing case and looked through the window. King Rat was eating a Jam tart. Around the bakery, pattering across the stone floor, gnawing at this and that, were other rats. They did not see Mr. Digby.

Mr. Digby sprang out of the sky, it seemed to the rats, came a black devil with green eyes and claws that raked like a thousand sabres. He landed on King Rat. A bladed paw swept down and a blow that would have taken the head of a lesser rat sent King Rat skidding across the floor.

Chattering and gibbering he darted at Mr. Digby. His mouth gaped and his teeth jabbed down like a pick axe. Black lightning from Mr. Digby. He flickered sideways, King Rat missed. He had lost. Mr. Digby had him by the throat. Two sharp twists and King Rat lay dead. Lumpy on the ground he lay like a hairy sausage.

Mr. Digby snarled beside his kill. A storm cloud with thunder in his throat. And all around the rats glared from the shadows. They were many, they were confident, they were strong. They were wrong. There was movement, then out of the shadows came the vermin pack.

Mr. Digby killed the first one with a swipe that broke its neck. Two more went the same way. The bakery floor erupted into a boiling mass of fur. And in the middle was a snarling twisting shape from which the brown corpses flew, like paper chopped by a paw. But Mr. Digby was going under. There were too many. He bled. Although he fought on a pile of dead enemy, the reminder crowded in upon him, tearing, biting and suffocating .....

Then through the skylight came an orange rocket. It came ripping and tearing into the vermin like a circular saw. Lord Syd had arrived. The battered unbent Syd.

The two cats fought side by side rats flew, rats fell, they scattered, they died. Mr. Digby and Lord Syd smashed the rats that night and when the sun rose the next morning they were gone.

Mr. Digby is gone now, Lord Syd is still the toughest cat in town. Mr. Digby will be back. One night we'll see him. A piece of the Night Sky with green eyes floating down the hill. Low, black, silent. Down the middle of the road, he'll come and then white line will change. Not paint ..... moon prints. The path of Mr. Digby.

P. LINDEN 2B

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The Empty House

Silence lay upon the wood, as the moon gazed down with his great sad face. The only sound to be heard was the soft trickle of running water in a nearby little stream.

Close to the wood, on a sloping hill, stood an old deserted farmhouse, neglected by man but not by nature. This ghostly place could not be seen from the road even in daytime for it was hidden by the wood and was being eaten by a slowly creeping ivy. On this cool October night however the house seemed stranger than usual, as if it had suddenly awakened after a long, cold hard sleep. It seemed alive, inhabited and even possessed. One person, alone had noticed this change and that was the young boy who lived in the mill a mile or so down stream.

The boy was called David and he was now 14 years of age. Often he had heard his mother advise him to stay away from the farmhouse implying that it was a wicked evil place. However David did not fear such places as haunted houses or fear such creatures as ghosts. So why hesitate now?

Thus David slowly approached the door, placed one hand on it and pushed. The door groaned open as the rust fell from its old hinges. In front of him the boy could see the huge open fireplace and a stairway to the light of it. The room stank foully from the crossed oak rafters in the ceiling, many of which had been almost gnawed away by the insatiable, greedy woodworm.

Proceeding cautiously David entered the room, casually brushing away the silken cobwebs which floated off like summer clouds. The floorboard creaked and cried painfully as David approached the wooden stairway.

Lifting his head he looked up the staircase expecting nothing and seeing even less for all that he beheld was the infinite darkness of the upper storey.

And yet he felt something, a presence perhaps, a presence that without him fully realising, had called him into the house for what purpose he did not know but was now determined to find out.

Slowly he stepped onto the stairs and carefully he proceeded on his crusade to answer this calling. The stairs felt soft and unsafe under his feet and his progress became slower now. He felt every step gingerly as he climbed upwards. As he put his foot on the last but one, it cracked and he fell forward clutching at the bannisters to save himself from falling headlong onto the kitchen floor.

This near miss failed to deter David instead it had set his adrenalin pumping and he was determined to go on. Within a few seconds he had crossed the landing and found himself standing in the old master bedroom which was softly lit by the moon's rays as they streamed in through an old broken and dusty window. Suddenly he smelt the sweet sickly smell of a candle burning and turning he saw it standing on the bed-side table.

As he stepped towards it, the door suddenly swished closed behind him and a heavy key was heard turning in the lock. David could go no further and yet he could not go back.

A foul smell now enveloped him and he felt cold as an icy breeze blew in through the broken window in the rattling window-pane. The door of the room re-opened and David stepped back pinning himself to the wall.

A ghostly shape appeared in the doorway; it's long white hands and fingers lay on its chest as it moved towards the paralysed boy who now saw that it was the figure of a man. He was white all over but wore a black suit. His eyes were wild and furious and lit up as he stepped into the moon light.

In his hand he held a long thin stilletto-like knife which he brandished above his head as he approached the boy. To David's horror he could not move, no matter how he tried, he was frozen with fear and suddenly felt the knife plunging into his throat and the warm sticky blood spurting out red upon the floor. The knife was withdrawn quickly and David felt a burning, tingling sensation flood his body as he fell.

Suddenly there was a burst of light and David heard many people talking. The pain was gone from his throat but was now in his head. He quickly realised what had happened as he sat up amongst his friends grouped round him in a clearing in the wood.

"Hey David what did you think of that joint?" asked one of his friends.

"Never again," answered David with a sigh.

GREGORY McCLEARY 3E

Cistercian Monks

Our Lady of Bethlehem Abbey

Portglenone,
Co. Antrim

(This article was selected for a special award - 2nd Prize Junior Section)

GEOGRAPHY FIELDWORK

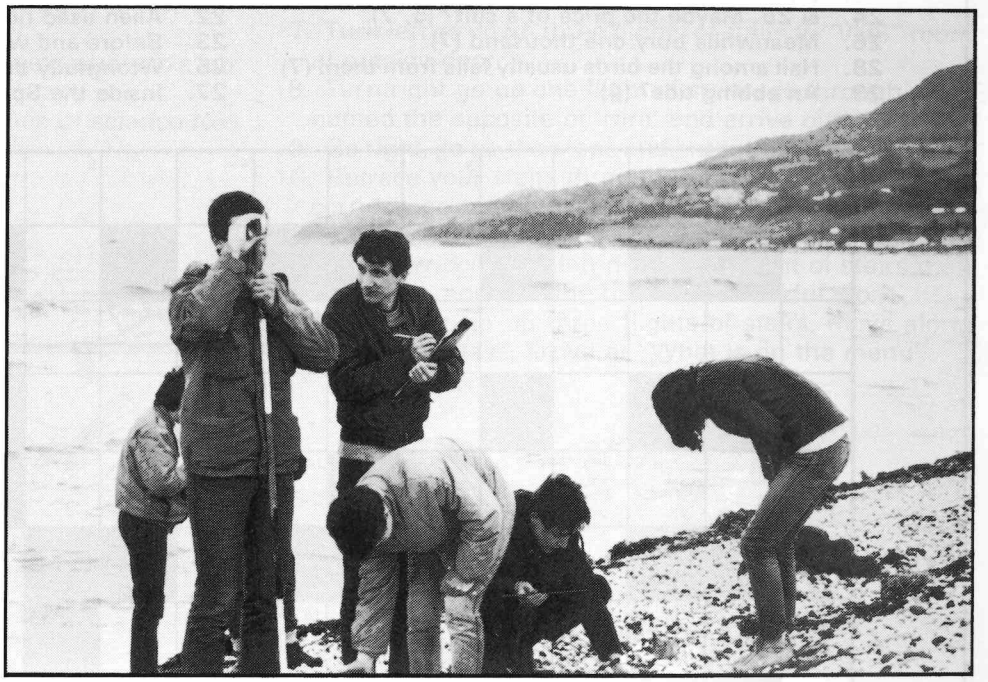
Sixth year Geography students undertook fieldwork exercises in the spring. One group under the supervision of Mr. McFlynn set off for the Mourne region on Thursday 29th March. One very full day was spent measuring and recording channel and valley characteristics of the River Shimna near Newcastle. On the second day emphasis on the physical aspects on the subject was maintained with an investigation into the structure and composition of the beach at Carnlough in Co. Antrim.

A second group led by Mr. F. Rice spent three days at the residential field centre in Bryansford, Co. Down, leaving on Thursday, 12th April. A similar river study to that mentioned above was one of the two main activities engaged in by the group. The second study centered on an analysis of glacial hills in the coastal area South of Newcastle. In both cases full use was made of the excellent equipment and laboratories facilities available at the centre.

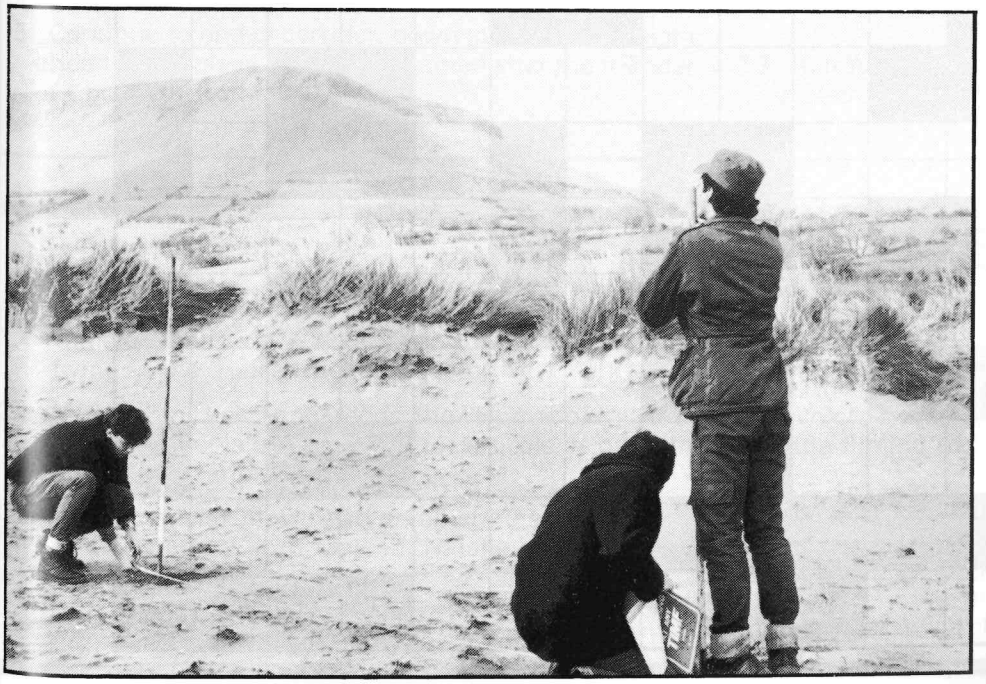
On April 4th Sixth Form Geology students carried out fieldwork in the North Down area. The quarry at Scrabo (Newtownards) featured prominently as well as Belshaw's Quarry (Lisburn).

Individual projects submitted by first and second year students were of a very high standard. Gareth Sharkie produced the best work in first year with his project on canoes while Cormac Walls came tops in the second year with his work on the subject of coffee.

GEOGRAPHY DEPT.



RIGHT and BELOW
'A' Level Geography Students at fieldwork.



Cryptic Crossword

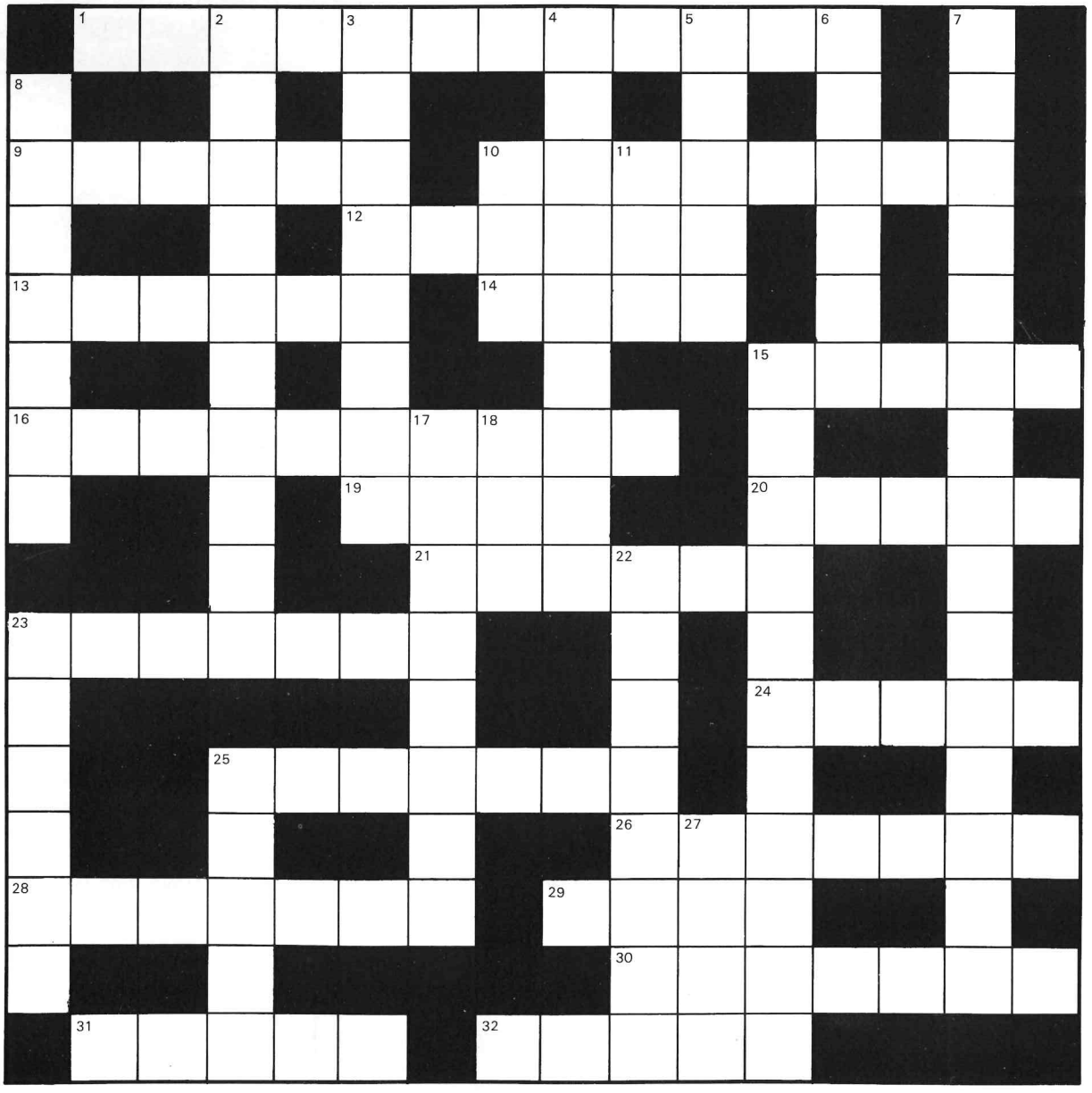
(Solution on page 96)

ACROSS

1. Modern thrust is found in these natural fireworks! (12)
9. Would a gladiator daintily give holy orders? (6)
10. In the morning, the theologian has a crazy nude added! (8)
12. The bough Aeneas took on his way to the underworld. Silence is (6)
13. When empty it can be noisey! (6)
14. Snub hares' scuts! (4)
15. 4 down might not have had much of it. (5)
16. If 'e's included then the navy chap might seize it. (10)
19. Spin a dodgy record in a ring? (4)
20. May be heard in the morning or at any time with a god in the morning (5)
21. Tigerishly symbolic but within gives an excuse for not being in court. (6)
23. Circle first and dress the skins just for marbles? (7)
24. & 25. Maybe the price of a suit? (5, 7)
26. Meanwhile bury one thousand (7)
28. Hail among the birds usually falls from them (7)
29. An ebbing tide? (4)
30. The Spanish example of a worker? Refined (7)
31. Deadly if cockney Hal is loud at first. (5)
32. With some hesitation the scoundrel first preserves (5)

DOWN

2. Modest with a girl, ship, you and pottery? (10)
3. Five hundred fishing? No, just hanging about (8)
4. Initially they are sorrowful. 500 with you observe the east it sounds to find these sceptics (9)
5. Exposes to view because there are no enclosures (5)
6. You'll find a crazy end inside this deadly bird, not in New Zealand but in Italy! (6)
7. Come Isa, print out electronically (15)
8. Criminal studying six heartless Manx cats! (7)
10. A pound for a bit of clerical dress? (3)
11. Lived enjoyably in here? (3)
15. Open correspondence? Postage paid on A or B (5, 6)
17. Would colourful operations take place here? (8)
18. Inheritors? No, sounds like it but only bitter peas perhaps! (3)
22. Alien used riot though not a member (8)
23. Before and with blues you get beat? (6)
25. Wrongfully desire sodless dovecots. (5)
27. Inside the Spanish twisted within the river? (4)



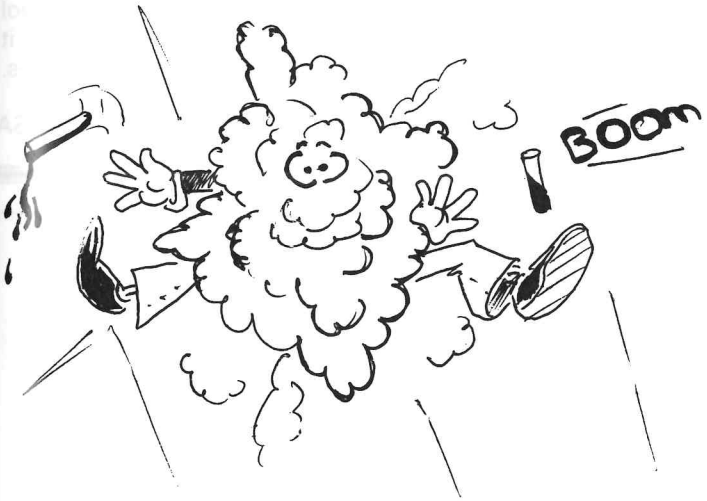
First Year Treasure Hunt

This is a game designed by Class 3B to encourage new 1st years to find their way around the school. It is really intended for inclusion in next years induction course but it's too late for our new boys to test it out. There will be a prize for the first Form 1 boy to work out the correct sequence and present it in writing to Marty Boyle 3B.

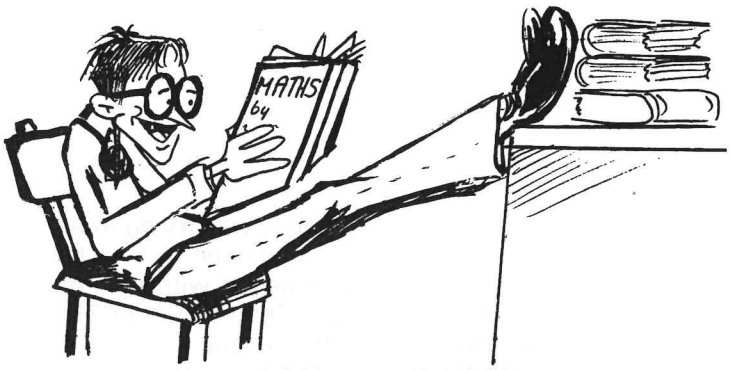
1. Start N3 Corridor in own form classrooms.
2. Classes in groups of 5 go, leave at 5 minute intervals.
3. 4th years to sign cards at each checkpoint.
4. 4th years to supervise at checkpoints.
5. Clue to next area given orally.
6. 1st team home, each to win prize of compass set.

CLUES

1. Turn right, down stairs, turn left and find a room which rhymes with 'waiter'.
2. Go down corridor, turn left and your next clue is in a lab but not a science lab.
3. Turn right and head for the appliance of science No. E21.



4. Down the stairs left and find the "silverware".
5. Continue to end of corridor, down stairs, and straight ahead to the place of worship named after the founder of Christian Brothers Schools.
6. Turn right, go along to end of corridor, turn left and find the "booksworm" room.



7. Turn left go down three flights of stairs to "VHS" room at outside door.
8. Turn right go up one flight of stairs, go through room named the opposite of 'rare' and arrive outside.
9. Go right, go up the steps and enter the 'house of sport'
10. Retrace your steps through the common room to Q1 corridor, go to end of corridor to place for enquiries.
11. Straight ahead, go up one flight of stairs, straight along corridor, turn left down one flight of stairs then turn right, and find the room for colourful work.
12. Turn right go up three flights of stairs, move along corridor of glass, arrive at "What is on the menu".



13. Retracing steps along glass corridor go up two flights of stairs and return to standing point in your classroom.

FILM QUIZ

1. Name the film which centres around three brothers living in the 'Hell's Kitchen' area of New York?
2. Which actor has appeared in the "Humanoid", "The Phoenix" but is better known for his role as one of 007's adversaries?
3. Which disaster movie had an all-star cast including Sean Connery, Karl Malden, Natalie Wood, Trevor Howard and Henry Fonda.
4. Charlton Heston was "The ..... Man."
5. Which actor was killed in a helicopter accident during the filming of the "Twilight Zone"?
6. Which actress has starred in the following: "Sudden Impact", "The Outlaw Josie Wells" and "Any Which Way You Can"?

Submit answers to A. Doherty 5E. A prize will go to the person with the most correct answers.

1984 SCHOOLS' COMPUTING QUIZ
SPONSORED BY TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANK

Mention the word 'quiz' and most people will immediately think of the ITV programme "Blockbusters". The less said about that the better, I suppose, but you may not know that St. Mary's was involved in another quiz this year, It was the TSB sponsored inter-school computer quiz and we entered a team under the watchful eye of Mr. M. McGrath, our team selector, coach, manager and personal chaffeur.

When we received the draw for the competition back at the beginning of the year the first thing that stood out was the fact that we had been drawn to play away from home in every single round (I think somebody was trying to tell us something) but nevertheless we had been given a bye in the first round. The competition began with our team - Adrian Farquharson (Captain 6SQ) Peter McClean (5E) and Thomas Quinn (4G) then in the second round against Glengormley High School, we left the school on a cold February afternoon with some trepidation, not really knowing what to expect. All we knew was that we would be asked questions about all aspects of computers. Admittedly we weren't asked anything as obscure as "why to most Australians go to Tahiti for their summer holidays" but the questions were still very subtle and quite tricky. The British Computer Society had set and verified all the questions and they also supplied the question master. Both teams were evenly matched but after 9 rounds of questions we came out victorious by 52 points to 38.

Our cross between University Challenge and Blankety Blank next brought us to Newtownbreda High School a fortnight later. The only thing difficult about this game was trying to keep our faces straight and answer the questions at the same time, after going into a 25 point lead in the third round of questions. Needless to say we won and earned our place in the quarter finals against St. Mary's High School in Limavady.

We had to travel over 70 miles to meet our namesake in Co. Derry. They had about 100 supporters cheering them on, which intimidated us to some extent but we went into an early lead. As the game progressed, though, the opposition clawed their way back and in the final round they pipped us at the post. We had been beaten by three points and the feeling was generally one of disappointment. The general feeling afterwards was that this round had not been run very professionally because Limavady had been conferring on the individual questions but we had been beaten and there was no point crying over spilt milk. A local newspaper took our photographs and the Limavady Domestic Science department treated us to cakes and buns before we left (maybe it was a good thing we weren't drawn at home after all).

A few weeks later we learnt that Sullivan Upper School had eventually won the quiz. It was enjoyable while it lasted and maybe next year we will lift the title ourselves.

ADRIAN FARQUHARSON 7SA

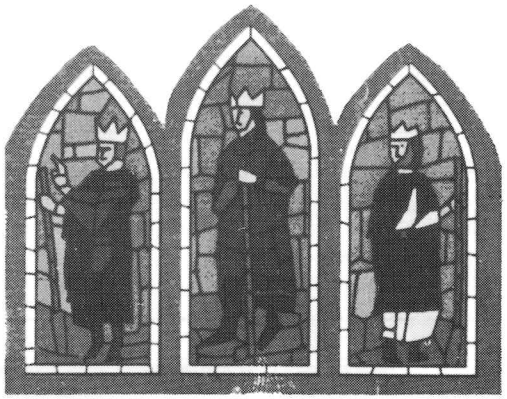
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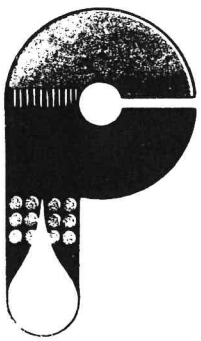
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From Days Gone By

(The Simmarian 1937)

Schoolboy "Howlers"

An isosceles triangle is a three sided figure with two angles at the bottom equal to the opposite sides and anyone of these equal to the third.

A pharmacy is a place where prescriptions are carefully confounded.

Herrings are caught in the North Sea. First they are smoked then they become blotters.

Mark Anthony showed the multitude Caesar's corpse and rented suit.

"A coin of vantage," means a luck penny or a three penny piece with a hole in it.

An abstract noun is the name of anything which means nothing and which is not a name of anything.

The climate of Ireland is not very good and it is always the same, but the weather changes every day. The B.B.C. tells us all they know about the weather, and it is not much, but they do not tell us anything about climate, because they know nothing about climate.

Hargreaves had a spinning mule and named it after his wife, Jenny.

Before reindeer were brought into his country, the Eskimo ate and drank anything he could lay his hands on.

The mails are carried to India in the piano boats.

A compliment is when you say something to another which he knows isn't true.

Cereals are stories which last several weeks.

If the air contains more than 100 per cent carbolic acid it is bad for the health and you are soon dead.

A parable is a short story you have been told with no earthly meaning.

A lighthouse has a spinal stairs going round and round inside it.

The lighthouse keeper saw a great flash, heard a bang, and rushed to the window. Next day the storms debated.

Capital punishment should be abolished in schools as many teachers are inclined to make too much use of it.

Geometry Axion: When holes are added to holes the holes are holes.

A triangle is a square that has no fourth corner.
They journed around Venice in a Gorgonzola.

Banker's discount is the part of your money in the bank that the bank does not count.

A partridge is what you put into a gun to shoot off.

The weight of the body is the pull of gratitude on it towards the earth.

A ship going east will get ahead of the sun because by the time it gets to a certain line the crew will see two sunsets where they should only see one.

The Mitchers Soliloquy

To go or not to go - that is the question,
Whether 'tis better to be caught upon the hike
Or to take arms against the savage horde of masters
And face their rotten straps. To hike - to mitch -
No more; and by the hike we say we end
The palm ache and the unnatural shocks
The straps hand out - 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To hike - to mitch -
To come in the next day:-ay there's the rub;
For on that morrow comes the judgement,
Because we have shuffled off the yoke
Which we perforce must bear : there's the strap
That makes calamity of school life;
For why should I do lessons every night
And bear the masters' tongues and belts
When I myself might my quietus make
By staying on the hike?
Who would these burdens bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life
But the dread of that something after the hike?
The unexplored Office, from whose bourn,
No hiker e'er returned unless well scathed and torn,
Which makes us have a very strong dislike
For hiking when our lessons ain't done right.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.
It is St. Mary's for me, I'll be candid,
Because four tough palmers although gall
Are better than six strokes when ta'en upended.
Perchance the old excuse will get me through,
"I left them at home, sir!" "Oh, yeah" he'll say, "Sez you."

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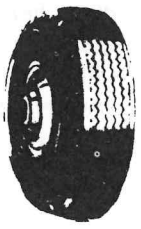
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Poets Corner

The Dreaded End?

Our world is in such an unmerciful state
Where mindless politicians determine our fate.
Will they start the dreaded nuclear war
To end our lives in bloody gore?
It's so nonsensical, can't they see?
They'll kill themselves with you and me.
They think they have it deviously planned
To kill just people while the buildings stand.
It's all so heartless, selfish and cold
We'll probably all die without getting old.
Often I wonder what God thinks of it all
As his mighty word takes such a downfall.
Does he weep from morning 'til night
As he sees his world in this sorry sight?
Everyone's waiting, impatient, afraid
Will the world end? All is dismayed.
O what can we do? Wait slowly to die
While leaders and rulers pathetically stand by?
Many thousands have showed their willingness to care
But their demonstrations have got them nowhere.
God, why don't you help us? We need your great powers
To help us and comfort us in these fretful hours.
With their warfare and missiles they'll start an arms race,
And this world of disillusion they'll totally deface.
Amidst all the confusion, anxiety and brawl
Will the end of the world be so bad after all?

A Schoolmaster Remembers

He waits the sound of the clock,
Eleven thirty is it that time?
The rocking chair has ceased to rock,
As the Town Hall clock begins to chime.

Mind cast back through many years,
Remembering every sigh and rule.
The footsteps, shouts, cries and cheers,
It is September, first day at school.

Students' eyes are opened wide,
In their ears the class bell ringing.
The door creaks open, he steps inside,
Mortar board and gown a-swinging.

Fee collected, books selected,
Introductions underway.
The cane is locked away, protected,
To be used another day.

Forward through the years with tremendous pace,
Cane and cape in wardrobe lie.
Is that a tear upon his face,
Of course not, teachers never cry!

MICHAEL BRADY 2B

"Thoughts on an early September afternoon"

Slatted sunlight seeps in
To settle on the carpet floor,
Seeking shelter from stormy clouds
Of grey and black, arriving from the west,
While endless lines of grey and black-clad pupils from nearby schools,
Wind their scholarly way home,
To beefburgers, baps and books,
To T.V., homework and stereo,
Whence to bed in preparation for an early rise next morning.
Summer's gone, September's here, school once more.
And winter dons his dark overcoat and steps abroad,
And waves in distant greeting
Through wind-blown hedges and dying rose-bushes.

Dead

Cold as ice,
Hard as stone,
"Dead but nice"
We all say.
"So sudden," we moan.
"Best way to go".

RICHARD McVEIGH 4G

Kin and Pith

Oh man of seed,
Aye, seed in deed.

Fix your plough share steady in your tread,
Map the furrow in keen thumb-widths.
Set the motions wheeling.

Oh manly singer,
an anvil ringer.

To see the hammers dancing on fire-tested steel,
Fuming and steaming, staining your coal bright grimace,
Your arms bunched bronze.

Sweating in your soily manhood,
Mouth suckling dumb I stood.

And then when work is done,
you'll get roaring drunk, raging drunk
And steam homeward to snore and belch.

Mine is a love for kin and pith,
a yearning deep for seed and smith.

JAMES McALEAVEY 5B

(This article was selected for a special award - 2nd Prize 'O' Level section)

Walking To School in Snowy Weather

Cold dry crunches of rigid rubber soles on snow
Eyes looking down mesmerised
Brightness - voices clear and vivid
slice through the air,
unusual moments of complete stillness.

The tree iced on one side,
bent in splendour.
cars gingerly carrying caps of white;
mountains white against another whiteness, mini-Alps.
School building contrast, grey and dismal,
each window reflecting a new warm world.

EAMONN RICE 2B

Winter

Glass appears on lakes around,
snow falls gently to the ground,
the bed of spikes,
the painted trees,
the lonely howl of a cold chilly breeze.

Icicles hang from the roofs, steeples and towers,
Looking very like thin glass bars,
the bed of spikes,
the painted trees,
the lonely howl of a cold chilly breeze.

GERARD CALLAGHAN 1A

Orange is Green

One orange One green,
Both bleed red,
Both turn white,
Everyone dresses in black.
Everyone sheds clear tears.
Both immersed in brown wood
Both buried in the dark, dark earth.
Same people, different causes.
One orange One green.

RICHARD McVEIGH 4G

Old Woman

Wrinkled with age
Her children? all gone.
Widowed at sixty.
Now all alone.
To the shop and back
In her outside world.
Time passes slower.
Her world gets longer.
Nothing left but death.

RICHARD McVEIGH 4G

(These articles were selected for a special award - 1st Prize 'O' Level Section)

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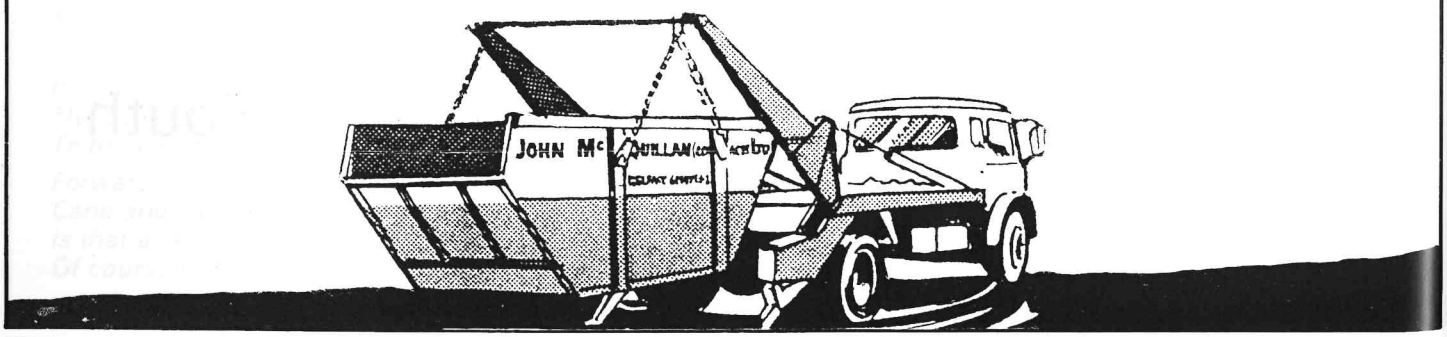
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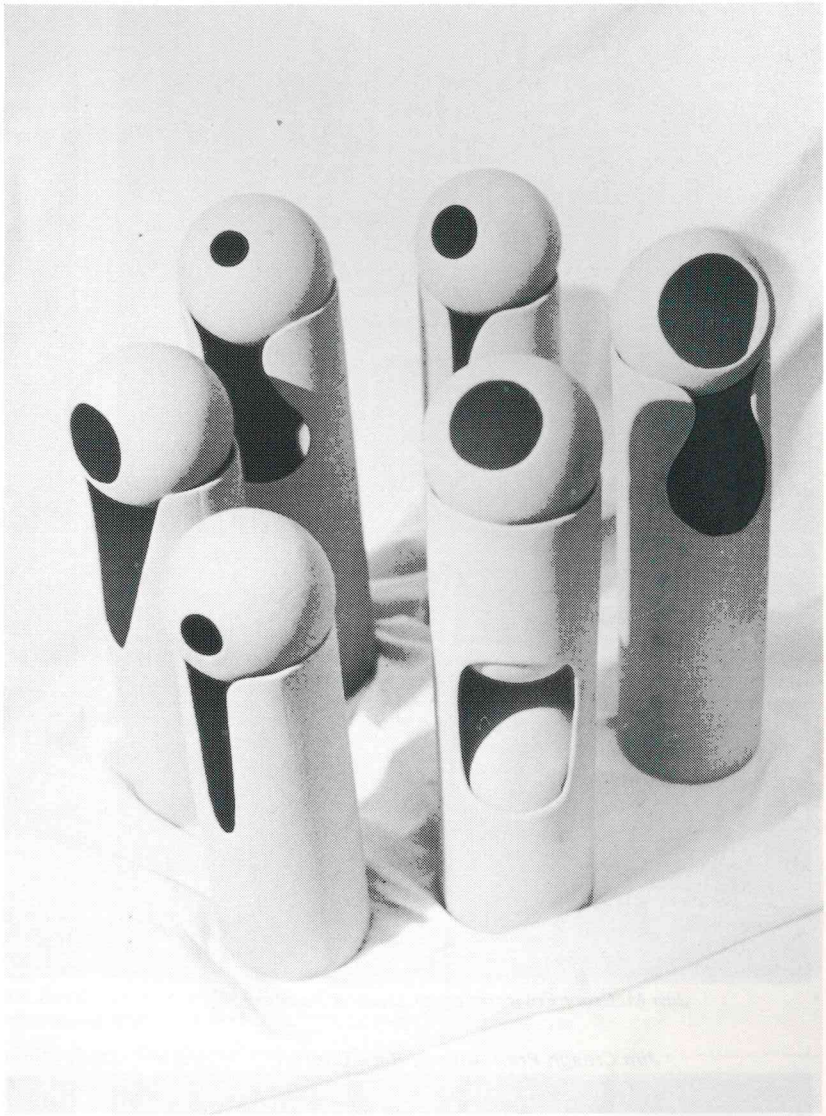
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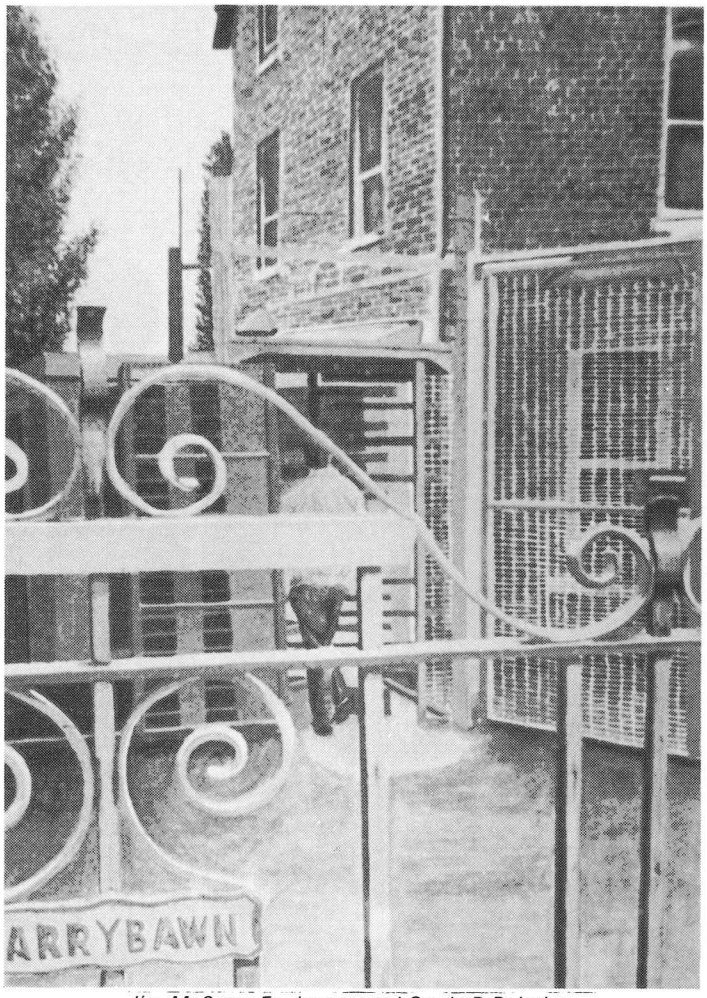


Brian Rocks (7th year), Ceramics unglazed stoneware 'Combinations.'

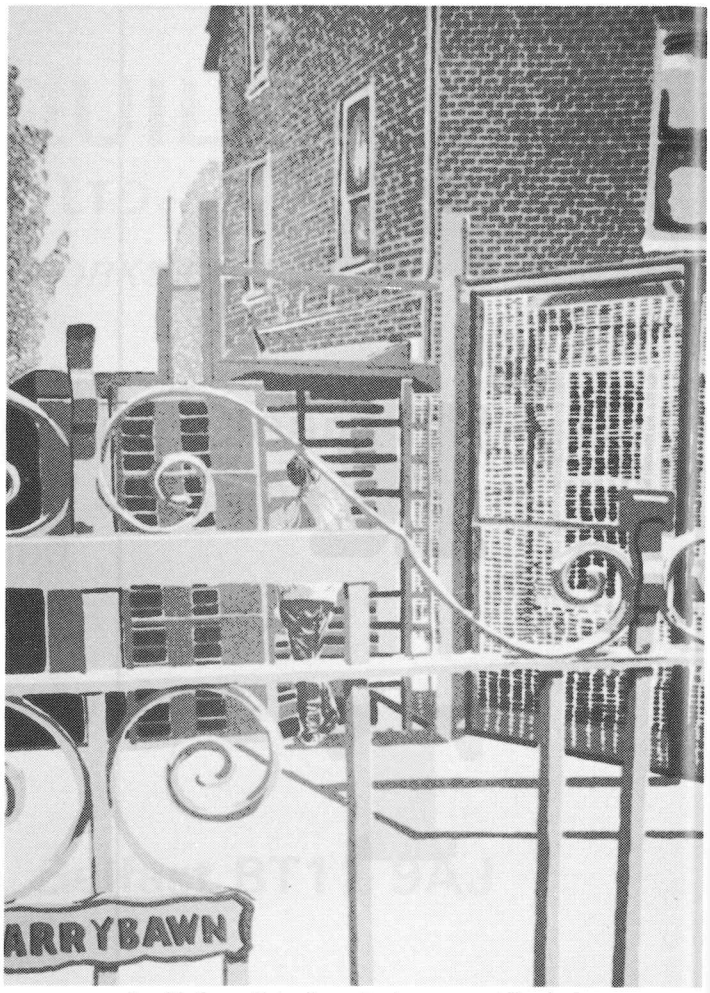
Brian Rocks (7th year), Environmental Study Painting.



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Jim McCrory Environmental Study B Painting.

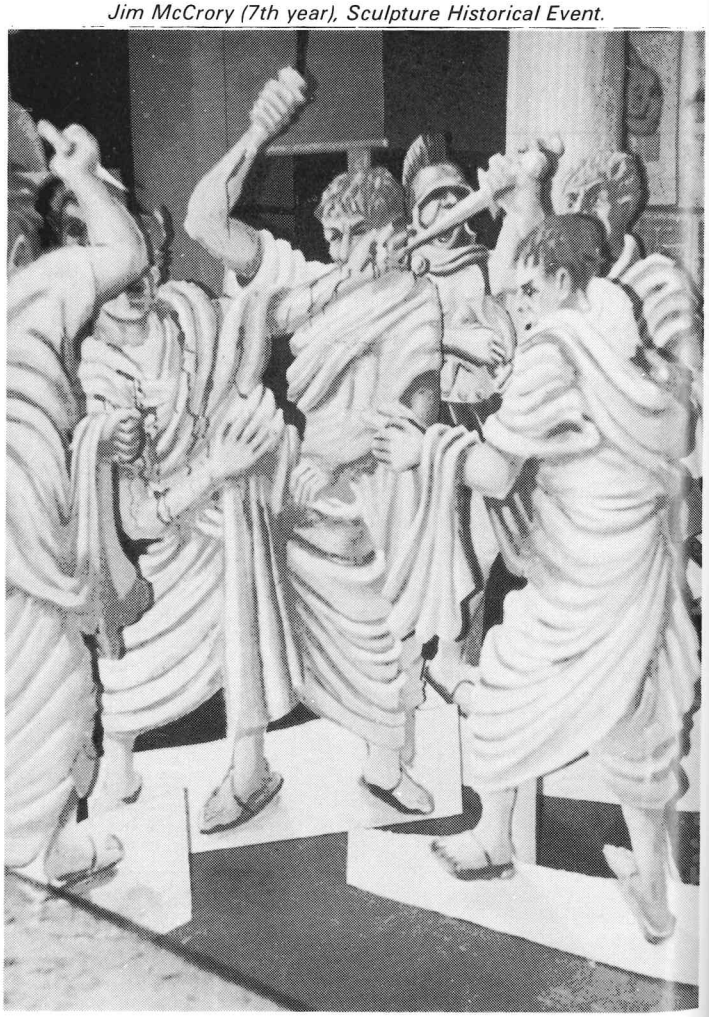


Jim McCrory Print from Environmental Study B.

Jim Creagh Print 'Animal Rock Concert.'



Jim McCrory (7th year), Sculpture Historical Event.





Jim McCrory Print Environmental Study.

Kieran O'Hare (5th year), 'The Game' Painting.



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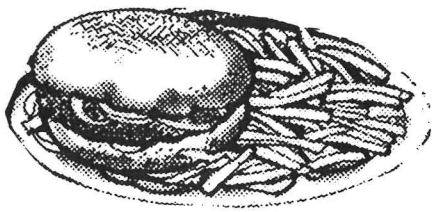


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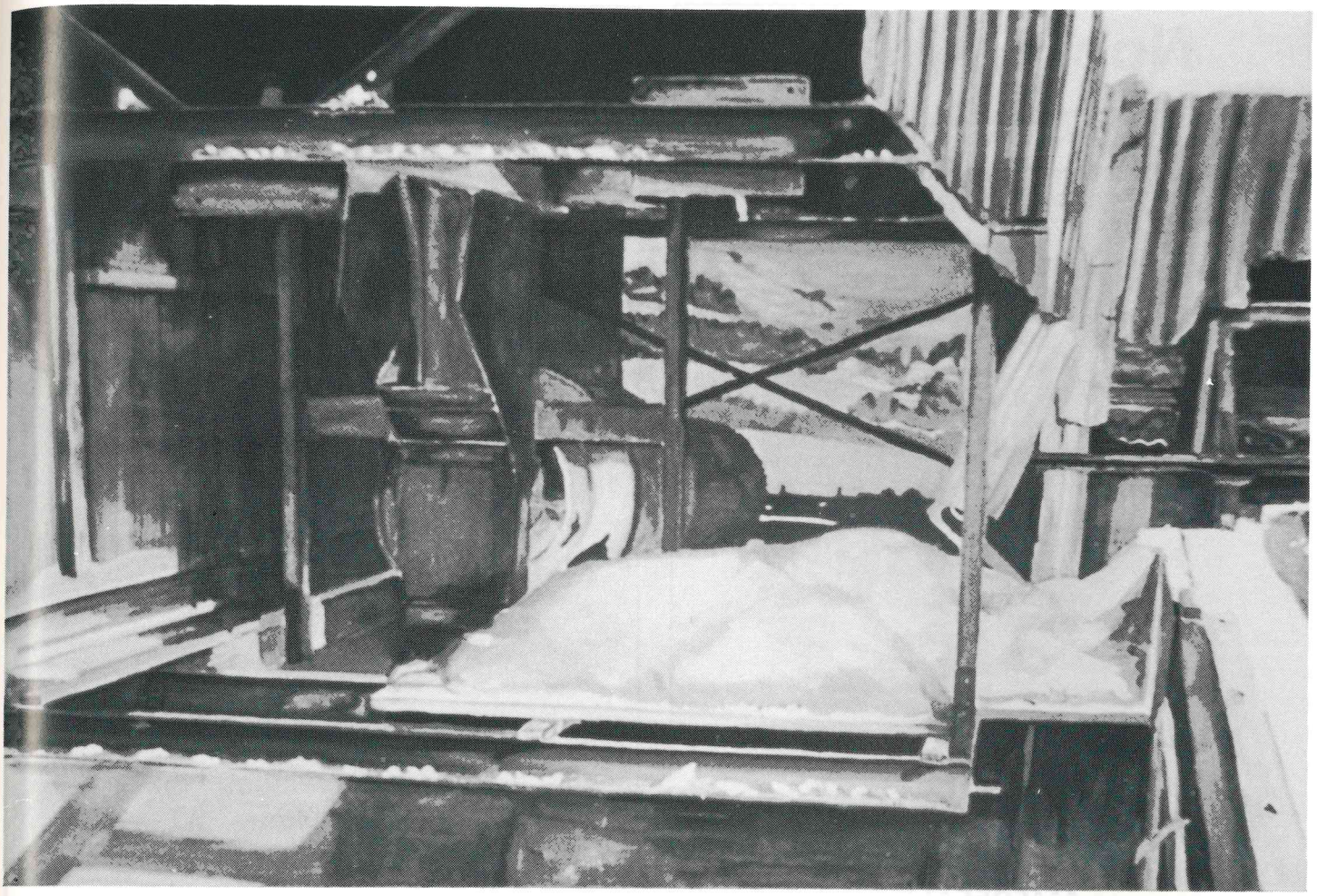


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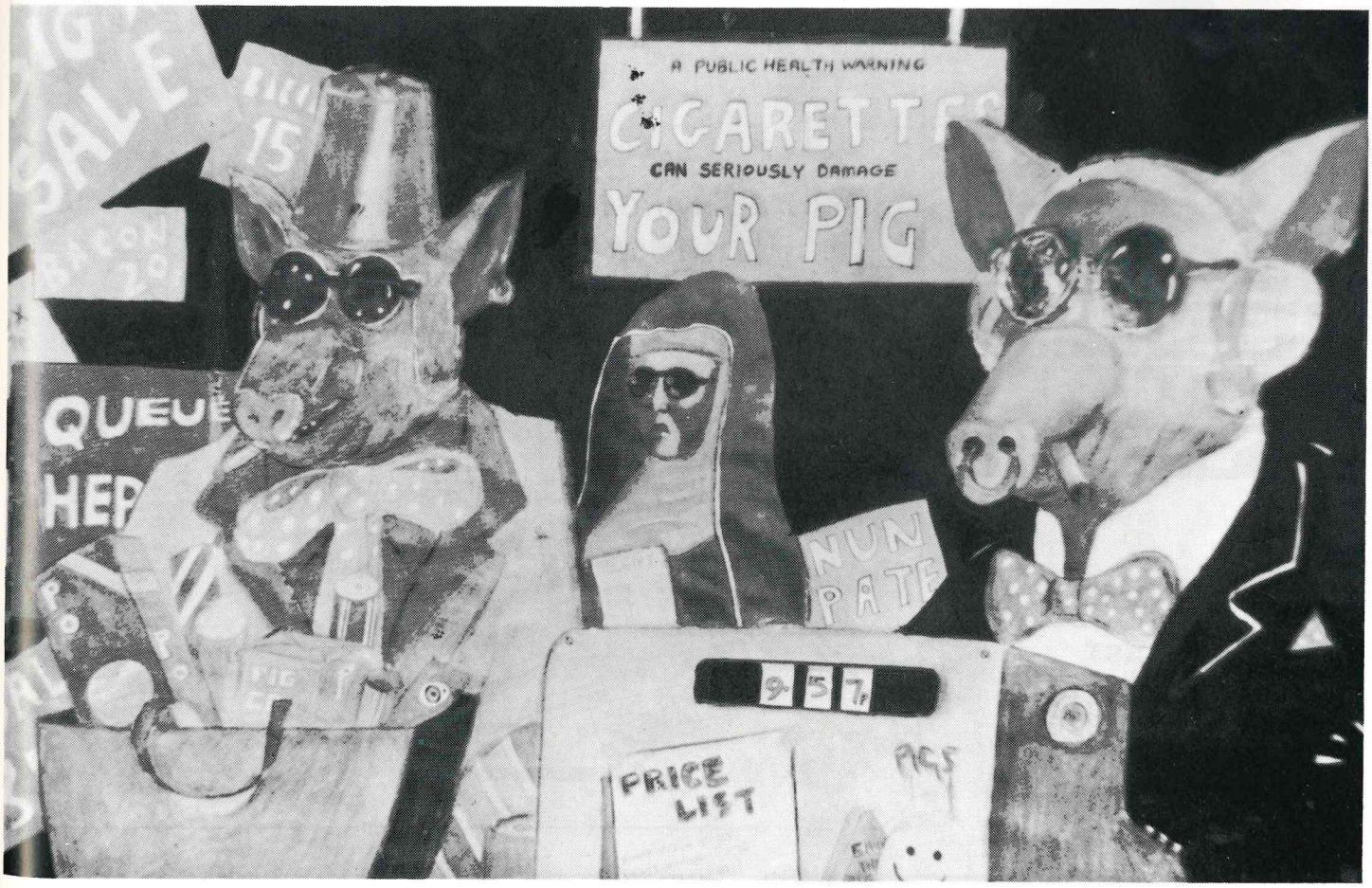
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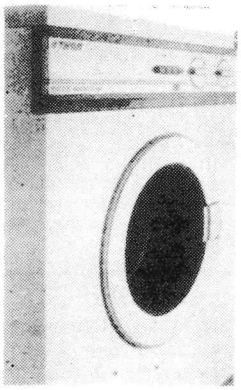
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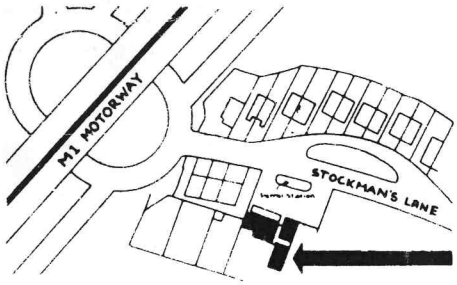
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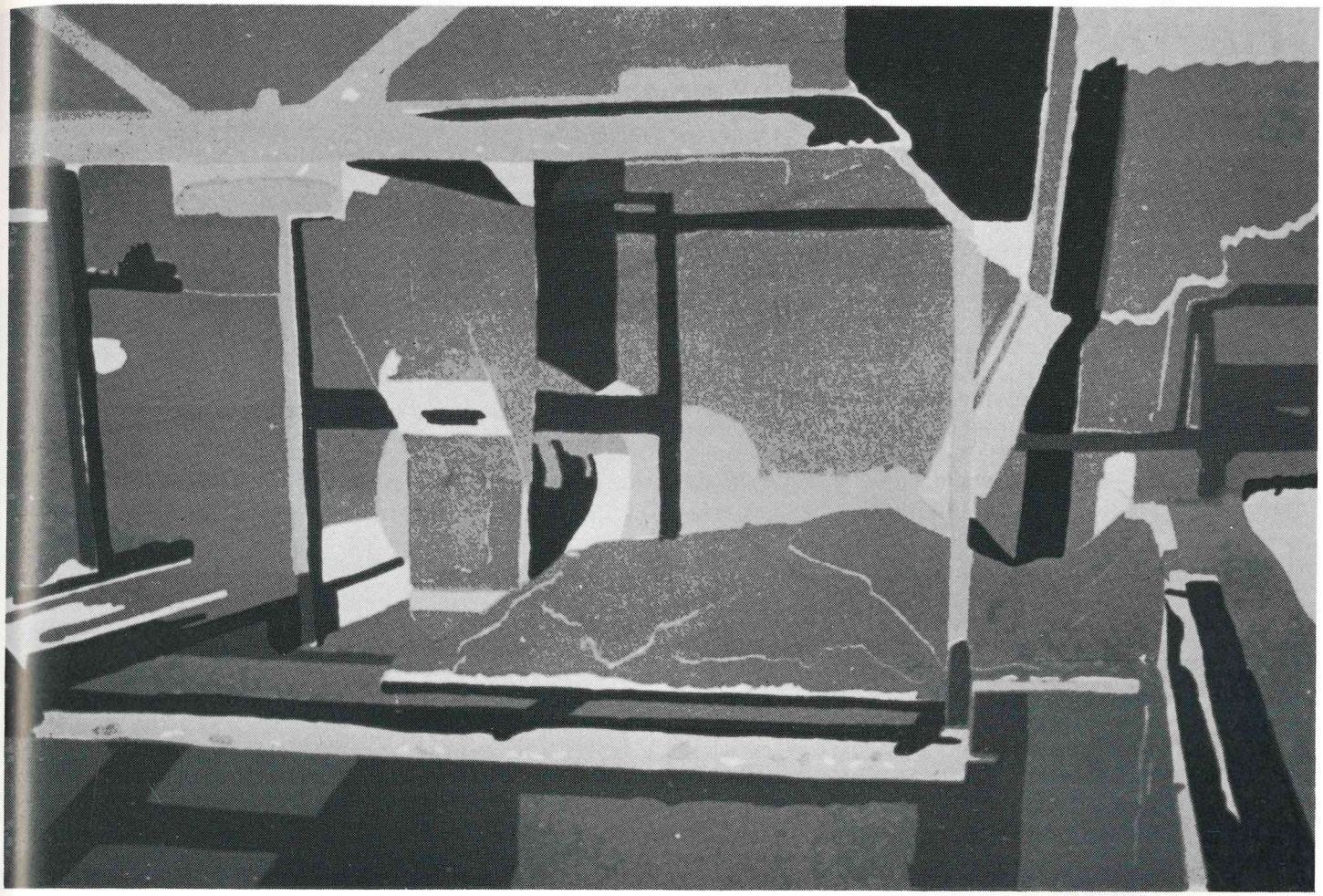
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D. McKiernan (7th year), Environmental Study Painting.



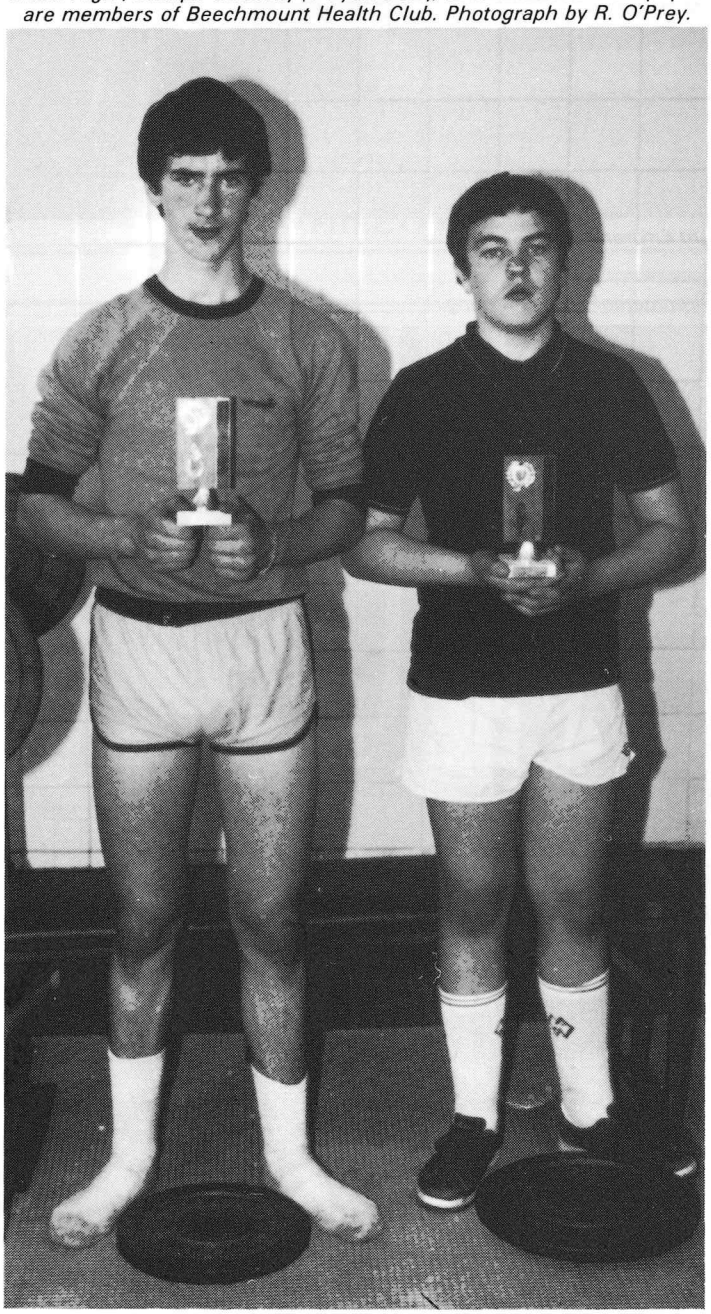
Barrack Street Still Producing Winners

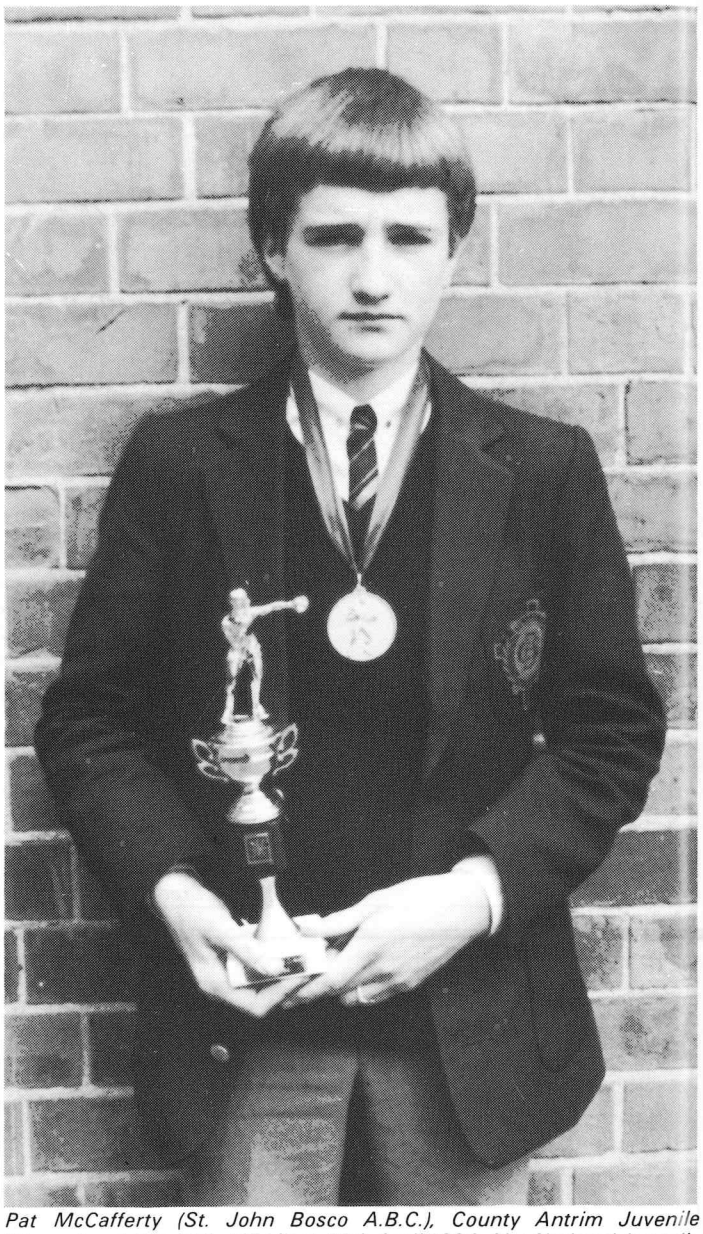
It is not without some degree of pride and satisfaction that we again this year announce a series of firsts for pupils of the Barrack Street Section of St. Mary's.

On the 10th April 1984 pugilist Pat McCafferty *again* became County Antrim Juvenile Champion weighing in at 7st 1lb (45 kilos) repeating his success of the previous year. Pat, a member of St. John Bosco A.B.C. then went on to win a place in the National Boxing Championships Final in May where he finished a very commendable runner up. Congratulations to Pat! Mention must also be made of Paul Ireland who did very well in his bouts. We look forward to seeing both these lads in action again next year. Also we are sorry to hear that another fine young boxer from Barrack Street, Terry Park, has decided to hang the gloves up - he gave some splendid exhibitions previously - maybe we'll see him again in the ring!

Barrack Street again produced not only Two winners but also Two Firsts for the school this year. In May 1984 the All-Ireland Weightlifting Championships were held in Beechmount Leisure Centre and two lads from Barrack Street came out tops:-

All-Ireland Weightlifting Championships at Beechmount Leisure Centre 26th May 1984. Winner, left, Ciaran McCormick (13 years old), 60 kilo class. Right, Joseph Connolly (14 years old), 67.5 kilo class. Both pupils are members of Beechmount Health Club. Photograph by R. O'Prey.





Pat McCafferty (St. John Bosco A.B.C.), County Antrim Juvenile Champion at 7st. 11lb. (45 kilos), 10th April 1984. Also National Juvenile Runner-up at 7st. 1lb. (45 kilos), May 1984.

(Photograph R. O'Prey)

Ciaran McCormick, 13, cleared the decks and won the 60 kilo class competition while Mighty Joe Connolly, 14, carried away the award in the 67.5 kilo class. Both boys are members of Beechmount Health Club. Such achievements certainly give the school a lift! We would hope that even more pupils weigh in for the school next year.

Congratulations!

Barrack Street Chess Club

This year Barrack Street Chess Club also achieved a first when they breached the wall and found themselves in combat in the Top Junior Division, Division 5, of the Ulster Schools Chess League. Battling their way through to the final with Belfast Royal Academy, they emerged joint winners. Congratulations to the boys in our team and to their teacher Mr. Kevin Mullan, who also has four of the same team into the finals of the Ulster Schools Minor Championships.

This page is sponsored by: **R.M. Sherry and Family.**



Barrack Street Chess Club 1984 Joint Winners of Division 5, Top Junior Division of Ulster Schools Chess League along with B.R.A. Front Row: B. McKnight, J. McCartney, D. Donnelly. Back Row: M. Dornan, C. Campbell, G. Annesley, G. Bell, and Mr. K. Mullan, teacher 1/C Chess Club. Four members of the team were also finalists in the Ulster Schools Minor Championships. (Missing is P. Ireland). Photograph by R. O'Prey.

LENTEN CHARITY

Besides showing brawn and brains, the boys from Barrack Street also played their part in Christian Charity exercises during the year. Form 1F devoted the proceeds of their Lenten Fund-raising campaign to Trocaire and the Simon Community. Part of their campaign was a sponsored walk to Lady Dixon Park. Martin Colohan and Joseph McVeigh from 1F presented a cheque to the charities concerned. Well done, lads, and our thanks to all those who contributed to this fine effort.

1F Lenten Collection at Barrack Street, left is Martin Colohan and right is Joseph McVeigh with the cheque for preoceeds to Trocaire and the Simon Community 1984. Photograph by K. Mullan.



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SPORT AT ST. MARY'S

SCHOOL SPORTS FACILITIES

School sports facilities are certainly improving. The old tennis courts area has now been completely refurbished and is to be used as a minor games area. The new 'Prunty' pitches have been a boon for Gaelic games with our senior squad reaching the final of the McCrory Cup last year. Waterlogged pitches are now a thing of the past. No matter what the weather has been like Messrs Eddie McToal, Hugh McGettigan, Bro Mallon and Gerry Cullen have been able to train their teams and complete their programmes without a break. Already this year an impressive U-14 squad under Mr. Gerry Cullen have taken the Belfast League Cup defeating a game Glengormley C.B.S. side by a big margin in the final at Casement Park. Well done! Over the Halloween break Mr McToal has commenced a vigorous preparation programme for the McCrory Cup campaign. The emphasis once again will be on fitness and team work. The last time the school won the McCrory Cup was in 1971. This team subsequently went on to win the All-Ireland Hogan Cup and they were trained by Bro. Nolan now headmaster in Omagh C.B.S. Our hopes are high that we will emulate that great feat in the not too distant future.

Another facility we were delighted to get back again was our School Pool, which has been out of commission for the past year. The leaking roof has been completely repaired and a brand new ceiling and a new set of lights have been installed. The pool area has also been over-hauled and painted. One man who was more delighted than most to get back the school pool was Mr Jim McClean. Without training facilities the Water Polo squads did not fare well in the leagues or the All-Ireland Championships, although our U-12 team won the Belfast Tournament. If the well attended training sessions in the school pool are anything to go by then the omens for future success are very favourable indeed.

Our runners under Mr. Kevin Morgan's guidance continue to make a big impression in Cross-Country and track athletics both at Ulster and All-Ireland level. Once again we are very lucky to have extensive school grounds and varied terrain and track to enable teams to train in comfort and safety. Basketball continues to flourish under the expert attention of Fergus Woods and the provision of an outside basketball area in recent years is a welcome addition to the gym.

However the single biggest advance from a facility point of view has been the conversion and equipping of a new weights room with no less than ten exercise stations. This multigym has been voted by all who have seen and used it as one of the most up-to-date in the North of Ireland. It is now being used by all sporting bodies in the school and is a welcome additional facility in the senior school programme. Since the equipment has fixed adjustable weights there is a high safety factor and the boys and teachers of all levels of ability can train to the maximum. The cost of equipping the weights room has been approximately ten thousand pounds. About three thousand five hundred pounds has already been collected from various sources, but a determined fund-raising drive is needed to clear the debt completely.

We are very lucky, as a school to have such fine sporting facilities for competition and training. A big vote of thanks is due to the school authorities and especially Bro. Ennis and Bro. Kelly for their foresight and enthusiastic endorsement of recent improvements in sports facilities within the school.

But besides having all these material facilities the school is lucky to have dedicated members of staff who enthusiastically give up their free time in order to promote different sports in the school. Men like, Bro. Hynes, Bro. Gallagher, Messrs Jim Sheerin, Terry Hegarty, Finbar Dynan, Nigel Cushley and Charles Monaghan cater for sports like fishing, skiing, five-a side, lifesaving, badminton, golf and handball.

Handball

Last year was yet another successful year in the realm of Handball and once again the Barrack Street section of the school played a vital role in it. Barrack Street's U.13 and U.15 teams won both Belfast and Ulster Competitions and provided two Antrim Singles Champions in Jimmy Wilson and Eamon L'Estrange and Antrim and Ulster doubles champions at U.15 level in Gerard Quinn and Pearse McCormick.

At U.17 and U.19 the school had almost as much success, especially at U.19 level where they were Belfast and Ulster Champions. Alas, however that U.19 team has now left the school and, although we have some fine players e.g. Ciaran O'Hare and Liam McLaughlin, in the upper school, there is still much work to be done to fill a gap which is developing from 4th year onwards.

This situation has been exacerbated by Mr. Monaghan's decision to retire from the Handball scene in St. Mary's due to other commitments. What a loss he will be. Our thanks to Bro. Hynes who stood in for him and helped us out in many many ways.

If talent was the sole pre-requisite of success, then St. Mary's future in Handball would be assured. However hard work and determination and coaching are equally important and hopefully they will continue to be provided in the days to come.

Many thanks to Mr. Monaghan, Mr. McClean and Bro. Hynes for all their help and encouragement and best wishes to Dr. J. Gardiner in his new appointment at Q.U.B.

COLIN O'HARE (formerly 7th year now Q.U.B.)

Cross-Country

The 1984 season was one which will take some beating as far as St. Mary's is concerned. Team and Individual titles fell our way as if we had some innate right to them. Race finishes where St. Mary's lads occupied the first six places occurred more than once. We even won some races with our 'B' teams.

As is usual we were eager to see if our annual influx of first years brought with it any athletic talent of note. That it brought in talent is beyond doubt, but the scale of their dominance surpassed that of any of our recent minor teams. Strengthened by Connor Corr who was young enough for a second tour of duty in the minor ranks this team set a golden standard by winning all six Belfast League races where Connor and Jason Delaney, from the Barrack Street campus, alternated individual wins while



All Ireland Intermediate Cross-Country Champions. Front Row: J. McAleavey, J. McBriarty, J. Donnelly, G. O'Neill. Front Row: J. Carlin, J. McGuinness, G. Kennedy, S. O'Doherty.

Donal Kennedy and Brendy Allsopp usually took third and fourth places. Pat McGorman, Owen O'Neill, Kev Munster, and Gavin Mulholland were overshadowed only by their own teammates, not by the other competitors. Most of these lads have now joined Olympic A.C. where they will be well looked after. But the League was only beginning. The boys also proved unbeatable in the Ulster CBS Championship and in the twenty-school-strong South Antrim championship where the winning margin was a cool 43 points to 140! Hopes were high for an end of campaign win in the Ulster Schools Championships. After six months of good work all paid off as our lads figured high in the scramble for good places. The last man on our team was in the top half of the field - a good sign in this "race of winners" - and good enough to add this trophy to the year's collection.

On the same day the Intermediate Squad, led by Gerry O'Neill was completing an almost parallel series of wins. They too were Ulster CBS, Belfast League and South Antrim Champions. But their Ulster Championship win was a stepping stone to greater things. The All-Ireland schools intermediate trophy had not been north of the border for ten years, an indication of what it takes to win. Gerry again led the team home but the running of Joe Carlin, John Donnelly and Jim McGuinness was higher even than could be reasonably expected. They gave their

Prominent Athletes in the 1984/85 Inter and Senior Cross-Country Squads. Back Row: J. McAleavey, M. Largey, J. McBriarty, J. Donnelly, G. O'Neill. Front Row: J. Carlin, D. Caddell, J. McGuinness, G. Kennedy, S. O'Doherty.



all and took what they came for, the All Ireland Title. These lads have for the next two years where it is hoped they will have some influence on the whereabouts of the senior All-Ireland trophy.

Top individual of the year must have been Ciaran Rogan. Far too good for the opposition in the Belfast's League he won one of the races after losing a shoe in the freezing snow, running a mile without, then stopping to put it on, catching the opposition and going on to win by 100 metres! But h e was running in a year of exceptional quality in depth. He found Seamus McCann too strong in the District Championship but he raised his game in the Ulster event by taking the race by the scruff of the neck after a mile leaving talented lads floundering in his wake. With the All-Ireland title already his he travelled to Cork to try to take the All-Ireland Open. His aggression proved his own undoing on that occasion as he tried to run Trevor Sargant off his feet. No schoolboy has ever done that, and Ciaran fell victim to his own pace and then drifted back to be beaten by some boys who hadn't beaten him before (and not since).

Ciaran's year was topped by a trip to New York where he represented Northern Ireland in the World Cross Country Championship, a fitting prize for a courageous season. Gerry O'Neill too won international status when he travelled to Scotland to represent the Irish Schools in home countries quadrangular.

BASKETBALL

St. Mary's has entered teams in the Ulster competitions at two age groups - U-17 and U-19.

In the U-19 League we are drawn in a section with St. Patrick's Armagh and Armagh Tech. The first game, away to Armagh Tech, ended in defeat at the hands of a very strong squad consisting of three schoolboy internationals. Shane Donnelly and Mark Hamill had creditable performances for St. Mary's.

The U-17 team is drawn against St. Patrick's Downpatrick in the first round of the Ulster cup.

After Christmas a Junior squad will commence training and herein lies our hopes for the future. Unfortunately the glory days of the 70's when St. Mary's twice won the All-Ireland U.15 Championship and; U-13, U-14, U-15, U-17 and U-19 teams won ten Ulster titles between them, are gone. Two factors are relevant to this demise.

1. lack of additional staff to coach the game.
2. stiffer competition from other sports within the school.

The influence of the American players in the National League is stimulating interest and happily several of our school players are attending coaching sessions given by these players.

HURLING

Last year St. Mary's hurlers competed in six competitions. These were First Year Belfast's Schools, First Year Ulster Colleges, Under 14 Ulster Colleges, Under Fifteen and a Half Ulster Colleges, under 17 Ulster Colleges and under Eighteen and a Half Ulster Colleges.

In the first year Belfast Schools semi-final we lost by three points to the eventual winners La Salle.

In the First Year Ulster Colleges Blitz we lost once again by 3 points in the semi-final this time to St. Louis, Ballymena who also went on to win the competition.

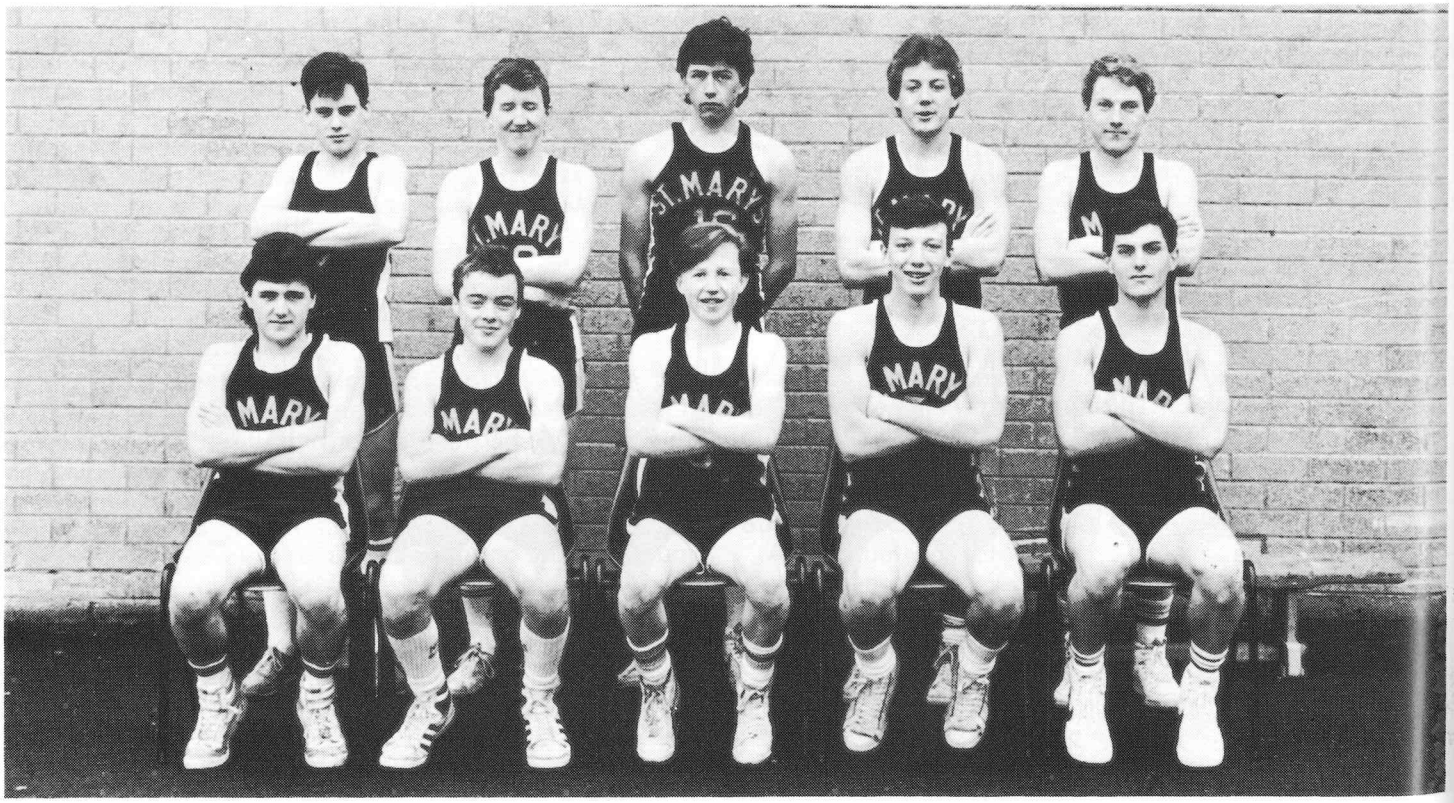
After an undefeated run throughout the Under 14 competition the Corn Padraig Mac Con Mi we were defeated by a 4 point margin in the final by Cross and Passion, Ballycastle.

In the Under Fifteen and a Half Ulster Colleges final Cross and Passion, Ballycastle again took the honours this time defeating us by a 6 point margin.

In the Under 17 and Under Eighteen and a Half competitions our downfall came at the hands of St. Patrick's, Maghera who went on to win both competitions easily.

This year we managed to get four players onto the Ulster Colleges Senior hurling team for the inter-provincial. These were Tommy McKernan, Ciaran Austin, Conor Boyle and Ciaran Crozier.

Basketball Team. Back Row: C. Teacy, E. McKenna, C. Shannon, S. Largey, T. McNeice. Front Row: P. Cassidy, S. Donnelly, L. Tiernan, M. Hamill, C. Gonagh.





McMahon Cup Winners. Back Row: M. McNally, J. Mazzeurs, K. Brown, M. Vonn, K. Linton. Middle Row: P. Murphy, D. McParland, P. McBriarty, J. McGlone, M. Austin, A. Mulvenna, E. Fitzpatrick, G. Smith. Front Row: J. Murray, B. O'Neill, P. McCambridge, E. McCorry, S. McStravick, G. Sterrett.

MacRory Cup Campaign

October 1983 saw the beginning of our preparations for the McCrory Cup campaign due to start in early November. With the month seeming to drag through due to our two or three training sessions per week and challenge matches, we couldn't wait for the first game to come.

The opposition proved to be a tricky opener for our team in the form of St. McCartans, Monaghan and with some players tried in experimental positions and others missing we were quite happy to come away with a point. The next three games brought a change in our set up with Hugh McGettigan taking over from a hospitalized Eddie McToal and he proved to be a worthy replacement. All thanks are due to Mr. McGettigan as the next three games brought victory to the school at the expense of St. Columb's Derry, St. Pat's, Downpatrick, and St. Pat's Dungannon. These games were highly contested affairs with Sean Mahon, Conal Heatley and captain Jim Hughes giving displays of the highest calibre in seeing us through. The Dungannon game was the last before a month break for the Christmas holidays and although it was still training and games over the break, we welcomed back Mr. McToal with the news that he had finally "tied the knot." Our next two games against Omagh and Abbey, Newry respectively proved hard fought games which called for total team commitment, and as a result brought the best out of players such as Dermot McAneney, Ciaran Austin and Terry McCrudden which helped us to victory in both games. This ended the league section of our campaign and having dropped only a point, we found ourselves top of our section.

The quarter-final match against Armagh CBS drew added significance as it brought together Bro. Ennis and our own Bro. Kelly in opposition against their former schools. Although the game lacked finesse, hard physical football made up for this and the excitement was enthralling. Going into the last five minutes the sides were level with a well worked free-kick between Tommy McKernan and Conal Heatley resulted in a point, shortly followed by another through Marius O'Doherty, but it still wasn't over; with the crowd awaiting the referee's whistle to blow an Armagh forward broke through only to be denied by a breathtaking save by goalkeeper Ciaran Ferrin. Finally, the whistle did blow, to our relief, and on we marched to a semi-final place against St. Michaels, Enniskillen. The game was played with great conviction by both teams and although the scoreline of four points to two in our favour may seem a result of poor forward work, it does in fact pay justice to the superiority of both defences over the opposing forwards. Sadly, this was to prove to be the climax of the competition for us, and the final at Casement Park against St. Pats, Maghera seemed to overwhelm the majority of our players as St. Pats ran out comfortable winners by six points.

The MacRory Cup is now on the sideboard of St. Pats, Maghera and perhaps rightly so, for over the last seven years St. Pat's have been the dominant force in colleges football and were without doubt worthy winners of this years final; yet in defeat we can gain consolation in that we committed ourselves to six months hard training and dedication to one job and one job only, winning the McCrory Cup. Sadly however this did not happen but we have made St Mary's a major force in Ulster football and with our present squad of

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MacRory Panel. Back Row: G. Kelly, C. Boyle, M. Downey, J. Quinn, D. McAneney, B. Austin, S. Mahon, J. Hughes, D. Crummey. Middle Row: M. O'Docherty, M. Hamill, T. McKernan, C. Ferkin, S. Smart, B. Byrne, P. Weir. Front Row: M. McCrory, T. McCrudden, C. Austin, M. Hamill, C. Heatley, T. Austin.

M. McCrory with the ball, being closely scrutinised during the MacRory Cup Final.





D. Crummey (on the ground), being assisted by D. McAneney (No. 8) (MacRory Cup Final)

players there is no reason why we can't go one step further this year and bring back the cup to St. Mary's for the first time since 1971.

Finally I would just like to add, on behalf of all the players, our thanks to Hugh McGettigan for helping the team along when Eddie was injured. Thanks also are due to Bro. Kelly for his support and provision of meals which were much appreciated, but our warmest thanks go to Eddie McToal for his time, dedication and concern in helping us to go so far and last but not least to the players themselves who I personally would like to thank for their friendship and company which helped create a good atmosphere on the cold, rainy Saturday mornings travelling to matches.

MARK McCRORY

U-14 Gaelic Football 1984/85 Belfast Schools League

In section B of the Belfast Schools U-14 Football league, St. Mary's had a straightforward passage to the semi-final stages, with seven wins from seven outings. The only team to provide and real opposition was Hightown Road C.B.S. who were defeated in a fairly tense hard-fought contest.

In the semi-final, St. Mary's were paired with La Salle, a school with an outstanding record in these Belfast competitions. Under atrocious conditions the semi-final took place on a very heavy Sarsfield pitch. It was always a very tight affair, but thanks to a couple of opportunist goals from newcomer Hilary McDaniels (Barrack St.) St. Mary's won through by 2-2 against La Salle's 0-4.

So it was now time to look forward to the big occasion - the final which was to be held in Casement Park on October 25th. The entire panel eagerly attended training sessions in the build up to the final, in which our opponents were to be Hightown Road C.B.S. Once again, on match day, the weather was anything but ideal for football, but the St. Mary's boys emerged onto Casement Park in a determined mood. On the heavy, rainswept pitch, the St. Mary's boys adapted quickly to the treacherous conditions and, playing into the wind, they notched up a couple of valuable goals by Emmet McCorry and Jimmy Wilson as well as a point from corner-forward Donal Kennedy. Hightown Road replied with a goal fisted to the net by Charlie O'Kane. Highlight of the first half was an outstanding penalty save by St. Mary's keeper Gary Loughran.

In the second half, St. Mary's gradually pulled away with further goals from Hilary McDaniels (2) Jimmy Wilson and Mark Austin. Donal Kennedy added 3 brilliant points from play. Against this, the Hightown Road side scored only one point during this half - a tremendous point by Tim McCann.

Gary Loughran; Ciaran Rooney; Paddy Linden; Kevin Brown; Eamon Fitzpatrick; Colm McGuinness; Ryan O'Neill; Emmet McCorry and Ciaran Hanna; Charlie Murray; Hilary McDaniels; Kevin Crummey; Donal Kennedy; Jimmy Wilson; Mark Austin.
Subs: Joe McGlone; Turlough Farnan; Cormac Austin; Martin Donnelly; Malachy McEvoy; Ciaran Martin;

Footnote - Amid scenes of celebration the cup was presented to Captain Emmet McCorry.



Winners of Under 14's Belfast League. Back Row: G. Cullen (coach), C. Martin, J. McGlore, C. Hanna, M. Austin, K. Brown, G. Loughran, J. Wilson, K. Crummey, E. Fitzpatrick. (Missing: E. McCorry (captain), H. McDaniels, M. Donnelly, C. Murray.

Winners of Ulster College Blitz Football Championship 1984. Back Row: D. Kennedy, S. McGreavy, M. McEvoy, K. Crummey, C. Austin, R. O'Neill, D. Linton. Middle Row: C. McNannee, C. Martin, B. Gallagher, G. Lougheran, C. Murray, T. Farran. Front Row: R. Boyle, T. Conlon, M. Kennedy, C. McGuinness, G. O'Riordan, P. Linden, M. Donnelly.

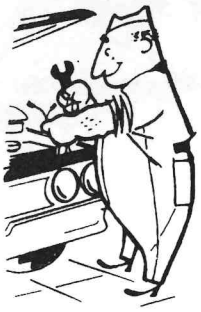


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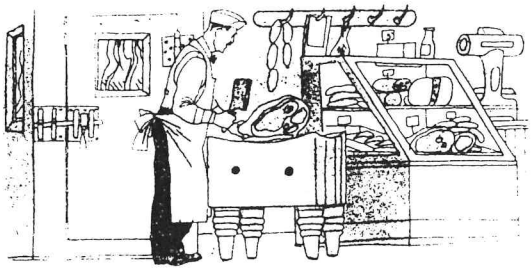
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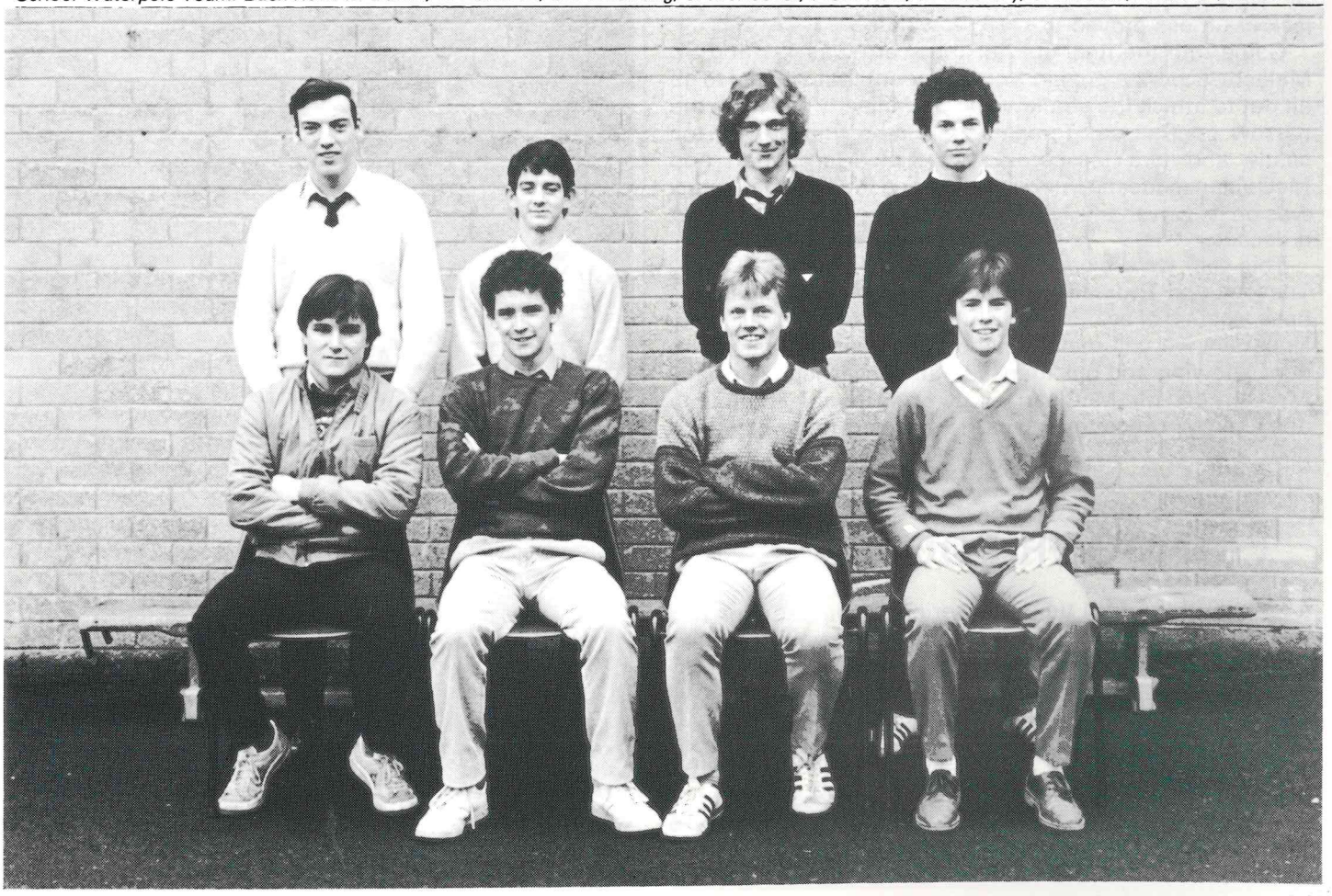
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Ulster Colleges' Junior Hurling Champions, 1962

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

School Waterpolo Team. Back Row: K. Duffin, T. Hefferon, D. Armstrong, J. McKeever, Front Row; D. McCrory, C. McGurk, B. Walsh, E. McGurk.



WATER-POLO

Last year was one of the poorest in memory for St. Mary's water-polo teams. Our success rate was in the singular as we won one trophy only and that was the U.12 mini-polo league held in the Andersonstown Leisure pool. The reason for such a poor year was the fact that the school pool was closed for repairs throughout the year. This meant that the polo players had only the use of two lanes twice weekly in Andersonstown and with over twenty boys two lanes are nowhere near enough.

At U.16 level, in the Irish Schools, we were short one of our strongest players, Brian Walsh, who on the Saturday in question, was skiing for Ulster in Scotland. Nevertheless we did quite well managing to draw 1-1 with St. Malachy's who went on to win the trophy.

At Gormanston in March the Senior team failed dismally and watched old rivals Marian thrash older rivals St. Malachy's in the final. St. Mary's poor showing on the day can possibly be put down to the fact that they are a team which takes a long time to get into their stride and also the fact that their regular coach, Mr. McClean, was not available and Mr. Lally very kindly stepped into the gap, although considerably out of practice and not really knowing the players as a team.

At U-14 level the fact that many matches clashed with the summer examinations meant it was very difficult to produce a consistent team and so we suffered as a result. Finally, in the Canada Trophy, we, the holders since the early Seventies, lost the trophy to St. Malachy's. The League was late in starting so as to accommodate the return to the League of Inst and B.R.A. and, because of the approach of 'O' and 'A' Levels, it was only possible to have a one-round League.

The decider as always was between ourselves and St. Malachy's. It was a typical Canada Trophy game with lots of excitement and excellent water-polo. In the first quarter St. Mary's had three golden opportunities for goals but a lack of fitness proved to costly for them.

Going into the final quarter the score was 1-1 and St. Malachy's went a goal in front. It meant that we had to go all out to attack the shallow and St. Malachy's goal. In the narrow confines of Templemore Baths this proved too costly and two fast breakaways by Murnaghan and McQuillan made the final score 4-1 and the Canada Trophy was on its way to the Antrim Road for the first time in over a decade.

This year we are back in training in our own pool every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. As we go to press, we have a squad of over thirty but all and sundry are welcome. Hopefully we will make amends this year for last year's poor showing and our thanks to all concerned especially Mr. Lally and Mr. McClean for giving so much of their time and energy in encouraging us in the superb game of water-polo.

INDOOR FOOTBALL

1984-85 is the fifth time this series of competitions has taken place for teams from first to fifth year. There are three new features this year:-

1. The location of the matches has shifted to the new all-weather section below the grass pitches.

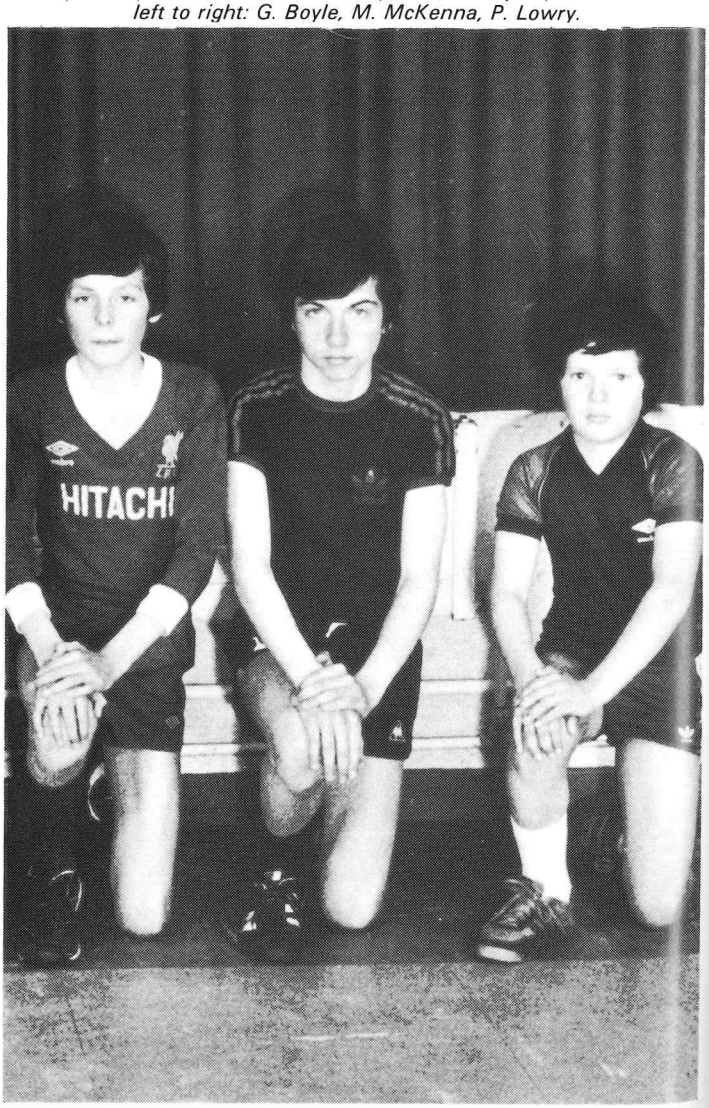
2. Barrack Street teams have entered the Junior sections - a very welcome development.

3. Boys will be chosen for U-12, U-13, U-14 and U-15 teams in the Belfast schools 5-a side taking place in January.

Listed below are the winners and finalists for 1983-84. The 3B team of Paul Lowry, Mark McKenna and Gerald Boyle deserve special praise for winning their section and the Junior Champions section two years in succession.

	WINNERS	FINALISTS
1st Year	Brendan Gallagher 1C Ryan O'Neill 1C Gary Loughran	Martin Donnelly Stephen Bradley 1C Declan Cree
2nd Year	John Matthews 2B Kieran Magee 2B Dermot McParland 2B	Martin Vaughan 2D Jim Murray 2D Vinty Hynes 2D
3rd Year	Paul Lowry 3B Gerard Boyle 3B Mark McKenna 3B	Ciaran Ward 3B Martin Fegan 3B Tommy Spence
4th Year	Jim Magilton Terry Parks 4F Fred Mitchell 4F Simon O'Doherty 4G	Brendan Gough 4F Michael Donnelly 4F Brendan Johnston 4F Brian McCorry 4F
5th Year	Sean McMahon 5F Patrick Dorrian 5F Brendan Geenan 5F Sean Hawkins 5F	Conal Heatley 5G Mark Hamill 5G Liam Tiernan 5G Michael Donaldson 5G
Junior Champions 1st - 3rd Year	Mark McKenna Paul Lowry 3B Gerard Boyle 3B	John Matthews 2B Dermot McParland 2B Kieran Magee 2B
Senior Champions 4th - 5th Year	Martin McLaughlin 5B Ciaran O'Hare 5B Paul McShane 5B Paul Boyle 5C	Liam Tiernan 5G Michael Donaldson Mark Hamill 5G Gerard Kelly

Twice Indoor Football Champions, Winners 2nd Year Championship 1982-83, Junior Champions (1-3rd year) 1982-83, Winners Third Year Championship 1983-84, Junior Champions (1-3rd year) 1983-84. From left to right: G. Boyle, M. McKenna, P. Lowry.



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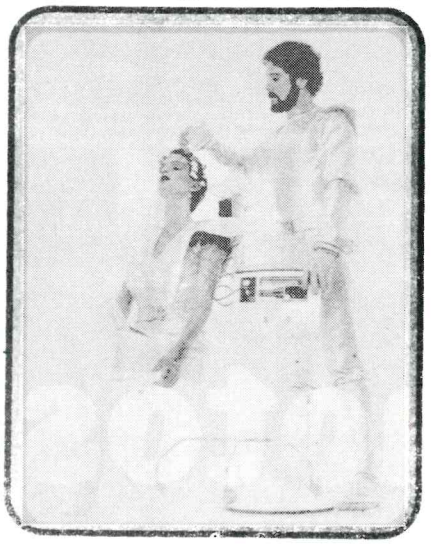
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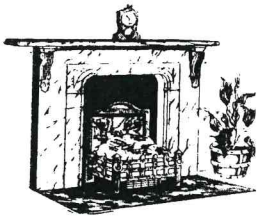
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ATHLETICS

In '84 athletics at St. Mary's was almost a one man show. Furthermore it was almost a one event show. Although athletes like triple-jumper Paul Brady performed well enough to qualify for the Ulster Championships it was again left to the middle distance athletes and those in the long sprint to carry the flag. In particular, the gradual improvement of Ciaran Rogan from being a close-to-top runner in '82 to having his nose ahead in '83 and then to total domination of the Ulster Junior 1500 scene in '84 set him apart from the pack.

There was one very special day this year for our track runners. It came in the South Antrim Championships at Mary Peters Track. In the course of that afternoon St. Mary's lifted titles in the intermediate 200m, 400m, 800m, 1500m, and 3000m while the senior 800m and 1500m titles came our way too.

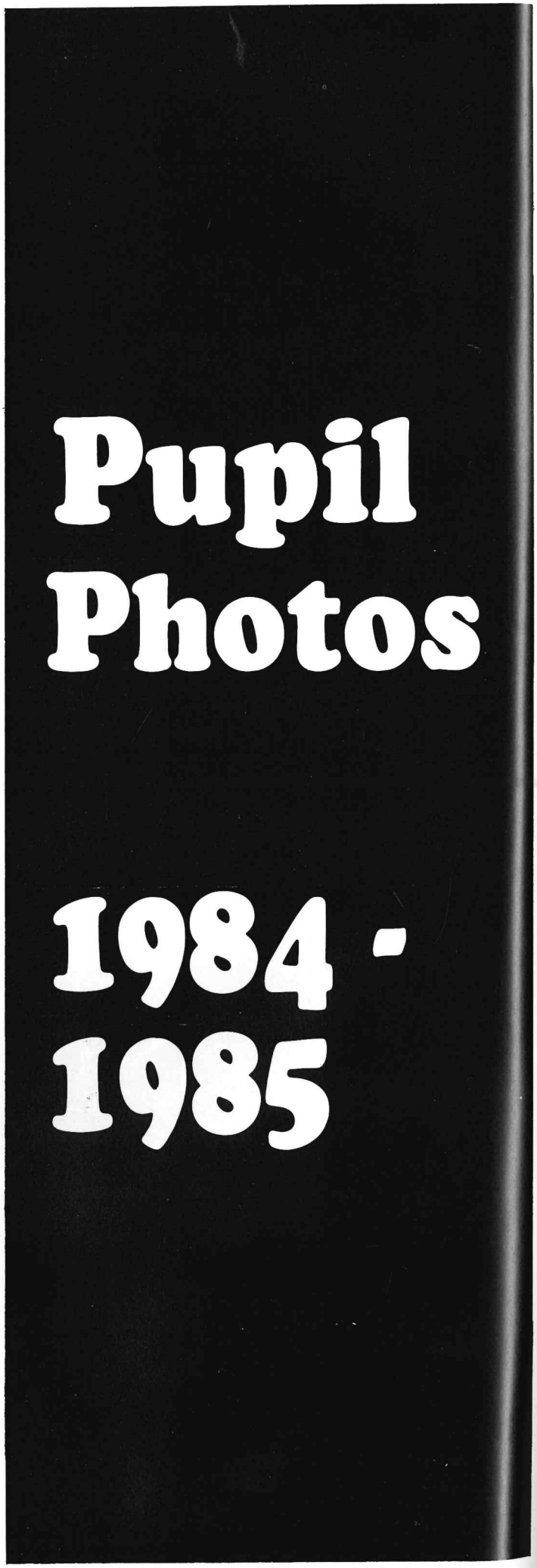
After a winter out through injury Jim Boyle returned to crush the opposition in the 200 and 400 sprints and went on to repeat last years Ulster 400 win. However lack of background training and the resulting lack of confidence proved too severe a handicap in the All Ireland Championships where he was bitterly disappointed with his fourth place. It was an up and down season for him but he did rally to make the final in the U.K. Youth Championships and was then selected to run for the N.I. Junior International team in Edinburgh.

A surprise winner at the South Antrim event was Jim McBriarty who could hardly believe his luck when, expecting a hard race, he found it difficult to hold himself back over the first few laps. From there on it was a one man race. Joe Carlin, a lad of great promise, had a much more difficult task in the 800. The opposition was of good class but he had trained hard and knew his own worth; when he decided to go it was like watching a master at work. A week later the opposition was tougher still. Joe thought he was prepared for a typical Davy Wilson first lap, but the first lap was a class above any expectation and Joe lost heart; he was just a shadow of the dominant figure of a week previously. However his 2 min 1 sec augurs well for the future.

The 3000m at Mary Peters was a three way tussle by athletes who are now all in attendance at St. Mary's; Gerry O'Neill, John Donnelly, and Declan Caddell. Lacking a sprint finish there was no other option for Gerry O'Neill but to run the legs of the opposition. It seemed to be working according to plan for big kicker Caddell was apparently tailed off with 600m to go. But a fighter to the end, he produced a burning sprint which only just failed to catch the victorious O'Neill. Both these lads went on to qualify for the All Ireland's.

Another noteworthy performance at the District Championships came from footballer Dermot McAneney who after only a matter of weeks training and that geared mainly towards the short sprint ran a 52 sec. 400m. He'll return to the short races this year and will be hoping to reproduce the type of sprinting which made him a boy champion.

The running of Ciaran Rogan this year displayed an attitude of confidence, aggression and single-minded determination. Some of his front running was so positive in approach. Leading the Ulster field through 800m in under 2 minutes gave rise to doubts that he could hold on to win, but win he did and in record time. The All Ireland title was beyond his grasp. In the field Ciaran's only tactic was to try again the athletes who choose this the blue riband event, but in finishing second he did underline his class - and the need for further development of his sprint finish. He did get his own back later in the year when he beat the winner of the Irish Schools title and the winner of the Dale Farm Games 1500 where Ciaran finished second in a seasons best of 3 mins 54.2 secs again after some powerful front running. For this he won international recognition when he travelled to the Bell's event in Edinburgh.



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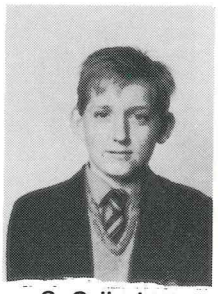
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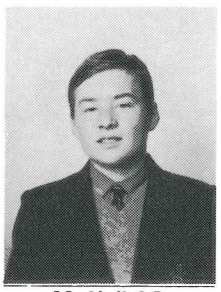
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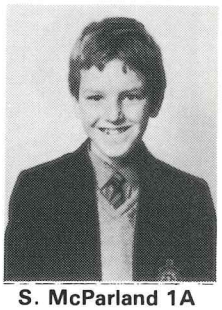
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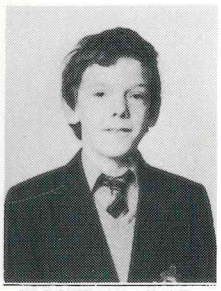
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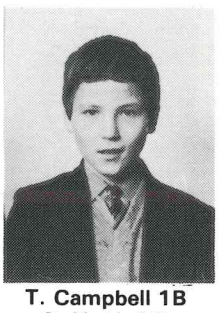
L. McDonnell 1B
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



T. Cassidy 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.



C. Walker 1A
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T. Campbell 1B
St. Mark's P.S.



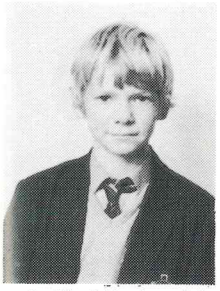
N. McGee 1C
St. Anne's P.S.



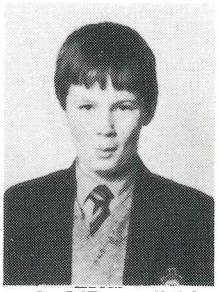
G. Duffy 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.



T. Murphy 1C
St. Luke's P.S.



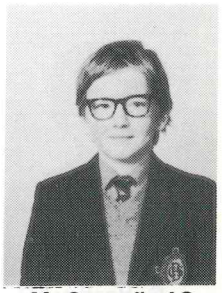
L. Huddleston 1A
St. Finian's P.S.



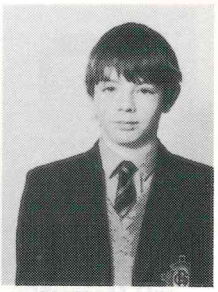
S. O'Donnell 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.



T. Colgan 1D
St. Bride's P.S.



M. Connolly 1C
Ballymacward P.S.



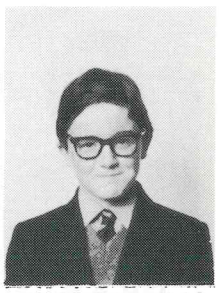
M. Deane 1D
St. Theresa's P.S.



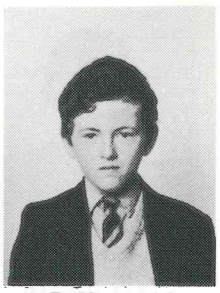
S. Lappin 1B
St. Theresa's P.S.



C. Laverty 1C
Good Shepherd P.S.



C. McDonnell 1A
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



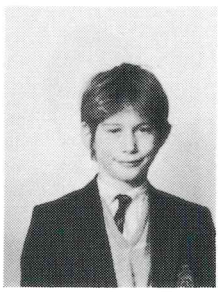
R. Hayes 1C
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



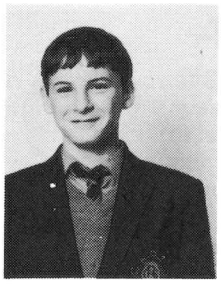
J. Campbell 1C
St. Theresa's P.S.



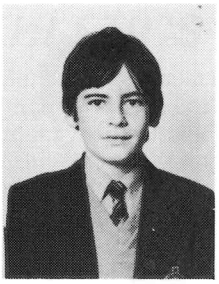
T. Reynolds 1D
Holy Trinity P.S.



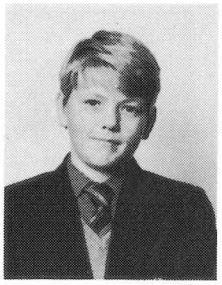
G. Walsh 1C
Holy Child P.S.



E. Nethercott 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.



P. Crossey 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.



J. Doyle 1A
Good Shepherd P.S.



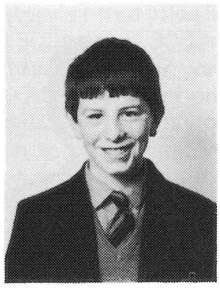
M. Rooney 1B
Holy Trinity P.S.



J. Magee 1C
St. Anne's P.S.



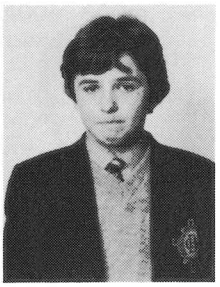
C. MacAinmhire 1B
Bunscoil Ghaelach



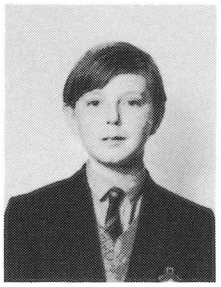
K. Blaney 1B
St. Mary's P.S. Crumlin



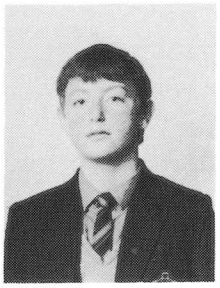
J. O'Neill 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.



A. Donnelly 1D
St. Theresa's P.S.



G. Callaghan 1A
St John the Baptist P.S.



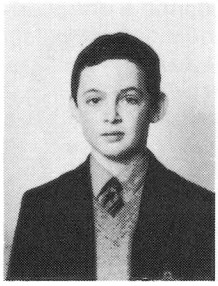
L. Black 1B
St. Theresa's P.S.



N. McMahon 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.



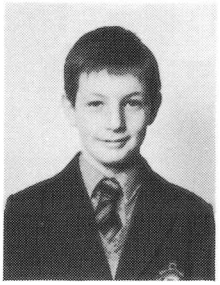
E. McGarrigle 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.



J. Mallon 1D
St. Theresa's P.S.



E. Adams 1A
St. Malachy's P.S. B'ngor



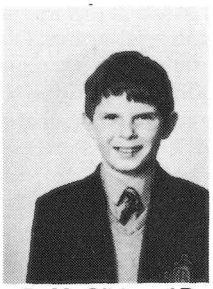
C. Lynch 1A
Park Lodge P.S.



K. Donnelly 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.



R. Savage 1A
St. Anne's P.S.



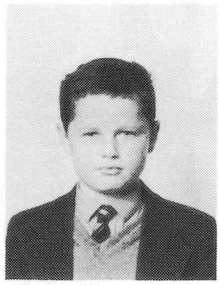
P. McGibbon 1D
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



D Moore 1C
St. Mary's P.S.



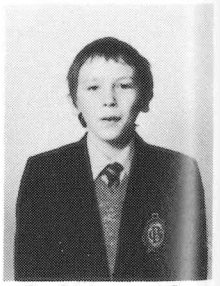
G. Heatley 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.



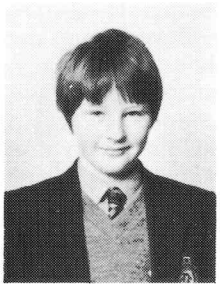
K. McKiernan 1A
Holy Child P.S.



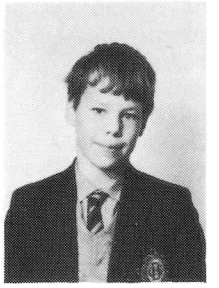
S. McIlduf 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.



R. O'Hagen 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.



P. Harte 1A
Holy Trinity P.S.



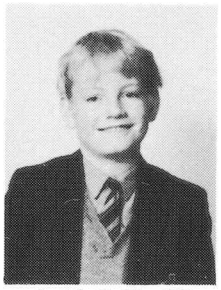
E. Mohan 1B
Holy Child P.S.



J. McManus 1C
St. Anne's P.S.



J. Austin 1B
St. Colm's P.S.



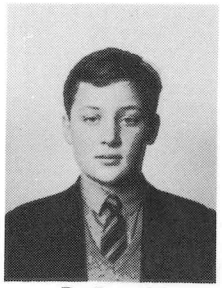
A. McCallin 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.

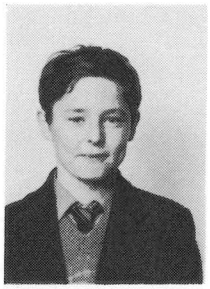


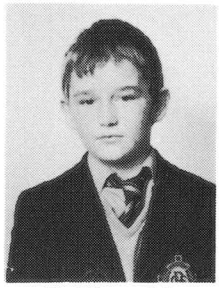
L. O'Hare 1B
Good Shepherd P.S.


T. Mulholland 1A
St. Luke's P.S.

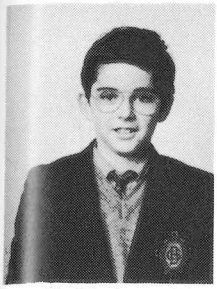

O. Tallon 1B
Ballymacrickett P.S.

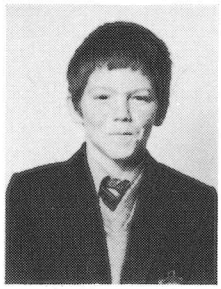

D. Barr 1B
St. Finian's P.S.


R. McMahon 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.


D. Dixon 1A
Holy Trinity P.S.


S. Moylan 1D
St. Mark's P.S.


N. McAree 1B
St. Lukes P.S.


S. Mallon 1A
Holy Trinity P.S.


K. Rooney 1C
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.

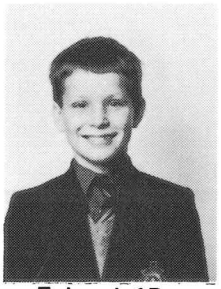

C. James 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.

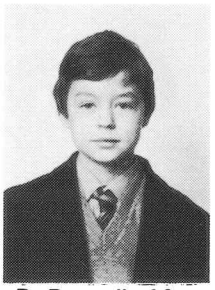

P. Winning 1D
St. Kevin's P.S.


B. Savage 1D
St. John the Baptist


P. Smyth 1D
St. Luke's P.S.


A. O'Brien 1C
Ballymacrickett P.S.

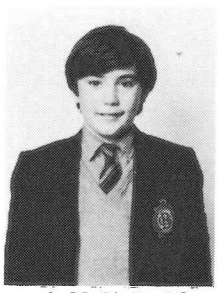

T. Lynch 1B
Holy Trinity P.S.


D. Donnelly 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.


J. Cleland 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.

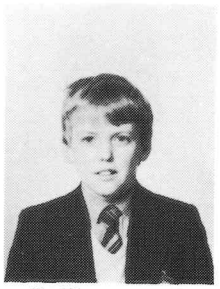

B. Murphy 1B
Holy Child P.S.


J. Captain 1D
Holy Trinity P.S.


J. McNally 1C
Holy Child P.S.


R. Matthews 1B
St. Joseph's P.S. Crumlin


C. McNeill 1C
St. Anne's P.S.


K. Finnegan 1B
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.


S. Rice 1A
St. Anne's P.S.

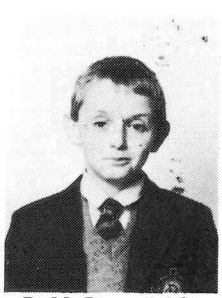

S. Keenan 1A
Vere Foster P.S.


D. Burke 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.

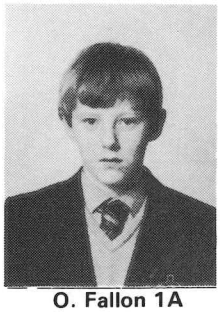

P. Crilly 1B
St. Theresa's P.S.

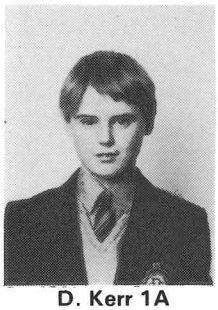

J. Boyd 1D
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.


J. Jackson 1C
C.B.C., Dublin


P. McDowell 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.

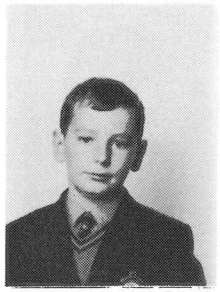

D. McCann 1A
St. Bride's P.S.


O. Fallon 1A
Holy Rosary P.S.


D. Kerr 1A
St. Theresa's P.S.


S. Mullan 1D
Holy Cross P.S.


P. Black 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.


J. Jordan 1D
St. Finian's P.S.

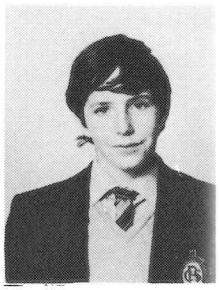

P. McLoughlin 1D
Holy Trinity P.S.


K. McAlinden 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.


C. Bradley 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.

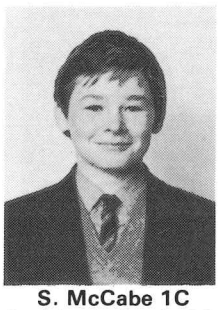

D. McAleenan 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.


M. Smyth 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.


D. Dougan 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.


C Braiden 1B
St. Mark's P.S.


R. Burns 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.


S. McCabe 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.


L. Doherty 1C
Good Shepherd P.S.


J. Hamill 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.

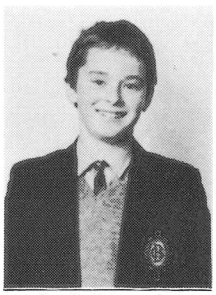

J. Nugent 1B
St. Theresa's P.S.


M. Grant 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.


P. Flemming 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.


E. Howell 1C
St. Kevin's P.S.


B. McCloskey 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.

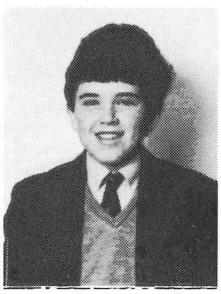

C. Gribbon 1B
St. Finian's P.S.


C. Corbett 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.


S. McCloskey 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.

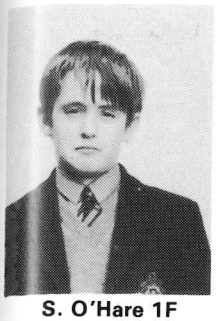

A. Stockman 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.


D. O'Connor 1B
St. Theresa's P.S.

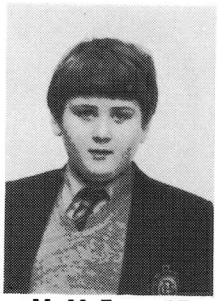

C. Garland 1B
Good Shepherd P.S.


K. Hamill 1B
Holy Trinity P.S.


S. O'Neill 1C
St. Theresa's P.S.



S. O'Hare 1F
Vere Foster P.S.



M. McEwan 1E
St. Finian's P.S.



M. Comer 1E
St. Anthony's P.S.
Willowfield



S. Duffin 1E
St. Kevin's P.S.



R. Morgan 1E
Edmund Rice P.S.



M. McKeown 1E
St. Galls P.S.



R. McGrady 1F
St. Joseph's P.S.
Slate St.



M. McAllister 1F
St. Finian's P.S.



P. Jordan 1E
St. Finian's P.S.



S. Hilton 1E
Edmund Rice P.S.



P. Hughes 1E
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.
Park Lodge



M. Blair 1E
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.
Park Lodge



F. Meehan 1E
St. Aidan's P.S.



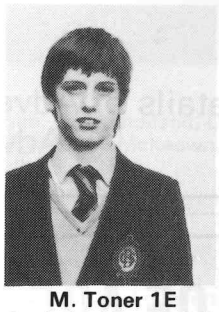
V. Curran 1E
St. Coleman's P.S.



J. Masterson 1E
St. Finian's P.S.



G. Wilson 1F
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.
Park Lodge



M. Toner 1E
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.
Park Lodge



E. Cassidy 1F
Edmund Rice P.S.



J. Malloy 1F
Edmund Rice P.S.



M. Creagh 1F
Edmund Rice P.S.



C. McAllister 1F
St. Kevin's P.S.



P. Donnelly 1F
St. Aidan's P.S.



J. McLoughlin 1F
St. Anne's P.S.



G. Monaghan 1E
St. Aidan's P.S.



J. McDonnell 1F
St. Finian's P.S.



C. Johnston 1F
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.
Park Lodge



M. Rea 1E
St. Galls P.S.



B. McCaffrey 1E
Holy Trinity P.S.



D. Donnelly 1E
St. Kevins P.S.



J. Sheridan 1F
St. Aidan's P.S.



D. O'Donnell 1F
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S. Park Lodge



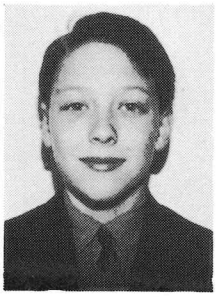
M. Doran 1F
St. Aidan's P.S.



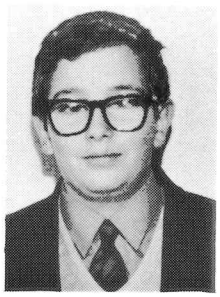
R. Devine 1F
St. Kevin's P.S.



M. Murphy 1F
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S. Park Lodge



D. Hayes 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.



A. Doherty 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.

Cryptic Crossword Solution

ACROSS
1. Thunderstorms; 9. Ordain; 10. Addendum; 12. Golden; 13. Vessel; 14. Buns; 15. Faith; 16. Commander; 19. Gyre; 20. Alarm; 21. Essoin; 23. Ringtaw; 24 & 25. Legal Charges; 26. Interim; 28 Heavens; 29. Edit.

DOWN
2. Unassuming; 3. Dangling; 4. Sadducees; 5. Opens; 6. Modena; 7. Computerisation; 8. Convict; 10. Alb; 11. Den; 15. Frank Letter; 17. Dyeworks; 18. Ers; 22. Outsider; 23. Rhythm; 25. Covet; 27. Nile.

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Front Row: G. Collins, G. Loughran, P. Duffin, V. Kinnaird, T. McCorry, B. Gray, M. Donnelly, R. O'Neill.

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Back Row: P. McKay, A. Stanley, G. Sharkie, P. Finucane, B. Duffin, M. Brady, B. Giffen, T. Mervyn, J. Doherty.
Middle Row: D. Hamill, F. O'Neill, J. McKee, C. McGarrigle, K. Hughes, E. O'Connor, S. Mulholland, S. Biesty, B. Burns, P. Linden, S. McGibbon.
Front Row: T. Conlon, S. Woods, S. McDonagh, M. Davey, E. Rice, G. O'Riordain, G. McAreavey, G. Fleming.





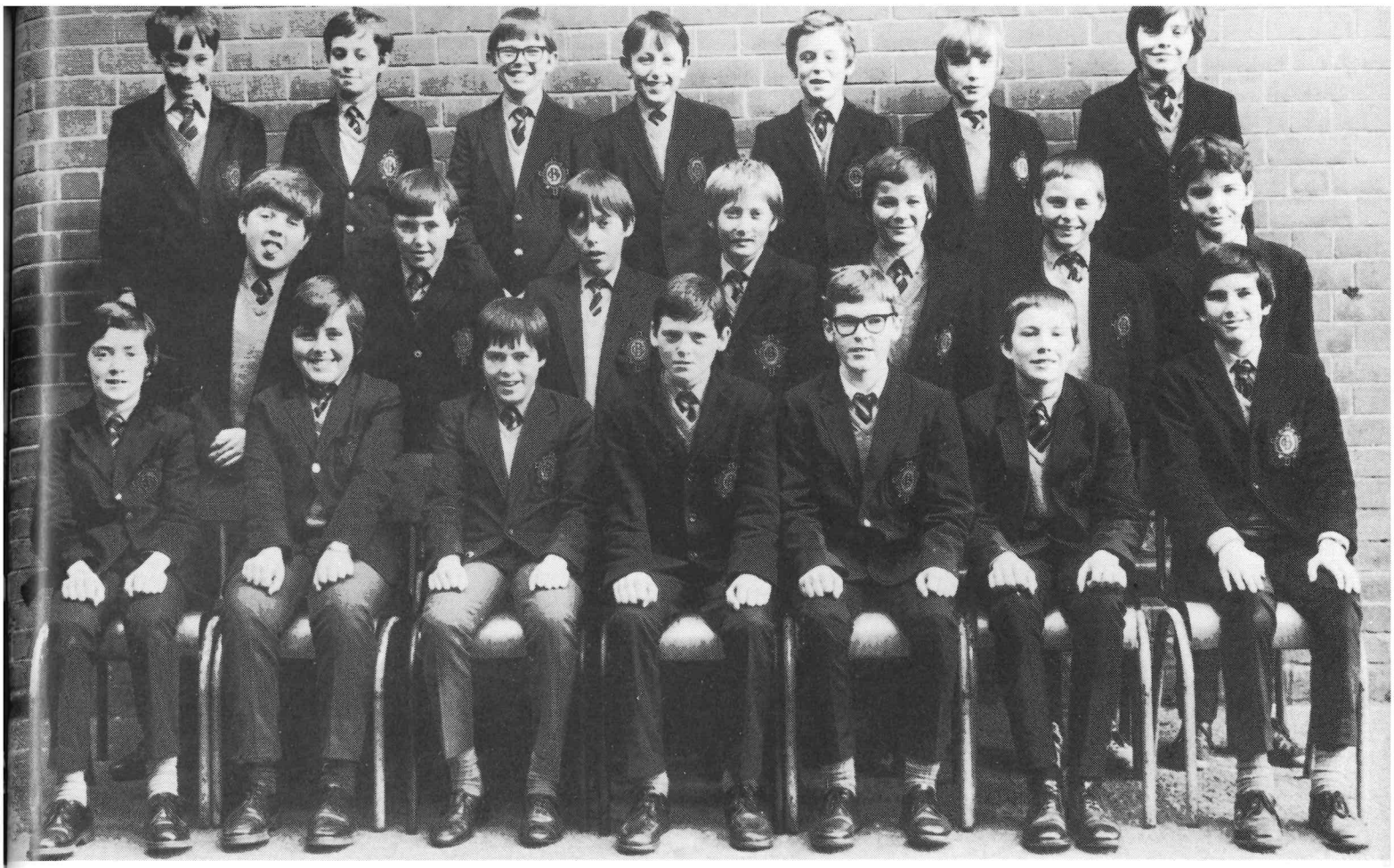
2C

Back Row: S. Donnelly, C. McGuinness, A. Burke, C. McCartney, K. Crummy, D. MacBruadair, M. Finucane, M. McEvoy, B. Leneghan.
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Front Row: J. Conlon, O. O'Neill, G. Mulholland, M. Gray, B. Gallagher, D. Smith, R. O'Neill, M. Rafferty.

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Front Row: M. Collins, A. Blaney, J. Rodgers, B. Allsopp, S. Wilson, K. Munster, M. Kennedy, R. Hamill.





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Front Row: T. Crilly, M. Boyle, N. Murphy, C. McVicar, J. Campbell, B. Linton, P. Conlon, P. McMahon.





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3E

Back Row: C. Duffy, M. Mooney, G. O'Reilly, C. Campbell, E. L'Estrange, T. Grego, B. Donnelly, T. Rooney, S. Corr.
Middle Row: D. McDonnell, D. Green, V. McAuley, H. Daniels, D. Officer, K. Webb, M. Brady, P. McGarry, F. Dodds.
Front Row: H. Neill, P. Russell, B. Ferris, M. Dorrian, G. Finnegan, P. Cunningham, P. Dempsey, C. McCormick.

4A

Back Row: K. McQuillan, A. MacFhearraigh, A. Cunningham, M. Dougan, C. Donaghy.
Middle Row: J. Begley, G. Connolly, C. Toner, N. Morgan, B. Flanaghan, T. Spence, R. Heenan.
Front Row: J. Connolly, J.McCartney, B. McKnight, D. Walsh, K. Fanning, P. McAllister, G. Turley.





4B

Back Row: D. McKenna, A. Nethercott, P. Savage, D. Rogan, P. Kinnaird.
Middle Row: C. Canavan, P. Matassa, B. Hughes, T. Pendleton, J. Dunbar, G. Quinn.
Front Row: B. Tumelty, M. Meehan, S. Burns, P. Conlon, A. Davey, F. Walker.

4C

Back Row: B. Lennon, T. McGuinness, K. McCormick, S. Wallace, A. McGarry.
Middle Row: G. McConnell, E. Dobbin, K. Murphy, S. Toner, C. McCaffrey, P. Allen, P. McDade.
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4D

Back Row: G. McCormick, F. Carolan, E. Armstrong, G. Hyland, D. Mulholland, E. Blaney.
Middle Row: D. Holbrook, G. Kennedy, S. McKeever, M. Kelly, S. Grant, B. Friel, M. Doherty.
Front Row: A. Browne, N. O'Neill, M. Leith, D. Haughey, G. Clarke, E. Walsh, A. Corscadden.

4E

Back Row: E. Mulholland, P. Maxwell, A Pendleton, G. Hughes, B. Armstrong.
Middle Row: L. Linton, J. Magee, B. Adams, R. Fox, B. O'Brien, D. Black, A. Ravel, R. Madden.
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4F

Back Row: P. Lindsay, M. O'Doherty, G. Creaney, J.B. Gibson, R. Thompson, K. Collins.
Middle Row: D. Harris, P. McConnell, C. O'Donnell, C. Kelly, F. Rogers, E. Neeson, K. Mooney, D. Killen.
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4H

Back Row: P. Lowry, M. Mohan, P. McCormick, P. Nolan, G. Quinn, D. O'Neill, C. Rooney.
Middle Row: P. Copeland, G. McParland, C. McPhilips, G. Rooney, C. McIntyre, S. Malone, C. O'Neill, S. Rogan.
Front Row: G. Ferris, J. Donnelly, M. McKenna, G. Boyle, P. McGowan, P. Ireland, J. McGuigan, P. Kerr.

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Back Row: F. Zubier, B. Friel, P. Brady, A. Lismore, C. Campbell.
Middle Row: E. Donnelly, A. Collins, J. Giles, A. Beare, E. Gallagher, S. Doran, K. Devlin.
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5B

Back Row: S. Mooney, P. Nicholl, P. Notman, S. Blaney, G. Lowe.
Middle Row: D. McAleenan, J. McGuinness, D. McAlister, C. McManus, A. Smith, D. Leneghan, G. Boyce, R. Lowry.
Front Row: J. Campbell, E. Teague, C. McGreevy, C. O'Donnell, J. McMorrow, J. McAleavey, T. Love, M. McQuade.
J. Cartwright, E. Corscadden, J. Magill, J. McGuinness, S. Smith.

5C

Back Row: J. Madden, B. Johnston, M. Mervyn, K. McCann, J. Magilton, C. Hogg, M. Darragh, P. Dixon, B. McCorry.
Middle Row: M. Diver, B. Gough, P. Kearney, P. Timmons, B. Austin, T. Park, D. Adams, J. McCrory, M. McCague.
Front Row: F. Mitchell, G. McGibbon, S. Robinson, T. Mervyn, M. Donnelly, S. McMahon, P. Heery.





5D

Back Row: S. Galbraith, H. Fitzsimmons, M. Caldwell, M. McSherry, P. Gillen.
Middle Row: B. Hynes, D. Lowry, F. Gallagher, D. Toner, D. Gough, P. Cunningham, J. Murphy.
Front Row: G. Lynch, T. McCabe, F. McKeown, M. Cregan, D. Hyland, J. Auld, L. Monaghan.

5E

Back Row: N. McKenna, A. Magee, C. Farnon, C. O'Bruadair, F. Maginn, N. O'Brien, H. Gribbin.
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5F

Back Row: M. MacAinmhire, M. Burns, H. Cosgrove, F. Holden, M. Walsh, P. Mitchell, P. O'Neill, J. Keane.
Middle Row: R. McKillen, J.McLaughlin, S. MacAindreasa, B. Carson, N. Todd, D. Robinson, G. Maguire, F. Stacey.
Front Row: J. McCullough, D. Magill, M. Preshaw, F. Grant, J. Corr, B. Martin, J. McGreevy.

5G

Back Row: C. Armstrong, C. Brankin, P. Grant, G. Robinson, J. McBriarty, M.McManus, G. Davey.
Middle Row: P. McDonagh, S. Doherty, S. Brophy, E. Mallon, A. Friel, T.Lagan, B.McLaughlin, T. Quinn.
Front Row: J. McClean, G. Webb, M. McAlea, M.McLaughlin, R. McKegney, T. Rodgers, K. McMahon.



5H

Back Row: P. Barr, C. Monaghan, J. Loughan, F. Gough, T. McNeice.
Middle Row: F. Larkin, S. O'Doherty, J. McCarthy, G. McCleary, A. McBride, P. McSherry, J. Fitzpatrick, J. McAlister.
Front Row: J. McCarry, C. Rice, G. McCarry, F. Montgomery, O. McStravick, J. Turner, G. Lynch, S. McParland.

6LA

Back Row: D. Mooney, C O'Carolan, E. Dunwoody, C. McGarrity, G. Mulhall, D. Nugent, D. Walsh, P. Molloy, M. Hayes.
Front Row: P. Dorrian, A. MacGiolla Cathain, C. Crozier, S. Burgoyne, P. Dunleavey, G. Anderson.



6LB

Back Row: K. O'Hare, M. McDonald, J. Mullally, R. Milligan, L. McLaughlin, D. McCreesh.
Middle Row: G. Kennedy, D. Hawkins, A. Gordon, W. Hart, E. Burns, D. McGowan, M. Breslin, P. Boyle.
Front Row: S. Jordan, C. Ellis, K. Dynan, M. Carbery, M. Burns, G. Armstrong.

6SA

Back Row: J. Trainor, L. Tiernan, N. Monaghan, G. O'Neill, K. Walls, D. McGarry.
Middle Row: S. McQuillan, E. McKenna, J. McGowan, P. McClean, D. Lagan, P. Larkin, P. Hughes, M. Hamilton, S. Finnegan, S. Brennan.
Front Row: C. Shannnon, E. Killen, M. Hamill, M. Donaldson, J. Carlin, D. Cadell





6SB

Back Row: M. Sinclair, B. Seenan, S. Rooney, G. McKeever, C. Nellis, P. Mulholland, M. Muldoon, J. McGinnis, T. McAllister.
Middle Row: S. Tumelty, J. McDermott, M. Harris, M. Guiney, M. Goss, J. Ewings, M. Connolly, J. Donnelly, T. Lacey, D. Keenan.
Front Row: R. McKnight, E. Morris, M. McLaughlin, P. Jackson, S. Barr, E. Cullen, J. Ball.

6SC

Back Row: F. Nugent, M. McMahon, P. McClean, P. McKeown, M. McKenna, S. McIntyre, B. McGowan, B.McErlean, N. Stewart.
Middle Row: C. Stewart, P. Smith, D. McDonnell, J. McDonagh, G. Lynn, M. Kane, J. Lundy, C. Gough, M. Kelly, A. Dawson, G. Marley, A. Trainor.
Front Row: D. McAneney, M. Donnelly, P. Fox, S. Connor, M. Burke, C. Austin.





6SD

Back Row: P. Thornton, K. Scott, S. Savage, D. Rush, F. O'Neill, R. Nethercott, M. Murray, B. Molloy.
Middle Row: C. Heatley, C. Walsh, P. McMenamin, K. McIlveen, M. McCurry, D. McCrory, F. Mallon, N. McManus, P. Hesketh, J. Hefferon, D. Woods.
Front Row: M. Connolly, J. Gallagher, R. Finnegan, L. Donnelly, P. Campbell, P. Blake, D. Allan.

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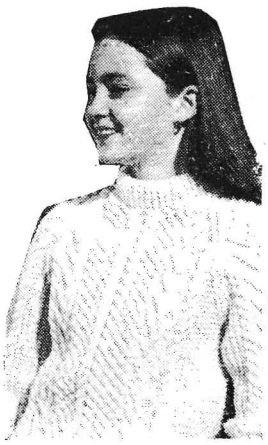
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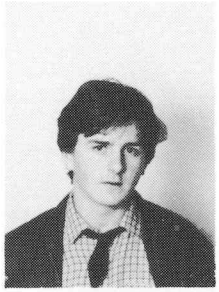
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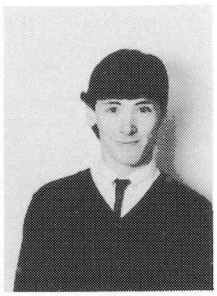
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Physics, Maths



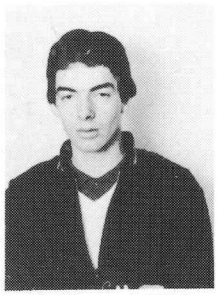
M. Campbell 7LC
Holy Child P.S.
Maths, Further Maths
Physics



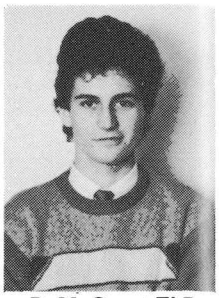
K. McDonnell 7SC
St. Teresa's P.S.
Maths, Physics, Biology



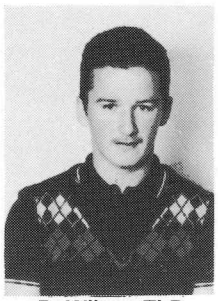
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French



M. Mayock 7SC
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Maths Chemistry,
Economics



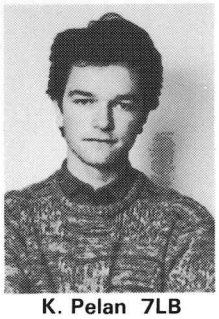
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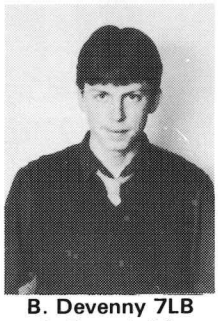
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Maths



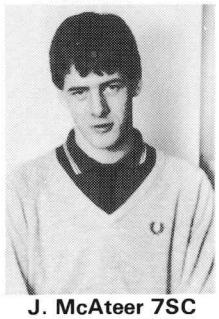
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Politics, History, Irish



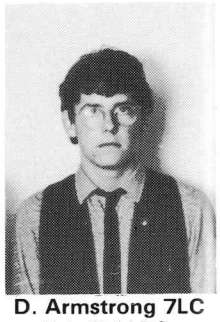
K. Pelan 7LB
Holy Trinity P.S.
Biology, Chemistry,
Maths



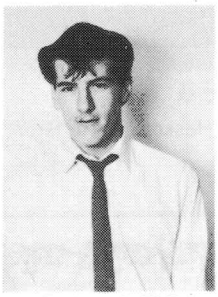
B. Devenny 7LB
St. Teresa's P.S.
History, French, Irish



J. McAteer 7SC
St. Luke's P.S.
Maths, Physics,
Chemistry, Biology



D. Armstrong 7LC
Holy Child P.S.
Maths, Further Maths,
Physics, Chemistry



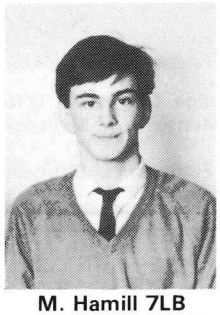
D. Lynch 7LB
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French, History,
Economics



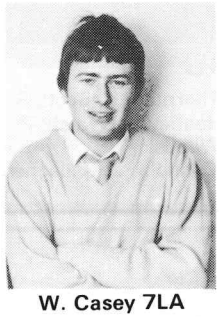
J. Mallon 7SC
St. Teresa's P.S.
Maths, Physics,
Economics



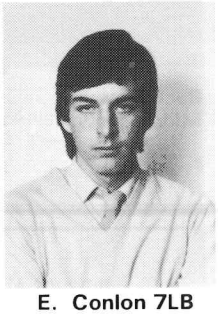
C. O'Coisneachain 7LB
Bunscoil Ghaelach
Biology, Economics,
Irish



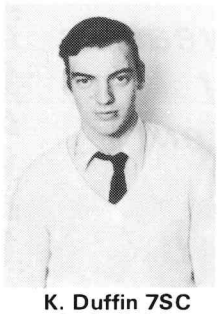
M. Hamill 7LB
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Maths, French,
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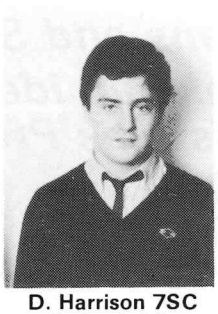
W. Casey 7LA
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Maths, Economics, Irish



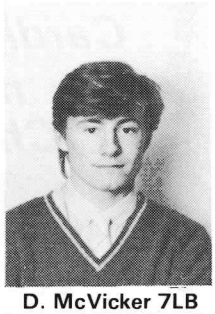
E. Conlon 7LB
St. John the Baptist P.S.
History, French, Italian



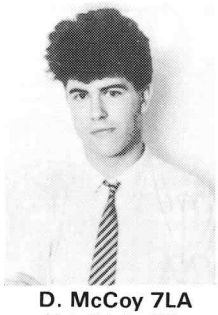
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Maths, Physics,
Chemistry



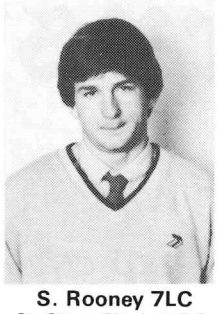
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Maths, Physics, T.D.



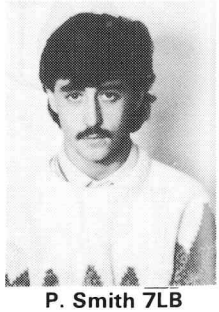
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Geography, History,
English



D. McCoy 7LA
Holy Trinity P.S.
History, English



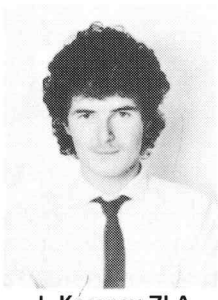
S. Rooney 7LC
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
History, Geography,
Economics



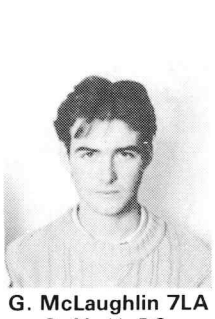
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History, Spanish,
French



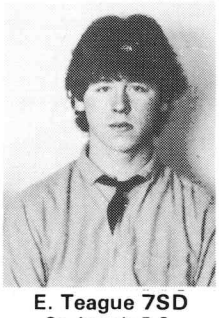
S. Largey 7SC
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Maths, Chemistry,
Biology



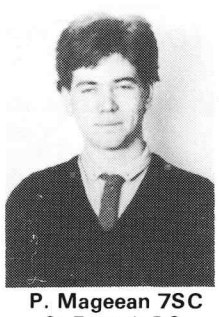
J. Kearney 7LA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
English, French, Politics



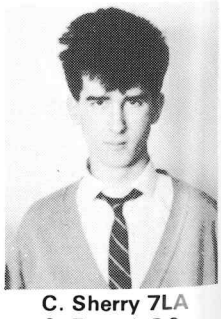
G. McLaughlin 7LA
St. Mark's P.S.
English, Irish



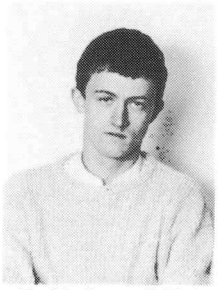
E. Teague 7SD
St. Anne's P.S.
English, Geography,
Economics



P. Mageean 7SC
St. Teresa's P.S.
Maths, History, Irish,
Physics



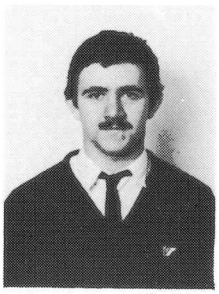
C. Sherry 7LA
St. Teresa's P.S.
English, History,
Economics



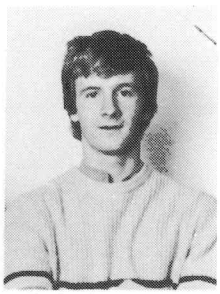
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St. Oliver Plunkett P.S
Politics, Economics, English



M. McCrory 7LA
St. Gall's P.S.
Politics, English, Economics



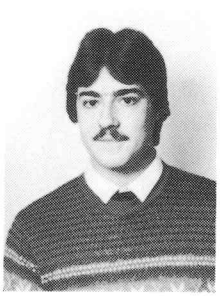
D. McConville 7R
St. Teresa's P.S.
Maths, Physics, Chemistry



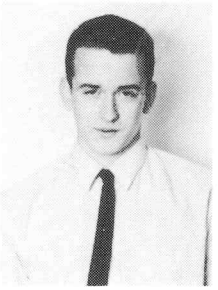
S. McKegney 7R
St. Anne's P.S.
Maths, Physics



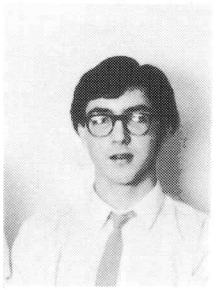
J. Lonsdale 7R
St. Comgall's P.S.
German, French



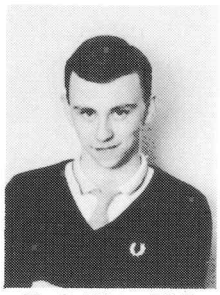
A. Matassa 7R
St. John the Baptist P.S.
History Geography English



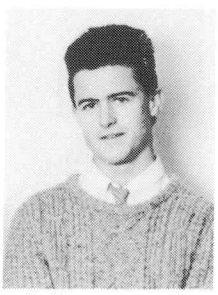
P. O'Brien 7SD
Dublin
Physics, Chemistry, Biology



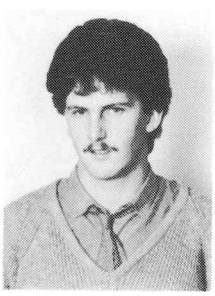
A. O'Brien 7SD
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
English, History, Politics



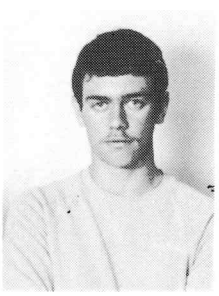
M. Griffiths 7SD
St. Finian's P.S.
T.D., Physics, Maths



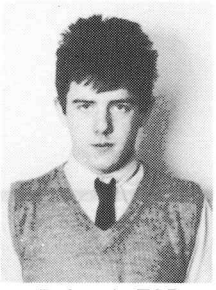
A. Ferguson 7SD
St. Finian's P.S.
Geography, Economics



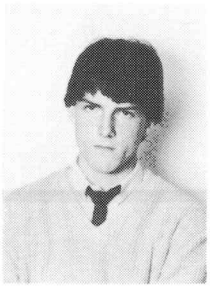
P. Mervyn 7LC
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Politics, History



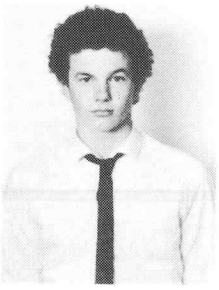
B. Morgan 7LC
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Maths, Chemistry, Economics



P. Lundy 7SD
St. Comgalls P.S.
History, Politics



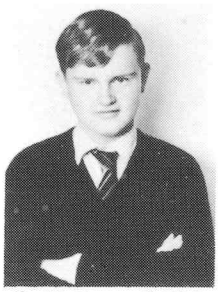
B. McFall 7SD
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Maths, Physics, Chemistry



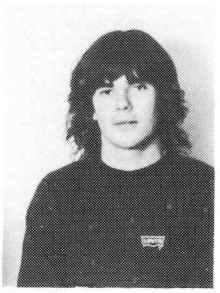
J. McReever 7SC
St. Teresa's P.S.
Maths, Further Maths, Physics, Chemistry



C. Mulholland 7SC
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Maths, Physics, Biology, Chemistry



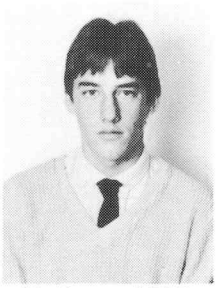
G. McDonnell 7SD
Holy Child P.S.
Maths Further Maths, Physics, Chemistry



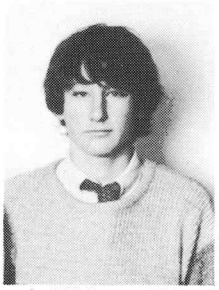
C. Mac Aindreasa 7SC
Bunscoil Ghaelach
Maths Physics Chemistry



P. Brannigan 7SC
Edmund Rice P.S.
Economics, Physics, Maths



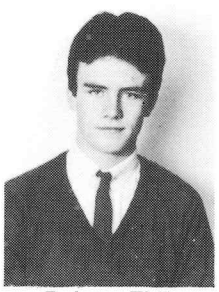
M. Bernardi 7LB
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Italian, French Irish



A. Whitson 7LB
Scotland
Biology, English, Art



G. Crossan 7SC
St. Paul's P.S.
Maths, Physics, Chemistry



B. Lynn 7LC
St. Teresa's P.S.
Economics, Irish



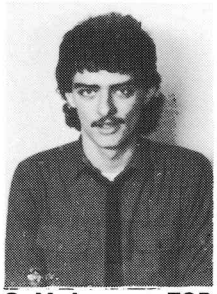
P. McStravick 7LC
St. Anne's P.S.
History, Italian, French



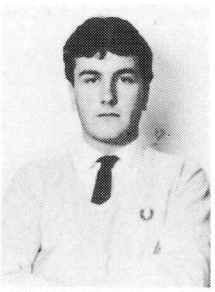
P. Connolly 7SC
St. Finian's P.S.
Maths, Physics, T.D.



C. Lambe 7SB
Edmund Rice P.S.
Economics, Physics, Geography



G. McArreavey 7SB
St. Teresa's P.S
History, Geography, Economics



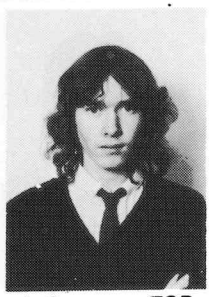
M. McCloskey 7R
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Physics, Maths, Geography



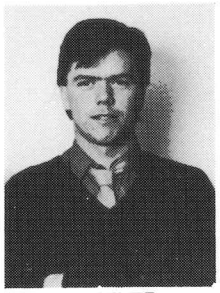
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Holy Trinity P.S.
Geography, Physics



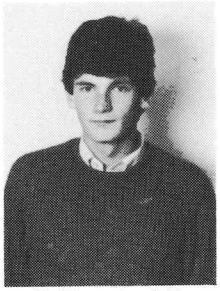
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Geography, Art



J. Cosgrove 7SB
Holy Child P.S
Biology, Art, Geography



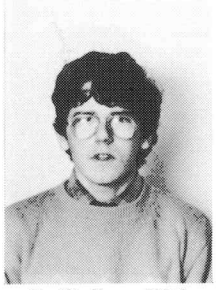
T. Hill 7R



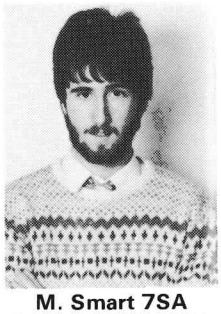
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St. Teresa's P.S.
Biology, Chemistry



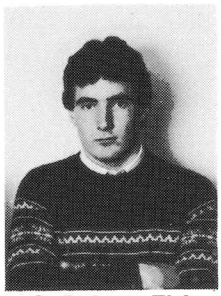
C. McGowan 7R
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Biology, Physics



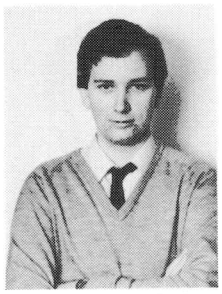
P. Wallace 7SA
Edmund Rice P.S.
Maths, Physics, Chemistry



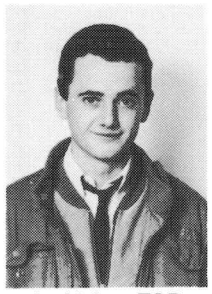
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St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Maths, Physics, Chemistry



G. Doherty 7LA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Maths, Physics, Chemistry



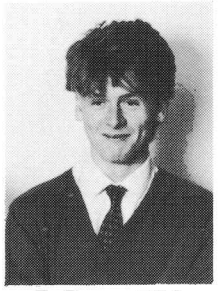
K. Doherty 7LA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Maths, Physics, Chemistry



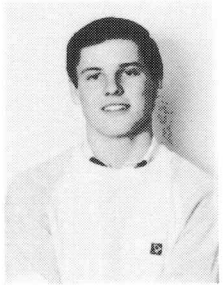
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Irish, Art



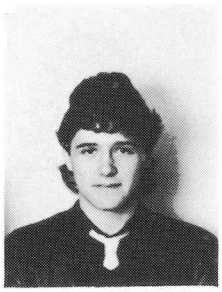
J. McGowan 7SB
St. Paul's P.S.
Economics, Geography, Chemistry



E. Dunne 7SA
St. Anne's P.S.
Economics, Physics, English



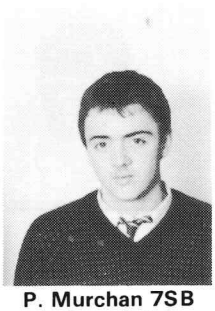
S. Gough 7SA
St. John the Baptist P.S
Chemistry, Maths, Physics



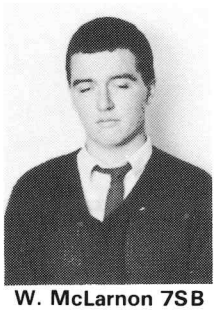
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St. John the Baptist P.S.
Economics, Maths, Physics



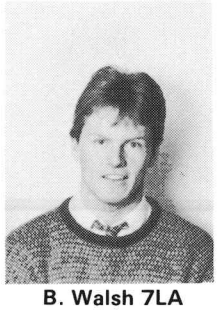
K. Murray 7SD
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Maths, Physics, Art



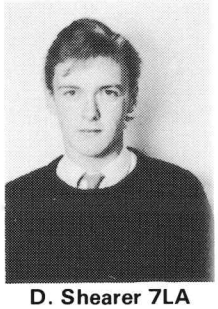
P. Murchan 7SB
St. Teresa's P.S.
Politics, Geography, Economics



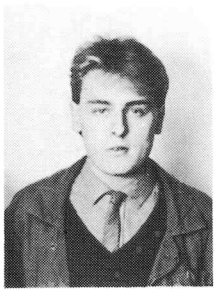
W. McLarnon 7SB
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Biology, Geography, Economics



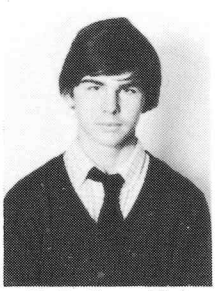
B. Walsh 7LA
St. Aloysius' P.S.
Chemistry, Physics, Biology



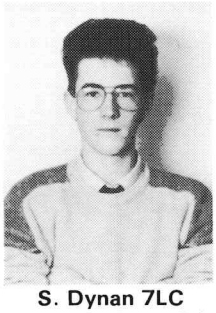
D. Shearer 7LA
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Maths, Chemistry, Physics



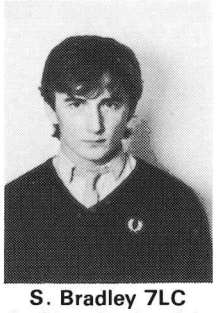
S. Hughes 7LA
Holy Child P.S.
Economics, French Irish



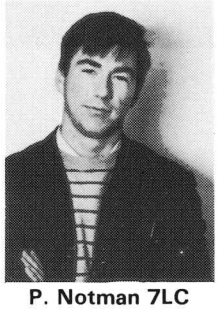
K. Rafferty 7LA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Maths, Further Maths, Physics, Chemistry



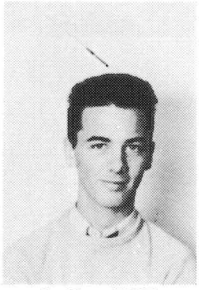
S. Dynan 7LC
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Maths, Physics, Chemistry



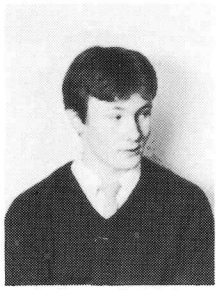
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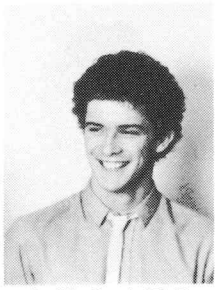
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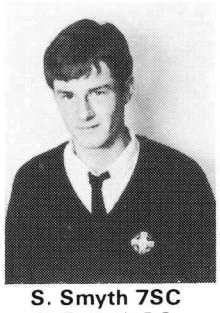
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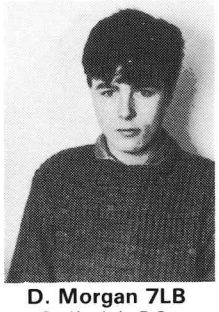
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Maths, Physics, Chemistry



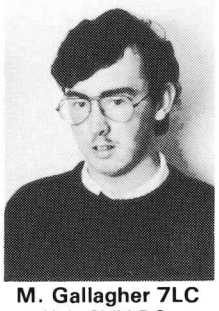
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Holy Child P.S.
Maths, Further Maths, Physics, Chemistry



S. Smyth 7SC
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Maths, Physics, Economics



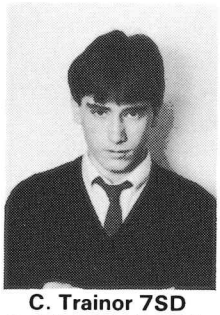
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M. Gallagher 7LC
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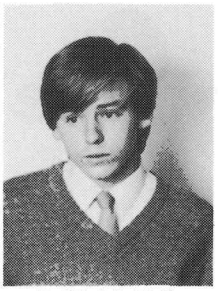
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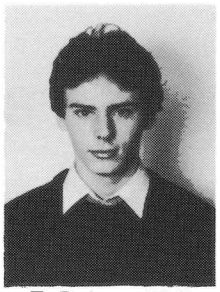
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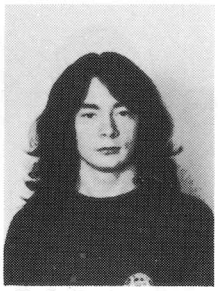
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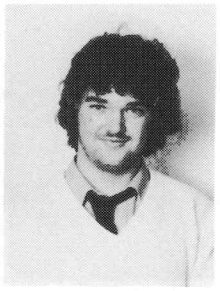
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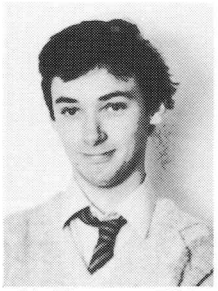
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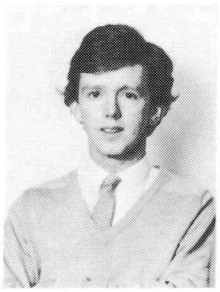
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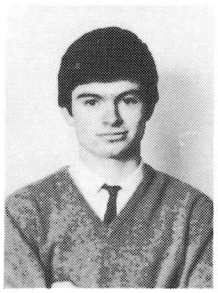
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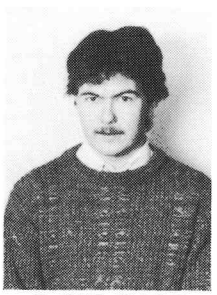
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Chemistry, Biology



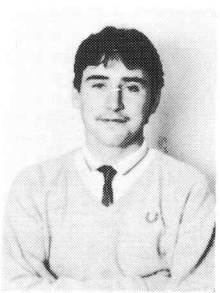
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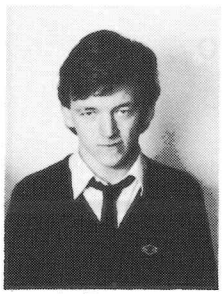
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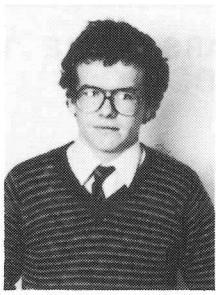
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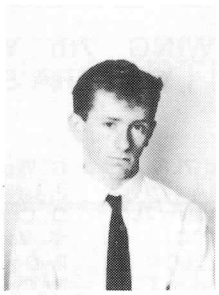
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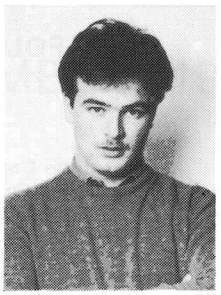
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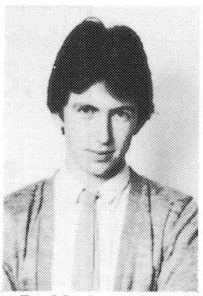
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St. Teresa's P.S.
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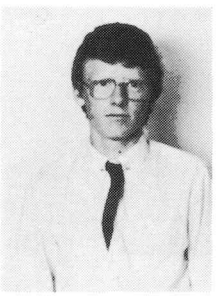
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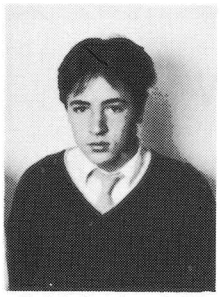
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Maths, Further Maths, Economics



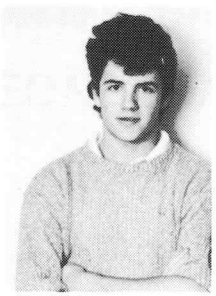
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Maths, Physics, Chemistry



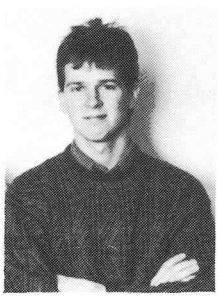
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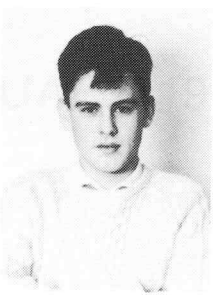
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St. Teresa's P.S.
French, Economics, Maths



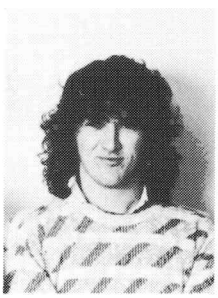
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Holy Child P.S.
Maths, Physics, Chemistry



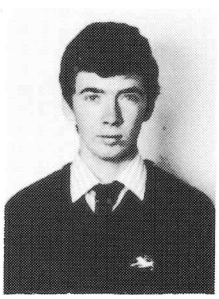
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St. Anne's P.S.
Maths, Physics, Chemistry



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Maths, Physics, Chemistry



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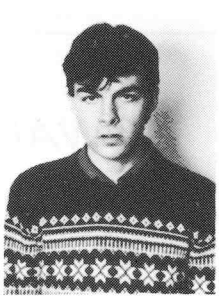
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Maths, Physics, Chemistry



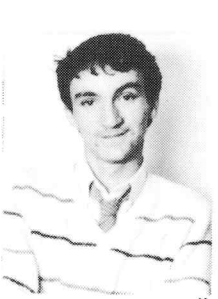
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Maths, Chemistry



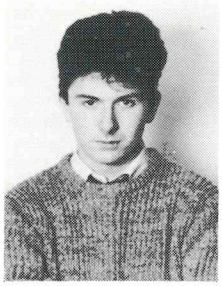
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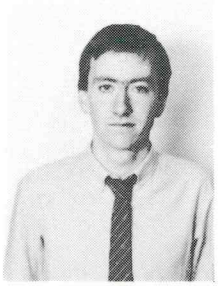
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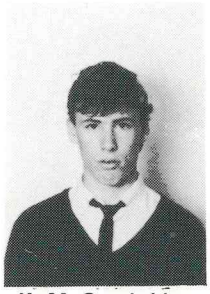
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History, Maths, Geography



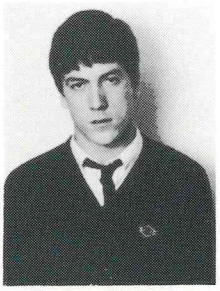
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Physics, Chemistry



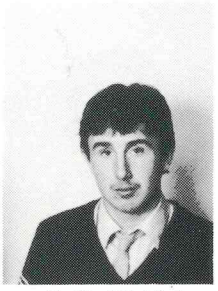
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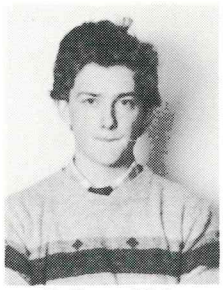
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St. John the Baptist P.S.
English, French, Maths



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St. Anne's P.S.
English, French,
Economics



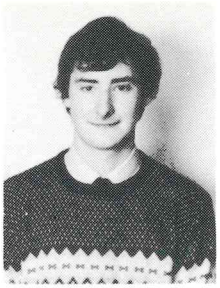
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Maths, Further Maths,
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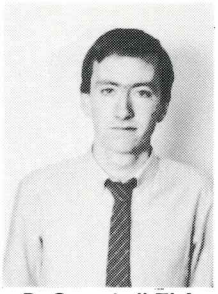
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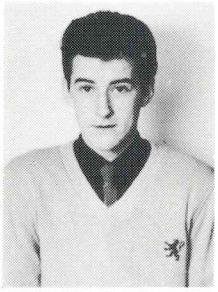
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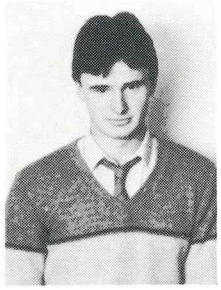
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Economics, Maths,
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Economics, French Irish



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D. Crummey 7SB
M. Vernon 7SB
P. Connolly 7SC
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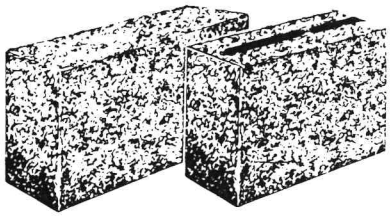
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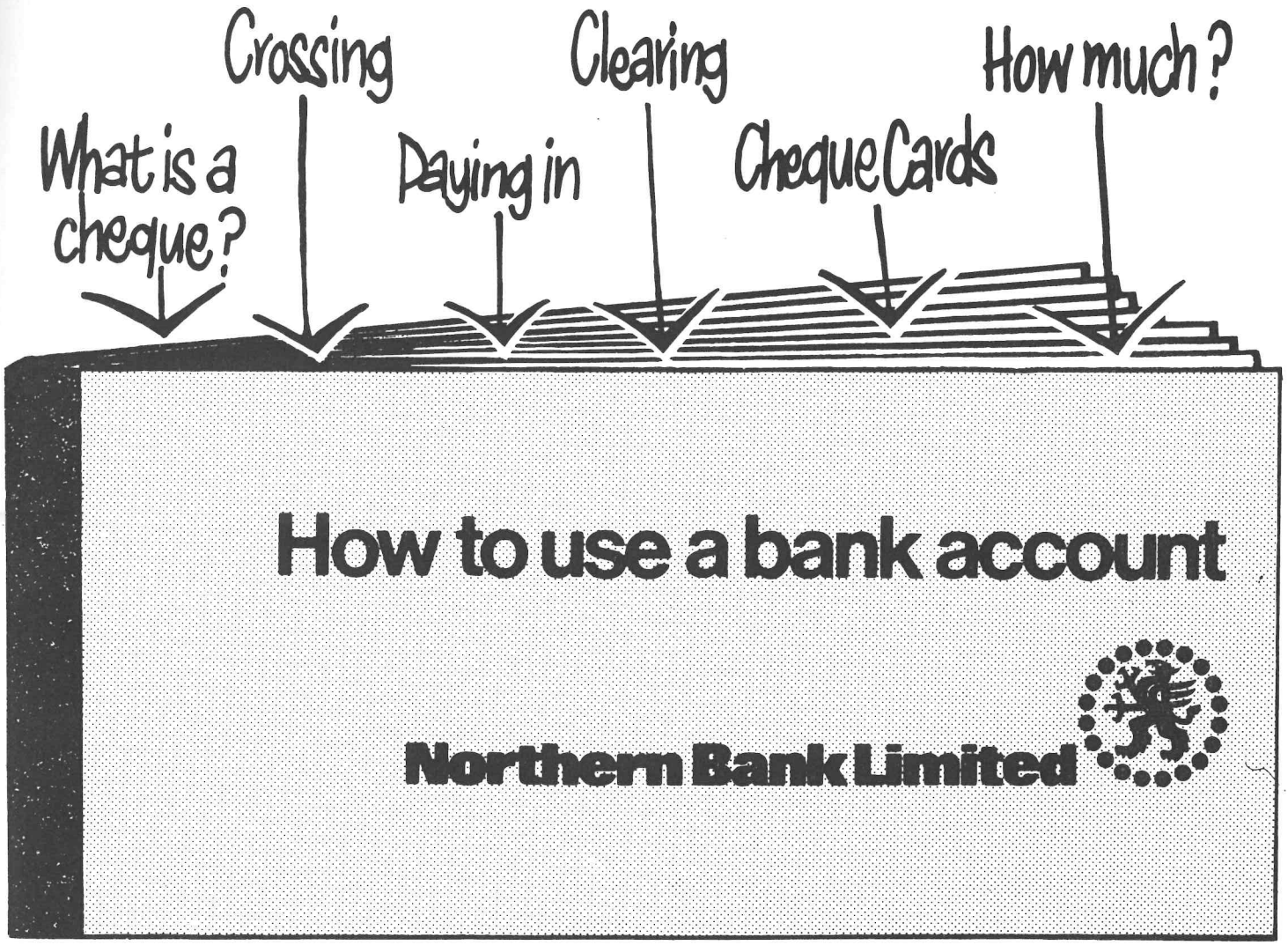
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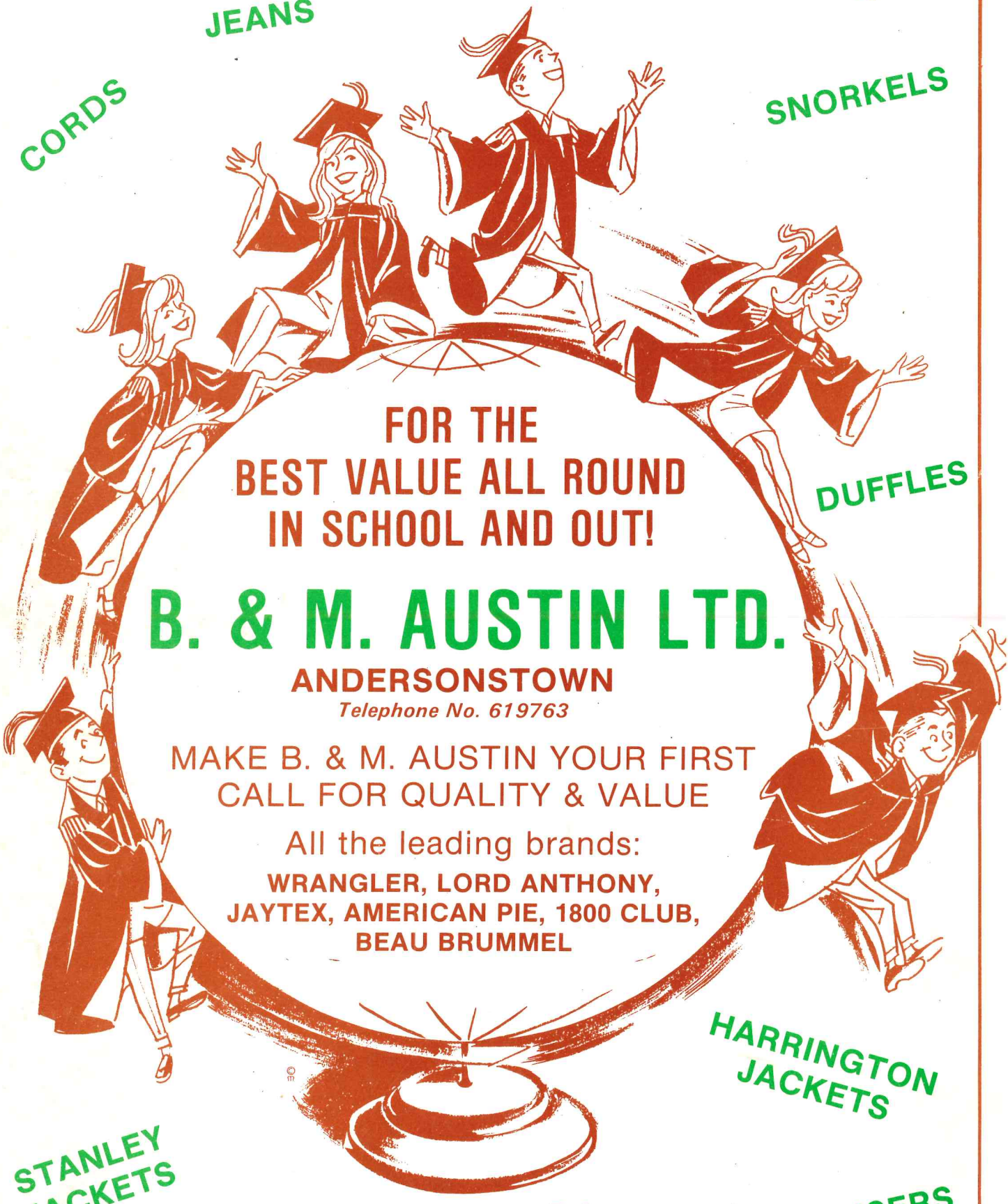
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