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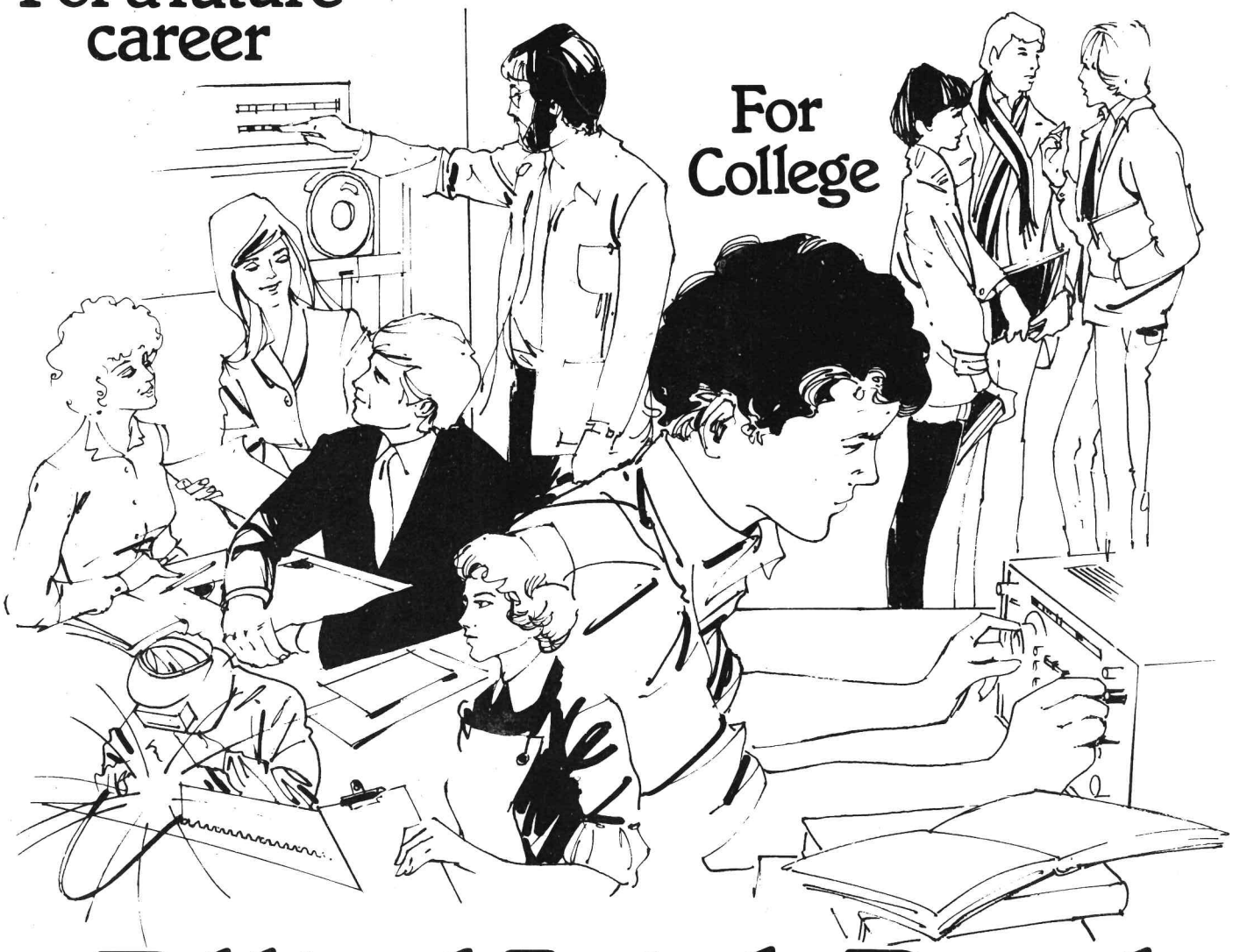
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THE SIMMARIAN

The Magazine of

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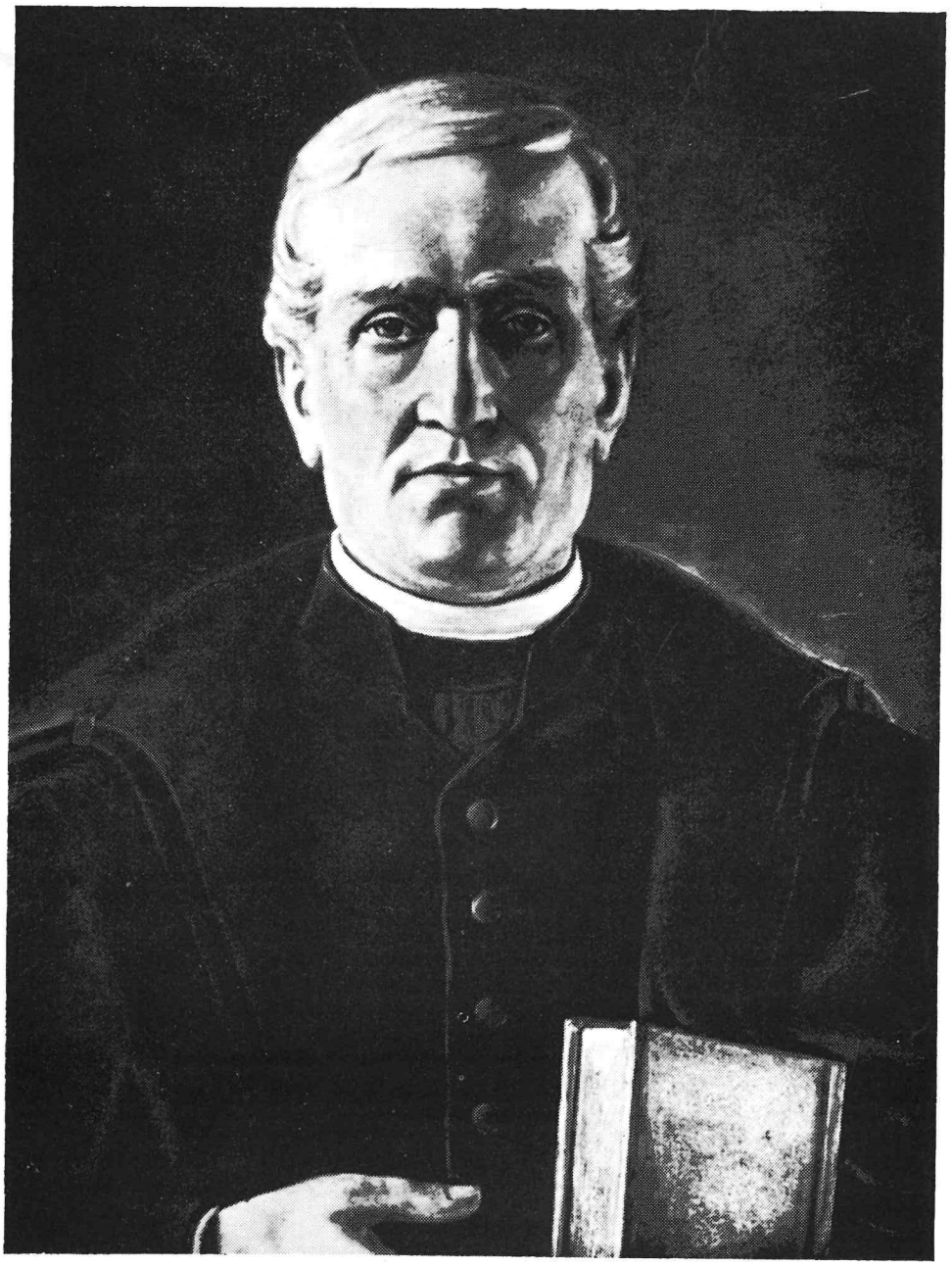
Founded 1866

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

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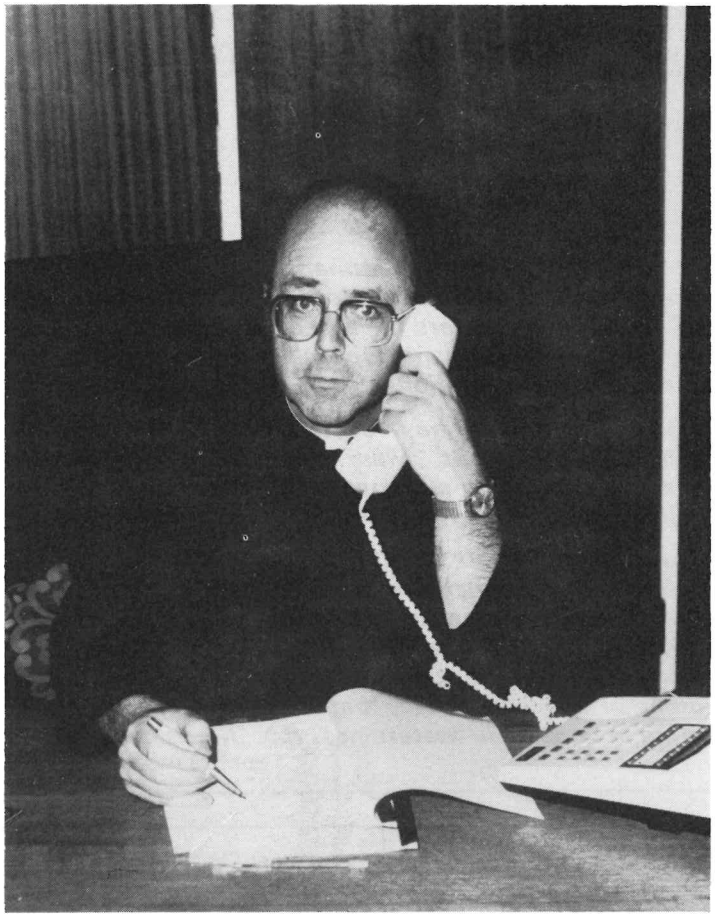
Reverend Brother Edmund Ignatius Rice



1762 - 1844

Founder of the Christian Brothers

Headmaster's Address



In the late 1920's and early 1930's the official magazine of St. Mary's was called "Glas agus Or". In the editorial to the 1931 edition we read the following:- "It is up to us, to lay the foundation for succeeding generations; to make this year one which will be looked upon with pride by ourselves, and with envy by those who come after us. Let us leave to the school a tradition, glorious and magnificent, to serve as the golden rule in coming years." This new edition of The Simmarian continues the tradition started in those early years and hopefully enhances that tradition. The high standards set down by the early editors continue to inspire our present editors Mr. O. McCann and Mr. D. Tohill. I thank them very sincerely for their continuing work in producing this new edition.

This summer was marked by the retirement of Rev. Bro. P.L. Mallon. Bro. Mallon spent thirty years on the staff of St. Mary's and was the longest serving member of staff. I would like to wish Br. Mallon many happy years of retirement and to thank him for his work for St. Mary's over the years. I think many past students would wish to be associated with these statements. They remember him with affection as a gifted and dedicated teacher who always had their interests at heart. Fortunately Br. Mallon's retirement is not strictly a retirement. We are very happy to have him with us in a part-time capacity as a teacher of mathematics and religious education.

Once again the lure of foreign climates deprived us of a very gifted language teacher, Mr. Edward McCann, a member of the Spanish Department, decided to continue his work in the Canary Islands and resigned from the staff in August. We wish Edward every success in his new undertaking and thank him for his great work for St. Mary's over the years.

Academically the past year has been one of tremendous achievements both at 'O' and 'A' Levels. Our students continue to win Open Scholarships and many other awards. I would like to thank both staff and parents of all our students for their hard work and dedication.

Queen's Open Scholarships were won by Peter McClean, Stephen McQuillan and Patrick Rankin, I offer my congratulations to all three. Ciaran Crozier, Desmond Nugent and Declan Cadell won Industrial Sponsorships for their university studies.

I congratulate the 'A' Level class of '86 for continuing the high standards set by St. Mary's students over the years, and thank them very sincerely for their magnificent contribution to the life of St. Mary's.

One hundred and twenty six past pupils graduated from various universities this year and I congratulate them on behalf of the St. Mary's Community. Five of these students obtained their Ph.D.'s — Paul Maguire, Paul Muldoon, Peter McNamee, Philip Moore and Gerard Mulhern.

The highlight of the year on the non-academic side was the return of the MacRory Cup to St. Mary's. The Senior Hurlers and Senior Basketball Team also reached their respective Ulster Finals only to be narrowly defeated. Great credit is due to the trainers of Simmarian teams for the success which has been achieved and St. Mary's is very grateful to them and appreciative of what they do for sport in St. Mary's. There is a very good spirit among St. Mary's teams — a spirit which springs from the example and leadership of these teachers.

Once again our senior debating team won the Bank of Ireland Ulster Schools Competition and were narrowly defeated in the All-Ireland Final by Castleknock College, Dublin. The team were prepared for all competitions by Mr. O. McCann. Congratulations to all concerned.

Sean Doran, John McCrory and Patrick Thornton won the Senior Chemistry Section at the Aer Lingus Young Scientist Exhibition. Because of the deep research element in their work they were also awarded the Institute of Chemistry Award and the Royal Society of Chemistry Award. I congratulate the students concerned and their teacher Mr. D. Diamond.

Two past pupils Martin Muldoon and Michael Spence commenced their studies for the Diocesan Priesthood this year. This brings the number of Simmarians in the "Wing" to four. The prayers of all our students and parents will be with them in the years ahead.

Once again the support of our parents has been of the highest order. All school functions were well attended. The generosity of parents and pupils enabled us to contribute to many charities. Sincere thanks to all.

I would like to thank in a very special way all the staff for their interest in and concern for the students under their care. Our achievements are greatly enhanced by your untiring efforts on behalf of all our students.

Finally may I offer my congratulations to the Christian Brothers' Past Pupils Union on the occasion of their Golden Jubilee. From very humble beginnings in St. Mary's Barrack Street the Union has grown steadily over the years. Their premises on the Antrim Road are the envy of all other unions. We here in St. Mary's are very proud of the part played by our past-pupils in the building of the Union. I wish God's blessing on your activities in the years ahead.

BROTHER L.S. KELLY

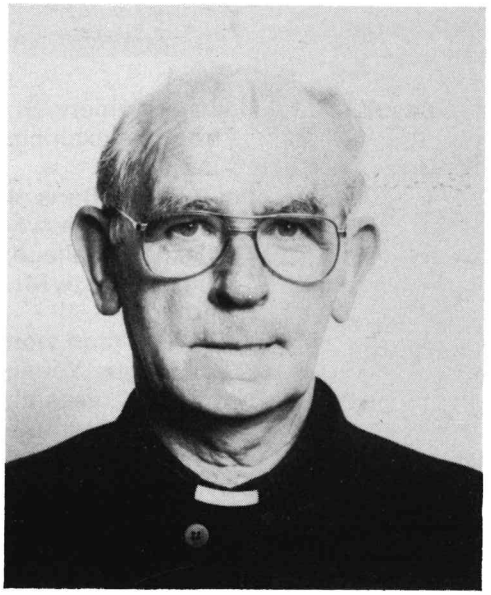
Editorial

The current issue of The Simmarian is the sixth to appear since the official school magazine was revived in 1981. All of its predecessors have been welcomed by pupils and past pupils alike and hopefully the 1986 edition will satisfy your expectations.

The past year has been one of outstanding achievement by St. Mary's students both in the academic and extra-curricular spheres as you the reader will discover as you peruse this magazine. This year's Simmarian, like its predecessors, is a record of the school's involvement in a wide variety of activities though it is not intended to be a full account. However it is hoped that you the reader will glean from these pages an in-sight into the school and if you are a past pupil, as many of our readers are, that it will engender a further pride in your alma-mater.

Production of a school magazine is a difficult task made no less easy by the fact that lack of space precludes publication of all the material submitted by students. Selecting that which we consider is best is not as straightforward as it might appear. Nevertheless it is pleasing that the standard of literary contributions is remaining at a high level. However, we appeal again to all would-be contributors to submit their articles as early as possible. Some excellent articles have had to be omitted from this issue because they were handed in too late - they will be held over until next year.

Thanks are due to all those who have contributed to this year's magazine, especially to our sponsors and advertisers who make publication possible. A special thank you is extended to the proprietors of The Pen Shop who have offered a substantial prize to the contributor of the best article as judged by our Literary Editor.



Retirement

On behalf of the entire staff of the school we extend our best wishes to Rev. Bro. Mallon who retired last June after a long and illustrious career in St. Mary's. We hope that he enjoys many years of relaxation and that now he will have time to do those things which in the past he claimed he did not have time to do.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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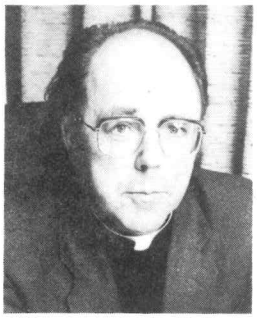
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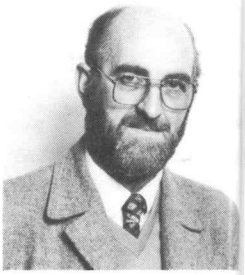
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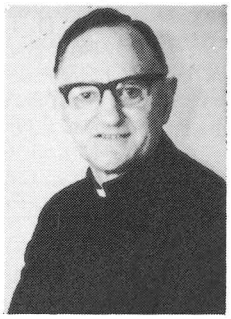
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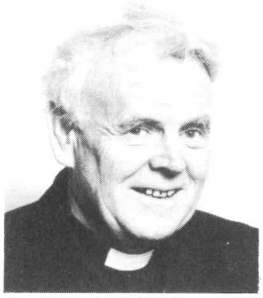
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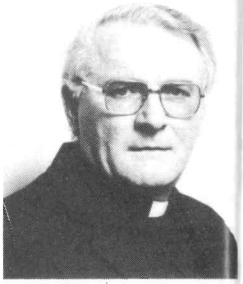
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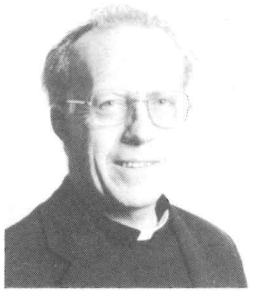
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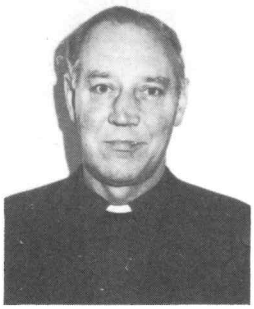
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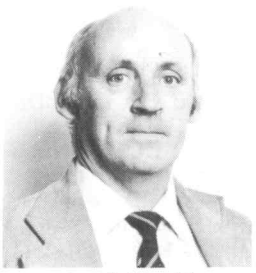
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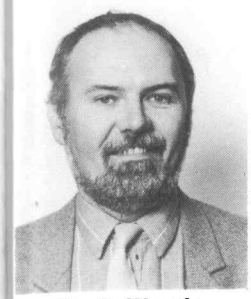
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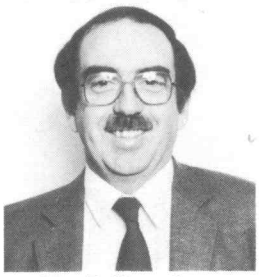
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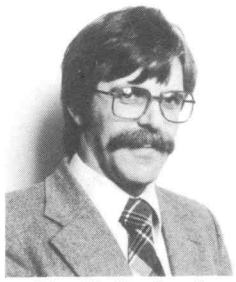
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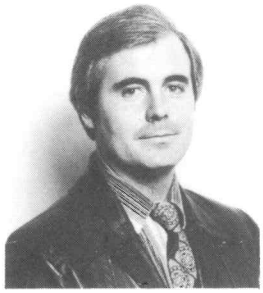
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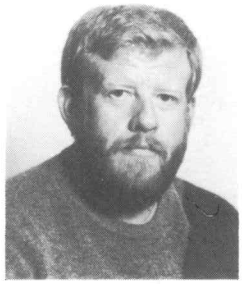
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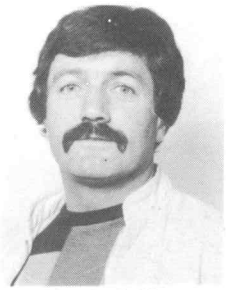
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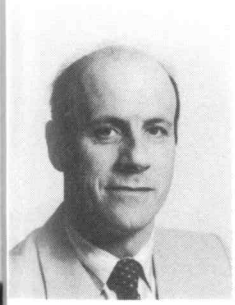
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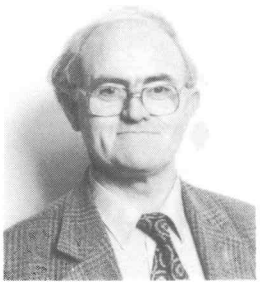
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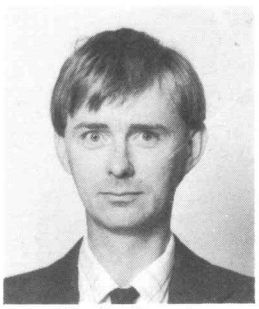
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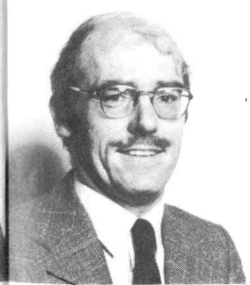
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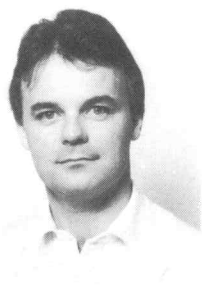


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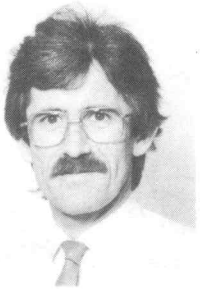


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Art Department

Brid



Mr. R. O'Prey
Head of German Dept.
Irish Department

Ruairi



Mrs. A. Thompson
German Dept., Irish Dept.

Anne

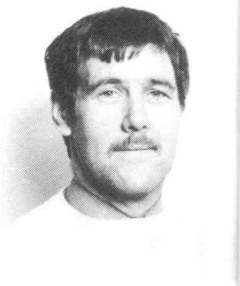


Mr. A. MacPolin
Irish Department

Aidan

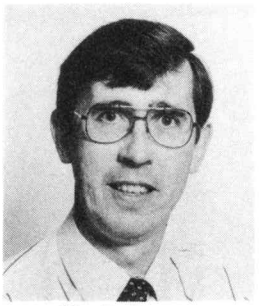


Mr. D. Diamond
Chemistry Department



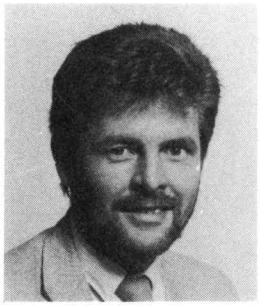
Mr. W. Hodgkinson
Physics Department

Will



Mr. F. Dynan
Mathematics Department
Computer Studies Dept.

Finbarr



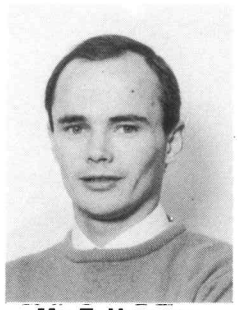
Mr. K. Burke
Head of Irish Department
Moderator-Irish Debating Soc.

Kevin



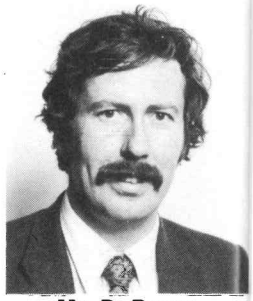
Mr. M. Mallon
Chemistry Department

Michael



Mr. T. Hegarty
Irish Department
Swimming Instructor
Badminton Coach

Terry



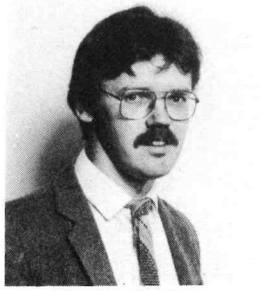
Mr. D. Breen
English Department

Declan



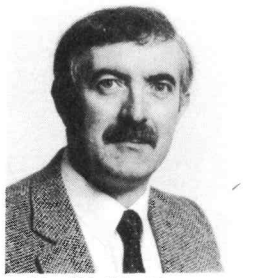
Mrs. M. McQuillan
English Department
Moderator of Drama Society

Marie



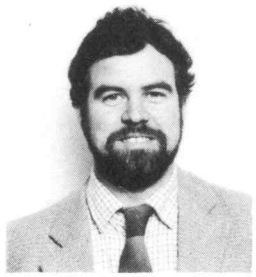
Mr. E. McFlynn
Head of Geography Dept.

Eamonn



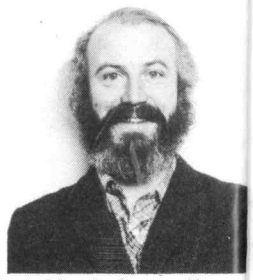
Mr. W. McAleese
Head of Chemistry Dept.

Liam



Mr. B. Harte
Biology Department

Brian



Mr. J. Connolly
Mathematics Department

Joe



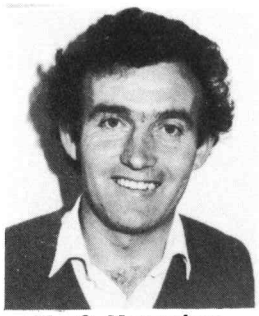
Mr. E. Collins
French Department

Eddie



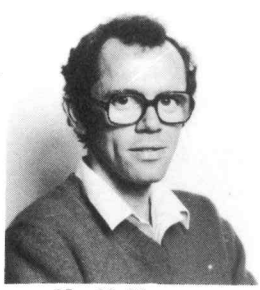
Mr. D. Campfield
English Department

Dermot



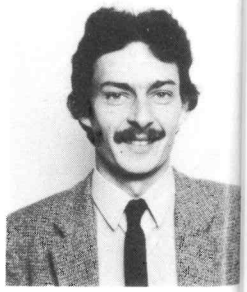
Mr. C. Monaghan
Mathematics Dept.
Computer Studies Dept.

Charlie



Mr. K. Morgan
Mathematics Department

Kevin



Mr. P. Barry
Physics Department

Paul

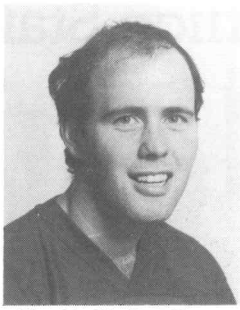


Mr. E. McToal
Head of P.E. Department
Football Coach

Eddie



Mr. P. McParland
Chemistry Department



Mr. H. McGettigan
P.E. Dept., Geography Dept.
Hurling & Football Coach
Skiing Club

Hugh



Miss D. McGarry
Physics Department

Donna



Mrs. J. McEvoy
French Dept., Spanish Dept.

Jane



Mr. B. Kelly
Mathematics Department
Computer Studies Dept.

Barry



Mrs. A. Lowe
Head of Music Dept.

Anne



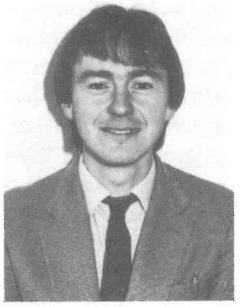
Miss C. Gorman
Geography Dept.
Economics Dept.

Catherine Hegarty



Mr. L. Perry
P.E. Dept., History Dept.
Football Coach

Liam



Mr. P. Cassidy
Mathematics Dept.
Computer Studies Dept.
Hurling Coach

Peter



Mlle O. Duterque
French Assistant



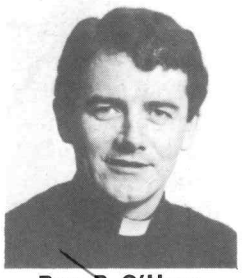
Miss M. Maino
Italian Assistant



Miss R. Bonastre
Spanish Assistant



Miss M. Hegarty
French Dept.
Mathematics Dept.



Rev. P. O'Hare
School Chaplain

Absent:
Mr. J. McAuley
Biology Department

Jim

Mrs. K. Canavan
Art Department

Kate

Office Staff



Mr. J. McKenna
Bursar



Mr. J. Donnelly



Miss A. Fitzpatrick



Miss D. McCrory



Miss M. O'Connor

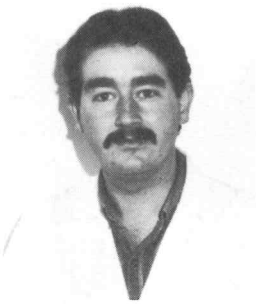


Mrs. A. Lacey
Librarian

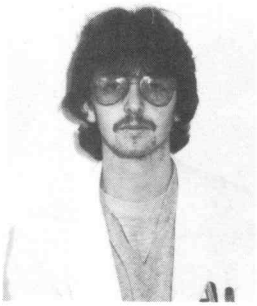
Laboratory Technicians



Mr. J. Heaney



Mr. P. Morris



Mr. P. Russell



P. Marsden

Caretaker Staff



Mr. H. O'Neill



Mr. E. Corrigan

Prizegiving Day 1986

In a crowded Assembly Hall, St. Mary's annual Prizegiving took place on January 15th last. The evenings proceedings were opened with prayers by the school Chaplain, Fr. Peter O'Hare. The Headmaster Bro. Kelly, in his address, welcomed the assembled dignitaries and gave a special welcome to the guest speaker, Professor Vincent McBrierty who was both a former pupil and former teacher at the school.

In his speech Bro. Kelly was highly critical of the governments attitude to education stating that it must realize the utter impossibility of trying to achieve an efficient education service while depriving it of essential resources." The headmaster said "If we are to recruit the right quality of students into the teaching profession, then the profession must be paid realistic salaries. The present day salary structure is out-dated, unattractive and unfair. It is indicative of the general malaise in the profession that not one single student leaving St. Mary's last summer opted for the teaching profession. If the present attitude of Tory Government continues then the outlook for the future of the education service is bleak indeed. I fully support our teachers in their fight for a just salary scale."

Turning to results gained by St. Mary's students in public examinations, Bro. Kelly said that at both 'O' and 'A' Levels the results were excellent. Indicative of the very high standard was the fact that the Edmund Rice Gold Medal which is awarded to the top 'A' Level student, had to be awarded to six students who each received four A grades in their examinations. Bro. Kelly then offered his commiserations to those students who had achieved three A grades but who had failed to make the honours list. He said that the class of '85 had set very high standards of achievements. The headmaster extended his congratulation to those students who had won Open and Industrial Scholarships to various institutions.

With regard to the 'O' Level examinations results, the headmaster stated that they were of an equally high standard. The Bro. McGreevy Trophy and C.B.P.P.U. Gold Medal which is awarded to the best 'O' Level student was also shared between two students who achieved 'A' grades in all their subjects.

While congratulating the assembled students on their endeavour and achievements Bro. Kelly also highly commended the teaching staff "who continue to produce magnificent results which speaks well for their expertise and dedication."

Bro. Kelly congratulated all those staff and students involved in bringing distinction to the school through their extra-curricular activities. "St. Mary's students won Ulster Titles in football, hurling, water-polo, athletics, skiing, chess and debating. A special work of praise is due to Mr. J. McClean and his senior water-polo team who brought the All-Ireland title back to St. Mary's once again."

The headmaster also singled out Sean Doran, John McCrory and Patrick Thornton who won first place in the Senior Chemistry section at the Aer Lingus Young Scientist Exhibition. In addition these students received the Royal Society of Chemistry Award for the most outstanding Chemistry Project.

The guest speaker of the evening was Professor Vincent McBrierty, Dean of Science, Trinity College, Dublin and he posed the question as to whether Science and technology had fulfilled their early promise Dr. McBrierty continued:

"In reality success has been so overwhelming that progress in this area has far outstripped developments in other key areas, namely the humanities, the arts and social sciences. This mismatch in progress has created major problems for society, problems which are only now being properly articulated and addressed. Society cannot cope with much of modern technological development. The public at large is generally suspicious of science. The new information technology which is revolutionising information dissemination and retrieval is creating new problems as well as solving old ones; one example is the public disquiet about invasion of personal privacy. Soo too, developments in robotics are revolutionising manufacturing industry with inevitable changes in employment patterns — the notion of re-deployment is becoming more and more important. Developments in other areas such as nuclear power and genetic engineering put a responsibility on society to reflect maturely on their disadvantages as well as their advantages. The dilema is best summed up in the words of a Japanese colleague:

"Mankind now has God's skills but not
God's wisdom: herein lies the problem."

Turning his attention to the educational process, Dr. McBriarty was critical of the over specialisation which has occurred especially at third level. He said that graduates ought to be trained for a career spanning four decades rather than the lifetime of the present technology. But not all was rosy in the science garden as Dr. McBriarty went on to point out:

"More generally there is serious concern about the degree of literacy of science graduates and the degree of numeracy of arts graduates. Science graduates by-and-large have only learned to talk the language of science to each other - no wonder there are difficulties in generating sensible dialogue between the scientific community and society at large. There is a compelling case to return to a more balanced approach to education. This will require the educational system to give younger people the proper attitudes for the world of work and the society that is coming. The words of Sir Hermann Bondi are particularly apt.

"A qualification is a springboard and not a prison. It is adaptability that is required, not to feel that you are chained for life in whatever attainment you achieved at a relatively early age. Young people, parents, teachers and employers will all have to grasp this more and more."

On behalf of the students John McAteer, Student of the Year, thanked all those who had contributed to his and his colleague's success and brought the formal proceedings to an end with a presentation of a bouquet of flowers to Mrs. McBrierty.

SPECIAL ACHIEVEMENTS AT 'A' LEVEL

Damien Armstrong — **Holy Child Primary School**
Achieved three A grades plus one C grade at 'A' Level
Reading Medicine at Q.U.B.

Anthony Brennan — **St. Finian's Primary School**
Achieved three A grades at 'A' Level
Reading Accountancy at Q.U.B.

Malachy Kearney — **St. John the Baptist Primary School**
Achieved three A grades at 'A' Level)
Reading Business Administration at Q.U.B.

Kieran McGowan — **St. Paul's Primary School**
Achieved three A grades at 'A' Level)
Reading Electronic Engineering at Q.U.B. Sponsored by Shell

Colm Tracey — **St. Teresa's Primary School**
Achieved three A grades 'A' Level)
Reading Electronic Engineering on the Enhanced Course at Q.U.B.
Winner of the Department of Economic Development Sponsorship in Shorts.

STUDENT OF THE YEAR

THE EDMUND RICE TROPHY

John McAteer — **St. Matthew's and St. Luke's Primary Schools**
(The Sullivan Scholar and Winner of the Hans Sloane Memorial Award.)

INDIVIDUAL SUBJECT AWARDS AT 'A' LEVEL

BEST 'A' LEVEL ENGLISH LITERATURE STUDENT 1984-85 - THE SERRIDGE MEDAL

Seamus Kearney

St. John the Baptist Primary School

Reading Law at Trinity College Dublin

BEST 'A' LEVEL IRISH STUDENT 1984-85 - THE HUGH J. RYAN MEDAL

Conal O'Coisneachain

Bunscoil Gaelach

Repeating 'A' Levels at St. Mary's

BEST 'A' LEVEL FURTHER MATHEMATICS STUDENT 1984-85 - THE REV. BRO. M. F. NANNERY MEMORIAL MEDAL

Kieran Rafferty

St. John the Baptist Primary School

Reading Electronic Engineering on the Enhanced Course at Q.U.B.

BEST 'A' LEVEL GEOGRAPHY STUDENT 1984-85 - THE BANK OF IRELAND MEDAL

James Venning

St. John the Baptist Primary School

Reading Estate Management at Ulster University

BEST 'A' LEVEL HISTORY STUDENT 1984-85 - THE ALLIED IRISH BANK MEDAL

Antonio Matassa

St. John the Baptist Primary School

Reading Joint Honours Business Administration & Computers at Q.U.B.

BEST 'A' LEVEL PHYSICS STUDENT 1984-85 - THE RONAN PRESS MEDAL

Adrian Farquharson

Holy Child Primary School

Reading Dentistry at Q.U.B.

BEST 'A' LEVEL MATHEMATICS STUDENT 1984-85 - THE REV. BRO. J. B. McGREEVY MEMORIAL MEDAL

Clement Walsh

St. Gall's Primary School

Reading Mathematics at University of Durham

BEST 'A' LEVEL POLITICS STUDENT 1984-85 - THE AIRFIELD HOUSE MEDAL

James Callaghan

St. Kevin's Primary School

Reading Law at Brunel University

ADVANCED LEVEL

ACADEMIC AWARDS

(All these students achieved four A grades at 'A' Level)

BEST 'A' LEVEL STUDENTS 1984-'85 EDMUND RICE GOLD MEDAL

John McAteer
St. Matthew's & St. Luke's Primary Schools
Top Queen's Open Scholarship Holder
Reading Medicine at Q.U.B.

Adrian Farquharson
Holy Child Primary School
Reading Dentistry at Q.U.B.

Paul McCourt
St. John the Baptist Primary School
Queen's Open Scholarship Holder.
Reading Electronic Engineering on the Enhanced Course at Q.U.B.

Ciaran Mulholland
St. Oliver Plunkett Primary School
Reading Horticulture at University of Bath.

Kieran Rafferty
St. John the Baptist Primary School
Winner of Department of Economic Development Sponsorship in Shorts
Reading Electronic Engineering on the Enhanced Course at Q.U.B.

Clement Walsh
St. Gall's Primary School
Reading Mathematics at University of Durham.

INDIVIDUAL SUBJECT AWARDS AT 'A' LEVEL

BEST 'A' LEVEL BIOLOGY STUDENT 1984-85 – THE SHELL U.K. MEDAL

Ciaran Mulholland
St. Oliver Plunkett Primary School
Reading Horticulture at University of Bath

BEST 'A' LEVEL CHEMISTRY STUDENT 1984-85 – THE O'HARE & PARTNERS MEDAL

John McAteer
St. Matthew's & St. Luke's Primary School
Reading Medicine at Q.U.B.

BEST 'A' LEVEL ECONOMICS STUDENT 1984-85 – THE ULSTER BUSINESS EQUIPMENT MEDAL

Anthony Brennan
St. Finian's Primary
Reading Accountancy at Q.U.B.

SPECIAL ACHIEVEMENTS AT 'O' LEVEL

Brian Friel
Holy Child Primary School

John A. McCrory
St. Teresa's Primary School

Francis Zubier
St. John the Baptist Primary School

Aer Lingus Young Scientist Exhibition

Winners of the Senior Chemistry Section of the Institute of Chemistry — Royal Society of Chemistry for the Most Outstanding Chemistry Project:

Patrick Thornton
St. Teresa's Primary School

Sean Doran
St. Kevin's Primary School

John McCrory
St. Teresa's Primary School

SIMMARIAN LITERARY AWARDS 1984/'85

'A' Level	1st Prize to JAMES McALEAVEY (St. Teresa's Primary School)
	2nd Prize to NEIL McKENNA (St. Patrick's Armagh) and PATRICK McCORMICK (St. Bride's Primary School)
'O' Level	1st Prize to PATRICK MALLON (St. Teresa's Primary School)
	2nd Prize to PHILIP McGOWAN (Edmund Rice Primary School)
Junior	1st Prize to DAMIEN NEESON (St. Anne's Primary School)
	2nd Prize to EAMONN RICE (St. Anne's Primary School)
Special Category	STEPHEN ROONEY (St. Finian's Primary School
Overall Prize	PATRICK MALLON (St. Teresa's Primary School)

SPECIAL ACADEMIC AWARDS

'O' LEVEL

BEST 'O' LEVEL STUDENTS
Rev. Bro. J. B. McGreevy Memorial Trophy and C.B.P.P.U. Gold Medal 1984 - '85

Gavin Boyle
St. John the Baptist Primary School

James McAleavey
St. Teresa's Primary School

'O' LEVEL ADDITIONAL MATHEMATICS
THE PAT McGUIGAN MEDAL

Stephen McQuillan
St. Comgall's Primary School

'O' LEVEL BIOLOGY (JOINT AWARD)
THE S.O.S. MEDAL

Gerard McCarry
St. Luke's Primary School

Carl Monaghan
St. Teresa's Primary School

'O' LEVEL CHEMISTRY
THE D.J. MacRANDAL MEDAL

Anthony Collins
St. Kevin's Primary School

'O' LEVEL COMPUTER SCIENCE AND ENGLISH LANGUAGE
THE W.H. McEVOY MEDAL AND TOPHY

Stephen Brophy
St. John the Baptist Primary School

'O' LEVEL FRENCH AND HISTORY
THE GREENAN LODGE MEDAL

James McAleavey
St. Teresa's Primary School

'O' LEVEL GEOGRAPHY
THE PAUL BOYLE MEDAL

Alan B. Smith
St. Teresa's Primary School

'O' LEVEL IRISH
THE JOE DEVLIN MEDAL

Conall O Bruadair
Bunscoil Gaelach

'O' LEVEL MATHEMATICS
REV. BRO. L. F. ENNIS MEDAL

Brendan Adams
St. Oliver Plunkett Primary School

'O' LEVEL PHYSICS
THE McQUILLAN CONTRACTS MEDAL

Carl Monaghan
St. Teresa's Primary School

AWARDS FOR DISTINGUISHED PERFORMANCE

The Gerry Magennis Medal and Trophy (Presented by C.B.P.P.U.)
Sportsman of the Year (1984.85)
CIARAN McGURK (Captain of the Water Polo Team)

The David Hobson Medal **Best Skier of the Year** (1984-85)
EDMUND SINCLAIR (Ballymacrickett Primary School)

Rev. Bro. L. F. Ennis Shield **Best Debater(s) of the Year** (1984-85)

PILIB MISTEIL (Captain)
COLM MacAINDREASA
CONAL O'COISNEACHAIN
ADAM MacGIOLLA
CATHAIN

SENIOR WATER POLO IRISH CHAMPIONS 1984-85

Captain: CIARAN McGURK (Holy Child Primary School)
DAMIEN ARMSTRONG (Holy Child Primary School)
KEVAN DUFFIN (St. Gall's Primary School)
JAMES HEFFERON (St. Paul's Secondary School)
DAMIAN McCRORY (St. Teresa's Primary School)
ENDA McGURK (Holy Child Primary School)
JAMES McKEEVER (St. Teresa's Primary School)
SEAN McMAHON (St. John the Baptist Primary School)
BRIAN WALSH (St. Aloysius' Primary School)

ULSTER SCHOOLS SKI CHAMPIONS 1984-85

Captain: BRIAN WALSH (St. Aloysius' Primary School)
MARTIN DIVER (St. John the Baptist Primary School)
ANTHONY LAVERY (St. Teresa's Primary School)
EDMUND SINCLAIR (Ballymacrickett Primary School)

OUR STUDENTS . . .

Students Repeating 'A' Levels in St. Mary's

The success for our students returning here to repeat 'A' Levels is excellent.

Eight of our repeat students this year were offered places at Universities. As these offers were for courses other than their first choice courses these students decided to return and achieve the grades necessary for their chosen courses.

We also have students who came to us from other Grammar Schools to repeat. While it is too early to judge, it seems likely that these students will perform well in their 'A' Levels next summer and enter the courses of their choice. We thank them for their vote of confidence in St. Mary's and wish them well in their examinations.

Employment

In terms of employment the situation is as bleak as ever. Past pupils working in banks have reliably informed us that last year there were over eighteen hundred applications for twenty four positions in one of the banking groups. This represents seventy-five applicants for each place and proves the importance of good 'O' and 'A' Level results.

A number of our students have obtained employment in a wide variety of occupations, e.g. Civil Service, Banking, etc.

New Students

This year twenty four students joined us having completed their 'O' Levels in Secondary or other Grammar Schools. Each year this number grows. Schools supplying students for commencement of 'A' Level studies included:

C.B. Secondary School, Glen Road; Gort na Mona; C.B. Secondary School, Hightown Road; La Salle Secondary School; St. Aidan's Secondary School, Glenavy; St. Paul's Secondary School; St. Peter's Secondary School; St. Luke's Secondary School plus Christian Brothers' Grammar School, Newry; St. Malachy's Grammar School; Rathmore Grammar School.

We welcome all these students and wish them success in their 'A' Level studies in St. Mary's. Should they follow in the footsteps of their predecessors they will be a credit to their former schools and to St. Mary's.

Students Leaving After 'O' Levels

For 'O' Level leavers employment prospects are minimal. Most of these leavers either, take places on various Training Schemes, or repeat their 'O' Levels elsewhere. After repeating their 'O' Levels and acquiring the necessary number of pass grades these students may then return to St. Mary's and commence their 'A' Level courses.

In this respect we are grateful for the help and excellent teaching provided by the Christian Brothers' Secondary School, Glen Road who take most of these students into their 'O' Level groups.

Queen's University

As usual Queen's University was the most popula destination for our students. In all **sixty student** commenced undergraduate courses. This figure is les than last year for three reasons:-

(1) University of Ulster continues to grow in popularity;
(2) More Students wish to study in other Unite Kingdom universities;
(3) Students who could have entered universities chose t repeat 'A' Levels in order to enter their first choice course

Our students entered ALL Faculties includin Accountancy, Engineering, Law, Medicine and Pharmac The entry per subject was as follows: Accountancy - 2 Architecture - 2; Arts - 16; (this number includes student taking Business Administration, Computer Science an Languages in the new joint Honours Program); Economic & Management - 6; Education - 3; Engineering - 11; Law 3; Medicine - 4; Pharmacy - 1; Science - 9; Social Science 3.

University of Ulster

Twenty five students commenced their studies University of Ulster. Again we had students entering AL Faculties with those courses having strong vocational us being the most popular. Our students entered th following Faculties/courses:-

Accountancy - 1; Bachelor of Art - 3; Busines Administration - 5; Combined Humanities - 1; Engineerin - 5; Media Studies - 1; Quantity Surveying - 3; Soci Sciences - 1; Sports Studies - 2; Transport Technology -

A feature of Ulster University has been the continuin difficulty in entering premium courses, e.g., Accountanc Business Administration and Quantity Surveying. This due to competition for places.

Other U.K. Universities and Polytechnics

Twelve students have gone to study in U.K. Universiti and Polytechnics. Some of these have been studer wishing to study first choice courses at prestigio institutions such as Oxford University, Imperial College London School of Economics. Others have decided follow first choice courses at institutions where the gra requirements are much lower than for local universiti especially Queen's.

As Queen's has some of the highest entry requiremer in the United Kingdom outside of Oxbridge, for courses Accountancy, Dentistry, Law, Medicine and Pharma students wishing to enter these Faculties would be w advised to examine and apply for similar courses whe the entry requirements are much lower.

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Queen's Open Scholarships

In 1986 Queen's decided to change the system of application for, and winning of, Open Scholarships.

1985 was the last year of the Queen's Open set and moderated examinations. It was decided that this system favoured the large Belfast Grammar Schools with a long tradition of preparation and entry for the examination.

The Open Scholarship in 1986 was to be awarded on the basis of marks at 'A' Level and only students actually attending Q.U.B. were considered. We are delighted to announce that we have won Two Open Scholarships this year.

Peter McClean with Four A grades in Economics, Further Mathematics, Mathematics and Physics won the Open in Social Sciences. Peter is now studying Accountancy. While in his fifth year Peter won a major computer competition. The prize for this was a computer system which Peter kindly donated to the school.

Stephen McQuillan with three A grades in Further Mathematics, Mathematics and Physics has won the Open in Science. This is probably the most competitive of the Open Scholarships. Stephen is studying Electronic Engineering at Q.U.B.

As the 1986 system will also operate in 1987 all 7th year students should set their sights on maintaining the strong school tradition in this prestigious award.

Sponsorship

Ciaran Crozier was awarded sponsorship by British Coal. Ciaran will work for British Coal as a student mining engineer before commencing degree course studies in Mining Engineering at Cardiff University.

Ciaran was Head Prefect, Captain of the Senior Hurling team, member of the school's Formal Committee, etc. He achieved two A grades and one B grade at 'A' Level proving that it is quite possible to lead a hectic social and sporting life and still be academically and vocationally successful.

Results and Careers in 1986

Overall results at 'A' level were once again excellent. Two of our students achieved four A grades at 'A' Level, six students achieved three A grades and nine students achieved two A grades. In all forty one 'A' Level students achieved at least one grade A in their results.

To these students we extend our heartiest congratulations and list these students in the Roll of Honour below:

Peter McCLEAN (St. Kevin's P.S.) achieved Four A grades
Reading Accountancy at Q.U.B.

Eugene McKENNA (Holy Child P.S.) achieved Four A grades
Reading Physics at Q.U.B.

James BOYLE (Omagh C.B.S.) achieved Three A grades
Reading Accountancy at London School of Economics

Joseph CARLIN (St. Luke's P.S.) achieved Three A grades
Reading Enhanced Aero. Engineering at Q.U.B.

Christopher GOUGH (Holy Child P.S.) achieved Three A grades
Reading medicine at Q.U.B.

Michael DONALDSON (St. Anne's P.S.)
achieved Three A grades
Repeating 'A' Levels in St. Mary's C.B.G.S.

James McGOWAN (Edmund Rice P.S.)
achieved Three A grades
Reading Aero Engineering at Imperial College London

Stephen McQUILLAN (St. Comgall's P.S.)
achieved Three A grades
Reading Enhanced Electronic Engineering at Q.U.B.

Ciaran CROZIER (St. Teresa's P.S.) achieved two A grades
Reading Mining Engineering at Cardiff University

Mark DONNELLY (St. Joseph's P.S.)
achieved Two A grades
Reading Medicine at Q.U.B.

Patrick HAMILTON (St. Teresa's P.S.).
achieved Two A grades
Reading Electronic Engineering at Q.U.B.

Damien KEENAN (St. Teresa's P.S.) achieved Two A grades
Reading Joint Honours Arts at Q.U.B.

Desmond McDONNELL (St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.)
achieved Two A grades
Reading European Business Studies at Q.U.B.

Niall MONAGHAN (Holy Child P.S.) achieved two A grades
Reading Architecture at Q.U.B.

Philip SMITH (St. Kevin's P.S.) achieved Two A grades
Reading Joint Honours Arts at Q.U.B.

Mark SINCLAIR (St. John the Baptist P.S.)
achieved Two A grades
Reading Law at St. John's College, Oxford

Stephen TUMELTY (St. Teresa's P.S.)
achieved Two A grades
Reading Law at Q.U.B.

DESTINATION OF OTHER 'A' LEVEL STUDENTS

Eight students qualified for University but opted to repeat their 'A' Levels
Two students have gone into **Banking**
Eight students have gone into the **Civil Service**
Four students have gone into **Shorts**
One student has gone into **Printing**
Two students have entered the **Priesthood**
One student has become a **Professional Footballer**
One student has entered the **Merchant Navy**
One student has entered the R.V.H. as a **Technician**
One student has entered employment in a **Travel Agency**
One student has entered employment in **Graphic Design**
Ten students have entered **other employments**
Twenty students are **repeating 'A' Levels** in this school

QUEEN'S OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS

Congratulations to the following students:

STEPHEN E. McQUILLAN on winning
The John Sinclair Porter Scholarship

PETER G. McCLEAN on winning
A Foundation Scholarship

PATRICK R. RANKIN on winning
A Foundation Scholarship

School Leavers 1984-'85

ENTRANTS TO QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

BARR Sean	Law
BOYLE Paul	Business Administration
CADDELL Declan	Computer Science
CARLON Joseph	Aeronautical Engineering
CALLAGHAN Joseph	Engineering
CASSIDY John	Economics
CASSIDY Philip	Economics
CUMMINGS Carl	Medicine
DONNELLY Mark	Medicine
DONNELLY Thomas	Education
DYNAN Kieran	Bachelor of Arts
ELLIS Conor	Geography
FINNEGAN Robert	Engineering (Electronic)
FINNEGAN Stephen	Aeronautical Engineering
FLANIGAN Martin	Genetics & Microbiology
GOSS Martin	Combined Arts
GOUGH Christopher	Medicine
GUINEY Micheal	Bachelor of Arts
HAMILL Mark	Accountancy
HAMILTON Patrick	Electronic Engineering
HAYES Martin	Business Administration
KEENAN Damien	Bachelor of Arts
KILLEN Edward	Physics
LACEY Terence	Law
LAGAN Dominic	Science
LARGEY Seamus	Biochemistry
LYNN Gerard	Electrical Engineering
MacAINDREASA Colm	Science
McCLEAN Peter	Accountancy
McCLEAVE William	Education
McCRORY Damian	Business Admin./Computers
McCRUDDEN Terence	Bachelor of Arts
McDONNELL Desmond	Joint Honours Business Admin./French
McGROGGAN John	Psychology
McKAVANAGH Malachy	Bachelor of Arts
McKEEVER Gary	Economics
McKENNA Eugene	Physics
McKNIGHT Robert	Bachelor of Arts
McLAUGHLIN Gerard	Bachelor of Arts
McMAHON Martin	Aeronautical Engineering
McQUILLAN Stephen	Electrical Engineering
MERVYN Patrick	Education
MONAGHAN Niall	Architecture
MORGAN Brendan	Bachelor of Arts
MULHALL Gary	Business Administration
MULVENNA Malachy	Science
MURRAY Kevin	Architecture
NUGENT Francis	Mechanical Engineering
O'BRIEN Patrick	Micro-Biology
O'NEILL Gerard	Economics
ROONEY Stephen	English & Psychology
SMITH Philip	Bachelor of Arts
TEAGUE Kieran	Economics
THORNTON Patrick	Medicine
TIERNAN William	Aeronautical Engineering
TRAINOR Jarlath	Economics
TUMELTY Stephen	Law
WALLACE Don B.	Pharmacy
WALLS Kevin	Mechanical Engineering
WALSH Brian	Biochemistry & Genetics

ENTRANTS TO UNIVERSITY OF ULSTER

ANDERSON Gerard	Business Studies
AUSTIN Ciaran	Sports Studies
BALL John	Bachelor of Arts
BROWN David	Civil Engineering
BURNS Mark	Bachelor of Arts
CONNOLLY Paul	Technology/Engineering
HARRIS Michael	Transport Technology
HAWKINS John	Sports Studies
HEATLEY Conal	Transport Technology
HEFFERON James	Business Administration
KENNEDY Gerard	Quantity Surveying
LARGEY Maurice	Social Science
LUNDY John	Transport Technology
MATASSA Umberto	Media Studies
McGURK Enda	Engineering
McMAHON Conor	Engineering
McMENAMIN Patrick	Quantity Surveying
MOLLOY Bernard	Geography & Geology
MULDOON Mark	Quantity Surveying
MURCHAN Peter	Bachelor of Arts
O'COISNEACHAIN Conall	Banking & Finance
RUSSELL Paul	Dip. in Engineering
SCOTT Kevin	Computer Science
SHANNON Conor	Accountancy & Economics
SMITH Brendan	Business Administration

ENTRANT TO ABERYSTWYTH UNIVERSITY

DUNLEAVEY Paul	Library Studies

ENTRANT TO CARDIFF UNIVERSITY

CROZIER Ciaran	Mining Studies (Sponsored by British Coal
TRAINOR Ciaran	Law

ENTRANTS TO POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LONDON

BRESLIN Martin	Law
MULLALLY Joseph	Software Design

ENTRANT TO LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

BOYLE James	Economics & Accountancy

ENTRANT TO HULL POLYTECHNIC

KANE Martin	Biology & Geography

ENTRANT TO LONDON IMPERIAL COLLEGE

McGOWAN James	Aeronautical Engineering

ENTRANT TO KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC

SALTERS Matthew	Law

ENTRANT TO LIVERPOOL POLYTECHNIC

O'BRIEN Cormac	Law

ENTRANT TO OXFORD UNIVERSITY

SINCLAIR Mark	Law

ENTRANT TO STERLING UNIVERSITY

SEWELL Francis	Media Studies

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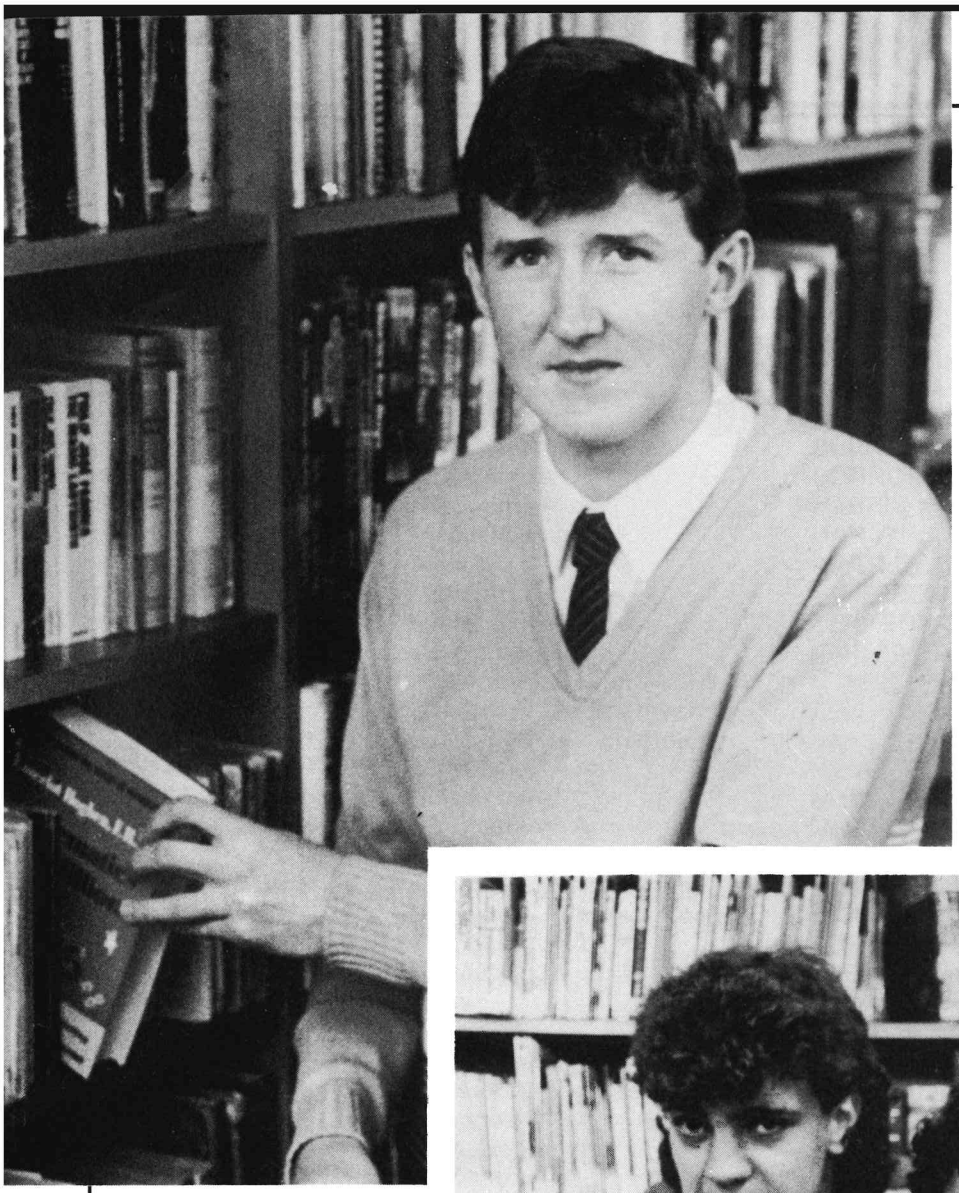
a life helping
others,

a life lived
in Christ.

For further information contact
Brother Larry Canton, Airfield House, Glen Rd.

or any Christian Brother

St. Mary's Success



Below-
Right to left: Mark Sinclair, Oxford, Reading Law; Des Nugent, sponsored by Wimpey Building, B.Sc. Building, U.U. Jordanstown; Ciaran Crozier, sponsored by British Coal, B.Sc. Mining Engineering in Cardiff University.

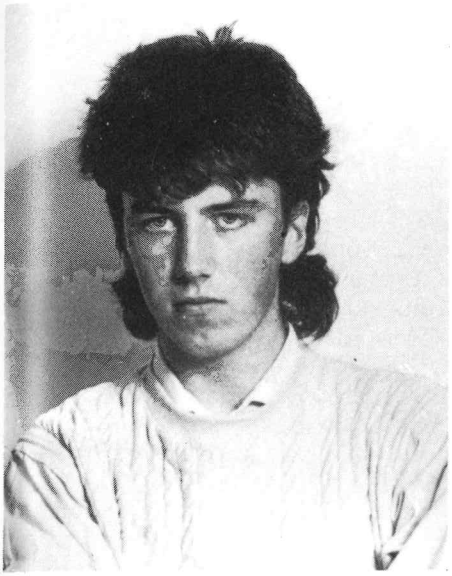


Above-
Eugene McKenna (achieved 4 A's and reading Physics at Q.U.B.).

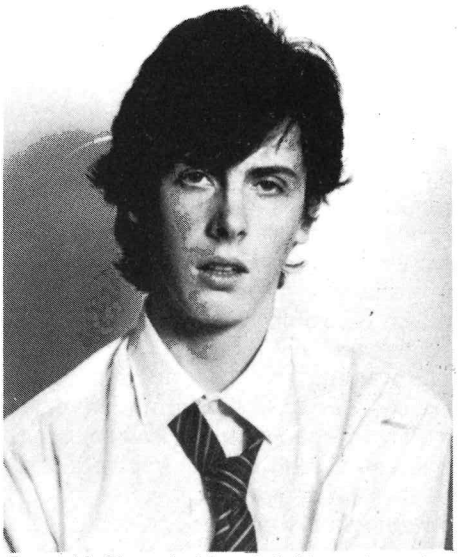


Left-
Right to left: James McGowa (achieved 3 A's and reading Aer Engineering at Imperial Colleg London); Chris Gough (achieved A's and reading Medicine Q.U.B.); Jimmy Boyle (achieved A's and 1 B and reading Economi and Accounting at London Scho of Economics).

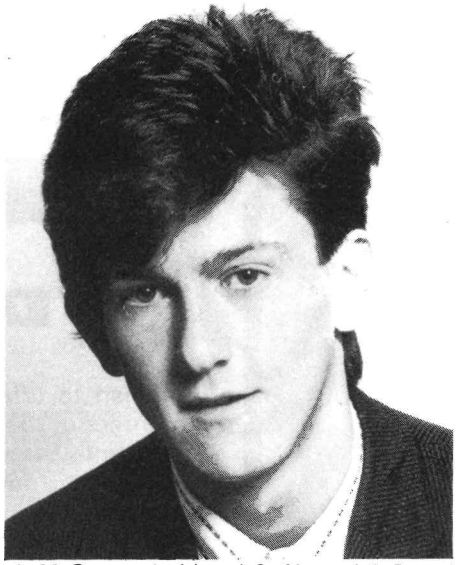
Some 'A' Level Successes . . .



Michael Donaldson (achieved 3 A's and 1 C and repeating to take Chemistry to do Dentistry in Q.U.B. in 1987).



Peter McClean (achieved 4 A's and reading Accountancy at Q.U.B.).



J. McGowan (achieved 3 A's and 1 B and reading Aero. Engineering at Imperial College London).

Joe Carlin (achieved 3 A's and 1 B and reading Enhanced Aero. Engineering at Q.U.B.).



J. Boyle (achieved 3 A's and 1 B and reading Economics and Accountancy at London School of Economics)



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Fourth Year Prize Day 1986

The passage of the 1984/1985 Third Year group into the Fourth Year was marked by a very special occasion in February 1986. For the first time in St. Mary's an award ceremony honoured the achievement of those boys who had successfully completed their Junior examinations and those also who had performed outstandingly in other aspects of school life during their Junior careers.

Bro. Kelly addressing staff, the Fourth Year group and the present third year pupils offered his congratulations to the prizewinners for their talents, dedication and drive throughout Junior School. He encouraged the Third Years to emulate their Fourth Year colleagues in their own performances and reminded all that increasingly their future career prospects would be decided by such records not only of academic but extracurricular activities.

Each Fourth Year received a handsome Junior Certificate with special trophies and pride of place going to eighteen pupils selected by the teaching staff for overall excellence. The roll of honour reads:

Austin Adams — Latin
Conor Kavanagh — English
Philip Kearney — History
Conor Corr — Geography
Sean Doherty — Junior Science
Neil Garland — Irish
Eamon L'Estrange — German
Brendan Linton — Italian
Emmet McCorry — Drama
Gary Philips — Drama
Conor McCormick — Music
Noel Murphy — Art
Mark Deery — French
Jason Shannon — Spanish
david Green — Best Attendance
Damien McMahon — Best Attendance
Emmet McCorry — Athlete of the Year
Ciaran McCormick — Athlete of the Year
Noel Ferrin — Outstanding student Award
Brendan Linton — Outstanding student Award
Conor Kavanagh — Outstanding student Award

Congratulations again to all — we are confident thes Junior succeses merely anticipate an outstanding series o results in your G.C.S.E. examinations.

CHARITIES

£6,137 was collected by parents, staff and students for the following charities:-

Zambian Missions	£3,168.00
I.H.C.P.T.	£2,000.00
Education of three Kenyan girls	£315.00
Sport Aid	£229.00
Belfast Children's Hospital	£100.00
Legion of Mary	£100.00
Dr. Barnardo's	£100.00
British Airways Nigerian Appeal	£100.00
Belfast Hospice	£25.00

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL!

DEATHS

We wish to offer our sympathy to the wife, sons ar daughters of the late Francis Finnegan, father of Gera 93 Clowney Street, who died unexpectedly on 17th Augu 1986. May he rest in peace.

Our sympathy is also extended to Mrs. Lily Jones, who f years worked in the canteen and who had just retire when her husband died suddenly on the 19th Octobe May he rest in peace.



4th YEAR PRIZE WINNERS

Back row: left to right – Bro. Kelly, Damien McMahon, Mark Deery, Noel Murphy, Mr. P. Cullen (Year Head), Philip Kearney, Neil Garland, Sean Doherty, Conor McCormick, Mr. J. Sheerin (3rd Year Careers), Eamon L'Estrange, Ciaran McCormick, Emmet McCorry. Front row: left to right – David Green, Brendan Linton, Noel Ferrin, Jason Shannon, Conor Kavanagh, Connor Corr, Gary Phillips. (Not included Austin Adams).



Noel Ferrin receives his "Outstanding Student" award from Bro. Kelly. Noel subsequently achieved the highest mark in St. Mary's for 'O' Level Mathematics in 1986, surpassing the combined efforts of his own year group and that of fifth years.

LEGION OF MARY
— Helping Others

In St. Mary's there is an active centre of the Legion of Mary. Every Wednesday at 3.30 p.m. in Room Q11 a meeting is held at which the Legion prayers are said and tasks for the coming week are arranged.

Our two main duties are: (1) helping at teatime in the Morning Star Hostel (Divis Street) for homeless men, and (2) talking and listening to the old folk in Beechmount Hospital. More helpers are needed! Please help others and honour Our Lady by joining the school branch of the Legion.

Our present members are: Bro. Mallon, G. Robinson, J. Magill, G. Webb, D. O'Bruadaur, C.O'Bruadair, A. Muldoon, M. Gray, P. Campbell, R. Kennedy, T. MacSeain, R. Connolly, B. Fitzpatrick.

Christian Brothers' Past Pupils' Union

287 Antrim Road
Belfast BT15 2GZ
Telephone 747401

President: JAMES T. JOHNSTON LL.B. Hon.Secretary: THOMAS BLACK
Vice-President: EDWARD F. McIVOR Hon.Treasurer: BRIAN WHITE

Dear Editor,

OUR GOLDEN JUBILEE - C.B.P.P.U.

We would like to take this opportunity of availing of the School Magazine to address these words to the Staff, Pupils and Parents of your School. We hope that our comments will also be read by the Staff and the Pupils and Past-Pupils of **ALL** Christian Brothers' Schools.

Our Union was founded in 1937 by some of the Teachers and Past Pupils of St. Mary's Grammar School. Their very first meeting took Place in 1937 in St. Mary's Grammar School and the princely sum of £4.00 was collected and donated to a fund to cover the expenses of establishing the Union. The first inaugural meeting was also held in St. Mary's Grammar School in October 1937. We are known as the C.B.P.P.U., which is the abbreviation for Christian Brothers' Past Pupils Union.

When the Union was established in 1937 only past pupils of St. Mary's Grammar School were eligible to be members. Fortunately over the years the Rules and Constitution have altered. Today a past pupil of **ANY** Christian Brothers' School is entitled to apply for Ordinary Membership of the Union and provided he is of good character and good standing our Executive Council will give serious consideration to accepting the past pupil as an Ordinary Member of the Union. We have at present approximately 700 members who come from not only all over the City of Belfast but further afield including Dublin. We are the only Christian Brothers' Past Pupils Union in the whole of Ireland which has its own premises. Also we are at present completing and finalising a major reconstruction of our premises. When completed shortly we expect to have Union Premises which will be second to none. Our Union is located at 285/289 Antrim Road, Belfast 15 (Phone No. 747401).

Your readers may wonder why the Union exists at all. It is first and foremost a Past Pupils Union. We have extensive premises on the Antrim Road in Belfast. We provide numerous sectional activities for all of our Members both within and without the Union premises and these include Bridge, Dancing, Drama, Golf, Indoor Bowls, Irish

Christian Brothers' Past Pupils' Union

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President: JAMES T. JOHNSTON LL.B. Hon.Secretary: THOMAS BLACK
Vice-President: EDWARD F. McIVOR Hon.Treasurer: BRIAN WHITE

Language Classes, Irish Dancing, Photography, Quiz Competitions, Snooker and Table Tennis. We are also able to provide a very suitable and convenient meeting place where Past Pupils can meet and enjoy not only the company of other Past Pupils and friends but also make and meet new friends.

Suffice to say that unless your readers have had the pleasure and the privilege of either being a member or of having been invited into our premises then there is no way they could possibly appreciate what we have available and what we are most anxious to share with the Past Pupils of **ALL** of the Christian Brothers' Schools. However, as we also have "Licensed Premises" we are unable to consider for membership any person who is under 18 years of age.

As the Union was founded in 1937 we are now about to embark upon a very important year in the history of our Union namely **"Our Golden Jubilee"**. If during the course of our Golden Jubilee year and indeed at anytime thereafter any Past Pupil of **ANY** Christian Brothers' School or any current student who is over 18 years of age would like to have the opportunity to see around our premises then it will be a simple matter of either contacting our Secretary or one of our Executive Officers either by letter or by telephone and we shall be only too pleased to make suitable arrangements. Our Golden Jubilee Year will be a busy time but even so what better time to make our premises available for visual inspection by the senior students and the past pupils of the Christian Brothers' Schools throughout Ireland and Belfast in particular.

Thank you for affording to us the opportunity of having this article in your School Magazine.

Yours with thanks and gratitude.

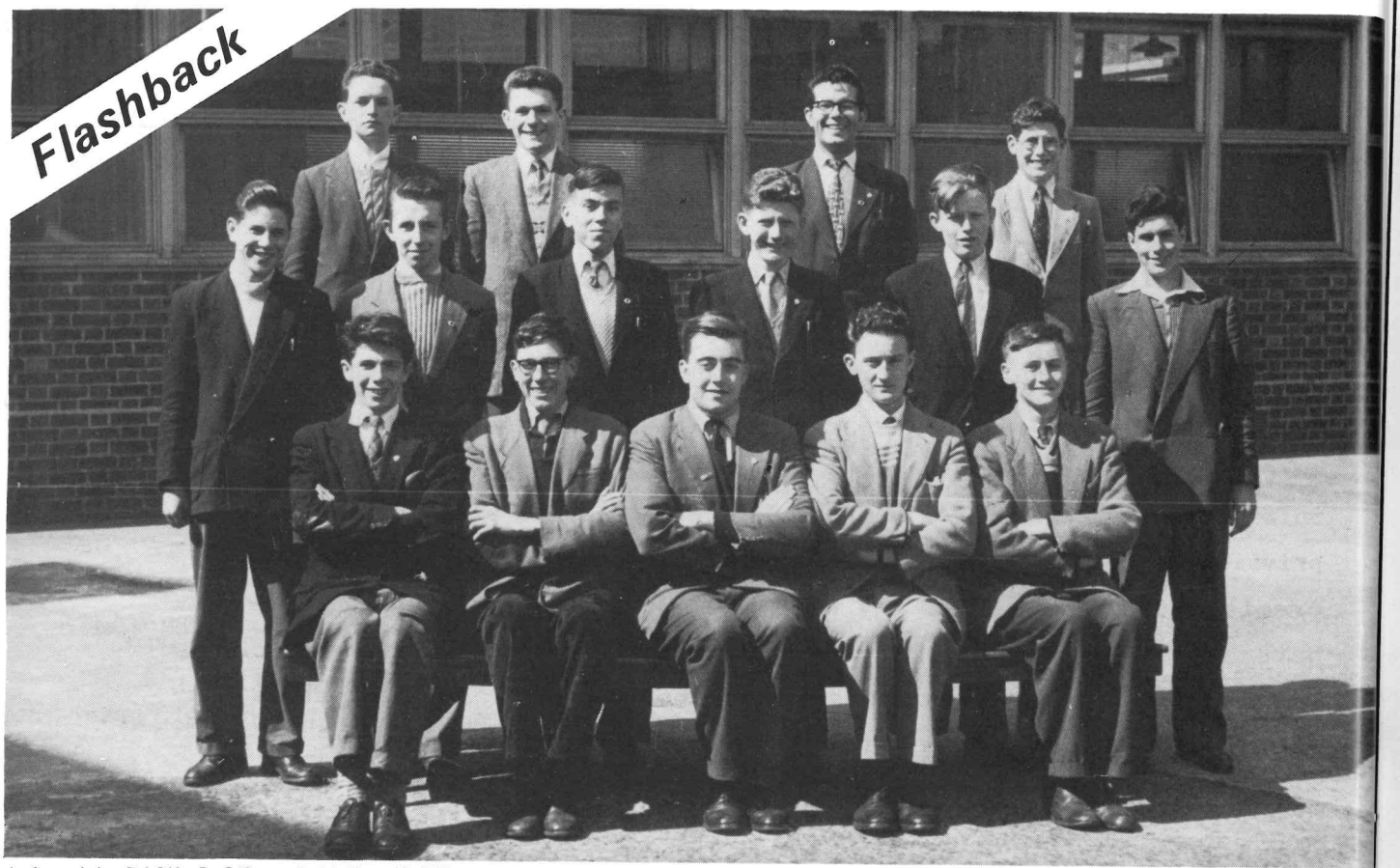
Yours sincerely,

James T. Johnston

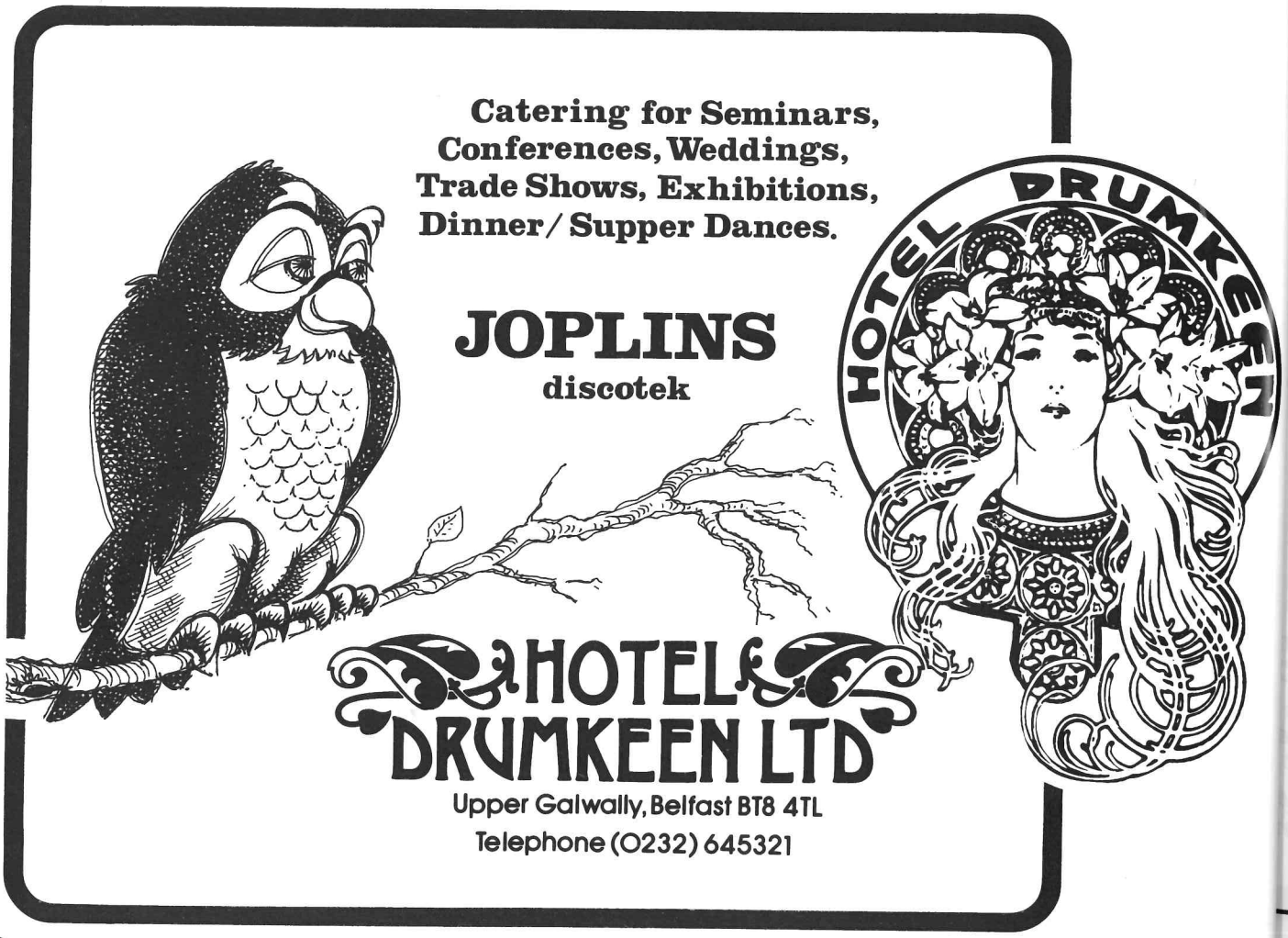
Our President:
JAMES T. JOHNSTON

ST. MARY'S SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY 1958

Flashback

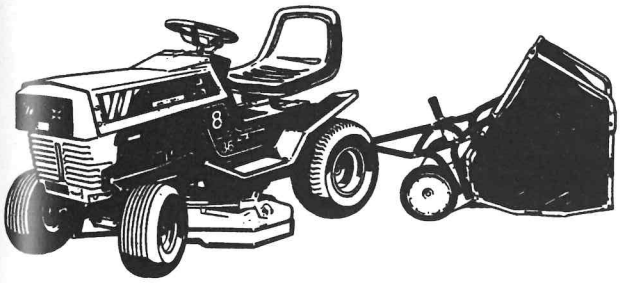


Left to right: BACK - R. O'Prey, S. Mallon, H. O'Prey, J. Flynn. CENTRE - T. Goodall, F. McDonnell, S. McKeown, E. Rodgers, S. Cormican, M. McMullan. FRONT - S. Wales, J. Watson, S. Hurley, P. De Pol, J. Brown.



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Computer Interfacing

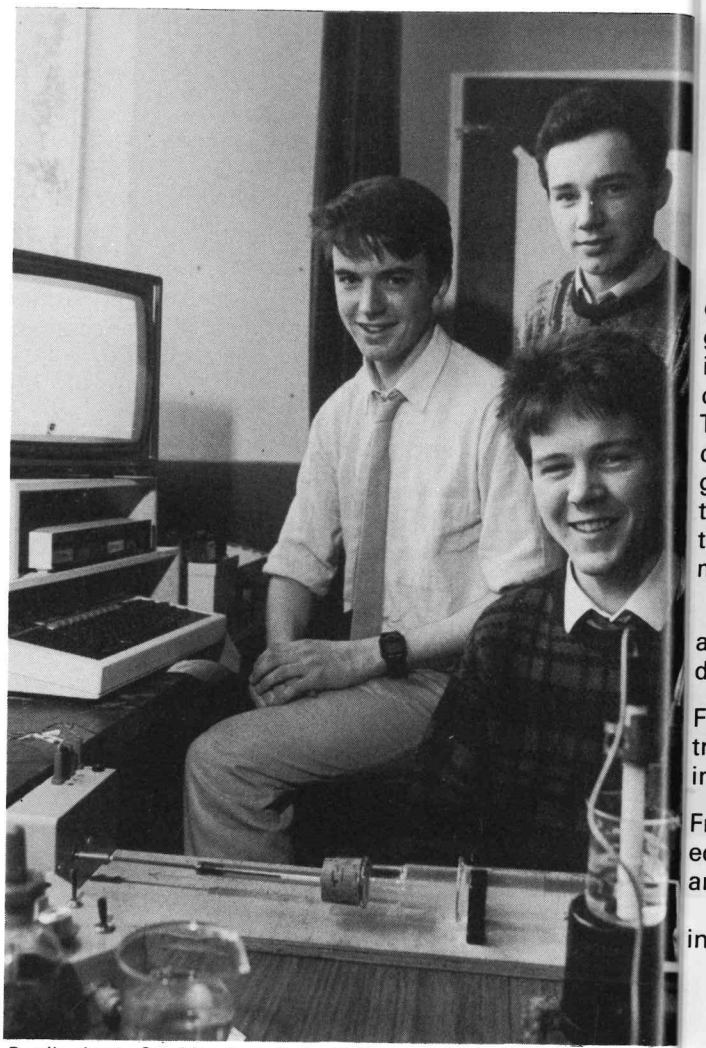
The arrival of the BBC microcomputer has introduced the possibility of developing advanced instrumentation for use in secondary science. Small groups of 'A' level students have been involved in original work in this field for several years and have met with considerable success.

Through the local 'Microelectronics Education Programme' (MEP), funds were made available to produce two teaching packages, the first involving Gas Chromatography, and the second Acid/Alkali titrations. Each package consisted of an interface, a computer programme to control the experiment and a comprehensive booklet. After exhibition at the Council for Educational Technology offices in London, both packages were adopted by Educational Electronics, Bedfordshire, for further development and marketing.

A paper describing the Gas Chromatography package was published in the January 1986 edition of the international journal 'Education in Chemistry'. This has led to requests for further details from schools and Universities as far away as the USA, Czechoslovakia, Australia and Ballymena.

The Acid/Alkali titration package was applied to the automatic analysis of wines for acidity, and entered for the 1986 Aer Lingus Young Scientists Exhibition where it was awarded first prize in the Senior Physical Sciences Section.

It is hoped that the good work carried out so far can be built upon. Unfortunately, the winding up of MEP has removed an important source of funds and the forum of 'MEP Micronet News' which was a convenient medium for the exchange of ideas. Work being carried out at the moment is focusing on the production of new sensors and interfaces to enable monitoring and control of temperature and light levels. The most remarkable development in microcomputing over the past year has been the expansion in memory capacity by the use of 'Sideways RAM'. For example, the BBC which until recently only had 32K of memory as standard can now be obtained in 256 and 512K versions. This allows the storage of large amounts of experimental data in memory, where it can subsequently be manipulated. Programs at present nearing completion will allow such facilities as differentation and integration of results as well as the option of detailed statistical analysis by commercially available packages.



Pupils from St. Mary's C.B.S., Belfast with their project. "Soluti Monitoring on the B.B.C. Micro Computer." Left to right: Sean Dora Patrick Thornton and John McCrory. (Photo courtesy Irish News).

One suggestion for the future is to produce a cig smoke detector. This could have a potentially large loc market in St. Mary's!

DERMOT DIAMOND, (Chemistry Departmer

Aer Lingus Exhibition

For the second year in succession, St. Mary's entered the Senior Physical Sciences section. The previous project, based on Gas Chromatography had been highly recommended. This years topic entitled "An Automatic Titration System" consisted of a computer controlled pump, a pH electrode and an interface to the BBC microcomputer. The system was applied to the automatic estimation of the acidity of wine samples.

THE INTERFACE

This had two main functions –

(1) to produce a signal from the experiment the range of 0-1.8v which is ideal for the BB and

(2) to filter out any 'noise' interfering with t signal.

A circuit was designed and a prototy constructed and found to perfor satisfactorily.

This page is sponsored by **K. McKay & Co (Estate Agents)** 397 Lisburn Road, Belfast. Tel: 667677/662374

Aer Lingus Exhibition

The Computer Programme

This was written on the chemistry departments BBC Bplus microcomputer.

After inputting some initial information about the concentration and volume of Na oH being used the titration gets under way. Analogue signals coming from the pH interface are sent to the ADC (Analogue to digital converter) in the analogue port at the rear of the computer. The digital data produced is read using the 'adval' command and after being passed through an equation to give the corresponding pH values is stored in an array in the computers RAM. Keeping it in array makes the one thousand readins taken during each titration easy to manipulate.

Using the reading the computer plots a graph of pH against volume of NaOH used. The shape of the curve depends on the strength of acid that is used.

Following this the computer superimposes a derivitave trace on top of the pH trace. This gives an accurate indication of the equivalence point.

From these graphs the computer calculates (a) the equivalence point. (b) the pKa value (for a weak acid only) and (c) the concentration of the acid used.

The programme offers the user a wide range of options, including:

1. Fill Pump
2. Empty titrator pump
3. Screen Printout
4. Save data to disc
5. Load data from disc
6. Magnify derivative trace

The routines for options 1 and 2 were writen using assembly because they involve pulsing different pins in the user port and the commands to do this are available in Basic. The rest of the program however is written in standard BBC basic.

Industrial Use

The system we have constructed is cheap and effective. For wine analysts it needs no modification and this is the reason we chose this application for incorporation in our project. By titrating many samples (supplied by Patrick Thornton) we were able to find the correlation between the grade of the wine and the acidity of the wine. Thus we were able to accurately grade an unknown sample of the wine.

THE VERDICT —

After three days of judging, we were awarded the first prize in the Senior Physical Sciences Section and in addition the Institute of Chemistry/Royal Society prize for the best group chemistry project.

PATRICK THORNTON, JOHN McCRORY, SEAN DORAN

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St. Mary's 3rd in Irish News/C.B.P.P.U. Quiz



Left to right: A. Magee, J. O'Connor, D. McKenna, H. Gribbin, G. Hyland, Mr. J. Johnston President of the C.B.P.P.U., S. Barr. (Photo courtesy H. O'Prey)

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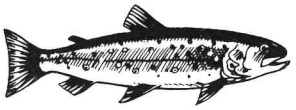
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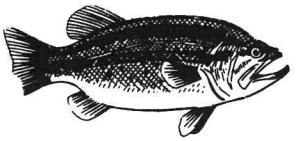


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St. Mary's Win N.I. Film Critic Award for Second Consecutive Year

by PETER MATASSA 6LC

Last October (1985) I went to Mr. Sheerin inquiring as to how I could enter the 'Young Film Critic of the Year' competition. He told me that I had to review a film that had appeared in Belfast Cinema's between September and December 1985; while he briefed me on the prizes and outlined various points that had helped the previous year's winner, Steven Rooney achieve his goal. Having been provided with an application form, the next thing for me was to see and review a certain film. The film was to be one that, firstly I liked, secondly that I could claim contained originality and thirdly, one on which I could write between 500 and 1,500 words. The film I chose was a low budget, icy thriller named "Blood Simple" (which was one of the most ingenious and at the same time, most chilling Hitchcock style thriller's I had ever seen) The review itself took me one and a half weeks to perfect and once finshed I rapidly posted it off to "Film Directions" magazine (a week after the closing date of the competition) and then sat back and waited. In all truthfulness the notion of ever coming runner-up was furtherest from my mind — I reconciled myself to the fact that it was good practice for the future. I had almost forgotten about the competition until the 31st March 1986 when I received a letter stating that I had won first prize in the competition and giving me the time, place and date of the awards ceremony.

I quickly told Mr. Sheerin, the person responsible for the organisation of the competition within the school, who told me the full implication of the news, also volunteering to drive me over to the Queen's Film Theatre for the award's ceremony.

And so, on a wet April morning, we both left St. Mary's for the Q.F.T. where I was met and congratulated by the editor of "Film Directions", administrator of the Q.F.T. and competition organiser Michael Open. Among other people there were Sean Breslin, one time Irish News columist and Richard Gaston, owner of the Curzon cinema.

After a few "well dones" and hearty handshakes we were treated to a delicious buffet. We hardly had time to eat, since we had to leave the QFT for Downtown Radio for an interview with a jolly fat man by name of Ronan Kelly. After this interview and the two interviews prior to that one for the Irish News and one for the Belfast Telegraph. I was beginning to get tired of people saying silly jokes like 'a good Catholic boy like you and such an adultrous film as 'Blood Simple' (laugh laugh)'. Quite tired out and feeling safe at home BBC radio which had a Mr. Sean Guhra asking me if I would like to come on the Good Morning Ulster Show the following morning to be interviewed by no less than David Dunseath — Northern Ireland's top political interviewer I couldn't refuse!

So, rising at 7.30 the following morning my father whisked me off the BBC studios where we both were treated like VIP's by various members of staff.

Then came the live interview itself which was one of the most enjoyable times I'd ever had. Mr. Dunseath proved himself a true expert in his field making myself. Mike Open and fellow winner Ruth McCance feel very at home. Although the programme went out live we sat and talked casually and freely about the competition, its history and its prizes — all in all a very enjoyable morning.

With a trip to EMI Elstree Studios in front of me and a very fulfilling feeling within me I am extremely glad I entered the competition in the first place. Anyone remotely interested in films can enter it and if their review proves to be a good insight into the film, a fair assessment of the film, a recognition of the role of the director and has a good literary flow to their review then I see no reason why it cannot be figured in the top four entries. (Remember the prizes and the feeling of achievement at the end.) So anyone wishing to enter the 1987 competition should contact Mr. Sheerin and by March 1987 maybe . . . ?

P.R.I.S.M. by GAVIN BOYLE

Last year was the first year that the 6th and 7th years in the school took part, to any great extent, in P.R.I.S.M. — the Peace and Reconciliation Inter-Schools movement. P.R.I.S.M. is now one of the larger clubs or societies in the school and has about 15 regular members and around another 10 who attend occasionally. The aim of the movement is to bring Catholics and Protestants together and to use common feelings on social issues as a foundation for understanding both traditional points of view in the province.

St. Mary's hosted two meetings in the school during the year. The first was a debate; "This house believes that non-violence is the weapon of the strong." Mr. Patrick Thornton and Miss Mary O'Rawe, the Dempsey and Makepeace of debating, proposed and were victorious over Miss Maura McCambridge. The second meeting in the school explored the relationship between religion and politics in Northern Ireland. We had a large home attendance and a lively discussion (to say the least) ensued.

An unexpected facet of last year's activities were the spin-off projects that the St. Mary's Prism group were asked to take part in. These included charity work for the NSPCC and Queen's Rag and other discussion-based events, one of which led to a visit to the Dáil in Dublin as guests of Maurice Manning T.D. We are very grateful to all of those who supported these projects and who took part in Prism during the year. Special thanks are due to Bro. Jennings who provided transport to meetings in the various schools involved.

This year, under the new leadership of Miss Lisa Murray, there will be a change in direction towards direct confrontation of the religious and political differences between the two communities through discussion and debate. Another feature of the strategy for this year is an increased emphasis on social, charity and perhaps sporting events.

If any senior student 6th or 7th year, is looking for a way to become involved in discussion debate, social and for charity events on an occasional or regular basis, I would recommend PRISM as an enjoyable and worthwhile means to this end.

Further information on meetings or events may be obtained from myself, Sean Doran, Gavan McGibbon and Frank Montgomery and posters will occasionally be displaced in school giving details on current events.

BLOOD SIMPLE

by PETER MATASSA

Death and morbidity pollute every scene of Joel Coen's excellent **Blood Simple,** a film with a feel as icy and sharp as a razor blade, with a plot as tortuous as the plot of a good thriller ought to be, and believe me, **Blood Simple** is a very good and very bold thriller.

Most remarkable of all though is its dynamic quality and impeccable style for to have been on such a low budget and as a debut film.

The screenplay written by Coen and his brother Ethan, concerns Marty, a nightclub owner and dull, slightly insane husband to Abbey, who, after finding out that she has left him for one of his employees, Ray, hires an extremely crooked private detective to kill both of them.

Unsurprisingly enough the private detective has other plans which only result in double-cross and inevitably, murder. For the screenplay is a twisting, deceptive and macabre tale, full of holes, but with no holding. The utmost in originality and ingenuity, it has a thoroughly Hitchcock-style framework, short, sharp and cutting dialogue, and characters whose only emotions are either love or hate. This I suppose, sounds impeccable to Hitchcock mourners and De Palma sympathizers, but unfortunately there are numerous flaws. Flaws that include too many loose ends in the story-telling and too much of the proceeding action relying on coincidence.

Nevertheless, compensation is at hand in the form of Joel Coen's brilliant direction, from every point of view it shows the work of a man who knows how to make thrillers and indeed make them well. His unpredictable camera movements, camera angles and murders spell out Hitchcock which in turn spells out spellbinding material. While the dialogue seethes with phrases and conversations concerning death. Coen at every available moment presents blatant images of death before us, an example being the opening scene or a dead bird on a sullen, grey road. This combination of dialogue and on-screen images gives the film its overall feel of coidness and morbidity. Coen's film as I said before is deceptive in that the part we overlook as an editing trick is the main clue to the incomprehensions that will follow. The prevading sense of chill during the murder sequences are due to Coen's clever manipulation of the hitherto slow and casual atmosphere as a catalyst with which he invokes the chilling events to a state of prolonged shock. A case in point being the incident where Ray buries Marty alive, the slowness and seeming casualness with which Ray carries out his stomach churning deed, makes it last forever. This scene, though slightly ridiculous and indeed gratuitous is helped along well by John Getz's excellent performance as the interchangeable Ray. Ray's character is probably the only character involved that seems slightly implausible in that his actions certainly do not match his personality. He also has the uncanny knack of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. But as I said before, Coen's direction covers up this unique unpleasant role in the story well. The other performances, without exception, are of a very high standard. Dan Hedaya's expressionless face and quiet reserved manner show only too well the hidden madness and fury that pervades Marty. While Frances McDormand's Abbey is the perfect femme fatale — beauty with transparent innocence and thankfully a tough independent woman, not a screaming, hapless heroine. By far the best performance though comes from Emmet Walsh as the sleazy, untrustworthy private detective whose physical obscenity and mental deviousness create an ominous aura of mistrust around him. His performance holds great resemblance to Welle's classic portrayal of Hank Quinlan in **Touch of Evil** though he was a little tamer. Walsh's character becomes extremely menacing in the films finale when he pursues the now frightened Abbey around her apartment. The ingenuity present here is the effect of having Abbey believe that Marty is chasing her when in fact, he is long since dead and his murderer, a man she has never met before is now pursuing her. The tension in this last scene is overpowering and what really builds it up to its peak is Carter Burwell's excellent music. From what starts as a small, routine background noise culminates in parallel with the action to a loud, sawing rhythmatic beat. While this plays in accordance with the tension. Coen employs Lubrick 's technique of having rock 'n roll music counterpoint the violence. This works very well in that it elaborates the grisly goings on and makes them less repulsive and more frightening.

The film is unmistakably decorated with disguised and updated scenes from Hitchcock classics. Indeed it begins as an updated strangers on a train but it soon changes and the film scatters into different nostalgic scenes each with that unmistakable Hitchcock touch. Symbolism is predominant in Coen's character development. Revolving fans seem to symbolise worry and planning while making up, as pointed out by Marty, represents Abbey's weapon with which she lures men on to herself.

As a film which requires constant attention it is also a thought provoking and searching film. Sentimentality, sadness, happiness and humour are all eliminated and the remaining emotions are that of passionate love or incessant hate. Its characters are devoid of any goodness and thus dislikeable. An icy film that only appeals to a specific area of the audience it superficially is a bleak and ultimately chilling portrait of adultery, hatred and murder.

After all is said and done, **Blood Simple** is unmissable material for fans of the thriller genre though don't expect the usual Hitchcock remake courtesy of Mr. De Palma. The feeling experienced when **Blood Simple** finishes is one of fulfilment and satisfaction. Walsh's brilliant last line takes care of that, but more importantly there is the hope that more excursions into the land of chills is on its way courtesy of Coen Bros. And from what we have on offer in the thriller stable nowadays, that hope is always an uplifting one.

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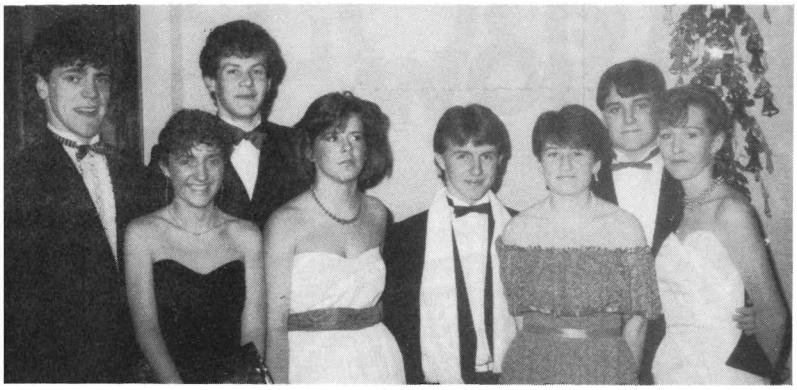
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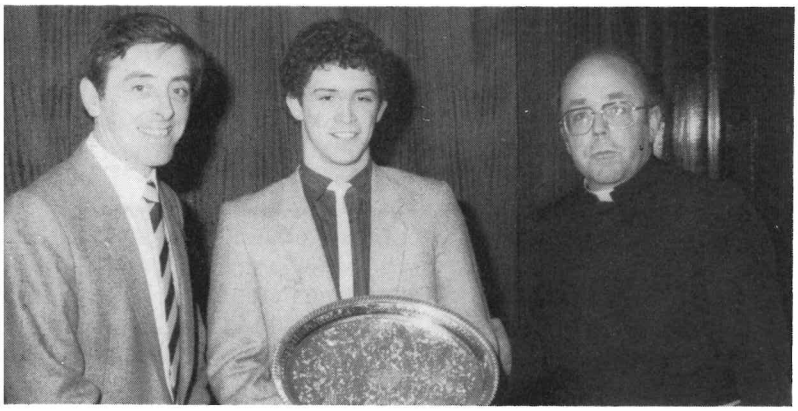


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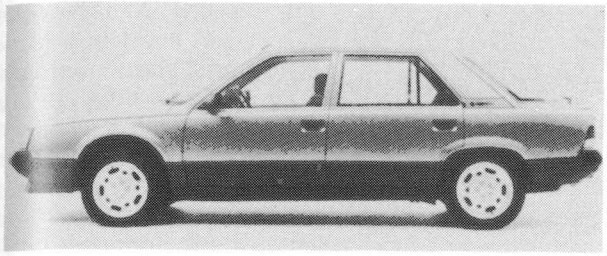
Bro. Kelly - Headmaster; John McAteer - Student of the Year; Vince Brierty - Dean of Science, Trinity College Dublin; Mrs. Teresa Johnst and Mr. James Johnston - President of the C.B.P.P.U.

ST. MARY'S DRAMA SUCCESS



Pictured are the drama group of S Mary's Grammar School, Belfa who have in recent months be enjoying outstanding success drama festivals at Carrickferg and Holywood. Their trophies we won under the coaching of M Marie McQuillan the head of t department at St. Mary's w developed drama as a subject in t school since she joined the st eight years ago. St. Mary's n has full drama facilities and t subject is taught to 'O' Le standard.

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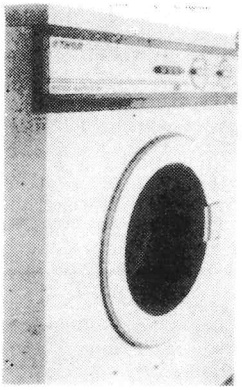
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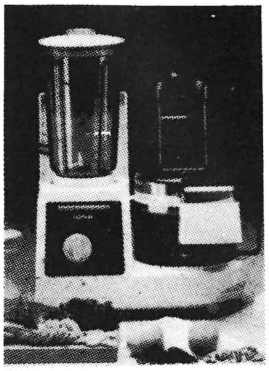
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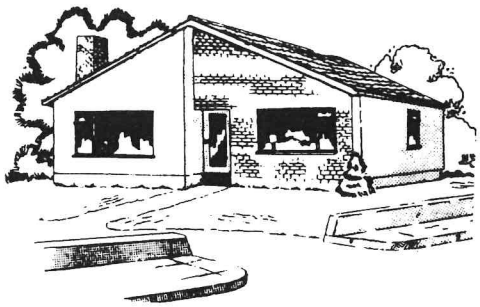
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Members of the Drama Club and Form 2B who won two trophies at Carrickfergus Drama Festival. The boys are pictured with drama teacher Mrs. Marie

John Craven Visits St. Mary's

by AARON BOYLE 2D

It was January 1986. I was a first year pupil, and I was informed by my form teacher (Mr. Sheerin) that I was to take part in a Newsround Extra programme. Joe Boyle, Jim Johnston, Frank McGurk, David Hughes, John Savage and myself were all to take part. Excitement rose as the day grew nearer. Mr. Sheerin, the Year head, briefed us on the type of questions likely to be asked. The day came . . . perspiring hands and ticklish stomachs were felt. You could tell who was taking part just by looking at us!

It was First Year Assembly and a buzz of expectation was felt all around. The camera crew and John Craven entered the chapel, I began to shake, the excitement was so great that it almost became fear!

After assembly the interview began. John Craven was so friendly that I began to feel relaxed as he started talking to us. The interview was about our views on Northern Ireland and the Anglo-Irish Agreement and our statements would be compared with those of Grosvenor High; a Protestant School in Belfast. Fortunately all went well and afterwards we had photographs taken and a leisurely chat. For the rest of the day John Savage and I from 1D were swamped with questions from pupils and teachers alike on how it all went. Meanwhile John Craven was going around classes and looking at the school.



Bro. L.S. Kelly, John Craven, Mr. F. Rice, Mrs. M. McQuillan.

It was now Friday the twenty fourth of January the day when the show was to be transmitted, it had been edited down but I rather enjoyed it. All six participants were on television which was a great thrill. Although the Protestant pupils interviewed were much older than us I thought we performed very well by comparison. I'm sure that it was a day which all six of us will cherish for a very long time to come.



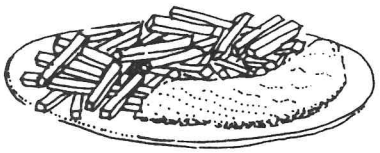
John Craven with camera crew on a visit to the school.



Front row: left to right – John Savage, Mr. John Craven, Frank McGurk, Mr. J. Sheerin (First year Head). Back row: Aaron Boyle, Joe Boyle, David Hughes, Jim Johnston.

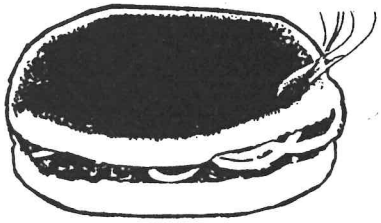
Members of the Drama Club and Form 2B who won two trophies at Carrickfergus Drama Festival. The boys are pictured with drama teacher Mrs. Marie

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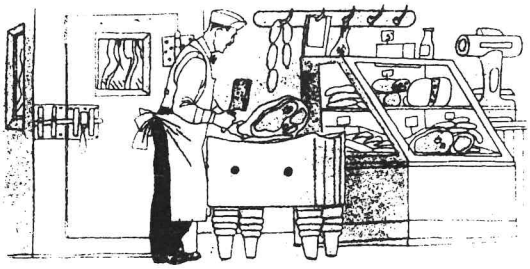
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by GEARÓID MacRÓIBÍN

Tá an Cumann Gaelach ar ais i mbliana le halt eile faoi chúrsaí teanga sa scoil agus geallaimse duit go bhfuil an teanga beo bríomhar go fóill.

Ba mhaith linn i dtús báire comhgáirdeas a dhéanamh leis na daoine ar éirigh leo sna scrúduithe don fháinne an bhliain seo chuaigh thart. Bhí áthas orainn mar chumann gur thug céad go leith faoin scrúdú agus gur éirigh le breis agus céad acu.

Mar is gnáh, tháinig roinnt mhaith scoláireachtaí chuig Scoil Mhuire. Fuair Críostóir Ó hÓgáin scoláireacht ó Ghael-Linn agus tugadh leathscoláireachtaí do bheirt eile, Pilib Mistéal agus Tomás Mac Seáin. Chaith an triúr seo mí i Machaire sa dara áit i gComórtas Scaith Mhic Ghiolla Bhríde agus bronnadh leathscoláireachtaí ar Cormac Mac Aibhistín agus ar Niall Gearlainn.

I rith an tsamhraidh bhí cúigear ón scoil seo ag obair mar cheannaití i gcolaistí samhraidh. Bhí Brian Mac Aibhistín agus Máirtín Preshaw i Loch an Iúir, Diarmaid Breathnach i Machaire Rabhartaigh agus Déaglán Mac Conchoille agus Gearóid Mac Róibín nGarron Tower.

Táimid cinnte gur thaispeaín na scoláirí againne sna colaistí samhraidh go bhfuil caighdeán ard i Roinn na Gaeilge ar Bhóthar an Ghleanna. Bronnadh Ard Teastas Rann na Feirste ar Bhrian Mac Aibhistín agus i gcomórtas na n-aisti sa choláiste chéanna bhain Gearóid Mac Róibín an duais don dara áit.

Bhí comórtaisí "Blocbhrieseadh" ar siúl arís anuraidh. Ghlac thart faoi 160 dalta páirt sa chomórtas. Bhain Rónán Ó Baoill, Cormac Mac Aibhistín agus Alastair ÓNéill an chéad duais — £21.

Bhí díoma ar an fhoireann díospóireachta nuair a chaill na sinsir leathchroabh Uladh. Coláiste Phádraig, an Cabhán, a bhain an lá sin. Bhí Pilib Mistéail, Conal Ó Bruadair agus Diarmaid Breathnach ar fhoireann na sinsear.

Ba mhaith linn comhgháirdeas faoi leith a ghabhail le Pilib Mistéail. Bhain sé an Bonn Óir sa chomórtas le Gael-Linn le teacht ar an chainteoir is fearr i scoileanna an Tuaiscirt. Seo an dara bliain i ndiaidh a chéile a bhain dalta ón scoil seo an Bonn Óir.

Agus bualadh bos atá tuillte ag an chéad bhliain. Ghlac siad páirt i gcomortaisí filiochta agus comhrá le Féis Bhéal Feirste agus bhaion siad 20 bonn ar fad. Maith fir!

Bhuel, tá súil againn go mbeimid ar ais le deá-scéalta eile an bhliain seo chugainn. Idir an dá linn, slán agus beannacht agus — labhair Gaelige linn!

An Cailín Cróga

(le MARTIN PRESHAW)

Tá na mílte leagan den scéal seo ar fáil ar fud na hEireann ach seo mar a d'inis mo mháthair dom é agus mé i mp ghasúirín bídeach.

Bhí seanbhean ann uair amháin agus bhí beirt chailín mar theaghlach aici Lá amháin duirt an iníon ba shine léi,

"A mháthair, déan mo chíste, agus maraigh mo choileach go dtí go dtéim ar lorg mo chinniúna".

Rinne an mháthair a ndúradh léi agus d'fhaigh sí den iníon,

"Cé acu ab fhearr leat, leathchuid den choileach agus leathchuid den chíste agus mo bheannacht, nó iad uilig agus mo mhallacht mar tá siad de dhíth orm féin."

Smuilcín gam mhúineadh a bhí chomh colgach le heasóg a bhí san iníon seo agus dúirt sí lena máthair, chomh borb agus a thiocfadh léi,

"Ní bhfaighidh tú giota ar bith uaimse."

Ar aghaidh léi ar lorg a cinniúna agus i gcionn tamaillín bhuail sí sióg bheag bhídeach ar an bhealach.

"Tá mé stiúgtha leis an orcas. An dtabharfá giota bia dom, le do thoil," arsa an tsióg.

"Ní thabharfainn smidín ar bith duit," arsa an cailín go fuarchúiseach, agus ar shiúl léi.

Ag titim na hoíche fuair sí lóistín i dteach feirmeora agus dúirt an feirmeoir léi,

"Chomh maith leis an lóistín tabharfaidh mé an pota seod seo agus an pota óir seo duit má choinníonn tú súil ar mo mhac locht marbh ar feadh oíche amháin."

"Coinneoidh," ar sise lom láithreach, "agus fáilte".

An óiche sin bhí sí ag coinneáil súile ar an mharbhánach nuair, go tobann, léim an mac marbh amach as an chónair agus dúirt sé léi,

"An bhfuil tú i d'aonar, a chailin?"

Dúirt sé é seo trí huaire agus nuair nár fhreagair sí é tháinig racht feirge air agus bhuail sé í agus rinne sé luchóg bheag chloiche di.

Seachtain ina dhiaidh seo d'imigh an iníon ab óige ar lorg a cinniúna. Cailín cneasta múinte a bhí inti siúd agus roinn sí a cuid bia lena máthair. Bhuail sí leis an sig chéanna agus roinn sí a cuid bia leis an sióg. Gheall an tsióg go dtabharfadh sí aire di as sin amach. Fuair sí lóistín i dteach an fheirmeora an oíche sin agus dúirt go gcoinneodh sí súil ar an mhac. Thug sí cat an fheirmeora léi mar chuideachta.

I lár na hóiche d'éirigh an mac arís agus dúirt sé léi,

"An bhfuil tú i d'aonar, a chailín?"

"I m'aonar?" ar sise. "Níl, ar chor ar bith. Tá an cat seo liom agus tá úlla le rósta agam agus cnónna le scoilt agam."

"Hó, Hó, ar seisean. "Is cailín cróga thú Ach an mbeifeá sásta teacht liom trí Phortach an Uafáis agus isteach in Uaigh na hEagla agus ó sin go Muir na Marbh?"

"Rachaidh mé leat," ar sise, "mar thug mé m'fhocal go dtabharfainn aire duit."

Amach an fhuinneog leis agus ar aghaidh leis ar nós na gaoithe agus ise sna sála aige go dtí gur tháinig siad chuig "An Cnoc Búi".

"Oscail. Oscail," ar seisean le carraig mhór ar thaobh an chnoic. D'oscail sí Chuaigh siad tríd an cnoc agus ar aghaidh leo gur tháinig siad chuig an phortach. Chuaigh seisean ar a chosa in airde trasna an phortaigh ach bhí eagla ar an chailín go mbáifear í. Go tobann nocht an tsióg agus bhuail sí bróga an chailín lena lata leag draíochta. D'uinigh an cailín thar uisce an phortaigh.

Bhí "Uaigh na hEagla" ar imeall an phortaigh.

Léim an buachaill isteach san uaigh ach nuair a d'amharc an cailín isteach tháinig eagla a hanama uirthi. Chonaic sí aghaidheanna nióra gránna, fiacla dearga fuilteacha agus adharca casta bioracha agus iad uilig ag bagairt go fíochmhar uirthi.

Nocht an tsióg bheag arís agus chuir sí an cailín faoi

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dhraíocht. Lean sí an buachaill isteach san uaigh. Nuair a tháinig an bheirt amach as an uaigh bhí Muir na Marbh os a gcomhair amach. Léim an bheirt acu amach san fharraige.

Ar feadh tamaillín bhí an cailín gan aithne ach nuair a dhúisigh sí bhí sí i lámha an fhir óig in áit álainn faoin uisce.

"Gabh ar ais chuig m'athair agus abair leis gur tháinig tú chuig Muir na Marbh liom," arsa an Cuachaill, "agus tabharfaidh sé na seoda agus an t-ór duit."

Thit néal codlata uirthi arís nuair a dhúisigh sí bhí sí ar ais i dteach an fheirmeora agus an feirmeoir agus a mhac in aice léi. Dúradh léi gur chuir seanchailleach ar buachaill faoi gheasaibh toisc nach raibh sé sásta í a phósadh agus gur choinnigh sí é idir beo, agus marbh do dt dtiocfadh cailín éigin a shábhailt.

D'iarr sí orthu a deirfuír a thabhairt ar ais go saol na mbeo agus rinneadh amhlaidh. Chuaigh an deirfiúr ar ais chuig an teach aici féin agus bhí sí díreach mar a bhíodh idir nósanna agus bhéasa.

Phós an cailín agus an fear óg agus bhí saol bre compórdach mar lamúin acu. Bhí grá acu dá chéile agu bhí a'thas arthu go deireadh a saol.

Mar Cheannaire i Loch an Iúir

le MARTIN PRESHAW 7SB

Bhí an t-ádh orm féin agus ar Bhriain Mac Aibhistín post a fháil mar cheannairí i Loch an Iúir an samhradh seo chuaigh thart.

Cúrsa coicíse a bhí ann agus daltaí scoile ón chéad bhliain a bhí ag freastal air. Tháinig siad ó achan áit sna Sé Chontae. Ba é seo an chéad uair a bhí a leithéid de chúrsa sa Ghaeltacht féin. D'éirigh go fíor-mhaith leis mar chúrsa.

Ba é an dualgas againne mar cheannairí ná aire a thabhairt do na scoláirí óga, súil a choinneáil orthu áit ar bith a bhí contúirteach, fanacht sna tithe leo agus, ar ndóigh, cuidiú leo an Ghaeilge a fhoghlain agus a chleachtadh. Bhí cúi cúigear ceannaire déag ann ó thuaisceart na tíre, ceannaire amháin i ngach teach. Rinne muid uilig ár ndícheall suim a spreagadh sna daltaí, n amháin sa teanga, ach i seanchas na hEireann fosta.

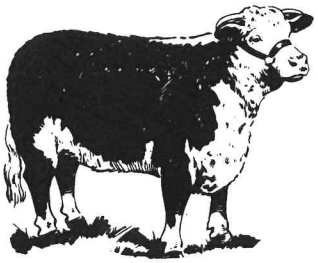
Bhí seans againne snas a chur ar ar gcuid Ghaeilge féi agus theagasc Mícheál Ó Máirtín rang dúinne gach lá. Bh na ranganna seo dírithe ar litríoct don ardleibhéal.

Tá súil agam go mbeidh seans ag beirt eile ó Scoi Mhuire post mar cheannairí a fháil an bhliain se chugainn. Tá a fhios agam go mbainfeadh siad taitneam agus tairbhe as mar a bhain muid uilig as, idir, scoláirí agu daltaí.

Ba mhaith liom buíochas a ghabháil le Míchael Ó Mártin Chuidigh sé go mór linn i rith an chúrsa.

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Na buachaillí a bhain scoláireachtaí Gaeltachta anuraidh. Ón chlé: Cormac MacAibhistín, Pilib Mistéail, Niall Gearlann, Críostóir O hÓgáin agu Tomás Mac Seáin. Bhain Pilip Mistéail Bonn Óir Ghael Linn chomh maith.

"ROGHA NA BHFEAR"



Na buaiteoirí i gcomórtas "Blocbhriseadh – An Tríú." Bhí "Rogha na bhFear" mar ainm acu agus is iad, Alastair ÓNeill, Cormac Mac Aibhistín ag Rónán Ó Baoill.

FIND THE SPORT

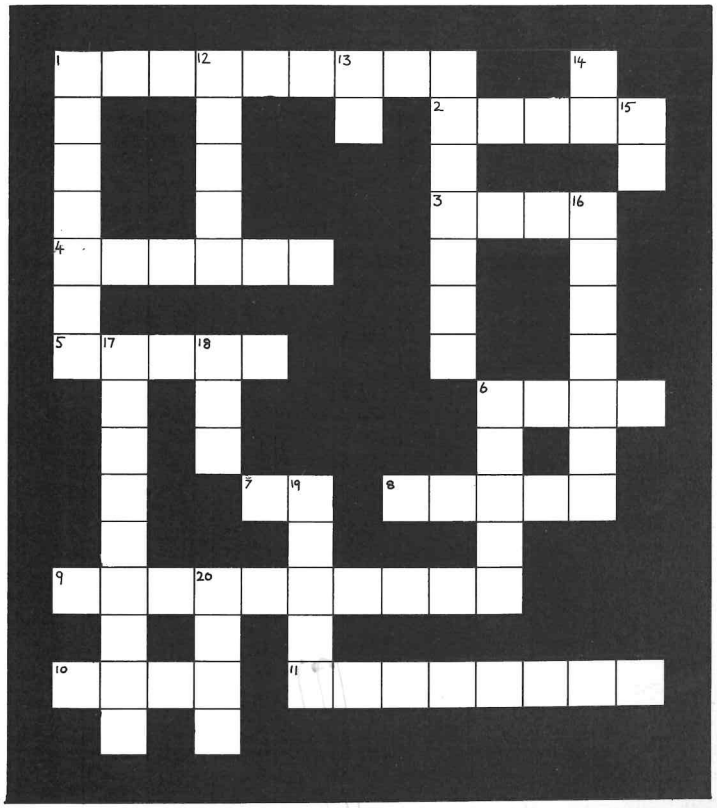
The sports are hidden in the grid but are spelt in Irish. The sports are written in English below.

1. HURLING
2. SWIMMING
3. CLIMBING
4. FISHING
5. RUGBY
6. HOCKEY
7. BASKETBALL
8. TENNIS
9. FOOTBALL
10. CHESS
11. TABLE-TENNIS
12. CRICKET

I	S	S	U	B	P	U	G	R	S	D	U	C	L	R
L	O	T	C	U	S	L	D	A	É	C	I	U	R	C
G	I	M	I	O	Í	A	B	G	U	R	S	T	B	G
Ó	Ó	T	Á	G	L	A	D	L	P	H	C	H	H	F
D	R	C	M	N	P	B	V	U	Á	C	U	C	Ó	D
A	P	L	A	C	A	H	P	R	S	U	B	A	F	G
E	C	B	R	C	L	I	E	P	F	H	Í	E	E	Í
L	É	L	É	S	Ó	L	O	M	S	B	É	R	L	M
C	R	M	N	P	D	F	G	C	I	O	U	I	D	O
F	I	C	H	E	A	L	L	H	H	É	C	A	N	L
S	N	Á	M	H	A	T	E	D	D	T	M	C	A	S
F	É	D	L	G	R	E	L	I	E	H	P	S	I	C
S	Ó	E	H	T	C	N	L	M	O	S	C	A	U	S
L	A	L	B	A	T	G	Ó	D	A	E	L	I	O	P
T	H	C	A	E	R	I	Ó	D	A	P	A	E	R	D

CROSFHOCAL

le Pól Ó hÁirt 3A



ANUAS

1. Cá mhéad lá atá i mí Mheán Fómhair?
12. Níl sé fliuch.
13. Déanann tú é seo le bainne, uisce, etc.
14. Cuireann tú caipín — do chean.
15. Níl sé fuar.
16. Teanga na Gaeltachta
17. Bíonn an duine seo ag obair i scoil.
18. Leon tíogar.
19. Ábhar scoile . . . 1014, 1916, 1945 etc.
20. Bíonn sé te in aice leis an rud seo.
6. Níl sé go holc.

TRASNA

1. I ndiaidh meánlae.
2. An dara lá ar scoil sa tseachtain
3. Na daoine sa seomra leat ar scoil.
4. Eolaícht.
5. Ag dul ón taobh istigh go dtí an taobh amuigh.
6. Cuireann tú do chuid leabhar sa rud seo.
7. agus.
8. Is maith linn an lá seo ar 3.30 i.n.
9. a dó agus a dó.
10. Fanann tú i do luí nuair a bhíonn tú mar seo
11. 1A, 3C, 6LA, 7R.

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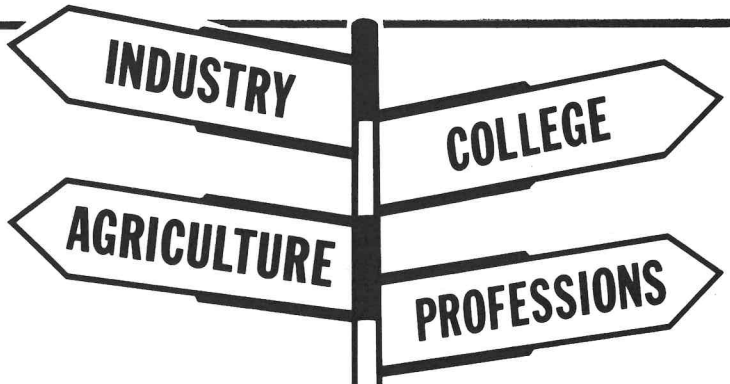
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An Educational Visit to Rome . . . Easter 1986



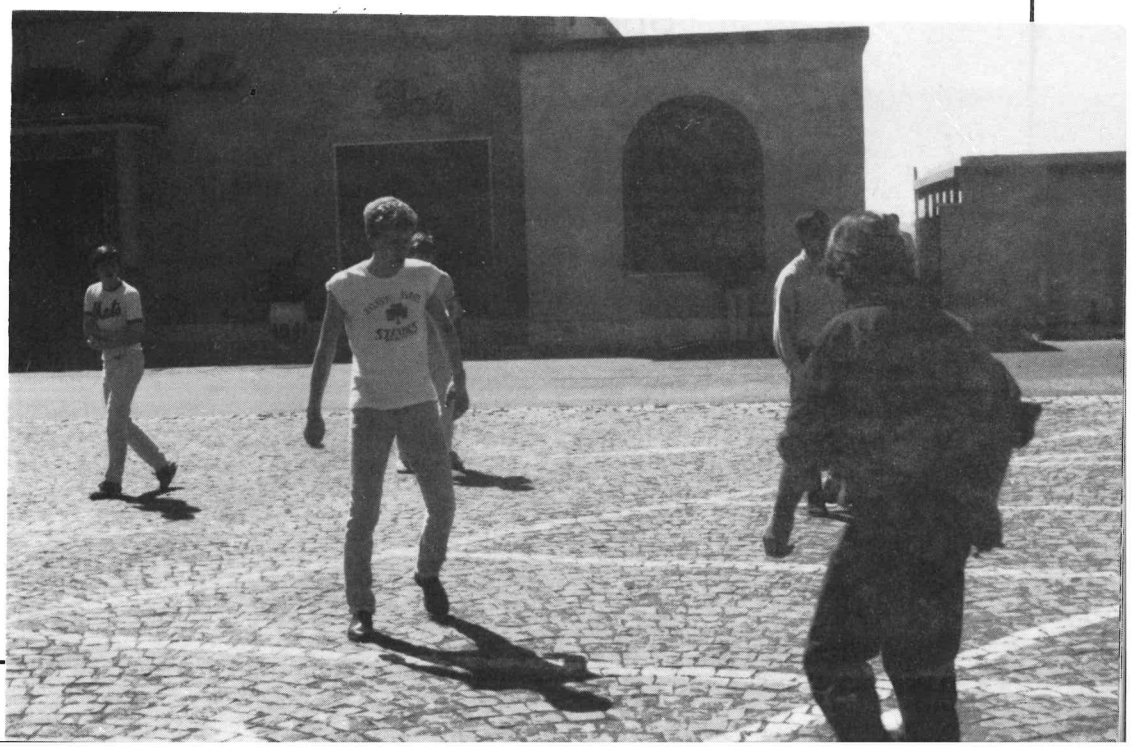
The group of pupils who enjoy the Roman sunshine while visiting the Colliseum.



Brenner Pass, Easter '86

Fred and Marty limbering up for the "international" in Ladispoli. St. Mary's won 8-5!

A Pictorial Reminder



Photographs by courtesy of R. O'Prey

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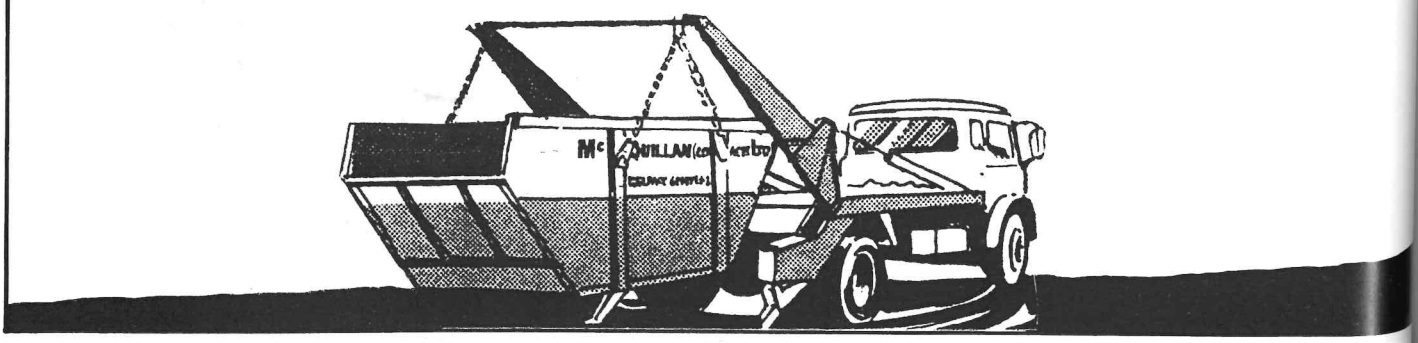
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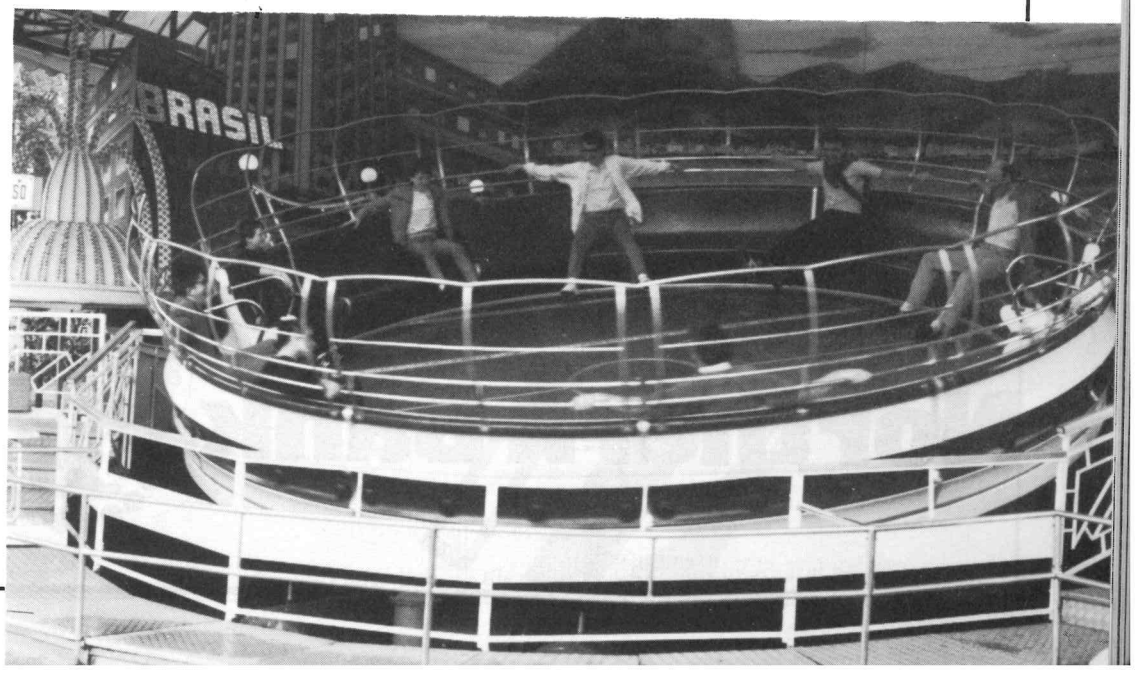




Mr. G. Cullen, party leader, showing excellent leadership to a petrified unnamed colleague – Luneur Park, Rome.

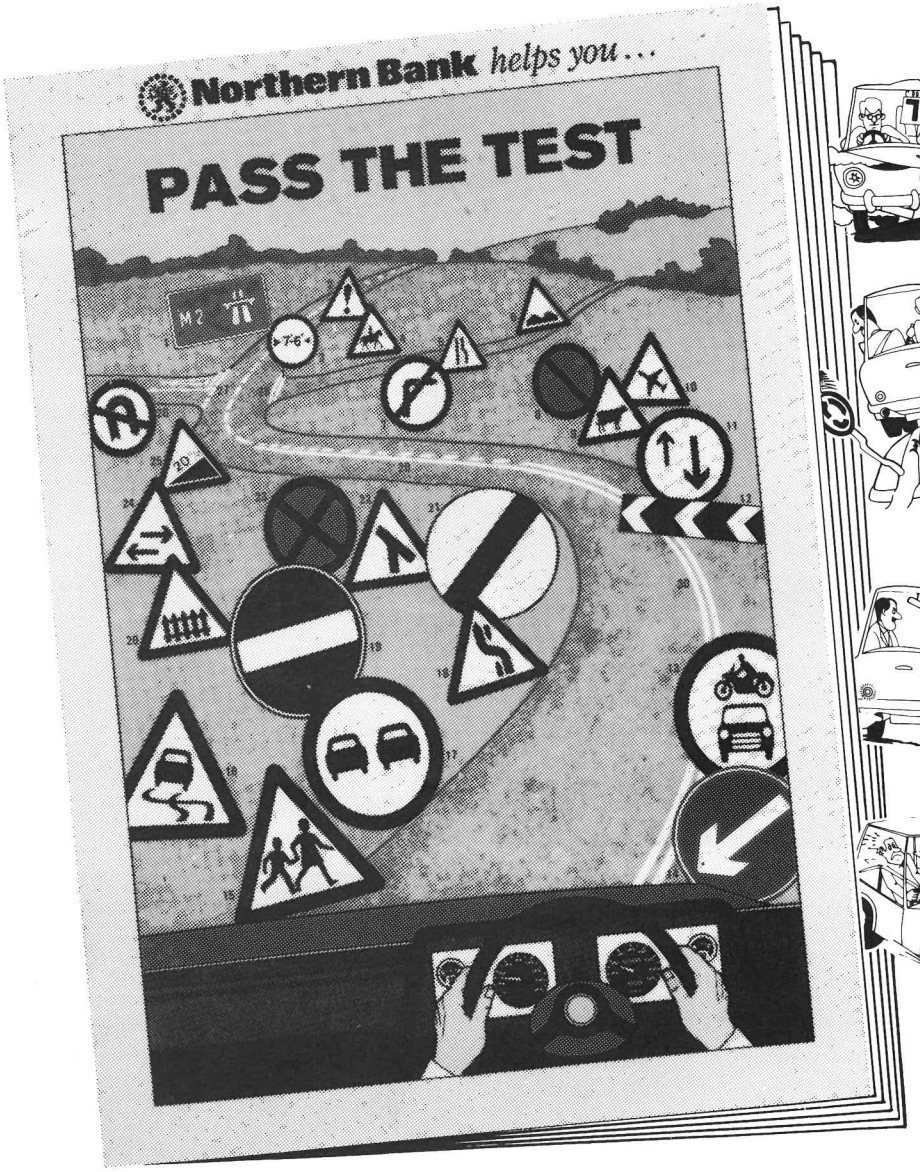


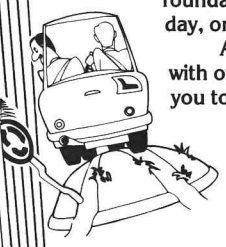
Some of the teachers outside the Colliseum – Mr. P. Cullen, Mr. G. Cullen, Mr. M. Caher (?) Mr. E. McFlynn, Mr. O. McCann.



Mr. G. Cullen & Co. testing the "GUT SHAKER" while visiting the "Looney" Park in Rome.

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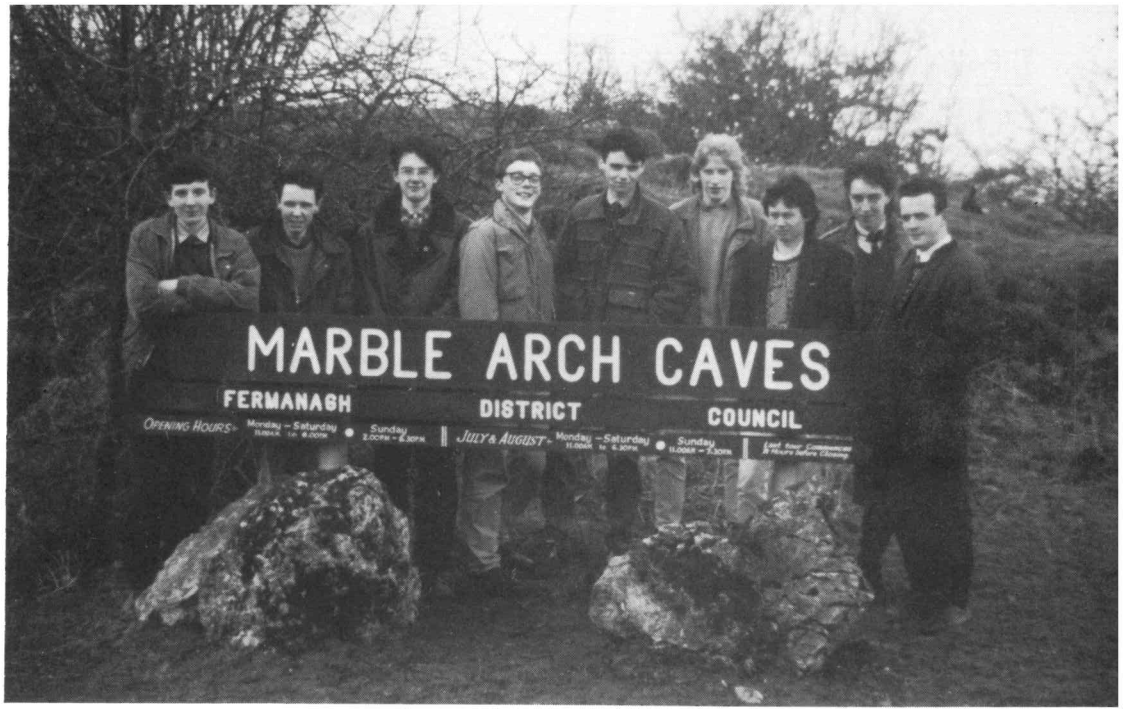
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1986-87

Geology Field Trip

NEIL McKENNA 7LC



On a balmy April day in the last term 1985-86, the old firm of Mr. McFlynn and the school minibus teamed up once again and the Geology 'O' Level 6th year class headed in the general direction of Marble Arch caves, Co. Fermanagh.

The purpose of our trip was to take a tour round the caves, under the watchful eye of a cave guide, and to examine various structures, features, and processes which had brought (and still do bring) them about. Intermittent camera flashes punctuated the journey through the cold damp caves, as the attendant droned on informatively. The day came to an end with a melee towards the vending machine and a summary from Mr. McFlynn.

Our second field trip brought us to Belshaw's Quarry on the outskirts of West Belfast. The weather was slightly less clement, but undetered we embarked on a detailed analysis of the various igneous, sedimentary and stratigraphic features of the quarry.

The field trips were immensely enjoyable, providing valuable information not only for the compulsory field note book but also for the looming examinations in June. They are part of an interesting and varied 'O' level course which I would recommend to any sixth year.



History Trip by Barrack Street to the Boyne Valley

Since, according to our illustrious headmaster: "One is not educated until one has visited Brugh Na Boinne" — we in Class 3F in the Barrack Street section of the school, decided to further, if not complete, our education, by visiting the Boyne Valley on a fair and a pleasant Saturday in June of this year.



Trip to Boyne Valley by Barrack Street, June '86.

Packed into one of the school's minibuses, driven by Mr. McClean, our history teacher, and armed with a packed lunch, some punts, and a Bord Failte guide-sheet, we left Belfast at 9.30 a.m. proceeding without mishap to Ardee, Co. Louth, our first stop. As we swerved around the bends on the winding road from Dundalk to Ardee, Mr. McClean informed us that Louth, the county through which we were travelling, was the smallest county in Ireland and also the birthplace of Bro. Kelly. We quietly wondered if there was a connection between these two facts, and when he further informed us that Cork was the largest of the 32 counties, we wondered if he, Mr. McClean, was not really a Corkman in disguise.

By 11.00 a.m. we had reached Ardee our first stop where we disembarked to inspect two Norman castles and to relive the epic struggle between Cuchulainn and Ferdia which had occurred here, after which the town takes its name (Boile Atha Fhirdiadh — the town of Ferdia's Ford). So having sampled the hidden delicacies of our packed lunches and having tested the buying power of the Punt — Rocks only 25p in Ardee — don't all rush — we set off southwards for Slane.

There on that sacred hill where Patrick lit the Paschal Fire of light, rebirth and challenge for Ireland, we whooped, danced, shouted, threw stones, clambered over monastic ruins and medieval and modern gravestones, chased cows and climbed forty feet to the top of the ruined Abbey church tower to let the world know that Patrick alas, had failed and that the pagan celts were still very much alive and well in the Erin of today.

Further down the hill surrounded by cowpats and electric fences, we ate lunch and looked out over the rich plains of Royal Meath and gazed in wonder at the Wicklow Mountains in the distant haze of an early summer's noon day.

Replenished and sated, and then to Newgrange — the highlight of the trip — that Neolithic (New Stone age) wonder, older than the Pyramids and the most famous passage grave in Western Europe and the largest and most impressive of 15 such graves in the area. There in a bend of the meandering Boyne, our ancestors buried their dead in stone age scientific and astronomical marvels.

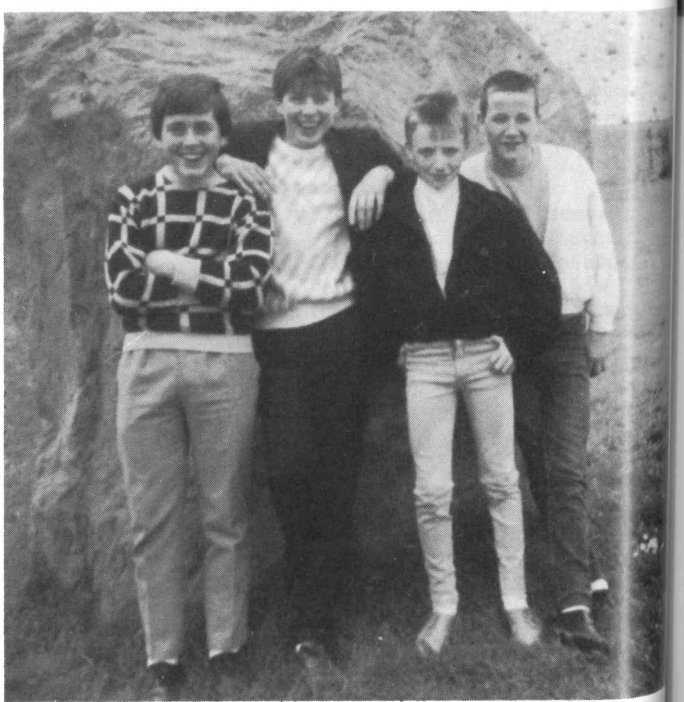
Newgrange, which has survived for centuries upon centuries, came close to destruction that day when due to a delay caused by the arrival of a coach-load of wandering German senior citizens, we had to endure an agonising wait of twenty-five minutes or more. Naturally our unruliness and noise level grew to such a pitch that Mr. McClean finally exploded (what a sight) as only he can — Vesuvius quaked and the foundations of Newgrange shook and almost crumbled.

Drogheda next awaited us, along the Boyne's bonny banks where James and William decided the fate of so many and then into Drogheda — the town of the two Olivers Plunkett and Cromwell. We split up this time; some to admire the superb medieval barbican of St. Lawrence's Gate, others to be disappointed by all that remains of our most recent saints quartered body and others to chat up a few of the local lovelies and to pose on camera and off.

We were now on the last lap and at about 5.00 p.m. we drove into the quiet secluded valley at Mellifont, where the white monks established their great abbey in the Twelfth century only to see it destroyed by Henry VIII's men in the 16th century and where the Great Earl Hugh O'Neill signed away his independence in 1603. A brief pit-stop at Monasterboyce of the High Crosses to fill up with choc ices, golly bars and crisps and then on to Dundalk for tea, to see Joe McVeigh scoff the lot.

By 8.30 p.m. we were once more north of the Border, wearily entering Belfast to be greeted with news of N. Ireland's sad exit from the World Cup at the hands of sunfiltering Spain. However, such disappointing news could not dampen our spirits, which were flying high as the result of a pleasant and informative ramble through one of the most idyllic and historic parts of Ireland.

What a note to end three enjoyable years in Barrack Street on! Many thanks to Mr. McClean and of course Bro. Kelly, for a super day, from the boys of 3F and a few invaders (spacers all) from 3E.



Trip to Boyne Valley by Barrack Street, June '86.

First Year Trip to Callan - May '86

by A. O'BRIEN and S. McGOWAN

This trip was devised to reward those who conducted themselves well throughout first year.

We left Belfast, at 4.30 on Friday 6th June, excited and high spirited. We arrived in Dublin at 7.30 and went to O'Connell School where we were shown round various places including an Historical Museum and the Brothers living quarters.

We arrived at the Dublin Youth Hostel at 8.30 and after unpacking we were allowed out for an hour. It was very late when we all settled down. The next morning breakfast consisted of bacon, egg and sausage. After tidying up we all went out. Most went to the duck-pond in the local park, where Sean McLaverty of 2C (1C then) tripped and landed knee-deep in the pond. As it was approaching the time of our departure we all went back with him, to pick up our gear.

We left and journeyed to Callan. Upon our arrival we were shown round Edmund Rice's house. Before having our lunch in Kilkenny as Bro. Gallagher's and Mr. Sheerin's guests. Bro. Gallagher went to see a relative while Mr. Sheerin and the boys played football in a field covered with cow dung, as was everyone else by the end of the game. After Saturday night Mass we arrived in Arthurstown Youth Hostel which was not five star quality. But after tea, which was bacon, egg, and sausages again we had a penalty competition on the beach with Mr. Sheerin in nets. Then we went back to our dorms and most of us played cards and at 11.00 p.m. we all settled down.



Outside Edmund Rice's home in Callan.

After the usual breakfast we left for Waterford crossing on a ferry we visited Mount Sion in Waterford and had lunch in Burgerland. Then came the highlight of the trip as Mr. Sheerin with (out) Chris Brown's 2D (1D then) directions managed to crash into a lamp-post. Immediately, well almost, we were in Tramore. We were let loose among the amusements and the fairground for two hours, Sean McLaverty 2C (1C then) was out on the boat pond and tried to leap to the bank but misjudged his jump. He landed up to his chest in water. He changed back at the bus (Sean likes baths). Then it was time to leave this fabulous place. We arrived in Cork, the best hostel yet. It had a shop downstairs. We had a small party with coke, Fanta and cakes.



Group of students in Cork.

On Monday, our final morning, we woke up and packed and then left to play a football match against another school (Christian Bros.) — we lost 5-2. We left Cork and stopped to visit the famous Mitchelstown caves. Just after we had left Barry Fitzpatrick thought he left his coat in the cafe. We returned but he came back to the bus saying he couldn't find it but someone saw it under his seat. We finally stopped in Slane where our tea was bought for us again. Then we headed home all weary. Any 1st years who are lucky enough to go on the trip next year would find it enjoyable and like us, would experience the background to the life of the founder of our school system.

Students in Cork.



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Life Begins At Forty

John B. Cairns

Samuel Morris had decided, after much careful deliberation, to murder his wife. After all, Sam was a learned man, a lawyer in fact and he considered that the task should be a simple one for a man of his genius. No problem.

When Sam first met Cathy he was in his last year at law school. Sam was tall, good looking and a 'straight A all the way' student. He was therefore generally considered to be a 'good catch' by the gossiping mothers in the neighbourhood where he grew up. After gaining his degree Samuel had proposed to Cathy, was quickly accepted, and he often reflected afterwards that this was the first point where his life began to go downhill. The first year was sheer bliss, but after that Cathy seemed to be continually nagging at him, driving him to the point of despair. Sam had never envisaged married life as being one bill after another, and constant verbal abuse from his wife. The only child Sam and Cathy ever had was born hideously and lived for not quite an hour. In some of her more drunken, spiteful moments Cathy would blame Sam for the baby's condition, and she stolidly refused to have any more children lest 'they should take after their father alas! And so it went on for many years, with Sam only knowing a few hours respite when he drunk himself into a stupor. Eventually Sam was pushed too far. He decided to dispose of Cathy, but first he needed a time and a place.

Sam had always believed in the old saying, "Life begins at forty." He therefore planned to kill his wife on his fortieth birthday, before fleeing the country with a new identity and all the money he could fiddle from the law firm that he worked for. By checking hospital records Samuel discovered that he was going to make the old saying come especially true by murdering the fat, ugly cow at 7.36 p.m. on his fortieth birthday!

Samuel went about his business both at home and at work jovially over the next few weeks, and he often spared himself a chuckle at the very idea of his novel 'scheme'. Finally the great day arrived and Samuel Morris could hardly contain his excitement. When he arrived home from work that evening he was alarmed at the change in his wife. She was dressed up, made up, and almost sober. Cathy had reserved a table for them at the best restaurant in town as a birthday present. As he glanced quickly at his watch Sam almost felt sorry for her.

If Samuel had harboured any doubts about murdering Cathy they were soon dispelled by her behaviour at the restaurant. She guzzled glass after glass of champagne and launced a tirade of abuse on Samuel that was so loud half the people discreetly got up and left. At 7.15 p.m. Sam insisted that they skip dessert and drive straight back home. Cathy, who was too drunk to stop him, was dragged unceremoniously outside and dumped in the car. Sam broke two red lights on the way home in a frenzy to make the 7.36 p.m. deadline.

As Sam gently eased the car into the driveway his throat went dry. Cathy's systomatic destruction of his life was almost at an end and he could hardly contain himself. Sam gently fingered the handle of the .38 revolver as they approached the house. The silencer on the end of the gun would give him the quietness he needed for a clean getaway. When they reached the front door his wife couldn't find the key. Samuel forced himself to remain calm and ordered her to search her handbag for it again. The time was 7.33 p.m. and he had plenty of time if only he kept cool. In his mind's eye Sam could see himself sipping champagne on a tropical beach, and never doing a day's work for the rest of his life.

"Yes, life does begin at forty," he thought and laughed out loud. Still his wife was fumbling in her handbag with the clumsiness that only drunken people posess, and time was running out.

"Where's the key," he hissed at her. His wife did not answer. It was 7.35 p.m. now. It seemed to Sam that the cruel vixen was doing it to him on purpose. She had broken him and drained his entire life force away and now, to top it all, she was going to prevent his new life beginning, forty years to the minute after his birth. Well, damn her and she blasted key to rotten hell! He was going to finish here here in the darkness of the front porch. No problem. Not a soul could possibly see him do it, and it would be totally silent. He deftly slipped the gun from his pocket and attached the silencer. He certainly would have preferred to wait until they got inside, but a final glance at his watch confirmed that the time was 7.36 p.m.; time for Samuel Morris to fulfil his destiny.

Samuel was amazed at his own calmness as he proudly pressed the gun into the small of the bitch's back, and nonchalantly squeezed three times. There was no sound from the gun. Sam caught his recently deceased wife — what a pity — as she began to slump, and managed to balance her not inconsiderable bulk on the wicker chair of the porch. The leaves of a hanging plant rested against her motionless face but Sam sneeringly reckoned that she couldn't nag him about that now. He had done the job efficiently and at the correct time; and quite rightly he gave himself a mental pat on the back. Humming lightly to himself, Sam resumed the search for the elusive key. Minutes passed. Sam Morris began to panic, fearing that the key was going to ruin him after all. Then he saw it. — It was tightly gripped in his 'ex-wife's plump hand after all he had divorced here with a .38 revolver — and he prised it free. Already the warmth was leaving her body, making him shiver. He opened the door and, with great difficulty dragged the corpse inside. He hit the light switch and turned around. It was then that Samuel Morris got the greatest shock of his forty years on this earth; for before they had time to take in the grisly spectacle before them the thirty guests cried out in unison, "surprise Sam. Happy fortieth birthday!"

Die Reise Nach Deutschland

by P. DIXON, P. HEERY, F. MITCHELL

During the schoolyear 1985-86, Philip Heery, Fred Mitchell and I were awarded a bursary by the Central Bureau for Educational Visits and Exchanges. We were awarded the bursary to go to Germany's scenic Rhineland in order to do a project on German wines.

Our journey began one sunny Sunday evening when we left Belfast Central station for the first leg of the trip. As a result of ferry complications we had to stay overnight in Dublin and travel onto Rosslare the next day. On the 30th June we arrived in Rosslare and as we were early we had a long wait before we embarked. There were some sighs of relief as we finally made ourselves comfortable in the lounge and prepared to sail. The crossing was very enjoyable.

On the 1st July we arrived in Cherbourg and after some shifty looks by customs officials we went on to the second leg of our journey — an overnight stop in Paris. After getting lost in the metro, we finally surfaced, only to find out that all the Youth Hostels were full. By some strange turn of luck we managed to find a reasonably priced hotel.

The next day, the 2nd July, we boarded the train to Cologne, which was to be our base for the duration of the trip. After a strenuous train journey our travel weary group staggered into Cologne-Deutz youth hostel. After a good night's rest, we were ready to start our project. While we stayed in Cologne we made several trips down the vine covered Rhine Valley. These acres and acres of vineyards were a sight to behold. Unfortunately, at that particular time of year there were no workers in the vineyards so we did not have an opportunity to interview them.

On the 7th July we travelled north to the Mittelrhein region in order to examine the unique wines of this region. We were based in Hagen and this also gave us the chance to view the countryside and see the various sights.

We returned to Cologne again on the 11th July. The following day we completed a major part of our project — a survey. This involved interviewing a number of people. We asked what kind of wines they preferred etc. From this we compiled a formidable set of statistics. While in Cologne we made a daytrip to Bingen. Bingen is a major wine-town in the Rhineland and this was very much evident.

Having concentrated all our studies in Rhineland, it was decided that we should travel south, so we set out for Munich. As for the project, it was a washout as the inhabitants of Munich are better known for their Beer. I must admit that very little of the project was completed in Munich. We took the unique opportunity of visiting Dachau Concentration Camp. Other visitors showed a great deal of emotion but we found it hard to imagine the horrific events that took place here.

The next stop in our journey was Frankfurt. We found this famous city very unimpressive. There were not any famous sights to speak of and it resembled a concrete jungle.

There wasn't any sign of Oliver (the flying cyclist) so again we struck out for Cologne.

We arrived back in Cologne on the 21st July (which by now was almost a second home). The next few days we spent adding the finishing touches to our project. Having completed the project, we then took the remaining days visiting. We visited the capital of the Federal Republic — Bonn. Bonn may be a modern city but it is still a pleasant place in which to spend the day. We also visited the scene of that epic film — Remagen and saw the remains of the bridge.

On the 27th July at 2300 hrs we boarded the overnight train in Cologne and arrived in Paris at 06.00 on the next day. From there it was on to Le Harve where we boarded the ferry. We arrived in Rosslare on the 29th July and from there it was home, via Dublin.

All in all our trip was very successful and a thoroughly enjoyable experience. I would like to take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks to all those who made this trip possible, the inspiration for our trip, Mr. O'Prey, Bro. Kelly for his support and Oliver Bonnbart (German Assistant) for his help with the project.

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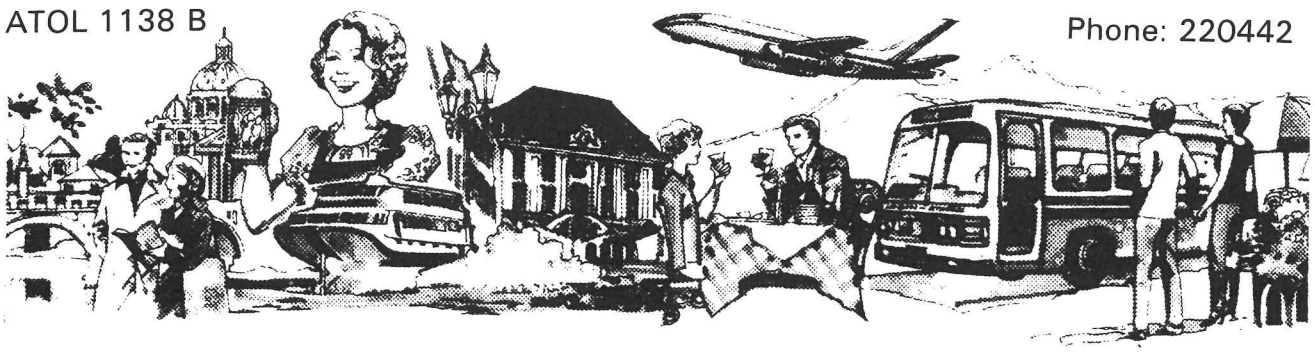
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PAID IN FULL

by GARETH McAREAVEY 4B

The Present Day:
Harry Smith was a tramp. He was still a young man physically, but his mind had been ravaged by the mental torture — alcoholism. Once he had owned a large house, flashy car, nice family. Now he lived a life of kipping from street corner to filthy street corner.

The memory of that fateful day would be etched into his brain forever, or until he was caught by his enemy. The one and only, known as Lucifer, Satan also simply the Devil.

October 31st 1971
Harry walked out the front door of his parents house, a small terraced house in one of the less favoured areas of town. A stiff breeze knifed through the cold autumn air. Hordes of frantic children surged through the streets: pinpoint of light from their Hallowee'n lanterns danced through the air, glowing like fireflies. They were like locusts, picking each house clean, leaving behind nothing worth salvaging. It disgusted Harry, who had forgotten only a few years ago he had been with them. Three years on the dole had robbed him of warmth or kindness. Harry walked slowly through the complex network of near-identical streets, footsteps echoing, his breath clouding the air in front of him. Some brave children walked up to him asking for money, to be rewarded by a fluent stream of curses and a hurried but misplaced kick. His destination was Uncle Danny's house. His mission; to scrounge some money for the disco, the only place where he took on any resemblance of being human.

He turned down a smelly alleyway, littered with soggy cardboard boxes and other debris of civilisation. A tall dark form appeared at the other side of the alley blocking Harry's passage.
"Excuse me, friend," a throaty voice inquired.
"Yes?" mumbled a somewhat taken-aback Harry.
"You look a decent sort of a fellow," the voice purred.
"May I interest you in a business proposition?"
Harry's eyes narrowed, searching the figure intensely. The man was tall and broad shouldered with a thin face. He wore a long coat, no wait, was it . . . a cloak? The strange hair shone, it seemed to be greased back and had been combed thoroughly.
"What?" questioned Harry.
"I am a business man, my card," was the reply, handing Smith a thin rectangular card which read: Luke Beasly — Collector of Iniquities.
Harry, puzzled by the last part, thought he had misread and put the card into his pocket, thinking this man collected antiques.
"Well, what do you want?" Harry asked.
"My offer is a simple one. I have a contract. On it is the number of a bank account containing two million pounds sterling."
At the mention of this gigantic sum, Harry's face lit up. The stranger continued.
"This money is yours, to do with as you please. At the end of thirteen years I will return to you and in return ask for a little something off you; something which is yours to give easily."

His hands produced from under his long outer garment a thin sheet of paper. The first paper required Harry's signature at the bottom, the others were to do with the handing over the bank account. With these, Mr. Beasly produced a glittering fountain pen.
"Sign here, please," he indicated a dotted line.
"Ouch!" muttered Harry, who had just been stabbed by the fountain pen.
"Very sorry," soothed Beasly.
Harry signed eagerly, and grabbed at his papers.
Beasly handed them over. Was it Harry's imagination, or were Beasly's eyes now two pin-points of red fire? He shrugged and asked;" How will you know where to find me?" Beasly laughed.
"Don't worry, I'll find you!" With that he stepped backwards on his heel, and with a flourish of his cloak walked away. Harry was left alone, with nothing but the fishy stagnant smell of the alley.

He next decided to go home, and ran up to his bedroom where he locked the door, read through the papers and promptly fell asleep.

November 1st 1971
Harry woke that morning feeling wonderful. He remembered his encounter of the night before, felt an almost sickening thrill of exhileration and ran downstairs. He then ran up again remembering he was undressed. He clothed himself, ran down for the second time to find that he was alone and breakfasted. He glanced at the kitchen clock, and was told that it was eleven twenty five. Harry finished his cornflakes and threw the bowl into the sink which was filled with unwashed cups, stained with coffee and tea, and floating remnants of last nights dinner. Some of the water slopped out onto the floor.
Harry left by the back door and went to the bank with his papers. He received some incredulous looks from the clerks and even the manager. The amazement he felt when told he now owned two million quid was indescribable. He floated out of the bank, floated in again to get his cheque book and returned home.

October 31st 1984
Harry Smith sat in the sumptuous surroundings of his eight bed-roomed house, in front of a blazing fire drinking brandy. He was alone in the house, his wife and all four kids skiing on a winter break. He got up and looked out the window at a front garden the same size as the street he had once lived in. The proud owner of several houses and a string of businesses, as Harry was a multi-millionaire; his first fortune was quadrupled.
Tonight was the night when the man he owed it to would be coming for his cut.
The back of Harry's neck prickled, a small breeze blowing on him from the door. He turned to find . . . Luke Beasly,

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whose appearance was the same as that night in a city slum. Harry was startled, in the same way as he had been thirteen years ago.
"Well Luke . . . how are you?"
"Quit the foreplay," hissed Beasly. "I want what I came for. I want your soul!"
Harry dropped his glass which broke dully at his feet.
"I don't understand." Harry's answer sounded very lame indeed. For the first time he saw Luke's face. Old, he looked with a neatly trimmed moustache and goater.
He was wearing yes it was a black cloak, lined with red silk fastened at the neck with a gold chain.
Beasly advanced menacingly his hands raised.
Now Harry who was by no means religious, was married to a devout Roman Catholic who insisted on a crucifix or other religious pictures in most of the downstairs rooms. This probably is what saved Harry. At the sight of a picture of the Sacred Heart on the wall, Beasly went into a rage. Harry knew there was something going on and without further ado, escaped out of the French windows. He ran up to his Porsche, which was parked only some metres away and jumped in.

"DAMN!" he cursed his own foolishness: no keys. He looked back at Beasly, who was writhing on the floor of Harry's study, foaming at the mouth screaming obscenities.

Harry jumped out the door and ran down the path. The air froze his face, yet he still sweated. His footsteps crunched down the gravel driveway out unto a busy road.

So it was that Harry Smith, well known local millionaire disappeared. The police searched endlessly for him but Harry knew he was done for if his whereabouts were known. For two years he had been running. He began to drink himself into a stupor as a way of escape, living off money he had in his wallet. Then he began to frequent hotels and even beg on the street for a pittance. His picture was on some of the newspapers we wrapped round himself for warmth at night. It is happening again, thought Harry. That night was the 31st October. The most dangerous night for Harry. He had loaded himself up with booze; some stolen from the other alco's as they slept. He breathed heavily watching the clouds of his breath hanging in the air. He reeked of vodka, whiskey and general uncleanliness.

So it was a surprise for this bad excuse for a person to hear footsteps approaching. Through an alcoholic haze Harry's eyes saw the cloaked figure heading towards him, the cloak draped nonchalantly on the broad shoulders, fluttering in the wind. As Beasly approached Harry, so did the knowledge that this was the end.

Luke Beasly stood in front of Harry, sparks flying from his demented red eyes.
"Ah Harry. We meet again. "Cliches flew like sparks from Beasly. He was the stereotyped bad guy. Harry was the defenceless nobody, only this time no-one would save him.
"You've no right to my soul," moaned Harry, "it's mine," he pleaded.
"Leave me alone," he implored.
"Oh, but I have," sniggered Beasly. "This contract entitles me to your Immortal Soul in exchange for two million pounds. The said contract is signed, legally in your own blood."
Harry fainted.
He was woken by the clap of thunder, and the sound of an angelic host singing hymns.
Beasly began to look worried.
"Satan," a clicked voice boomed "are you up to your tricks again?
I command you to leave this poor creature alone."
"Oh, no God. Not this time. This one is mine," Satan didn't look as confident as his voice sounded.
A lightning bolt shot from the heavens to land at the cowed Satan's feet.
"The next one is for you," God boomed, "now, go!"
"All right, all right," mutters Satan, "I can take a hint."
With a final snarl, the ground beneath opened up, swallowing Satan whole. Red fire glowed out from the hole, then was gone as the hole closed. Harry smelt sulphur distinctly. The heavily scented hosts went quiet and all went silent. The cliches had gone with all of Harry's troubles. Two weeks later he appeared at the front door of his house to be informed that he didn't live there and that he had never lived and would he please go away as he was lowering the tone of the neighbourhood. Dejectedly, Harry walked down the driveway. He stopped suddenly as he heard a familiar mocking laugh.

"You thought you'd won, didn't you? Ha! Your family don't? Ha!
Your family don't exist, neither do your shops, your houses or your fortune. You're a non entity. So you see, I won after all, Ha, Ha, Ha." His voice trailed off, leaving Harry Smith to live his life as a destitute cursing that Hallow'een in 1971.

NIGHTMARES

by GARETH McAREAVEY 4B

The drums beat, pounding, pounding, pounding. The skies crack, crash rumble caught in the death throes of a storm. Wind blows, whistling through dead air. Sulphur burns, cordite fumes rip your lungs, a devil with a razor back runs down your throat killing you. You die, wake again. Still the beating drums, a wild beat begins. Family, friends, enemies will sit round a blazing fire of dead bodies. Munch sickeningly on bones, human bones. Their dead eyes look up accusingly. "Join us," they cry "join us" You turn, stumble fall. The heavens open, a swarm of raindrops falls on a black world, cleaning, purifying. Teeming on evil ground, making the earth seethe. Green, putrid hands reach for your feet. You kick them, fingers drop off like a leprous disease. Still the drums beat.

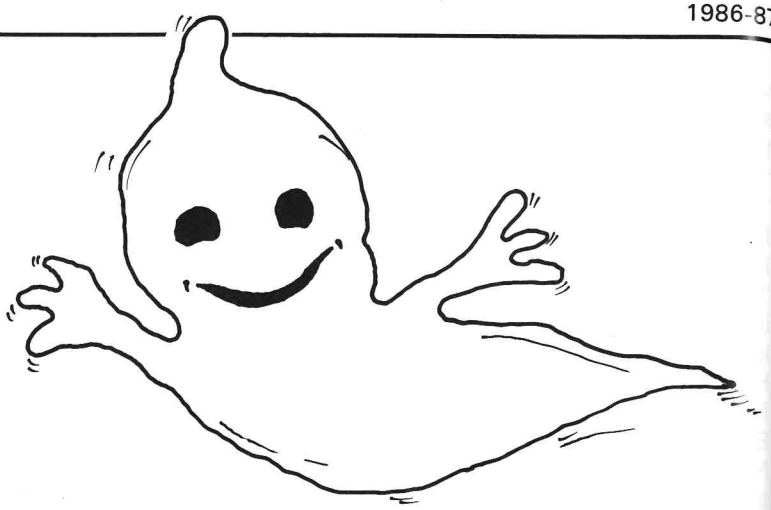
Rain falls from the skies, red rain, human blood, choking, drowning.

Skies rumble, thunder claps its hands with awesome ferocity. No, not thunder, death, death comes lunging for you, hangs heavily on the air, mocking, making you wonder is it you he comes for. Turns crisply on his heel, laughs, rumbles and explodes.

The jolt of missile contacting earth washes you. Night becomes day. Life becomes death.

Still the pounding, pounding of your heart, the only sound between you and the shadowy silence of death.

AUNT AGATHAS GHOST



JOHN CAIRNS 5E

It was almost two months after Aunt Agatha's death that Ellen received the parcel.Ellen was mildly surprised, as she had never been particularly close to her aunt — who was actually her great aunt, and at least eighty-five when she died — and had only paid her a few visits in the years preceding her death. The parcel was large and brown and somehow foreboding looking. Ellen took it to her room and opened it. When she saw what was inside she smiled. It was her great aunt's chess set.

The chess set had sat on the table beside the old girl's sickbed for many years. Often Ellen, on one of her infrequent visits, would remark on how nice it was. She actually thought that the carved pieces were rather ghastly looking, but making conversation with an old, sick person is never easy, and it made the old thing happy. So, Aunt Agatha had obviously taken her seriously and left it to Ellen in her will. Ellen set up the pieces on the board and, just for the sake of it, made the first move hearing the soft deep thud as the felted base struck the wood. Then she put her coat on and left the room. Ellen thought no more about the chess set that day.

Ellen returned home that night dog-tired and headed straight for bed with a snack and a glass of milk. She was about to climb into bed when she realised that the black pieces had replied to white's first move. At first she thought that it was her father messing about but then, he couldn't play chess, or could he? With a small tingle of anticipation Ellen made the second move. How could she be so silly? She and her parents would have a big laugh tomorrow at the breakfast table. But for now she would settle for a warm bed and a good sleep.

Ellen lay awake in the dark for sometime thinking about Aunt Agatha. Somehow the gift had upset her and she finally decided to donate it to the school chess club the following morning. Just as Ellen was drifting into a satisfied sleep there came the soft thudding sound from the board signifying that another piece had been moved. Ellen froze. For ten minutes she couldn't move at all, but eventually she groped her way to the lightswitch on rubbery legs. Upon turning Ellen saw that a second move had been made by the black pieces. Telling herself to be calm, Ellen strode to the board and determindly made a third move. A short time later a black knight glided to the edge of the board and settled snugly in the centre of the square. Panic welled up inside Ellen and she tried to turn and run, but she could only slump down at her chair. Her mouth opened in a would-be scream, her tongue fluttering inside like a hungry baby eagle's but no sound came.

All at once Ellen could feel Aunt Agatha's presence rather than see her. Raising her head, Ellen could see a ghost-like outline on the other side of the board. Ellen could have tried to run away, but she didn't, for with the soundless scream had come the realisation that she was trapped, and truly under the spell of her dead aunt. The musty old smell of Aunt Agatha pervaded the room. Ellen made another move and the game began in earnest.

Ellen began the game cautiously, testing the strength of her adversary's play. Aunt Agatha quickly developed her pieces and Ellen, now in a cold sweat, found herself on the defensive. The game continued in this fashion. In between furtive glances Ellen noticed that with each attacking rally that her aunt made, the spectral figure became more tangible and clearly defined. However, when Ellen courageously defended the figure faded back to nothingness. The game dragged on and at two o'clock in the morning Ellen made the fatal mistake. Soon Aunt Agatha exploited the weakness and with great attacking flair checkmated Ellen's king.

Almost instinctively Ellen stretched her hand out to 'congratulate' her opponent and Aunt Agatha's bony hand gripped hers in a cold, delicate handshake. Her aunt's somewhat indistinct face beamed at her and Ellen began to relax. It was then that her aunt's face began to change. It metamorphised into a twisting, horrible nightmare landscape of rotten teeth and decaying flesh. Then Ellen saw Aunt Agatha for what she really was, an unfeeling parasite back from the gates of hell, obviously bent on draining her life force and claiming her soul. Ellen struggled to get away but the bony grip tightened and she felt herself being pulled across the board and engulfed in the sickly-sweet smelling mustiness of the ghost of her aunt. Ellen passed out.

When Ellen came to she groggily looked up and the first face she saw was — herself. Too tired and dumbfounded to scream she just sat and stared. Sitting across the board from her was a sixteen year old girl, a perfect model of Ellen in every respect except for the eyes. The eyes of an old woman rested in the pretty face, distorting it. Ellen looked down and in disbelief ran her hands over her arms — now covered in age spots — and her face — a wrinkled piece of leather. The penny dropped, On losing the game Ellen had been translocated into her Aunt's body and vice versa.

Ellen didn't cry, for she was past that now. She watched without emotion as the young girl stood up, winked at her and left the room. Ellen realised that she was destined to haunt the board for an eternity of long nights, with no chance of release . . . unless somebody 'just for a laugh' of course, made the first move and threw themselves on a roller-coaster ride to doom and Ellen smiled and began to practice — and wait, and wait, and wait, and wait . . .

The Hislau Affair

by P. MALLON 5F

September 1986
Nicholas Daniloff is arrested in Russia. What reason is given? They accuse him of spying. Maybe so. But the Americans denied the accusations. What was the real reason for his arrest?

MOSCOW
It was a chilly September morning, Nicholas Daniloff, a middle aged American reporter, stood rigidly with his hands thrust deeply into his overcoat's pockets. His breath condensed into a small cloud, feeling warm against his cheeks as it rose.
Daniloff had a lonely face, but this did not reflect his character. He was a friendly sociable man, his brown hair going grey at the locks, was brushed straight in a middle shade.

A black limousine approached slowly, its engine chugging. Daniloff's eyes followed it as it got closer and closer and finally stopped alongside him. He looked about nervously. He could see no-one. The only living things out here were the rolling fields of yellowing grass. The black window of the limousine lowered and an oldish man stuck his face out. He smiled.
'Hello, Nicholas. How are you?' he asked in a friendly Russian accent.
'Oh, I'm fine. This damned cold's getting on my nerves though.' The old man laughed.

'My dear Nicholas, this is only the start of the cold. Wait until December.' Setting down to business,
He revealed a brown envelope from his pocket.
. . . This is a message of extreme importance. You must deliver it to flat D,192 Claskinov Square without delay. The internal security of the United States depends on its delivery.'

'Will do', replied Daniloff simply, taking the envelope. He did not open it. The less he knew about the whole affair, the better.
'Thank you, Nicholas. Take care, now. I wouldn't want to see anything happen to you. Goodbye'.

The limousine drew away, leaving Daniloff standing with the envelope. The man that Daniloff had talked to was an Israeli spy based in the Kremlin. No one knew this except for Nicholas and whoever lived at flat D192 Claskinov Square.

Three days later: Claskinov Square
Two men sat around the square wooden table. Empty cups, with coffee stains running down the sides, littered the table along with various newspapers and sheets of paper. An ashtray supporting two cigarettes and full of numerous butts, completed the scene.
One man was holding his head in his hands. He was about thirty-five years with a balding head of blond hair. His name was Joseph Diemetrov, an Israeli agent posing as a steel worker. He had sharp thin features and was known for his quick temper.
The other was Leon Istentrov, an older man with the same profession as Diemetrov. He was friendly and quite chubby being fond of his food.

Fists pounded on the door. Diemetrov jumped from his seat and produced a revolver from an inside pocket of his jacket. Isentrov followed suit. They approached the door. Another series of bangs shook it. Diemetrov, putting the chain on the door, opened it slowly. he breathed a sigh of relief and released the chain. He walked back to the table as Ivan Istentrov, Leon's brother, rushed in holding a newspaper up in his hands. His face was pale. He was breathing heavily.
"Look it's the headlines. Oh my God!"
He slumped down on a chair, threw the paper on the table and, shakily lit a cigarette. Diemetrov lifted the newspaper and started to read the first page. It was a black-market copy of the New York Times — a day out of date.
'Christ!' he hissed.
"What's in it?" Leon asked anxiously.

"Daniloff's been arrested by the K.G.B. Our man in the Kremlin gave him information on how and when the attack will take place. He's supplying names and positions of the terrorists. Now that Daniloff's been arrested, we don't have the information. If Daniloff talks, and they will make him talk, we'll all be in trouble.'

The attack was one planned by an anti-terrorist (American) organisation. All that the spy cell knew was that it would be carried out in New York near the end of September. They did not know the exact date. Now, with Daniloff's arrest, their time for action was running out.
"We need to close shop" Diemetrov said, gathering the papers from the table. 'It won't take long for the K.G.B. to catch up with us once Daniloff's talked. Let's just hope that he doesn't read the letter. Our friends in the Kremlin are probably backing the attack.'

Within ten minutes they were ready to evacuate. Leon opened the door and checked the passage. Two large, heavily clad men were coming. On seeing Leon, they broke into a run. Leon slammed the door and slid across the two large locks.
'They're here. The K.G.B.,' he stammered. Everyone froze.
'Quick, dump the luggage. Only take the papers. Out the window now.'
Without delay the three slid open the window and lowered themselves from it, dropping on to a car in an alleyway, a storey below. They heard their door crashing down. They ran along the alleyway, Leon limping from his fall, while shots followed them, ricochetting of the orange brick on either side. They reached their car, threw open the doors, and sped off, the K.G.B. men still shooting behind them.
Fifteen minutes later, they found themselves out of Moscow entirely. 'We'll head for Marcus Vasili's home. He doesn't live far from here,' suggested Leon.

Vasili was the middle man between their spy cell and Israel. He passed all the information obtained by the cell to their government. He was a bachelor, as they all were; a hermit, never socialising. He was just an insignificant farmer — the perfect agent.

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The dumped the car a mile from Vasili's house, concealing it behind the perimeter hedge of a barren field and walked the rest of the way. There they stayed.

Meanwhile, in the United Nations, New York, George Shultz, the American foreign minister and Edward Chevardnadze, the Russian equivalent, held numerous meetings to discuss the Daniloff affair. The Russians accused Daniloff of spying, having pictures of him and a top Kremlin official meeting in secret in which a letter was passed to Daniloff. The U.S.A. denied any link between Daniloff and the C.I.A. and stressed that he was not an American spy. The issue could have affected the chaces of a superpower summit. It had to be resolved quickly.

The meeting continued for several weeks, a lot of them being unannounced. The Americans, in retaliation, expelled twenty five Russians from the United Nations and they arrested a Russian by the name of Andre Zacarov. They now wanted to exchange this man for Daniloff. The Russians agreed. But has the date in the letter run out? It was already near the end of September. The terrorist group may have already left Lebanon for New York.

MOSCOW. Vasili's Home

It had been a long time since the three men had fled from their house. Too long. They had received little news of the Daniloff affair, but they did know that he would be released soon from what they had heard. Then, at last, the day came. Vasili excitedly entered his large, cosy living room and exclaimed the good news.

'Daniloff's been set free. He's on a plane to Frankfurt.'

Diemetrov jumped up and rushed up to his bedroom.

'Diemetrov, what are you doing?' shouted Leon after him.

'I'm going to Frankfurt. Get me a reservation on a flight to West Germany.'

'But you'll never get past customs.'

'Yes I will. I've got a forged West German passport.' He laughed with relief. Maybe they wouldn't be too late.

Frankfurt Thurs. September 27th - a top German Hotel

Diemetrov entered the huge double doors and approached reception, a cream velvet counter. 'Is a Nicholas Daniloff in residence?' he asked.

'Yes sir, but he requested that no one see him at the moment. I'm sorry,' the receptionist replied in her polite working accent.

'Please,' Diemetrov pleaded. 'This is very urgent. Could you just call him and tell him the address '192 Claskinov Square.'

'I'm sorry sir, but . . .'

'Please. Just do this one thing for me. '

'Emm . . . O.K.'

She lifted a receiver and pressed several buttons.

'Hello? Mr. Daniloff? A gentleman has asked to see you. He asked me to say '192 Claskinov Square to you. Do you wish to see him? . . . O.K. sir. I'll send him straight up.'

She turned to Leon and said,

'Room 432, Sir.'

Daniloff was waiting for Diemetrov as he exited the lift. Two Military Policemen accompanying Daniloff searched Diemetrov, before Daniloff spoke.

'What do you want Mr. . . .?

'Diemetrov, Joseph Diemetrov. I have to get the information that was given to you in the letter.'

'How do I know that you are for real?' Daniloff asked.

'I can tell you what I expect to find in the letter.'

'O.K. What?'

'There will be a date and several names,' he paused. 'Oh yes, and a place in the Middle East and a description of a terrorist attack. That's all'.

'Yes, would you come with me to my room please, Mr. Diemetrov.'

They entered Daniloff's lush room. He picked up a letter and handed it to Diemetrov, taking the letter, reached inside it to reveal a folded piece if paper. It read:-

30th September — Targets: I. Nudal, P. Nudal, R. Isdam.

'Living at Hislau, West Bierut. Attack will be at John F. Kennedy Airport. They will attack a plane.'

'I've guessed what it all means' Daniloff said approaching Diemetrov.

'You have to contact your government immediately.' Diemetrov was given a phone.

Hislau, West Bierut Sept. 29th 11.00 p.m.

The Israel's tanks and armoured cars sealed off the two ends of the street in silence. Their purring engines cut off. Army clothed men sneaked up to the house where the Nudal brothers and R. Isdam were preparing for their plane journey.

As two soldiers reached the door, they looked around to see if their comrades were in position, ready to storm the house. One of the men crouched at the door lock, attached something and he and the other then backed off. A huge bang shook the street, provoking cries of terror from the inhabitants. The smoke from the explosion had not cleared when the Israeli troops ran through a gaping hole where the door had once been. Several bursts of gunfire echoed from within. Then all was silent. The soldiers came out of the house, guns by their sides. Their grim task was completed. Medical corps men brushed past them as they ran into the house with stretchers. No terrorists survived. Shoot to kill was the soldiers orders They were paid to obey orders. The attack had been stopped.

THE SIMMARIAN LITERARY AWARDS 1986-87

A LEVEL COMMENDATION

NEIL McKENNA, 7LC "Discovery"

O LEVEL

1st Prize: EAMONN RICE, 4B
"Great Uncle Eugene"

Jt. 2nd Prize: GARETH McARREAVEY 4B
"Nightmares", "Life Begins at Forty"

Jt. 2nd Prize: PATRICK MALLON, 5F
"The Hislau Affair"

JUNIOR PRIZE

JUDE NUGENT, 3B "The Waiting Room"

Overall prizewinner and winner of The Pen Shop Award

EAMONN RICE 4B

Everything Happens To Me

by EAMONN RICE 4B

We all knew that this day had to come yet even the bravest of hearts quailed as the car ground slowly to a halt.

Hugh, the subject of this exercise, had given up smoking. The end was an expensive one, forty five pounds to be exact — the accupuncturists fee — a month's "fags" in exchange for a tin-tack in his left ear.

The younger members of the family sat watching cartoons but I — being old in knowledge crept to the relative safety of my bedroom knowing only full well that I could not escape his anguish for long.

As he came through the door his searching eyes crossed and recrossed the room spying out any would be victims.

My mother came into the room in the nick of time (he was about to go up to my bedroom) and ushered him in to the kitchen for his dinner (Desperate Dan size) my mother knowing the importance of a huge meal at these sensitive times followed by several "Rennies" and a long lie in bed to help him recover.

Seizing this carefree situation I made a bolt for the door and before he could say anything I was outside — free.

Outside all was peaceful and tranquil and grass was covered in a fine dew of many diamonds that split the light into all colours of the rainbow. The air was full of the sweet scent of honeysuckle and the sounds of bird calls.

"Eaaaammmooonnn" a loud bellowing call rent in the air, shattering any peace and tranquility that there may have been.

"Yes?" I answered, in my "every thing is normal" voice.

"The hut, the hut!" he yelled pointing a now nicotine finger towards the hut.

"Tidy it now!" screamed the now ex-addict and turned on his heel and stomped indoors to terrorise some younger member of the family.

The hut was in such a state that the rates man had deducted it from the overall annual payment. My heart sunk so low that it could have got blisters if I had sat down. I trudged wearily over to the hut and set about my task, taking each article out and laying it on the dewy grass.

First out came the two bikes, the first was an old "grifter" that you needed life insurance to ride, and the second was an even older "striker" that had two flat tyres, no handle bars, no brakes and no seat. Once these were out of the way there was more room for me to work in and I manouvered my football table out without much bother at all, and then started on the boxes examining each and its contents in turn. Fat lego and chubby fingers, a complete army of action men tanks, planes, scout cars, Jeeps and all. An old tea-chest full of bats and balls was the hardest to move, as it had become tightly wedged into the corner but I soon got it out and there in the corner was my beloved blankey.

"Oh Blankey!" I shouted as I saw a small blue woollen blanket in the corner of the hut.

"Oh I thought you were lost for ever!" I made a desperate lounge for the blue bedraggled rag and as my hand touched it there was a tremendous crash and all went black . . .

I never did remember being lifted tenderly from the wreckage, carried indoors and laid softly upon my bed. I opened my eyes to find myself in my bed-room with my dad sitting on the bed beside me.

"You're alright son," he said, trying to appear caring and tender.

"Yes," I said, and raised my hand to feel the large bump on my forehead, only to find a small woollen rag clasped tight in my hand.

"It's hard giving up something you love," he said as he prised the blanket out of my claw-like hand. "But it has to be done."

Footnote: The author denies ever having knowledge of any such blanket and he would like to make clear that all events within the passage are purely fictitious. And besides I love my blanket very much . . .

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My First Fight Night

TYRONE McKENNA 2A

I walked slowly into Clonard Boxing Club. Behind me, my father's voice was lost in the continuous thumping of punchballs. A well built, flat nosed boxer looked at me and grinned. I've never liked him much since then. I was then introduced to Bill, the coach. He remarked, "I've heard you're a tough character." I gave him no answer; just grinned. Then I said, "I've heard you're a tough coach." I wasn't wrong.

****

I boxed. He was acknowledging every move I made against the long punchbag. I felt chuffed, the way he hummed at every good punch I made. He stopped and we went and sat down on the bench.

"You've got a fight next week," he said

"Huh! I've only been here a month," I answered. "You have shown some good promise in that month, son. I've entered you for the Clonard U.13 championship" he said.

Before I knew it I was through to the final. And guess who was my opponent? Suppose you remember the flat-nosed boxer? Yes. As far as I know he was the former champion. I felt good going into the room to get changed. Everything was so quick. I was soon entering the ring. Looking across I could see that flat-nosed freak smiling at me. That was it. I may have been quietly confident before but he wasn't getting the Clonard belt now. For the first minute we circled each other warily. Then he came at me with a quick left and right, which I parried and I counter attacked, forcing him to the ropes and getting in a right cross to the ribs which made him grunt as breath was forced from his lungs. But he got away before I could do any more damage.

I came out confidently for the second. He backed away and I followed. He was almost on the ropes. I threw a left hook at his jaw. It did not miss by much, but it missed. The next thing I remember was the referee standing over me, counting.

'. . . six, seven . . .

Somehow I got to my feet. I could not see straight, and was staggering I managed to dodge blows and ride others, but had little idea how. I did not go down again, but that stool was like heaven to me at the end of the round. I knew I had to knock him out to win.

He knew this too. After his first probing had established that I was no longer dazed, he didn't go flat out, and boxed from a distance. In the end I grew desperate. I abandoned my own defence and went on hitting as fast and as often as I could. Most of my blows failed to land, wheras he got in a couple to the body which rocked me, but I kept on, fighting and not boxing. He measured me for a punch that would have finished the job; the uppercut had started, and missed I did not miss my own hook to the jaw. His knees buckled and he went down and I was sure he was not going to get up by a count of ten or for that matter fifty. I had won the Clonard U-13 belt. The flat-nosed boxer had now recovered and looked up at me. I gave him a wide grin. That was the end of that.

A SHOT

P. KENNEDY 5G

"What a shot!"

"Right on target!" cried a few voices.

"Yeh! he couldn't have missed, the goalie was out of the box!" I retorted. Our goalkeeper looked round for some other excuse, then he picked the ball up and threw it out to Marc. Two-one down we played on. Two smaller children rode past on their bikes. One of the bikes only had one stabiliser, the other one surprised me just by the fact that it was in one piece.

"This game is getting boring," said Marc as he knocked the ball wide and into the next door's garden. I voiced my agreement and waited for someone to get the ball. A quick glance at the others told me what each was thinking. "It's your ball, you get it." Cursing to myself I climbed on next door's wall, avoiding the wobbly bricks near the pillar. Picking the ball up from amidst the red petals and assorted *bits* of rose. I checked the window for any movement inside. I jumped off the wall and as my feet hit the ground there was a loud echoing crack.

The others all jerked round as if pulled by invisible string. Dragged by curiousity we ran towards the gap in the railings around the fort. Stumbling between the railings and over the wire, we asked each other the question we knew the answer to,

"Was that a shot?"

Concerned parents and noisy kids were gathering at the gates of St. Aidan's school. Soldiers were pointing their S.L.R.'s at people, at cars, at dogs, at each other and just about anything else they could see.

"He's lying there," a woman said.

"Get an ambulance!" ordered a soldier.

"Shot him in the back" murmured a mother.

"Bloody murderers!" yelled a man.

"Outside a school too," said a girl.

". . . was unarmed," said a voice.

Some people stood shocked , some women started a rosary, someone else cursed the army.

"What happened?" asked Marc.

"Go you home, luv."

"Not for childer to see."

"Is he dead?" asked a child. She was answered with a slap.

"Who is he?"

"Young lad, with his mates."

"John said his name's Thomas."

"Army picked on them."

"Comes from Turf Lodge."

"He run, so he did."

"John knows his uncle."

"One of the soldiers shot him!"

There were blue flashes, sirens wailed, soldiers took up strategic position? I blinked, Marc gulped. Through the crowd I saw a white blanketed lump on a stretcher. A man pushed in front of me. I squeezed past. The ambulance slowly drove off. Orange tape threaded across the road. Spectators walked away. I turned my back and bounced the ball.

You can still see the spot where he fell today.

This page is sponsored by **J. K. FEGAN, M.P.S., Chemist, 136a Andersonstown Road, Belfast 11. Tel. 613492**

GREAT UNCLE EUGENE

EAMONN RICE 4G

Stories of great Uncle Eugene were rare and caught only in snatches as I lurked near open doors or walked slowly past whispering adults. He was said to be a reprobate — no good — a disgrace to the family but from the gems I gleamed he was a character well worth getting to know.

He ran away to sea at twelve, travelled the world, lived in the Far East for countless years and made a lot of money in South America doing heaven knows what. His only fault it would seem was his turning up in his home town to live out the remainder of his days in the manner to which he was accustomed.

Every eccentric in the townland gravitated towards him: the card school and parties became legendary. My grandmother would get that far away look as she listened to her elder brother's escapades. Carpets were removed so that he could hose down rooms and stairs in a labour saving manner; he painted murals on the sedate farmhouse walls, scenes that reminded him of past experiences.

"Naked black women on the walls," my granny sighed and looked searchingly into the distance.

His death was unexpected but befitting the old man. He had collapsed during a poker school as he leaned across the table to pull in his winnings.

"Always had the luck!" said his friends!

A wake was inevitable as he was loved by all who didn't owe him, and I was brought along with my mother.

He was laid out in the front room with the sun-pan murals and large red setting sun as this room was thought to be the least offensive but I was ushered past this mysterious room and warned not to go in.

The house hummed with talk, laughter and the smell of whiskey and cigarette smoke. I passed round cups of tea and sandwiches and received numerous pats on the head; one old drunk remarked on the resemblance of myself and old Eugene.

I had to see him to say goodbye and that I was sorry I hadn't known him. I didn't think I would be missed as I slipped out of the heavy fog into the dark hall. I walked down the hall and past a ruined Inca village and stood at the parlour door. It was slightly ajar and the smell of wax caught the back of my throat. The room was full of candles which cast unusual globes of light around the room. Mass cards were arranged on the old fireplace giving the room a slightly jovial appearance. The room was empty of furniture except for a pool table on which the coffin was laid.

Nervous now I lingered and let my eyes rest on the red sunset. Would his eyes be open, looking at me accusingly? Would he be contorted in death, ugly and devilish? What if he moved and was not really dead at all. I read once that the South American Indians had a root which when eaten feigned death. Could he be planning a vicious practical joke on his awful relatives who wouldn't love him in life?

Another step nearer the coffin biting my lips to steady my nerves. I had to look. I was beside the open coffin but my eyes were still fixed on the sun. I took a gasp of stale perfumed air and looked.

The eyes were closed and the face was gentle and relaxed in death. The white fuzzy hair and beard haloed the face. He was an old man who looked faintly like my grandmother and mother. It was my Great Uncle Eugene.

I touched his hand gingerly with the tips of my fingers and whispered goodbye.

"THE END?"

by SEAN BURNS 6SD

Peter Myers had had enough of civilization. He had spent ten years at university and at work earning a living, contributing to society, all for one purpose: to get away. He wanted to return to nature.

Sometimes he would muse over this paradox; man had fought through barbarism for centuries to achieve a civilised life and now everyone seemed to want to fend for themselves. He could understand why. Here, in a remote part of the Canadian mountains, there was no claustrophobic feeling, no chance of being mugged, or shot because of religious beliefs. There was only life to contend with, strive to live, or forfeit life.

Now, as he sat patiently on the hillside waiting for the inevitable — the radio broadcast had been quite insistent on its accuracy — he reminisced over his coming here.

It had taken all his hard-earned money to get where he was now — that and more for he had left behind his family and friends but he did not live like a primitive — oh, no civilisation had its good points. He had come with a sleek rifle with infra red sights and a range of 2000m. Among other things he had a crossbow and a plentiful supply of bolts which he retrieved when he could; equipment for climbing and trekking, and a fairly compact solar-powered generator for heat and light.

At first it hadn't been easy — obviously. Getting here had been the first problem. He had hiked and climbed in all types of terrain and weather, often making many journeys of accomplishment! He had taken on the elements and won! Fortunately, luck had been with him practically all the way. He well remembered the sight of a massive grizzly bear thundering through the trees after it had switched on his radio by accident. He had laughed himself hoarse as the fiercest creature in the forest scrambled through the bushes in a mad bid to escape Bob Dylan's straining voice!

Generally he had lived a good life. It hadn't taken him long to come up with a sturdy stone structure which kept him safe and dry. He was rarely ill, and even then he had some medical supplies, and all he'd ever need in the surrounding countryside, if the books he had on herbal remedies were anything to go by. Although the food was a bit more elusive than he'd expected, he ate fresh and natural.

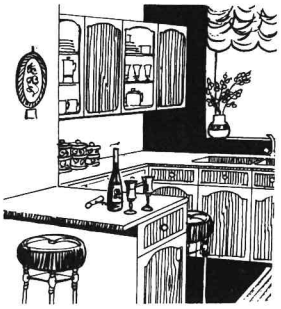
Best of all, he remembered sitting out at night to watch the sky. There were no smogs to blot out the stars here. The heavens were deepest black, with stars twinkling brilliantly and Myers sometimes felt humbled by their ageless beauty. He would form new constellations and give them names and make up stories about them.

Suddenly Myers was aware of a sensation of unreality: the land seemed to shimmer as waves of pure energy swept over everything and the sky turned blood red — fire. His last thought was 'A new beginning . . . it's best this way."

Peter Myers was fortunate. He had repaid civilisation in full for what it had given him — life; and now death. There was a method to this madness, surely.

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Poets Corner

My First Day at St. Mary's

The magic day had come at last
With eagerness I hurried fast
Up the long long entrance walk
Uniform complete too excited to talk.

I joined the queues of eager boys
Anxious to experience first day joys
Soon lost in the maze of corridors
Searching for room H24

The first class of subjects three
Was Irish which was new to me
Religion and Maths followed on
The first morning was almost gone.

Then off to the canteen we sped
To eat and savour the tasty spread;
I met some of my old pals there
Then went out to enjoy the mountain air.

Meting different teachers and with students new
The afternoon for me really flew
Soon I heard the bells ding-dong
My first day in St. Mary's had come and gone.

BRENDAN MALLON

Waiting

by KEVIN DUNNE 2A

Sweets, sweets, sweets, sweets, sweets . . .
Wishing I'd never eaten them.
Brush, brush, brush, brush, brush, ...
Wish I'd done it.
Drill, drill, drill, drill, drill . . .
I'm going to get it
Through my head
Sitting here.
Will I write my will?
White walls, walls, walls, walls . . .
Going around me.
Rows of chairs, — hard, square, uninviting.
Carpet worn by glum foot draggers
Magazines full of white sparkling teeth.
Is the music to drown the screams?
Swimming in waves of antiseptic and decaying teeth.
So strong I can taste it.
Touch the cold seat with sweating hands
Petrified pale pained people
I'm one of them.

CITY SHOWER

by CIARAN McNAMEE 4B

A day in the park, beautiful day.
Not a cloud to be seen, very hot.
Children running, sliding, playing
A baseball game under the trees.
Lovers strolling, kissing, laughing.
Mother's watching; fanning themselves
Vendors plying their goods, cokes, hot-dogs
A day in the park, beautiful day.

Sky darkens suddenly, like the end of the world.
Splashes of rain, harder and harder.
"It's a summer shower." will stop again.
Thunder crashes like an explosion:
Lightning forks, crackles and hisses,
People running for shelter under the stand
Clothes, plastered to them, hair flattened
Water gushes down the drains
Wet and huddled we stand and watch.

Rock music playing, wet people dancing;
Children who were crying now being amused
Rain still gushes but no-one cares.
Party feeling where we are all gathered
Baseball players, telling jokes.
People laughing, singing, clapping,
No-body bothered about the storm
A day in the park, beautiful day:
A day in the park in New York.

Spring Shower

by MICHAEL BRADY 4B

The Heavens darken
Uplifted, anxious eyes are watching
To the sky that lights the day
Stronger now the wind is snatching.
Stealing mats and caps away.

The cloud approaches:
A giant, tumbling mass of grey
Hides the sky and kills its glow
The victims time has come to pay.
See them scurry far away.

The cloud bursts.
One million diamonds falling fast
Their new found freedom spring bright.
They can't escape the soaking blast
The diamond and their diving flight.

The shower ceases:
A pool of crystal reflects the sky
A shimmering image of the reborn sun
Thunderclouds go sailing by.
A rainbow appears where there was none.

Night Raid

by TONY COX

The Sound of an engine pulling its way
Through the darkness, its' target in sight
A beam of light discovers the plane
As the war machine springs to life.

The wing is caught and disappears
And the plane limps its way across the sky
As its comrades pick their targets
And explosions shake the earth.

With their mission complete
They're homeward bound, all except one
It swoops for the last time
And it's pilots bale it.

With an explosion the plane is lost
A massive flame leaps into the darkness
It flickers there for a few minutes
Then it disappears for ever.

2B Cup Winners

by PATRICK CRILLY 4B

As the curtain went up we got into place,
And we hoped we'd remember our lines,
We wanted to be good to win a prize,
We had rehearsed it so many times.

We spoke and we acted without any nerves,
The costumes and scenery looked good.
The trees that we had were made at our school,
For the play, the tale of Robin Hood.

The acting had started in a tree-filled wood,
Joe in his black cloak told the tale —
Of how many adventures of Robin Hood
and the wedding of Alan a Dale.

And then it was over — there was loud applause,
We thought that our eardrums would burst.
Then after we'd watched other schools act their plays,
The adjudicator said "St. Mary's are First."

The philosopher trophy was handed to Joe,
It was all good fun and we had a laugh,
Then within a week of the show,
Our photo was in 'The Telegraph'.

Discovery

by NEIL McKENNA 7LC

A weekly chore-monotonous
Watching the tireless priests - minds elsewhere
Amusement when the choir sang;
Bathed in self sympathy.

When challenged — there was an excuse
"They don't care — they're all the the same!"
Older ones don't understand
— For them it was easy.

Then a bland contemplation of the ancient eulogies
A sudden perception of relevance
It became crystal clear
When before there was nothing —
A discovery.

War! (The Thought Of It All)

War! the giant mushroom in the sky
The small dark flakes, the killing one
A horrible thought made by horrible people,
The world is in their hands.

They're like little children
Fighting to see whose the best and biggest
The tall shiny object towering high
Twenty thousand each, primed killing-machines
The world is at their mercy.

They do not care, they don't give mercy
Never thinking about us, Reagan says he'll protect
Us, I don't think he'll make a fuss.
They're blood thirsty monsters
The world is all theirs.

The long dark winter after all,
Cold sad and miserable,
Who wants to live? Who really cares?
Its worse than even dying.

Mr. Gorbachev says "we'll destroy you"

But all I know and all I say,
Who needs these things anyway?

by LUKE O'DOHERTY 2A

Rosy for Seven Years

by GERARD BOYLE 6SA

The rose had died
'Spite the care and tenderness of fathers' hands
'Spite the soil's brave efforts,
The rose had died and the son cried.

Tears of rain trickled down the wilting stem
And down the burning red cheek.
A fading leaf of spring and seven years of work,
Floated to the wet ground and the bottom of an empty heart.

Once upon a time, a father had had a seed,
And once upon a time, a mother had had a son,
The seed was to be a bush, the son to fulfil ambitions,
Both failed, one died, one had really really tried.

Edmund Rice

by GRANT DEVLIN 1B

Edmund Rice was very good,
He gave the poor all he could.

Edmund Rice told the people how to pray
In his own special way.

One day he met a girl,
Mary was her name.
She was very nice,
Soon to be Mrs. Rice.

Mary too helped the poor.
She learned to love them more and more.

Years passed, sadness struck,
Mary was no longer with us.

Edmund continued with many a good deed,
And always helped the people in their hour of need.
We still remember him to this day,
For his love in every way.

Life's Clock

by SEAN O'NEILL 3C

The clock of life is wound but once,
And no man has the power
To tell when, the hand may stop
At late or early hour.

To lose your wealth is sad indeed
To lose your health is more
To lose your soul is such a loss
Which no man can restore

The present only is our own
Live and love with a will
Place no faith in tomorrow
For the clock may then be still.

Pilot

The first plane that I did see
I thought, the pilots life is the life for me
This was the thought that entered my brain
Looking up at that aeroplane.

In and out of the clouds, so free
Blue skies stretching as far as I can see
Flying between mountains so high
Only you, just you in the blue blue sky.

Up, up above the bustling crowd
You and your plane, free and proud
Then down, down, down to the welcoming ground
Down, down, down to the city sound.

So I will be a pilot I should say
Flying around the sky all day
It's the pilots life for me alright
Buzzing around at the highest height.

BRENDAN MALLON 1B

The Waiting Room

by Jude Nugent 3B

Door paint many hands have worn thin
Pushing through to equal drab within
Cheerless bulb a hundred watts too small
Can't light the tattered posters on the wall.

Semi gloom disguises creaky chairs
With covers frayed and spewing horses hairs
On lino worn through to flooring boards
By shuffling nervous feet of countless hordes.

Side by side they wait with patient stare
Their place within the queue they note with care
Each hiding worry in a quiet way
They nod and smile and pass the time of day.

No-one really minds the poor decor
Style has no place in what they're waiting for
Like me they know that here they always get
Kind and loving care for their sick pet.

My First Day at St. Mary's

The lane is like a sea of black
I'm here at last, no turning back
My stomach's churning, my mouth is dry
I feel strange in my blazer, choked in my tie.

My knees are knocking, my legs like jelly
Butterflies dancing in my belly
Such a huge building, so much noise.
Never have I seen so many boys.

Never ending corridors, a peculiar smell
I jump out of my skin at the sound of the bell
A familiar face, a cheery grin
My heart lifts – I'm ready to begin.

Books galore, my bag is full.
They told me today about the rules
First day over, back through the gate
Tomorrow another day – I can hardly wait.

DONAL McMANUS 1B

My First Day at St. Mary's

Into the car and up the road
Through the gates and up the hill
There it stands, St. Mary's
There are 7 long years ahead.

Black blazers.
Bell ringing.
Huge crowds.
Strange teachers.
Chaos everywhere.
Lockers and more lockers and even more lockers,
Christian Brothers in black Soutanes
Teacher's names on doors,
Noise,
and confusion.

MARTIN McKENNA 1B

Sounds

The bleating of a newborn lamb
The squeaking noise of a tram
The crunching of old dry leaves underfoot
The sweet notes from a flute
The whirring noise from the chain of a bike
Are some of the sounds that I like.

Polystyrene breaking up
The smashing noise from a cup.
My mum saying "Do the dishes, the water is ready!"
My brother shouting "Give me my teddy"
People shouting too loudly into a mike.
Are some of the sounds I do not like.

The bubbling noise from fermenting wine
The sound of a fish on the end of my line.
The sound of a cat lapping cream.
The trickling noise from a stream.
My mum saying "For dinner – it's pike"
Are more of the sounds that I like.

The nine o'clock bell in the morning
A siren bell calling a warning.
The sound of someone screaming.
My parents saying "wake up – stop dreaming"
The sound of my parents saying "Let's go for a hike"
Are more of the sounds I do not like.

CONOR TOMAN 2A

Waiting Room

Sitting there alone in a chair,
I am ready to pull out all my hair,
I imagine the questions they will ask me,
As they sit so proudly and wait to see me.

I couldn't bear it, not another year.
I hear heavy footsteps, one, two, one, two
They stop, I look around,
There he is seven feet off the ground.

He calls my name, I couldn't hear him
He calls my name, I couldn't hear him
I stand up and walk towards the big dark door.

Behind the door sit, Mr. Smiley, Mr. Ramsey and Mr. Broom.
Interrogators, Alligators,
Snap, snap, snapping at their victim.

My nerves are torn asunder,
Snapped by their savage jaws,
I throw them my morsels,
Feed them with my 'A' Levels and 'O' Levels
My tickets to a job.

They ask me to wait outside
I walk towards the big dark door
Down that corridor of lost confidence,
I'll have to wait and wait for the
Decision which will change my life.

KEITH DOHERTY 2A

Peace Not War

M. CONLON 5E

May the earth tremble
and the oceans roar
may the thunder crack
and the heavens pour
for damned are those
who destroy tranquility,
May they die a death
purely sadistically.

It is those who love
who die in peace
and those who hate,
shall dwell in hell
in a fire that will
never cease.

An eye for an eye
a tooth for a tooth,
is not the way to think
for it is he
who condems his neighbour,
shall die and rot and stink.

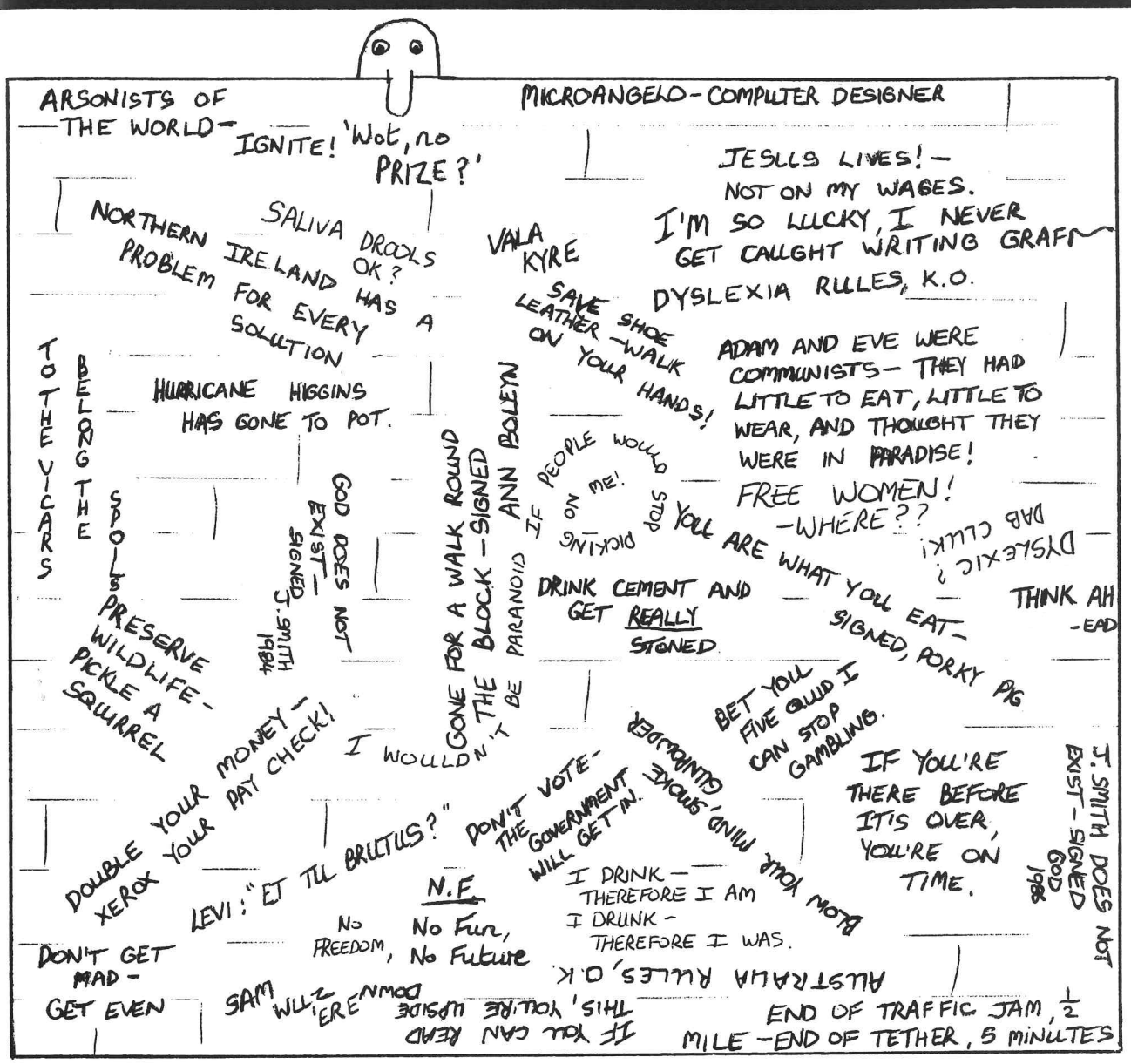
Disarm yourselves and
fight no more
may peace be among us
instead of war.

War

by BRIAN FEENAN 4E

So you're at war
You've a licence to kill,
A will to fight,
A brain of an idiot.
You've got a chance to become a gruesome history maker,
A chance to erase from the earth a thousand men or so.
With your weapons to pluck peoples souls,
You scavange around looking for victims.

So you're at war,
Brave to the end.
A man for his country
A dead son for a mother
A dead hero, and for what?
A life for a piece of coloured metal embraced by a piece of cloth.
And so praised by young on-lookers,
You enticed young idiots to lose their life for
Contractor of eyes and hearts . . . and of more idiots to follow.



S. Burns 6SD.

A Day at the Festival

We clambered on to the bus,
Shoving and pushing to get seats,
Tight squeeze to fit everyone in.

We reach our destination and get out
In we go,
Laughing and joking.

On stage now
Going great
Glad to get it over.

Changed again
Sit down
Wait anxiously for the results

We have won.
Great! fantastic!
Home again, it's all over now.

EUGENE MOHAN 3B

Ambrose Serridge



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ART SECTION



Philip Smith Environmental Study

This year's cover was designed by Paul McShane 1D. A competition was run by the Art Department for 1st years only.

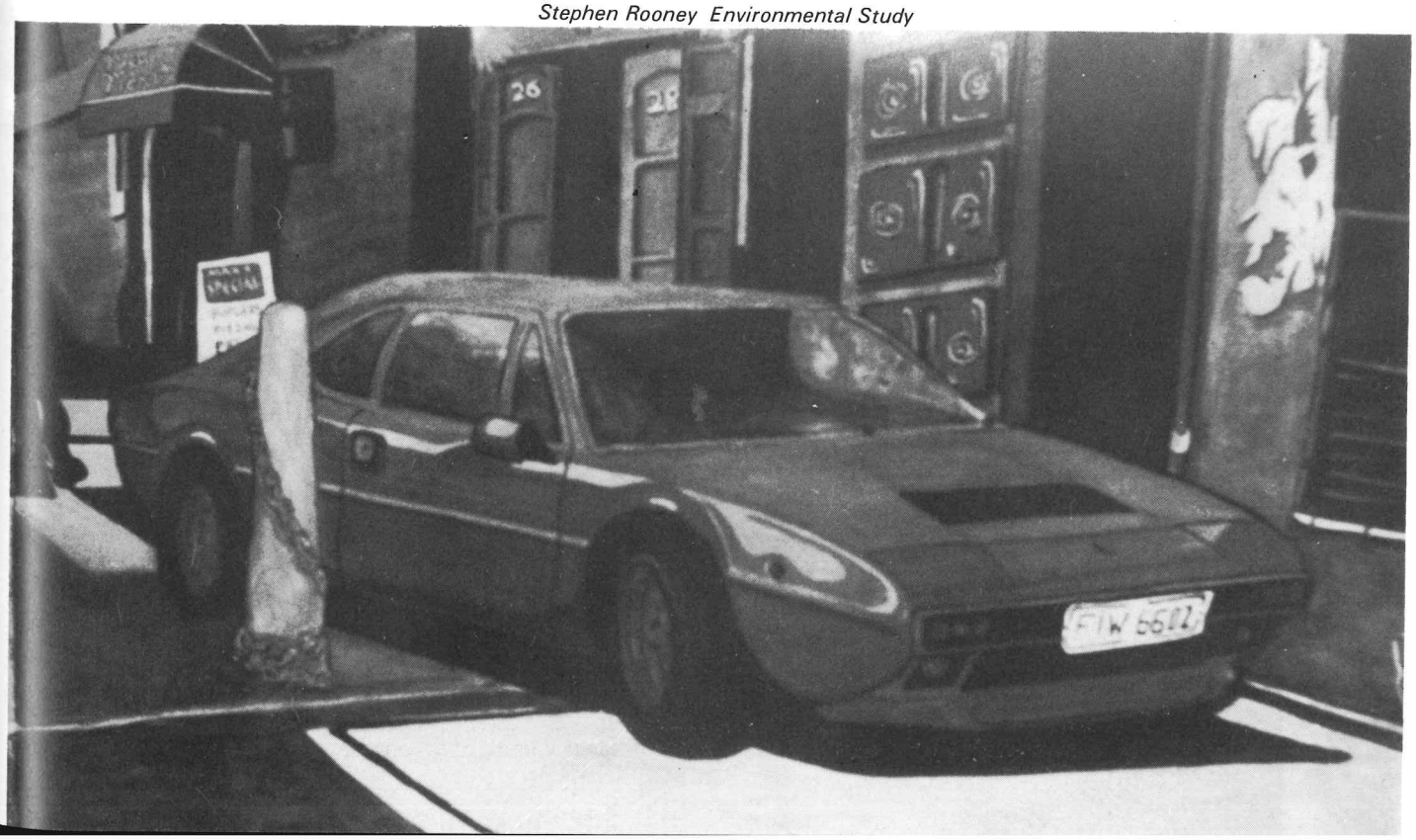
The aim was to make the 1st years aware of the school magazine and also give them the opportunity to submit designs of their own choosing. Unfortunately only one could be chosen and it was a difficult choice. I would like to thank all the 1st years who took part and congratulations to Paul who, no doubt, can feel very proud as this is a great achievement and honour.

The Art Department works quietly away in a far corner of the school but the talents within spread far and wide which is obvious to the discerning eye.

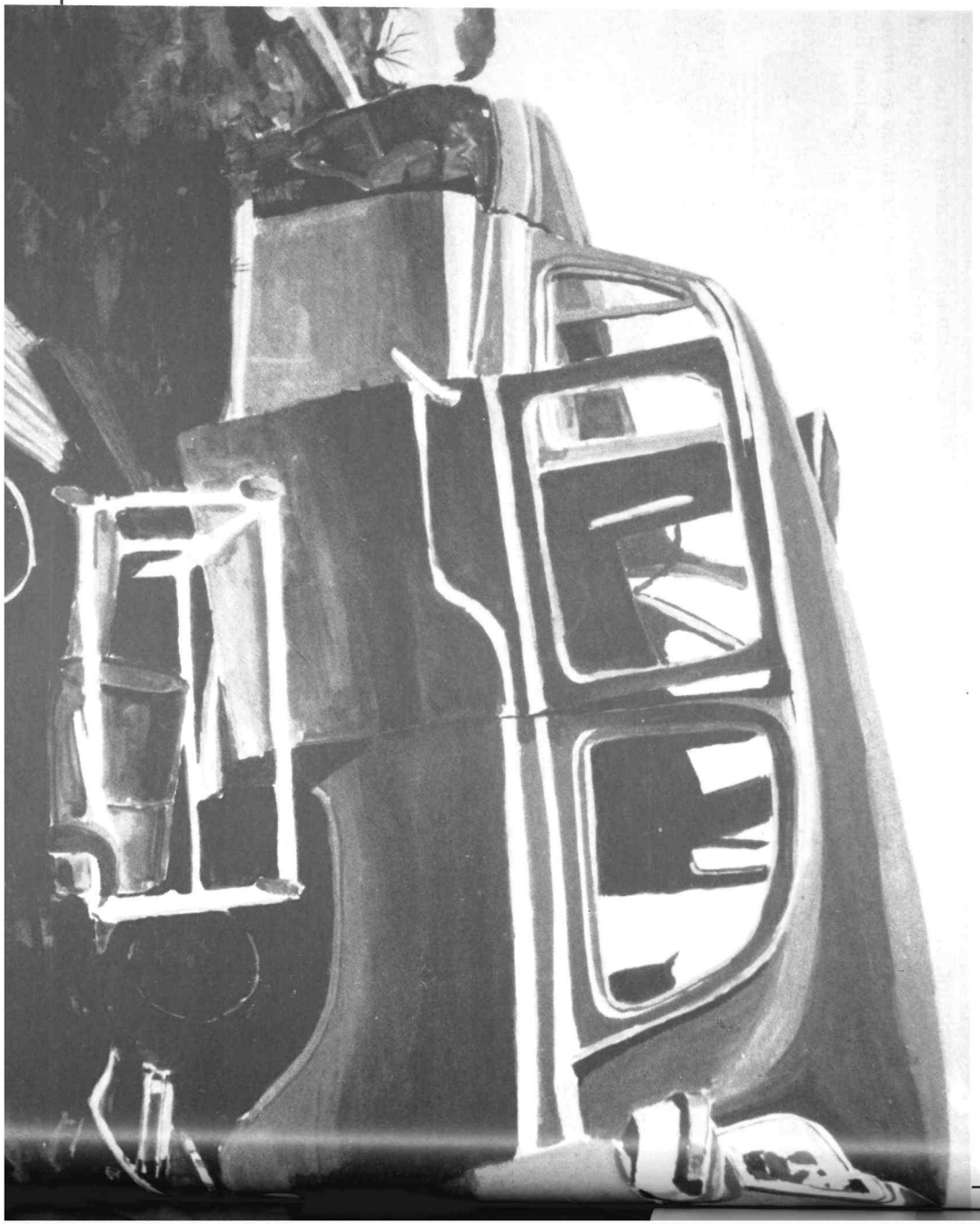
The re-vamped school crest, the panels on the Edmund Rice Chapel door, the new school sign above the main door were designed and completed by Mr. A. Whitehead head of the Art Department and these are but a few examples of the contributions made by the Department to the school. Our department is expanding year after year with more boys wanting to take both 'O' and 'A' levels. Over the last few years we have offered 'A' Level History of Art, in which some of the boys have had great success and this year we have 16 'A' level students taking this subject.

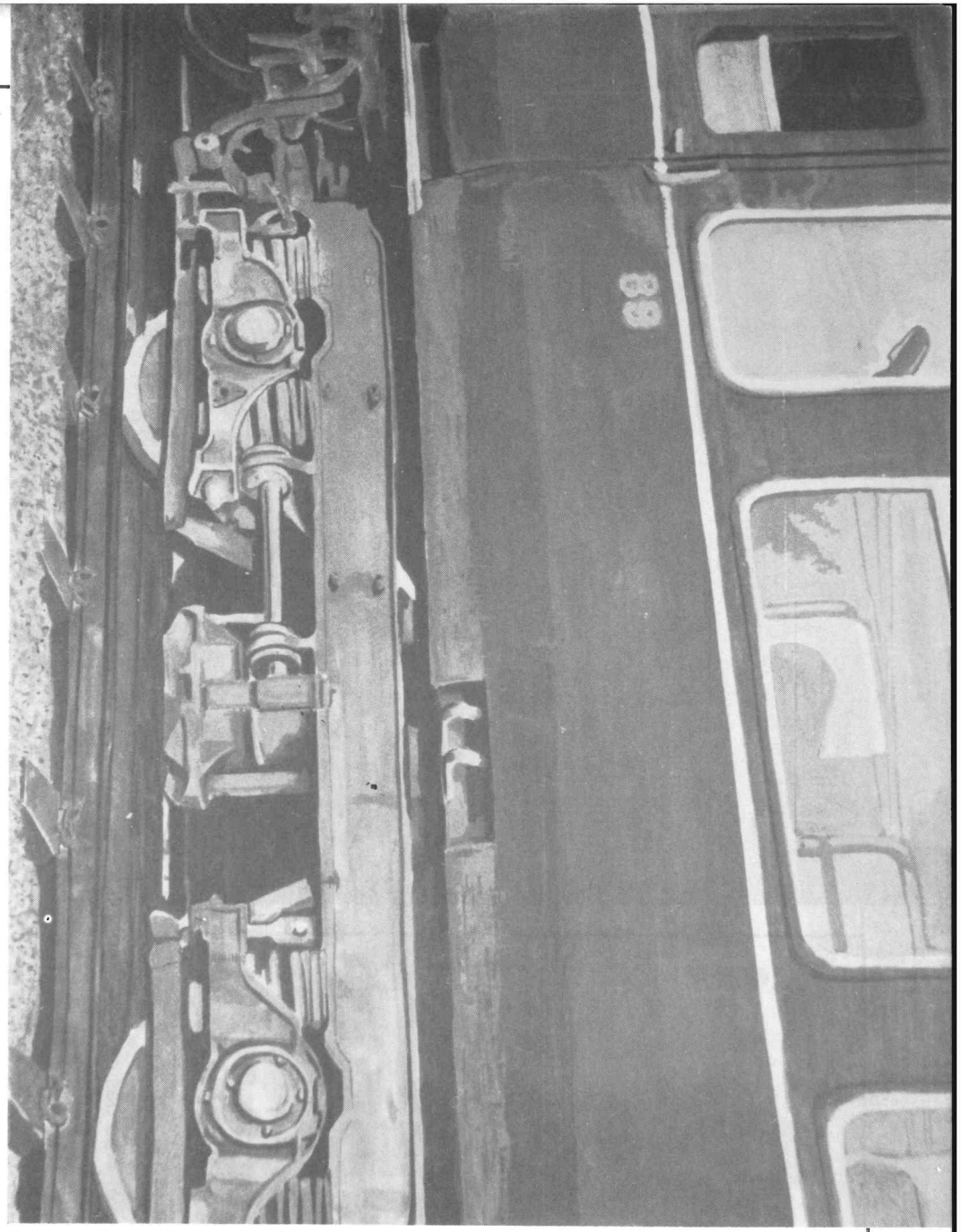
The Art Department has three art rooms, a craft room and a fully equipped darkroom to cater for colour and black and white photography. In the future we hope to put 'year displays' of art work throughout the school. Some art work can be seen in the Art/Music/T.D. block where we have a section of drawings, paintings and screen printing currently on display.

Stephen Rooney Environmental Study



Michael Harris
Environmental Study

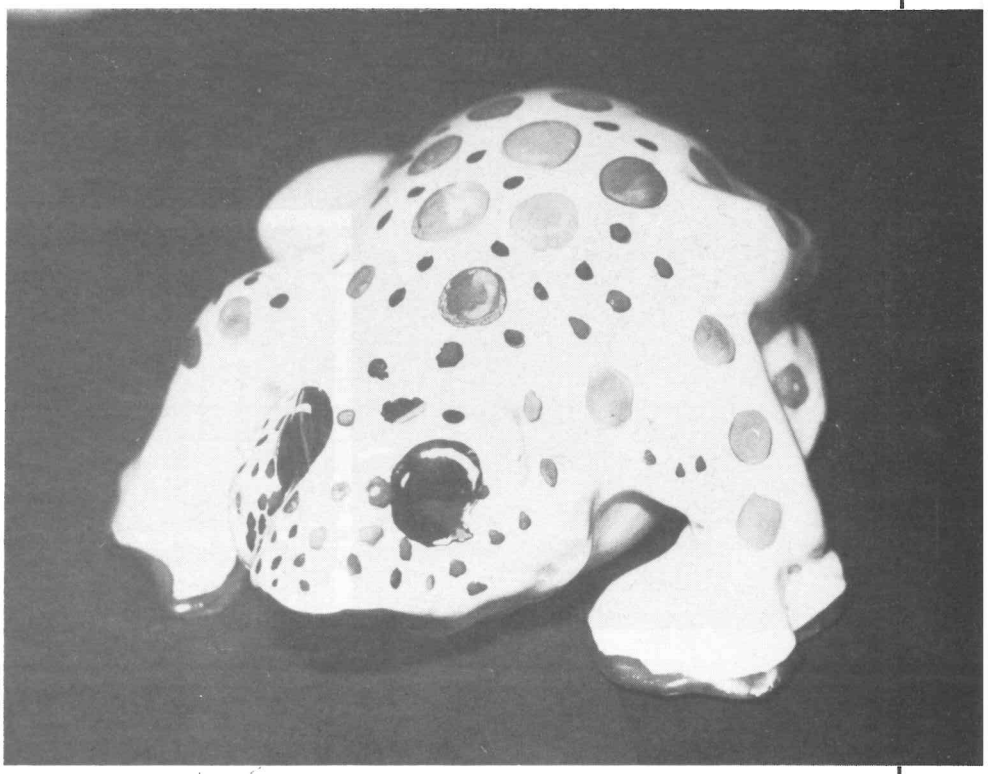




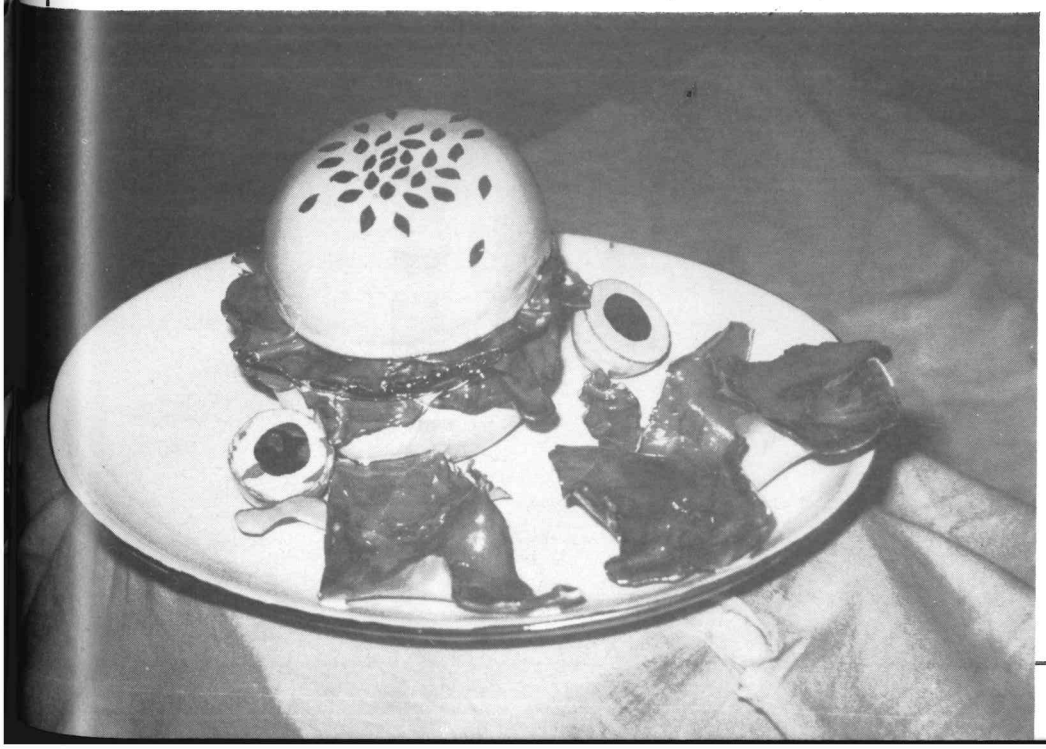
Michael Harris
Environmental Study in Ceramics



Declan Cadell
Ceramic Lustre Penguin



John Ball
Ceramic Lustre Frog



Michael Harris
Environmental Study



Transport of Delight
Polystyrene

Mark Burns
Environmental Study



A Busy Weekend in St. Mary's

The weekend of the MacRory Cup Final was an extremely busy one at St. Mary's as well as a highly successful one. The highlight, undoubtedly, was the school's footballing victory at Omagh. However, at the same time the school was represented in finals of a host of other activities ranging from debating in Galway to skiing in Scotland.

In university College, Galway, a team from St. Mary's (James McAleavey and Denis Lenaghan) was involved in the final of the All Ireland Schools Debating competition. The St. Mary's students gave a highly commendable performance in proposing the motion "That Apartheid is not just a black and white issue." Considering that some 320 schools originally entered the competition, St. Mary's, the only school to have won the trophy twice, can feel justly proud of taking the runners up position on this occasion.

At the same time as our footballers were in action in Omagh, the schools water-polo team, coached by Mr. J. McClean, was competing in yet another All-Ireland final, at Gormanstown. St. Mary's has a highly successful track-record in this competition but on this occasion, like our debaters, they, too, had to be satisfied with second place.

In the meantime, Mr. Hegarty, took the school's badminton players to Coleraine where they contested the Ulster School's finals. Without some of our best players, including Eugene McKenna who was on international duty with the Irish Under 21 side in Scotland, the team did commendably well even if they returned without a trophy.

Also on this same week-end the St. Mary's skiing team travelled to Glenshee in Scotland to compete in the British Isles school skiing championships. Our students gave an excellent account of themselves in finishing just outside the top ten in this highly competitive and prestigious event.

In the sphere of athletics, St. Mary's was represented by Eoin O'Neill in the All-Ireland School's Cross Country Championships at Castlebar. Though not running to his best form, Eoin, nevertheless, put in a very creditable performance.

Finally, the school was involved in the finals of the C.B.P.P.U/Irish News sponsored Inter-School Quiz at the P.P. Union on the Antrim Road. On this occasion the St. Mary's side (Sean Barr, Gerry Hyland, Harry Gribbon and John O'Connor) had to be satisfied with third place after defeating Sacred Heart Newry by a comfortable margin.

Thus it can be seen that this was a very hectic weekend in our school's calendar coming as it did after the schools heavy and successful involvement in the Ulster Speech and Drama Festival at the King's Hall throughout the preceding week.

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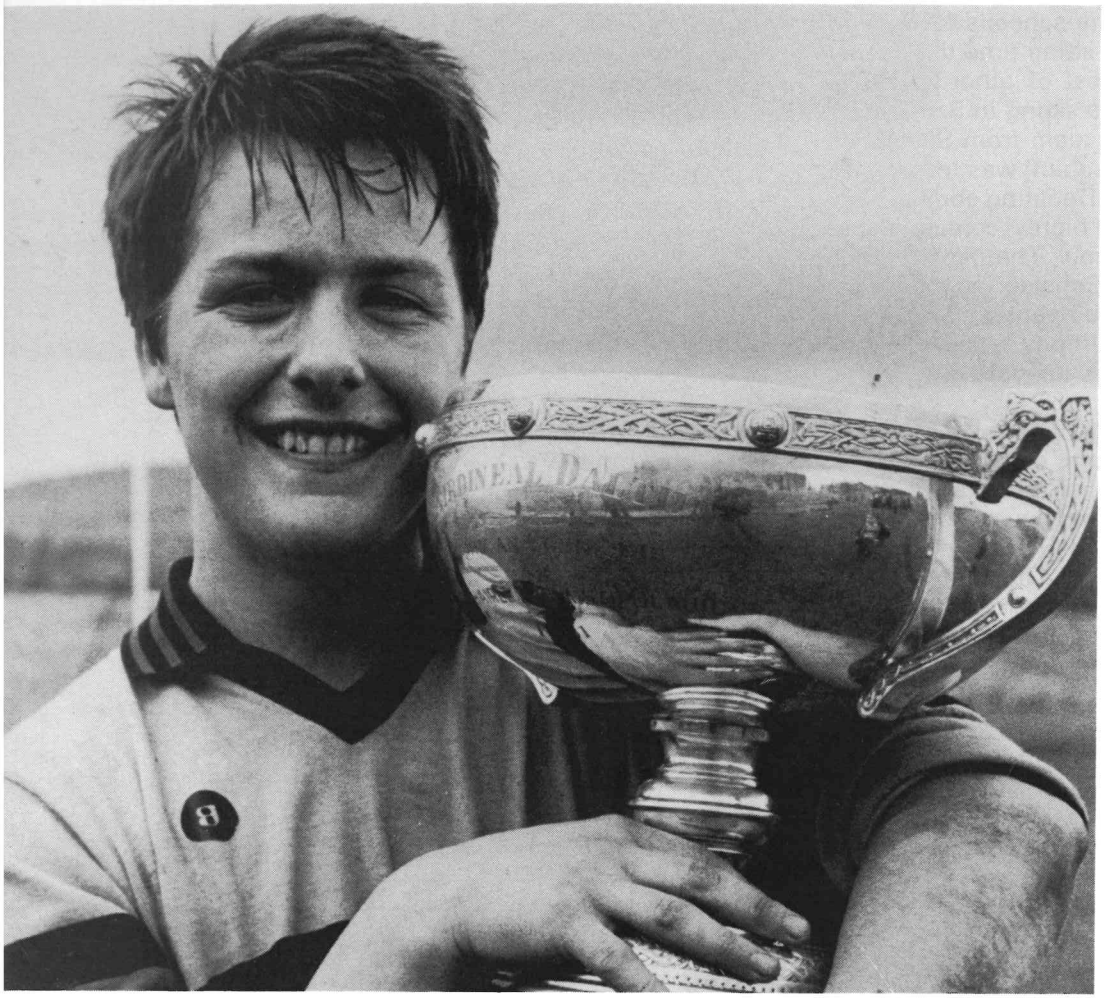
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SPORT AT ST. MARY'S



Its mine . . . St. Mary's C.B.S. captain Conal Heatley keeps a tight hold on the McRory Cup after his team defeated St. Pat's Maghera.



McRORY CUP PANEL

Back row: left to right – Simon O'Doherty, Enda McGurk, Ray Matthews, Patrick Nicholl, Joe Kennedy, Oliver McStravick, Terry Parks. Middle row: left to right – Gerard Kelly, Thomas McNiece, Eamonn Blaney, John McCullough, Gerard Fitzsimmons, Sean Grieve, Ciaran Devlin. Front row: left to right – Emmett McCorry, Mark Keenan, Sean Connors, Conal Heatley (capt.). Liam Donnelly, Paul Fox, Patrick Weir, Patrick Maxwell.



Star quality in class of '91

ST. MARY'S, GLEN ROAD 'FIT & CONFIDENT' ON EVE OF MAC RORY CUP FINAL'

John McCullough, 17, 5' 8" 10st 7lb: John is a super keeper who plays his club football with Sarsfields. He has played great football since getting the number '1' spot after Christmas.

St. Mary's tak 'MacRory' in a thriller

e the Derry team supporters given more to cheer by n O'Neill, who landed a 16th te point. However, Seanie ors brought St. Mary's back erms and then came that crant St. Mary's burst that ght two points from Conal ley and another from oan Blaney that put the rdogs in the driving seat.

Mark Cassidy point for St. ck's immediately on the ption spurred the holders

Still — at 0-8 to 0-6 — the outcome was finely balanced but the rot really set in for Maghera when Fergal McCusker was sent off with five minutes to go after incident

assault on the championship will start immediately.

Scorers: St. Mary's

who took their chances and had the defensive mechanism to contain the Antrim attack in the closing stages.

Westmeath scorers — D. Kilcoyne (0-7), S. Kilcoyne (1-1), B. McCabe (1-1), M. Cosgrove (1-1), E. Gallagher (0-1).

Antrim scorers — D. Donnelly (0-5), A. McCurry (1-0), B. Donnelly (1-0), G. McKiernan (0-1), G. McNaughton (0-1), F. McGrath (0-1)

ST. MARY'S BEST IN RUGGED ENCOUNTER

By PETER O'HEHIR

... MARY'S BRIDGE McCRORY CUP GAP ...

St. Mary's 1-8 St. Pats 0-6

St. Mary's CBS, Belfast bridged a fifteen

Gerard Kelly was an outstanding figure giving the winners

MacRory Cup 1985-86

Success at last, after four years of failure St. Mary's had eventually won the MacRory Cup. Our victory was enriched by defeating our old rivals St. Pat's Maghera in the final. Success was greatly received by all those involved and hopefully give us the incentive to go forward in search of further glories.

Success cannot be achieved without the co-operation of all those involved and here indeed was where the strength of the St. Mary's side lay. The qualities of comradeship, determination, team spirit and will to win were given a new dimension by the boys who wore the school colours last year. Their quest for victory was insatiable. To each of them I offer my thanks, respect and admiration.

Taking this opportunity I must also thank my associates in the P.E. Department in particular Mr. Hugh McGettigan, Mr. Liam Perry and Mr. J. McManus (our outside advisor) for their help and expertise.

In conclusion it is incumbent of myself to thank Bro. Kelly for his unremitting support and encouragement of Gaelic games in St. Mary's.

Mr. EDDIE McTOAL

MacRory Cup Final

The 85/86 MacRory Cup Campaign was undoubtedly the most enjoyable and satisfying stage of my career. Although the training which had to be done was harder than anything that we had tackled before, the whole squad gave their utmost and created a unique atmosphere in which to work. This incredible team spirit was what pulled us through the difficult periods. On the road to the finish we all had to learn to cope with problems, both physical and mental.

There were of course disagreements but these were ironed out by the management at team meetings. We were determined to have everything perfect for the latter stages of the competition, and by the time the final came we felt extremely confident. We had learnt by the mistakes of previous years and overcame St. Patrick's Maghera in the final at Omagh. An emotional description of that success is impossible, but it is a feeling which will live long in the memory. Winning the MacRory Cup was an enlightening experience both as a sportsman and a person. I would like to thank all those who made it possible, both players and management, and may I wish future MacRory teams every success.

CONAL HEATLEY

St. Mary's McRory Cup Panel

E. McCorry, P. Dorrian, J. McCullough, R. Matthews, P. Nicholl, P. Weir, E. McGurk, L. Donnelly, P. Fox, M. Keenan, S. Grieve G. Kelly, C. Devlin, S. O'Doherty, O. McStravick, C. Heatley, S. O'Connor, J. Kennedy, E. Blaney, T. Parkes, J. Magilton P. Maxwell, G. Fitzsimmons, T. McNiece, B. McCorry, J. McGuinness

★

CAMPAIGN RESULTS

ST. EUNAN'S (Letterkenny) 1-3 ST. MARY'S 2-12
ST. MARY'S 2-9 ST. MICHAEL'S (Lurgan) 0-0
ST. MARY'S 3-6 OMAGH C.B.S. 2-7
ST. MARY'S 0-10 ST. COLUMB'S (Derry) 0-4
ST. MARY'S 1-5 ST. MICHAEL'S (Enniskillen) 1-4
ST. MARY'S 1-3 ARMAGH C.B.S. 0-2

★

FINAL

ST. MARY'S 1-8 ST. PATRICK'S (Maghera) 0-6

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MacRory Cup - Players View

Due to injuries, suspensions and those unwilling to play we arrived at a panel of 19 for our first game. Eddie threw the squad in at the deep end at training; building up our stamina was his main objective. We had to be able to run for 70 mins. The speed work would come later. For those first few weeks the squad was subjected to some adverse criticism and sarcasm from various quarters. Those engaged in this activity were trying to undermine team confidence in the hope that this would affect performances. However, as a direct result of this anti MacRory campaign the panel pulled together and we became a close knit family. This atmosphere was to stand us in good stead in some of our closest games.

One could write a book about training, the 1st round matches, quarter-final and semi-final. But the MacRory Cup to us was one match, St. Pat's Maghera. We respected other teams (whom I can't recall). There were three of us who were losing finalists, in '84. Conal Heatley played in the '83 semi-final. So there had been a long wait for a few of us. Eddie had waited from his playing days in the school (a long time for daddy; as we called him).

When the semi-final was out of the way, we ate, slept and thought St. Pat's; we were cruising and the newspaper reports were an extra inspiration — we were going to enjoy it alright because we were going to win it.

If I had one wish it would have been a video of our changing room before the match. No nerves, excitement, we were ready to go on stage, no dress rehearsal. I think Eddie had a remote control on us, we were up from our seats, down again; stretching. Hugh and Liam were there giving their words of advice. Eddie left his remote on, nobody forgot their script (the words might have been changed) but nobody forgot. We ran out onto the field to a rapturous welcome. Our team photograph wasn't tailored, we were all joking, singing and enjoying ourselves, we had earned this.

We ran into our changing rooms. The 1st act was over — we wanted to get on with the match and this ten minute break was interupting us. Maghera had reached their changing room first. Eddie calmed us down; reminded us of our lines. We were ready for Act II.

For long periods of the 2nd half we were under pressure. But our lion hearted defence thrived on this; and didn't we survive!

From a side line call on our own 21 we started the move that was to end the game as a contest. Bill Donnelly hit the ball short to Conal Heatley, he hit the long pass to the left wing . . . Sean O'Connor collected, passed his man and crossed . . . the ball bounced and Joe Kennedy fisted to the net. Euphoria!

The scenes on the field afterwards and in the dressing room will live with us forever. Ask Bro. Gallagher about his camera work!

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Bro. Kelly for his support and generosity through the campaign. We would also like to acknowledge the parts played by Hugh 'Murdock' McGettigan, Liam 'the fridge' Perry and Jackie 'Rudolph Hess' McManus who brought a new dimension to our training: Barnett's Park. To have worked with these men was an honour.

And to the man around whom this success revolves, Eddie McToal.

PADDY WEIR 7LB and SEAN CONNOR 7R



Andrew Reilly, Peter Durnien and Barry Mulgrew cheer on St. Mary's C.B.S. at Omagh.

10 March 1986

GREETINGS-B

TELEMESSAGE LXP
REV. BROTHERS L.S. KELLY
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS GRAMMAR SCHOOL
GLEN ROAD
BELFAST

WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS ON WINNING THE MACRORY CUP

FROM
FATHER DEVINE MR MCGUCKIAN AND TEAM
ST.PATRICKS HIGH SCHOOL

10 March 1986

HATS

TELEMESSAGE LXP
HEADMASTER
ST.MARYS GRAMMAR SCHOOL
GLEN ROAD
BELFAST

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR FINE VICTORY IN THE MCRORY CUP.

BROTHER MCDERMOTT
HEADMASTER, ABBEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL
NEWRY

CONGREGATION OF CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
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March 10th 1986

Rev. Br. L. N. Kelly, C.F.C.,
Christian Brothers,
St. Mary's Grammar School,
Glen Road,
BELFAST BT11 8NR

Dear Brother Kelly,

Congratulations to you and all concerned in St. Mary's great victory in the McRory Cup! It was one of the joyful items of news to read in this morning's papers.

I wish you all continued success and look forward to seeing you win the Hogan Cup in Croke Park. We'll be there to cheer you on.

Kindest personal regards to you!

CONGRATULATIONS ST. MARY'S

Teileafón:
éal Feirste:
614005

CUMANN LÚTHCHLEAS GAEL
Coiste Chontae Aontroma

16 Stewartstown Park,
Belfast BT11 9GL

19

10/3/86.

Rev. Bro. Kelly,
St. Mary's C.B.S.,
Belfast.

A Chara,

May I take the opportunity on behalf of Coiste Chontae Aontroma to offer sincere congratulations on your MacRory Cup win.

Please convey to Eddie McToal and Hugh McGettigan as well as the team the pleasure and pride with which the school's success has been received by all Antrim Gaels.

Mise, le meas,
Gearóid de Barra,
Gearóid de Barra,
Runaí An Chontae.

10 March 1986

GREETINGS-B

TELEMESSAGE LXP
REV. BROTHERS L.S. KELLY
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS GRAMMAR SCHOOL
GLEN ROAD
BELFAST

WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS ON WINNING THE MACRORY CUP

FROM
FATHER DEVINE MR MCGUCKIAN AND TEAM
ST.PATRICKS HIGH SCHOOL

10 March 1986

HATS

TELEMESSAGE LXP
HEADMASTER
ST.MARYS GRAMMAR SCHOOL
GLEN ROAD
BELFAST

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR FINE VICTORY IN THE MCRORY CUP.

BROTHER MCDERMOTT
HEADMASTER, ABBEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL
NEWRY

CONGRATULATIONS
ST. MARY'S

10 March 1986

BLACKSMITH

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BROTHER L KELLY
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS GRAMMAR SCHOOL
GLEN ROAD
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CONGRATULATIONS ON MCRORY CUP VICTORY.

BROTHER L P NOLAN, STAFF AND PUPILS,
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS GRAMMAR SCHOOL, OMAGH

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Rev Bro Leo Kelly
St Marys Christian Brothers
Grammar School
Glen Road
Belfast

Dear Brother Kelly

I wish to offer my sincere congratulations both to you, the team coach and the winning team for your schools magnificent win in the McRory Cup Final.

Fifteen years was a long time to wait for success , but it makes all the training and hard work of all concerned even more rewarding.

Wishing you continuing glory in the Hogan Cup!

Yours sincerely

SEAMUS CONLON
MANAGER

TELEGRAM

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BROTHER KELLY
STMARYS GRAMMAR SCHOOL
GLEN RD
BELFAST-11

CONGRATULATIONS TO ST-MARYS ON WINNING MCRORY CUP
BRO. QUINLAN

Cumann Luith-Chleas Gael

Cumann Naomh Eoin

CORRIGAN PARK
Whiterock Road
Belfast 12
Phone 248118

Leas Secretary:- Pól Mac Cana

14/3/86

A Chara,

On behalf of the Committee and Members of St. John's GAC, Belfast I would like to offer our warmest congratulations on your recent success in winning the McRory Cup. This is a tremendous achievement and everyone involved should feel very proud. We wish you every success in the future.

Is mise le meas,

Pól Mac Cana
Leas Rúnaí

ST PATRICKS HIGH SCHOOL
LA SALLE PARK
DOWNPATRICK
CO DOWN
BT30 6NJ

11th March, 1986.

TELEPHONE (0396) 2119

Rev. Br. Kelly,
Headmaster,
St. Mary's C.B.S.,
Glen Road,
BELFAST.

Dear Br. Kelly,

Congratulations on your magnificent victory in the McRory Cup Final last Sunday!

Please convey our good wishes to the team and especially to Eddie and Hugh. The hard work of the past few years, when your team has always been very close to victory, has paid off.

Good luck in the future.

Yours sincerely,

Gerard Sweeney.
Patrick O'Hare.
P. E. Department

Dinner on the Occasion of the MacRory Cup Victory

This function was held early in May in honour of the St. Mary's MacRory Cup team to mark their splendid victory in the final against St. Patrick's Maghera. As expected, there was a huge attendance and a delightful evening was enjoyed by all present.

The after dinner speakers were Oliver Kelly, Rev. Bro. Ennis, Mr. Jim Johnston, Rev. Bro. Kelly, Mr. E. McToal and Conal Heatley.

Proposing a toast to the G.A.A. Oliver Kelly, chairman of the County Antrim Board, paid a tribute to the work of the Christian Brothers in fostering and forwarding the aims of the G.A.A. He placed a special emphasis on the need for cultural identity and the role of the G.A.A. in establishing and cultivating that identity. He was critical of the fact th at schools, apart from Christian Brothers's schools, in the Antrim Board area did not do enough to promote the aims of the G.A.A. "It is a most unfortunate fact that so many schools are no longer interested in promoting our national game, " he said.

He continued, "Hurling and football must be nurtured in the schools and promoted in the schools and I hope that St. Mary's success in the MacRory Cup will act as a stimulus towards realizing this objective. The G.A.A. needs educational establishments, especially the more illustrious ones, to promote our Gaelic Games because it is through the latter that a distinctive Irish identity can be nurtured and encouraged." The Antrim County Board Chairman concluded by reiterating the hope that St. Mary's success would boost football in Antrim and he congratulated the team and thanked all those involved in promoting the aims of the G.A.A. in the school.

Responding to his comments, Rev. Bro. Ennis also congratulated the winning team on their performance. As chairman of the Ulster Council he thanked all the County Boards for their assistance and co-operation with regard to the venues, referees and other facilities for inter-school competitions. He paid a special tribute to the Antrim County Board and was especially appreciative of referees for their diligence and application.

Turning to the St. Mary's team, he complimented them on their outstanding achievement. Their victory, he said, was a fitting reward for seven years of endeavour, sacrifice and dedication. It gave him particular delight to present the trophy to the St. Mary's team, many of whom began their school footballing careers under his supervision when he was head of the school. Bro. Ennis congratulated the P.E. Department for their tireless work and tremendous enthusiasm. He also thanked the parents for their support throughout the years.

Mr. J. Johnston, President of the C.B.P.P.U, in proposing a toast to St. Mary's, commented on the fact that it was 15 years since the school last won this much coveted trophy though it had contested a number of finals. In recognition of their achievement he invited the team and its mentors to a dinner in their honour in the Union's premises on the Antrim Road.

As a past pupil of the school, he said that he took great pride in the achievements of St. Mary's, not just in football, but in every sphere of activity in which the school was involved. Mr. Johnston continued: "St. Mary's has an unparalleled and remarkable record in every walk of life. A school lives on its reputation and St. Mary's achievements — academic, cultural and sporting — are a tribute and a reflection of the dedication and commitment of its staff and its pupils. St. Mary's has a very enviable reputation. Long may it be so."

Rev. Bro. Kelly, headmaster, said that the winning of the MacRory Cup was a marvellous achievement and that it marked the culmination of years of hard work and endeavour. The headmaster said, "A school gets what it puts into it. A school is only as good as its staff and its pupils. Here in St. Mary's we have built on success and this success reflects the commitment and dedication on the part of all who make up the school."

Bro. Kelly exhorted the members of the team to involve themselves at both club and county level. He thanked all those who, by their endeavours, had made this presentation possible, parents, P.E. Dept. and other staff. Bro. Kelly concluded his remarks by wishing team members success in their forthcoming examinations.

Mr. Eddie McToal, Head of the P.E. Department and teacher in charge of the MacRory Cup Panel, proposed a toast to the MacRory Cup winners. He thanked all those concerned with the team, especially the "back-room staff". Mr. Hugh McGettigan and Mr. Liam Perry. Mr. McToal also expressed his appreciation of the support of parents, particularly those in outlying areas, such as Glenavy. He concluded his speech with a special word of thanks to the Christian Brothers for their devotion and support to the team for their co-operation and dedication.

Replying to Mr. McToal, Conal Heatley, team captain, thanked all those who had made the night possible. He stressed the fact that it was the entire squad of 22 in the football panel who had won the cup and not just the 15 players on the day. He expressed the hope that the school would not have to wait another decade and a half to record success in this prestigious footballing competition. On behalf of the players, Conal presented Mr. McToal with a silver salver.

The evening's formal proceedings were brought to a close when Mr. Jack Doherty, on behalf of the Board of Governors, presented a crystal set to Mr. McToal.

1971 MacRory Cup and Hogan Cup Winners



Back row: left to right – J. McKeirnan, P. McKeirnan, T. Breslin, G. Cullen, C. Ward, K. O'Loan, P. McGowan, P. Growcott P. Crummey, K. Boylan. Front row: left to right – F. Toman, S. Sands, S. Prenter, P. Armstrong, G. McHugh, P. Shepherd, C. Donnelly, P. O'Neill, C. Smith.

Corn na nÓg 1985-86

After many weeks of hard training under the guidance of Mr. Liam Perry, we began our Corn na nÓg campaign in early November.

Our first match was against St. Michael's Lurgan. After a tough struggle we won by a narrow margin mostly due to a number of crucial scores from Martin Vaughan in the second-half.

The next game was against Omagh C.B.S. and this was probably the most disappointng game of the year. Despite an excellent performance from Captian Emmet McCorry we never reached form and lost to a much inferior team.

The final match in our qualifying section was against St. Colm's, Derry. Unfortunately for them, we gave our best performance of the year and showed what we were capable of. The final score was 6-10 to 0-0 in our favour. Best of the day were our forwards, especially Sean Mervyn, Seamus McStravick and Hiliary McDaniels.

Now on to the quarter finals where we faced favourites (and winners) St. Colman's Newry. Sickness prevented captain Emmet McCorry from playing while a number of other players were not at full fitness due to the same cause. Martin Mooney took over the captaincy but despite good performances from himself and Brendan O'Neill the team as a whole never showed its true potential and we lost quite heavily.

However this unfortunate early departure from Corn na nÓg made us absolutely determined to avenge our disappointment by winning the U-15½ Belfast Schools Championship — this we did in style.

On our way the final of this prestigious competition we defeated Rathmore, St. Malachy's, Glen Road C.B.S. and St. Aidan's (Glenavy) and in the semi-final, St. Peter's.

In the final we played the 'hopeful' Hightown C.B.S. who had also had a convincing passage to the final. However Hightown were just outclassed and found our forwards "too hot to handle" especially full forward Hiliary McDaniels and 'man of the match' Seamus McStravick.

We were delighted with our performance and pleased that we had brought back a trophy to reward a year's hard work by all the panel.

Tribute must be made to the whole squad for its commitment over the year especially the younger lads Kevin Blaney, Colm McGuinness, Jimmy Wilson, Paddy Linden and Kevin Crummey.

Thanks are also due to the headmaster and all the P.E. staff for their assistance throughout the year especially Mr. Peter Cassidy for his help on 'Match-days'.

Finally on behalf of the team, I would like to thank our Manager Mr. Liam Perry for the work he did for the team during both the Corn na nÓg and Belfast Schools campaign.

CORN NA nÓG PANEL 1985-86

Kevin Browne, Ciaran McGee, Brendan O'Neill, Jimmy Wilson, Kevin Blaney, Emmet McCorry (capt.), Martin Vaughan, Tony McAllister, Adrian Browne, Martin Mooney, Seamus McStravick, Kevin Crummy, Paddy Linden, Terry Grego, Paul McBriarty, Gareth Smyth, Colm McIntyre, Ciaran Hanna, H. McDaniels, Dominic McSherry, Colm McGuinness, Ciaran McCormick, Sean Mervyn.

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Under 15½ Football

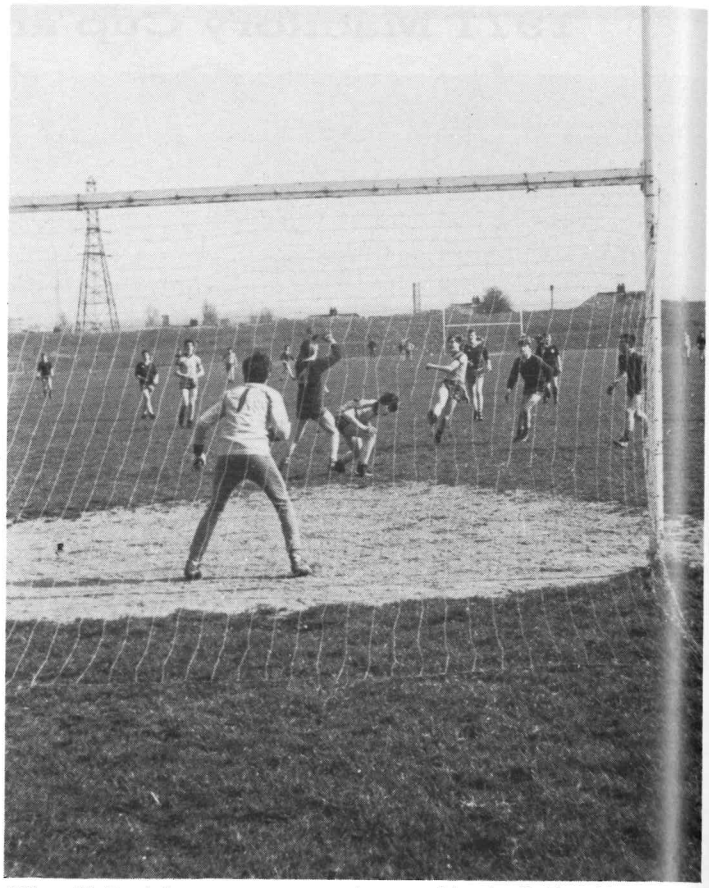
Mr. L. PERRY

Last years under 15½ football brought mixed fortunes to the school. In the Ulster Colleges Corn na nÓg competition we reached the quarter-final stage, losing out to eventual winners St. Colman's Newry. In this game we did not reflect our true potential as a team and put up a poor performance. The loss of team captain Emmet McCorry prior to the game did not help team morale and the Newry boys were thus permitted to dominate in most areas of the field. The game did however produce excellent individual performances from Brendan O'Neill and goalkeeper Kevin Brown. Several weeks later however a full strength St. Mary's side gained revenge over the St. Colman's team in a challenge game at Banbridge, this gave St. Mary's team a great boost in confidence.

The Corn na nÓg competition was ended and the Belfast Championship began. We began this campaign with the luxury of a full strength side, as Emmet McCorry and Seamus McStravick had recovered from illness. This luxury however was not to last. As the competition progressed and several key players picked up injuries.

We reached the final of the competition via convincing victories over St. Aidan's Glenavy, St. Malachy's, Glen Road C.B.S., Rathmore and St. Peter's. Our opponents in the final were to be Hightown C.B.S. who were fresh from Ulster Colleges success so we were expecting a tight game. We were, however, confident. As the date for the final approached lady luck deserted us again, Colm McIntyre our full back got injured in a club game, and Ciaran Hanna was hospitalized with appendicitis. We were very fortunate to have capable replacements on our panel in Paddy Linden and Terry Grego.

In the final itself, we could not have performed better and gave a team performance of great standing to run out easy winners. Seamus McStravick was the best player on display on this occasion, his tireless workrate and craft were admired by all present. Others who stood out on the day were Ciaran McCormick and Emmet McCorry in mid-field, Colm McGuinness, Brendan O'Neill and Ciaran Magee in defence and Hilary McDaniels, Martin Vaughan and Kevin Crummey in attack.



Hilary McDaniels scores a tremendous goal in the Belfast Under 15½ football final at Casement Park.

At this point I would like to acknowledge the assistance of Mr. Peter Cassidy who was of tremendous help on match days, Mr. Eddie McToal and Mr. Hugh McGettigan of the Physical Education Department for their commitment, time and effort and the boys parents for their help, patience and understanding.

BASKETBALL

Last season 1985/86 was a successful one for the school senior basketball team. In the Ulster League we were in a pool with St. Malachy's College, Annadale and Regent House. We beat St. Malachy's and Annadale both home and away and split the honours with Regent House — losing at home and winning away. We were then seeded to meet the winners of the Donegal section. This game was conceded and we progressed to meet St. Patrick's College Armagh in the final. After a spirited display we had to give way to a better team on the day.

In the knockout Ulster Cup we defeated St. Malachy's again, then St. Patrick's Academy, Dungannon and faced Armagh Tech. in the semi-final. By this stage we had suffered a severe set-back when Mark Hamill tore a tendon and was out for the rest of the season. However we secured a victory and once again faced St. Patrick's Armagh in the final. On paper it seemed as though our chances were slight since we had lost convincingly to the same team when Hamill was fit. To make matters worse Shane Donnelly who had been our leading player had a leg injury and was less than fully fit.

However as it turned out we gave the Armagh boys a real fright before eventually losing but certainly not being disgraced. Donnelly had 32 points and was voted man of the match. Eugene McKenna had a marvellous game before being fouled out early in the second half. Liam Tiernan as always played his heart out. Gerard Kelly who had played well earlier in the season, but was now fully occupied with MacRory Cup football was a disappointment. Other members who served the squad well during the season were Tom McNiece, Jim McBrierty, Jim McGuinness and Chris Gough.

Our U13 team unfortunately went out in the first round of the Ulster Cup but only by one point to Magherafelt High School. Currently they are working hard as an U14 squad and have high hopes of success this season. Ralph Harding the American player with Team Smithwicks is conducting coaching sessions with this group.

St. Mary's Water Polo 1985 - 86

After the high of winning the All Ireland Senior Schools Cup in 1984/85, our senior squad was in a transitional state and could only put up a feeble defence against possibly the best St. Malachy's team ever who went on to take that cup for the first time ever in 1986, so congratulations to our neighbours and old rivals from across the city.

At U-16 level we ourselves came within one goal of lifting the All Ireland Intermediate Cup for the first time, but were beaten 1-0 (one-nil) by Gormanston College in Andersonstown pool in October 1985. Jonathan Giles' squad put up a tremendous fight but due to a degree of inexperience in the forwards, they lost by the narrowest of margins to a very strong Gormanstown team.

This year that same squad led by Giles, is the backbone of our Senior team which is strengthened by two new players who have joined us from Glen Road C.B.S. viz. Malachy O'Neill and Mickey Magennis, so we are very hopeful of doing well this year.

By the time this report goes to press the All Ireland U-16 Competition will have been played. Our team is very strong in some departments and weak in others. We always need players, especially at U-14 and U-16 level, so if you are in any way interested, come along on a Thursday at 3.30 to the school pool and join in the fun.

I would like to thank Mr. McClean for all his help, interest and encouragement to us all while we maintain the long tradition of water-polo in St. Mary's.

DOMINIC BRADLEY 7th year

St. Mary's Handball 1985/86

Due to the Teacher's Industrial action not all the normal Handball Competitions were held last academic year but in those that were St. Mary's had almost a 100% success rate.

At Ulster College's Level, we were once more successful in the U-13, U-15 and U-17 grades. However at U-19 level we lost to Omagh C.B.S. and thus lost a cup which we had held since its inauguration six or seven years ago. Our defeat was caused, not by the fact that we were playing our U-17 team at U-19 level, but because John McGuigan took sick on the bus en route to Cootehill and was too ill to play. Thus we were deprived of one of our best and most talented players. Incidently those competitions were actually 84/85 competitions and 85/86 competitions have still to be played.

The 85/86 Belfast League Competitions were played and in those we were successful at U-15 and U-17 level but alas not at U-13 level which was won by La Salle.

So passed quite another successful year for St. Mary's handball squad and yet our full talent and resources have not been tapped. All the members of the squad are Barrack Street or ex Barrack Street. If the talents of the Glen Road Section of the school were tapped, we would surely be unbeatable at every level. So if any boy from the Glen Road is interested in trying out for the handball teams please contact Mr. McClean in Barrack Street.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. McClean for all the time, effort and assistance that he has given to the handballers throughout the years, especially this year when he has had the added burden and pleasure of looking after twins, and I don't mean the Nugents.

EAMON L'ESTRANGE

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Staff v. Students Football Match

One of the highlights of the sporting year in St. Mary's was the annual challenge football game between the staff and the senior pupils. This year it was run as a fund raising venture for Africa (Sport Aid) and raised £300.

It was a pleasant crisp day when the staff team trotted up to the grass pitches to a tumultous welcome from the waiting fans. Staff captain Mr. G. Cullen was relieved to learn that all of his team had made it up to the pitch without any serious injuries sustained on the way (even though the latter part of the journey involves a very steep climb).

What an intimidating sight it must have been for the pupils' team to watch the super-fit staff members limbering up and shooting in before the game!

Eventually the game commenced under the watchful eye of referee James Magilton (Liverpool) — a neutral who had been taken out to a lavish dinner the evening before the game by the staff committee.

The staff machine soon swung into action and a beautiful Woods' dummy almost resulted in Monaghan getting an early score, It was not long, however, before the pupils defence was cracked open. A scorching right foot drive from McToal headed towards the near post and referee Magilton (unsighted) awarded a goal. Not long afterwards Cullen crashed a free kick directly into the roof of the net and there were signs of total collapse in the ranks of the pupils.

The pupils regained some pride from a penalty goal from Heatley. Incidentally the kick was almost saved by new



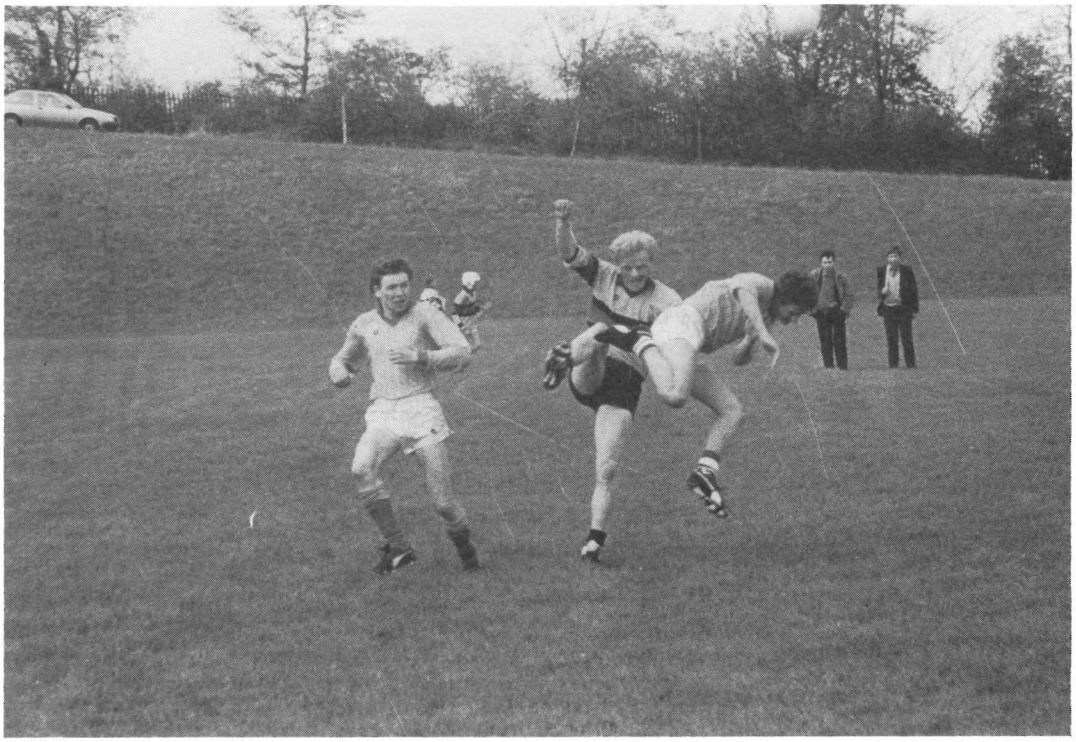
STAFF TEAM

Back row: left to right – D. Diamond, L. Perry, E. McFlynn, B. Haldenby, J. Sheerin, W. Hodgkinson. Front row: left to right – G. Cullen, E. McToal, F. Woods, C. Monaghan, M. McGrath, H. McGettigan.



STUDENTS TEAM

Back Row: left to right – Eamonn Boyle, John Ewings, Ciaran Austin, Paul Fox, Conor Neillis, Dermott McAneaney, Patrick Weir. Front row: left to right – Enda McGurk, Jim Maguinness, Jarlath Trainor, Liam Donnelly, Liam Tiernan, Damien McCrory, Conal Heatley, Sean Connors.



Ouch! Mr. McToal displaying different skills!



Even with only one arm Mr. Monaghan displays expert ball control!

signing Haldenby in the staff goal. He had been recruited to replace the immortal O. McCann who retired prematurely to concentrate on his editorial duties in a well known magazine.

Haldenby was aided by the sterling defensive work being carried on by such towers of strength as McGettigan, Perry and Sheerin. McFlynn and Monaghan owned mid-field.

Mid-way through the second half the staff lead was extended when Cullen scored from the spot after McToal, put clean through by Woods was brutally scythed down inside the box.

The pupils reduced the deficit once again, with yet another penalty — it was agreed before the game that if penalties were to decide the result then it would be better if they were taken within the ninety minutes than after the game as seems to happen so much on T.V.

Now the staff had to summon up every ounce of experience and level headedness. None responded better than the tireless veteran Bennett — who could believe that he had been a member of the successful 1970 staff team.

There was no doubt that the dejected pupils had given everything — there was no disgrace in losing to a team with so many stars — and so the staff heroes repaired to a local hostelry (along with referee Magilton) to relive every move and plan their altitude training for next season's encounter.

St. Mary's Christian Brothers' Grammar School

Glen Road, Belfast BT11 8NR
Barrack Street, Belfast BT12 4AH

OPEN NIGHTS

For Parents of Pupils applying for places in SEPTEMBER, 1987, will be held on

TUESDAY, 20th JANUARY, 1987, at 7.30 p.m.

and

WEDNESDAY, 21st JANUARY, 1987, at 7.30 p.m.

All enquiries to The Headmaster

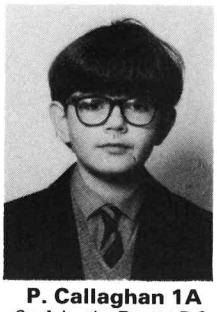
Telephones:

Glen Road — 615321 **Barrack Street — 225867**

Welcome to our First Year Pupils



D. Bannon 1A
St. Anne's P.S.



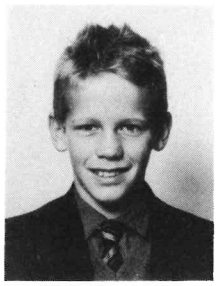
P. Callaghan 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.



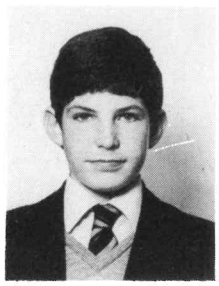
S. Devlin 1A
St. Teresa's P.S.



G. Doherty 1A
St. Mark's P.S.



G. Donnelly 1A
St. Anne's P.S.



M- Dougan 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.



C. Duffy 1A
St. Mark's P.S.



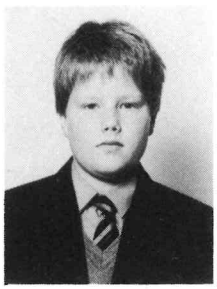
M. Flynn 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.



P. Heatley 1A
Ballymacrickett P.S.



C. Howie 1A
St. Bride's P.S.



D. Kelly 1A
Ballymacrickett P.S.



D. Kennedy 1A
St. Teresa's P.S.



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



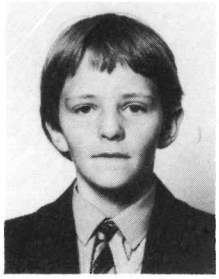
J. Logan 1A
Ballymacrickett P.S.



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



J. McCormick 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.



M. McGarrity 1A
Ballymacrickett P.S.



S. McGeown 1A
St. Bride's P.S.



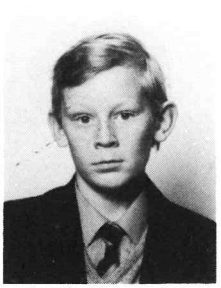
C. McGoran 1A
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



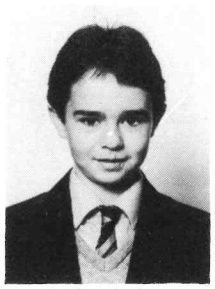
M. Mclaughlin 1A
St. Anne's P.S.



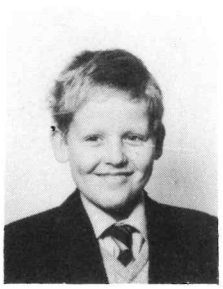
P. Mooney 1A
St. Bride's P.S.



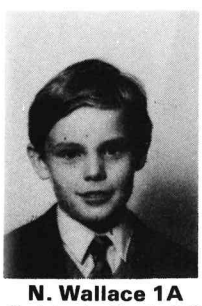
J. Muldoon 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.



J. Rush 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.



C. Toman 1A
St. Teresa's P.S.



N. Wallace 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.



J. Wilson 1A
St. Teresa's P.S.



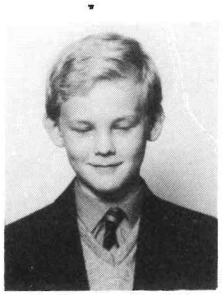
T. Boyle 1B
Good Shepherd P.S.



M. Burns 1B
Good Shepherd P.S.



G. Cassidy 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.



P. Connolly 1B
St. Gall's P.S.



A. Cox 1B
Good Shepherd P.S.



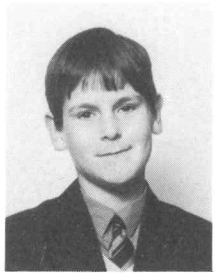
J. Devlin 1B
St. Anne's P.S.



J. Dobbin 1B
Holy Trinity P.S.



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



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



G. Garland 1B
Holy Trinity P.S.



A. Kelly 1B
St. Finian's P.S.



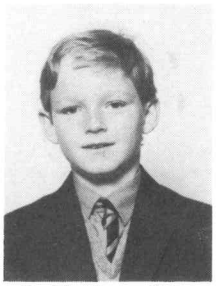
D. Loughran 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.



D. McManus 1B
St. Anne's P.S.



B. Mallon 1B
St. Bride's P.S.



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



T. McDonald 1B
St. Aidan's P.S.



H. McDonnell 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.



J. McGratton 1B
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



M. McKenna 1B
St. Teresa's P.S.



J. McKnight 1B
St. Colman's P.S. Eliza St.



D. McTaggart 1B
Holy Child P.S.



P. McVeigh 1B
Holy Trinity P.S.



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



C. O'Hara 1B
St. Finian's P.S.



M. O'Rawe 1B
St. Aidan's P.S.



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



C. Shepherd 1B
Holy Child P.S.



P. Skeffington 1B
St. Bride's P.S.



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



B. Waugh 1B
St. Anne's P.S.



A. Beare 1C
St. OLiver Plunkett P.S.



P. Campbell 1C
St. Finian's P.S.



M. Clarke 1C
St. Aidan's P.S.



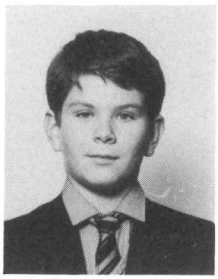
D. Conlon 1C
St. Luke's P.S.



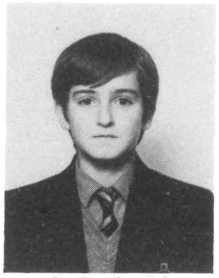
G. Connolly 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.



J. Connolly 1C
St. Finian's P.S.



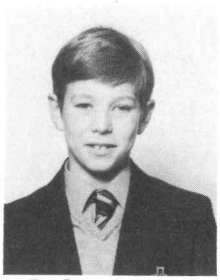
D. Coyle 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.



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



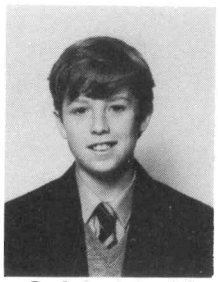
P. De Ornellas 1C
St. Colman's P.S. Lambeg



D. Connolly 1C
St. Colman's P.S. Lambeg



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



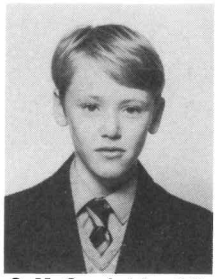
G. Johnston 1C
St. Luke's P.S.



S. Kennedy 1C
St. Colman's P.S. Lambeg



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



C. McCambridge 1C
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



J. McCartney 1C
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



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



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



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



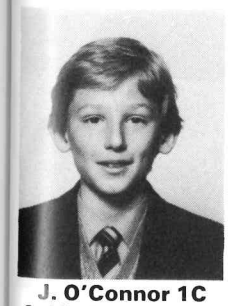
D. Malone 1C
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



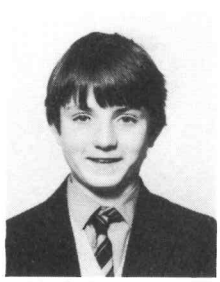
C. Mervyn 1C
Vere Foster P.S.



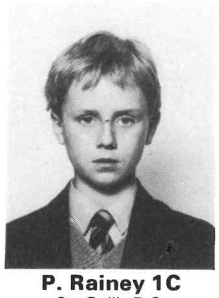
A. Mohan 1C
Holy Trinity P.S.



J. O'Connor 1C
St. Mary's P.S. Saintfield



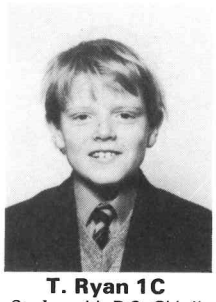
M. O'Connor 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.



P. Rainey 1C
St. Gall's P.S.



B. Reynolds 1C
Holy Trinity P.S.



T. Ryan 1C
St. Joseph's P.S. C'duff



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



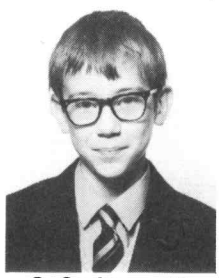
G. Stratton 1C
St. Luke's P.S.



E. Watters 1C
St. Aloysius P.S. Lisburn



N. Boyle 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.



C. Carberry 1D
St. Gall's P.S.



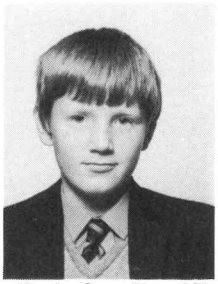
G. Connolly 1D
St. Teresa's P.S.



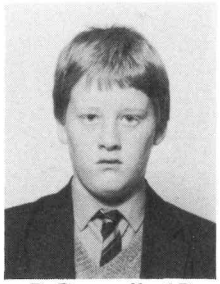
B. Deeds 1D
St. Teresa's P.S.



L. Dempsey 1D
Good Shepherd P.S.



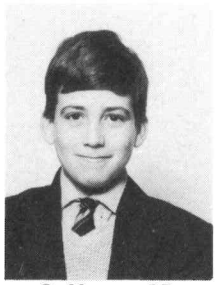
K. de Ornellas 1D
St. Gall's P.S.



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



N. Flemming 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.



G. Hanna 1D
Vera Foster P.S.



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



J. Johnston 1D
St. Luke's P.S.



M. Kane 1D
St. Teresa's P.S.



M. McCoy 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.



J. McElkerney 1D
St. Anne's P.S.



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



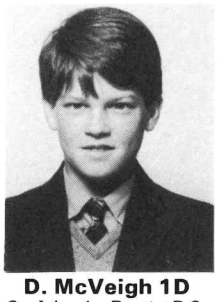
C. McKinney 1D
Good Shepherd P.S.



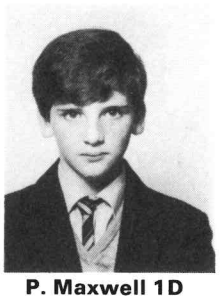
P. McNulty 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.



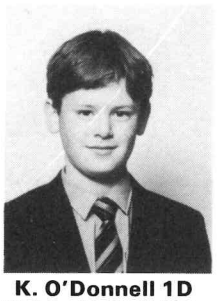
P. McShane 1D
St. Gall's P.S.
(Designer of Cover)



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



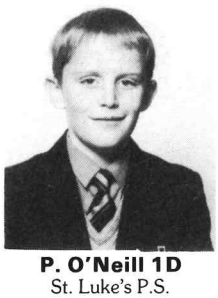
P. Maxwell 1D
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



K. O'Donnell 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.



P. O'Hare 1D
Good Shepherd P.S.



P. O'Neill 1D
St. Luke's P.S.



S. O'Prey 1D
St. Teresa's P.S.



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



J. Stewart 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.



P. Sweeney 1D
St. Anne's P.S.



G. Turner 1D
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



R. Breen 1E
St. Mary's P.S.



G. Connolly 1E
St. Finian's P.S.



K. Donnelly 1E
St. Paul's P.S.



M. Donnelly 1E
St. Bride's P.S.



R. Duckett 1E
Park Lodge P.S.



N. Hamill 1E
St. Kevin's P.S.



N. Heaney 1E
St. Gall's P.S.



P. heaney 1E
St. John the Baptist P.S.



P. Hillis 1E
St. Paul's P.S.



M. McGarry 1E
St. Kevin's P.S.



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



J. Murphy 1E
St. Gall's P.S.



D. Murray 1E
St. Kevin's P.S.



E. O'Donnell 1E
Park Lodge P.S.



E. O'Loingsigh 1E
St. Joseph's P.S. C'duff



P. Teague 1E
Park Lodge P.S.



S. Carey 1F
St. Kevin's P.S.



C. Donnelly 1F
Park Lodge P.S.



J. Farrell 1F
St. Paul's P.S.



C. Gallagher 1F
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



G. Hagan 1F
St. Finian's P.S.



M. Higgins 1F
Park Lodge P.S.



G. Kane 1F
St. Finian's P.S.



J. Laughlin 1F
St. Mary's P.S.



M. McGivern 1F
St. Bride's P.S.



M. McKenna 1F
Park Lodge P.S.



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



J. Murray 1F
Park Lodge P.S.



J. Rafferty 1F
St. Gall's P.S.



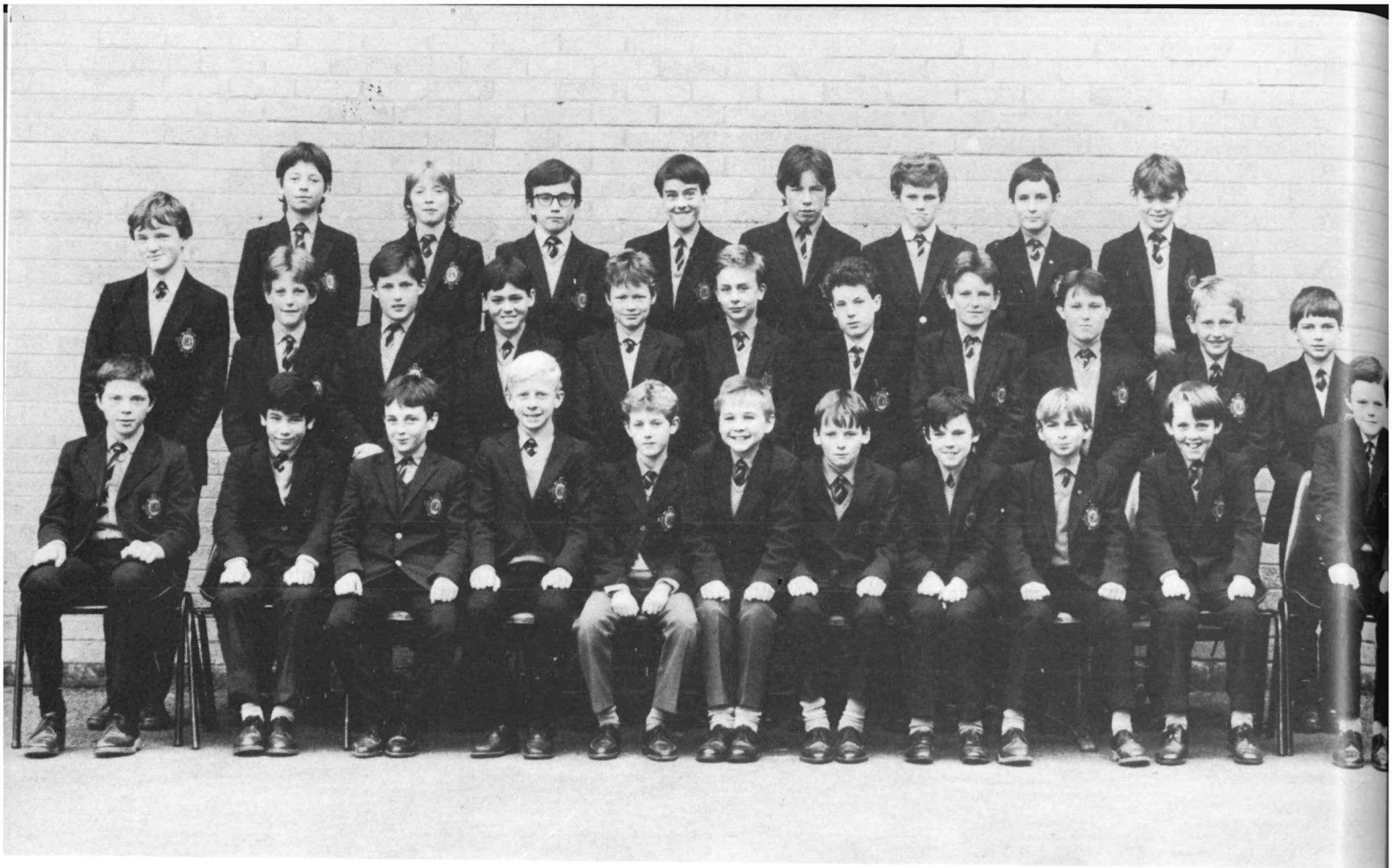
J. Sherry 1F
St. Bride's P.S.



P. Smith 1F
St. Kevin's P.S.



S. Teer 1F
Park Lodge P.S.

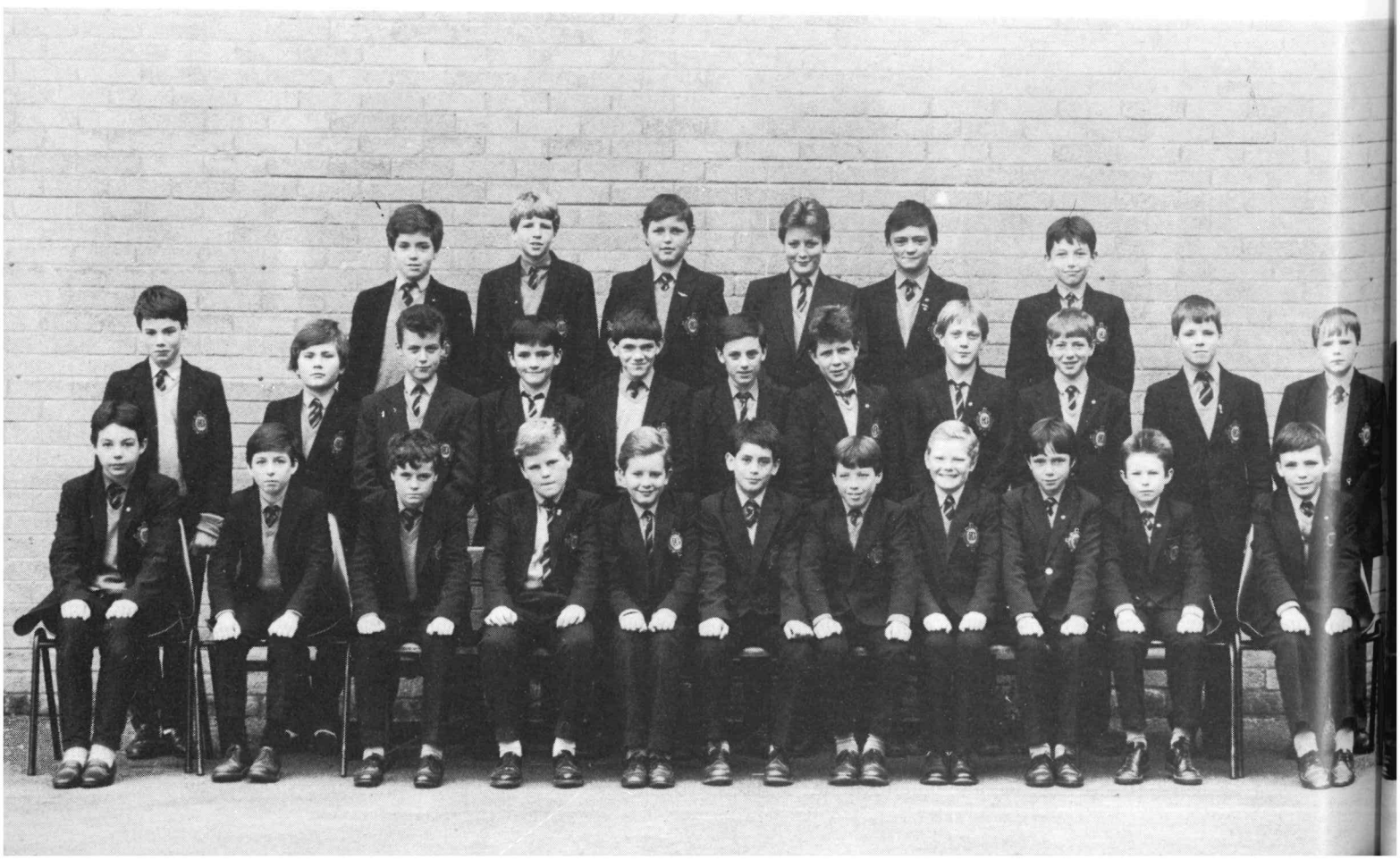


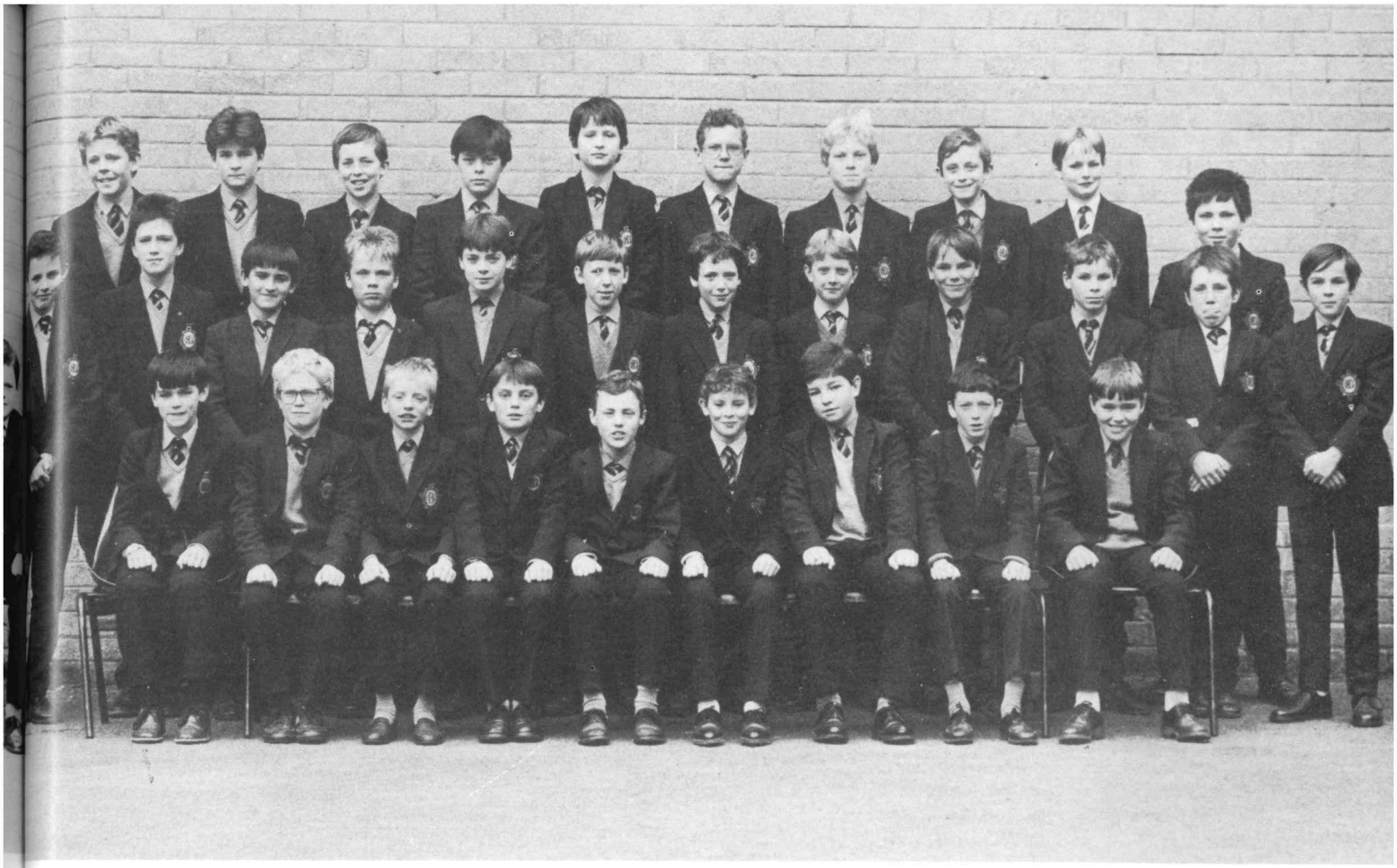
2A

BACK ROW: *B. Cormican, T. McMorrow, J. Moore, P. Doherty, C. Auld, J. Boyle, C. Toman, P. McCrory.*
CENTRE ROW: *D. McCloskey, P. Murphy, J. Johnston, M. Crummey, P. Quinn, A. McGowan, C. Polley, M. Brady, A. Brady, M. McCann, G. McGlinchey.*
FRONT ROW: *T. McKenna, R. Clarke, L. O'Doherty, M. Connolly, R. Gough, A. Reilly, C. Crawford, D. McHenry, K. Dunne, P. Kane, L. Doherty.*

2B

BACK ROW: *B. Magee, G. McKee, M. McGovern, S. McBriarty, J. Brennan, K. Gorman.*
CENTRE ROW: *S. Herald, K. Donnelly, M. McGlade, K. McDonnell, V. Caroline, P. Rogan, D. McGreevy, J. Lagan, R. Graham, R. Connolly.*
FRONT ROW: *S. Fitzpatrick, S. Corr, M. Maguire, J. O'Donnell, S. McCorry, C. Friel, C. Doherty, P. Scanlon, M. Crossin, S. Mulgrew, B. Mulgrew.*



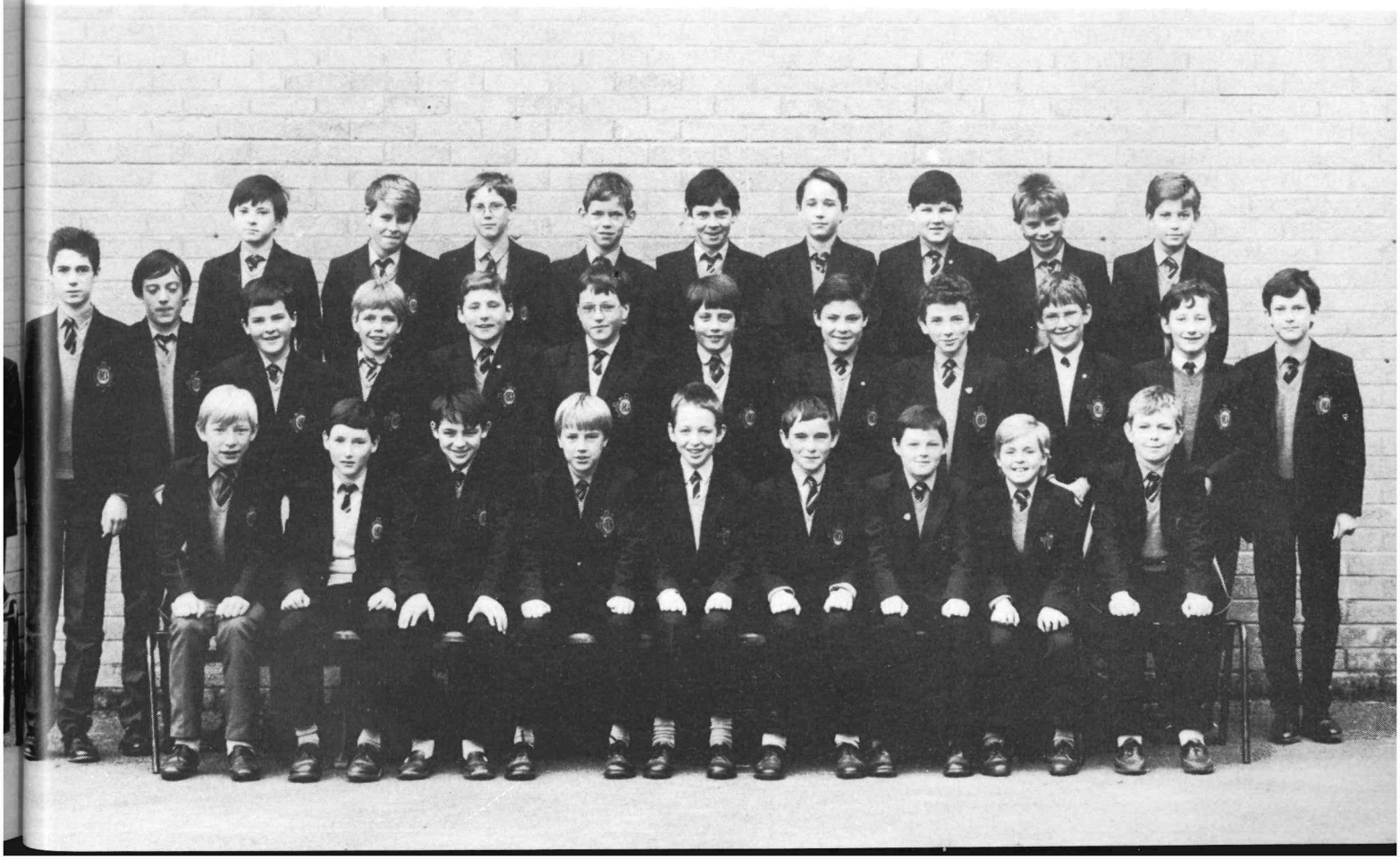


2C

BACK ROW: *G. Irvine, B. Moore, D. McQuaid, S. McLaverty, C. Frawley, D. Hughes. G. Taylor, V. Grant, R. Kennedy, C. Ua Bruadair.*
CENTRE ROW: *F. Broderick, P. Campbell, M. McKinney, F. Eagleson, J. McConway, V. Fleming, P. Gilliland, D. Kelly, T. Rice, S. McNamee, A. Irvine, N. Shepherd.*
FRONT ROW: *K. Matthews, C. Murphy, P. Niblock, P. Hynes, E. Long, F. McGurk, J. McGeown, C. McKermott, S. Kennedy.*

2D

BACK ROW: *K. Craig, G. McKernan, B. Watson, R. Ferris, J. P. Crossan, P. Murray, A. O'Brian, P. Murphy, G. Duffy.*
CENTRE ROW *S. Smyth, D. Sullivan, K. Fitzpatrick, L. McCullough, A. Boyle, C. Lavery, E. Green, C. Brown, S. McGowan, J. Rainey, S. Heany, J. Trainor.*
FRONT ROW: *D. O'Neill, J. Savage, F. Doherty, C. Rooney, J. McGreevy, C. Rice, P. O'Hara, C. Gorman, S. Moss.*





2E

BACK ROW: *C. Mulholland, M. Donnelly, S. Johnston, G. Brennan, G. Broderick.*
CENTRE ROW: *E. Loughrey, D. Gallagher, D. Ferran, H. Gorman, G. Honey, P. Farrelly, M. Doran, D. McGreevy.*
FRONT ROW: *J. Heaney, J. McKay, G. Hyland, E. McCormick, C. Hartigan, D. Doherty, C. Cairns, R. McErlean.*

2F

BACK ROW: *B. Russell, R. Smyth, P. Neeson.*
CENTRE ROW: *S. O'Neill, D. Morgan, K. McKeown, P. Miskimmon, L. Savage, B. Samson, G. Shaw, M. Murray, A. McKenna, C. Nugent, M. McVeigh.*
FRONT ROW: *G. Nugent, S. Haller, L. Skillen, J. Maguire, G. Nellis, J. McKenna, J. Maxwell, J. Moyna.*



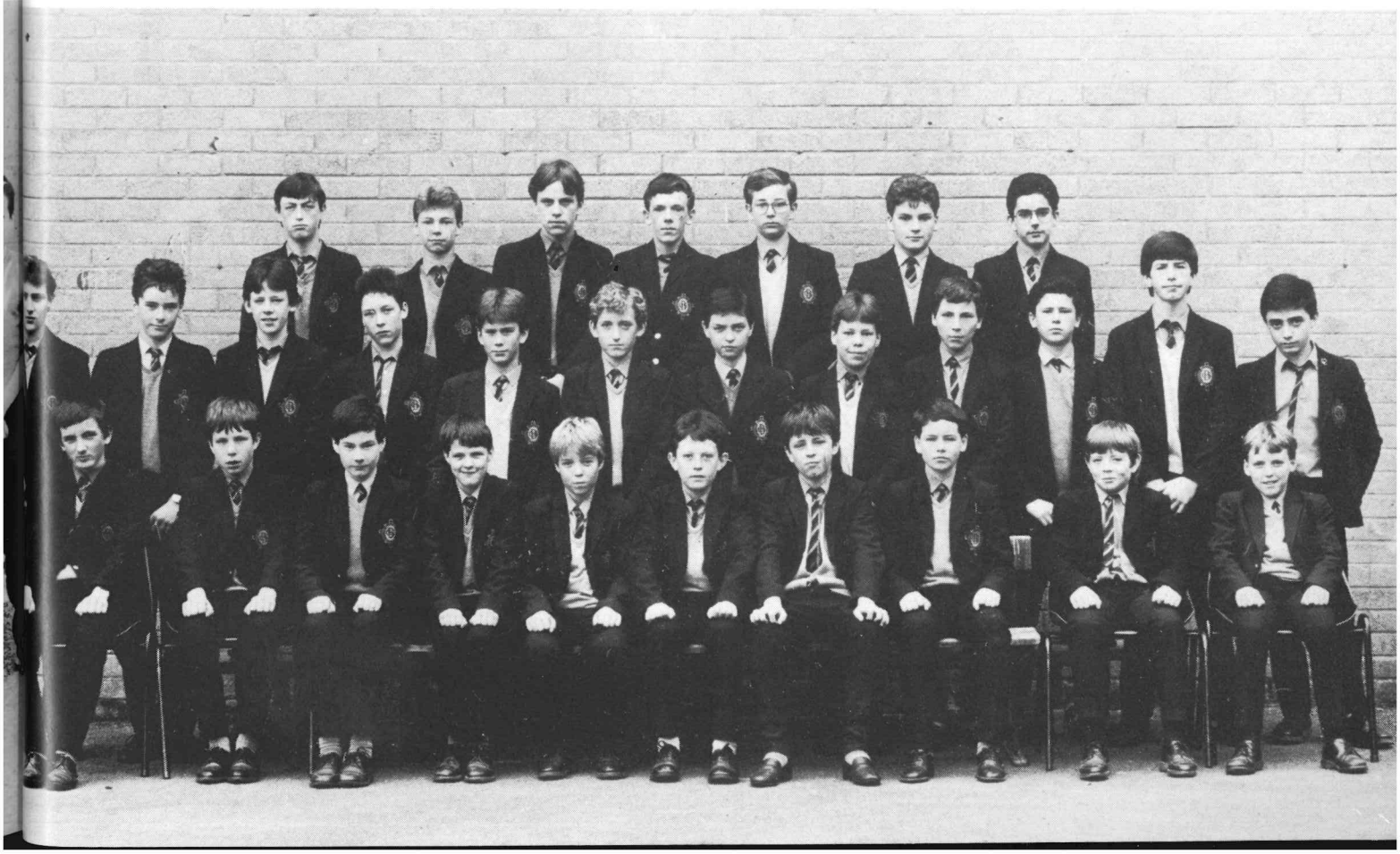


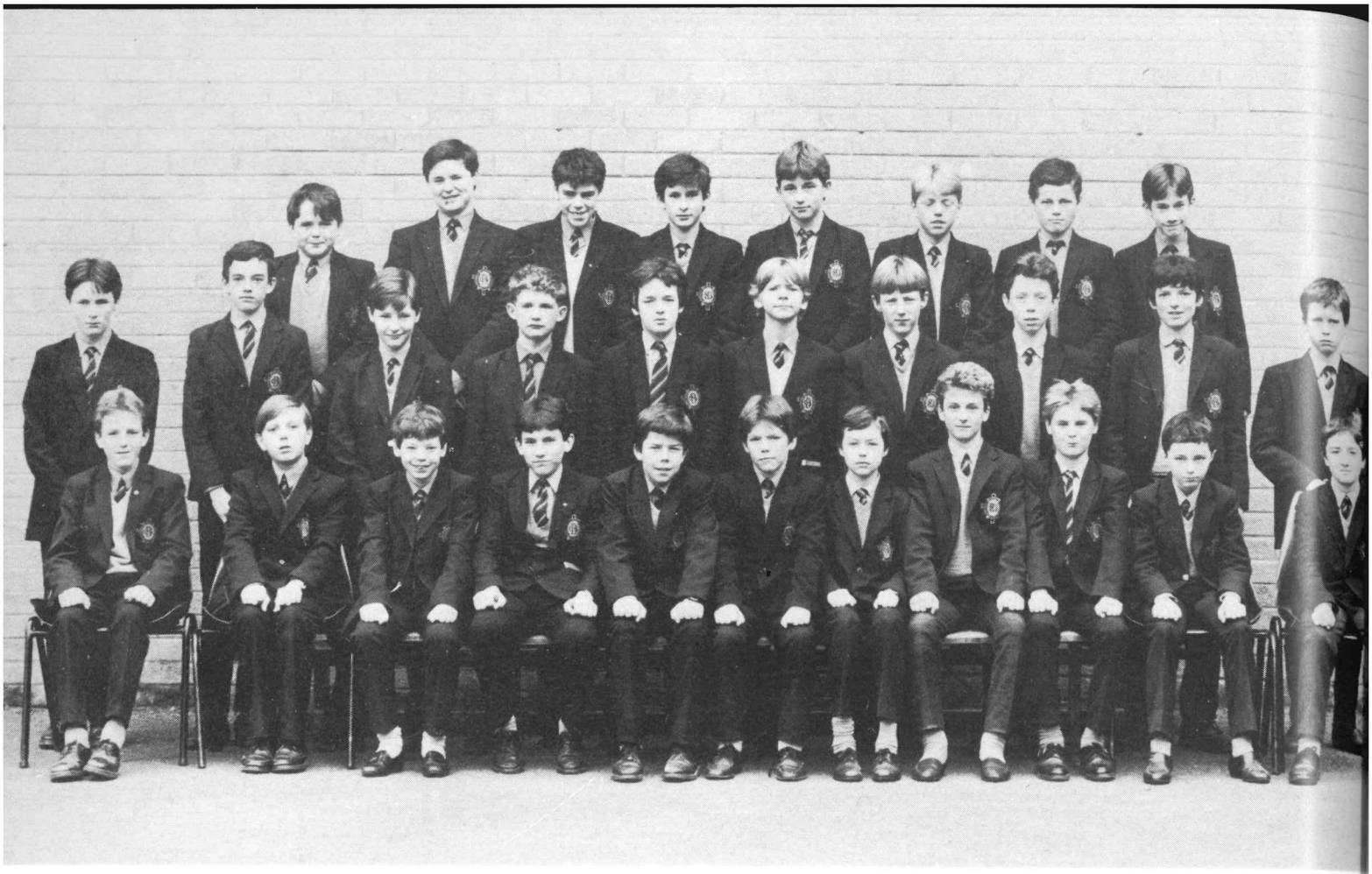
3A

BACK ROW: *T. Cassidy, R. McMahon, J. McAree, J. Moore, D. Dickson, J. Doyle, K. McKernan, M. Grant.*
CENTRE ROW: *S. O'Donnell, A. Stockman, P. Harte, E. Adams, D. McCann, C. Huddleston, O. Fallon, J. McGurk, S. Rice, A. Mulholland.*
FRONT ROW: *S. McParland, G. Callaghan, S. Keenan, M. McErlean, C. Bradley, S. Mallon, D. Donnelly, B. Creaney, D. Kerr, C. Walker, C. McDonnell.*

3B

BACK ROW: *L. Black, J. Nugent, S. Lappin, L. McDonnell, A. Doherty, B. McCloskey, M. McAree.*
CENTRE ROW: *D. Barr, C. Gribbon, B. Murphy, D. Hayes, N. McMahon, C. Gallagher, O. Tallon, E. Mohan, T. Campbell, C. McAinmhire, K. Blaney, P. Crilly.*
FRONT ROW: *J. Clelland, K. Donnelly, T. Lynch, M. Rooney, S. McIlduff, L. O'Hare, G. Braiden, J. Austin, E. McGarrigle, K. Finnegan.*



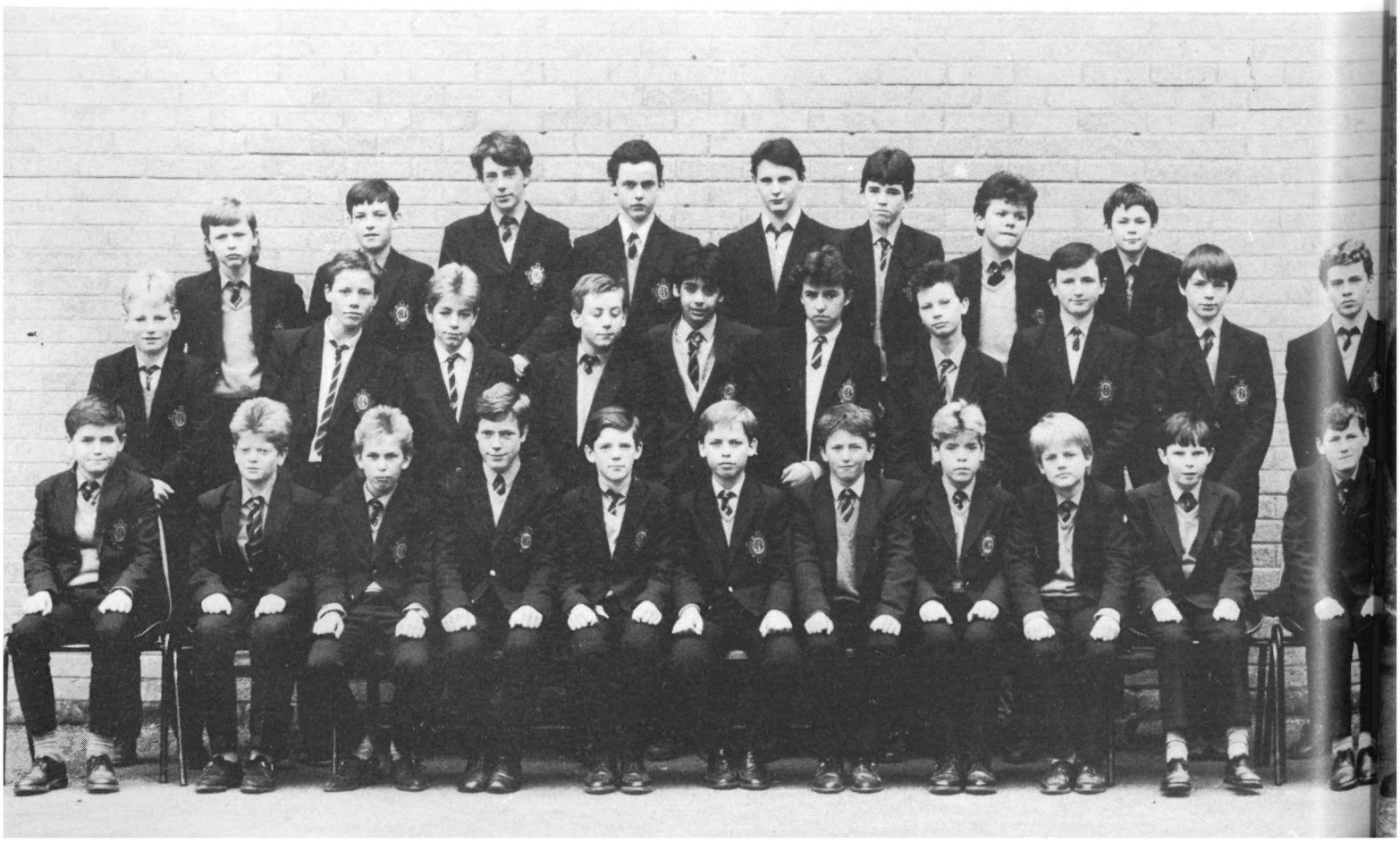


3C

BACK ROW: *R. O'Hagan, J. McNally, J. Jackson, D. Moore, J. Magee, M. Hall, P. Crossey, P. Fleming.*
CENTRE ROW: *A. O'Brien, P. McDonnell, S. McCabe, C. James, P. Black, P. McGranaghan, L. Doherty, D. Burke, M. Smyth, C. Laverty, S. O'Neill, G. Monaghan.*
FRONT ROW: *D. Dougan, J. MacManus, J. Hamill, G. Walsh, M. Connolly, N. McGee, T. Murphy, R. Hayes, J. Campbell, K. Rooney, S. McCluskey.*

3D

BACK ROW: *J. O'Neill, J. Boyd, T. Reynolds, J. Mallon, E. Nethercott, C. Garland, D. McAleenan, S. Moylan.*
CENTRE ROW: *A. McCallin, G. Duffy, G. Heatley, P. Smyth, K. Linden, A. Donnelly, K. Hamill, J. Captain, M. Deane, M. McConville.*
FRONT ROW: *D. O'Connor, P. Winning, R. Burns, T. Colgan, B. Savage, C. Corbett, E. Howell, S. Mullan, K. McCann, P. McGibbon, R. McNeill.*





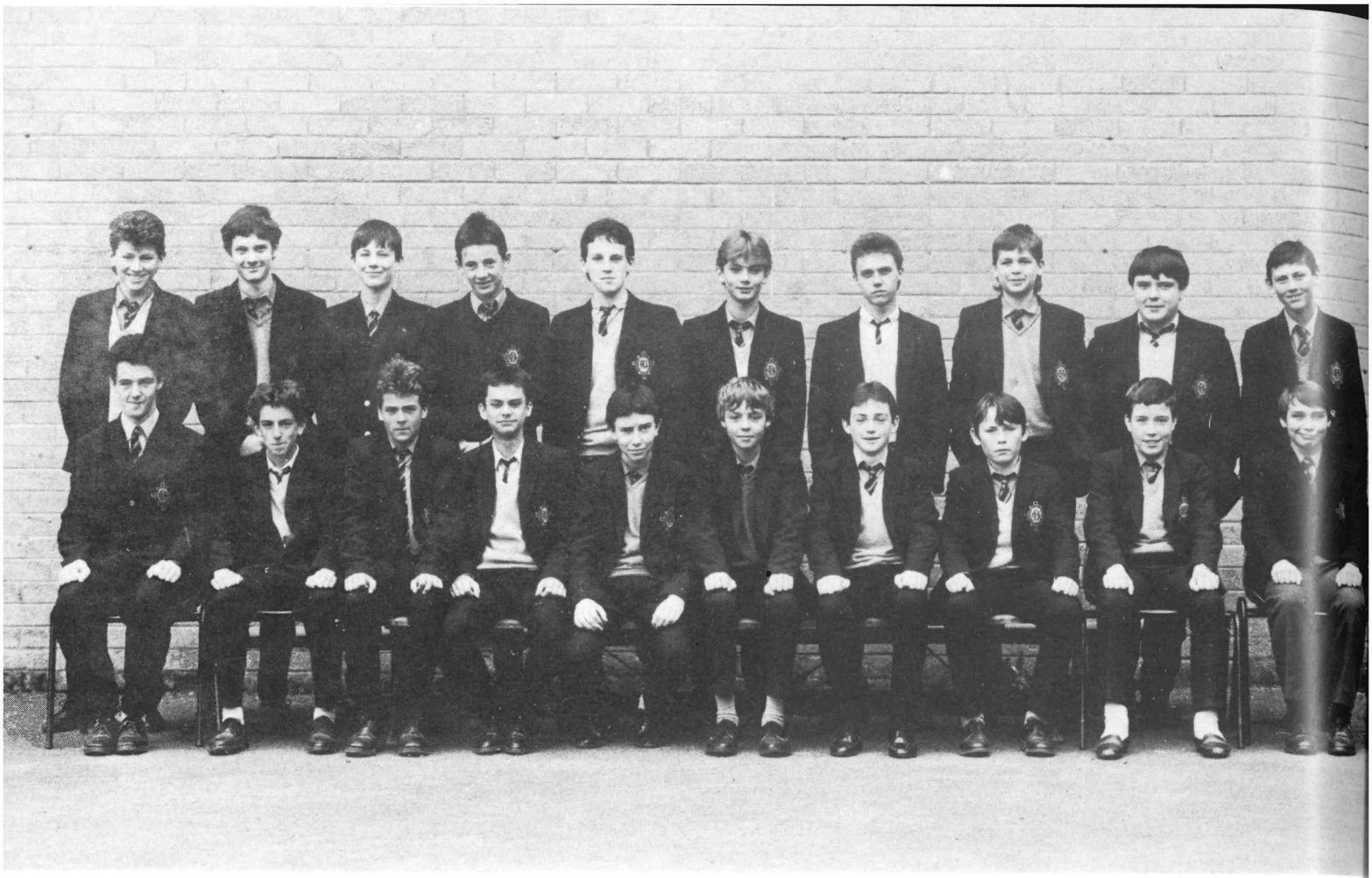
3E

BACK ROW: *J. Masterson, C. Neeson, P. Jordan.*
CENTRE ROW: *V. Curran, P. Hughes, M. Blair, K. Officer, R. Morgan, B. McCaffrey, M. Rea.*
FRONT ROW: *D. Donnelly, M. Comer, S. Duffin, K. Callaghan, S. Hilton.*

3F

BACK ROW: *M. Murphy, C. McAllister, J. Sheridan, E. Cassidy.*
CENTRE ROW: *M. McAllister, G. Wilson, P. Tyrell, J. Molloy, P. Donnelly, J. Duffy, D. O'Donnell, J. McLaughlin.*
FRONT ROW: *C. Johnston, M. Creagh, M. Doran, S. O'Hare, D. Braniff.*





4A

BACK ROW: *M. Devlin, A. Blaney, A. McLean, C. Martin, C. Monaghan, C. McGuinness, J. Doherty, B. Giffin, B. Keenan, D. Hamill.*
FRONT ROW: *K. Crummey, R. Galbraith, S. Braniff, B. Allsopp, P. Hughes, G. Collins, R. O'Neill, J. Sherry, D. Magee, D. O'Neill.*

4B

BACK ROW: *P. Finucare, J. Conlon, A. Stanley, J. Delaney, T. Mervyn, G. McAreavey, J. McKee, C. Dorrian.*
FRONT ROW: *S. McDonagh, J. Slowey, T. McIntyre, M. Gray, D. Kennedy, C. McGarrigle, C. Quinn, S. Bradley, K. Munster.*





4C

BACK ROW: *N. Kane, J. Deeds, M. O'Halloran, J. Peoples, D. Kerney, D. Cree.*
CENTRE ROW: *C. McMullan, T. Farnan, G. Bell, P. McGorman, P. McKay, S. Rooney, D. Turner, P. Benson, G. Quinn.*
FRONT ROW: *R. Boyle, T. McSeain, K. Hughes, M. Rafferty, J. O'Neill, D. Linton, M. Davey, D. McPhillips.*

4D

BACK ROW: *S. Donnelly, R. Herald, D. Ryan, D. Mulholland, S. Keenan, J. Corr, D. Burns, G. McCool.*
CENTRE ROW: *M. McAree, P. McCabe, G. Sharkie, B. Flynn, V. Kinnaird, S. McGreevy, C. McCullough, M. Burns, M. McVeigh.*
FRONT ROW: *S. Biesty, E. Farrelly, M. Kennedy, A. O'Neill, J. Walsh, G. Annesley, B. Gray, G. Loughran.*





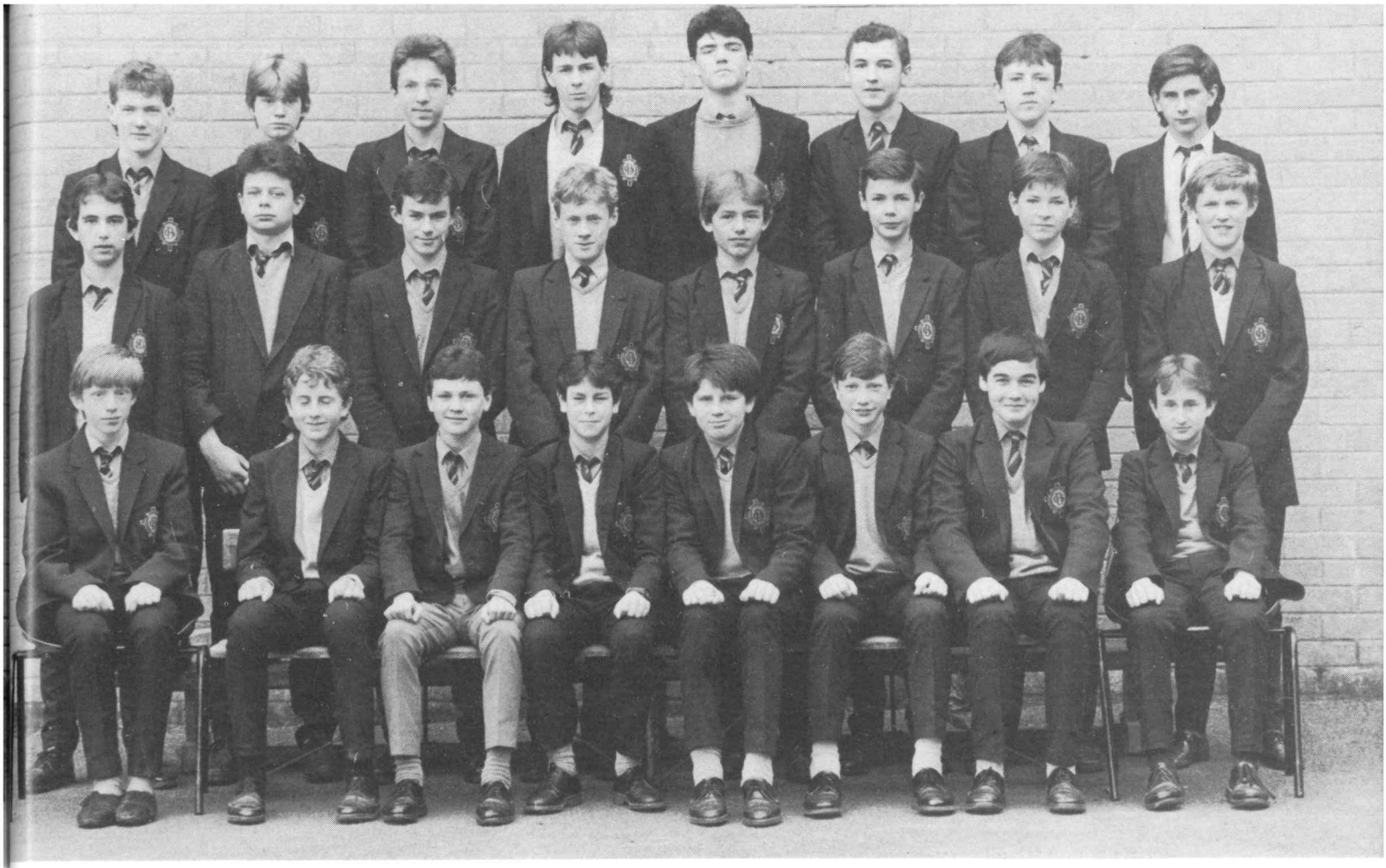
4E

BACK ROW: *C. McLarnon, B. Feenan, S. McGreevy, G. McGeary, B. Burns, F. McCormick, J. Doherty.*
CENTRE ROW: *P. Linden, J. Wilson, P. Lavery, P. Dunleavy, L. Begley, J. McKenna, V. Hughes, S. McGibbon, J. Rodgers.*
FRONT ROW: *T. McCorry, M. McKeown, D. Neeson, T. Conlon, K. O'Connor, S. Wilson, M. Colohan, S. Woods.*

4F

BACK ROW: *K. Rice, C. Dempsey, M. Haughey, L. Anderson, C. Kelly, P. Norton.*
CENTRE ROW: *W. Magennis, M. Donnelly, C. Murray, P. Duffin, C. Flanagan, F. McKenna, T. Taylor, T. Devine.*
FRONT ROW: *P. Graham, J. Monaghan, S. Heatley, M. McDonald, J. McCabe, G. Fleming, M. Devlin, J. Neill.*





4G

BACK ROW: *P. Gilmore, A. Burke, D. Ua Bruadair, B. Duffin, K. McCartney, S. Morgan, B. Lenaghan, K. O'Neill.*
CENTRE ROW: *M. McEvoy, S. Mulholland, A. Armstrong, A. McKenna, E. O'Connor, T. O'Loingsigh, B. Savage, J. McVeigh.*
FRONT ROW: *E. O'Neill, C. Austin, G. Mulholland, B. Gallagher, R. O'Neill, F. O'Neill, E. Rice, D. Smith. Absent: M. Brady.*

5A

BACK ROW: *S. Curran, V. Hynes, M. Dorrian, P. Russell, F. Dodds, B. Barr, S. Reel, C. Quinn, P. McGarry.*
FRONT ROW: *C. Campbell, M. Vaughan, S. Burns, C. Drysdale, B. O'Neill, S. Belshaw, T. McNeill, S. McStravick, A. Hill, J. McGuigan.*





5B

BACK ROW: *D. McSherry, P. Gilmore, M. Bradley, M. McKay.*
CENTRE ROW: *G. Hagan, M. Brady, K. Webb, H. McDaniel, C. McCormick, P. Conlon, N. Ferrin.*
FRONT ROW: *P. Molloy, B. Ferris, H. Neill, M. Mooney, P. McMahon, A. Woods, B. Linton, J. Johnston.*

5C

BACK ROW: *G. Teague, P. Kearney, P. McBriarty, M. McNally, D. O'Hara, B. McGrath, P. Murphy, A. Muldoon, C. Walls, S. McQuillan, B. White.*
FRONT ROW: *J. P. McKenna, J. Rigby, J. McAlister, J. Campbell, T. McGlone, M. Norney, M. Boyle, P. McMahon.*





5D

BACK ROW: *P. McCrory, M. Hewitt, E. McCorry, K. McCormick.*
CENTRE ROW: *D. O'Connor, M. Doherty, P. McCambridge, G. Phillips, C. McGarry, N. Garland, M. Deery.*
FRONT ROW: *E. L'estrange, A. Fionda, S. Mervyn, K. Fitzpatrick, J. Shannon, J. Murray, D. McDonnell, G. O'Reilly.*

5E

BACK ROW: *S. Brown, P. Robb, N. Murphy, C. McVicker, T. Grego, T. Rooney, K. Nugent, T. Crilly.*
CENTRE ROW: *M. Brady, S. Corr, P. Carlin, M. Conlon, J. Kennedy, J. Kennedy, G. Campbell, D. Officer.*
FRONT ROW: *P. Lally, M. Austin, P. Dempsey, K. Magee, R. Gavan, G, Finnegan, J. Duffin.*





5F

BACK ROW: *C. Hanna, E. McCormick, A. Mulvenna, J. McGrady, J. Hamill.*
CENTRE ROW *S. Doherty, D. Gallagher, A. Adams, G. Burke, P. Ward, D. Dynan, M. Dynan.*
FRONT ROW: *T. Trainor, J. McGlone, D. McMahon, D. Dempsey, C. Corr, P. Mallon, C. Ward, C. O'Neill.*

5G

BACK ROW: *D. Caldwell, G. Smyth, P. McCarron, K. Brown, J. Kennedy, C. Bradley, D. Green, P. Cunningham, P. McEntee, P. Kennedy.*
FRONT ROW: *J. Quinn, P. Cairns, A. McAlister, C. Kavanagh, F. McCabe, S. Evans, C. Duffy, J. McLaughlin*





6LA

BACK ROW: *K. Murphy, S. Wallace, D. Adams, J. McSherry, P. McCormick, C. McPhillips, D. Steele.*
FRONT ROW: *J. McGuigan, M. McParland, B. Harper, D. Walsh, R. Heenan, R. Matthews, R. Madden, P. Mulhall. Absent: C. McCaffrey.*

6LB

BACK ROW: *P. Kinnaird, C. Sheehan, P. McCoy, D. O'Neill.*
CENTRE ROW: *M. McAree, P. J. Connolly, N. O'Neill, L. Hyland, C. McCann, P. McAllister.*
FRONT ROW: *J. Kennedy, F. Fox, J. Cairns, P. Lowry, S. McGibbon, B. McKnight, M. McKenna, M. O'Neill.*





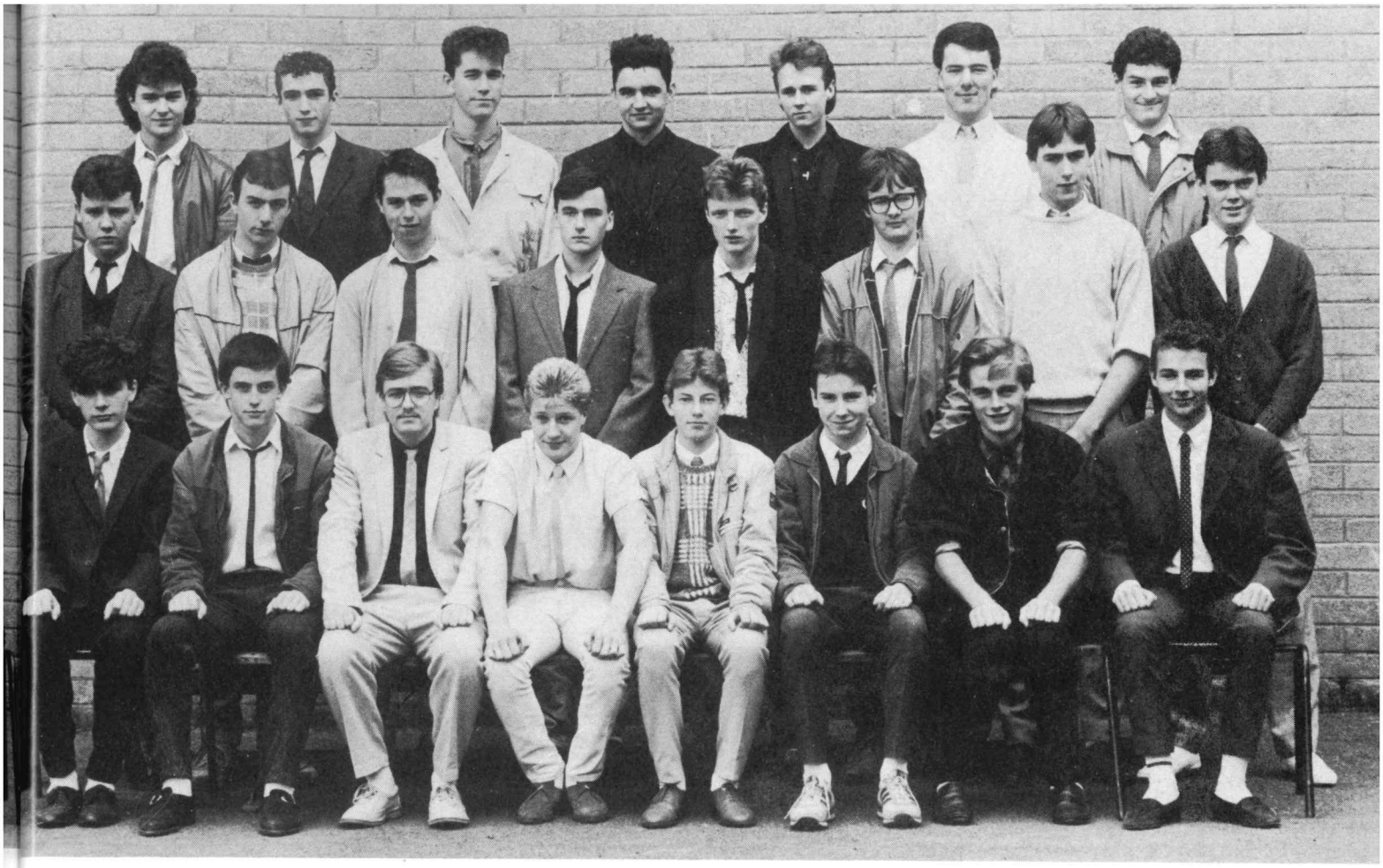
6LC

BACK ROW: *P. Matarsa, G. Hyland, M. Pettigrew, J. Dunbar.*
CENTRE ROW: *J. Begley, S. Tate, A. Douglas, R. O'Neill, T. McCloskey, D. Donnelly.*
FRONT ROW: *P. Allen, C. Rooney, P. McGowan, G. Clarke, P. Gough, M. Doherty, C. O'Neill, P. McCormick. Absent: P. McDade, B. McGroggan.*

6SA

BACK ROW: *C. O'Neill, G. Quinn, S. Gray, F. Carolan, A. Pendleton, G. Rooney, G. Boyle.*
CENTRE ROW: *A. Nethercott, D. Haughey, M. McGuinness, L. Watson, R. McKenna, V. Corrigan, B. O'Loan, B. O'Brien.*
FRONT ROW: *G. Maguire, K. O'Neill, A. Browne, P. Copeland, B. Tumelty, E. Walsh, S. Rogan, B. Adams. Absent: D. McKenna.*





6SB

BACK ROW: *A. Corscadden, D. Doherty, J. Gibson, R. Thompson, F. Holden, J. Keane, B. Armstrong.*
CENTRE ROW: *T. McGuinness, D. Mulholland, S. McKeever, P. Jordan, A. Davey, K. McQuillan, D. Rogan, A. Cunningham.*
FRONT ROW: *M. Kelly, C. Canavan, S. Casey, P. Burns, G. Ferris, P. Ireland, J. McMorrow, J. Kelly.*

6SC

BACK ROW: *P. McMahon, C. O'Donnell, B. Noble, C. McIntyre, S. McCann, D. Mulholland, R. McVeigh.*
CENTRE ROW: *C. Kelly, G. McCormick, M. Meehan, E. Blaney, P. O'Connor, B. Friel, A. Ravel.*
FRONT ROW: *T. Pendleton, J. Magee, P. McCarry, P. Davey, T. Rafferty, D. Black, F. Rogers, B. Hughes.*





6SD

BACK ROW: *P. Rogers, C. McGreevy, P. Maxwell, S. Grant, P. Savage.*
CENTRE ROW: *G. Hughes, D. McGlinchey, T. McCormick, S. Robinson, F. Walker, G. Kennedy, E. Neeson, S. Burns.*
FRONT ROW: *C. Sheppard, D. Harris, D. Holbrook, J. Keenan, K. Fanning, R. Campbell, B. Flanagan, P. McConnell.*

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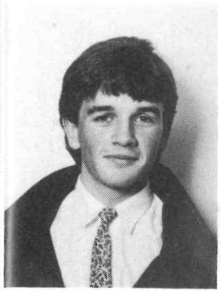
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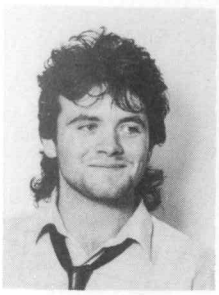
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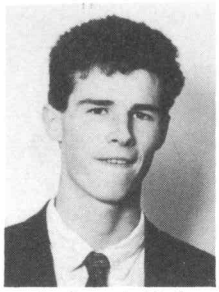
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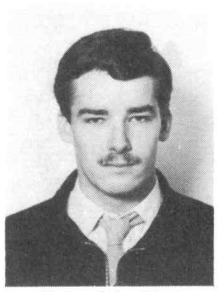
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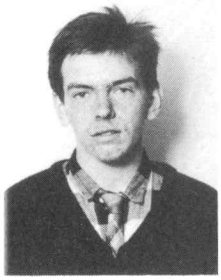
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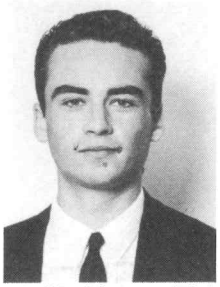
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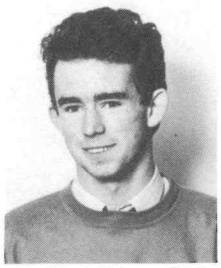
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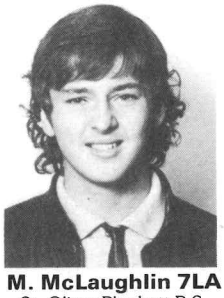
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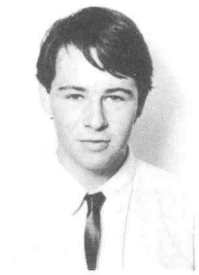
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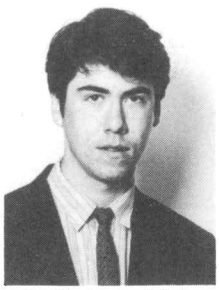
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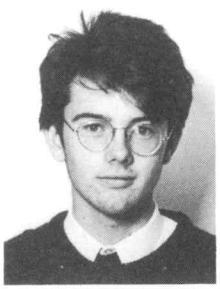
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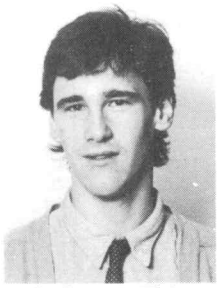
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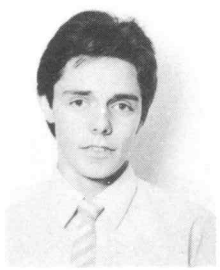
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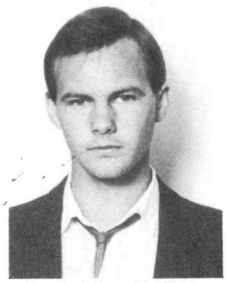
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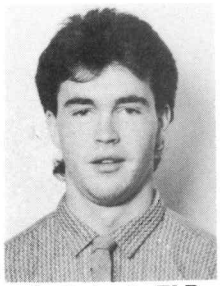
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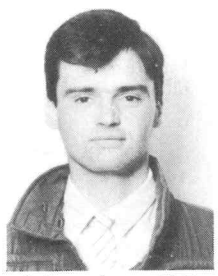
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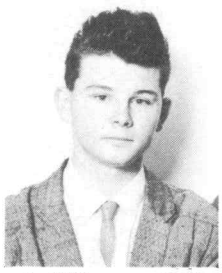
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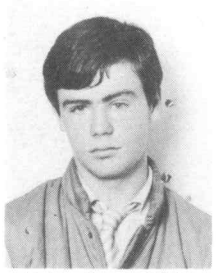
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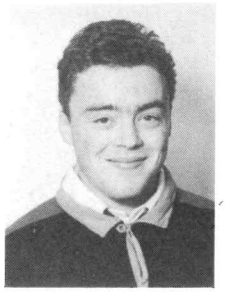
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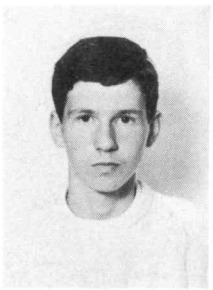
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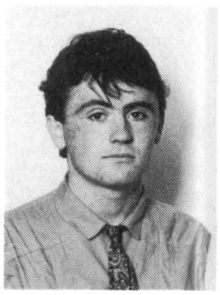
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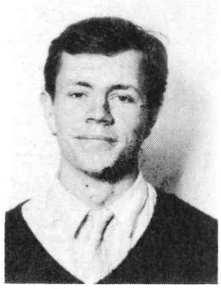
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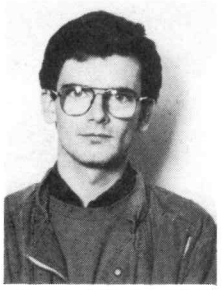
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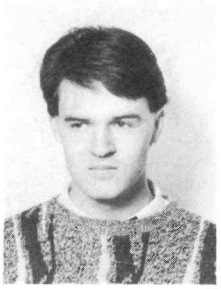
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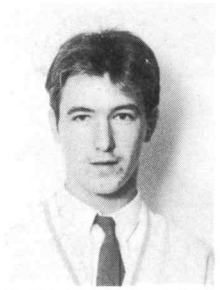
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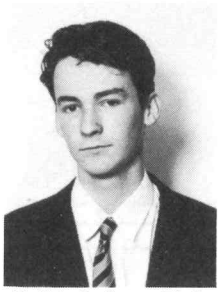
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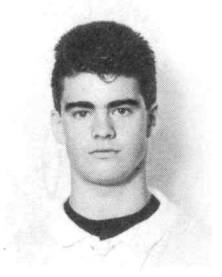
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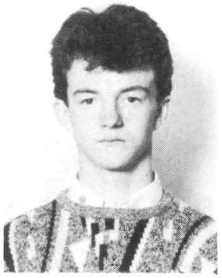
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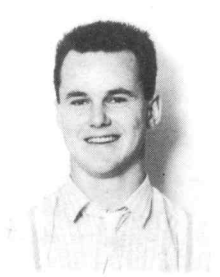
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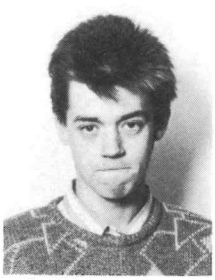
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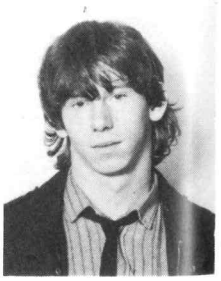
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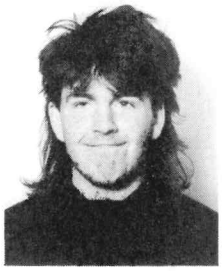
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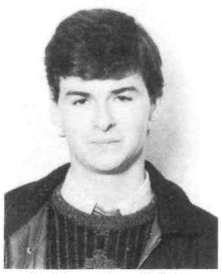
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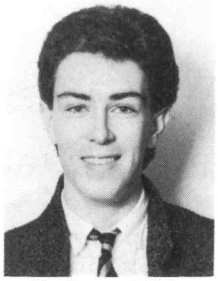
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Chemistry, Physics
Mathematics



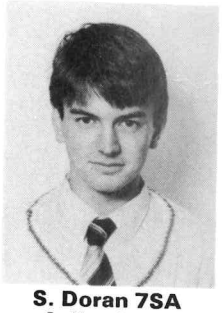
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St. John the Baptist P.S.
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Mathematics, Physics



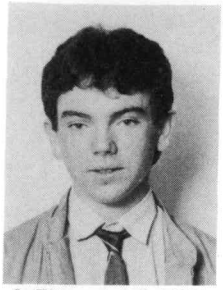
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Mathematics



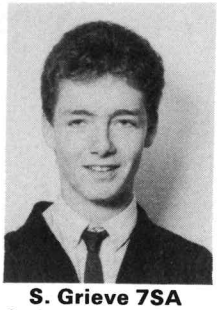
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Mathematics



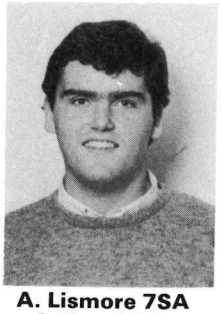
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Further Mathematics
Physics



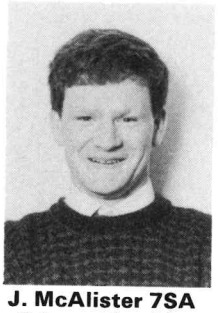
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St. John the Baptist P.S.
Chemistry, Mathematics
Further Mathematics
Physics



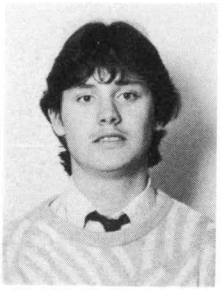
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Chemistry, Physics
Mathematics



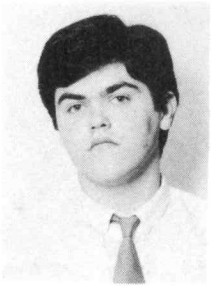
A. Lismore 7SA
St. Teresa's P.S.
Chemistry, Mathematics
Further Mathematics
Physics



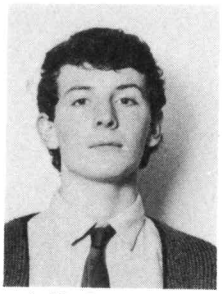
J. McAlister 7SA
Ballymacrickett P.S.
Chemistry, Physics
Mathematics



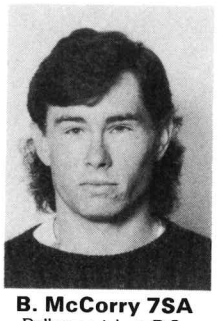
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St. Anne's P.S.
Economics, Geography
Politics



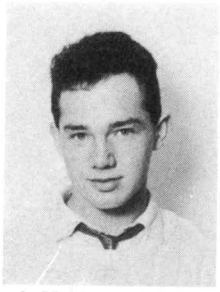
G. McCarry 7SA
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Chemistry, Physics
Mathematics



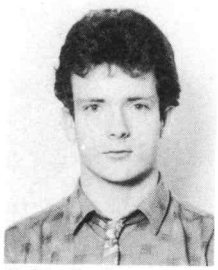
J. McCarry 7SA
St. Aidan's P.S.
Biology, Physcis
Chemistry



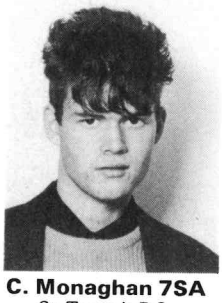
B. McCorry 7SA
Ballymacrickett P.S.
Chemistry, Physics
Mathematics



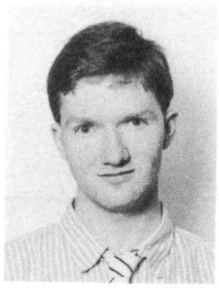
J. McCrory 7SA
St. Teresa's P.S.
Chemistry, Mathematics
Further Mathematics, Physics



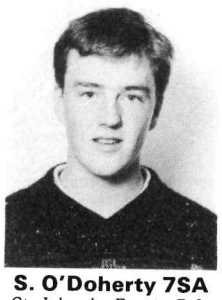
S. McParland 7SA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Art, Biology
Chemistry



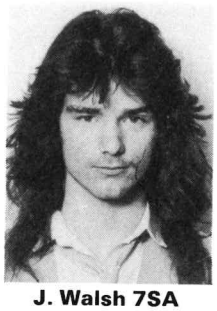
C. Monaghan 7SA
St. Teresa's P.S.
Biology, Chemistry
Mathematics, Physics



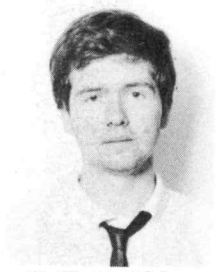
F. Montgomery 7SA
St. Teresa's P.S.
Chemistry, Physics



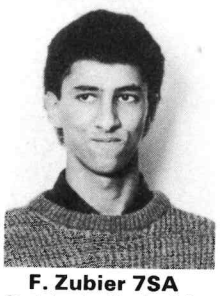
S. O'Doherty 7SA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Chemistry, Physics
Mathematics



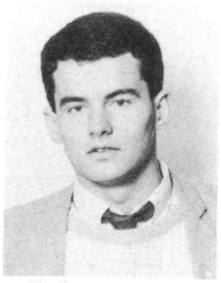
J. Walsh 7SA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Art, Economics
Physics



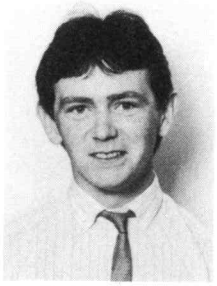
G. Webb 7SA
St. Paul's P.S.
Economics, Physics
Mathematics



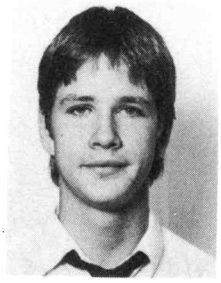
F. Zubier 7SA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Chemistry, Mathematics
Further Mathematics
Physics



B. Austin 7SB
St. Paul's P.S.
Economics, Irish
Politics



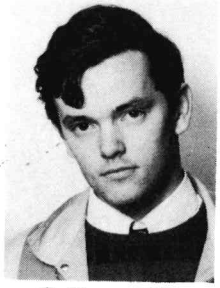
G. Davey 7SB
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Economics, Irish
French



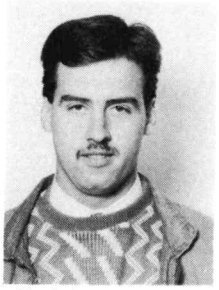
J. Giles 7SB
St. John the Baptist P.S.
History, English
Irish



S. Hillis 7SB
Vere Foster P.S.
History, Politics
Irish



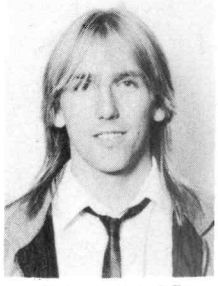
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St. Gall's P.S.
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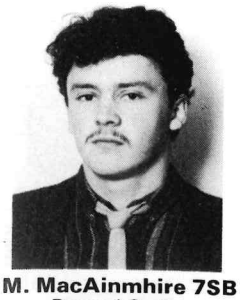
B. Johnston 7SB
Holy Trinity P.S.
Economics, Irish
French



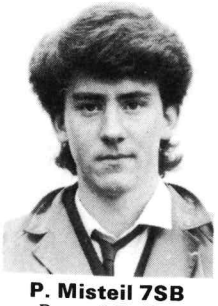
T. Lagan 7SB
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Mathematics, Irish



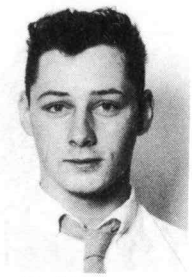
S. Lynch 7SB
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Economics, English
French



M. MacAinmhire 7SB
Bunscoil Gaelige
Art, Politics
Irish



P. Misteil 7SB
Bunscoil Gaelige
Religious Education
Art, Politics



N. O'Brien
At. Aidan's P.S.
History, Irish
Economics



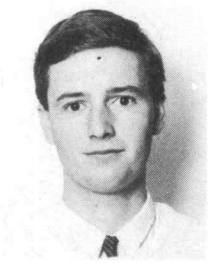
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Bunscoil Gaelige
History, Irish
Irish



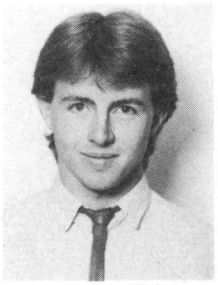
J. P. O'Hare
St. John the Baptist P.S.
History, English
Politics



M. Preshaw 7SB
St. Anne's P.S.
English, French
Irish



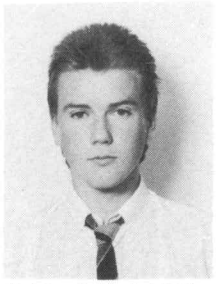
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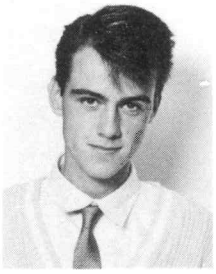
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Mathematics



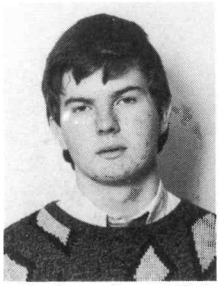
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St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Mathematics, Biology



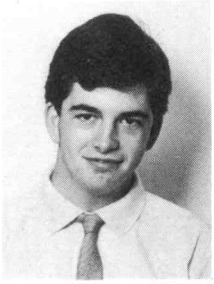
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C.B.S. Sec. School
Mathematics, Physics



A. Collins 7SC
St. Kevin's P.S.
Chemistry, Mathematics
Further Mathematics
Physics

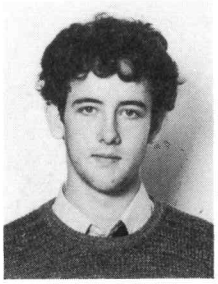


M. Cormican 7SC
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Chemistry, Physics
Mathematics

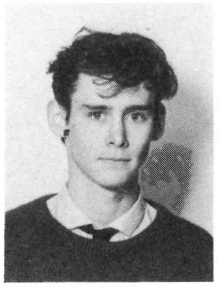


P. Dixon 7SC

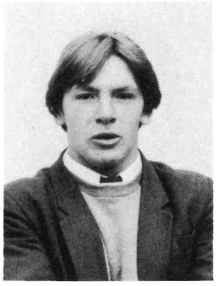
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Physics



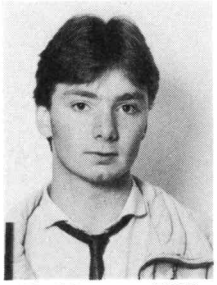
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Holy Child P.S.
Mathematics, Physics
Economics



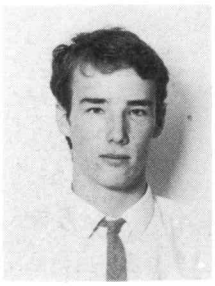
B. Friel 7SC
Holy Child P.S.
Further Mathematics
Mathematics, French
Physics



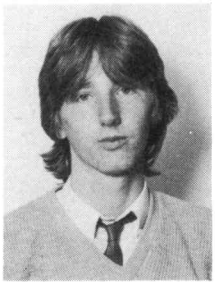
E. Gallagher 7SC
St. Paul's P.S.
Chemistry, French
Mathematics



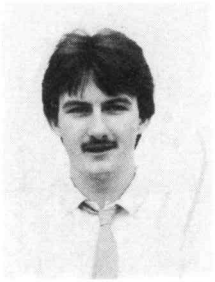
M. Glennon 7SC
C.B.S. Sec. School
Mathematics, Economics



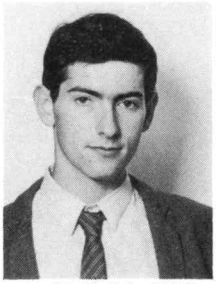
F. Larkin 7SC
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Chemistry, Mathematics
Further Mathematics
Physics



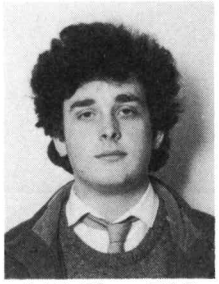
M. McAlea 7SC
Holy Child P.S.
Economics, Politics
Mathematics



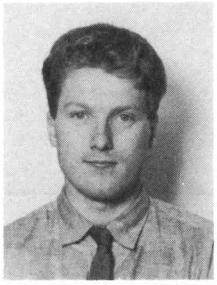
J. McBriarty 7SC
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Economics, Physics



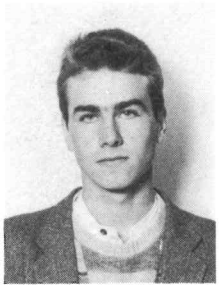
A. McBride 7SC
St. Aidan's P.S.
Biology, Mathematics
Chemistry, Physics



J. McClean 7SC
St. Kevin's P.S.
Art, Economics
Physics



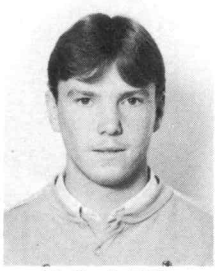
T. McNiece 7SC
St. Teresa's P.S.
Chemistry, Economics
Mathematics



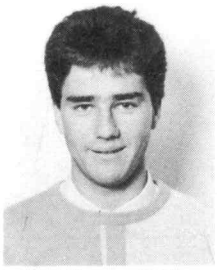
P. McSherry 7SC
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Art, Chemistry
Mathematics



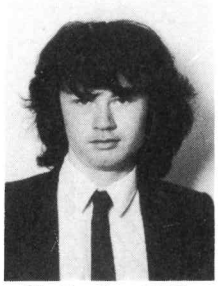
S. Mooney 7SC
St. Teresa's P.S.
Economics, Physics
Mathematics



T. Park 7SC
St. Paul's P.S.
Economics, French
mathematics



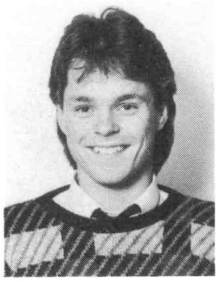
S. Blaney 7SD
St. Teresa's P.S.
Biology, Chemistry
Mathematics



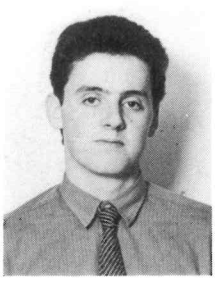
M. Boylan 7SD
Holy Trinity P.S.
Biology, Mathematics



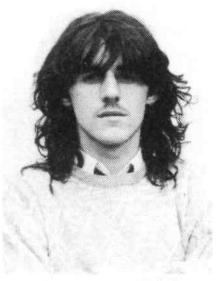
J. Cartwright 7SD
St. McNissi's Larne
Economics, Physics
Mathematics



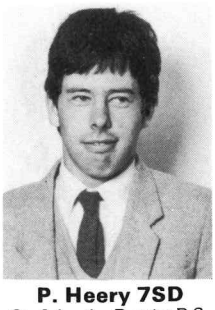
K. Devlin 7SD
Ballymacrickett P.S.
Biology, French
Chemistry



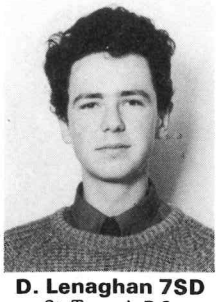
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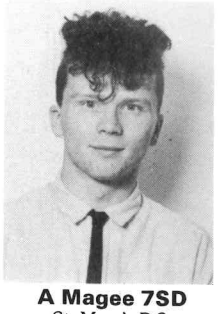
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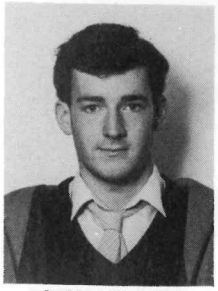
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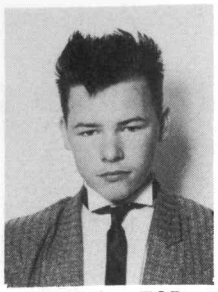
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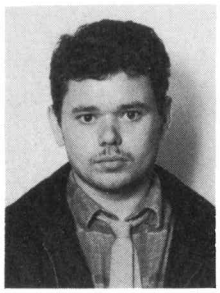
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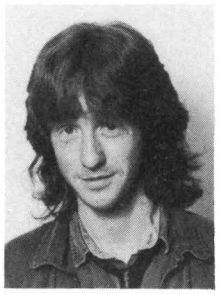
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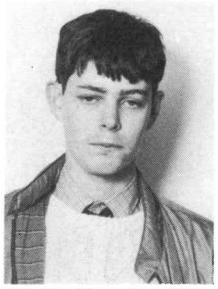
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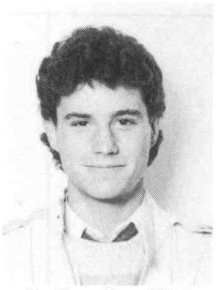
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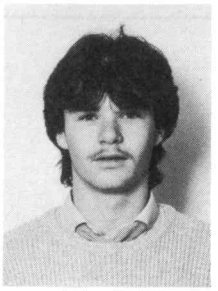
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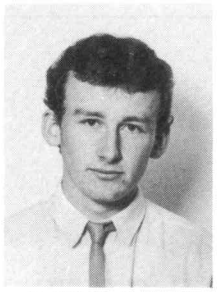
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Mathematics



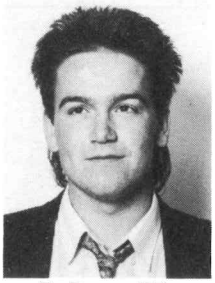
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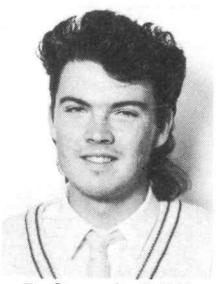
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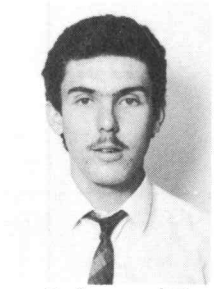
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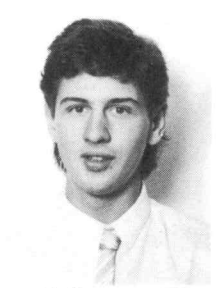
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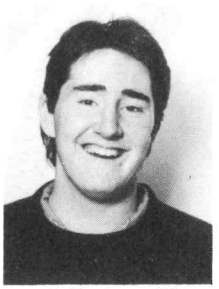
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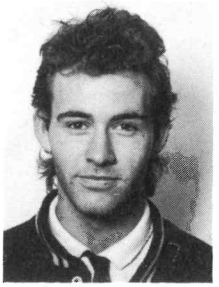
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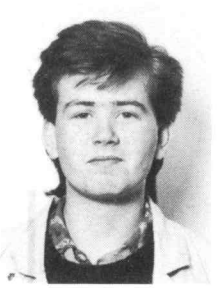
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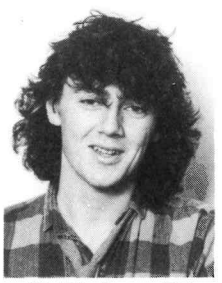
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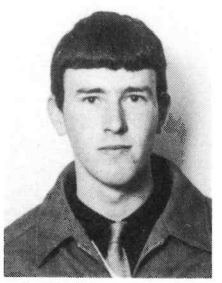
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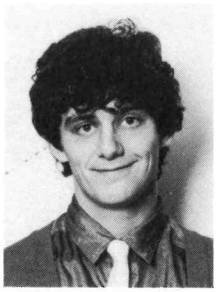
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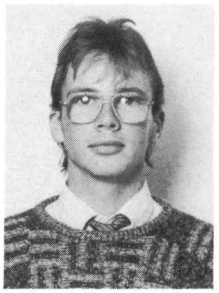
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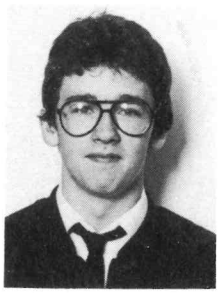
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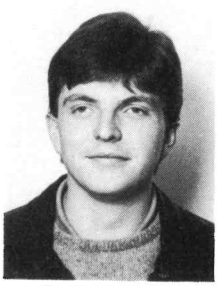
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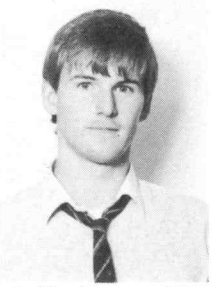
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Politics



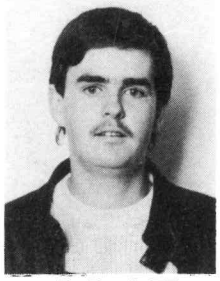
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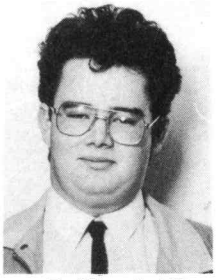
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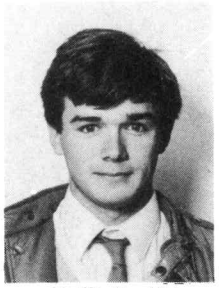
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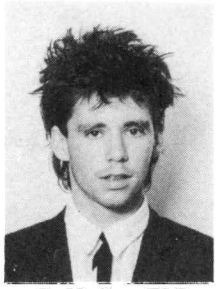
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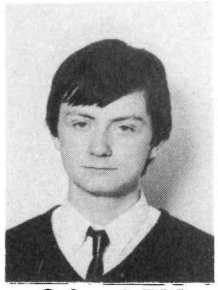
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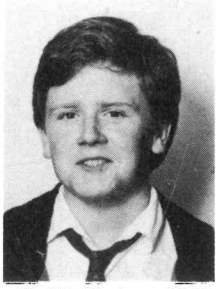
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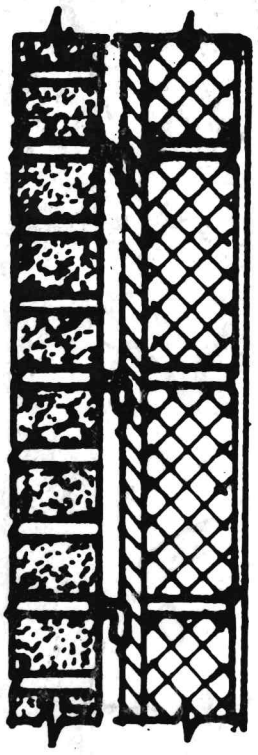


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