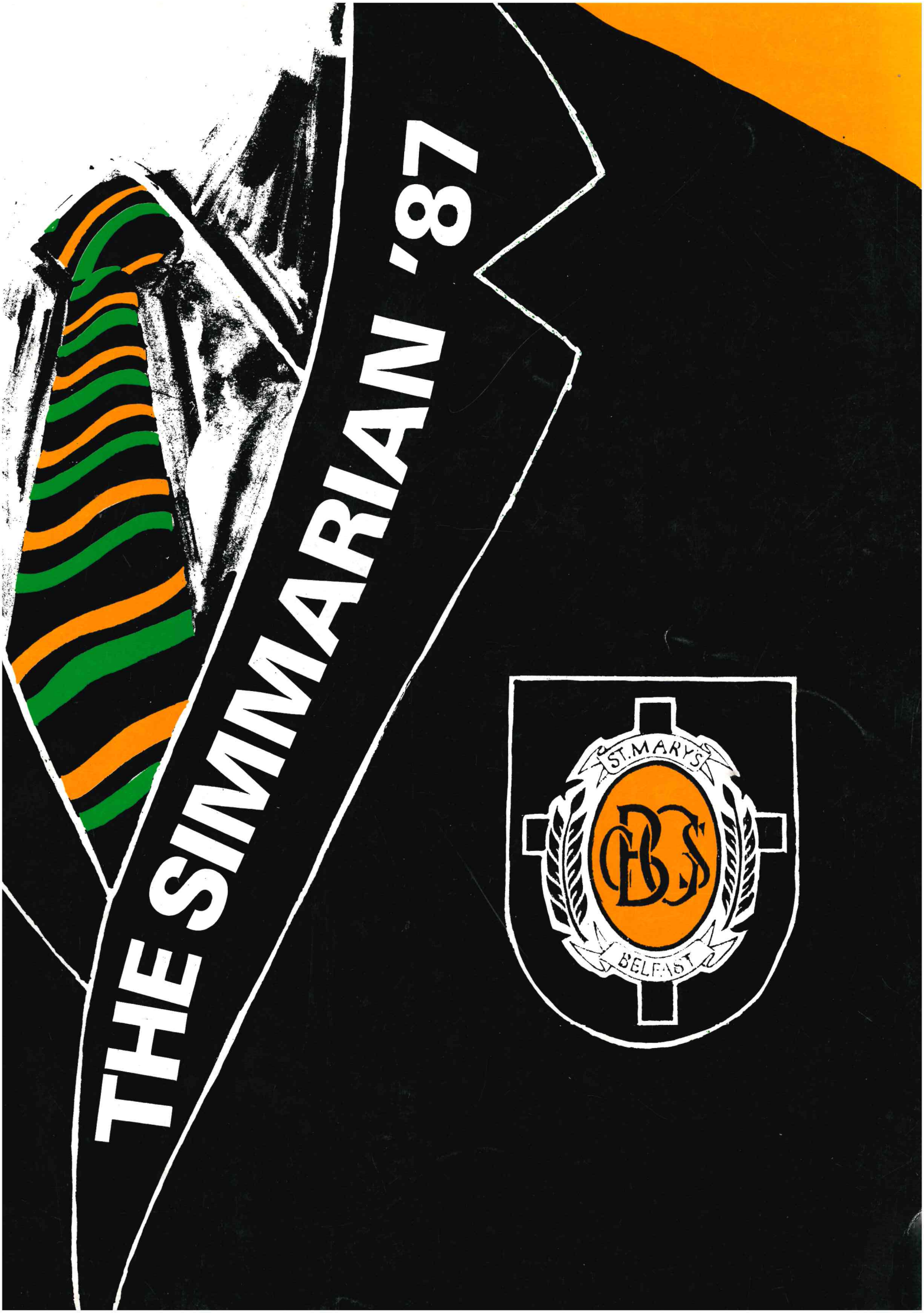
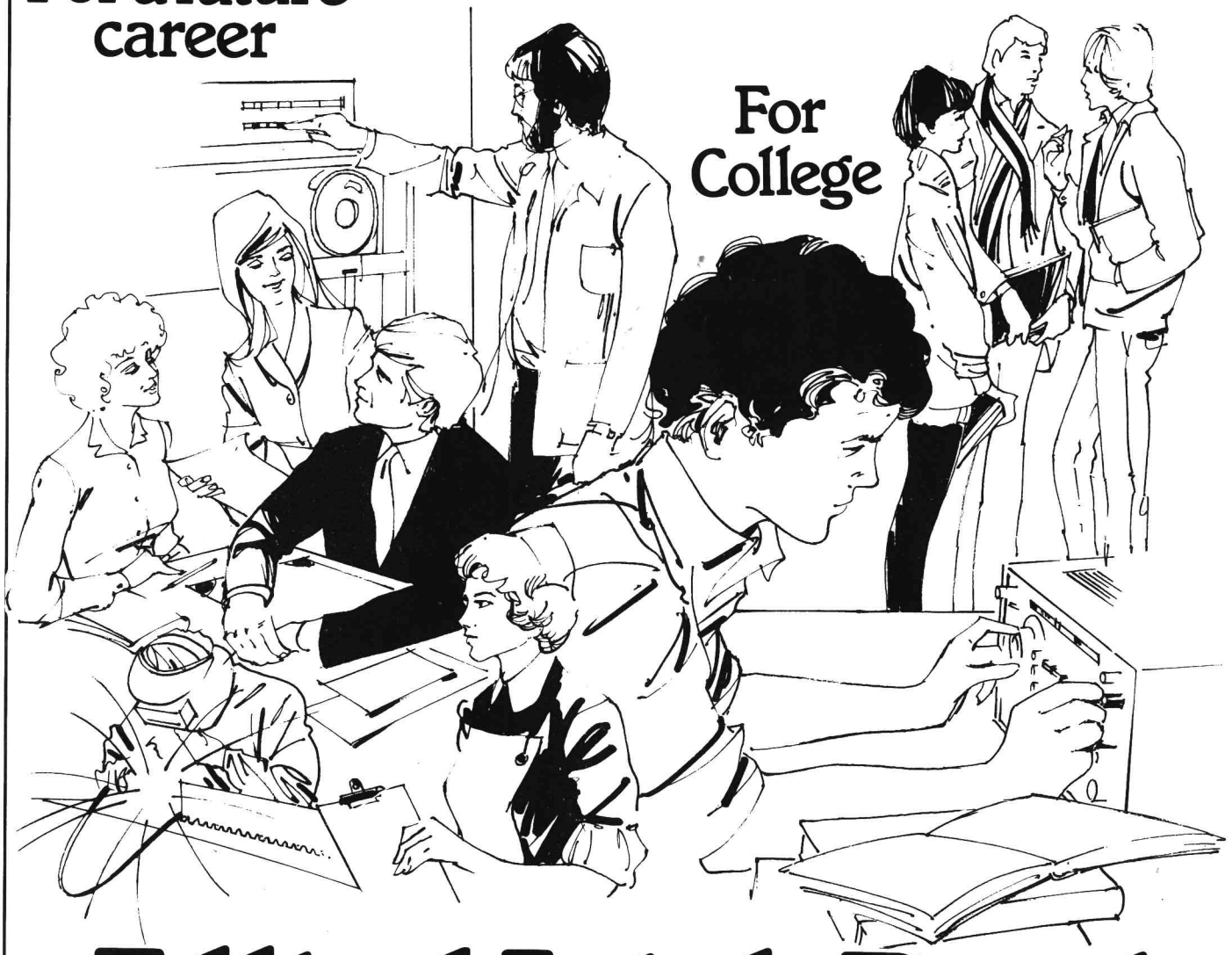

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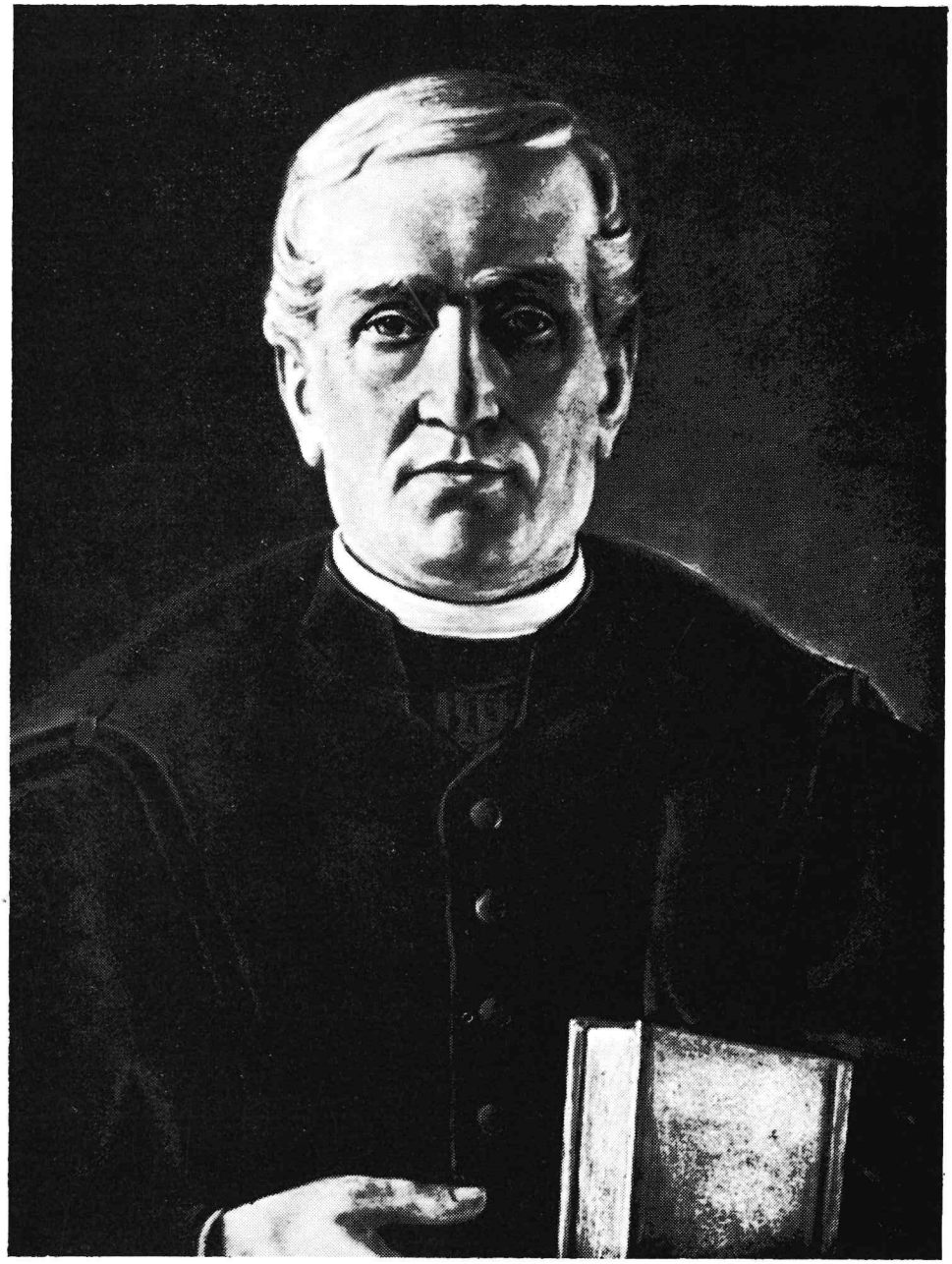
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Headmaster:
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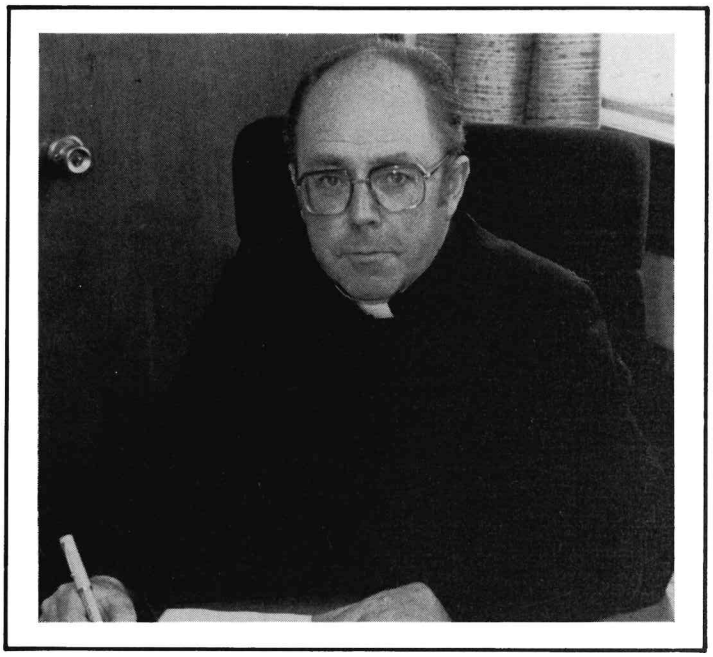
Reverend Brother Edmund Ignatius Rice



1762 - 1844

Founder of the Christian Brothers

Headmaster's Address



"The editor and promoters of "The Simmarian" are well aware of the responsibility resting on them as the inaugurators of a school magazine, and also of their own unworthiness to be pioneers in such a task. Nevertheless, We hope we have done something worthy of imitation, and which may serve as an example to future bands of schoolboys and inspire them to perpetuate our efforts." Thus runs the editorial of the June 1936 edition of the Simmarian and it is into this tradition that we hope this new edition of the Simmarian will fit. To our editors Mr. O. McCann and Mr. D. Tohill I offer my sincere congratulations on another excellent production.

The past year has been one of outstanding achievement for St. Mary's with our students excelling themselves in both 'O' and 'A' Levels. The 'A' Level class recorded the highest number of passes ever in the history of the school. I congratulate Gavin Boyle, Anthony Collins, Michael Donaldson, Carl Monaghan and John Fitzpatrick on scoring 4 'A' grades in their 'A' Levels. Four students Sean Doran, Kevin McCann, John McCrory and James McBriarty obtained sponsorships for their university studies.

At 'O' Level we had an average pass rate of eight subjects per student. Outstanding student in this group was Noel Ferrin who obtained ten 'A' grades.

It would be remiss of me not to thank all staff who prepared classes for public examinations and to congratulate them on the excellent results they obtained.

I congratulate all our past-pupils who graduated from various universities — over one hundred and twenty. To Felix Hagan, John Devlin, Dermot Diamond, Sean King and Brendan McClean I offer my congratulations on obtaining their Ph.D.'s. A special word of congratulations to Stephen Walsh and Ciaran Rogan, who both took first place in their respective universities. Stephen in Imperial College London and Ciaran in University College Dublin.

Once again a large number of charities benefitted from the generosity of parents, students and staff. Over £8,000 was collected for our Zambian Schools and for the Irish Handicapped Pilgrimage Trust. To Bro. Gallagher, Mr. O. McCann,Mr. F. Rice and Miss Anne Fitzpatrick and their many helpers I offer my sincere thanks.

It is also pleasing to report that three of our students opted for the Priesthood this year. Martin Allison entered the 'wing' to study for the Diocese of Down and Connor. Christopher Hogg and Gerard Robinson entered the Redemptorist Order in Galway. I take this opportunity to wish all three every success in their chosen vocation and I hope many more of our young men will follow in their example.

On May 23rd 1987 history was made when twenty of our students travelled by Air Canada to Newmarket, Ontario to attend school there for a three week period. The venture was an outstanding success and our thanks to the parishes of St. John and St. Elizabeth Seton for working so hard to ensure its success. The driving forces behind the idea were Mr and Mrs Danny Kenny and my words could not express how much we appreciated all their efforts.

My thanks to all the students who represented St. Mary's at various cultural and sporting events. To Mr. J. McClean and his senior water-polo squad I offer my congratulations on winning The All-Ireland Senior Title. Under the guidance of Mr. P. Cassidy both Senior and Junior hurlers won their respective Ulster Titles. The Senior Debating Team captured the Ulster Title once again and my thanks to Mr. O'McCann for his work in this area. Congratulations also to Kevin McCann and John Cairns on their selection for the Irish Chess Team. Kevin also won the Irish Senior Men's Championship. Sincere thanks to Mr. J.Mitchell and Mr. K. Mullan for their work in this sphere.

The past year has been one of great change on the staff front with the retirements of Rev. Bro. M.C. Gleeson, Mr. J.D. Neill and Mr. S. Daly. All three gave long years of dedicated service to St. Mary's and I hope and pray that they will have many happy years of retirement. Dr. D. Diamond has departed to Dublin to take up a post with the National Institute of Higher Education and I wish him every success. Mr. P. McParland has started his own manufacturing company and I wish him every success. Rev. Bro. D. Jennings and Mr. M. Mallon were both granted sabbaticals and I hope they will return to us with renewed enthusiasm.

A word of thanks to all parents who supported the school during the past year. All functions were well attended and the Parents Committee were always on hand to help with catering. Your help is greatly appreciated.

Finally I must thank all the staff both academic and non-academic for their interest and concern for all our students. Without your untiring efforts the tremendous achievements of our students would not be possible.

May the blessing of God be on our students, parents and staff.

BROTHER L.S. KELLY

This page is sponsored by **The Red Barn,** 127 Andersonstown Road, Belfast.

Editorial

Each year since the re-emergence of the school magazine in 1981, there have been "education initiatives" of one sort or another, and the current academic year is no exception. Mr. Baker, the Minister of Education has promised us a revolution in education — that might well be the outcome of his policy though perhaps not necessarily of the type he envisages.

Next June sees the first real "test" of the G.C.S.E. and if current Departmental attitudes and practices are continued it should be quite a spectacle. Rushed into without proper planning, inadequately resourced throughout, the teaching profession has had to contend with several hiccups in its implementation. (Even some of the alleged "expertis" open their information meetings with the phrase, "You probably know more about the new examination than I do," and later events show just how true this statement is!) It is to be regretted that the G.C.S.E. has got off to such a poor start but readers — both parents and students - can take hope in that the situation can only improve. In any case St. Mary's has dealth competently with many challenges during its history and it is equally competent in dealing with this one.

In previous issues we have invited former students to write for the Simmarian and this year we are delighted to publish articles from a few past pupils who have distinguished themselves in different spheres of life; one who is permanently gazing at the heavens while another is busily working to enable us to get to heaven! Hopefully now that the trend has started our past-pupils will be more forthcoming with regard to writing for the Simmarian.

This year we have had a tremendous "harvest" of articles from our students covering a wide variety of topics which it is hoped that you, the reader, will find of interest. Fortunately our editorial board has been broadened to include Sixth Form students with a fine degree of intuitive discernment and their help has been invaluable in the production of this year's magazine. Unfortunately it has not been possible to publish everything that has been submitted but we hope that those who were unlucky on this occasion will not be deterred from writing articles for future editions.

It has always been the policy of this publication to give a cross-sectional view of life in St. Mary's — both academic and extra-curricular. We are always keen to learn the opinions of readers, especially those of parents and past pupils. If you have any ideas or comments please communicate them in writing to the editor at the school address.

Finally we wish to extend our congratulations to Eamonn Rice (now 5G) who won last year's top literary prize in The Simmarian with his short story "My Great Uncle Eugene". The article was later entered in a national competition sponsored by the Pen Shop where it was awarded first prize. Eamonn's short story is reprinted in this issue accompanied by the adjudicators report. Hopefully this year's top prize winner will receive similar commendation.

Obituaries

The Board of Governors and staff of St. Mary's were saddened to learn of the recent death of two distinguished gentlemen who had close association with the school — Mr. Francis Hanna LL.B., former pupil and Dr. John Patrick Donaghy, M.B., F.R.C.P., former governor.

Mr. Hanna was a student at St. Mary's during the late 1920's and later went to Queen's University where he was regarded as one of the most brilliant students of his class. In 1935 he graduated, finishing in the top three in his final law examinations.

A short while later he entered politics and joined the Northern Ireland Labour Party and in 1944 he was elected M.P. for Belfast Central, a seat he held for the next twenty-one years until his retirement from politics in 1965. In spite of the heavy schedule imposed upon him by both his political and legal work, Mr. Hanna continued his long association with the Christian Brothers Past Pupils Union of which he became President in 1962-63. He promoted the interests of the Union with vigour and pride which was probably best illustrated by an article which he wrote for the Simmarian in 1963 when he concluded his remarks by saying "Above all, every past pupil of the Irish Christian Brothers has an obligation to identify himself with the Union which in the last resort is the physical and corporate expression of the loyalty, affection and esteem which the Irish Christian Brothers have inspired in all their pupils."

Dr. John Patrick Donaghy died recently while holidaying in Spain. He distinguished himself as a scholar of the highest calibre while at university.

In 1948 he was appointed consultant physician in the Mater Infirmorum Hospital Belfast and he retained this position until his retirement in 1984. In addition to this post Dr. Donaghy was a Clinical lecturer and examiner in Medicine at Queen's University.

During his career at both the Mater and Queen's Dr. Donaghy's kindness, courtesy and companionship endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Although his medical and academic work took up much of his time, Dr. Donaghy took a very active role in the Down and Connor Marriage Advisory Council of which he was a founder member.

It was Dr. Donaghy who established the Irish Association of Catholic Doctors Down and Connor Branch and he also played a leading role in the Catholic Boy Scouts of Ireland.

His tremendous service and dedication to the Community earned acknowledgement from Pope John Paul II in May 1986 when he was awarded the 'Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" medal.

From 1957 to 1969 be was a Nationalist Senator at Stormont contributing mostly to debates concerning medical, educational and cultural issues.

Both Mr. Hanna and Dr. Donaghy will be sadly missed by the community at large and by the Christian Brothers and St. Mary's in particular. Both of these gentlemen served the school well, the former as a distinguished pupil, the latter as a distinguished governor. To their respective families and relatives we extend our deepest sympathies.

Staff Retirement

At the end of the last academic year three long-serving members of St. Mary's teaching staff decided to "call it a day". Bro. M.J. Gleeson, Mr. Joe Neill and Mr. Sean Daly. Between them these three pedagogues clocked up almost 80 years at the "chalkface" in a valiant and successful attempt to push back the frontiers of ignorance. They made a stalwart contribution towards enlightening a few generations of students and in the process were often "enlightened" themselves, though perhaps not necessarily in the manner they expected - or desired!

Bro. Gleeson brought his academic skills to the fore through the English and History departments. Where he endeavoured to kindle in his "charges" an appreciation of literature from William Shakespeare to Seamus Heaney and the skill of unravelling the intricacies of the French Revolution and that other historical "can of worms" — the Eastern Question.

Mr. Sean Daly, on the other hand, found solace in the ancient Classics whence we could escape from the mundanity of the late twentieth century. Sean quietly but effectively instilled a knowledge of the classics era into heads which were not always fully dedicated or receptive. Nevertheless, he succeeded and his students benefited greatly as a result. Towards the end of his teaching career it was Sean's task to iron out the teething problems associated with the first year intake.

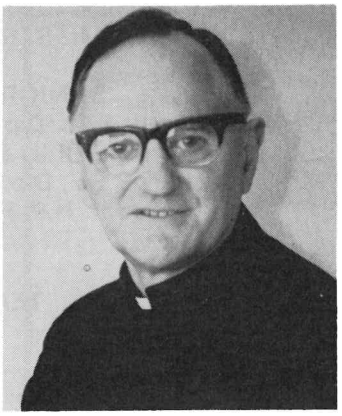
As for Mr. Joe Neill, not only will he be missed by the school but by "LI-AM and MIMMY who were always impressed by teachers carrying school bags(!)" For a few decades it was Joe's task to expound upon the complexities of divers geographical phenomena ranging from temperature inversions to schists and gneisses. Mr. Neill will be fondly remembered by the hundreds of students who benefitted from his tuition and the staff sadly miss his wit and anecdotal comments.

In addition to these retirements, St. Mary's has "lost" two other members of its teaching staff. Mr. Dermot Diamond has abandoned the confines of his Chemistry laboratory in St. Mary's for the apparently more luxurious surroundings afforded by the Institute of Higher Education in Dublin - there may have been a financial incentive as well!

"Prof" Diamond, the most refined and polite of the members of E. Block, is also a musician of some repute as the clientele of Pat's Bar and indeed many other hostelries will testify. No doubt his talents will not be confined to the N.I.H.E. as other notable institutions — among them Slattery's of Capel Street — will vie for his attention and custom.

Another member of the Chemistry Dept. has also left us — Mr. Pat McParland. Pat obviously thought that after two years of teaching in St. Mary's that he would take up the Thatcherite challenge of establishing a small business enterprise. In the light of what is currently happening to the teaching profession thanks to Mr. Baker and his administrative cohorts, Pat's decision showed excellent prescience. We wish Pat every success in this entrepreneurial venture.

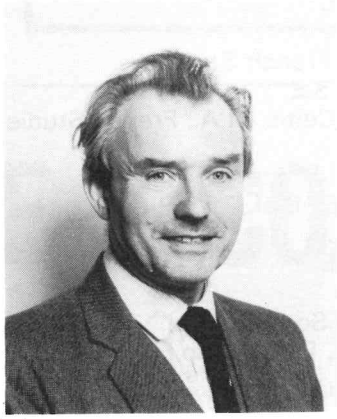
Finally, it would be somewhat remiss not to offer our congratulations and best wishes to Terry and Catherine Hegarty who got married at the end of last June.



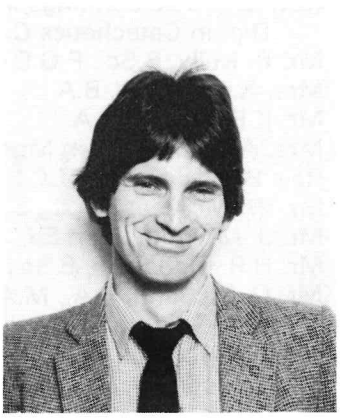
◀ *Bro. Gleeson.*



Joe Neill ▶



◀ *Sean Daly*



Dermot Diamond ▶



◀ *Pat McParland*

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OBITUARY

On belhalf of all the staff in the school, we wish to extend our deepest sympathy to the family of Mrs. Eileen McGreevy who died recently. Mrs. McGreevy was supervisor of the cleaning staff in the school for many years.

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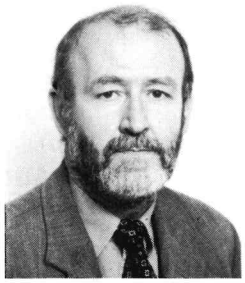
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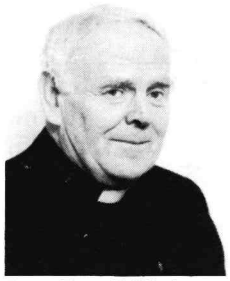
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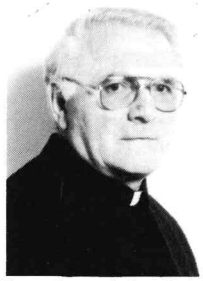
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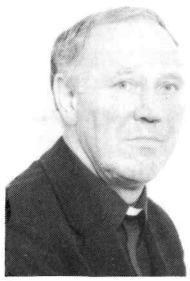
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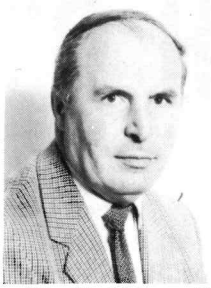
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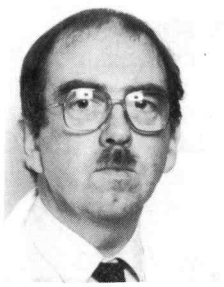
Mr. K. Keville
Politics Dept.
Moderator Politics Society



J. Conlon
History Dept



Mr. D. Tohill
Head of English Dept.



M.F. Manning
Physics Dept.



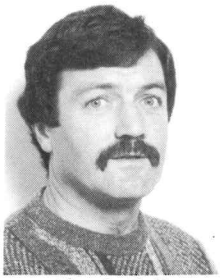
Mr. O. McCann
History Dept.
Editor, The Simmarian



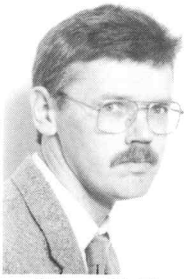
Mr. P. Cullen
French Dept.



Mr. J. Mitchell
Irish Dept.
Moderator Chess Club



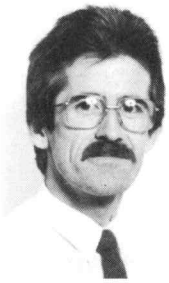
Mr. S. Crilly
English Dept.



Mr. E. McFlynn
Head of Geography
Moderator Geog. Society



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



Mr. F. Rice
Geography Dept.



Mr. F. Woods
English Dept.
Psychology Dept.
Basketball Coach



Mr. J. McClean
History Dept., English Dept.
Waterpolo Coach
Handball Coach



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



Mrs. L. Hodgkinson
French Dept.
Mathematics Dept.



Mrs. B. Woods
Art Dept.



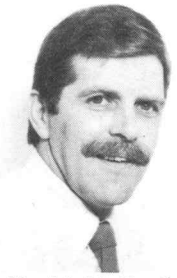
Mr. P. Rice
Head of Spanish Dept.



Mr. J. Sheerin
History Dept., Careers Dept.



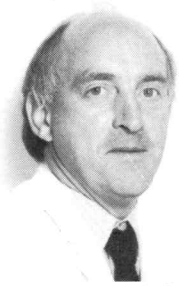
Mr. A. Whitehead
Head of Art Dept.



Mr. M. McGrath
Head of Computer Dept.



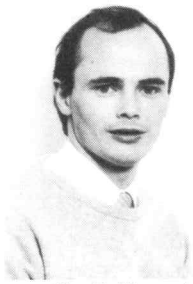
Mr. H. McBarron
Mathematics Dept.
Dept. of T.D.G.C.



Mr. J. McAuley
Biology Dept.
Moderator of Botany Club



Mrs. S. Devlin
French Dept.



Mr. T. Hegarty
Irish Dept.
Swimming Instructor
Badminton Coach



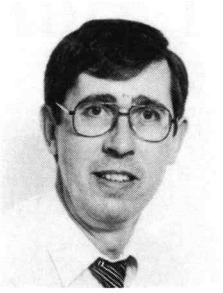
Mr. B. Harte
Biology Dept.



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



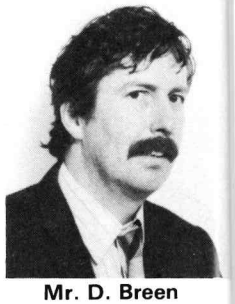
Mr. A. McPolin
Irish Dept.



Mr. F. Dynan
Mathematics Dept.
Computer Studies Dept.



Mr. K. Burke
Head of Irish Dept.
Mod. Irish Debating Society



Mr. D. Breen
English Dept.



Mrs. M. McQuillan
English Dept., Speech & Drama
Moderator of Drama Society



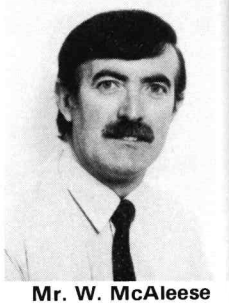
Mr. E. Collins
French Dept.



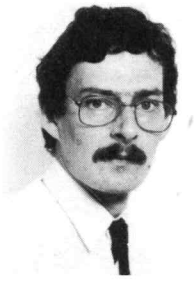
Mr. K. Mullan
French Dept., History Dept.
Chess Instructor



Mr. W. Hodgkinson
Physics Dept.



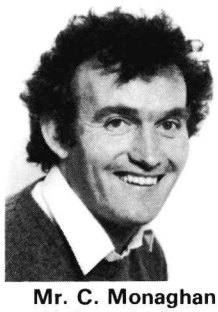
Mr. W. McAleese
Head of Chemistry



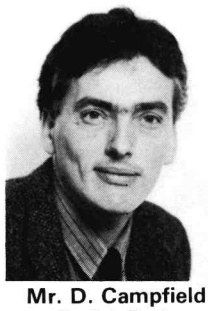
Mr. P. Barry
Physics Dept.
Moderator Photography Club



Mr. J. Connolly
Mathematics Dept.



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



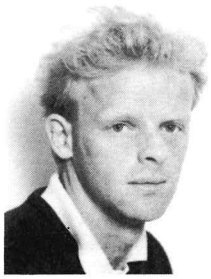
Mr. D. Campfield
English Dept.



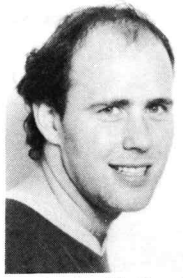
Mr. K. Morgan
Mathematics Dept.



Miss D. McGarry
Physics Dept.



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



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



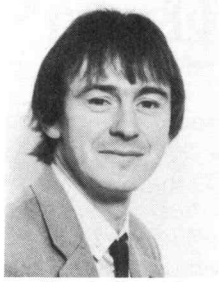
Mrs. J. McEvoy
French Dept., Spanish Dept.



Mr. B. Kelly
Mathematics Dept.
Computer Studies Dept.
Football Coach



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



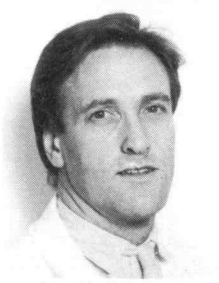
Mr. P. Cassidy
Mathematics Dept.
Computer Studies Dept.
Football Coach



Mrs. C. Hegarty
Geography Dept.
Economics Dept.



Mrs. K. Canavan
Art Dept.



Dr. A. Mallon
Chemistry Dept.



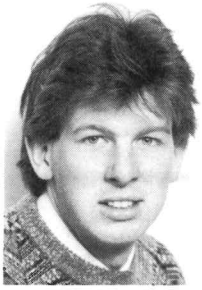
Mr. B. O'Rourke
Computer Studies Dept.
Mathematics Dept.



Mrs. A. Love
Head of Music Dept.



Miss T. McCann
Chemistry Dept.



Mr. A. Scullion
Geography Dept.
Football Coach



Miss A. Kennedy
Art Dept.



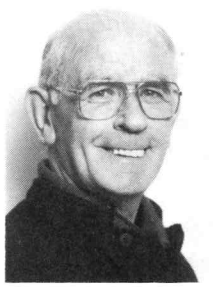
Miss R. Geary
English Dept.



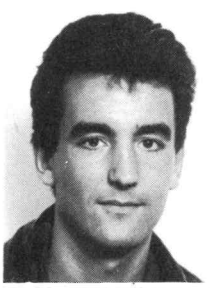
Miss J. Gibson
Music Dept.



Miss L. McGreevey
Chemistry Dept.



Rev. Bro. P.L. Mallon
Mathematics Dept.

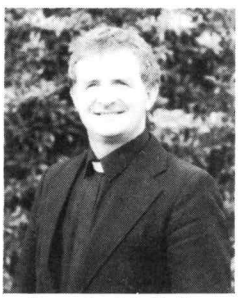


Mr. Pol. Virlogeux
French Dept.

School Chaplains



Rev. Fr. P. O'Hare

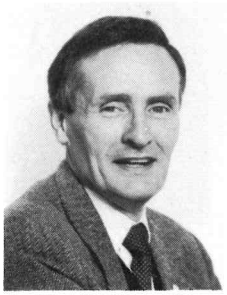


Rev. Fr. M. Kelly

Office Staff



Mr. J. McKenna
School Bursar



Mr. J. Donnelly



Miss A. Fitzpatrick



Miss D. McCrory

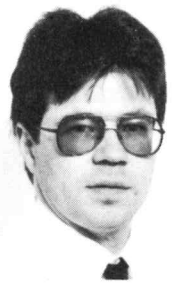


Miss M. O'Connor



Mrs. A. Lacey
Librarian

Laboratory Technicians



Mr. J. Heaney



Mr. P. Morris



Mr. B. Marsden



Mr. P. Russell

Caretaker Staff



Mr. H. O'Neill



Mr. J. Lonsdale

Prizegiving Day 1986

This annual event took place last December in the school Assembly Hall where the guest speaker was a former pupil, Dr. Conal McKeith from the Physics Department of Queens University. Among the packed attendance were Members of the Board of Governors, the President of the Past Pupils Union, Head teachers from several schools, members of staff, parents and pupils.

In his opening address, the Headmaster, Bro. Kelly, referred to the long running dispute over teachers' salaries and was highly critical of the intransigence of the government. Bro Kelly said that "unless the status, value and professionalism of teachers is recognised and properly rewarded the profession will not be able to attract candidates of the highest calibre". He attributed the shortage of certain key subject teachers to the lack of proper salaries for the teaching profession.

Allied to the salaries problem was another of equal seriousness — the cutbacks in the funding of third level education. The Headmaster asserted "In order to save money universities are forced to raise entry standards and, as a consequence, many very competent students are unable to get on to the courses that they are capable of following." Bro. Kelly was also highly critical of the fact that since entrance requirements for premium courses are so high in Northern Ireland many of our students are forced to emigrate in order to obtain their qualifications.

Turning to the students who were to receive certificates and prizes, the Headmaster congratulated them on a magnificent set of results which maintained St. Mary's proud academic record. In particular he congratulated Peter McClean and Stephen McQuillan who won the Best Students of the Year Award. Bro. Kelly said that he was especially proud of the fourteen students who had come to St. Mary's from various Secondary Schools after their 'O' Levels and who had obtained the necessary qualifications to enter university - a highly commendable performance.

He congratulated the teaching staff for the excellence of their work in preparing students for the various examinations. "Their expertise and dedication produce each year a set of results that are outstanding." Bro. Kelly also thanked the staff for giving so generously of their time in the sphere of extra-curricular activities and he congratulated all those involved in assisting St. Mary's win "Ulster Titles in football, hurling, skiing and debating."

In his speech Dr. Conal McKeith addressed himself to the topic "The Pursuit of Knowledge and Excellence." As an integral part of Third Level Education, Dr. McKeith stressed the role that universities play at both undergraduate and post graduate levels in this acquisition and pursuit of knowledge. Speaking to the university students to be, Dr. McKeith said "I encourage those of you contemplating or presently embarking on a course of further education to make the best of this opportunity to mix and study with a variety of students from different regions and backgrounds, and to enjoy the unique social aspects of the many student clubs and societies that form an integral part of higher education in order to provide a balanced framework for academic and personal development."

Dr. McKeith concluded his remarks by saying: "I know that a similar commitment to the principle of education and to its value is shared by this school, which has assisted many students like myself to careers in many business, social, industrial and academic areas. Therefore its own excellence in this is acknowledged, and it is my hope that this grammar school, which has its own recognised identity, will continue to provide the quality of students in the future as it has done in its long history."

1987 Simmarian Literary Prize Winners

JUNIOR	G.C.S.E.	'A' LEVEL
1st - The View P. McQuigan 1D	1st - The Halfling M. Creagh 4D	1st - Elegy to a Country Funeral P. McGowan 7LC
2nd - Fearful Night M. Meehan 1C	2nd - The Favour E. Rice 5G	2nd - First Day at St. Mary's P. Matassa 7LC

Overall Prizewinner - M. Creagh 4D

This page is sponsored by **M. K. Upholstery,** 1 North Queen Street, and 32 Clifton Street, Belfast.

ACADEMIC AWARDS

'A' LEVEL

BEST 'A' LEVEL STUDENTS 1986
EDMUND RICE GOLD MEDAL

Peter McClean
St. Kevin's P.S.
Reading Accountancy at Q.U.B.

Eugene McKenna
Holy Child Boys P.S.
Reading Physics at Q.U.B.

Stephen McQuillan
St. Comgall's P.S.
Reading Electrical Engineering at Q.U.B.

INDIVIDUAL SUBJECT AWARDS AT 'A' LEVEL

BEST 'A' LEVEL BIOLOGY STUDENT 1986
THE SHELL U.K. MEDAL

Michael Donaldson
St. Anne's P.S.
Repeating 'A' Levels at St. Mary's.

BEST 'A' LEVEL CHEMISTRY STUDENT 1986
THE O'HARE & PARTNERS MEDAL

Eugene McKenna
Holy Child Boys P.S.
Reading Physics at Q.U.B.

BEST 'A' LEVEL ECONOMICS STUDENT 1986
THE ULSTER BUSINESS EQUIPMENT MEDAL

Peter McClean
St. Kevin's P.S.
Reading Accountancy at Q.U.B.

BEST 'A' LEVEL ENGLISH LITERATURE STUDENT 1986
THE SERRIDGE MEDAL

Sean Barr
Holy Child Boys P.S.
Reading Law at Q.U.B.

BEST 'A' LEVEL IRISH STUDENT 1986
IRISH NEWS MEDAL

Dermot Walsh
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Repeating 'A' Levels at St. Mary's.

BEST 'A' LEVEL MATHEMATICS STUDENT 1986
THE REV. BRO. NANNERY MEMORIAL MEDAL

Stephen McQuillan
St. Comgall's P.S.
Reading Electrical Engineering at Q.U.B.

BEST 'A' LEVEL GEOGRAPHY STUDENT 1986
THE BANK OF IRELAND MEDAL

Conor Ellis
St. Kevin's P.S.
Reading Geography at Q.U.B.

BEST 'A' LEVEL HISTORY STUDENT 1986
THE ALLIED IRISH BANK MEDAL

Stephen Tumelty
St. Teresa's P.S.
Reading Law at Q.U.B.

BEST 'A' LEVEL PHYSICS STUDENT 1986
THE RONAN PRESS MEDAL

Stephen McQuillan
St. Comgall's P.S.
Reading Electrical Engineering at Q.U.B.

BEST 'A' LEVEL POLITICS STUDENT 1986
THE AIRFIELD HOUSE MEDAL

Mark Sinclair
Holy Child Boys P.S.
Reading Law at Oxford University.

BEST 'A' LEVEL LANGUAGES STUDENT 1986
THE BRO. McGREEVY MEMORIAL MEDAL

Desmond McDonnell
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Reading Joint Honours Business Administration and French at Q.U.B.

SPECIAL ACHIEVEMENTS AT 'A' LEVEL

James Boyle
St. Laurence's P.S., Fintona, Co. Tyrone
Achieved three A grades plus one D grade at 'A' Level
Reading Economics & Accountancy at London School of Economics.

Joseph Carlin
St. Luke's P.S.
Achieved three A grades plus one B grade at 'A' Level
Reading Aero. Engineering at Q.U.B.

Michael Donaldson
St. Anne's P.S.
Achieved three A grades plus one D grade at 'A' Level
Repeating 'A' Levels at St. Mary's.

Christopher Gough
Holy Child Boys P.S.
Achieved three A grades
Reading Medicine at Q.U.B.

James McGowan
Edmund Rice P.S.
Achieved three A grades plus one B grade at 'A' Level
Reading Aero. Engineering at Imperial College, London.

SPECIAL ACADEMIC AWARDS

'O' LEVEL

BEST 'O' LEVEL STUDENT Rev. Bro. J.B. McGreevy Memorial Trophy and C.B.P.P.U. Gold Medal 1986	**Finbar Carolan** *St. John the Baptist P.S.*
'O' LEVEL ADDITIONAL MATHEMATICS The Pat McGuigan Medal	**Brendan Adams** *St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.*
'O' LEVEL BIOLOGY The S.O.S. Medal	**Finbar Carolan** *St. John the Baptist P.S.*
'O' LEVEL CHEMISTRY The D. J. MacRandal Medal	**Donach McKenna** *St. John the Baptist P.S.*
'O' LEVEL ENGLISH LANGUAGE The W. H. McEvoy Medal and Trophy	**Brendan Harper** *St. Paul's P.S.*
'O' LEVEL COMPUTER SCIENCE	**Paul Savage** *St. John the Baptist P.S.*
'O' LEVEL HISTORY	**Gabriel Rooney** *St. Paul's P.S.*
'O' LEVEL FRENCH The Greenan Lodge Medal	**Brian Friel** *St. John the Baptist P.S.*
'O' LEVEL GEOGRAPHY The Tatler Medal	**Finbar Carolan** *St. John the Baptist P.S.*
'O' LEVEL IRISH The Joe Devlin Medal	**Michael McParland** *St. Gall's P.S.*
'O' LEVEL MATHEMATICS Rev. Bro. L. F. Ennis Medal	**Noel Ferrin** *St. Teresa's P.S.*
'O' LEVEL PHYSICS The John McQuillan Contracts Medal	**Daniel Davidson** *St. Gall's P.S.*

SPECIAL ACHIEVEMENTS AT 'O' LEVEL

Donach McKenna
St. John the Baptist P.S.

Daniel Haughey
St. Anne's P.S.

Kieran O'Neill
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.

Gabriel Rooney
St. Paul's P.S.

Careers Report

The highlight of our academic year was the success of our students at 'A' Level. Five students completed their studies with four 'A' grades in their 'A' Levels. They were:
Gavin BOYLE with grade A in Economics, Further Mathematics and Physics. Now studying Economics at Selwyn College, Cambridge University.
Michael DONALDSON with grade A in Chemistry, Further Mathematics, Mathematics and Physics. Now studying Dentistry at Queens University.
John FITZPATRICK with grade A in Chemistry, Further Mathematics, Mathematics and Physics. Now studying Pharmacy at Queen's University.
Carl Monaghan with grade A in Biology, Chemistry, Mathematics and Physics. Now studying Medicine at Queen's University.

Four students obtained three A grades. Namely:
Chtistopher HOGG with grade A in Economics, French and Irish. Now studying for the Priesthood with the Redemptorists at the University of Galway.
Felim LARKIN with grade A in Mathematics, Further Mathematics and Physics and a grade B in Chemistry. Now studing Chemical Engineering at Queen's University.
John McCRORY with grade A in Chemistry, Mathematics and Physics and grade B in Further Mathematics. Sponsored year with G.E.C. in London before going to Imperial College London to study Physics.
Neil McKENNA with grades A in Biology, English Literature and Geography. Now studying Zoology at Queen's University.

Four students won industrial scholarships. Eight students commenced their studies in Medicine, another in Dentistry and one in Pharmacy.

By any standard an outstanding record of success and an example to this year's students who look likely to emulate it.

Most students went to Queen's University but increasing numbers are now going to the University of Ulster or to United Kingdom Universities and Polytechnics.

Ulster will be a more popular and a more competitive destination this year due to the closure of Queen's single honours Business Administration course and the transfer of all single honours Business Management degree courses to Jordanstown. While this reflects the success of business in Jordanstown in both teaching and placement, it makes entry into an already very competitive Faculty even more difficult.

Entry standards in most Faculties in both Universities were up this year and there seems little chance that they will fall in the forseeable future.

Vocational courses such as Accounting, Architecture, Engineering, Medicine, Dentistry and Pharmacy in Queen's University and Business Computers, Physiotherapy, Surveying and Transport in Ulster continue to be heavily oversubscribed and to attract top quality entrants.

Many institutions in the United Kingdom have much lower entry requirements, for example:

Law in Queen's requires B,B,B,; Law in Hull University only B,C,C; Pharmacy in Queen's requires A,B,B; Pharmacy in Strathclyde only B,C; Quantity Surveying in Ulster University requires B,B,B,; while Quantity Surveying in Heriot-Watt (Edinburgh) demands C.C.

Grades in the English and Scottish Polytechnics are even lower.

As a result many more students are choosing to study at United Kingdom institutions. This is not a decision to be taken lightly and experience has shown that students who go to colleges where there are already some of our students will settle much more quickly and easily. Even with the company and assistance of friends, settling-in can be a traumatic experience and some students do not get over the culture shock and are forced to return home.

This has been the second year of our Repeat Class (7R). Again results for these students were outstanding. Out of this class of twenty-three all except two have either won places on courses in third level education or have gained employment. This includes two students into Medicine, one into Law and one into Dentistry — confirming the good sense of their choice to return to school. Significantly those students who joined 7R from other Grammar Schools achieved their academic ambitions and greatly enjoyed their year in St. Mary's as well as contributing to the life and atmosphere of the school.

7R for 1987 is alive and well and similar results are anticipated.

For the first time in a number of years employment is being offered to students. To date twenty-one students have obtained 'real jobs' and several more have applications in the pipeline.

St. Mary's is totally supportive of students applying for good jobs and, increasingly, employers are contacting the school asking for good students to be sent for interview.

Without exception, they insist that they prefer to recruit from schools such as ours where they know the students have been trained in habits of diligence, punctuality, good attendance and enthusiasm.

It is hoped that this trend will continue and that we are now over the worst of the depression.

Our list of past pupils graduating is as impressive as ever but two students deserve special mention:-
Stephen WALSH, first winner of the gold medal for Best 'A' Level Student — four A grades in his 'A' Levels — was sponsored by I.C.I. before commencing Electronic Engineering Studies at Imperial College London. Stephen graduated this year with first class honours and the highest marks in the Faculty of what is the most prestigious technological university in the United Kingdom. He is now employed on research by I.C.I. and we wish him every success in his career and look forward to hearing about his future achievements.

Ciaran ROGAN (Rogie to all his friends) also a past winner of the gold medal - he achieved four A grades at 'A' Level - has completed his degree studies in University College, Dublin where he took first class honours and the highest mark in the Faculty in the Department of Commerce. A champion debater and runner he has won many valuable competitions during his studies.

Ciaran is shortly to commence a one year employment project, jointly sponsored by D.E.E. in N. Ireland and Amco in Eire. He will be based in AMCO Brussels and will be involved in market research in Europe.

These two students contacted the school and returned to their teachers to report on their successes as soon as they received the news. They are ideal models for our present pupils and we are grateful to them for their continued contacts with their teachers and school.

This page is sponsored by **O'Hare and Partners,** 31 College Gardens, Belfast. Telephone: 381411.

Destinations of 'A' Level Students

UNIVERSITIES:

Queen's University, Belfast	50
Ulster University	31
Cambridge University	1
City University, London	1
Imperial College, London	4
Oxford University	2
Queen Mary College, London	1
University College, Galway	3
University of London	1
University of Manchester	2

POLYTECHNICS ETC:

Crewe College of Higher Ed.	1
Huddersfield Polytechnic	1
Hull Polytechnic	1
Humberside College of Higher Ed.	1
Kingston Polytechnic	1
Leicester Polytechnic	2
Middlesex Polytechnic	1
Norwich Catering College	1
Teeside Polytechnic	1
Polytechnic of Wales	1

VOCATIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD:

Martin ALLISON — Diocese of Down and Connor.
Christopher HOGG — Redemptorist Fathers.
Gerard ROBINSON - Redemptorist Fathers.

SPONSORSHIPS:

Sean DORAN sponsored by Shell U.K. (Reading Chemical Engineering at Imperial College London).
Kevin McCANN sponsored by Shell U.K. (Reading Chemical Engineering at Imperial College London).
John McCRORY sponsored by General Electric Company (Reading Mathematics & Physics at Imperial College London).
James McBRIARTY sponsored by Short Brothers (Reading Aeronautical Engineering at Queen's University - Enhanced Course).

EMPLOYMENT:

Trainee Management	4
Catering	1
Eastern Health Board	3
Bass Ireland	1
Civil Service	2
Graphic Design	1
N.I.E.	1
Post Office	1
Coal Business	1
Short Brothers	1
Employment in London	2

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School Leavers 1985 - 1986

ENTRANTS TO QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Adrian BEARE	Computers & Mathematics
Michael BOYLE	Microbiology
Dominic BRADLEY	Chemical Engineering
Stephen BROPHY	Engineering
Anthony COLLINS	Medicine
Ciaran CROZIER	Civil Engineering
Daniel DAVIDSON	Engineering
Aidan DAWSON	Computers & Economics
Philip DIXON	Economics
Aidan DOHERTY	Joint Honours - French/Italian
Michael DONALDSON	Dentistry
John DONNELLY	Biochemistry
Michael DONNELLY	Joint Honours - French & Bus. Adm.
John EWINGS	Combined Arts
Damien FAIRLEY	Chemical Engineering
John FITZPATRICK	Pharmacy
Brian FRIEL	Accountancy
Jonathan GILES	Celtic Studies & English
Brendan GOUGH	Joint Honours - Bus. Adm. & Spanish
Francis GOUGH	Medicine
Thomas LAGAN	Mechanical Engineering
Felim LARKIN	Chemical Engineering
Padraig LARKIN	Electronic Engineering
James LOUGHRAN	Chemistry
Cormac LUNDY	Geography
Gary LYNCH	Accountancy
James McBRIARTY	Aeronautical Engineering (Enhanced Course, Sponsored by Shorts)
Anthony Mc BRIDE	Chemistry
Gerard McCARRY	Chemical Engineering
John McCLEAN	Accountancy
Gregory McCLEARY	Physiology
John McCULLOUGH	Aeronautical Engineering
Michael McCURRY	Combined Arts
Enda McGURK	Mechanical Engineering
Gavan McGIBBON	Economics & English
Seamus McINTYRE	Chemical Engineering
Ronan McKEGNEY	Economics & Politics
Michael McKENNA	Medicine
Neil McKENNA	Zoology
Kieran McMAHON	Accountancy
Joseph McNALLY	Law
Carl MONAGHAN	Medicine
Conor NELLIS	Combined Arts
Raymond NETHERCOTT	Medicine
Finbar O'NEILL	Medicine
Sean SAVAGE	Chemistry
Mark SINCLAIR	Law
Alan SMITH	Accountancy
Enda TEAGUE	Combined Soc. Sciences
Francis ZUBIER	Medicine

ENTRANTS TO UNIVERSITY OF ULSTER

Simon BRENNAN	Accountancy
John CORR	Fine Arts Foundation Course
Michael CRAWFORD	Combined Humanities
Anthony FEENAN	Geography
Paul FOX	Sports Studies
Patrick GARDNER	Combined Science
Albert GORDON	Building Studies
Sean GRIEVE	Electronic Engineering
Robert HAMILL	Media Studies
John HILLIS	Dip. in Higher Education
Adrian LISMORE	Accountancy
Robert LOWRY	English
Michael MacAINMHIRE	Irish Studies
Mark McALEA	Economics & Accountancy
Dermot McANENEY	H.N.D. in Mech. Engineering
Paul McCABE	Geography
Stuart McCLEAN	H.N.D. in Mathematics Statistics & Comp. Studies
John McCURRY	Dip. in Physical Science
Brendan McERLEAN	H.N.D. in Mech. Engineering
Stephen McGAHAN	H.N.D. in Physical Science
Conor McGUIGAN	Transport Technology
Kieran McILDUFF	Quantity Surveying
Niall McMANUS	H.N.D. in Mech. Engineering
Pilib MISTEIL	Arts (Foundation Course)
Paul MOLLOY	Combined Humanities
Patrick NICHOLL	Transport Technology
Desmond NUGENT	Accountancy
Patrick O'NEILL	Combined Humanities
Martin PRESHAW	Celtic Studies
Michael WALSH	Arts (Foundation Course)
Brian WYLIE	Transport Technology

ENTRANT TO CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

Gavin BOYLE	Economics

ENTRANT TO CITY UNIVERSITY, LONDON

Paul BURNS	Mathematics

ENTRANTS TO IMPERIAL COLLEGE, LONDON

Sean DORAN	Chemical Engineering
Kevin McCANN	Chemical Engineering (Sponsored by Shell)
John McCRORY	Physics (Sponsored by G.E.C.)
Francis MONTGOMERY	Electronic Engineering

ENTRANTS TO OXFORD UNIVERSITY

James McALEAVEY	English
Philip McGOWAN	Law

ENTRANT TO QUEEN MARY COLLEGE

Paul CAMPBELL	Astronomy & Physics

ENTRANTS TO UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, GALWAY

Paul DUNLEAVEY	Irish Studies
Christopher HOGG	Combined Honours
Gerard ROBINSON	Arts

ENTRANT TO UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

James McALLISTER	Medicine

ENTRANT TO UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

Thomas QUINN	Mathematics & Economics
Conor BRANKIN	Mechanical Engineerng

●

ENTRANTS TO OTHER THIRD LEVEL INSTITUTIONS

CREW & ANSLYNER COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

Sean CONNOR	Sports Studies

HUDDERSFIELD POLYTECHNIC

Brian McCORRY	Transport Technology

HULL POLYTECHNIC

Martin KANE	Biology & Geography

HUMBERSIDE COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

Declan WOODS	Business Information Systems

KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC

Philip NOTMAN	Law

LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC

John McDONAGH	Applied Chemistry
Colin O'KANE	Business Administration

MIDDLESEX POLYTECHNIC

Michael CARBERRY	European Business Studies

NORWICH SCHOOL OF HOTELS & CATERING

Harry GRIBBON	H.N.D. in Caterin Admin.

TEESIDE POLYTECHNIC

Daniel McALLISTER	H.N.D. in Computer Studies

POLYTECHNIC OF WALES

Patrick WEIR	Social Studies

ENTRANTS TO THE PRIESTHOOD

Martin ALLISON	Diocesan Seminary
Christopher HOGG	Redemptorists
Gerard ROBINSON	Redemptorists

GRADUATES 1987

QUEENS UNIVERSITY BELFAST

(Faculty of Agriculture)

Aidan McEVOY	Bachelor of Agriculture

(Faculty of Arts)

Martin J. COLE	B.A., Mod. History
Aaron GREENWOOD	B.A., Italian
James G. HURLEY	B.A, Geography
Declan J. HYLAND	B.A., General
John K. LAVERY	B.A., American Stud. & English
John T. LAVERY	B.A., General
Paul A. McCABE	B.A., French
Arthur J. McCANN	M.A., French
Brendan McDONAGH	Bachelor of Lib. & Info. Studies
Martin P. McILVENNY	B.A., Pyychology & Sociology
John F. McKEEVER	M.A., Scholastic Philosophy
James M. McLAUGHLIN	M.A., English - Anglo Irish Stud.
Martin MULDOON	B.A., Social Anthropology

Faculty of Economics & Social Sciences

Brian G. BARRY	Cert. in Adv. Social Work
John G. BOYLE	Bachelor of Science (Accounting)
Michael J. COLLINS	Master of Business Admin.
Kieran J. CONOLLY	Master of Business Admin.
Lawrence DUFFY	Bachelor of Social Sciences
James J. MURPHY	Bachelor of Social Science (Business Administration)
Damien PRENTER	B.Sc. (Economics)
Francis L. WOODS	B.Sc. (Economics)

Faculty of Education

Laurence BURNS	Master of Education
William J. DOWDS	D.A.S.E. - Educ. Management
Eamon G. HAMILL	Master of Education
Gabriel N. McKEOWN	Master of Education
Adrian C. MALLON	Graduate Certificate
Kevin F. MANNING	Master of Education
John J. McDONALD	Bachelor of Education
Brian G. McLAUGHLIN	Craduate Certificate
Peter B. MORRIS	D.A.S.E. (Guid. & Counselling)
Daniel J. MULHOLLAND	Bachelor of Education
Robert P. SLOAN	D.A.S.E. (Primary Studies)
Patrick J. WADE	D.A.S.E. (Educ. Management)

Faculty of Engineering

Kevin M. BRENNAN	Bachelor of Engineering (Civil)
Patrick CARROLL	Dip. Town & Country Planning
John R. CONNOLLY	Bachelor of Engineering (Electrical & Electronic)
Brian CRAWFORD	Bachelor of Engineering (Electronic & Information)
Patrick A. DEVLIN	Master of Engineering
Paul T. DEVLIN	Bachelor of Engineering
Michael C. GRIST	Master of Engineering
Felix A. HAGAN	Doctor of Philosophy (Aero.)
Damien J. HANNON	Dip. Town & Country Planning
Donald J. LAVERY	Master of Science (Civil Eng.)
Hugh J. MALLON	Bachelor of Engineering (Mech)
Stephen J. McCANN	Dip. Adv. Architectural Studies
Paul G. McLARNON	Bachelor of Engineering (Aero.)
Kieran M. McMAHON	Bachelor of Engineering (Chem.)
Martin S. MOHAN	Bachelor of Engineering (Electronic & Information)
Stephen P. MULDOON	Bachelor of Engineering (Chem.
Stephen MULVENNA	Bachelor of Engineering (Chem.
William M. MURPHY	Bachelor of Engineering (Electrical and Electronic)
Marcus O'DOHERTY	Bachelor of Engineering (Electrical and Electronic)
Aidan F. O'DONNELL	Bachelor of Engineering (Electronic and Information)
Brian M. QUINN	Dip Adv. Architectural Studies
Laurence SMART	Bachelor of Engineering (Chem.
Damian THORNTON	Bachelor of Engineering (Chem.
Nicholas TRAINOR	Bachelor of Engineering (Electronic and Information)
James W. WINTER	Bachelor of Engineering (Chem.)

Faculty of Law

Norville CONNOLLY	Diploma in Law
Brian M. DERBY	Certificate - Legal Studies
John P. DORAN	Certificate - Legal Studies
Paul MAGEE	Bachelor of Law

Faculty of Medicine

John S. SINCLAIR	Medical Doctor

Faculty of Science

Haydn P. BOYLE	B.Sc.
Aiden J. BRYAN	B.Sc. (Chemistry)
Barry N. BURNS	Bachelor of Science (Chemistry)
Keith T. BURNS	Diploma (Computer Sc. & App.)
Patrick CROSSAN	Bachelor of Sc. (Computer Sc.)
John F. DEVLIN	Doctor of Philosophy (Organic Chemistry)
Dermot DIAMOND	Doctor of Philosophy (Analytical Chemistry)
Ciaran DUNWOODY	B.Sc. (Mathematics)
Michael A. FRIEL	B.Sc. (Computers)
John P. GLASS	B.Sc.
Peter T. KELLY	B.Sc. (Pharmacy)
Sean J. KING	Doctor of Philosophy (Pure & Applied Physics)
Peter McCALLION	B.Sc. (Physics)
Brendan A. McCLEAN	Doctor of Philosophy (Pure and Applied Physics)
Conor D. McGURK	B.Sc. (Biochemistry)
Arthur RICE	Dip. (Computer Sc. & Applic.)
Owen G. SAVAGE	B.Sc. (Physics)
Alan A. WEIR	Master of Science (Hospital Pharmacy)

UNIVERSITY OF ULSTER GRADUATES

Bachelor of Art (Honours)

Declan A. CONNOLLY	Sports Studies
Brendan GRIBBON	Youth and Community Work
Barry McALLISTER	Social Policy
Liam G. McCOMISH	Graphic Design
David McCURRY	Public Sector Admin.
Francis E. McGRADY	Graphic Design
John J. McNIECE	Accounting

Bachelor of Science (Honours)

Peter BLANEY	Engineering
Thomas DALY	Engineering
Mark MAGEE	Quantity Surveying

Other Awards

Kevin ARMSTRONG	H.N.D. Bus. & Related Studies
John BALL	Cert. in Foundation Studies in Art and Design
Peter G. BROWN	H.N.D. - Engineering (Electronic)
Thomas G. O'NEILL	Dip. in Youth & Community Work
Christopher SHERRY	Diploma in Business Studies

GRADUATE FROM CARDIFF UNIVERSITY

Paul O'DOHERTY	B.A.

GRADUATE FROM IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON

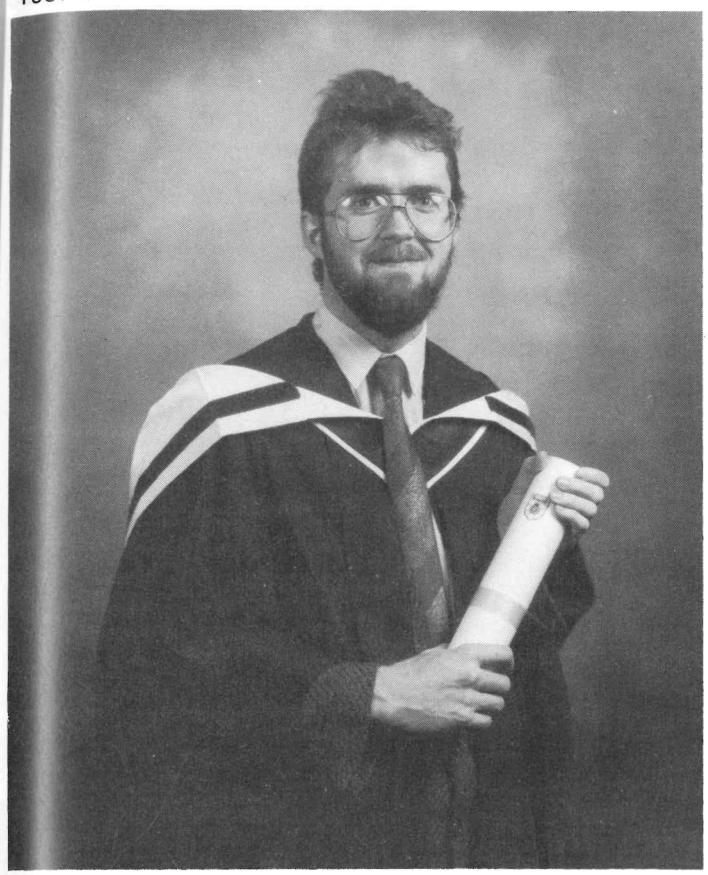
Stephen WALSH — 1st Class Honours in Elect. Eng.

GRADUATE FROM TRINITY COLLEGE DUBLIN

Declan McCAVANA — 1st Class Honours in French (Appointed Lecturer in University of Sorbonne, Paris)

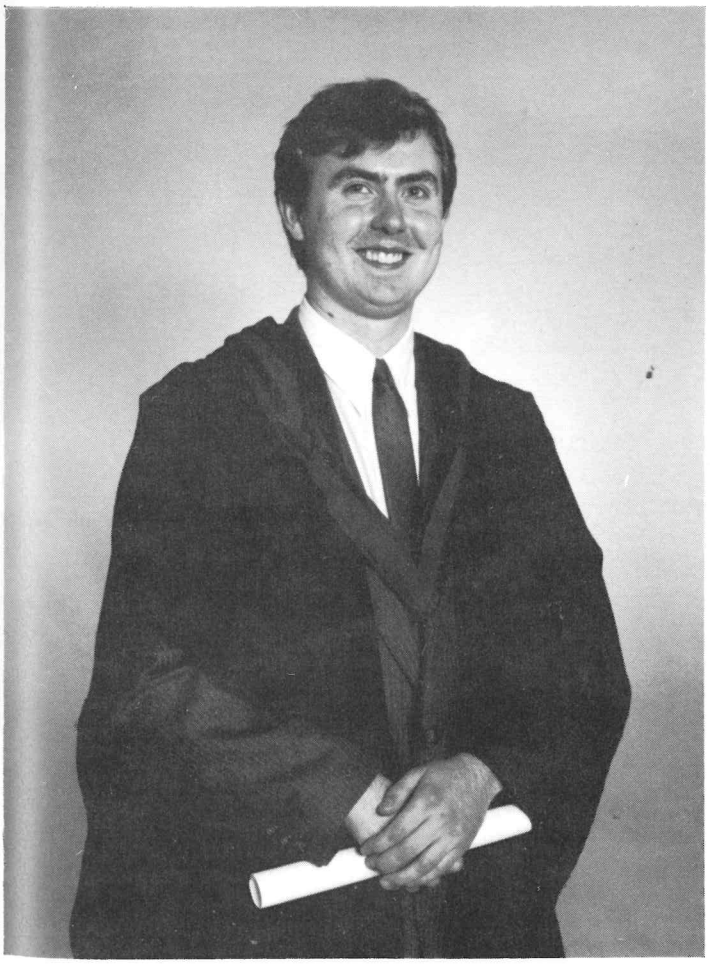
GRADUATE FROM UNIVERSITY COLLEGE DUBLIN

Ciaran ROGAN — 1 Class Honours B.Com. First place in Faculty



Stephen Walsh who graduated with honours from Imperial College London.

Ciaran Rogan who graduated with First Class Honours in Commerce at University College, Dublin.



CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to Stephen Hawkins, who has just obtained his M.Sc. in Information Technology from Loughborough University. Stephen was a student at St. Mary's from 1973 to 1981.

Also - Congratulations to Carl Monaghan on receiving a Queen's Open Scholarship.

Junior Prizewinners 1987

The third year population of 1986/87 had an enviable record of academic achievement; 56% of our boys achieved passes in all ten subjects, while 87% achieved eight or more passes. Brother Kelly presented all our successful candidates with certificates with pride of place going to the winners of plaques for outstanding accomplishment. The list of best students in the various disciplines read as follows:

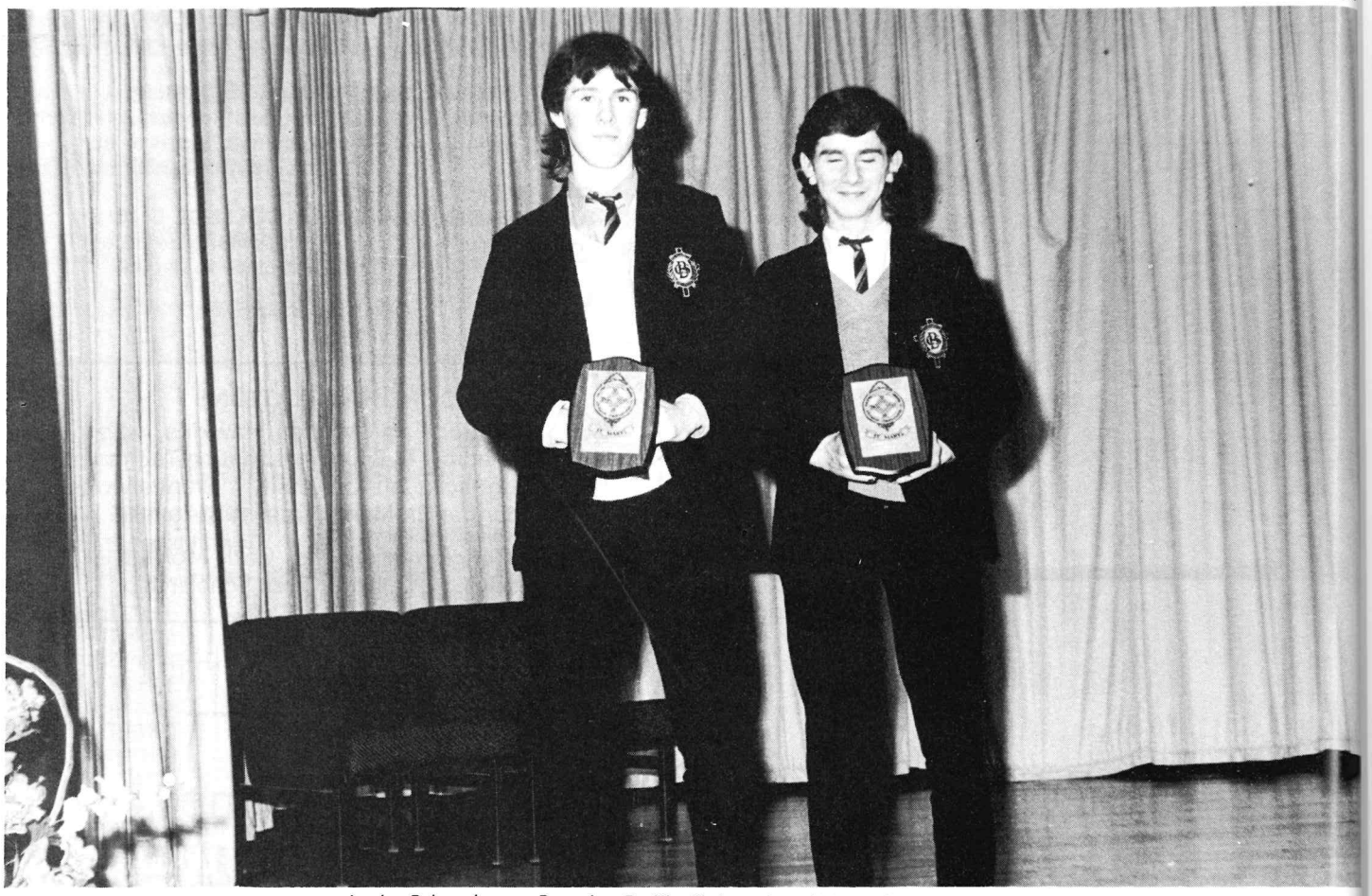
Thomas Mervyn	Italian
Danny Smith	Geography & French
Kevin O'Neill	History
Jim Deeds	History
Thomas Devine	Art
Colm Quinn	German
Patrick McGorman	Latin
Darren McPhillips	Spanish
Brendan Duffin	Science
Eamonn O'Connor	Mathematics
Cormac Austin	Irish
Alexander O'Neill	Speech & Drama
Kevin Crummey	Speech & Drama
Gareth McAreavey	English

Jimmy Wilson was footballer of the year, Donal Kennedy emerged as the Hurler of the Year, while Damien Linton won the nomination for the best all-round athletic contribution.

Four pupils, Thomas McIntyre, Brian Feenan, Brendan Gallagher and Anthony McKenna were rewarded for their performance in achieving full attendance throughout their junior school careers.

The ultimate and most prestigious awards for 'Outstanding Junior Student' went to a quartet of highly gifted young men, Jim Deeds, Alexander O'Neill, Cormac Austin and Joseph McVeigh.

It is worth recording that Noel Ferrin, the 1986 winner of the Mathematics award, earned the highest mark in 'O' Level Mathematics while still in his fourth year. We are confident that this achievement will be emulated by the Junior Year Group of 1986/87.



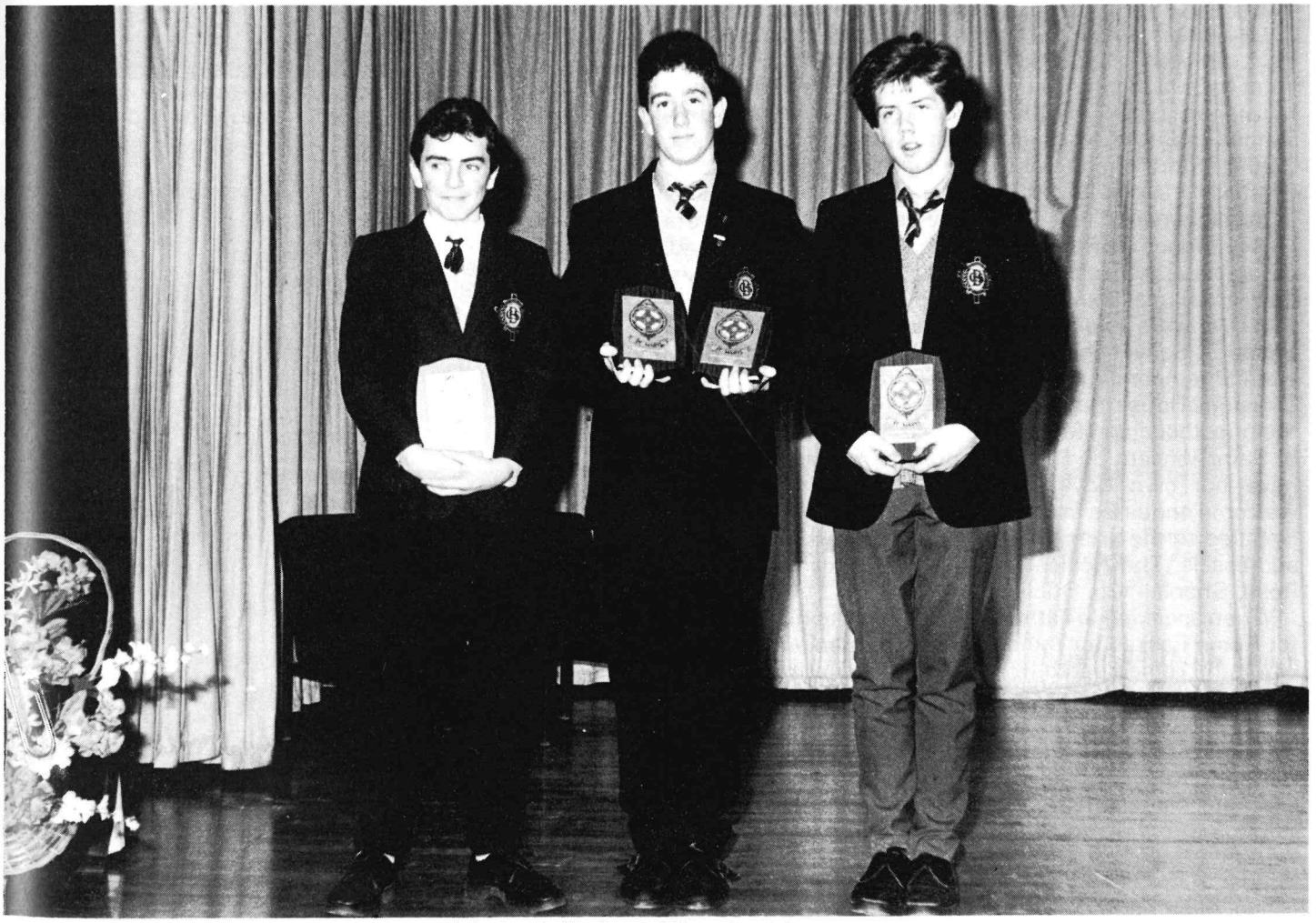
Junior Prizewinners Brendan Duffin (Science) and Kevin O'Neill (History).



L-R: Junior prizewinners Jimmy Wilson (Footballer of the Year); Colm Quinn (German); Brian Feenan and Thomas McInytre (Attendance Awards); with Joseph McVeigh (Outstanding Student Award) all from St. Aidan's P.S.



Junior prizewinners 1986/87 with Bro. Kelly (Headmaster), Mr. O. McCann (Year Head) and Mr. J. Sheerim (Third Year Careers).



Junior prizewinners Damien Linton (Athlete of the Year); Jim Deeds (History) and Gareth McAreavey (English) all from St. Teresa's P.S.

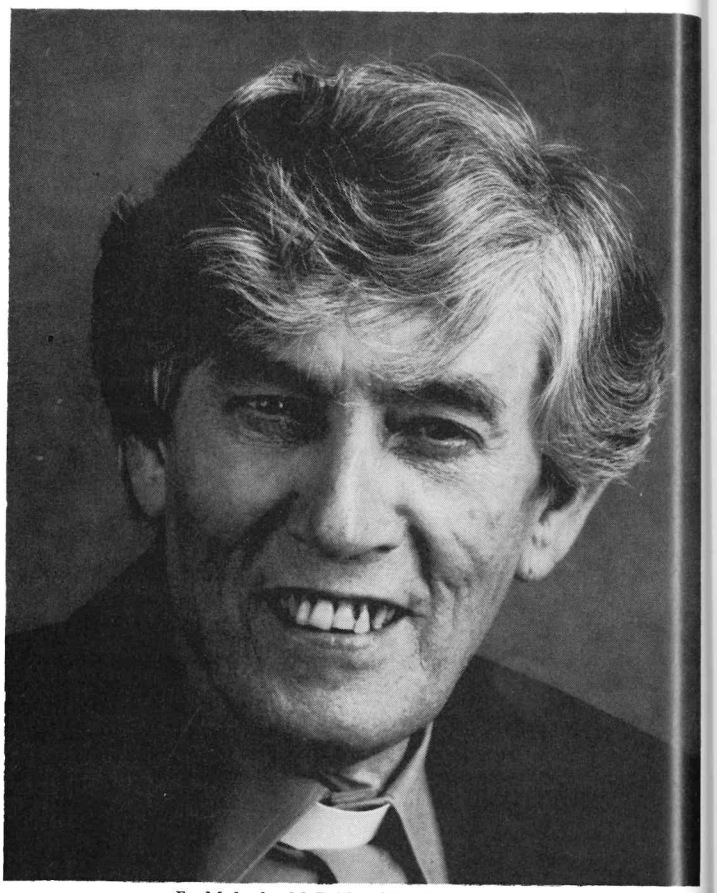
Former St. Mary's Pupil now a Superior General

by Father Dominic Crilly, S.D.S.

On 4th August 1987 at the General Chapter of the Society of the Divine Saviour (Salvatorians) Father Malachy McBride was elected Superior General - the first Irishman to hold this high office. Father Malachy was born in St. Meryl Park,off the Glen Road, attended St. Mary's C.B.S. Primary from 1932 to 1939 and St. Mary's Grammar School from 1939 to 1944. His Tertiary studies were done at Queen's University Belfast from which he later graduated with a Master's degree in the Classics. After various teaching and pastoral posts in Salvatorian houses in England he was elected Provincial in 1975 a post he held until 1984. In 1985 we opened a Novitiate House at the unique address of — the Falls Road, Shankill, Co. Dublin, and he was appointed Master of Novices. The first group of Novices were professed at the Church of Our Lady of Victories, Sallynoggin, a church in the care of the Salvatorian Fathers since September 1986.

Salvatorians? In 1881, a young German Priest, Father Francis Jordan, alarmed at the consequences of the Kulturkampf of the German Chancellor, Bismark and the prescription of Christian teaching throughout the German Empire, decided to get together a small band of fellow priests with a view to teaching Cathetics. They gathered on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception at the Palazzo Farnese in Rome and launched the Apostolic Teaching Society, later to become the society of the Divine Saviour. Within a short time (when the total congregation numbered only 12 members), he was asked by Pope Leo XIII to send some missionaries to India and without hesitation sent almost half of the new congregation. They went to Shillong in Assam and at once embarked on their Missionary task. As the society grew missions were opened in China, North and South America and England (1901) with the motto of the Founder before them 'to do whatever the charity of Christ inspired them to do.' Today in missionary and teaching activities the Salvatorians are to be found in Russia, Belgium, Brazil, Switzerland, Columbia, Czechoslovakia, Germany, England and Wales, Italy, Rumania, Taiwan, Tanzania, U.S.A. and Zaire. In 1982 we were given the care of the parish of Our Lady of Victories, Sallynoggin -our first Irish foundation - although we had temporary accommodation from 1939 to 1943 at Sunshine House, Balbriggan for our students preparing for the priesthood and for this we are indebted to the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul. We now, as I have said above, have our own Novitiate House in Ireland and would welcome enquiries from any young man who feels that he is called to the priesthood and the religious life. The full address is: The Novice Master, Kilmurray House, Falls Road, Shankill, Co. Dublin.

When speaking to Father Malachy prior to his departure for Rome I asked for the names of Brothers and teachers whom he remembered from his school days as I felt that this would be of interest to many past pupils. Among those he recalled from the primary school were brothers Sullivan, Doyle, Burns, McGinn and Connolly; 'wee' Barney Carolan and 'big' Kitty Kinnane. From St. Mary's Grammar School he remembered Brothers Nolan, Nagle, Burke, Murray, Ryan and Magee; and the other teachers were — 'Pop' Ivory, Dan Cashman, Joe Carpenter and 'Smiler' Kane. I am sure that if any of your readers were at school in Father Malachy's time he would be delighted to hear from them.



Fr. Malachy McBride - Superior General



Fr. Francis Jordan - Founder of Salvatorian Fathers.

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St. Mary's Fifty Years Ago 1930 - 1936

by Bro. H. F. McGreevy

In 1930 St. Mary's or Barrack Street as it was then called, had just been completed. It offered new and bigger classrooms, science laboratories and for a while, a relatively large school yard which was shared with St. Mary's Primary School which was located in one corner of the site. By most contemporary standards, the new school was an impressive institution.

Bro. J. Murray regularly harried the late comers who broke into a trot when they saw him after they had turned around the corner — too late to turn back once they had been spotted. On Wednesday afternoons Bro. J.N. Nagle organised extra Irish classes in the school or if the weather permitted, games up in the pitches of Falls Park.

Hurling was strong in the school and one of the methods used to improve the skills of the line ball player was to cut the ball in half and practice hitting them off the ground. Another scheme designed to improve hurling skills was to suspend a ball from the balcony and practice mid-air striking.

Bro. J. Burke in charge of mathematics laboriously turned out copies of past maths papers — no photo copier then — which were more than sufficient to keep the senior mathematicians busy for most of the academic year. Little wonder that St. Mary's at this time had a very high reputation in the sphere of Mathematics.

Among others on the staff at this time was Mr. J. Kane who was closeted away in the Science Room. A feature of the syllabus of the time was that final year students had to undergo and pass a stiff practical examination before they could proceed any further. Mr. Ivory presided over the Latin department but on occasion, could be enticed to expound at some length on the football matches which had been played during the previous weekend, long before Belfast Celtic became a track for greyhound racing.

Mr. Dan Cashman was the Junior Latin master as well as a teacher of History and along with Bro. Nagle took a keen interest in the hurling team and certainly put the panel through rigorous sessions. Mr. Barney Mulrean taught English and along woth Messrs. P. McGrath, D. Kennedy and P. Bentley contributed greatly to a rich and varied staff.

It was Bro Young who pioneered entrance to careers in the Post Office by preparing students for competitive examinations — both were highly successful. Bros. Mullins and McGee came to St. Mary's in the 30's and contributed greatly to the schools tremendous sporting achievements.

Revisiting Barrack Street after fifty years, St. Mary's appeared to be much smaller than it seemed to have been all those many years ago. Nevertheless, small or large, it was certainly a fertile source of successful students - doctors, priests, religious, accountants, scientists and every profession has its large quota of St. Mary's old boys.

The scope of St. Mary's is much wider now but the same ideals "Facere et cocere" are still there and the sons of Edmund Rice are active in a much larger school community. "May they instruct many into justice."

Looking back after all this time there seems to be truth in "Erant gigantis in diebus illis." Many of those whom I have mentioned in these very brief memories have gone to their reward.

May God reward them.



John Keane 7SB and Daniel Rogers 7SD

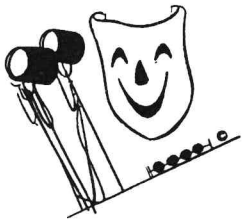
Tour of Ireland 1987

We would sincerely like to thank all those who sponsored us for our tour of Ireland during the summer. From the sponsorship we raised £214, all of which went to the Christian Brothers' Zambian missions, and has helped to feed and educate many under-privileged children.

John Keane, 7SB
Daniel Rogers 7SD, Gary Connolly (Past Pupil)

Christian Brothers Past Pupils Union

287 Antrim Road, Belfast 15
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****



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****



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

Past Pupils of all Christian Brothers Schools (Primary and Post Primary) are cordially invited to apply for membership

Applications to Honorary Registrar

Christian Brothers' Past Pupils Union

287 Antrim Road
Belfast BT15 2GZ
Telephone 747401

President: EDWARD F. McIVOR
Vice-President: PATRICK COCHRANE

Hon.Secretary: THOMAS BLACK
Hon.Treasurer: BRIAN WHITE
Hon.Registrar: JOHN F. McHUGH

Dear Editor,

As the newly elected President of the Christian Brothers' Past Pupils Union it is with great delight and appreciation that I thank you and your editorial staff for affording me the opportunity of addressing these few words to the students, parents and friends, past and present of St. Mary's Grammar School.

Under our constitution, the Union is non-political and its main objects are:

"To promote and further the spiritual, moral, intellectual, social and recreational amenities."

I can say without fear of contradiction that we have, indeed accomplished these twin goals. We have premises situated on the Antrim Road which are second to none.

Time passes quickly and, too often, those we once knew and who shared so much of our formative years, fade into the far recesses of our memory, only to be forgotten. Most of us travel down different roads without ever crossing the paths of our old friends, except possibly by sheer accident. Seven, or indeed fourteen years spent together in school should not be left to such a CHANCE meeting. Life is too short and true friendship so precious and rare, especially in these modern days.

A Past Pupils' Union exists, mainly to provide a centre or a means whereby those friendships can stay alive and be nurtured. In your biology classes you have all learnt the first great rule of nature - that nothing remains constant or static, when growth stops decay sets in. I would apply the same rule with reference to our Union. In order to live, prosper and have vitality, it must grow and so it is at this point in time I would seriously ask you to consider applying for membership. Thus, in some small measure we, as an association, are helping to provide contact between you and your contemporaries, be it by way of social, recreational or business introductions.

I feel that it is most important to bring more and more of our Past Pupils together, even if it is only to reminisce over rose-coloured memories and relive (and even rewrite?) the history of past times. Taking this view, I have no doubt in my mind of the lightning-fast reactions and high level of intellectual ability - which has always been the hallmark of those who have trodden the hallowed halls of St. Mary's Christian Brothers' Grammar School - in immediately reaching for their pens and making application to our Hon. Registrar for membership.

However, as we have "Licensed Premises" we are unable to consider any person who is under the age of 18 years.

In conclusion, may I add my unfeigned thanks to the Rev. Bro. Kelly, Rev. Bro. Gallagher, the Art Department, Office and Catering Staff, Caretakers and Security personnel and last but not least, the Students who acted as V.I.P. ushers for making our "Golden Jubilee Dinner" which was held in the school, such a great success. The expressions of approbation which our Hon. Secretary received from the distinguished guests who attended the function has indelibly marked upon their minds the professionalism, hospitality and courtesy for which St. Mary's Christian Brothers' School is undoubtedly renowned.

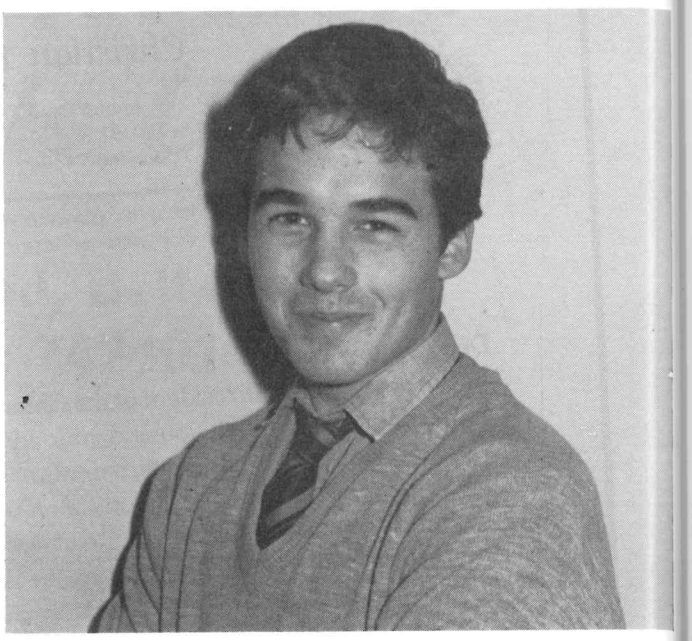
Yours sincerely,

Edward F. McIvor (PRESIDENT)

Young Writers Competition

The winner of the Pen Shop/Osmiroid young writers competition was announced on 1st June 1987 and the winner was Eamonn Rice of St. Mary's with his piece about his Uncle Eugene.

The competition was open to all secondary schools in the province and entries were received from all areas. The idea behind the competition is to encourage young people to contribute to their school magazines. Eamonn won the competition against stiff opposition, but in the words of the judge, Mr. Brian Rothwell of Queen's University, at the end of the day he 'had no difficulty in picking the winner'.



EXTRACT FROM BRIAN ROTHWELL'S ADJUDICATION REPORT

This is a superbly economic story that exists on different levels and repays re-readings. It moves easily from the outsiders' views of the old man into the internalized personal experience of the narrator as a young boy: and I believe it all, even the murals! The pervasive humour does not undermine the reality of the boy's nervousness or fears as he approaches the coffin at which the story knits together so completely in the beard-haloed face that is 'faintly like . . . grandmother and mother'. The familiar theme of many Irish stories of the conflict of Catholic and pagan finds fresh and unemphatic treatment. There is a lot that is understated here. And yet the reader's mind is full of rich suggestions of exotic foreign life and the equally bizzare sights and sounds and smells and behavour at the wake. But it is soon fully realised in itself that my comments are unnecessary; each reader will find the story simple, clear and direct and yet setting the imagination to work in a whole variety of ways. In the end I had no difficulty in picking the winner.

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.

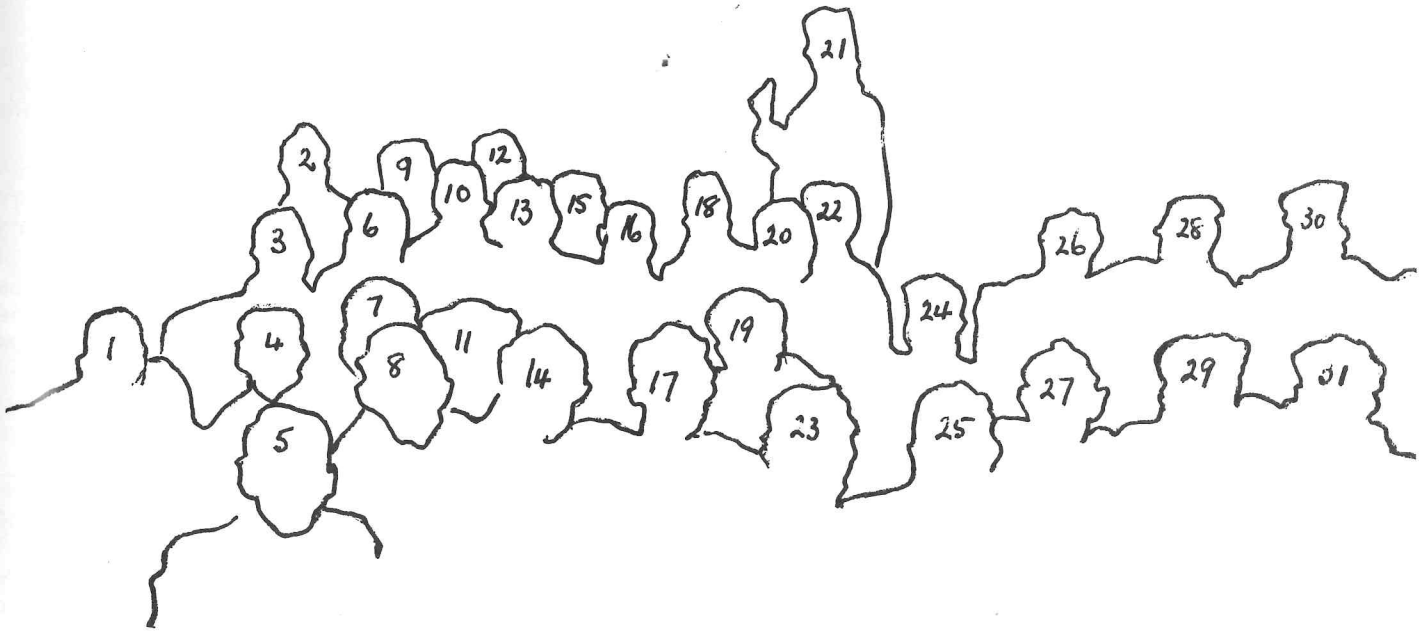
I touched his hand gingerly with the tips of my fingers and whispered goodbye.

This page is sponsored by **P. J. Teague, M.P.S.,** 195 Antrim Road, Belfast. Telephone: 351187.

Photocall Flashback
4S and 5S - 1957



1. *Peter Fox* **2.** *Sean D. McCartan* **3.** *Edward A. Parslow* **4.** *Gerard Murphy* **5.** *Maurice Clint* **6.** *Henry G. Mullaney* **7.** *Patrick Clint* **8.** *Michael P. Kelly* **9.** *Laurance G. Devlin* **10.** *John G. Goodall* **11.** *Philip O'Keefe* **12.** *Bernard D. Kerr* **13.** *Nigel D. Cushley* **14.** *Gerard F. McCrory* **15.** *John A. Boden* **16.** *Patrick A. Trainor* **17.** *William Thompson* **18.** *Aidan J. McCorry* **19.** *Roderick McNicholl* **20.** *William A. Conlon* **21.** *Bernard J. McLoughlin* **22.** *Daniel V. McCaughan* **23.** *Bernard E. Devenny* **24.** *T. C. Hutchinson* **25.** *Vincent J. McBrierty* **26.** *Maurice J. McKeating* **27.** *Norman McElwee* **28.** *Brian Monaghan* **29.** *Michael Donoghue* **30.** *Daniel O'Sullivan* **31.** *James P. Boden.*





The St. Mary's Trip to Newmarket, Ontario

by Mr. Jim McClean

When Bro. Kelly asked me in mid-November of last year if I would be interested in leading a party of boys on a three week visit to Canada in early summer of this year, I did not hesitate in answering him, "Yes".

He went on to inform me that Mr. and Mrs. Ferris of Glengoland Ave, parents of Richard Ferris 2D had been asked to forward an invitation to St. Mary's to send twenty boys to the town of Newmarket, Ontario for a period of three weeks, during which they would live with host families and attend school with the sons of the host families. The invitation had come from a committee of parents and parishioners of the St. John's and St. Elizabeth Seaton parishes under the chairpersonship of Mrs. Bernadette Kenny. Mrs. Kenny or Bernadette as we quickly came to know her, is the sister of Mr. Ferris, and is originally from Madrid Street in Belfast. In 1969 she married Danny Kenny of Albert Street and Forfar Street (off Springfield Avenue) and in 1970 they both wisely emigrated to Toronto where after the initial considerable difficulties that most emigrants endure, they found themselves settling in and building a fine home and life for each other and their two children Colleen and Neil.

Bernadette, Danny and family are also active in their local parish while Bernadette is secretary in the Sacred Heart High School one of the schools to feature prominently in our stay.

The decision to invite a group of schoolboys from Belfast was an indirect follow-up to a visit in the previous year 1986 of a group of Armagh school children to the region of Barrie, Ontario, a town thirty miles North of Newmarket.

Bernadette's committee adopted the idea and under her energetic and capable leadership, aided by John Masterson, Vivian Szollory, Catherine Halk, Wilma Henry, Linda Christopherson and others, sought out families willing to act as hosts, raised funds, contacted local schools and prepared a varied and exciting itinerary.

Meanwhile in Belfast, Bro. Kelly, Hugh McGettigan (joint leader of party) and myself circularised the parents of all third and second years to see if they would be interested in allowing their son to travel. The only stipulation from Canada was that the Irish boys would have to pay for their own flight. It was neither a "freebie" nor an exchange. It was a one off, one-way programme with the boys providing own fare and pocket money.

When a list of names of interested boys was drawn up, it was decided that the fairest form of selection was to simply draw their names from a hat. The twenty lucky names plus ten reserve names were subsequently drawn. Next step was to raise some funds to defray the cost of the flight and in February with the help of all the parents involved, a very successful and enjoyable "Night at the Races" plus Golden Oldies Disco was held which enabled us to cut the cost considerably.



Newmarket Mayor Twinney presents Mr. McGettigan and Mr. McClean with gifts as tokens of their visit to Newmarket, Ontario.

As the boys counted down the days, final preparations e.g. acquisition of passports, were made and finally on Saturday May 23rd our party of twenty boys, Bro. Kelly, Mr. McGettigan and myself lifted off from Aldergrove on board an Air Canada Jumbo bound for Toronto.

On arrival at Toronto we were bussed by the Grace Fellowship Church to Newmarket a growing dormitory town situated 40 miles north of Toronto in pleasant rolling farmland. We debussed at Sacred Heart High School where in the cafeteria we were treated to a rapturous reception by the host families and other helpers in the programme. We were also treated to a buffet supper while being serenaded by some members of the school orchestra. After introductions and photographs the host families and their guests left for home to rest and prepare for a wonderful three week stay in Canada.

During those three weeks the boys would attend school on alternate days and travel on trips every other day. The five schools involved (4 boys in each) were: Sacred Heart High School, Notre Dame Grade School, St. Paul's Grade School, Canadian Martyrs Grade School, Our Lady of Good Counsel Grade School.

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All five schools were in the York Region Roman Catholic Separate School Board.

Thus began three weeks of attending a Canadian School; sampling Canadian home life and recreation; tours to Niagra Falls, Toronto, learning to live in another country and another culture where religion is seen not as a barrier but as a strengthening agent individually and communally. They learned to live as part of the Canadian Mosiac.

There were many highlights during our three week stay. It is difficult for me to choose my own, let alone describe the boys choices. So I'll simply let them do that.

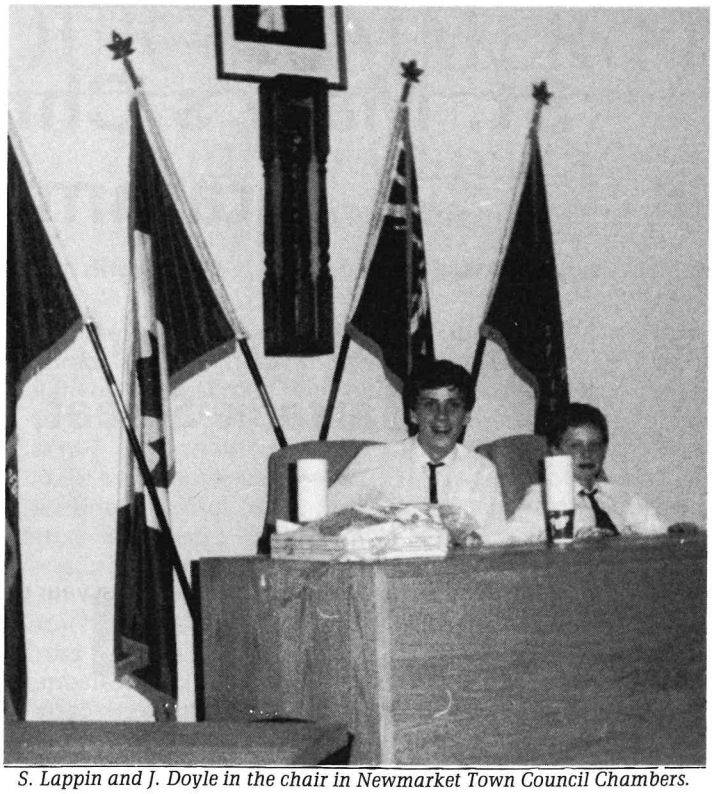
Sufficient for me to say, that personally I'll never forget my three weeks spent in Newmarket Ontario nor all those wonderful people with their superb hospitality and goodness, especially those three families who acted as my hosts.

Ironically for me the weeks did not fly by and they certainly did not drag. Instead they moved along gently, and pleasurably, almost as if I was adrift on a boat floating down a great river enjoying a full bodied (bottle of the best) red wine.

My drifting ended at the open sea on the evening of Friday 11th June at a very emotional and at times tear filled parting at Newmarket and Toronto International Airport and reality returned when a very tired troupe of boys trudged down the arrivals ramp at Aldergrove on Saturday morning.

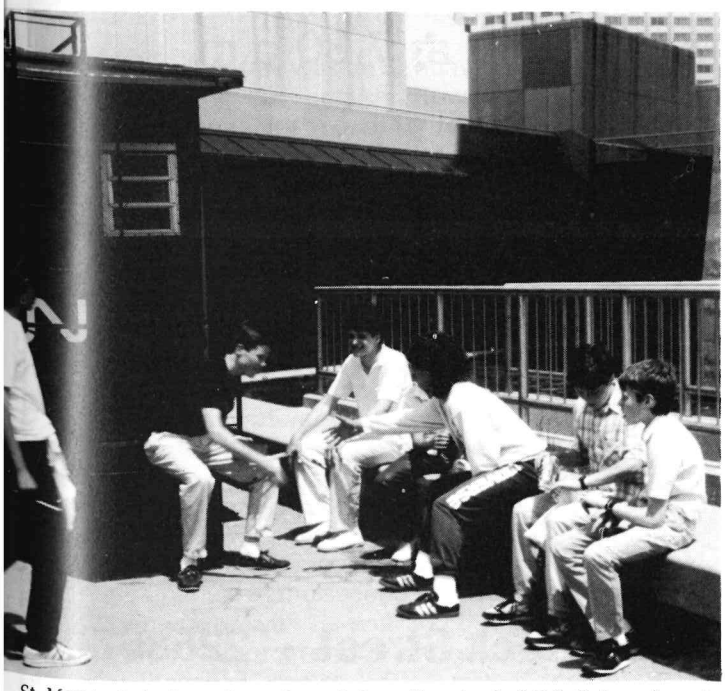
To finish may I on behalf of Bro. Kelly our Principal, Mr. Gettigan, myself and the boys, their families and all here at St. Mary's, thank most warmly, all those involved; from the Ferris family now resident themselves in Newmarket Ontario, to all the host families; all the individuals and groups who helped to make our stay so joyous; all the firms who were so generous in their hospitality from "Harvey's Hamburgers" to Canada's "Wonderland"; to the Principals, staffs and pupils of the five schools involved; to the York Separate Board; to all the Priest's of the involved parishes and the sisters of St. Catherine's Convent; to Mayor Twinney of Newmarket and all his staff from Town Secretary to Town Historian; to the Principal and Brothers and boys of our fellow C.B.S. school at Chaminade in Toronto where we exprienced such wonderful Canadian hospitality and friendship and to anyone I may have forgot to mention — to all our Canadian friends — Thank you.

And of course to Bernadette who rightly shall have the last word.



S. Lappin and J. Doyle in the chair in Newmarket Town Council Chambers.

Toronto Trip



St. Mary's students meet counterparts from Chaminade C.B.S. College, Toronto.

Saturday 23rd May. Twenty 2nd and 3rd year Belfast students arrived in Newmarket Ontario accompanied by two teachers Mr. J. McClean and Mr. McGettigan. This was the beginning of our stay in Canada.

One of the reasons for going was to have a look at Canadian life and we would have just three weeks to do that. For this reason we had day trips almost every second day, most of these were sponsored by those living in and around Newmarket. Even the local bus company joined in providing transport to Base Borden, Niagra Falls, Algonquin National Park and Canada's Wonderland.

On the Canadian side things were set up chiefly by Bernadette and Danny Kenny, John Masterson, Linda Christopherson, Wilma Henry and Vivian Szollosy. They with help from other families in their parish were able to put us up for three weeks.

One thing that impressed me most was the helpfulness and acceptance we received during our stay. This came not only from our 'families' but from the whole community even when we visited Chaminade College in Toronto this feeling was carried on. I felt particularly at ease in the school I attended while not on trips; the school, Sacred Heart was one of several which had Belfast boys attending. While I was there (although I didn't learn very much!) I was given a very warm welcome, and soon I had settled in.

Just as things were really moving it was time to go and so on the 12th June our party made final farewells. We had been everywhere and tried everything and we had, I quote 'been to more places than I've ever been and I live here', unquote from a resident of Canada.

by SIMON McCABE 4F

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, 1988 will

be held on

TUESDAY, 19th JANUARY, 1988, at 7.30 p.m.

and

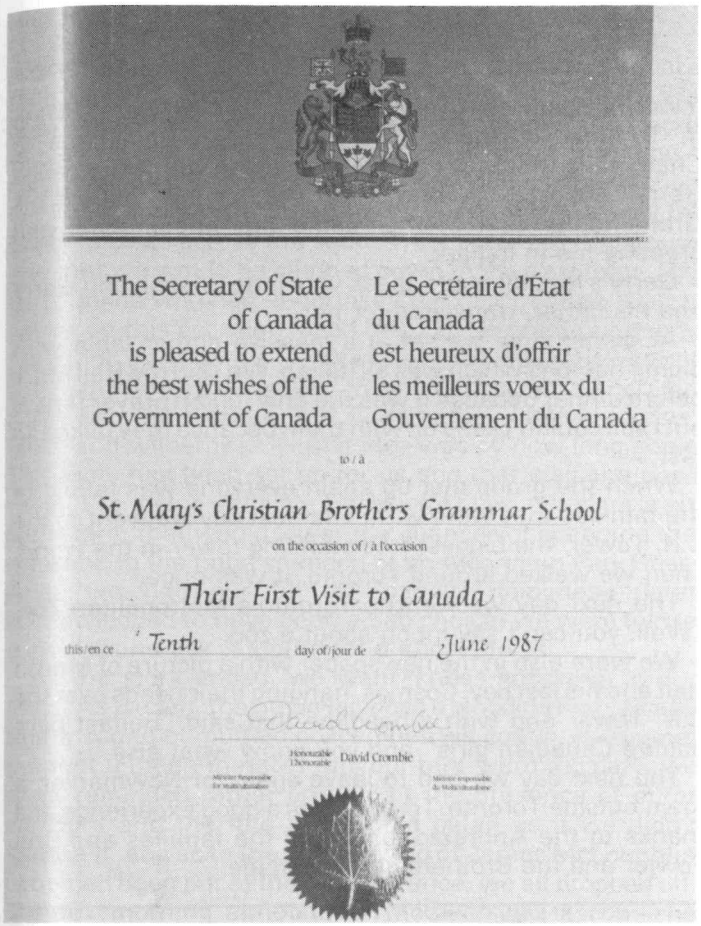
WEDNESDAY, 20th JANUARY, 1988 at 7.30 p.m.

All enquiries to The Headmaster

Telephones:

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

OUR CANADIAN TOUR - SUMMER '87



The Secretary of State of Canada is pleased to extend the best wishes of the Government of Canada

Le Secrétaire d'État du Canada est heureux d'offrir les meilleurs voeux du Gouvernement du Canada

to / à

St. Mary's Christian Brothers Grammar School

on the occasion of / à l'occasion

Their First Visit to Canada

this / en ce Tenth day of / jour de June 1987

Honourable David Crombie

Tour to Canada

by Paul McGranaghan 4B

The differences between the schools here and in Canada.

On the tour of Canada in May and June 1987, I attended Sacred Heart School in Newmarket, Ontario. It was a relatively new school with about 1500 students.

There were many differences between St. Mary's and Sacred. The main one being that it was co-ed. Most Canadian Secondary and Primary Schools are in Secondary School they don't have 9 classes a day of all different subjects. Instead they have semesters. These are periods of 1 term where only 4 classes turn up each day for term — for example the first semester might be maths, French, English and science. Each class would last for two hours and each day would be the same for the whole semester. Each year would have 4 semesters.

Also drinking water taps or fountains were positioned all over the school. At lunch everyone went to the school canteen. It was very much like a snack bar. Everyone went in and bought a salad or burger and chips and a drink etc.

But the biggest and most unusual thing was that in each corridor of the school and in each class there was a loudspeaker and a microphone. Instead of sending a person to a class to bring someone to the office members of the staff would contact the classroom and ask if the person they wanted was there.

Also every morning the National Anthem was put out over the loudspeaker and prayers were said. Announcements were also put out over the loudspeaker. When all the announcements were given out everyone was wished a nice day and school began.

The Family Picnic Day

by Donal Doherty 3E & Mark McVeigh 3F

The family picnic day was on Sunday the 31st of May at St. Catherines Convent outside Newmarket. Each family travelled separately and arrived before 12 o'clock. When we entered the convent grounds we went up a long driveway which had trees stretching away on either side and crossed a bridge with a stream flowing underneath.

The day's programme began with Mass which was said in a wooden barn. Some of us wrote and said the prayers of the faithful.

There was a lovely barbeque for lunch, which was set up close to the barn. A lot of hamburgers and sausages were cooked and eaten willingly by everyone.

By this time it was very hot, so some of us went down to the stream for the shade of the trees, but others stayed behind to enjoy the sun. Coming on to 3.00 pm we prepared our team for a football match against our hosts. We set up cones for posts and everyone else gathered to watch. It was a close match until half-time with the score at 2-1 against us. In the second half we were superior and the match ended with us winning 6-2.

After they had recovered from their defeat there was a friendly baseball match with mixed teams. People gradually dispersed from about 5.30 onwards and everyone agreed it had been a successful day.

The Premier of Ontario | Le Premier ministre de l'Ontario

Legislative Building, Queen's Park, Toronto, Ontario, M7A 1A1 | Hôtel du gouvernement, Queen's Park, Toronto (Ontario) M7A 1A1

June 1987

I am delighted to have this opportunity of extending a warm welcome to the young men and teachers from St. Mary's High School in Belfast, Northern Ireland who are visiting in the Newmarket area until the middle of this month.

The people of Ontario are proud of our province's rich variety, in both the multicultural heritage of our citizens as well as the diverse environments -- whether city or country, rugged north or industrialized south -- in which they live. We trust your day trips around the province have provided you with a broad sample of Ontario's diversity, and that your stay in our midst will be a pleasant one.

Please find enclosed some buttons depicting our provincial Parliament Buildings, along with some colourful pamphlets on Ontario, which I hope will be of interest for you.

On behalf of the people and the Government of Ontario, best wishes to all for an enjoyable and memorable visit to our province. We hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again!

David Peterson

This page is sponsored by **Bradley ' Hairdressers,** Glen road, Belfast. Telephone: 615231.

CANADA

PRIME MINISTER · PREMIER MINISTRE

On behalf of the Government of Canada, I am delighted to extend my warmest greetings and sincere best wishes to the students from St. Mary's Brothers Grammar School. I trust that your visit to Canada has so far been rewarding and memorable.

Cultural exchanges such as this one encourage a sharing of ideas and friendships between international neighbours which will endure for years to come. In a greater sense, they encourage understanding and provide a broader perspective on issues and ideals so that the leaders of tomorrow may build upon the principles of tolerance and compassion that our two nations share.

I am pleased to join with my colleague, the Honourable Sinclair Stevens, in wishing you continued success in meeting the challenges of the years to come.

OTTAWA
1987

Niagara Falls

by Fergal Meehan 4H

The day promised to be very exciting. We were actually going to a place we had only heard about on T.V. and in the news. Films had been made about it, people had died trying to be famous by going over the falls in a barrel or walking across it on a tightrope. It was Niagara Falls. It borders the countries of Canada and America, with one of the Falls in the U.S.A. and the Horseshoe Falls in Canada. It is said that the spray of the Falls can be seen from the C.N. Tower, Toronto on a clear day, forty miles away.

When we reached the famous Honeymoon Hotspot the bus was alive with excitement. As soon as the door opened we all bundled out. Everybody, camera in hand, ran for the edge to get snaps of the magnificent sight. The sight was fantastic. I had dreamed about it but actually being there was breathtaking. The spray given off soaked everyone, but everybody was too amazed to feel it.

I watched the birds float on the water about to fall off but just before they fell they flew off.

After a while of walking around and shopping we all went to the dock where we went on the 'Maid of the Mist'. The legend goes that the Indians threw a maiden over the falls as a sacrifice and so was immortalised by the world famous 'Maid of the Mist'. Before we went on board we had to wear enormous blue rain-coats so that we wouldn't get wet. The boat set off and entered the spray of the falls. It was breathtaking going into the Horseshoe Falls and have the water spray over my face.

After that we returned to Newmarket. I will never forget that magnificent trip to Niagara Falls and Canada. Particular thanks to Mr. Kebee our guide and to the Travers family for our delicious lunch at Swiss Chalet Niagara.

Tour to Canada Chaminade College & Toronto

by Jim Doyle 4C

It was the last week of our stay in Canada. We were staying in Toronto for these days with Italian/Canadians at Chaminade C.B.S. College. I was staying with a boy called Gerry Andrezzo. When I arrived at his house his Grandmother and Mother came out hugging me and greeting me in Italian.

Gerry's mother could speak very little English and Gerry and his father, translated for her.

At dinner time we sat at a massive dinner table with piping hot food which was all Italian. We said the Hail Mary before dinner because it was the only Italian prayer I knew but I still couldn't keep up with them because they talked so fast.

When the group met up again everyone was telling of the families they were with. The next day we went to the C.N. Tower, the biggest free standing tower in the world. Then we walked around Toronto, it was huge.

The next day we went to Toronto's Metropolitan Zoo. "Well, you can't say much about a zoo."

We were also in the newspaper with a picture of Martin Hall and his lost boy, Cosmos, hanging their heads over the C.N. Tower and with a headline that said "Belfast boys admire Canadian girls" and you know what else.

The next day we had to leave again for Newmarket, a town outside Toronto. Toronto was a good experience and thanks to the Andrezzo family, all the families and Bro. Fowler and the Brothers at Chaminade.

PAX ET LVX

Office of the Cardinal
355 Church Street
Toronto, Ontario M5B 1Z8

May 28th, 1987,

To OUR YOUNG GUESTS
FROM NORTHERN IRELAND:

Dear Friends:

Welcome to Canada and, in particular, to Ontario and to Newmarket. By now you will be getting used to these geographical names.

You will be impressed by the vastness of Canada but geography is not all that important. What is important is what lies in the hearts and minds of people. Here in Canada you will find a peaceful atmosphere and a willingness to get along with everybody, even when we don't always share the other person's ideas or ideals. We all know the historical difficulties which your people have had to face and the struggles through which you are going in order to establish peace and tolerance in the midst of difficulties. I want you to know that we are with you in spirit, in prayer and in fraternity. You all know the saying, "Any man's death diminishes me." This could be interpreted to mean that any other person's difficulties and sufferings are also a part of mine. We want to share with you and, above all, we want you to know how welcome you are. Please feel as adopted Canadians during these days when you will be with us.

I sincerely hope that you will enjoy your trip and that you will take home many stirring and happy memories.

I am sending along a small book of my writings for your school library.

Devotedly yours,

+ G. Emmett Carter

Archbishop of Toronto

The Alconquin Experience

by Mark Murphy 4D, Jason Duffy 4D, & Sean O'Hare 4D

Algonquin Park, is a two-thousand, nine hundred square mile natural environment park in Northern Ontario. We didn't know what to expect as we were bungled once more into a yellow schoolbus bound for a 'great weekend's camping'. As the fourth hour in the schoolbus approached we were informed that we had turned onto highway 60 which passed across the south-west corner of Algonquin and that we would be camped down in the next hour. The camp guide who had undertaken the task of ensuring our safety on this occasion, used this time to cram our heads full of "do's and dont's". We finally arrived and it was not at all what we had expected. We had an image of short cut grass and the world at our fingertips — instead forests, lakes and wilderness — that idea was by now long gone. The tents had been set up for us and that was one good thing. We, being sensible St. Mary's boys' opted for a six berth tent, that would lower the chances of spending the weekend in the huge stomach of an Alconquin Park Bear. After we had our fill of Spagetti Bolognese (later acknowledged to have been a bad choice) we were told to gather round the campfire for a ghost story.

As the story ended, we went (knees knocking) to our tents. As we left, the guide let loose a bloodcurling yell and to the sound of muffled obscenities we continued toward the tent. Fifteen minutes into our tent-warming party we were reminded rather crudely of the presence of other campers and the fate that would befall us if we didn't 'button it' and so to the whimpering of James McLoughlin (who had been put at the tent entrance, we all dropped off. The next morning, although Mr. McClean was last up — he was the first in the queue for breakfast (not a pretty sight). Many decided to pass on breakfast, deciding instead to play 'let's make a queue outside the toilet' and vowing never again to eat Italian food.

On Saturday, we went to an Indian Store which sold traditional Indian artifacts; moccasins and leather goods etc. Coming back from the Indian shop we turned unto highway 60, surrounded on one side by marshland, and by forest on the other. We were nearly back to the camp when we heard a shout from the driver, a large moose had crossed the road in front of us and was now standing twenty feet from the bus, it was much larger than any of us had expected — about six feet at the shoulders! After we had all taken pictures, we continued on towards camp. When we got back the two camp guides decided we should have a game of baseball. We split up into two teams and went down to the beach to start the game.

Two hours later we were called for dinner - hotdogs and beans followed by another story with the sound of bullfrogs croaking in the swamp behind us. Midway through the story, a priest (Fr. Yake) came to say mass the next morning, and after a lengthy sing-song we shuffled off to our tents.

Next morning we had mass on the school bus then, after a brief lunch of pea soup we left camp once more to go on a nature trail, once more observing moose by the road side. On the trail, we saw moose tracks and beaver dams. Before returning to camp we visited a town and relieved ourselves of more money. When we returned to camp we boarded the bus, took down the tents and said our goodbyes, then we left the camp in the same clothes we had come in, thankful to be going back to reality but after enjoying a great weekend. Many thanks to Messrs. Young, Bott, Ianucci and Cohen.



On the beaver trail with guides John Bott and Eamon Coen in Alconquin Provincial Park.

This page is sponsored by **MacRandal (Partnership),** 17 Malone Road, Belfast. Telephone: 669472.

Base Borden

by Owen Fallon 4C

During our three week stay in Canada one of the many places we visited was an army camp called Base Borden. The Base was about an hours drive North West of Newmarket. When we arrived we were met by a Colonel and some soldiers who were to be our guides. The base covered a large area with many soldiers and buildings, but it was very clean and tidy.

We first went to the garage's where we saw many vehicles being repaired. Jeeps, tanks, cars and many odd looking military vehicles were being worked on by the mechanics. Although the soldiers were very happy to explain what they were doing they still carried on with their work.

We were then taken to the Mess Hall for lunch. Here we had to line up with the soldiers and were given our choice from a wide range of food. After we were served, we made our way through lines at tables until we found a spare table. During our meal the soldiers were very keen to know about Ireland.

From here we were taken to one of the many schools. Here the soldiers were learning their different skills. They had just introduced a new system of learning, instead of being taught by a teacher each pupil just worked at his own pace.

To round off our visit the colonel arranged to have us driven in two armoured personnel carriers. One of these was unusual because it ran on tracks like a tank. Ten of us managed to sit in each vehicle and we headed for a small forest. Although they did not travel very fast they could travel over any type of ground. Some of us were allowed to sit with our heads out of the observation seats but you had to be careful with low branches.



J. Doyle, N. Magee, M. McVeigh with Canadian Armed Forces, Burden.

After a tour of the kitchens - we were given a meal and then presented with some badges. Before we left we were taken to see some World War I and World War II tanks.

We were made very welcome by all we met but we were aware of the strict discipline which existed on the camp. It was a very good and informative experience, and many thanks to all we met on the base and Mr. Kenny and Mr. McDermott our guides from Newmarket.

A Canadian Fishing Trip

by Gavin Duffy 4F

I put a case of coke and my fishing rod in the back of the Buick. Jerry my host family's son who was the same age as myself, set his bag, with his clothes in it, alongside the coke.

"Is there anything else to be brought out?" I asked him.
"Yeah, there's some groceries and stuff," he said.

I opened the back door and picked up the groceries, Jerry's dad was finishing his coffee.
"We'll be leaving in two minutes," he said to me.
"OK Joe", I replied. Jerry's dad preferred Joe to Mr. Murphy.

About five minutes later we were in the car and ready to leave for a weekend at their cottage at North Bay on Lake Wippasing where we would devote our time to fishing. I was reading a book on Canadian fishing which I borrowed from Jerry.
"What sort of fish do you catch here?" I asked.
"Pickerel and Pike, Bass too, but they are out of season at the minute, " replied Jerry.

We stopped for breakfast as we had left really early. It was a small cafe with lorry drivers, drinking coffee and eating bacon and eggs. I had a load of pancakes and maple syrup.

We ended our 250 mile journey at a small cottage which was very modern looking. We unloaded the things from the boot of the car into the cottage. It had a television set, music centre and a dish washer.
"Do you want a coke?" asked Jerry.
"Please", I replied.

We then walked out onto the deck, which was a platform adjoining the back of the house. Then Joe came round the back with the fishing gear.

'I thought we might get started early," he said. Jerry and I both nodded in agreement. We took the rods, then fished for all that day. I caught a Bass but they were out of season so I had to throw it back. Jerry caught two pickerel and his dad caught a bass and another two pickerel.

That evening we barbequed steak. They were the nicest and biggest I had ever seen. Then we listened to the end of the baseball game between the 'Toronto Blue Jays' and 'New York Yankees'. The 'Blue Jays' won.

We went home the following day in the early morning, pleased with the great weekend which we had just had.

Canada's Wonderland

by Steve Lappin and Patrick Crilly 4B

On Thursday 11th June 1987 we, the boys from Belfast and our hosts from Canada along with Mr. McClean and Mr. McGettigan set from Newmarket for a thirty minute drive to Canada's wonderland.

We had heard so many great things about it from our host families which made us very excited about the prospect of visiting the theme park.

Usually it would cost $400 to gain entry for 40 people but due to the generosity of the owners, it was free.

The Park itself, is two miles wide and is the second largest amusement park in North America with only Disneyland ahead of it in size. Canada's Wonderland contains six roller coasters with such names as the Dragonflier, the Ghoster-coaster, Mine Buster, the Wildbeast and the worlds only stand up roller coaster, the Skyrider.

With these names ringing in our ears and with a nervous sense of excitement we entered the park. First on the agenda was the Dragonflier. As we approached the roller coaster we noticed the absence of lily-livered Mr. McClean who was last seen heading towards "McDonald's".

The Dragon-flier itself, although only a two minute ride was well worth the 10 dollars that we didn't pay.

Wonderland itself is split into many different theme names e.g., Hanna Barbera land. In this part of the park many famous cartoon characters amused the children including Mr. McGettigan.

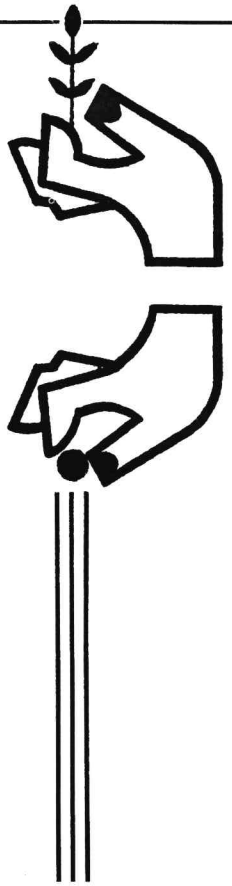
After the Ghoster-Coaster and Mine (gut) Buster we decided to try our luck on the Sky-Rider which was described by a television programme as one of the top ten roller coasters in the world. After half an hour it was our turn to risk our lives on this roller coaster. The loop and corkscrew made it the most frightening roller coaster we had ever been on.

Walking through Wonderland we spotted Mr. McClean which reminded us that it was lunchtime. Our lunch consisted of a one-foot long hot-dog and a giant bottle of coke.

Next we were treated to a dolphin show in Hanna Barbera land. After a thrilling show and some more roller coaster rides to bring up our lunch it was time to try some of the most dangerous rides in the park, "The White Water Canyon".

After drying off it was decided to go back home to Newmarket and our host families. Mr. McClean had mysteriously reappeared at the exit saying I don't want to see food for another 24 hours".

We would like to take this opportunity to thank the owners of Canada's Wonderland for their hospitality and generosity.



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Poets Corner

"Blitzkrieg"

World War strikes Twice?

Who can stop the blitzkrieg,
With soft words of pacifism?
As "War is the worst of man's evils",
So then embrace its evil onslaught,
And stay gutters above the murder wrought,
By the fish eyed leader of the Aryan race,
To defeat the overpowering blitzkrieg face to face -
Use words of love? or mans greatest evil?
For evil is to stop the burning of six million Jews,
By killing six million more.

All you need is wisdom,
To offer a white flag, to the blazing tanks,
To send love to Nazi army ranks,
Send pleas, prayers, hopes of reason,
To join the splendour of Berchtesgaden
And wait for machines of hate to stop, to turn back,
The spearhead of evil to fade under tact.
Of words of wisdom and reason –
Is it love that is needed?

To stop it, eliminate it.
While it gains, it eliminates.

Choose,
Embrace the blitzkrieg and sadden,
Do nothing, send flowers of surrender to Berchtesgaden,
For the tanks lay smooth, human flesh roads
Supply houses, fodder, people for their bomb loads,
Watch limbs tear, blood burn and gassed, naked bodies
Shaven in a pile,
Escaping from the burning conscience of the blind –
Is it really all so futile?

Greet the blitzkrieg,
If you dare –
With words of love – there
Are worse things,
"War is the worst of man evils" and
Why, twenty-one years hence (mans plight)
Does world war strike twice?

PETER MATASSA

Haiku by 2D

Spring
Birds sing loud in lofty trees,
Bright new flowers add splashes of colour,
To the one bleak winter scene.

JOHN STEWART

Grief
Like an arrow through your heart,
It comes, it goes,
Leaving memories.

G. CONNOLLY

Spring
The snow disappears,
The flowers start to bloom,
It is the season of rebirth.

BRENDAN DEEDS

Spring
Sparkling tear drops came from the snow covered roofs,
The white sparkling snow is now brown dirty slush,
But I have the summer to look forward to.

PATRICK McSHANE

Winter
The sky is black,
The land is dark,
The snow drifts past my window.

PAUL SWEENEY

Guinea Pigs
All different breeds, different colours
Bad nerves, when they see a sudden move
Cowards!

NIALL BOYLE

The Dog
Man's best friend,
Totally loyal,
The dog is better than us.

COLIN CARBERY

Spring
From life to death,
From grey to green,
Life all again.

PAUL O'NEILL

The Horse
Head up high, looking proud,
Trotting along -
The horse of the field.

MICHAEL KANE

Autumn
Wind, wildly blows,and rustles leaves,
Released by trees, all sad and bare.

KEVIN DE ORNELLAS

ELEGY to a Country Funeral

Part I

Stricken souls shriek sympathy from the stones,
The dead stones stained with the putrefaction of the ages,
Whilst the wind blows the leaves from the trees
To join laden moss under mournful foot.
A whistle calls the soul from the life
As she sinks into a sea of semi-somnia;
Thence she will not come,
Thither will she go?

Stung by the accident of death,
The grave her last victory,
Soon to return to dust
Yet the spirit timeless.
Time turns to ice at the point of death;
The bell tolls the knell of, starting day?

Part II

A scraping spade re-earths the disturbed soil;
A bent back straightens, a cloth cap is removed;
A crumpled hankie relieves a crumpled face,
Cracked lips finish another fag,
Swollen fingers toss it onto the fresh grave;
No need to care for someone unknown,
It's only his job, why should he care?
But he'll want respect, he'll want care when his
time comes,
No fag ends for him.
A weatherbeaten wife and a bubbling stew await;
He heads home as the sparrows alight on the new arrival;
The fag end smoulders in the moist soil.

Part III

Grey and cold against a crying sky
A solitary church calls from up on high;
Huddled forms daily ascend,
Living a life in which they're penned;
Losing the battle since time began,
Losing the battle 'twixt Death and Man.

Grey and cold against a crying sky,
The tombstone mark where each may lie;
They're all there, rich and poor,
None left out, neither priest nor whore;
All are now, they've come and gone,
All one beneath an unkept lawn.

Grey and cold against a dying sky,
Each man breathes to live and die;
No time lost nor no time gained,
For years and years we've strained and strained;
Old and tired we're left to stand,
Each apart in a divided land.

All alone beneath a moonless sky,
The night is filled with a dying sigh;
Where to now? Where to fly?
So many mysteries to untie;
A tired head, a body dead,
Soon to lie in a cold, cold bed.

PHILIP McGOWAN

The Cat

I am the cat,
paramount yet humble
devious and practical.
Always present.
The ears of the wall,
the someone you're not sure
is there.
I am he.
Oh, what wonderful secrets
have been bestowed
to me,
but don't worry,
I won't tell.
My little trinkets of knowledge are
secure,
for now.
Hungry I look for a meal.
Ah yes,
A sparrow,
I spy.
Easy
Nimbly I pick
through the dew dappled
parades of grass,
drawing
on my sleepy little necessity.
Waiting for my moment;
I pounce!
I kill,
I eat,
I am the cat.

SIMON McCABE 4F

The Bicycle Shop

My BMX bike had seen better days.
It was cracked and chipped in all sorts of ways.
So off I went to the bicycle shop
To see what I'd get for the lot.

He said he'd only give me five quid,
But I said "That's not a high enough bid."
He said "It's as much as you are going to get,
I'm so sure of that, I'll put on a bet!"

I turned and headed for the door,
And then he shouted "Ten quid! No more!"

I showed him the tyres had no wear,
But he answered "Just look at them - they're nearly bare!"
I said "Look at the frame."
He replied "What's your game? That frame's no good.
If I sold it I would be sued!"

I said "O.K., be like that,"
And walked out of the shop in two seconds flat.

He yelled at me not to come back.
"We won't do business, so hit the road Jack!"

GRANT DEVLIN 2B

This War of Ours

A shot rang out,
The soldier cries,
These friends he has leave him to die,
The children cheer, "another dead".
The blood runs from his laid down head,
Another shower of silver-grey,
To poke and joke at where he lay.
On a crowded street it is a shame,
To kill a man is not a game.
People clutch hand over heads,
Some hear the noise from their own beds,
And wonder what it's all about,
When women scream and children shout.
Headlines flash before your eyes,
"Soldier ambushed" "Soldier dies".
Either your on one side or the other,
You have no sister or no brother,
You fight against and loathe each other,
The brain says yes but the heart says no,
But that is the way our live must go,
The misery, the sadness caused,
When another humans life is lost.

PATRICK WINNING 4C

Fearful Night

Sitting in at night
listening to the fearful
dogs howl, the dark evil
trees blowing in the wind.

Listening to the floorboards
creaking, the pipes
vibrating and the helicopters flying over head.

Watching the flashing
lights the long and
fearful shadows of the
hot summers night.

MICHAEL MEEHAN 1C

The Jellyfish

A scuttle, fluster of life
gracefully, yet silently, yet smoothly
declares his arrival.
Instinct is his guide, in his world,
The deep emptiness distorts his decorative texture,
making it hard to distinguish one from another,
Its senses, then calmly yet innocently approaches.
It retracts, revealing its gaping
pit of destiny, a sudden pulse –
its prey, is no more.
Contempt now, the rippling flesh
once again - sets in motion.

PETER SMYTH 4C

Joy Riding

Cars astealing,
Wheels spinning,
Rubber burning,
Engines revving,
Skinheads shouting,
Neighbours complaining,
Motorists swerving,
People swearing,
Car horns hooting,
Children crying,
Police shooting,
Blood spurting,
Ambulance rushing,
Priests anointing,
But madmen enjoying,
A night's joy riding.

MARTIN McKENNA 2B

My Granny

Her skin tormented by the tent of time,
Her hair once thick but now is fine,
With legs that have walked many a mile,
And a mouth that has given many a smile,
When she walks and shuffles across the floor,
To answer a knock upon the door,
She is very small, well not too tall,
Because her back is bent about to fall,
How long she'll live I'll never know,
I hope she lasts through the winter snow.

BARRY CREANEY 4F

Fishing

I sit down on my tackle box,
And bait the silvery shining hook,
Skilfully flick over the shimmering bail,
My finger hits the line to lock it,
I place the rod back to cast,
Out, out, out farther away,
The worm flies from me,
The line shims out of the reel with a soothing hiss,
Then it lands on the water, creating ripples.
Then all is quiet again . . .
But the placid silence is broken by a hiss of line.
A FISH!
As though jet-propelled my hand moves like greased
lightening towards the rod.
My fingers grip the reel intensely.
I feel an ache in my hand creeping up my arm.
The fish is in sight - a sunfish!
A few more turns - and - it's on the bank!
My stomach feels light as I encase
myself in a bubble of happiness.
Then out come - the frying pan and matches.

SEAN McKNIGHT 2B

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They Wouldn't Dare . . . Would They?

Country fields of a northern state,
Soon to be devastated by nuclear power,
The peasant farmer of little knowledge,
They wouldn't dare . . . would they?

Shooting and soaring across the sky,
The echoing screams of the injured and dying,
Gawd!
They wouldn't dare . . . would they?

There they sit high and mighty, the button already pressed,
Their eyes of hatred watch in regret,
Now they realise but now is too late,
They did it, they did it, Why? Why?

AARON BOYLE 3D

The Fog

It comes without warning,
Slowly covering the land with a murky, grey blanket.
As silent as death coming, coming.

Then as sudden as its coming it disappears,
Retreating, Retreating,
Uncovering the pastures green again.

It tumbles back,
Over the mountains and far away.
What is it? What is it?
Fog.

AARON BOYLE 3D

The Storm

The wind is whistling through the trees,
It was far more than just a breeze,
"A force 8 gale" the weather men say –
"You better stay inside because it going to stay."

The sky grew darker and it began to pour,
And now the wind began to roar,
It blew around all of town,
And raised the papers off the ground.

The storm was coming from out at sea,
Where a sailing ship used to be,
The ship was full of sailors brave,
Who were sent by the storm to a watery grave.

BRENDAN DEEDS 2D

The Rain

Here I stare out at the rain
With a shiver running through my body,
Hoping that tomorrow's day won't be the same.
Children with knee high wellingtons,
Run through puddles, not caring about consequences.
Girls in best clothes soaked, with watered mascara
Streaked down their faces, run half heartedly in high heels.
Boys without a care stroll along the footpath
Pushing each other into hedges which have water filled leaves.
Me, I just sit amused by all this, warm, dry and content.

GAVIN DUFFY 4F

Intruder

A noise downstairs
My body stiffens,
My stomach tingles,
I dare not move.
Another noise this time louder
Whoever it is he's getting closer,
The bedclothes are like a magnet,
Drawing me under them.
I want to scream but my voice-box is locked,
I want to run but my legs aren't there.
A scratching this time - louder still,
He's at the door.
My mouth is desert-dry.
Slowly the door creaks open,
I can't breathe - I daren't breathe.
Eyes shut tight I wait for the end.
My heart leaps as something thuds onto the bed . . .
Mee-aao . . . it's the cat!

DONAL MacMANUS 2B

Night-Mare

Into a trouble sleep I drifted,
The night-mare had struck attacking my system
Cascading colours explode in my head
filling me with goulish visions . . .

Visions of demons floating towards me
Moaning and screeching, as waves of flames
swallow them up
Suddenly I'm engulfed
in a sea of mist . . .

Evil laughter coming behind me
I must get away
I try to run
but my legs are frozen
they feel like lead.

Thin bony fingers grasp at my throat
I'm choking, tossing and turning
trying to escape
from this terrible night-mare.

At last I'm awake
soaking in sweat
day is breaking, the night-mare is over
and peace prevails once more.

TONY COX 2B

Tory Advice

Cygnet, swim the lake of fishermen,
Follow the current into the gaping net.
Fawn, run through the tortured forest,
Jump into the hungry trap set.

Kitten, curl up to the vicious hounds,
Allow your fears to surrender to trust.
Puppy, play with blood-red huntsman,
Turn your canine rival to dust.

Child, play with nuclear warhead . . .

KEVIN McQUILLAN 7SB

The Racing Car

It's long glearing, aero shaped black body, stood motionless,
Not a smell, not a sound,
It sat patiently, quietly waiting,
Like a lion before it leaps on its' prey.
Then it started.

Its' engine reared into life
The oil tinged fumes filled the air,
Then suddenly, like a wild animal set free,
It shot off, gathering speed at every second,
Leaving only the broad rubber tyre marks,
Visible on the ground.

Escaping from the other steel monsters in the race,
Escaping from the human filled stands.

Faster, faster it zoomed, until it was out on it's own,
Round and round the circuit it flashed,
Fighting the wind, fighting its own record time.

Then with one final change of gear,
It burst through the finishing line,
And screeched to a halt!
It's engine now purring softly.
It had satisfied it's hunger for speed.
And once again sat quiet and lifeless.

G. TAYLOR 3E

Too Far

I'll meet you at dawn with the sun in my hand
If you join me at dusk sinking in the sand.
For this sun's too heavy for one man to lift
Hold on to me, don't let me drift - too far.

I'm flying from the wide black shore
Into a place I've never seen before.
I don't know how far it's possible to go.
Hold on to me, don't let me flow - too far.

I don't want to drown, I don't want to swim
I want to let go, get nearer to Him
I don't know how long I can crawl
Hold on to me, don't let me fall - too far.

KEVIN McQUILLAN

Lying Awake

The cruel winter wind howls outside the window
The snowflakes tap the window gently
Everyone is asleep
Its Christmas Eve and I'm very excited
The dog barks in the street
While I lie awake.

The cap hanging on the bedpost looks like a ghost
The boiler creaks in the attic
It is very cold
I pull the blanket up to my neck
I think of tomorrow
While I lie awake

The ground is covered with a blanket of snow
I hear the faint sound of a helicopter
The sound of the ticking clock seems much louder now
The shadow of the light looks like a face
I think of the presents I will get
Then I close my eyes and fall asleep.

D. FERRIN 1A

Peace at Last

Beneath a Robin the snow lies deep,
In the stillness nothing moves.
The old wet miserable man,
Waking up from his frozen sleep.
The fields now green again, the wet now dry,
In his aged confusion the old man wonders

Feeling the warming winds lift him to his feet.
His old clothes tattered and torn.
Sensing the urge to move again,
Sees in the distance a glowing light
And with no hesitation moves towards it.

Feeling the overwhelming power of life,
AS if born again, the stiffness leaving his old bones.
The old man wanders, no cold, no hunger or pain,
His last Christmas has come and gone.

TONY LYNCH 4F

Falcon

Falcon swoops down from the sky
Seeking its prey upon the ground
Killing, maiming. tearing apart all in its path
Graceful with its wings of steel.

Falcon doesn't kill to live
It lives to kill.

Falcon craves the smell of burning bones
Mercilessly it destroys all around
Spewing the intestines of woman and child
unto the ground
Rightings wrong for Queen and country
Far away in a distant land.

Falcon devours the tax-payers' money
As fast as it slips through the night
Swallowing the flesh of the unsuspecting enemy
Blocking out the sunlight that warms the dead
Far away in a distant land.

BRENDAN HARPER 7LC

The Rabbit

She emerges from her warren,
Sniffs the air.
If you didn't know she was a rabbit,
You would swear she was a hare.

The little black nose twitching,
And her little white tail bobbing.
Across the field she bounds,
Pursued by the hounds.

The furry animal moves in leaps and bounds,
She can cause distress for farmers who plant carrots
in their grounds.
She is a clever animal and she is no goat,
For if she is caught, she will become a fur coat.

Although a clever animal,
Her brain is very small.
She seems to sense danger,
And away she scampers down her hole.

PAUL SWEENEY 2D

Seven Years Old and in Love

When the school bell rings
I pack up all my things
and go to the school gate
Where I meet my best mate.

Me and my mate walk home
And talk to the garden gnome,
Then we both go out to play
Because my girl is coming today.

My girl is lovely, tall and thin
But my mate says she looks like a bin.
We lie and look at the birds above
For it's great to be seven and in love.

And when she has to go home again
I have to let her go with pain,
For it is said that Seven years old
Is the best time to be brave and bold.

She will be coming up next week
and we'll be going to the mountain peak
and lie in the grass and look above
For it's great to be Seven and in love.

COLIN KANE 4H

A Teenagers Calender

The Christmas lights fade into the bleakness of January
The biting winds pierce your body like an icy bullet.

The mocks follow cupid's busy time in February
The ground is punctured with signs of new life.

Shamrock's on St. Patrick's Day signal March has come.
But still too cold to shed any clothing.

Golden daffodils herald the arrival of April
All fools are exposed.

The breeze of spring provides May freshness.
The bleakness of Winter seems like a dream.

The June exams create worry.
That can only be banished by the freedom of summer.

The city buzz's like bees in the July garden
Another birthday comes and goes, I am one year older.

Internment marches in August
The last days of freedom dwindle.

The school bell beckons us in September
The lane is speckled with fallen leaves.

Halloween draw October to an end,
Mid-term, freedom, fun.

The wet November days are brought to an abrupt close.
With days at their shortest.

Money! Is this the true meaning of Christmas
Amid the December confusion, a child is born.

BRENDAN MAGEE 3B

Versailles

Alone, the sky and I, we face Versailles,
Standing scorched, scorned; and splendid
Fountains fill sun drenched courts contained amid
Fantastic vistas: my pulsing veins intensify.

No shade, no sorrow, nor nothing sombre
Prevails above this selfish varnish, as I cry
'Who enticed such an unearthly ensemble
Of cherubs, seraphim, sea gods and weeping ladies.
To be entrapped and to entrance
Laymen, lawyers and lovers alike'
And who can tell if, in solitude, the wail, wassail or dance
To enslaved rhythms of time set alight
By mournful cries of sweat and flesh
Entombed in mazes beneath marble steps.

Where once a sun god adorned himself with pity.
Vanity built it; beauty will preserve it.

SEAN McGIBBON 7LB

Winter-Time

Once again the snow has come
The grounds are full of ice
And at night time under the floorboards
You can hear the mice.

The trees are swaying to and fro
And you can see the stars.
And when you wake up in the night
You can hear the screeching of the cars.

The dogs are barking
The cats are purring
The radio next-door is blurring
And once again its winter time.

DAVID AGNEW 1C

War

The emptiness of war fills the atmosphere
It keeps us on our toes
The never-ending sound of death
And men fighting, friend or foe.

Bombs dropping, machine guns firing
Another house in flames
The sight of children and parents homeless
War is a destructive game.

Men who wish to command the world
Have created this needless violence
They want power over everyone
To me this makes no sense.

God created man to love,
to share, to guide, to give,
Life isn't for killing each other
Life is here to live.

G. CONNOLLY 2D

It's a Dog's Life

An earthquake starts
Our house is ruined
A dog stands up
to take the crown
The world is doomed by doggy power
they steal a castle and name it wuff tower ruff
We have to change our names
and we are locked up by chains
We are walked at night
Breakfast in the morning, hurry up sunlight.
Instead of cereal, toast and tea
we has to eat doggy meat
We cannot walk, we have to crawl.
We have to play fetch the ball.
When we talk to them they just nod
but we don't have to go to school.
Thank God!

KEVIN LOWE 1B & PAUL WILKINSON 1D

Lying Awake

I lay awake in bed,
With my book already read
Switched off my light,
And got a terrible fright.
Through the darkness I could see,
A giant spider staring at me.
After a blink or three
I knew it was the branches of a tree.

Trying hard to fall asleep,
But dogs kept barking in the street.
With a quiver I move my feet,
Through the window drifts snow and sleet.
An owl outside hoots in the night,
Down the road I hear two dogs fight,
Is Jack Frost ever going away,
Now I'll sleep 'til the light of day.

EAMONN SMITH 1C

At the Market

My name is Margaret
I cannot see,
If I want to go to the market
My friend Moira comes with me.

I can smell all the food,
The fish, the fruit, the veg.,
I am glad some times that I cannot see,
The streets are all a mess.

But if I could I would do my best
To clear up this smelly place.

Walking round the clothes' stalls,
I feel a lovely dress
I ask Moira how it looks,
And just to please me Moira would say
Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh Yes!

MARK MONAGHAN 1D

The View

The waves are lapping
in the tender breeze
The leaves are clapping
like a chorus to the waves.

The view from the hillside is exhilarating
A panoramic landscape

The trees and fields are miniature
the cows and sheep too,
The scenery is beautiful
So pictorial, so peaceful,
So handsome is the view.

P. McQUIGAN 1D

A Prayer for the Suffering

As you stand for the acclamation, you could remember:
How once, in those windy fresh days, of ever snowing
December,
You ran in uniform, in motion, as one,
Unconscious witness to the slow death of fun.
Along the sterile canals of learning madness,
From happiness, humiliations, insensitivity and sadness
The running slows, the hallelujahs stop, the voice breaks
Around circular on the vinyl of the book that takes –
Life, takes youth from the childish form,
As the new, insensitive, clone of "Sir" is born,
Torn and broke. They'll come at you, from all sides;
Sharers, bearers of pain along maturity's car rides.
Now, medals metal through lapels,
Pride and resting on thorned laurels –
Lets all join nailed hands on the soft bed of
understanding,
And offer a prayer, for ourselves, for the suffering.

PETER MATASSA 7LC

Truth

We all know a lie which haunts us always
A dark secret which blocks many hallways.
We tell it so often that fiction becomes fact,
Until truth is something which we lack.
But if we believe it as others do,
Does the lie not then become true?
For who is to say that it is wrong,
If the lie is that for which we all long.
But in a recess of our mind,
We do not know that our conscience is blind,
To the over-riding fact the truth is truth.
And if this is so, is this not proof,
That we have been lying all along,
Thinking that the truth was wrong?
But, can we trust your mind to speak true,
When it disputes what we already knew?
Perhaps someday when we die,
We shall discover which tells lies:
The conscience, with its surface shine,
Or the subconscience with the guilty crime.

KEVIN McQUILLAN 7SB

1987-88

The 2nd Year Trip to Dublin



by Paul Smith 2F

Our trip to Dublin started in Central Station on a quiet, calm autumn morning. Here we were all assembled wearing our best rags and all looking rather eager and over excited. The whole party of 2nd years was supervised by Miss McGarry, who was busy rushing around and making arrangements.

After a short wait our excited party made it's way down to the platform. It was here I caught my first glance of the steam engine. It was immaculately painted and shone like a 'new pin'. On the side was a neatly painted brass shield with the initials 'G.N.R.' which it appeared to show-off, like a lady with a new brooch. The whole locomotive shuddered, and hissed as if it was raring to go, and as excited as ourselves. Soon we were all shuffled aboard and given our tickets.

The coach was divided up into compartments which had new shiny upholstered seats. At the far end of our coach was a rather primitive, uncomfortable looking toilet and, from inside the lavatory, the track could be seen! My own seat was number 51 which I shared with 5 classmates and two very kind people, who had not any sour words to put to our teachers although we were rather boisterous.

The train soon jolted into action and we were off. As we passed the Musgrave Park hospital area we all waved out at a teacher who was looking out of his window in return. The part which was best about our journey was pushing our heads out of the windows to watch the engine. The train made 3 stops before we finally arrived at Dublin's Connolly Station.

At Connolly Station we were all accounted for before we raced off for the bus which when it arrived took us to Buswell's hotel. At Buswell's a private room was booked for us and we had a meal which comprised of hamburgers and chips and we all made gluttons of ourselves by accepting 2nd and 3rd helpings of chips.

Soon, after a pause for a class photograph, we made our way back to the coach. Our next journey was too Dublin Zoo, which was in the immensity of 'Phoenix Park', Europe's largest enclosed park, or so we were told! Phoenix is so large that one person counted 67 chestnut trees on the way in.

We spent one hour in the zoo. Most of us bought souvenirs and presents at the zoo shop but some of us took photographs, ate ice-cream and admired the animals, many of which are not to be found at Belfast Zoo. The stop at the zoo was very enjoyable but we had not nearly enough time to get seeing all the attractions on show. In fact, it seemed little or no time before we were all told to get back onto the coach.

The coach brought us all back to the station, where again we were all accounted for before boarding the train once more. I did not get seeing the engine this time because we were all ordered to board the train. The train jolted off once more for home. This time I purchased gifts in the train's gift shop and bought food and drink in the buffet car. There was a great atmosphere among our party on the way back and also the odd sooty face from leaning out too far.

It was not long before the train pulled past the Botanic station, past the gasworks and into Central Station. The return journey seemed so short but we all enjoyed our day out in Dublin.

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Day at the Youth Parliament

by Gerald Hyland 7LC

As a late replacement for another politics student I approached the Belfast Junior Chamber of Commerce annual Youth Parliament with mixed feelings. I was extremely nervous and yet at the same time I was looking forward to the chance of debating with my peers. Early on the morning of the 8th of April Sean Rooney 4C and I were relayed in the luxurious comfort of the provided transport - Mr. Kelville's car — to the grand venue for the Youth Parliament, the Presbyterian Assembly Buildings, Belfast. After coffee the proceedings eventually got underway. The Deputy Speaker, Mr. Robert Brett, gave us some quick instructions in the basic outline of proceedings under the motion: "This house believes that the Youth Training Scheme should be abolished and the school leaving age raised to 18."

After this we divided for the committee stage. The three committees — Education, Social and Industrial - were to discuss the motion and report back to the assembled house who would debate on the report.

I had been assigned to the social committee, and after electing a Chairman and Secretary we became engrossed in the social aspects of the motion. Following an hour of lively committee debate we decided on our report. We then re-assembled to hear the report of the Education Committee as put forward by a Miss Wilkinson who, when the question was thrown open to the floor, defended her corner with the literary panache of Frank Bruno. Thirty minutes later the towels were thrown in and we adjourned for lunch.

It is here that the sponsors Wimpey are to be congratulated for providing suitable parliamentary refreshments. During lunch there was much speculation as to the identity of the guest speaker who was to chair the afternoon session. When we retook our seats it proved to be Dr. Brian Mawhinney - the Parlimentary Under Secretary in the Northern Ireland Office responsible for Education.

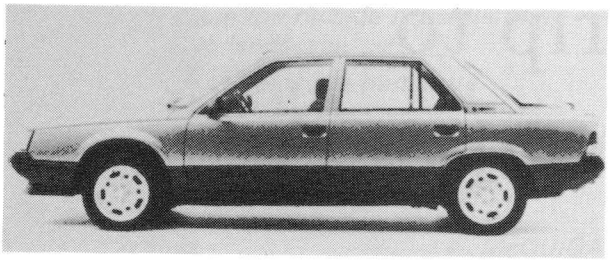
During the report of our committee, which was well received, Dr. Mawhinney dropped all niceties and adhered firmly to the rules of Parliamentary Procedure as laid down in Erskine May. His resoluteness was shown by one incident where an offspring of a member of the teaching profession objected to the raising of the school leaving age because of the serious effects it would have on underpaid teachers." This was greeted with applause from the gallery occupied by some of the teachers who had accompanied groups to the Parliament. The applause ceased, however, when Dr. Mawhinney threatened to "Clear the gallery!" much to the amusement of members of the Parliament.

Another incident arose when the Chairman of the Industrial Committee, during his report, turned his back on the speaker only to be strongly rebuked by the irate Dr. Mawhinney.

With all the reports over, the debate was thrown open to anyone who could "catch the speakers' eye." After some fervent debating the speaker summed up the main points and called on the House to vote. As it was, the motion was defeated unanimously and the day ended with a chat with Dr. Mawhinney and the seemingly compulsory coffee.

Grateful thanks are due to the Belfast Junior Chamber of Commerce for organising the event and also to Mr. Keville and Mr. McCann who co-ordinated our attendance as representatives of St. Mary's.

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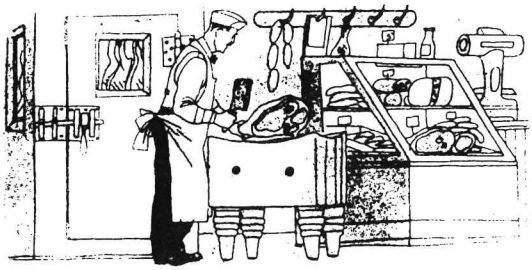
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Art Department

This is the second year we have run a competition among the boys in the Junior School to submit designs for the cover of the 1987 school magazine. This year the competition was open to 1st and 3rd year students. Also this year we are devoting a page of 'runner ups' as again it was a difficult choice. This year's cover was designed by Vincent Grant 3C.

This is a very busy year in the department with a big increase in the number taking G.C.S.E. 'A' level syllabus and 'A' Level History of Art. Three students went on to take up places at the Faculty of Art and Design - University of Ulster.

In March 1988 the school's art department has been chosen to put up an Art Exhibition running for two weeks at Riddle Hall, Arts Council, Stranmillis. This exhibition will show a range of work from 1st - 7th year and will include, painting screen printings, ceramics, analytical drawings etc. This exhibition is open to the public so that it will give staff and parents an opportunity to see exactly what work we do in this busy department.

Designing and carrying out all the painting of scenery for the musical 'Jesus Christ Superstar' is one of our priorities this term. We are also working on a large mural (30' - 8') to be located behind the altar in the Ignatius Rice Chapel, as well as preparing a set of Stations of the Cross. Unfortunately there are only 24 hours in a day, and our day to day work must go on as well! These two tasks will be carried out by Mr. A. Whitehead and Mrs. Breige Woods and both are huge undertakings, considering the size involved.

Our first success this year in a national art competition was won by Paul De Ornellis a second year student. His painting 'My Ideal Holiday' was chosen by 'Rolf Harris' to be the October picture in the 1988 'Save the Children Fund' calender. Congratulations to Paul.

This Christmas again, we are having our annual display of crib and crib figures carried out by the 4th year students (60 in all). Every year there is more evidence of the contributions made by the art department to the school.



Rolf Harris "Save the Children Fund" Calendar Competition.



Paul de Ornellas (2C) was one of the twelve winners in this competition which was open to all children in the British Isles. Paul's painting "My Ideal Holiday" was chosen by the Australian celebrity-cum-artist, Rolf Harris to be the October 1988 picture in the "Save the Children Fund Calendar"

Ski Trip to Bulgaria

by Gerald Hyland 7LC



P. McMahon, D. O'Connor, T. Corscadden, T. McAlister, G. McCormick, P. Ward, G. Hyland, M. McNally.



A. Brady, J. Johnston, J. Sherry, J. Rodgers, M. O'Donnell, K. Hughes.

On the 27th December 1986 a party of 27 pupils, 2 chaplins and 4 teachers set off from Aldergrove bound for the skiing resort of Borovets, 6000 feet up in the Rila mountains. Equipped, with the skills we had been taught at the Craigavon dry slope we were ready to take on anything.

Arriving in Sofia airport, we were transferred by coach to our hotel, the Hotel Ela. With rooms sorted out we all tried to get some sleep for the day ahead. Around 7.00 am the next morning Mr. Perry and Mr. McGettigan could be heard in the distant corridors trying to awaken some of the heavier sleepers. Modelling the latest vogue ski wear (?) we headed off to collect our skis and poles and to have our first lesson. The instructors were very friendly, helpful and extremely patient with us, some of their techniques eventually rubbing off. After lessons each day we were free to enjoy recreational skiing at our own pace in the scenic surroundings.

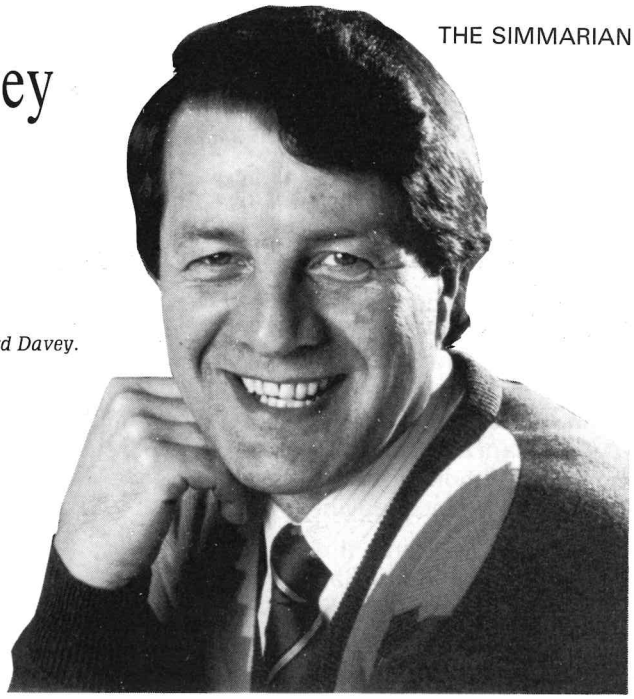
In the evenings we reassembled as a group for dinner in our hotel - where many an exaggerated tale was told - and to sample the delights of Bulgarian cuisine. The rest of the evenings were spent sampling the excellent apres ski facilities - some sampled more than others. Note Messrs McCormick and Corscadden.

At the end of the week following intensive coaching each skier was put through a grading test. All of our party passed, with the top grade going to Bro. Kelly - very suspicious indeed. Finally, with all the partying in our wake, a tired but undamaged party returned on the 3rd January.

Obviously such a trip requires a great deal of planning, preparation, and organisation, and it is here that we must praise the efforts of Mr. Perry, Mr. McGettigan, Bro. Gallagher and Bro. Kelly who brought a great deal of skiing experience to the group. Thanks must also go to Fr. O'Hare and Fr. Kelly whose prayers for our safekeeping were appreciated.

The Weather Man - Bernard Davey

Memories of St. Mary's



Bernard Davey.

Asking me to write about my days at St. Mary's C.B.S. after twenty five years has really put the old grey matter to the test.

Walking through the gates of Barrack Street on that first day I was filled with a mixture of fear and excitement, but at least I was spared a ducking under the water taps, mainly due to the fact that I was older than most new boys and I had my brother Seany as my bodyguard.

All in all I enjoyed my days at St. Mary's. The teachers and the education were first rate. By St. Mary's standards I was not a brilliant scholar, but I did manage to obtain sufficient qualifications to give me a reasonable start in life. So all you grafters take heart, you don't have to be gifted to be successful. Hard work, enthusiasm and even luck have a part to play! Geography was my favourite subject but while it is very useful it is surprisingly not a prerequisite for joining the Meterologist office, mathematics and physics being the most important.

I understand Jim Lally retired recently which probably means that there are no teachers at the school who knew me. Perhaps that is just as well! Jim Lally was my first form teacher and along with Brother Mallon ranked as my favourites. He made me captain of the class football team. We won the first year inter class league, but we were never presented with the cup. Jim broke it one day trying to straighten it. I went on to represent the school at both hurling and football, hence my broken middle finger on my left hand. That was sustained playing against Omagh C.B.S.

I wonder where my old friends at school are now and what they are doing. Barney Devlin, Terry Boden, Paddy Hughes, Jim Owens, Brendan McGuinness, Liam Kelly and I were all members of a secret gang called 'The Dean Swifts', the purpose of which is now lost in the mists of time.

Facilities at Barrack Street were a bit spartan compared to those I understand you enjoy on the Glen Road. Hopefully, in the near future, I'll get a chance to inspect them for myself and to meet you all. In the meantime I would like to invite any of you to write to me at the BBC if you have any questions about the weather and television.

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Reunion of St. Mary's 1971 All Ireland Winners

On Sunday April 25th 1971 the captain of the senior football team accepted the Hogan Cup, all Ireland trophy, for St. Mary's in Croke Park. A fortnight later St. Mary's accepted the Hurling B All Ireland trophy. These major sporting achievements were recalled in St. Mary's at a re-union dinner last March. The ladies committee served a very pleasant meal and all had an enjoyable evening. It was the first re-union of the group and some were meeting for the first time since leaving St. Mary's.

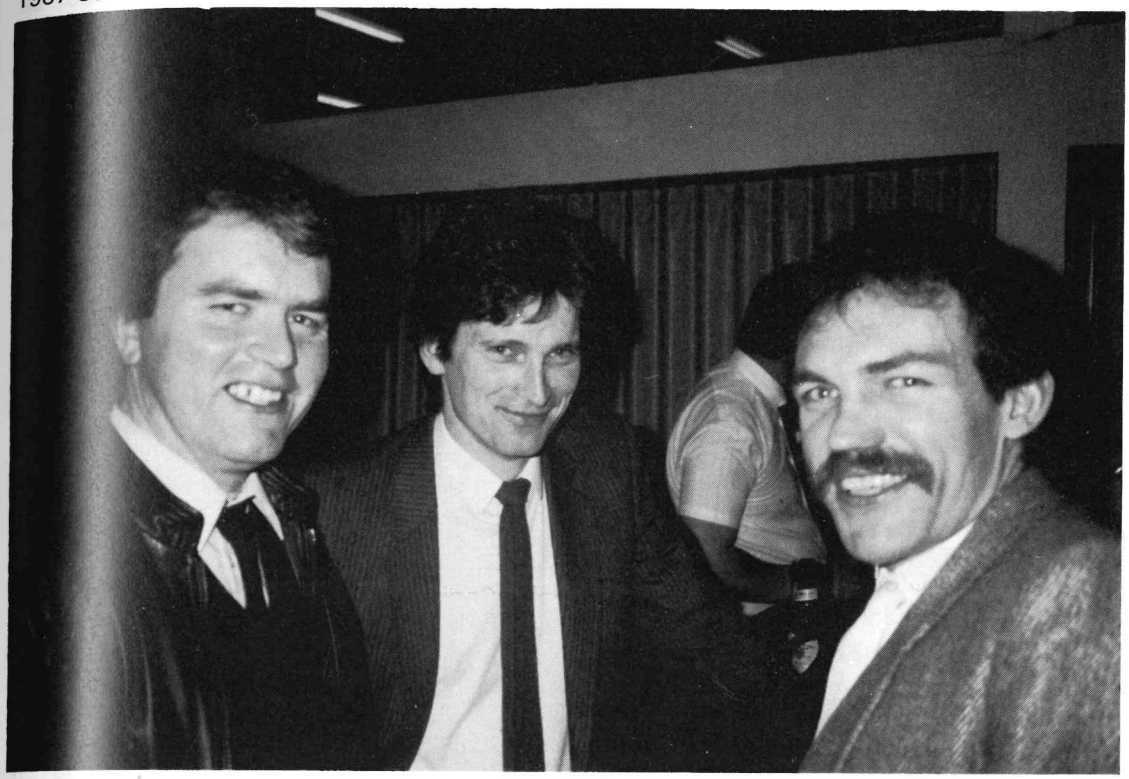
Present to welcome the teams of 1971 were Bro. Kelly the Headmaster, Bro. Gallagher, Bro. Nolan, Mr. McToal, Mr. McGettigan and Mr. Perry all present members of staff and back to meet old friends was Bro. O'Connell now retired from teaching and living in Dublin. Mr. John Donnelly also contributed to the success of the evening! It was an added pleasure to have the MacRory Cup on the table as St. Mary's were again current winners.

Apart from those who were out of the country, attendance was almost one hundred percent. Unavoidably absent were Fr. Ciaran Donnelly who played both hurling and football (Canada), Paul McKiernan (U.S.A.) another dual medal winner, Noel Carlin (Australia) from the hurling team, Jim McGowan (England), Frank Toman and Kevin Boylan. Friendships were renewed, memories revived and the contribution of the late Bro. McGreevy was acknowledged. The captain of the football team, Gerry McHugh on behalf of the football team made a presentation to Bro. Nolan in appeciation of his efforts in training football teams in St. Mary's in the sixties and early seventies. Some time was spent browsing through newspaper accounts of the games played in 1971 and to round off the evening some photographs were taken. In the early seventies the Ulster Colleges played 15 a side and the winning Hogan Cup Team of 1971 were: Kevin O'Loan, Gerry Cullen, Paul McKiernan, Connor Smith, Gerry McHugh (Captain) Sean Sands; John McKiernan; Pat Armstrong; Frank Dornan; Phil Sheppard; Paul Growcott; Ciaran Donnelly; Canice Ward. Subs: Steve Prenter; Paddy O'Neill; Peter Crummey; Paul Haughey; Tom Breslin; Kevin Boylan; Jim McGowan.

Thirteen of the footballers were also involved in the hurling team. These were Paul McKiernan, Gerry McHugh, Sean Sands, John McKiernan, Pat Armstrong, Phil Sheppard, Paul Growcott, Ciaran Donnelly, Canice Ward, Stephen Prenter, Patrick O'Neill, Peter Crummey and Tom Breslin. Also on the hurling team were Patrick McFinley, Noel Carlin, Paul Drain, Brian Gormley, Dermot Diamond, Patrick McLean, Donal Ward and Dathai McAughey.



BACK ROW:- Dermot Diamond, Stephen Prenter, Daniel Ward, Conor Smith, Kevin O'Loan, Paul Haughey, Dathei McAughey.
MIDDLE ROW:- Paul Gravcott, Peter Crummey, Pat McFinlay, Canice Ward, Pat McLean, Tom Breslin, Phil Sheppard, Pat Armstrong.
FRONT ROW:- Brian Gormley, Paul Drain, Pat O'Neill, Gerry Cullen, Bro. Nolan, Gerry McHugh, John Kiernan.



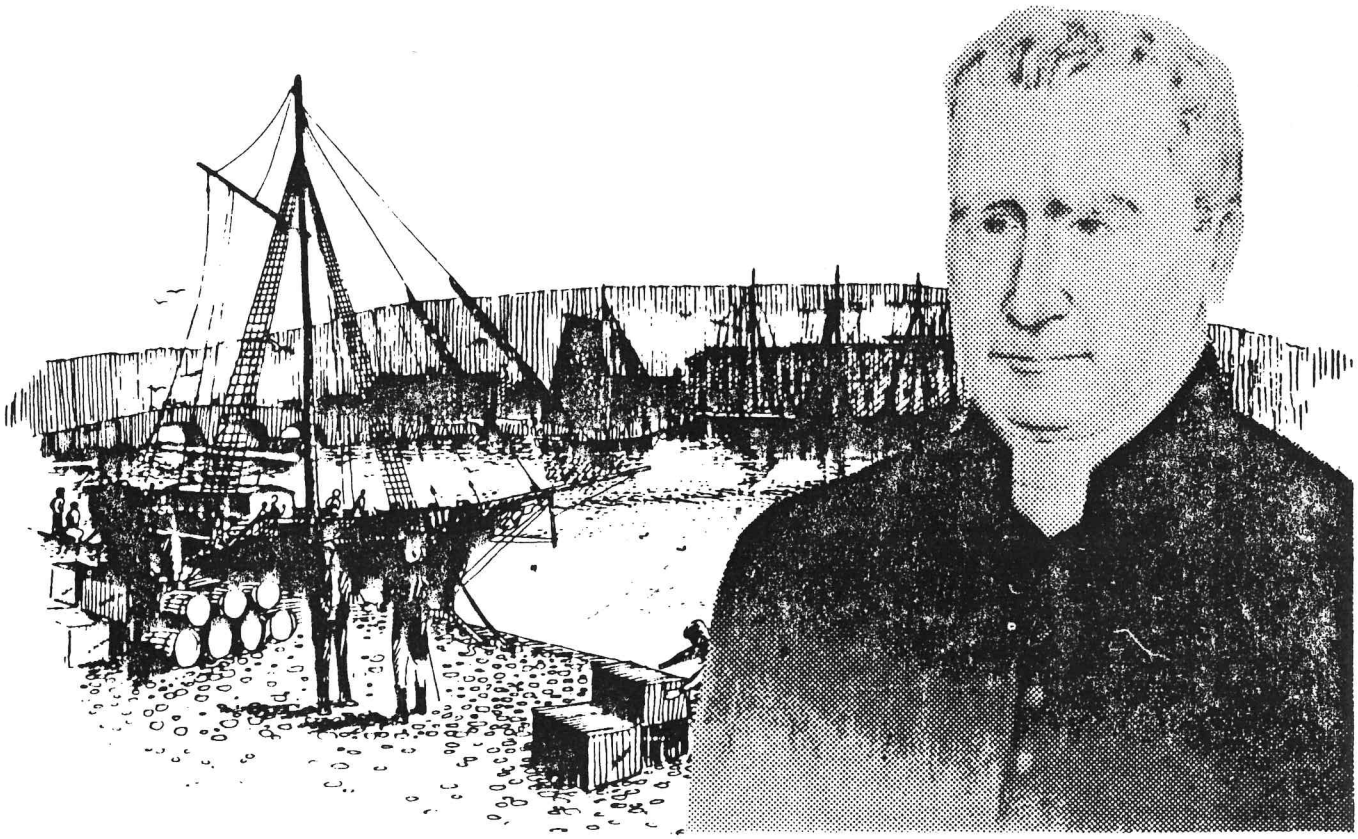


ABOVE:
Patrick Lean, Dermot Diamond, Sean Sands.

RIGHT:
Gerry McHugh and Bro. Nolan.

BELOW:
Included are Conor Smith, Phil Sheppard, Liam Perry, Eddie McToal, Bro. Gallagher and John McKiernan.





RICHES TO RAGS

Edmund Rice sold his thriving business in order to devote his life to the underprivileged. Today, the Christian Brothers, the congregation he founded, continues to work with the deprived -the Travelling People, the Deaf and the emotionally disturbed -as well as educating young people in all five continents of the world.

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or any Christian Brother.

Senior Geographical Trip to Sligo

by Mark Kelly 7SB

Those who did not mind what the unexpected had in store for them in terms of 'Accommodation' left for Sligo on Friday 15th May at 3.30 pm. After a few hours of driving along miles and miles of motorway and little twisty roads across the border, the senior Geography Society party reached Bundoran. After lengthy consultation with a scrap of paper which contained the directions to the accommodation, the party headed south towards the Dartry mountains at the base of which we were staying (in a building of course). An hour later we found our accommodation — an early 20th century school. The greeting party of sheep and spiders was much appreciated. Thank you.

After a night of blissful slumber on Iron Age bunk beds the party set off early on Saturday morning into the heart of the Dartry mountains. The weather was not very pleasant but the 10-14 mile hike was.

Many varied and interesting features could be viewed through the mist including scree slopes, U shaped valleys formed during the Pleistocene and caves formed from the removal of limestone in solution. The last mountain to be climbed was Benbulben, a peculiar shaped mountain, long, narrow and quite high (over 550m). The view from the edge of the flat mountain top was breathtaking owing to the variety of scenery, the little stacks of peat cut out of the bogs below, the island of Inishmurray off the Sligo coast and of course the sheer slopes of Benbulben itself.

After lunch and a well looked forward to rest the party set off back across the plateau surfaces before descending to the minibus parked at the foot of Benweskin from where we had set out.

Saturday evening was spent in Bundoran though it was not until Sunday morning that the full effects of the previous days hike were felt. It was decided to remain on low level ground so the cliffed coastlines around Mullaghmore came under scrutiny. Later on an impromptu football game resulted in a narrow defeat for Mr. McFlynn's side.

Now in a state of almost complete exhaustion we piled into the minibus to begin the long trek home.

A thoroughly enjoyable trip, but if you are looking for a tan don't go to Sligo. The Geography Society is now open to all years studying Geography and is recommended by present members as a very worthwhile and interesting society to join.

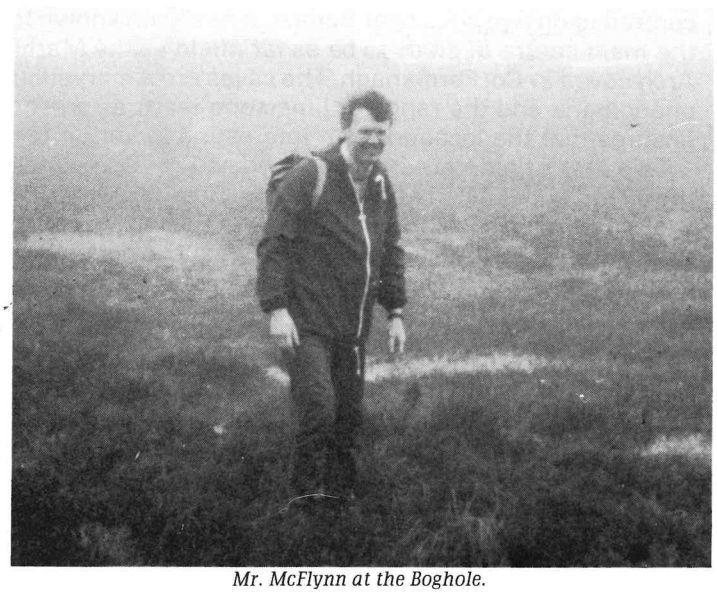
Expedition to the Mournes

At the end of February last year the newly formed Senior Geographical Society headed off on their first expedition to the Mourne mountains in Co. Down under the watchful but sometimes blind eye of Mr. McFlynn.

Weary bodies arrived early at Airfield House and we soon set off for Kinnahalla Youth Hostel, situated in the middle of the mountains. After arriving we set off equipped with walking boots and headed towards the Hare's Gap in the general direction of Slieve Donard Asking questions about various geological features and about the general geography of the mountains was the main idea of the trip. Mr. McFlynn answered all queries. Characteristic features of a recently glaciated area such as glacial troughs and corries were very much in evidence as also were weathering and mass movement phenomena such as screes and slumping.

Declan Doherty, Gary Clarke, Paul Jordan, Niall O'Neill, Mark Kelly, Edward Walsh, Patrick McCarry, Gary Hughes.





Mr. McFlynn at the Boghole.

The second day brought about a dramatic change for the worst in the weather, but, eager as we were we pressed on relentlessly. Taking in the southern half of the mountains was the main objective of this day trudging through heath and boglands not to mention the boghole into which Mr. McFlynn sank, up to his waist! Low cloud severely tested our capabilities regarding compass use. We eventually returned to base however leaving only the return trip to Belfast to complete a most enjoyable outing.

Geology Field Trip

by Patrick Davey 7SC

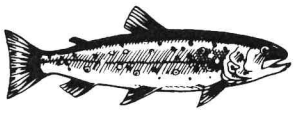


E. McFlynn, J. Cairns, S. Gray, T. Rafferty, M. Kelly, P. Davey, M. O'Neill.

Geology is a subject with a "rock-solid" foundation in St. Mary's. The one-year course which has been available to Sixth Year students for the past two years is both interesting and informative, and the popular field-trip included in the course provides a fascinating insight into our local Geology. Whilst the field trips have mainly centred upon two sites near Belfast, it has been known for the main centre of study to be as far afield as the Marble Arch caves in Co. Fermanagh. The caves are a marvellous phenomena and the range of limestone features present ensures that the location is an interesting "joint".

This year's field trip set off on Monday, 13th April, under the expert supervision of Mr. McFlynn, Head of Geography Department. Our first destination was Belshaw's quarry near Lisburn. This site provides a wealth of geological features such as faults, dykes and various stratigraphic formations, with the action of very many weathering processes ensuring that there was plenty to "scree". We noted the presence of fossils in the rock layers, and the excellent specimens gave us plenty to "chalk" about. After a summary from Mr McFlynn we headed off in the general direction of Scrabo Quarry near Newtownards, stopping for lunch at Ards Shopping Centre. We reached our "quarry" at about 1 o'clock and immediately set about examining the features to be seen there. Scrabo is a "tower" among quarries and sandstone from the site was popular in past years for use as a building stone. A volcanic "cent" at Scrabo attracted the attentions of two of our party, who later revealed that they both have a secret desire to become "Fissure men". One of them was so impressed by his study of each quarry that he has been prompted to write a book entitled "Great Excavation".

Towards the end of the day our attention began to "fold" (through no "fault" of own) so after a general summary and a group photograph, we headed back to school. The day provided a wealth of information which proved to be invaluable to our appreciation of the subject. Geology will remain as a subject available to Sixth Year students, even with the onset of G.C.S.E. courses, which will probably place a greater emphasis on practical field work. I would recommend the subject to any sixth year, particularly those intending to study 'A' Level Geography.

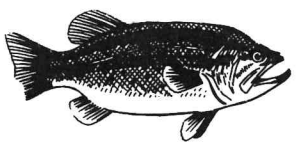


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Renewal Action and Youth at St. Mary's

Photographs R. O'PREY





▲ St. Mary's R.A.Y. Group 1987-88

Paddy McCormick, Tom Pendleton, Niall O'Neill, Tony Corscadden, Colm McIntyre, Garth McCormick, Dennis Rogan, Kevin Faming, Declan McGlinchey.

◀ R.A.Y. Group presenting donation to R.V.H. Cystic Fibrosis Unit

Aidan Dawson, Kevin Walls, Michael Harris, Mark Donnelly, Seamus McIntyre, Dr. Aileen Redmond of the R.V.H. Cystic Fibrosis Unit.

▼ Christmas '85

Busking at Fountain Centre for charity.

1987 sees the ninth year of R.A.Y. (Renewal, Action and Youth) in St. Mary's. R.A.Y. is dedicated to the curbing of alcohol ABUSE and the encouraging of young people to raise funds for charity and in general to promote an atmosphere of goodwill and selflessness among students. In the past, members of St. Mary's R.A.Y. group have discharged their duties and undertakings with great credit and at no small inconvenience to themselves. This year's group consists of very talented young men who undoubtedly have the drive and determination to carry on a very distinguished tradition. We all wish them well.



Chess 1986 - 87

by Stephen Morgan 5G

The year 1986-87 will be remembered because of two things. Firstly Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Mullan worked together on the Club and with school teams and secondly the concept of lunchtime chess.

At first only a few played chess at lunch but as time went on and word got about at least 30 or 40 people packed into N15 hoping to get a game. First years played all types of players and reaped the benefits as could be seen by the way they demolished B.R.A. 5-1 when playing away.

Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Mullan worked on preparing a team to play the cream of Ulster's youth. The outcome was an excellent third place and only 1½ points separated St. Mary's from representing Ulster. Damian Coyle played some excellent chess on his way to winning a board prize by winning every game. At an earlier play off Stephen Morgan won every game to win a board prize for the Senior Team.

St. Mary's has boasted some great players and 1986-87 was no different. St. Mary's provided Ulster and Ireland with two excellent team members. They were John Cairns and Kevin McCann. Kevin is now the captain of the Ulster team and both players are members of the Irish team which came second at a recent competition.

John Cairns will remember 1986-87 as the year he lost in the semi-final stages of the Ceefax British Isles chess competition. He won the Irish play off and then beat a player from Wales. He was beaten by the eventual winner of the competition but this came after five hours tiring play. A computer in St. Mary's had been linked to a computer in a school in London. Could this be the chess of the future?

The winner of the 1st year league was Mark O'Donnell from Barrack Street but this came after a close game with Damian Coyle.

Barry Fitzpatrick easily won the second year title and was represented by Bro. Kelly with a special cup donated by the Roddy McCorlai Club.

Gareth Annesley fought off fierce competition to win the 4th year title.

In Competitions during the year players and Grading prizes were won by Stephen Morgan and Gareth Annesley.

Chess in St. Mary's looks very healthy and the name St. Mary's is becoming synonymous with high standard chess.

P.R.I.S.M.

by Gerard Boyle

P.R.I.S.M. — the Peace and Reconciliation Inter-Schools Movement for 6th and 7th years is at present one of the best attended societies in the school.

In the three years that P.R.I.S.M. has been available to senior pupils, this year's sixth year group have been the most enthusiastic and largest ever to represent St. Mary's. This is partly due to the realisation that it is a wholly worthwhile venture, and partly due to Patrick McCormick's recruitment drive.

The aim of the movement is to bring senior pupils of all the major schools in the Belfast Area together to discuss social and political problems. This gives us the opportunity, Catholic and Protestant alike, to express our views and explain our attitudes to the religious, sectarian and social gaps which divide us.

The meetings generally took the form of group discussion or debates, although on occasion, speakers from certain organisations may give short talks. Last year these included speakers from Shelter, Age Concern and Sir John Hermon the Chief Constable of the R.U.C.

The movement however is not restricted to once fortnightly meetings. During the past year the movement also runs residential weekends when members can mix and get to know each other better.

This years co-ordinator, Robert Edgar, is keen that St. Mary's can sustain the excellent attendances which had made it the largest school within the movement.

On behalf of all the 7th years who have attended regularly I would like to thank last year's leader, Lisa Murray, for her efforts and friendship throughout the year and also the 7th years of 1986-87 who set an example for us. I only hope that we can maintain this high standard and can impregnate this in our new 6th year members.

Special thanks is also due to Bro. Jennings who provided the transport throughout the last year and similarly to Bro. McDonald who has taken over in his absence.

If any 6th or 7th year wishes to get involved and wants to broaden his horizons, P.R.I.S.M. is an excellent and enjoyable way to do so. Anyone interested can obtain further information about meetings etc. from myself, Patrick McCormick or Paul Kinnaird.

"An Strainséir"

by Niall O'Néill

"An bhfuil tú leat féin, a chara?" a d'fhiafraigh an guth. "Tá," arsa mise ach níor ardaigh mé cheann. "Mo dhálta féin," a dúirt sé agus shuigh sé síos in aice liom. Oíche Luain a bhí ann agus bhí mé i mo shuí dteach tabhairne agus deich ngloine folamh ar an tábla os mo chomhair. Cuireadh as mo phost mé an mhaidin sin agus ní raibh me abalta dul abhaile go fóill leis an droch-sceal a ligean le mo bhean agus na páistí.

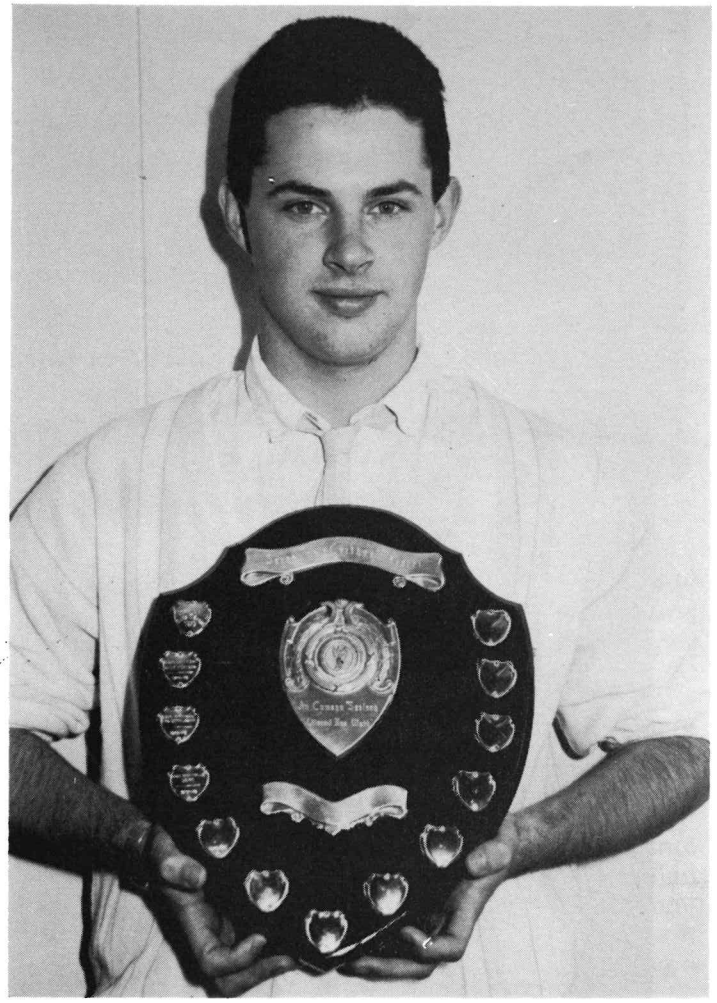
"Nach tusa atá brónach!" Ba é an stráinséir a bhí ag caint arís. Bhí canuint aisteach aige; shíl me go raibh blas Sasanach ar a chuid cainte. Fear mór fionn a bhí ann agus péire spéaclaí óir ar a shrón. Bhí sé gléasta go brea agus píopa ina bhéal aige. Cheannaigh sé deoch agus shuigh sé go ciúim ag amharc ar na daoine eile sa teach tabhairne.

I ndiaidh tamaill chuir sé ceist orm cad chuige a raibh stodam orm, agus d'innis mé dó go raibh mé gan obair agus cúigear páiste agus bean agam. Ní dúirt sé smid. D'amharc mé air. Bhí achan ghál ar an phíopa aige. Ansin, dúirt sé, "An bhfuil a fhios agat, a chara, go bhfuil feabhas ag teacht ar ghnóthaí i Sasana?" "Is minic a chuala mé," arsa mise, "go bhfuil saol níos fearr ag na daoine a théann annon chuig an tír sin".

"Tá!" ar seiseann, "Ach an mbeifeá féin sásta dul ann?" "Rachfainn áit ar bith a bhfuil obair le fáil inti." Dúirt an Sasanach go raibh aithne aige ar fhir a bhí ag irraidh oibrithe i Manchuin, Go cinnte, dúirt sé dá d'-tabharfainn daichead punt dó go mbeadh sé ábalta obair a fháil dom. Bhí mise caoch ar meisce agus chreid mé é! Thug me an t-airgead dó agus d'imigh sé leis.

"Cuirfidh mé in aithne do dhuine eigin amárach thú!" Ar ndóigh, ní fhaca mé arís é!

Sciath na gCeithre Máistrí



Conall O Bruadair le Sciath na gCeithrí Máistrí

I ndiaidh bearna seacht mbliana chuir Cumann Gaelach na hOllscoile i gCúil tús arís le comórtas díospóireachta d'iarbhunscoileanna. Chuaigh an fhoireann díospóireachta againne, Pilib Mistéail, Míchíal MacAinmhire agus Conall Ó Bruadair, suas chuig an ollscoil agus i ndiaidh dul i gcomórtas le scoileanna eile bhain siad an chéad áit agus bronnadh an sciath álainn seo orthu ar feadh bliana. Bhí an fhoireann i lathair fosta ag dinnéar bliantúil an Chumainn Ghaelaigh. Gabhaimid ár mbuíochas le micléinn na hollscoile agus táimid ag súil go mór le bualadh leo arir nuair a bheidh an comórtas céanna ar siúl i mbliana.

Conall Ó Bruadair (7ú Bliain)

BLOCBHRISEADH '87 - 4ú Bliain



Na buaiteoirí ón 4ú bliain: Ruairí Ó Néill, Danny Mac Gabhann, (Ciarán Mac Artnaigh).

Buaiteoirí Scoláireachtaí Gaeltachta '87



Ón taobh clé: Déaglan Cree, Fiontán Ó Bruadair, Tomás Mac Seáin, Conbhúr Mac Philib, Stíofan de Bháilís agus Uinsean Ó Coirbín.

Bhain beirt de na dáltaí seo scoláireachtaí ó Chomhaltas Uladh i gComórtas Sciath Mhic Ghiolla Bhríde. Tháinig Scoil Mhuire sa dara háit sa chomórtas seo. Sa Chomórtas cainte a eagraíonn Gael Linn d'éirigh le ceathrar scoláireacht a fháil. Bhain Tomás Mac Seáin an Chéad áit sa Chomórtas Aiste le Gael Linn. Scríobh sé aiste faoin teideal "Difhostaíocht."

St. Mary's Exposed

by Anthony Davey 7SB

Nineteen Hundred and Eighty Seven was arguably the most influential year in the history of extra curricular activities in St. Mary's: Some historians described it as the dawn of a new era; student life was to be dramatically transmographied "there was a revolution of such magnitude that its equal, in my humble opinion, could only be witnessed at the Coke machine on a Friday afternoon" (P.22 A.J.P. Bennett, "A Prefect History of St. Mary's").

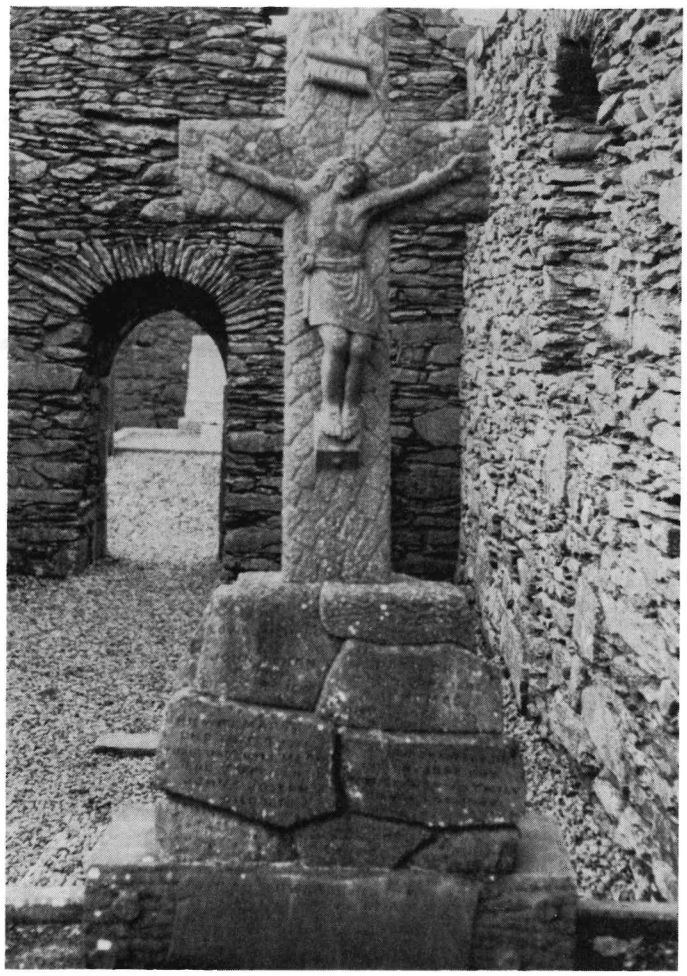
The artistic aspirations which have been suppressed for so long were to eventually erupt in a revolution of - The S.L.R. Photographers."

Mass hysteria broke out along the corridors as posters appeared encouraging students to join "St. Mary's . . . wait for it . . . Camera Club". There was a crazed frenzy outside E21, pushing and shoving, people killed in the crush as two students joined up.

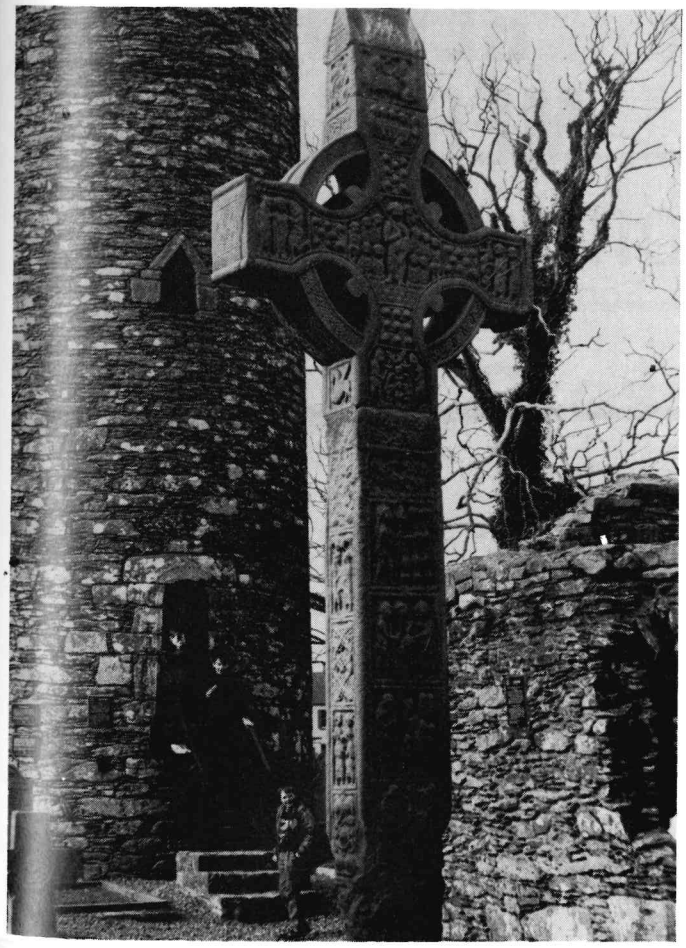
Yes, this was the historic occasion when St. Mary's began their first Camera Club. Would student life ever be the same? John Heaney was the man who formed the "image" of the school camera club. He then "focused" the attention of Mr. Barry onto it, who, in turn "enlarged" upon and "developed" the idea into its present format. In less than a "flash" the society had quintupled its numbers. John and Mr. Paul Barry said that they had "pictured" a more "negative" response.

After the inaugural meeting in E24 the first practical session was "projected" for Saturday 28th February 1987.

Illustrated are two of the photographs taken at the outing. ▶



▼



John Heaney supplied everyone with a roll of black and white film (a very generous fellow is John Heaney) and fifteen budding David Baileys' snapped away happily under the watchful eye of Mr. Barry.

There was a wide ranging selection of photographs taken that day, Peter Matassa photographed a member of the Camera Club, who shall be nameless, attempting a suicidal high jump over a five foot barbed wire fence - backwards!!

Meanwhile Messrs McGibbon and McCoy ventured into the exotic environs of Airfield House to do some Christian Brother spotting. They managed to capture a shot of one lurking among the trees; and what a "RARE" species it turned out to be; later Mr. Barry identified it as being a "Bro. McDonald".

Mr. Barry and Mr. Heaney had presided over the taking, developing and printing of fifteen films!!! (a credit to the elasticity of their patience, their nerves and twenty Embassy Regal). Such an experience drained the above mentioned mentors to such an extent that they decided the next meeting was to be 'a talk'. It was a talk given by the nameless Kamikazee fence scaler on the more technical side to photography.

Several talks and practical sessions later St. Mary's Camera Club went on their first outing. We set off for Slane Castle at nine o'clock and arrived in Monasterboyce at



Another of the photographs taken on the outing.

eleven, visited New Grange at two and ended up in Ardee at five o'clock. The small discretions in destinations had nothing whatsoever to do with Mr. Barry's sense of direction or lack of it. (He claims he never studied Geography - mind you what Georgarphy has to do with reading Road Signs!!) A thoroughly enjoyable day was had by all and believe it or not some worthwhile photographs were actually taken.

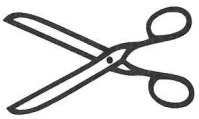
Now on a more humourous note, I'm expected to inform you of the plethora of sophisticated darkroom equipment which the Camera Club has at its disposal. If remotely interested in photography you should be at E24 on Thursdays to develop what might be a serious interest or get great enjoyment and a great sense of achievement in experimenting with the equipment or producing your own photographs.

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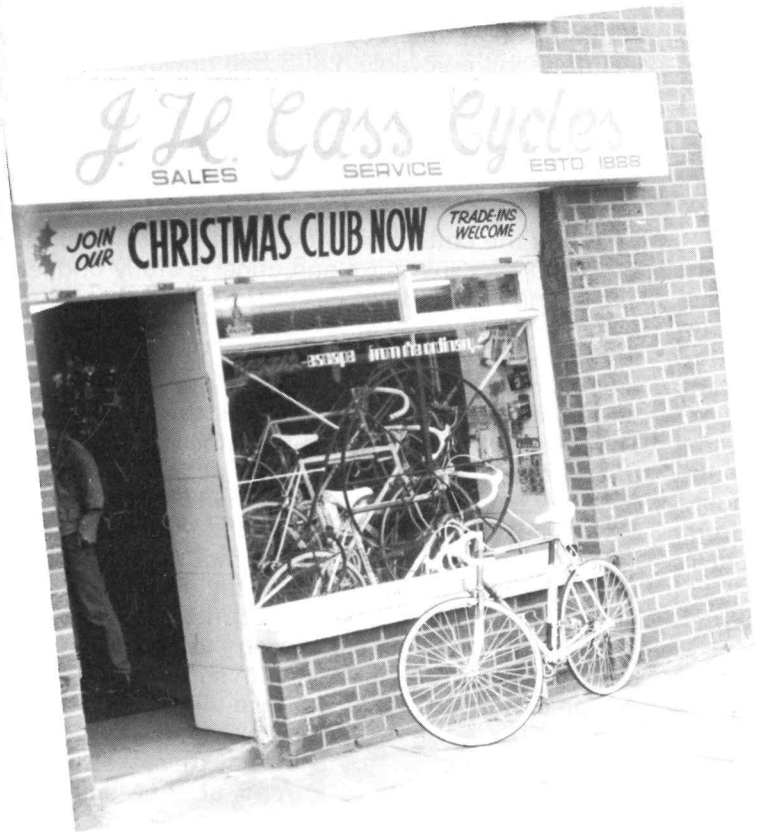
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Cycle Trip to Lourdes

by Sean McGibbon 7LB

Reading recently over a few past reports on previous trips to Lourdes, I noticed that all but one concentrated solely on their experiences in the town itself. I was amazed, and I asked myself; did these previous cyclists have no memories, whatsoever, of their cycling trip to Lourdes? From a personal point of view, this journey through Ireland, Wales, England and France, was equally, if not more memorable than the actual sojourn in Lourdes.

Indeed, who could easily forget being continually crammed into a Mercedes minibus along with: sixteen other cyclists; two Christian Brothers; John Donnelly; four bicycles; twenty one people's luggage; a bulky cassette-player which incessantly played The Smiths; two guitars and Stephen McKeever!!!?

Sounds daunting? — it certainly was. Just think how the minibus must have felt, having to carry this huge weight almost a thousand miles. The initial shock was obviously too much for it, as a tyre gave way only six miles from Belfast, with the result that forty-five minutes were lost in changing it.

Anyhow, in the following paragraphs I will give a brief account of the six days of our journey.

Tuesday 14th April — The first day began very enthusiastically with everyone in high spirits. In a short time the bus was packed; the photographs for the Irish News and the Andersonstown News were taken and the first two cyclists (Del Harris and Stephen McCann) set off, being specifically told to keep cycling until the minibus overtook them. They didn't listen! After finishing off a few minor details at Airfield House and after a brief prayer for our general safe-keeping, the minibus set off only to find Messrs. Harris and McCann seated by the roadside in Lisburn when they should have been, at least in Banbridge, what with the time we allowed them to travel.

"You told us to stop at Lisburn," they grumbled.

"Idiots!" was the general response.

Having driven off with the next two cyclists on their way it wasn't long before we had the irritating incident with the punctured tyre. Fortunately though this was the last of the problems we had that day; except for Gary Hughes' little ailment at the border and Peter Matassa's little mishap travelling through Drogheda.

At about seven o'clock that evening we arrived at the youth hostel in Donnybrook in Dublin. A pleasant building in pleasant surroundings. Most of us enjoyed it. The general opinion was that the showers and warmth of the rooms were the best features about the place, although Colum Shepherd disliked immensely the position of the upstairs lavatory's plumbing.

Wednesday 15th April — An early start, which was too early for most, was necessary to get the earliest ferry to Holyhead. Therefore, at around eight o'clock that morning we found ourselves embarking upon a three or four hours voyage across the Irish Sea, with nothing to break the tedious monotony except John Donnelly's, apparently traditional card school.

A glorious day greeted our party at Wales and cycling stints through the beautiful Welsh countryside were leisurely and enjoyable. I suppose however Eddie Walsh and Stephen McKeever would disagree with me on this point, as they moaned that they were the ones who had to cycle up and down the beautiful, scenic yet challenging Snowdonian motor routes.

A very memorable half hour was spent in a picturesque village at the bottom of Snowdonia where a vibrant river cascaded over the rocks and under a stony bridge. Here, Jim Keenan and Frankie Fox posed for photographs on the riverside rocks, while others brought refreshments for the forthcoming cycle to Shrewsbury. This overnight stay was much more enjoyable than the previous night as we all had time to explore the centre of this small town.

Thursday 16th April — An early rising was again required, in order to make it to Portsmouth before nightfall. Except for a few wrecked gears and a certain person getting lost at Swindon it was a pretty uneventful journey.

The overnight stay at the Portsmouth Youth Hostel was most relaxing. It is sufficient to say that it was a friendly neighbourhood. Even the half-hour spent in the centre of Portsmouth buying something to eat was a very cosmopolitan experience and I'm sure Adrian Brown and Adrian Pendleton would testify to that . . . and a lot more!

Friday 17th April — An approximate six hour journey brought us to Le Harve. Apparently there was a heatwave affecting the whole of Europe at that time and this scorching weather didn't help our cycling although it certainly aided a few sun tans. This fourth day saw the arrival of a new craze among the cyclists at the back of the minibus: namely waving and shouting "Bonjour" and other French salutations at the friendly, agreeable French people who lined the routes and to whom we thank for being so amiable. This day also saw the introduction of ridiculously humorous duets by Kinnaird and McKeever on their guitars, and especially the beginnings of their "genius" as songwriters., (this is not supposed to be serious by the way).

That night was spent at the Auberge de Jeunesse in Tours - unanimously the favourite stopping place of the whole journey. This was due to an exquisite menu and the sleeping quarters; but most of all it was liked because of the disco held by a crowd of French youths who were celebrating a birthday party.

Saturday 18th April — Another hot day welcomed us, on the Holy Saturday, to the second last section of our journey. It was on this day that the biggest upset of the week occurred. Gary Hughes and Stephen McCann set off for Limoges while the rest of us ate chicken or cheese sandwiches. Unfortunately they took a wrong detour to Limoges and so when we drove to Limoges, where they were supposed to stop, we neither overtook them or met them at the entrance to the city.

After a half hours waiting and then a further hour retracing our route in search of the missing pair, it was decided that we should head on to Brive and alert the Gendarmes as soon as we reached the hostel. However,

no sooner had we eaten our dinner when the two of them entered the hostel; sunbeat and exhausted.

Apparently, due to a number of punctures, they were given a lift by a friendly French couple to the nearest train station and from there they got a train to Brive. The rest of our stay in this very quiet town was an anti-climax although the prospect of entering Lourdes the following day kept our spirits high.

Sunday 19th April — After attending Mass in Brive Cathedral that morning, all twenty-one of us headed for Lourdes. Everyone by now was feeling the effects of travelling over seven hundred miles and most of us were falling asleep in the minibus whenever we were not on the road cycling. At around six o'clock that evening Bro. Gallagher, Mark Kelly, Stephen McCann and Gary Hughes cycled into Lourdes, rather unnoticed I must admit by the local inhabitants, but in our eyes, triumphantly and with great relief. I will add that the first impression I gained of Lourdes, was a somewhat disappointing one due to its overall, ordinary aspect. This impression was soon to be overcome when I witnessed sights such as the Grotto, the Basilicas and the torch light processions.

In due time we were handed over to our groups and were put under the charge of our group leaders. The group Derek Harris and I were allocated to was Group 166 from County Cavan and I must admit that I had a thoroughly enjoyable week, spent looking after the children.

Finally, I would like to take this opportunity to thank my particular group in Lourdes and all the other I.H.C.P.T. groups on behalf of the St. Mary's cyclists. I would like to thank also our leaders, Bro. Gallagher, Bro. Coleman and John Donnelly mainly for being so extremely tolerable with us. I would also like to apologise to Conor Kelly, Dan Haughey, Niall O'Neill and Paul Savage for not mentioning their names in this report until the final paragraph.

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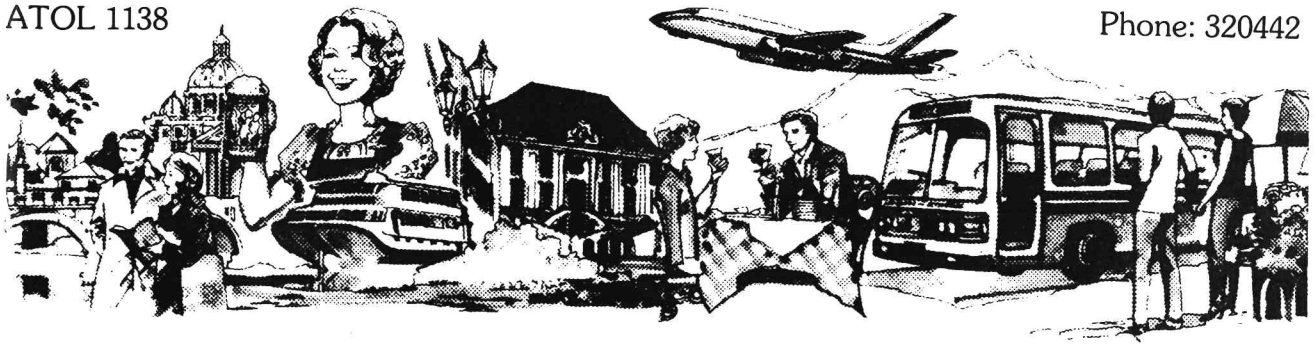
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A Steep Climb to the Top for Roche



by Jim McConway

Stephen Roche was born in Dundrum, Dublin, on November 28 1959, just when Ireland's first professional cyclist, Shay Elliott, who was to wear the Yellow jersey in the Tours of Spain and France, was beginning his professional career on the continent.

Roche was one of a family of six, three boys and three girls. Brother Laurence looks set to follow in Stephen's footsteps and it may be a good omen that he rode his first race with Stephen's old French club, the Paris ACBB while his elder brother was doing the ride which was to regain the yellow jersey.

Stephen started cycling with the Orwell Wheelers and won his first race at 13. He turned senior at 18 and in his first year shot to the top in Ireland's premier stage race, the Ras Tailteann. In that 9 day event there was a time trial over two laps of the Grand Prix of Meath circuit at Navan and it was confidently predicted that Ballymena's Billy Kerr, then Ireland's top rider and ace TT Rider, would take the lead from Roche but the Dubliner scored a decisive win to put the victory beyond doubt.

In Stephen's first year he won 22 races including the classic amateur Paris Roubaix. When he returned in July to ride the Irish 100 mile massed start championship at Lurgan, he had already agreed to turn professional for Peugeot the following year. Before that Billy Kerr and himself rode in the Moscow Olympic Games roadrace finishing well down the field.

His professional debut was nothing short of sensationaal. In the first major race of 1981, the week-long Paris-Nice, he won the overall race and, more significantly, beat the mighty five times tour de France winner Bernard Hinault in the same time trial stage, a win in the three day Criterium International followed and he was immediately acclaimed by the French press as a future tour winner.

Although Roche continued to compete at the highest level, he didn't make any further breakthrough until 1983 when he was third in the World Championship; in the tour that year he was 13th. On the strength of his worlds third place, he signed for the French Le Redoub team and this led to a lengthy legal battle with Peugeot who said he had broken his contract with them.

In 1984 Roche was 25th in the Tour but won the week long Tour of Romandie for the second time and was second behind Sean Kelly in the Paris-Nice. This race was to become something of a personal battle between the two Irishmen. Although Kelly has won the last six editions of the race, the result has often been in doubt between them until the final stage.

In 1985, Roche won the Tour of Romandie again, as well as the Tour of the Midi-Pyrenees and in July, made history when he finished third in the Tour de France with Sean Kelly fourth. On the way Stephen showed his climbing abilities, winning a mountain-top stage in the Pyrenees. That year during the Tour, his Parisian wife Lydia gave birth to the first of two children, Nicholas, their second Christal is now 13 months old.

At the end of 1985, Roche was in superb form and looked about to justify all the forecasts made about him. He had ridden a couple of indoor six-day races the previous winter, showing great promise and he was teamed with English World Pursuit Champion and six day expert Tony Doyle in the Paris six. With only one hour left, the pair were in the lead when a crash on the tight board track put Roche out. It was to be the beginning of an 18 month nightmare.

Several times Roche thought the trouble with his knee, caused in the crash had cleared up and attempted to return to top class racing, riding both the Tour of Italy and France (where he finished 48th) partly because of the pressure of being seen to earn the reputed £200,000 salary Carrera were paying him. At the end of last season many thought Roche's career was over. On the Nissan International he was reduced to the role of commentator. He returned to Paris for the second of two operations on his knee with his future as a professional cyclist hanging on the result.

The 1987 Paris-Nice turned out to be a Roche-Kelly battle. Kelly was going for six-in-a-row but Roche was the man of the race. On the penultimate stage, Roche was leading but punctured right at the top of the final climb. His team car had difficulty getting through the riders strung out on the climb and by the time Roche had made a wheel change, Kelly and his team were away. Although Roche chased to within 20 seconds of the Kelly group, he never made contact and the race was lost. As if to emphasise his class, Roche won the final time trial up the Col d'Eze.

In the Liege/Baslogne/Liege, he looked to be on course for this classic win. However he received false information about the gap to the chasers and while he and Claude Criquilion jockeyed for position before the Sprint, world champion Moreno Argentin swept past and Roche had to settle for second.

He won the Tour of Romandie for the third time in June before going on to the Giro d'Italia, second only to the Tour in prestige, and which his team Carrea had won with Roberto de Viscentini in 1986. Roche took the lead on the third stage and looked the class rider of the field. However, with only a week to go, there was a crash which left Roche badly bruised. Two days later there was a time-trial and the Dubliner uncharacteristically lost 3 minutes and the lead to Viscenti who, being an Italian, was extremely popular with the sport mad 'Tifiosi'. This suited sponsors Carrera who expected Roche to play role of domestique to Viscentini.

But when Roche attacked on a mountain stage two days later, Viscentini was dropped and the Irishman regained the Pink jersey.

What followed has been well documented, Roche describing it as having been in a hell of a week. He was spat at and punched by furious Italian supporters of Viscentini, but stayed cool throughout. His obvious class won over all but the most fanatical by the end of the week especially when Viscentini dropped out. Roche underlined his superiority by winning the final time trial stage.

So he entered the record books as the first Irishman to win one of the three major tours. This immediately installed him as favourite for the Tour de France but only four riders had ever done the double — The Italian Fausto Coppi, Frenchmen Jacques Anquetil and Bernard Hinault and the legendary Belgian Eddy Merckx. Anquetil said that the Giro had decidedly weakened his riding in the French race two weeks later.

Roche was obviously aware of the difficulties of riding two three week tours in the space of 8 weeks and rode a very cautious race lacking some of his usual attacking style except when it really mattered like in the Alps.

When Delgado went over 1 minute ahead on La Plagne, Roche saw the tour slipping away, he produced one of the greatest ever rides to pull back over a minute and finish only four seconds down.

He was back in form the next day however, when his attack on the final kilometres took 18 seconds from the Spaniard and sealed his fate.

And what does the future hold for Roche? At 27 he is entering his best years — could he go on to emulate Merckx and Hinault.

Hopefully Sean Kelly's run of bad luck has finished and we can look forward to many years of these two great Irishmen leading the world.

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The Art Gallery

by Anthony Davey 7SB

"How ghastly", declared the figure in front of me, with a disdainful twitch of his mouth.

"... they let anyone into these places now-a-days" replied his friend with a burning sense of indignation, "... it's one of the problems with staging a free exhibition."

"Do you know Geoffrey that I regard this gallery as a colourful temple of contemporary art, with creations which dance on the very boundaries of our imagination," he continued with his chest expanded, head held aloft — staring absently with a glazed look in his eyes.

Then they recalled themselves from the reverie-tutted and looked daggers in all directions.

I recoiled my hands into the pockets of my Peter Storm and rustled nervously with the tattered ends of a packet of Polo mints. Hazarding a glance along the queue I could see the object of Geoffrey's displeasure; he was contentedly unaware of the mirror storm he had brewed.

He was a long shabby figure, his back haunched into a filthy brown raincoat which flapped disconsolately around his knees. His trousers and shoes had seen better days; indeed better years, and he did not appear to be wearing any shirt at all! His blue bleary eyes were sunk into a hollow face, which was bespattered with sores. His sharp chin was decorated with at least a week's stubble and his brow bore the evidence of a thousand worries.

"It's a pity they couldn't remove him," declared Geoff, "and let us enjoy one of the few civilised pleasures there is to be had today." His friend sighed in agreement.

We took our place along with the other art-worshippers, waiting with keen anticipation for the tour of the newly opened gallery to begin. It was long and narrow with a dimly lit roof. Most of the lighting came from skilfully placed spotlights which highlighted the various works on display. The room dividers not only provided extra hanging space but had the dual effect of producing a miniature maze in the middle of the room.

We got a tantalising glimpse of the awaiting treasures as Roderick Smythe, the well known art critic, arrived. Pausing only to favour our scruffy companion with a baleful glare, he directed his Van Dyke beard at us, and launched himself into his speech. "Ladies and Gentlemen", he bleated in a voice not unlike that of a distressed sheep, "I am pleased to be able to accompany you on an exploration of some of the work of Ireland's greatest contemporary artists."

He "went on" for a while about the : ". . . idealism of the artist in the land of the Philistine who did not recognise himself."

Geoffrey and his friend turned, smiled and nodded casually to each other at Roderick's flagrant remark, but they bore with him all the same.

Delighted at the revelation that I wasn't a Philistine, I was beginning to doubt my ability to stick Roderick's high pitched bleat for the duration of the appointed hour.

Roderick informed us how to overcome disequilibrium in a Hybrid composition using the fusion of linear design but still retaining the principles of unity . . . but of course, how could one forget the principles of unity — isn't it obvious?

As these explanations flew over my head to other equally confused plebs, Geoffrey and his friend moved their heads knowingly and agreed with Roderick. Roderick was a middle aged man of bony structure, adorned with a large owlish pair of thick black-rimmed spectacles. He seemed to be cursed from birth by a deformed haircut which swept greasily back, depositing avalanches of dandruff onto the jacket of his brown corduroy suit. For the next hour we walked around the gallery while subjected to the most crucifyingly boring speech my ears have ever endured.

I lived through a nightmare of identical gallons of brightly coloured paint splashed haphazardly onto acres of unsuspecting canvas; whilst Roderick assaulted my ears, bleating about the mysteries of light colour rendition, shade balance, tonal control and delicate brushwork — none of which were vaguely visible in the monstrosities we had just witnessed.

"Geoffrey dear, come and see this divine little work down here by the photographic section," propositioned his friend (as he re-positioned his red rimmed glasses with a purposeful push of his index finger).

My stomach would heave at such comments.

Battered into a stupor we entered the photographic section of the gallery. (The scruffy companion included).

On reflection this next episode was one of those contemptibly little things that suggest possibilities of the infinitely great. A party of myself, Geoffrey, and his friend and two others stopped at a high-key portrait of a young boy. The photograph was signed "Leonard Cross" in the bottom right-hand corner. The boy was gazing over his left shoulder, trying to behold one of those inevitably invisible answers we all search for in reflective moments. A soft light which fell upon the fresh young body accentuated the contours and delicacy of his skin.

The photograph seemed to unhinge a curious look in Geoffrey's friend. He was wearing a wry smile which perverted his whole face, deep wrinkles conspired around the edges of his eyes: I shuddered. There was something of the imp about him. The boy gazed on naively uninhibited of their prying eyes.

For me this photograph overshadowed all the others and all the printings for that matter. It was stunning. Sheer simplicity, yet stunning. "Not . . ." gruntled Geoff's friend as he attempted to clear his throat. The photograph had aroused some emotion in him also.

After a short period we were marched into the waiting room to sign the very first visitors book. Geoff and his friend, preferring to use their own pen, stood back as the ever present vagrant hobbled off. Next to sign I noticed Geoffrey's signature, but it was the much more distinct one, above his friends which really caught my eye.

It read "Leonard Cross".

The Favour

by Eamon Rice 5G

Being naturally greedy, broke and without scruples I was the obvious choice and he knew it. He said it was 'love at first sight' but having seen her on at least four occasions I knew he was in for a serious disappointment. It had happened to him before but Brendan made it a policy never to learn by his mistakes.

'Who's to know? Keep your head down and keep pushing' he said splashing on the 'Clearasil' followed by 'Brut' followed by an Indian Wardance and chant of an unknown origin. The smelly brown overall was handed to me ceremoniously.

"Don't forget Mr. Bunny," he said in an unnaturally anxious voice, as he squeezed a fiver into my unscrupulous paw. Thinking it best not to question him on this point I side-stepped through a haze of "Minto Mouth fresher."

"Here's looking at you kid" I drawled. Boy was he in for a shock!

It was a mellow autumn night, the air was still but heavy with a rich earthy smell. From the road the supermarket resembled a still from a Spielberg set - an aurora of colours spilling into the darkness. On a closer inspection myriads of life forms were in abundance.

The sliding doors gave an indifferent whoosh as I passed. No one questioned the 'stand in' being students themselves, the guild of trolly boys merely gave the customary nod and asked if I knew of any parties . Brendan it would appear was dispensible.

My rota read "Front right — sweeping and pea stacking" — I lost my cool momentarily but regained composure as an oversized brush was handed to me and I was prodded out into the night.

It was a shock to the system - I hadn't bargained on being humiliated. Sweeping — I had never swept in my life before never mind wield this monstrosity, with its five foot head. I tried to look casual and brush at the same time. I defy anyone, with the exception of those above six foot four, to sweep without causing themselves serious injury. I hid myself in the darker areas of the forecourt and cursed my greed.

"Hey you!" squaked a strongly unfeminine voice "you're wanted, they're waiting on the peas." Several heads turned in my direction as I made my way shame faced, to the store.

"Themins have to go on the shelves now". Oh God! the degradation. With labelling gun set to 14p, I attacked the marrow fats; the old cliches bagan to make sense 'slave labour', 'ancillary staff', 'shop floor workers', 'mean ways', 'job satisfaction' but I did it - I labelled eight cases of 75 x 500g - the new language was second nature now. I leaned back and rested my head on the pineapple rings. Then the warning went up.

"8.30, trolliers or we'll never get out!"

The pea labelling had a 'Quasimodo' effect on my body but I breathed in the night air, now cooler and with a hint of rain.

Whistling the theme from 'Rawhide' I carried a line of trollies into place 'Yippee'. The hint had now become a down pour. With plastic bag on my head, I made for shelter.

'Williamson!' I ran regardless - the voice screached again.

'Williamson!' Oh. That's me!

Pivoting on the spot I made towards the voice of authority. I lowered my head in humble and hopefully non-recognizable posture. 'Yess sur?' I said -ingratiatingly. I hoped the plastic bag on my head helped confuse the pinstripped trolly boss man.

"Mr. Bunn" he said.

I gulped, where had I heard this before.

"You have been warned," he snapped.

I followed him, bewildered, to the store front. He stopped in front of a grotesque rabbit, complete in 'Beatrix Potter' outfit. Instead of a stomach the beast hugged a large bin overflowing with crisp bags, coke tins and discarded children.

Bending down he circled the 'Lepus Cunniculus' and inched him from the store wall. Lodged behind the cunning animal were numerous wrappers and cider bottles.

"Can you explain this Williamson!"

No I couldn't — nor could I explain why I impulsively removed the brown nylon overall and jammed it between Mr. Bunny's moulded plastic ears.

As I walked away from the situation, insults ringing in my ears, I wondered about Brendan's future job prospects and smiling rubbed the fiver between my fingers.

Mary Russell

by Donnach McKenna 7SA

She was born of mixed parentage - her father was female and famous for it, and her mother was male. They differed also, in the clothes they habitually wore: her father wore a long black dress, with a thick belt made from the same material, wrapped round his waist, and hanging down at the side, and a glimpse of his starched white collar barking round his neck; and her mother wore a dark, respectable pinstripe suit.

However, there were more differences between them and their daughter, such as age: - at least six years separated them (and heaven knows how many miles) but most of all they were black and she was white, unlike most Caucasians (who were really a bit pink).

One day, though, she was walking down the street, when a man came up to her and said ". . . turn off the old mind, relax and float downstream . . ." but she didn't bother. The next day a thunderbolt accidently fell from the sky, and severely killed her — so much that she fatally died. These two events on the two different days were totally unconnected, except in so far as everything is connected to everything else, as someone once said, and recent scientific experiments have shown.

Short Cut Home

by John Mallon 4F

It was night. There was little light apart from the few rays of moonlight which evaded the eclipsing clouds from time to time. The murky depth of the sky was filled with deep and sinister shades of grey and blue. Hell itself had enshrouded the country. Night time had fallen.

The trees protruded out into the darkness. There was little sound hence the steady rustle of the green deciduous leaves in the cool night air and the occasional steady beat of the crickets calling their ritual cry.

Jason Styner left his office at the same time that night as he had always done. Mechanically carrying out actions obtuse in his mind and feelings. His medium built body was enshrouded in a clerical type dusty-coloured suit. His right hand was grasping the handle of an executive black brief case. He could feel the breeze buffet against the skin on his face. To him it was warm and pleasing which gave him the urge to walk the short distance to his apartment block. He was just like any other office worker in Los Angeles.

The path passing the graveyeard led out onto 48 and 9th. An expansive road which led onto outer suburbs of L.A. Commuters travelled too and fro in their estate cars. Occasionally a limousine would cruise by, heads turning with glances. Mutterings of 'lucky for some', slipped from the travellers' mouths. The occasional curse would come from those who had a late night.

The path was a mere trail of dirt. Tufts of grass congregated at the verges to form kerbs. On one side, thick unpenetrable bush blocked the way out. On the other was the graveyard. Open and wild. Headstones marked, lost wandering souls. Rotting maggot eaten flesh lies buried under a six foot mass of dirt. The graveyard was not used any more now. Markus Davenport was the last corpse laid to rest back in 1978. Died of a haemorrhaging of the brain after a car accident.

Ever since stories and myths have wandered without support through the ears of the inhabitants of the estate adjacent.

Part of the graveyard was believed to have been unhallowed. The sacred ground was thought to have not been big enough during the 1976 out-break of typhoid where the surrounding area's population was more than halved.

They just dug more graves and buried them all, whether it was in a graveyard or not. Today however the graveyard is desolate and quiet. The occasional rabbit and rat are all the visitors it has apart from the wind. Over grown and weed-stricken the mortuary is alone - waiting.

The rhythmical beat of his shoes beat out as he walked along the paved footpath. Jason Styner or Jason to those who knew him, was a hardworking heavyminded sort of person. His attitude towards work was one of great admiration and respect - infact an outsider would say it was like a religion. Religion was not very high on his list of important thoughts. He lived a subsistence life, taking each day as it came, being heavy minded and headstrong, whenever he set out to do something, nothing would stand in his way. Well, almost nothing.

He left the main footpath and took the dusty track. During the daytime he had taken this path, often going to work, but now he relied on his senses to guide him through the abyss of shadows. The mouth-watering scent of the lush grass tinged the hairs in his nostrils. The night seemed peaceful. The cock-roaches seemed to be in collaboration with the eerie darkness. They lived together in solitude, giving warnings to those who intruded.

Jason's thoughts were few as he plodded his way down that dirt trail. 'I have to feed Jack'. This sentence kept penetrating his mind. Jack was his scrawny torn cat. Survival came to it through living most of its vicious life in the back allies of L.A. until Jason took it in. Either through the goodness of his heart or loneliness, he was responsible for its upkeep. Unnoticeable to Jason Styner, the atmosphere had become close. Pressure from above or below, was enclosing one mans' oxygen. Maybe it was slowly suffocating him, killing a man when he didn't even know. Is this nature's revenge for the destruction man has placed on it. The haven of light from the main path evaded the retinae of his eyes.

'Somethings wrong!' Darted his thoughts after his senses were aroused. In quick glances his eyes surveyed his nearby environment. Beside him lay the remains of people gone by. Behind was all still, and dark. He swung his head around pendulum like to come vertical with his Adam's apple. He froze. His eyes caught in a magnetic gaze. Staring beyond mortal belief. His mouth was a gap, his body stagnant. Fear flowed into each of his limbs, pouring, spilling onto his nerves. Paralysed by his own fear. Whether his mind was experiencing a lapse or it was real, it didn't matter to Jason Styner. The figure that intruded on the path in front of him was real enough. The figure was once that of a person, knarled now by death. Bat flaps of leather type skin hung precariously from pieces of decapitated flesh. Like grey fillings in a perfect file of teeth. Half an eyeball grotesquely maggot eaten. The other staring wildly at Jason Styner. Ragged clothes stank with the smell of decay, rotting simultaneously with the body. Standing limp this creature either came from hell or a films special effects crew. Eaten by death his body was infested by decay.

He stopped breathing at first - it was shock then his body wouldn't let him resume to normal. His heart slowed to a stop. A throbbing collided at his brain, penetrating his health and life. The lack of exercise of the past five years paid off. His body could not hold the awesome shock and sight which faced him. He died of shock.

Jason Styner's body lay motionless. A cool breeze ruffled the thin hairs on the nape of his neck. Arms lay symmetrical to his side, face breathing the fine wind blown coarse dust. Was it real or just a trick of the mind? Whatever, it cost Jason Styner his life, and it was gone now. Maybe it diffused into its own world again, into darkness, into Jason's dead mind. The night laughed. No it couldn't. Or could it? Whatever, that was some short cut home.

Four Minute Warning

by Donnach McKenna 7SA

New Clear War is no fun, it must be emphasised. You might have thought picking mushrooms was boring but picking mushroom clouds is even less than that. Basically the theory is, you defend peace, love, freedom, Christian values and law and order etc by vaporising millions of innocent Russians (who have it bad enough under a dictatorship, as it is), while the leaders of the Communist Party (the baddies) stay in their bunkers.

But what if the unthinkable should happen? Many people have been thinking about that. The first and most important thing is not to panic after all its only the probable end of the human race and a few other species, and you'll never have to worry about radiation from Sellafield or Chernobyl or getting up on a Monday morning, and it'll certainly reduce the unemployment figures. (It'll also reduce the employment but you can't have everything).

What to do after you haven't panicked? Opinion is divided on this point. We asked several celebrities, pupils of this school, people we know and people we met in the Greenan, what they think you should do when the 4 minute warning was given:

Run a Mile (Roger Bannister)
Medium Boil an Egg (Delia Smith)
Get your hair cut (Vidal Sasson)
Soft boil and eat an egg (Delia Smith)
Give £2,000 to someone you haven't met
(Geoffrey Archer)
Do a triathlon (Mr. K. Morgan)
Hard boil an egg using gamma rays (Delia Smith)
Drink a bottle of Malibu
Drink 24 pints (at 8 seconds per pint plus 2 seconds to be sick in between).
Smoke how much marajuana?
And some other less printable things including
Read "Protect and Survive" (Government Spokesman)

Today and Yesterday

by John Hamill 4H

I remember when I was young the world was a totally different place. I lived on a Welsh farm which was situated on top of a valley. It was beautiful. I used to go out at night, to feel the cool soft breeze on my face. I would sit on one particular rock and look at the sky until my neck hurt. The clouds stained pink by the dying sun moved gently across the horizon. Streams sprang like leeks from the sides of the valley and met in the torrents of water at the bottom. The river emptied into a glistening lake at the far end of the valley which looked black in the dim light.

It's not like that now though. My beautiful valley has been flooded, to make a reservoir. I've been rehoused in a block of flats in Cardiff. I live five flights up and the lift is constantly out of order. No longer can I admire the night sky, I can barely see it for flats. No longer can I feel the soft breeze on my face, for the sharp cold wind carries the stench of diesel. No longer can I see the beautiful streams, for they have turned to sewers.

I have no garden, no friends, no family, I can't remember the last time I saw a tree, I'm living in hell.

A Memorable Day

by Donal MacManus 2B

I woke at six a.m. to the noise of the boat's engine churning in my ear. For a minute I was dazed and didn't know where I was but then I remembered that I was on my way to watch Manchester United play. This was the day I had always dreamed of. I looked out of the porthole to see the walls of Liverpool harbour moving fast. Shivering with excitement I quickly dressed and rushed on deck. Once off the boat my father and I walked from the harbour to out hotel where we booked in. It was a glamorous hotel with glittering chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. There we had our breakfast before setting off to catch our train to Manchester.

As I sat on the train the excitement built up inside me. When we got off the train we had time to have our lunch and go round the shops in Manchester for a while until at 2.00 p.m. we began to make our way to the ground. Although it was still an hour before kick-off people were bustling through the turnstiles in their hundreds.

Once we were in the ground and had got our seats we sat and watched a sea of red and white scarves fill the stadium. At five minutes to three there was a massive roar that echoed all round the arena as the United Team entered the ground.

During the match there was a fantastic atmosphere and when United scored there was an absolutely deafening roar. When the final whistle blew and the loyal supporters began to file out through the exits talking about the game, I sat in silence cherishing the moment, knowing that I would never as long as I live forget that day.

One Summers Day

by David Hughes 3C

The rays of sun fought through the branches of the trees, leaving beams of light engaged throughout the forest. The remaining dead leaves lay scattered over the ground while fresh green shoots began to appear from the soil beneath. The sun's heat was intense and every animal looked for shelter from this great powerful God. The trees stood tall and the squirrels worked labouriously as they climbed up and down storing their food for the winter months ahead.

The sound of rushing waters and chirping birds bathing themselves to keep cool filled the area with noise. Here the sun shone brightest as ever and you had no way of escaping it. The water was cool and refreshing and the heat was sticky and unbearable.

As I left the forest I was confronted by fields covered by a plaque of colours beautiful to the eye. They stretched for many miles and like a rainbow their end could not be seen. The sun belted at my face and my cheeks grew rosy and my lips went dry. As I walked through the fields the first summer breeze carelessly brushed past my face and relieved me from the strong rays of the sun.

As the day drew to a halt the sun began to fade and the once beautiful countryside became nothing but a black smudge on the face of the earth.

John F's Sin

by Donnach McKenna 7SA

Life was on a downbeat for John F. It had been slowly, sinking and sinking down. Down, ever since he had been the first person to deliberately and coldbloodedly decide to bring the dreaded, deadly drug of 'crack' to the other side of the Atlantic, out of pure greed. The drug that takes nine seconds to become addicted to,and longer to take. Not that he was the first to bring it across, but he was the first to do so without any 'mitigating circumstances' — like a habit of his own to feed. The power and money that dealing in such an addictive drug as crack, he thought he would relish; but the defeated addicts living/dying in their crumbling shells, at his feet were a nuisance, bringing him on down - not up.

Inevitably, and not eventually, it was that he looked to crack himself, and was hooked, ready to die. Life couldn't seem to get much lower down: he mixed three vials of £7 crack together, and quickly inhaled the killing pleasure. He went up, up higher than he had ever been, as he gasped and gasped, so high he thought he could be leaving his body. Then he accelerated down, down lower than he had ever been.

John F passed out on the doorway. When he awoke, he had gone through the doorway and his head was filled with a strange ringing. Crack - he wanted more - he wanted more crack.

He espied a building, surrounded by 'junkies', that was familiar, across the waste ground, in the distance. He needed crack; crack he needed, and he started to run. He gasped. He ran. He started to gasp. He ran faster, gasping, but the building was constantly moving further into the distance. He gasped harder, running but he never knew he would never reach it.

He stopped beside a hut he hadn't noticed before, 3 yards by 6. He was dragged through the door. Inside were two boys and a girl, whom they each had an arm round, smoking crack. The girl maybe seemed vaguely familiar, possibly an ex-girlfriend he had used . . . or hadn't she died of a crack overdose . . . or is it her sister . . .? She was only an old hag anyway. He stared at them, they were oblivious.

There was a small door behind them through which he ran, falling down, along a corridor. A piece of glass stood at the other end, with someone old and wrinkled and evil-looking, but very, indeed too, familiar, on the side. John F. stared, trying to remember who the other person was. He ran towards the glass. The other person gasped.

The glass smashed itself into a million silvery smithereens, falling and cracking like an infinite number of pieces of ice and raindrops, sticking in his hair and body, and all over him. There was a garden. It was a bright green luscious garden with high hedgerows and low beautiful rose bushes. A clear blue pond happily in the middle with fish ecstatically jumping in the air, while the birds in their plummage of red, yellow, green, blue and all colours under the rainbow, and some which weren't, flew with that contentment, only found in nature's surroundings of unbridled freedom and beauty, in a technicolour of brighter than bright wildflowers, roses, tulips and greenery. There was no crack here . . .

There was no crack here: the whole scene shimmered before John F's very eyes, and he started to run and gasp up a rocky, desolate slope. He reached a ledge, out of breath, and looked up and around and down. He could see an infinite number of ledges and slopes below, around him, above him, there was light mist and one or two more ledges. He grabbed onto rocks, cutting himself frantically climbing. He was up on another ledge wearied, yet not feeling anything, He grappled with more rocks, tearing his clothes, losing consciousness, he hit his head off a rock as he saw a distant building.

He awoke, having passed through a door, and as he ran, he reached a hut, where a witch and two wizened demons sat unseemingly, and up a rocky slope there was a door with someone lying there, pushed through, cracked up . . .

Cold Comfort

Vincent Curran 4H

The icy wind cut into my face as I watched the driving snow transform the land into a barren waste. A line of footsteps stalked me silently through the street.

My friend's breath clouded the sky as we trudged in monotonous silence through stiff icy streets cloaked in unblemished white. A sudden car tore the silence and as our conversation rose, our hearts were lifted.

As the car began to purr in the distance our conversation faltered and silence was victorious.

The imposing iron gates stood as silent guards as we passed and revealed to us a large building well centred on a carpet of white.

The hot wind of the centre melted our faces as we broke into eager conversation. We approached the receptionist with an eager smile. Our faces shattered as she said: "Heating system broken down, too cold for children over eighteens only!"

We stared in disbelief as our hours of enthusiastic planning slipped before our eyes.

The crisp snow paved a path as we wondered home, the holy silence was dared only to be broken by the crunching of the snow under our feet.

The empty uninviting roads held a desirable reward for our icy toils. As I lay in silent rapture by the glorious fire the heat tickling my loins reminded myself that there was always tomorrow.

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"The Halfling"

by Michael Creagh 4D

Eighteen shimmering clouds of steam rose and mingled in the country air, coming from eighteen chattering mouths. And eighteen roughly uniformed figures clambered around the grey standing stones that were widely circled in a hedge enclosed field. A tall dark-haired man in a blue anorak strode to one of the stones and leaned a bony hand on its lichen rough side.

'Right, 'Four S', these stones have been here for three thousand years. Let's not spoil their good record, eh lads!' he bellowed sarcastically, 'Gather round till I fill you in on their history.' The boys cascaded around their teacher like a motley band of outlaws.

'Okay, this is the third site today. Don't ask me what it's called because some idiot has stolen the information board. But roughly this is the usual type of stone circle you get in Ireland. Probably used for Druidic worship and that sort of thing . . .'

'Like Stonehenge, sir?' came a voice.

'Mm . . . no. Not really. Forget about Stonehenge, McFadden, this is Ireland. Stonehenge is thought to be a big ancient . . . well . . . clock of sorts. These stone circles were purely ritual. Although who knows the truth?'

'Call yourself a history teacher, sir?'

'Here, don't get smart with me, Rafferty!' retorted the teacher. 'Anyway, as I was saying, the stone circle is steeped in ritual and magic. Look, you see up on the ridge there, near the chapel, the small hill with the tree on it. Well its a common belief that those are 'sids' or fairy dwellings. And that one's in perfect alignment with the centre stone.

'Now the Fairies, or the Daoine Sidhe to give them their title, were the gods of the ancient Celts of Ireland. They called them the Tuatha Dé Danann but we won't go into that now. But it could well be something to do with the placing of this circle. Isn't that right, Fintan O'Neill?' He was directing his question at a thin, fair boy who stood by one of the stones gazing dreamily into the circle.

Fintan O'Neill was an orphan living with his aunt. Quite a well liked boy, painfully conscientous and generous to a fault although sharp-tempered and very sensitive. He had always been considered somewhat odd because of his attitudes. These, together with his appreciation of nature and other strange ways, was often the butt of his classmates' jokes. Most people connected this strangeness with his being an orphan; needing some way to channel his feelings. No-one knew what had actually happened to his parents.

'Sorry, Sir?' he asked feebly, realizing that all eyes were on him.

'Pay attention, O'Neill, thats a good lad; get a bit of culture into you.'

'Sorry, Sir.' said Fintan resignedly.

'There's Fintan would know all about Fairies wouldn't you, Fintan. Give him a magic wand and he'd be round the daisies like a shot!' Numerous sniggers came from the class. The cynical remark came from the sneering face of John Doran, the class 'Smart Alec'. Fintan swung round and stared angrily into John's eyes. Malice and rage burned in his flickering pupils and stung John like a red hot poker. The boy began to panic and cower away from Fintan until he could stand the overwhelming glare no more.

'Stop it, Fintan! Stop it! stop looking at me. Please! Sir, Sir!'

'Right, you two, stop it and watch your mouth Doran'. Fintan relaxed and looked back into the circle. John Doran sighed with relief and looked at the other boy in astonishment.

'You're weird, O'Neill, you really are!' he said, eyeing Fintan warily.

When the teacher had finished briefing them on the stone circle and its history, he clapped his hands and looked at his watch.

'Okay, it's three o'clock, let's be making tracks. There's two more sites to see yet. Move it.' The boys scattered around the field, all making their way to the gate. Although one boy stayed. Fintan's hands clung to the stone that he was beside, caressing it thoughtfully. He turned his head to glimpse the last remnants of the scraggily class go through the gate.

He looked in at the centre stone then to the sid sitting alone on the ridge, then the stone again and its cold, stony eyes looked solemnly at Fintan; its cold stony mouth blew dark enchanting music into his heart. He stepped forward but fear beckoned him not to enter the ancient and secretive circle.

Half of Fintan cringed in terror, the other leaped with a strange delight as he cautiously ventured inside the circle, each step a heartbeat. As he approached the centre all sound died and Fintan became engrossed in the stone before him. He reached out and rested his hands on its black, mishapen brow.

For minutes he stared longingly at the shoulder-high rock. But then an invisible impulse coaxed his eyes up towards the fairy sid, his hands followed as they rose into the air to behold the dwelling of the Daione Sidhe. The sky awoke with thunder, his heart raced like a valley's rapids and his muscles tightened like a whipchord. As the clouds engulfed the sun they day darkened to an early twilight.

The heavens spewed forth belts of rain that washed the ravens out of the trees and brought the sun down to set like a feather floating to earth, casting the countryside alight with red. Fintan watched the distant sid open to reveal a vaguely glistening doorway. He began to breathe heavily with exhilaration. His mind carried him meanderingly to the doorway. His thoughts soon became faint hearing only a mournful but beautiful crying likened to that of a lady. It cut through his very soul bringing sorrow and joy, the pain of death and the music of everlasting life. He dropped to the ground under the shadow of the standing stone.

Fintan woke with a start. He was looking into a clear blue sky. No stone stood over him. A warm gentle breeze brushed his hair.

He remained still until hearing a sombre but eloquent voice speaking his name.

'Failté romhat, Fintan Ui Neill, thy time hast come and ends are to be met with beginnings.'

When Fintan rose he indeed saw that all was not as it had been. He was in another Ireland. A beautiful green and mountainous land drenched in golden sun that issued sparkles on the dew-laden grass. Every tree was abundant with ripe fruit, every visible field yielding fine crops. Then Fintan's eyes went to the man before him, tall and well-shaven wearing a fine blue tunic with golden patterns lavishing it, green trousers and a flowing red cloak, the dressing of a very great Celt. He also bore a gleaming sword and a shield bearing a red hand and a red branch; his golden head-band was fronted by a dog's head. Beside him stood a lady of great beauty clad in white gauze and a blue cloak that met the ground and crowned with her long black

hair. Fintan got to his feet but remained silent, his head bowed.

'The Banshee has heralded the hour of thy return, our hearts gladden to welcome thee, son of the Tuatha Dé Danann.' The lady said outstretching her arms. The man continued, 'Thy mortal life of frustration and discontent has ended. Thou art set free from the binding body. Thou will return to thy mothers bosom and take once more thy place amongst the Daione Sidhe and the ancient heroes of Erin. I, Hound of Culan,'' and pointing to the lady ''Queen Fionnuala of the Fairy-folk beseech thee to return to the glory of the Sidhe, the Tuatha Dé Danann.'

Fintan was still silent but his lips moved with the words 'I will'. Fintan O'Neill's eyes caressed the beauty of his home and his heart embraced the land of 'Tir na n-Óg'

He looked behind him over the ocean and saw the dark mountains of his past life sink below the horizon. He was home.

Staff Snooker Competition



Mr. Philip Cullen being presented with the winners cheque by the "sponsor" J. Donnelly. It was a "rubber" cheque. In the final Mr. P. Cullen defeated Mr. Paul Morris.

Paul Cooper

B.Sc., M.P.S.

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Steppin' Out

by Neill McKenna

In June I left the relatively sheltered and secluded environment of St. Mary's and took a first tentative step into effective independence. It is an adjustment that I confess is not easy to make. Anyone who leaves their schooldays without a feeling in their stomach and a headful of memories has not benefited from them.

But the year is also a sobering reminder that I am well and truly into my three score years and ten, and to dwell on memories borders on escapism. I have made a commitment and I owe it to no one but myself to fulfil it. As from now I am answerable to no one but myself for my failure or otherwise. The reader may accuse me of pedantry but I believe I voice only the opinions of all those who leave St. Mary's. While most baton themselves under a veneer of off-hand cynicism, I have been asked to express them in writing.

Heraclitus said "Much learning does not teach a man intelligence." While St. Mary's is first and foremost a centre of education, and viewed cynically, a kind of academic conveyor belt, there is an ineluctable camaraderie which pervades the school, a binding undercurrent which supercedes all the visual evidence to the contrary - an atmosphere which will be all but lost in an indifferent society.

If pupils at St. Mary's learn anything it is the value of living with such an atmosphere in their lives, and the relaxation and friendship it fosters. To those in lower years, I would say — enjoy them. I can say with every confidence that you will never experience anything like them again - ever. (Subliminal PR exercise over).

My ineffable gratitude goes to all my teachers who taught, trained and counselled me. A school is only as good as its teachers, and while examination results speak volumes, a teacher's value goes beyond these.

I must also take this opportunity to thank the headmaster for his liberal attitudes to senior pupils. While other schools may pursue and enforce rules on smoking, uniform etc with Victorianesque zeal, St. Mary's stance has contributed to the relaxed atmosphere I have mentioned, and consequently, the schools academic success. Shunning obsequiousness, might I also, on behalf of the seventh years of '86 - '87 pay a tribute to a most valuable resource — the one man careers department!

While before I found myself on the inside looking out, longing to break the bonds of the ill perceived "oppressive" regime, a feeling which took precedence in my last year at St. Mary's, to find oneself on the outside looking in is an immeasurably more painful experience for me at any rate.

I feel it appropriate to end with a quotation from Oliver Goldsmith, which while not following the general theme of the article is nevertheless humorous, and from his point of view puts learning firmly in perspective!

"Let school masters puzzle their brain,
With grammar and nonsense and learning,
Good liquor I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning."

Who's Who in St. Mary's

by Gerald Hyland 7LC

1. Which French teachers' support for a Scottish Football team is so vivid that he can remember when they last won a European Trophy?
2. Which Mathematics teacher is renowned for his swimming, cycling and running - often in one competition?
3. Which P.E. teachers' comment, "You pay your money, you take your chance" might well refer to school trips?
4. Which English teachers' spirited reading of plays has led some to believe that his true vocation was to be a Royal Shakespearian actor — Literary Editor of the Simmarian deposed in bloodless coup?
5. Which non-teaching member of staff can often be heard whistling and singing in the corridors?
6. Which high ranking member of staff can still be heard muttering the two word that strike fear into the entire junior school — "White Socks"!
7. Which teacher relys on the phrase "What do you think, do you have an opinion or don't you care?" Hint — DUP, SDLP etc.
8. Which senior P.E. teacher is often praised for his exploits on a Sunday afternoon in a daily newspaper.
9. Which History teacher (ex staff goalkeeper) asked not to be included in this article — Hint: Editor in Chief of the Simmarian?
10. Which English Teacher, often mysteriously, puts up posters advertising his basketball teams' matches?

Crucigrama Espanola

SPANISH CROSSWORD

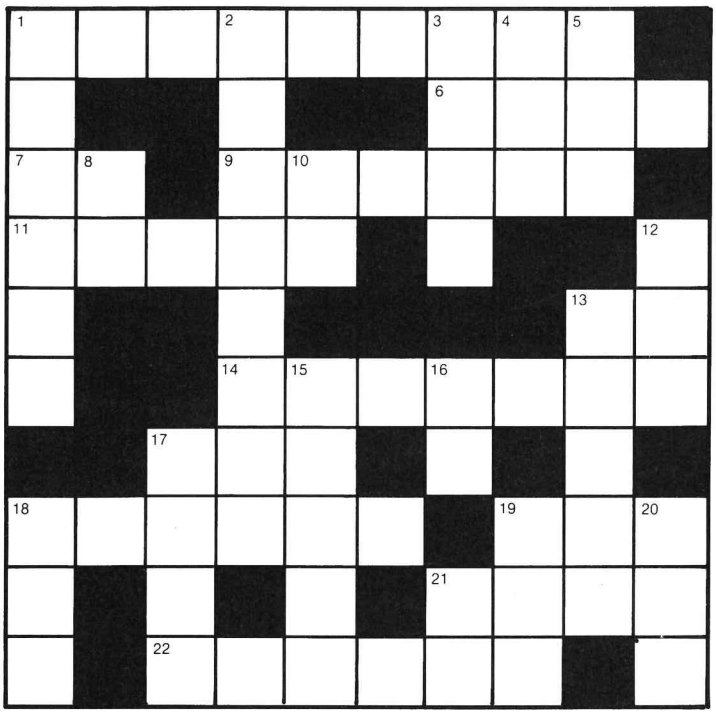
by Conor O'Neill 7LC and Mark McKenna 7LB

Horizontales:

1. Yo compre discos y ellos . . . . . tres
6. Los necesitas para ver
7. La tienda . . . . . supermercado
9. Cosas que se jeugan, pero no son juegos
11. Lo contratio de recibe
14. Los ninos dan las gracias cuando . . . . . regalos
17. Que hora es? . . . . . las ocho
18. Tercero cuarto . . . . .
19. Cuando no tienes bastante, quieres . . . . .
21. Se puede beber de una taza o de un . . . . .
22. Tienes dos; una en cada lado de la cara

Verticales:

1. Cuanto vale O Cuanto? . . . . .
2. LLamaron al camarero y . . . . . la cuenta
3. Una piedra muy grande
4. Singular del 6 horizontal
5. Siemple . . . . . levantamos a las seis
8. El apartmento . . . . . casa
10. Yo Voy al cine; adonde quieres . . . . . tu?
12. Lo contration del 14 horizontal
13. Los otros o los . . . . .
15. Costa Rica se encuentra . . . . . Panama y Nicaragua
16. Lo contrario de venir
17. El nino ha . . . . . muy bueno (del verbo ser)
18. Mexico es mas grand . . . . . Espana
19. Significa pero; se escribo como el 19 horizontale



20. Es algo que brilla en el cielo, pero no es la luna
21. Yo voy a llegar a las dos y Carlos . . . . . a llegar a las tres.

SOLUTION TO SPANISH CROSSWORD

HORIZONTALES:- 1. COMPRARON 6. OJOS 7. EL 9. DISCOS 11. SALIR 14. RECIBEN 17. SON 18. QUINTO 19. MAS 21. VASO 22. OREJAS — **VERTICALES:-** 1. WESTA 2. PEDIARON 3. ROCA 4. OJA 5. NOS 6. OCA 7. ESTA 8. LA 9. DIARON 10. IR 12. DAN 13. DEMAS 15. ENTRE 16. IR 17. SIDO 18. QUE 19. MAS 20. SOL 21. VA

Wordsearch

Find the Teacher's surname

by Paul Sweeney

C	A	S	S	I	D	Y	M	L	N
C	T	B	G	T	C	C	G	E	O
A	R	O	P	R	E	Y	E	X	L
K	A	A	E	J	L	R	A	R	N
E	C	I	R	C	B	K	R	S	O
C	E	K	R	M	O	R	Y	D	C
R	Y	L	Y	L	L	E	K	O	G
B	A	R	R	Y	Z	L	U	O	A
H	E	G	A	R	T	Y	V	W	C

1. Cassidy
2. Conlon
3. Breen
4. Perry
5. Rice
6. Kelly
7. Hegarty
8. Geary
9. Tracey
10. Woods
11. O'Prey
12. Barry

FOOTBALL TEAMS PUZZLE

by Paul O'Neill 2D

Find ten football teams in the squares and give their bearings.

One is already done

(A.12)(B.12)(C.12)(D.12)(E.12)(F.12)(G.12)

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
A	A	S	T	J	O	H	N	S	T	O	N	E
B	S	S	C	I	K	C	I	T	R	A	P	V
C	R	L	C	U	P	S	J	R	A	S	E	E
D	Y	M	U	U	H	B	T	A	N	L	D	R
E	A	R	S	E	N	A	L	E	M	U	U	T
F	U	G	P	A	R	T	I	H	K	T	U	O
G	Q	Q	X	F	L	M	H	Y	R	S	N	N
H	R	B	L	A	C	K	P	O	O	L	O	E
I	O	V	W	D	R	O	F	E	R	E	H	F
J	T	Z	K	O	N	Z	U	L	B	P	I	O
K	U	A	Y	E	L	S	N	R	A	B	E	B

Answers

(J.1) (I.1) (H.1) (G.1) (F.1) (D.1)
(A.2) (A.3) (A.4) (A.5) (A.6) (A.7) (A.8) (A.9) (A.10) (A.11) (A.12)
(K.10) (K.9) (K.8) (K.7) (K.6) (K.5) (K.4) (K.3)
(E.1) (E.2) (E.3) (E.4) (E.5) (E.6) (E.7)
(H.2) (H.3) (H.4) (H.5) (H.6) (H.7) (H.8) (H.9) (H.10)

(B.2) (C.3) (D.4) (E.5) (F.6) (G.7) (H.8) (I.9) (J.10) (K.11)
(I.11) (I.10) (I.9) (I.8) (I.7) (I.6) (I.5) (I.4)
(B.11) (B.10) (B.9) (B.8) (B.7) (B.6) (B.5)
(F.8) (E.8) (D.8) (C.8) (B.8) (A.8).

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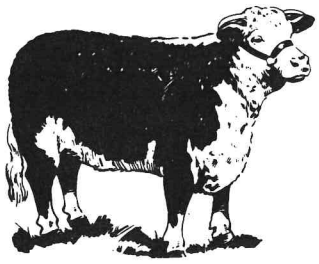




This was completed during the summer and will prove an invaluable resource for the Science/Biology Departments. These new facilities provide an excelent location for meetings of the Botany Club under the auspices of Mr. J. McAuley.

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Subbuteo in Northern Ireland

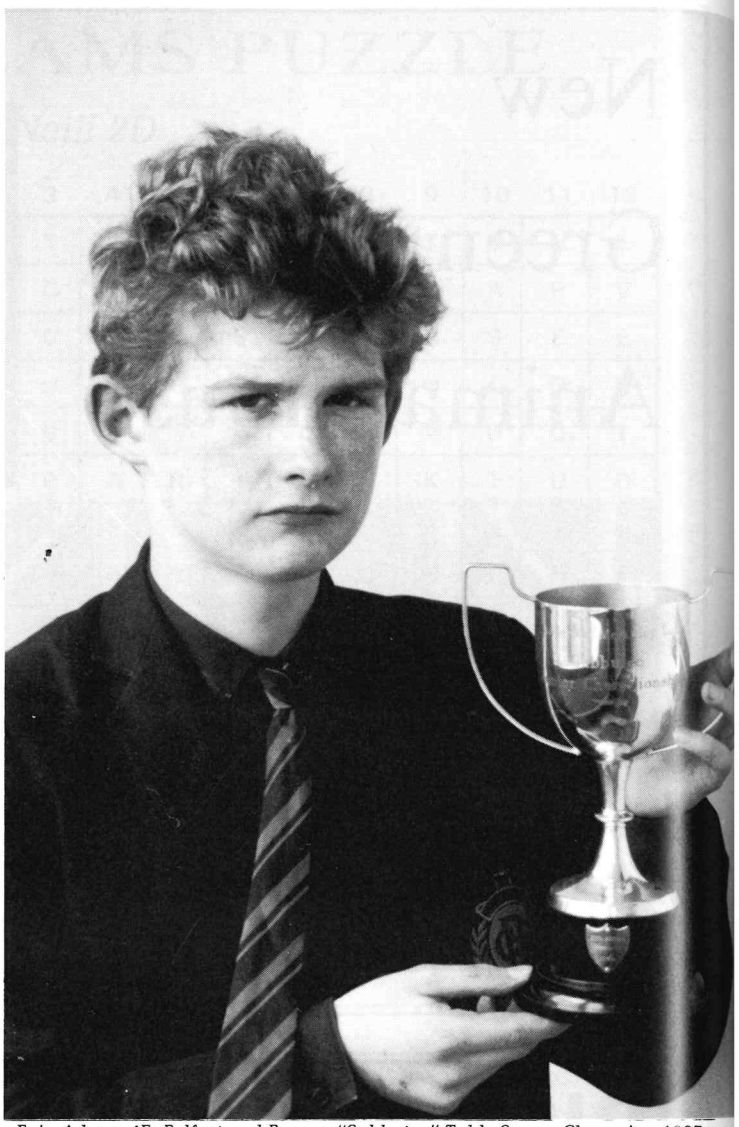
by Eoin Adams 4E

A pastime which is increasing in popularity in the past couple of years is Subbuteo, or table football. I speak from first-hand knowledge being the reigning (1986) Belfast Junior Champion, runner up in the 1986 North Down Open, and one of the top seeds in the Northern Ireland 1987 Championships which have been played by the time you read this article.

I began playing in July 1985 and realising the best way to progress was to associate with the best, I joined the Subbuteo Association and found out who the best players in the province were. I received my reply a fortnight later, enclosing details and fortunately the best players lived very near to me so after a few letters and phonecalls I was ready to play my first friendly.

I got off to a bad start losing 9-0 and 6-0 but after the second round the leader of their leagues, the North Down Subbuteo League, David Clegg gave me some leaflets about previous tournaments. Unfortunately their league had broken up due to some members leaving to attend university and they did not play many matches then.

So, for the next year I played by myself and with a couple of lads in my neighbourhood, my only competitive venture



Eoin Adams 4E, Belfast and Bangor "Subbuteo" Table Soccer Champion 1987.
(Photo R. O'Prey)

2nd East Midlands Championships

Juniors

1	Julian Barker	5	Martin Baker
2	Malcolm Dickson	6	Richard Tooley
3	Joe Morgan	7	Andrew Brackpool
4	Luke Green	8	Darren Coe

Seniors

1	Toby Wright	2	Andrew Boyer

Belfast Open

Juniors

Qtr.-Finals

A. Wallace	3 v 2	J. Oliver
A. Ackinson	0 v 1	P. Sanderson
C. Boyle	0 v 2	W. Bradshaw
E. Adams	5 v 0	G. Graig

Semi-Finals

A. Wallace	1 v 0	W. Bradshaw
P. Sanderson	2 v 3	E. Adams

Final

Allan Wallace	0 v 2	Eoin Adams

Seniors

Semi-Finals

T. Armstrong	0 v 1	M. Cully
D. Clegg	3 v 0	P. Girvan

Final

M. Cully	0 v 2	D. Clegg

Swanley Open

Junior Semi-Finals

D. Green	1 v 0	P. Milbourne
J. Cook	3 v 0	N. Hutchings

Senior Semi-Finals

A. Lee	0 v 2	S. Parton
A. Randall	1 v 0	V. Fitspatrick

Finals

Juniors

J. Cook	1 v 0	D. Green

Seniors

A. Randall	0 v 1	S. Parton

Bangor Open (N. Ireland)

Junior Semi-Finals

S. Russell	8 v 0	N. Crozier
E. Adams	3 v 0	W. Boyd

Senior Semi-Finals

Girvan	2 v 1	Hanna
Clegg	7 v 0	Moore

Finals

Juniors

E. Adams	0 v 3	S. Russell

Seniors

Clegg	2 v 1	Girvan

Leicester Open

Senior	**Junior**
1 B. Varney	J. Cook
2 S. Davis	J. Finch
3 D. Priscoll	D. Green
4 P. Matthews	J. Barker
5 G. Jones	R. Tooley
6 A. Randall	N. Sills
7 A. Boyer	M. Dickson
8 T. Wright	M. Houghton

Yorkshire Open

Senior Semi-Finals

Jason Cook	5 v 0	A. MacDonald
M. Houghton	0 v 2	S. Williamson

Junior Semi-Finals

S. Davis	1 v 2	D. Baxter
J. Finch	1 v 2	N. Spence

Finals

Juniors

Jason Cook	2 v 0	Steve Williamson

Seniors

D. Baxter	1 v 3	Neil Spence

being the 1986 N.I. Championship in April. Incidentally I lost 1-3 in the first round. The chamoionships were won by Stuart McIlIroy in the junior competition (under-16) and Neil Hanna in the Senior (over-16) both of whom I know very well.

They went to Greece that summer, to contest the World Cup which was won by Switzerland (senior) and Italy (junior).

I received the information on how they had done in the Subbuteo News, a paper which is delivered to all members' homes four times per year. Naturally, I was delighted to know that Neil Hanna the senior champion aged 26 had been put in charge of the game in Northern Ireland as he is a friend of mine.

Anyway, I had been practising during the Summer for the next two tournaments in September and October of that year, but nevertheless I thought I was not going to do well even though Stuart McIlIroy, the clubs Junior Champion and Philip Girvan, who beat me 9-0 in my first match were now in the senior division.

So, I went to Clandeboye Shopping Centre, Bangor and imagine my shock when in my first match I hammered a boy, a year older than myself 5-0. This was when I realised I was becoming a good player. I played well for the rest of the day but eventually lost 3-0 in the final to Scott Russell who had previously been in the North Down League. He claimed that this victory a fortnight before his 16th birthday after which he would be ineligible for junior Subbuteo.

Now, convinced that I had the potential to become a winner, I went to Anderson & McAuley three weeks later to contest the Belfast Open. This time I was successful scoring ten goals in three games on my way to the title.

Well that is the tale of my progress in the game so all that remains is for me to do is introduce you to a few basic rules.

The game is based on Soccer with the players being flicked at the ball. There is a line parallel with the goal-line just before the penalty box. Beyond this line, to the net is the shooting area, within which the ball must be for the goal to count. Matches are 10 minutes each way with 6 minutes total extra time and shots to decide results.

Anyone interested in competing in tournaments or maybe even joining a club in the school - contact Eoin Adams 4E.

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Archery - British Junior Championship

by Francis O'Neill 5G

It was Friday night at nine o'clock when the blue Cortina pulled up outside the house. In the car were four people. Marlene Robinson, Joanne Scott, Michael Church and coach Dave Brown. I was waiting at the front door with my case full of archery equipment and my rucksack full of clothing equipment, ready for the long journey to Coventry.

We boarded the Larne-Stranraer ferry at 10.00 pm. and after witnessing our coach sinking a few "bevies" we retired to our cabins for the crossing.

We arrived in Coventry after the four hour journey and went straight to our lodging quarters. The landlady had trouble understanding us because we were Irish. We had trouble understanding the landlady because she was German! We were staying in an old English guesthouse. The first day we went shopping around Coventry city and visited various places of interest or so the tourist information pamphlet said.

The competition was held in Coventry Leisure Centre's main hall to accommodate the one hundred and thirty five Juniors. I had never seen so many juniors in the one place before. The shooting started at 1.00 pm. Everyone had to shoot a 'Portsmouth' which is a total of 60 arrows at a distance of 20 yards at 60cm target face which scores 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, the middle or gold worth ten points measures 3cm radius. My first three arrows were off target and the next nine were not much better, but by the end of the second dozen I was on the leader board with Michael Church only a couple of places behind me. Marlene and Joanne were not far off the leader board in the girls section. At the end of the 4th dozen the scoreboard read F. O'Neill 438; E. Harlin 437, K. Blakely 435 — different names on the board every dozen but by now it read S. Gowers 434, A. Williamson 432, H. Faulkner 418. Marlene was on 412 and Joanne had 298. By the last 6 arrows I was beginning to sweat as I had to slot in a couple of 8's which incidentally is not good. Fortunately my rivals were also feeling the pressure. As the scoreboards are only used at the end of every dozen I was unaware of my position on the leader board but I concluded my efforts with three fine shots, 10, 10, 9.

At the end our scores were myself 560, Michael 523, Marlene 512, Joanne 359. Nobody knew what position they were in until they were called out in typical reverse order fashion:

GIRLS		BOYS	
3rd H. Faulkner	531	3rd K. Blakley	556
2nd S. Gowers	553	2nd C. Martin	559
1st A. Williamson	554	1st F. O'Neill	560

Marlene was just out of the medals and so was Michael both lying in 5th place. Everybody was happy at the end of the day especially me, because I had just won my first ever national competition and by one single point! We then went back to the guest house with a few friends to celebrate with suitable refreshments.

I would like to thank everyone who helped to get a team sent over, and especially my parents without whose assistance I could not have achieved so much.



Champion Archer - Francis O'Neill.

Water Polo

by Jim McClean

The year 1986/87 was yet again a momentous year for our water polo squad. In November of last year the U.16 team travelled to Gormanstown Co. Meath for the Irish U.16 Cup but due to their youth and inexperience returned home with a valuable lesson on which to draw in a year or so's time.

Our senior team however were to demonstrate in March of this year that previous defeats had taught them many salutary lessons. Captained brilliantly by Johnathan Giles and ably assisted by the McMahon Brothers and the Bradley Brothers along with Johnny Quinn, and Frank Gough in goal, the school U.19 team won the All Ireland Senior Schools trophy for the fourth time in the tournament history and for the second time in three years.

The competition was held in the Andersonstown Pool and prior to the final match St. Mary's had defeated Marian College Gormanstown and Colaiste Caoiman all from Dublin. To win we simply had to take one point from our game with St. Malachy's our old rivals and last years winners. And draw we did, 1-1, often a very hard and nail biting game and emerged worthy champions.

Congratulations to the team and a warm invitation to any boy interested in playing for the school team to come along to the school pool at 3.30 pm on Wednesdays or contact Mr. McClean in Barrack Street.

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FRONT ROW:- Harry Gribben, Damien McMahon, Sean McMahon, Johnny Quinn.

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Hurling 1986 - 1987

The school year proved to be a very successful one for St. Mary's. Of the three Ulster Colleges titles St. Mary's won two and were semi-finalists in the third.

Our U14½ team captained by Kevin McKernan lifted the Gallagher cup after an exciting 4 point win over the Cross and Passion College, Ballycastle.

In the semi-final of the Forresters Cup (U16½) we lost to St. McNissi's Garron Tower.

When Sean Grieve lifted the Mageean Cup (U18½) a five year gap was bridged. The team were unbeaten in Ulster and outclassed C.B.S. Armagh in the final.

Hurling within the school also proved to be successful with over half the pupils in the junior school participating in the class league.

U12½ Winners 1B — Captain John McGrattan
U13½ Winners 2B — Captain Damien McGreevy
U14½ Winners 3A — Captain Kevin McKernan
U15½ Winners 4A — Colm McGuinness

Gallagher Cup Report

by Eugene Mohan

We started training at the end of September last year for the Ulster championship. Our first match wasn't until February but we started early so we would be well prepared. Mr. Cassidy organised a small league with a mixture of 2nd and 3rd years in each team. The final squad of players was picked from these teams. When the league was over the team got down to hard training. The team trained hard through the winter and played a couple of friendly matches and by February we were ready. We came through the first few rounds hardly troubled by the teams we met.

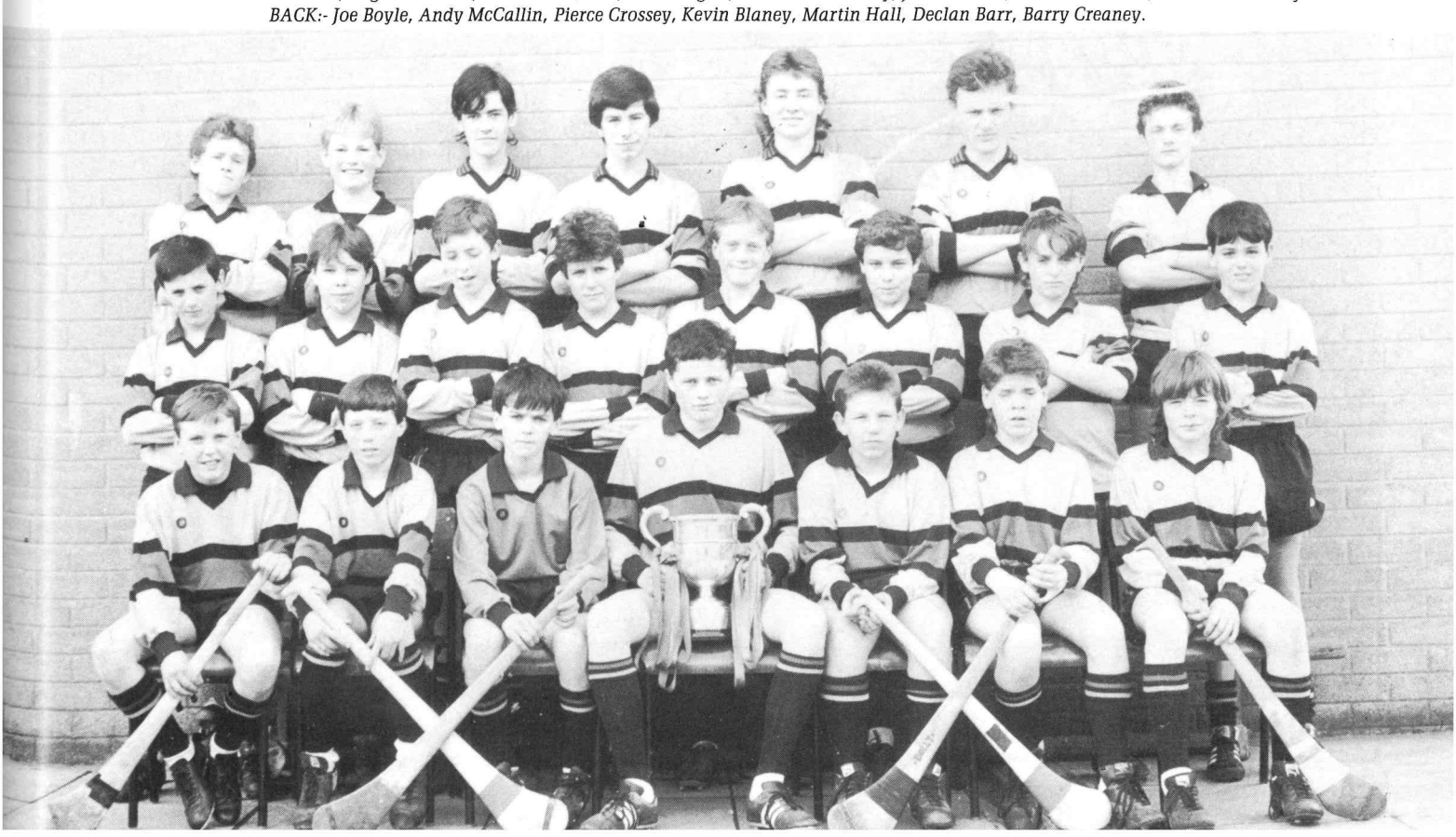
In the semi-final we played St. Pat's, Maghera, who had beaten St. Mary's in the final the year before. We expected a hard match but although they played well in the first half we contained them and finally beat them well. We were then through to the final and were to play Cross and Passion, Ballycastle. The team travelled to the match in high spirits as all the teams we had played so far had not really troubled us.

When the match g ot under way both teams settled down quickly and the match was hard fought and neither side could get much of a lead. At half-time Ballycastle were in the lead but only by some well taken points. The second half was much the same as the first with St. Mary's coming back to win in the last few moments of the game. We had won by two points (2-8 to 2-6) and we were overjoyed. All the hard work had not been in vain.

By winning the Ulster final we were into the semi-final of the All Irelands. We were drawn against Presentation College, Kilkenny and expected a tougher match than the one against Ballycastle. We travelled down to Dublin to play in Santry. They were a very good side and the first half was close. With about 10 minutes left they got a couple of goals which put them well into the lead. We got a couple of points back and at the end were only beaten by 1 goal (3-8 — 2-8). Next year when the same team is back together we hope to go one better and reach the final.

GALLAGHER CUP WINNERS - ULSTER COLLEGES U14½ HURLING

FRONT:- Kevin Finnegan, Ciaran Doherty, Ciaran Matthews, Kevin McKernan, Stephen McCloskey, Stephen Mullan, Eamon McCarrigle.
CENTRE:- Vincent Carabine, Eugene Mohan, Daniel McQuaid, Peter Rogan, Damien McGreevy, John Hamill, Paul McDonnell, Martin Crummey.
BACK:- Joe Boyle, Andy McCallin, Pierce Crossey, Kevin Blaney, Martin Hall, Declan Barr, Barry Creaney.



The Mageean Cup Campaign

The 1987 Mageean Cup campaign started off with a good win over favourites St. Louis Ballymena at Corrigan Park, by a scoreline of 1-12 to 2-3. Our next match was scheduled against St. Pat's Cavan but St. Pat's had withdrawn from the competition and the match was not played. The final match of the section was against Cross and Passion Ballycastle at Glenravel, the scene of last years final defeat for St. Mary's. This time we booked our place in the Ulster semi-final with a 7-4 to 3-0 win; The goals coming from Sean Robinson (3) Sean Grieve (2) and Tim McCloskey (2). Our opponents in the semi-final were yet another Co. Antrim team, St. MacNissi's, Garron Tower. Garron Tower turned out to be a very tough and physical team and unfortunately there were a few ugly incidents in which players were badly injured. The match was stopped on several occasions because of invasions by Garron Tower supporters and the Garron Tower manager, who thought he was the referee. The more experienced and level headed St. Mary's team kept going and eventually won by seven points with a goal coming from Declan Walsh and the points from Eamon Blaney (3), Ronan Heenan (3) and Conor McCaffrey (1).

We went into the final determined to avenge last years defeat by St. Pat's Maghera. The opposition in this case was provided by Armagh C.B.S. managed by the infamous Bro. Ennis. The match was played at Derryloughran on the shore of Lough Neagh: Although the pitch was in good condition it is not renowned for staging important matches. Unfortunately for the forty or so players involved the Ulster Council seemed to think hurlers don't need changing rooms; changing in the crowded bus or in the rain was to be sufficient, we appreciate the obvious attention and painstaking care that the Council gave to this match. It would be interesting to see if this ever happened at a McRory Cup Final!

Armagh opened the scoring with a point and only after a period of ten minutes had elapsed did Sean Grieve - the St. Mary's captain - equalise. This settled the side down and further points were added by Eamon Blaney (2) and Conor McCann (1). Ten minutes before half time Declan Walsh scored a great goal from 30 yards to leave the score at half-time 1-4 to 0-2.

At the beginning of the second half St. Mary's hit a purple patch, with Eamon Blaney scoring 0-3 and Ronan Heenan 1-1. The match was practically over before further points were added by Matthews and Blaney again.

Armagh had a few attacks but they were competently handled by a strong St. Mary's defence in Nugent, Gallagher, Grego and McParland. McDaniels in goal, had little to do but when called on he produced a great save at the end of the game to deny Armagh a consolation goal. The midfield pairing of Grieve and Matthews easily outshone their markers, and supplied forwards Blaney, McCloskey, Walsh and Robinson well. The final score was 2-1 to 0-4. This victory saw the Mageean Cup return to St. Mary's after a gap of five years and for the 17th time.

The All-Ireland semi-final against Roscrea, Co. Tipperary was the prize for winning Ulster. We travelled to Archerstown Co. Westmeath for the match, unfortunately we were beaten by a score of 3-6 to 1-7 which included two dubious Roscrea goals.

We would like to thank out backroom staff of H. McGettigan, Mr. P. Cassidy and Liam Donnelly for their time, commitment and for helping us to bring at least one major senior G.A.A. title to St. Mary's — eh Eddie!

MAGEEAN CUP WINNERS - ULSTER COLLEGE U18½ HURLING



FRONT:- Kevin Fanning, Sean Robinson, Declan Walsh, Sean Grieve, Terry Grego, Gerard McParland, Ronan Heenan.
CENTRE:- Conor McCaffrey, Eamon Blaney, Eugene Gallagher, Hilary McDaniel, Brendan Adams, Ray Matthews, Rim McCloskey.
BACK:- Desmond Nugent, Damien Black, Martin Mooney, Barry Armstrong, Conor McCann, Ronan O'Neill, Declan Steele.

MacRory Cup Campaign

by Oliver McStravick

St. Mary's opened the defence of their Ulster Senior Colleges Football title on a soft Wolfe Tone's pitch in Lurgan, on a cold November Saturday where they crusied to an 18 point victory over St. Patrick's Dungannon played in a manner which made them worthy of the title - "Ulster Champions". Indeed, the boys pre-season form - a sound result against Omagh C.B.S., a convincing win over St. Michael's Lurgan and an effortless victory aganist Dingle C.B.S. Co. Kerry suggested that, once again, St. Mary's was a team to be reckoned with. It was an excellent performance by all with Joe Kennedy and Simon O'Doherty finishing top scores 1-3 and 1-2 respectively.

A week later and St. Mary's made a return to Lurgan where they met a fancied St. Patrick's Armagh squad. However, after a sterling first half performance and resisting a second half St. Patrick's assault the St. Mary's men eventually vanquished the Armagh challenge thanks mainly to goals from Simon O'Doherty and Eamon Blaney.

Drumaness (Co. Down) was the next port of call where a St. Patrick's Downpatrick team had to succumb to the strength and skill of the well drilled unit from Belfast (3-12 - 0-2). However, this match signalled the start of a catalogue of injuries for the champions with the high fielding Chris Murphy the main victim.

Abbey C.B.S. at Davitt Park, Lurgan, proved to be the sternest test yet to be encountered and it took tremendous character, a great performance from Oliver McStravick and a Joe Kennedy penalty to secure a draw and a first place position in Section A.

On to Coalisland and a quarter-final meeting with St. Michael's Enniskillen. It was a tight affair, St. Michael's putting on the pressure in the early stages. However, after brilliant defending by Emmet McCorry and Paddy Nicholl St. Mary's eventually took control and ran out worthy winners scoring 3-7 to 0-6 due mainly to the influence of Terry Parks and scoring prowess of Eamon Blaney.

The Athletic Grounds in Armagh provided the setting for the clash between ourselves and "old enemies" Abbey C.B.S. Although hampered by injuries the St. Mary's lads were confident of reaching their second successful final. However, all was to go terribly wrong on the day. It was an ill-tempered affair with the holders, who were handicapped with injuries (Chris Murphy, Jim McBriarty, Seamus Blaney, Simon O'Doherty and Terry Parks) never really getting the upper hand. Eventually due mainly to a very tough and rough Abbey team St. Mary's were beaten (0-5) to (0-2). Not even the introduction of the elusive Ciaran (The ICE BOX) Ward could stop Abbey and finally, after a courageous performance the battered, kicked and punched St. Mary's boys admitted defeat and sadly relinquished their coveted crown.

We would like to thank all those who helped the MacRory Cup team throughout the year. Especially Mr. E. McToal, who, in the space of a few years has produced excellent football teams and who has built a record, which in Ulster is second to none in Senior Colleges Football. Also to Bro. Jennings and Bro. McDonald for the interest they took and the help they gave.

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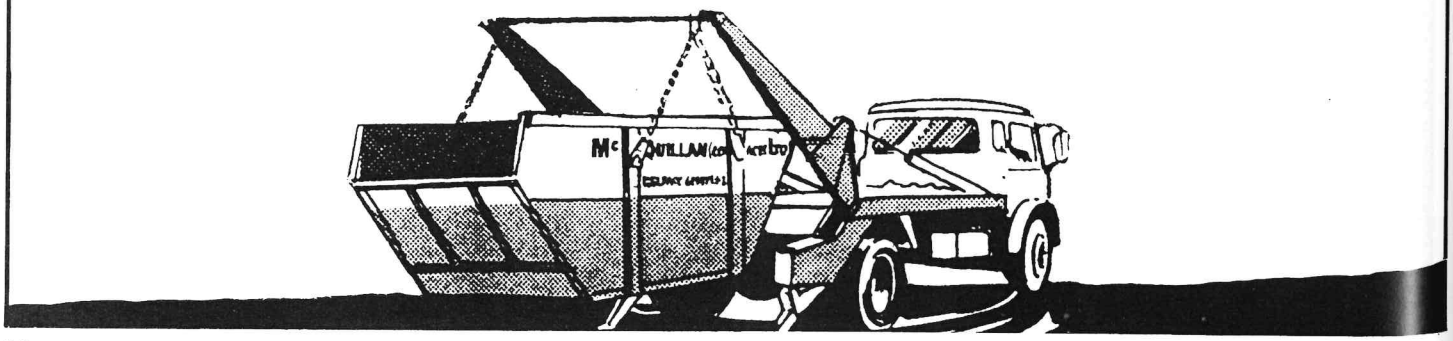
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1986-1987 Rannafast Competition

by Kevin Brown 6SC & Ciaran Hanna 6SC

The 1986-87 Rannafast Competition got off to a great start with a convincing win over St. Eunan's Letterkenny, with the scoreline reading 10-6 to 0-0. Everyone thought that the summer training had paid off with the forward line turning on an outstanding performance. Meanwhile the defence stayed solid and created inventive scoring opportunities for the forwards.

It is hard to pick the overall best players on the day but the the captain, Emmet McCorry, Seamus McStravick and two of the younger players in Kevin Crummey and Colm McGuinness just outshone the rest.

Our second outing against our old rivals St. Colman's Newry was far from the impressive team which outplayed and overpowered St. Eunan's.

Although we scored first from an Emmet McCorry free kick, the team seemed to loose its way with some loose marking resulting in some early scores for St. Colman's.

The fighting spirit seemed to go out of our team and in the end we lost quite heavily. As usual Brendan O'Neill played Down's All Ireland Final Man of the Match, 'Jinxing' James McCartan out of the game so much that I'm sure McCartan hates the sight of our own Brendan O'Neill.

In our next game we met a very strong Cavan side which we knew very little about. We played the game at the College Grounds in Armagh - not one of our favourite pitches - and despite a large percentage of possession we failed to convert the scores we needed. However, this game proved valuable because the lads rose to the occasion in the next game (a 'do or die' situation) against Omagh C.B.S. Before this game even started we had a number of serious injuries which sidelined some of the players who normally would have begun the game. These places however were well filled by other members of the squad. The return of Hilary McDaniels boosted the forward line squad and he did not let us down with an effective game in front of goal, however Hilary wasn't the only opportunist in front of goal, Seamus McStravick scored a brilliant individual goal which turned the match in our favour.

We now faced an aggressive St. Pat's Cavan team in the quarter final stage of the competition. As scores were hard to find tempers started to flare resulting in two serious injuries to Emmet McCorry and Colm McGuinness, both very influential members of the team. These injuries resulted in the departure of both players from the field. As the game went on the Cavan side pulled gradually away winning by a margin of 5 points.

Spirits were low now as we knew we hadn't produced a performance which everyone knew the team was capable of but I'm sure we will be back fighting for the side of St. Mary's football with more success in the future.

Finally, thanks must be rendered to the whole squad who repeatedly turned out for training during all types of weather and also to Mr. P. Cassidy who turned up on each match day to give a very much needed and appreciated helping hand. A special thank you from all the lads to Liam Perry who was always there helping and pushing each individual player to a better standard of football to provide more success for the present and future teams from St. Mary's. Thanks Liam.

Squad Members: K. Brown; C. Hanna; T. Grego; C. McIntyre; C. McGuinness; T. McAllister; P. Linden; M. Mooney; B. O'Neill; K. Magee; E. McCorry (Captain); C. McCormick; S. McStravick; M.Vaughan; P. McBriarty; K. Blaney; K. Crummey; J. Wilson; S. Mervyn; G. Finnegan; A. Browne; F. Farnan.

Senior Cross Country

by Jim McGuinness

There was to be no cross country team in St. Mary's last year. However, the P.E. Department came through and saved the day after a few boys too old to play McRory football noticed that the Senior cross country was U-20.

Mr. Perry came to the fore as coach along with Mr. Kelly.

The team entered the cross country league and although we had already missed a few races (3) we went on to win a number of races and finished well up the league.

The team was made of students more renowned for football and hurling skills and without any training took third place in the All-Ireland C.B.S. Finals in Dublin in which 26 teams were represented.

After Dublin the team talked about training together but nothing materialised as we were always playing club matches.

We went to the Belfast District championships and won the team event qualifying for the next round, the Ulster Championship, in which we had to finish in the top 3 to collect a place in the All Ireland schools final. We mamaged to secure third place so it was off to Mallusk for the All-Irelands, but without 2 important members of our team, who were injured.

We arrived at Mallusk at 3.00 and were told our race was not until 4.30 pm, so we got changed and went to a nearby pitch away from the commotion to warm up. It was a very cold day, miserable, grey and of course, raining. The race began at 4.15. We trailed after the field and after the first lap we began to close the gap on the leaders. Bearing in mind our haphazard preparation we did very well to finish in fifth place. But we'll never know what could have been if we'd started well, maybe an All Ireland title!

I would like to take this opportunity on behalf of the team to thank Mr. Perry, Mr. Kelly and Bro McDonald for driving us around and helping us as best they could under the circumstances.

A word of praise must go to Eoin O'Neill on winning the intermediate title.

The Team	Sean Connor	Ronan Heanon
	Jim McGuinness	J.P. O'Hare
	Bill Donnelly	Gerard Kelly
	Auto Davey	Simon Rogan
	Joe Magee	Simon O'Doherty
	Aidso Pendleton	Jim McBriarty

Under 15½ Football 1987

Under the guidance of 'Rookie' coach Mr. Barry Kelly St. Mary's won the under 15½ Belfast championship for the ?th occasion. After many hard, gruelling training sessions (Ha! Ha!) we began the defence of our title in early March.

The first game was an impressive away win against Hightown Road C.B.S. by the scoreline 3-6 to 0-2. This game was a tough one despite the scoreline but great individual performances from Brendan Allsop, Donal Kennedy and Kevin Blaney saw us through.

Our next match was again away. This time to St. Aidan's Glenavy who provided very little opposition. The toughest test came against St. Malachy's, again we were away. It was a close hard game and we ran out winners by the narrowest of margins 1-8 to 1-7. Credit is due in abundance to goalkeeper Joe O'Neill for a fantastic performance between the sticks. Thanks Joe.

Those victories had secured us a semi final place against arch rivals La Salle. This game was played on our own pitch, at last, and again a close match was the outcome, as it always is between ourselves and La Salle, St. Mary's won by 1-9 to 1-5. The defence was magnificent in this game especially Tommy Conlon, Ryan O'Neill and Captain Paddy Linden. Kevin Crummey was a tower in Midfield while up front Rowan Boyle, Kevin Blaney and Jimmy Wilson did the necessary.

So onto the final. Our opponents were to be Hightown Road. The preparation for the final was thorough. The match was to be played at Corrigan Park but a last minute change to Lamh Dearg didn't upset us: we were ready anywhere. We were determined to win for Kevin Blaney who was sidelined through suspension.

We were perhaps a little complacent due to our earlier thrashing of Hightown and indeed we faced a more determined and committed force. We ran out winners 3-7 to 3-4. Thanks to two crucial goals from 'man of the match' Rowan Boyle and a number of great saves from 'Keeper Joe'. Others to catch the eye were Jim Deeds, Paddy Linden, Colm McGuinness, Charles McLarnon and Dee Linton.

Thanks are due to Mr. Liam Perry, our assistant manager and all the P.E. Department, as well as Bro. Kelly for the victory dinner in the Greenan, but most of all to manager Mr. Barry Kelly.

Under 15½ Panel 1987: Joe O'Neill, Declan Mulholland, Paddy Linden (capt.), Jim Deeds, Ryan O'Neill, Colm McGuinness, Cairan Martin, Kevin Crummey, Charlie McLarnon, Turlough Farnan, Jimmy Wilson, Kevin Blaney, Rowan Boyle, Sean 'Og' McGreevey, Donal Kennedy, Fintan McCormack, Declan Barr, Anthony Armstrong, Malachy McEvoy, Brendan Allsop, Brian Burns, Tommy Conlon, Lawrence Begley.



Handball

by Jim McClean

The past year 1986/87 was possibly the least active in schools handball for a long while. This was because of continuing industrial action by the Teaching Unions in the first half of the year and then by the inactivity of a new Ulster Handball Secretary after January 1987. As a result no local or Ulster Leagues were played. St. Mary's handball stars were forced to excel either in the local club leagues or at county level.

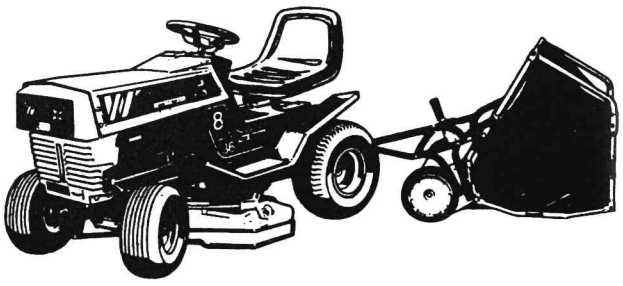
Eamon L'Estrange and David Officer helped their club Sean Martins to victory in their Division and then represented Antrim in the Ulster U.18 doubles as did Pearse McCormick and Gerard Quinn. The Nugent Twins won the Antrim. U.13 doubles; Kevin Officer and Stephen Duffin the Antrim U.15 Doubles Title and Gerard Hyland an U.14 Antrim Doubles Title.

This year will see a resurgence in League activity and St. Mary's should win many of them comfortably.

Any boy interested in playing handball for the school should contact Mr. McClean in Barrack Street or attend the school handball practice which is held every Monday from 3.40 to 5.00 p.m.

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Boxing in Northern Ireland

by Paul Norton 5F

Boxing is a very popular sport in Northern Ireland where there are well over 150 boxing clubs, each having an average of 15 to 20 boxers, sometimes more.

Throughout the season there are continuous 'boxing and cabaret' shows, which are organised by the boxing clubs themselves. These shows consist of the host club selecting maybe 7 or eight of its boxers and then 'pairing' or matching them with opponents from all the various clubs throughout Northern Ireland. There are also major competitions during the season the most popular being the 'County Antrim Championships'.

A boxer can compete in the 'County Antrim Championships' from the age of 11 upwards. A boxer's opponent in the championship depends on age and weight. There are different weight groups which move up every 3 kilos, for example a boxer may want to enter the 45 kilo division but if he weighs in over 45 kilos he automatically move into the 48 kilo division.

Boxing is a sport which combines skill, strength, physical fitness and 100% effort from the boxer.

It should be noted that most boxers **never** use their pugilist skills outside the ring.

Patrick Graham 5F also has a distinguished record in boxing. In an Antrim vs. Dublin Tournament he won his bout by a K.O. He also emerged victoriously from a contest in the Ulster Hall and was a Co. Antrim Finalist. He is also the Northern Ireland Federation Champion. Out of 17 fights last season he won 16 and lost 1.

St. Mary's Still has Plenty of Punch

For some years now the Simmarian has had the name of a young boxer in print and this year is no exception. Paul Ireland 7SB has credited himself well again.

In the Inter-Provincial Tournaments against contenders from Leinster, Connacht and Munster he won each of his bouts.

In the Gaelic Games which featured talented boxers from Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Canada (!) he was a runner-up on points and did his country proud.

The year saw Paul winning the Country Antrim, Ulster and Irish Youth Championship for the second year running at Flyweight level (8 stone).

In November and December 1987 Paul hopes to do well in the Antrim, Ulster and Irish Junior Championships. If he achieves this aim he may enter the Ulster Seniors next February.

Paul is currently the holder of the coveted title "Outstanding boxer of the Irish Boxing Championships." Others who have in recent years held this title are: Barry McGuigan, Hugh Russell, Damien Friars, Gerry Hawkins.

We wish Paul the very best in his future bouts in the 'Square Ring'. Well done!

Antrim and Ulster Junior Champion will be fighting for Irish Junior Championship on the 4th, 5th and 6th December. We wish Paul Ireland 7SB every success.

This month alone Paul has notched up a number of significant victories: Ulster Junior Trophy, Co. Antrim Junior Championship.

In the England v. Ireland international, Paul won the Flyweight trophy.

CHAMPION BOXERS 1987/88



Paul Ireland, Paul Norton, Paddy Graham.
(photo R. O'Prey)

Staff v Students Football Match



Staff Team.

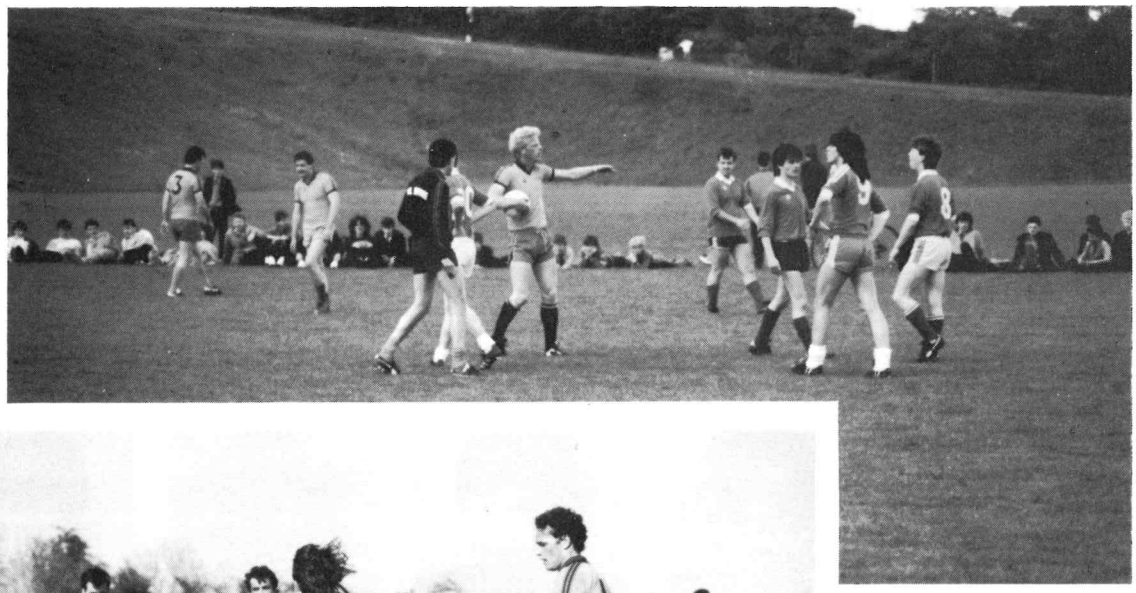


Students Team.



◀ *What a save!*

Action from the Big Match!





▲ *"This is my ball, you are not playing with it."*

◀ *Mr. Perry deftly passing the ball.*

RESULT

Staff 1 v Students 4

MATCH REPORT

Manager and Captain Mr. E. McToal said to his team after the match " .....
.....
.....
..... awful!"

Applications required immediately for vacant football management!

Welcome to our First Year Pupils



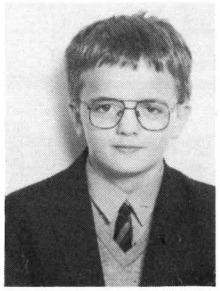
P. Cairns 1A
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



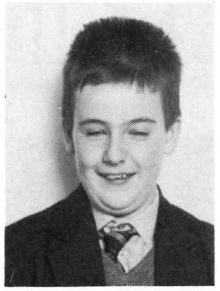
D. Carlin 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.



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



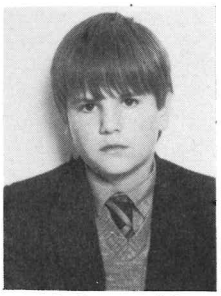
T. Conlon 1A
St. Kevin's P.S.



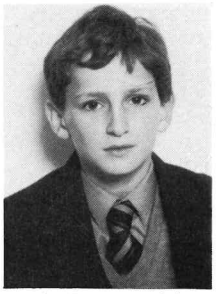
A. Corrigan 1A
St. Aidan's P.S.



J. Crawford 1A
St. Anne's P.S.



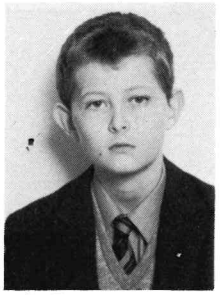
J. Curran 1A
Good Shepherd P.S.



A. Dougan 1A
St. Gall's P.S.



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



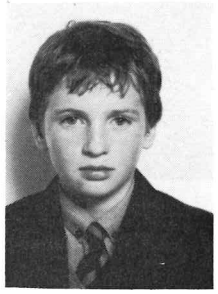
C. Farrimond 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.



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



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



M. Gilliland 1A
Holy Child P.S.



F. Holden 1A
Good Shepherd P.S.



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



C. Long 1A
St. Anne's P.S.



J. McArdle 1A
Holy Child P.S.



E. McDonnell 1A



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



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



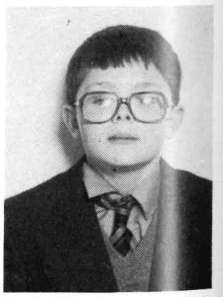
M. McShane 1A
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



P. Maguire 1A
Holy Child P.S.



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



S. de Meulemeester 1A
St. Teresa's P.S.



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



D. Mullan 1A
Holy Cross P.S.



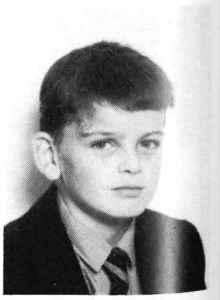
N. O'Neill 1A
St. John the Baptist P.S.



M. Tierney 1A
St. Teresa's P.S.



K. Arthurs 1B
St. Aloysius' P.S.
Lisburn



G. Burns 1B
St. Bride's P.S.



B. Breen 1B
St. Nicholas' P.S.
Carrickfergus



C. Cushnahan 1B
Ballymacward P.S.
Crumlin



T. Doran 1B
Holy Trinity P.S.



M. Flynn 1B
St. Bride's P.S.



B. Fox 1B
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



N. Fox 1B
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



M. Gordon 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.



K. Kinnaird 1B
St. Finian's P.S.



L. Lambon 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.



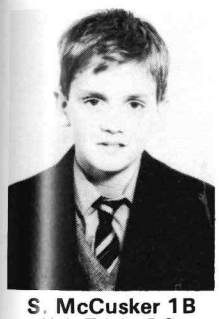
N. Larmour 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.



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



P. McCabe 1B
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.



S. McCusker 1B
Holy Trinity P.S.



N. McGeagh 1B
St. Bride's P.S.



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



D. McGranaghan 1B
St. Bride's P.S.



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



D. McLornan 1B
St. Francis' P.S.
Glenavy



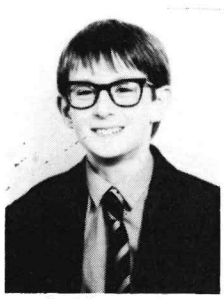
T. McNamee 1B
Holy Trinity P.S.



S. Magee 1B
St. Francis's P.S.
Glenavy



F. Maguire 1B
St. John the Baptist P.S.



S. Mone 1B
St. Nicholas' P.S.
Carrickfergus



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



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



M. O'Brien 1B
St. Bride's P.S.



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



J. Rea 1B
Holy Trinity P.S.



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



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



D. Agnew 1C
Good Shepherd P.S.


D. Armstrong 1C
Holy Trinity P.S.

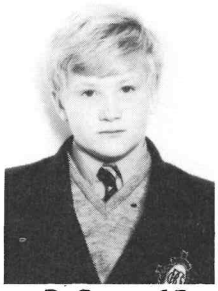

J. Arthurs 1C
Holy Trinity P.S.


O. Bellew 1C
Holy Trinity P.S.


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


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


M. Dornan 1C
St. Teresa's P.S.


D. George 1C
St. Anne's P.S.


P. Glennon 1C


P. Gormley 1C
St. Luke's P.S.


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


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


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


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


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


M. McGibbon 1C
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.


C. McGlone 1C
Good Shepherd P.S.


E. McKenna 1C
St. John the Baptist P.S.


G. McLaughlin 1C
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.


F. Madden 1C
St. Teresa's P.S.


M. Meehan 1C
St. Anne's P.S.


E. Smith 1C
St. Anne's P.S.


M. Taggart 1C
Good Shepherd P.S.


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


A. Weir 1C
Holy Trinity P.S.

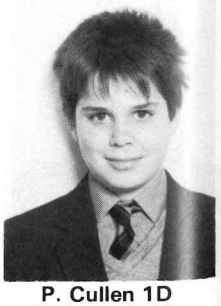

M. Woods 1C
St. Teresa's


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


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


K. Collins 1D
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.


T. Comiskey 1D
Good Shepherd P.S.


P. Cullen 1D
St. Joseph's P.S.
Ballyhackamore


E. Doherty 1D
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.


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

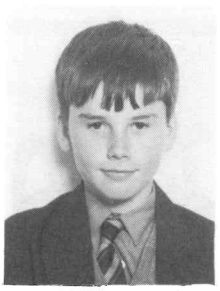

G. Flynn 1D
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.


B. Kelly 1D
St. Luke's P.S.


R. Leyden 1D
St. Anne's P.S.


M. McEnespie 1D
St. Anne's P.S.


P. McGuigan 1D
St. Coleman's P.S.
Lambeg


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


P. McLean 1D
Vere Foster P.S.


K. McManus 1D
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.


D. Molloy 1D
Good Shepherd P.S.

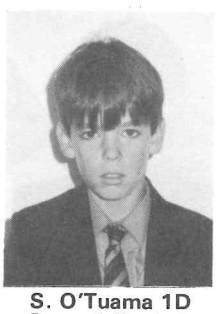

M. Monaghan 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.


M. Montiero 1D
Good Shepherd P.S.


S. Murray 1D
Bunscoil Ghaelach


C. O'Neill 1D
Bunscoil Ghaelach


S. O'Reilly 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.

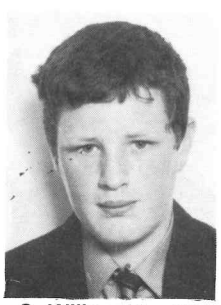

S. O'Tuama 1D
Bunscoil Ghaelach

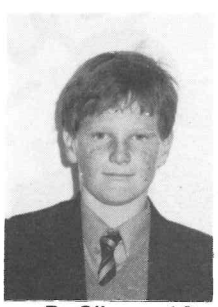

P. Toal 1D
St. John the Baptist P.S.


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


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


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


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


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


C. Keenan 1C
Vere Foster P.S


G. Bellew 1E
St. Aidan's


B. Burns 1E
St. Kevin's P.S.


M. Callaghan 1E
St. Gall's P.S.


D. Catney 1E
Vere Foster P.S.


D. Deery 1E
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.


A. Hughes 1E
St. Aidan's P.S.


S. Gibson 1E
Vere Foster P.S.


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


P. McDade 1E
St. Aidan's P.S.


L. McDonnell 1E
St. Aidan's P.S.


G. McIlroy 1E
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.

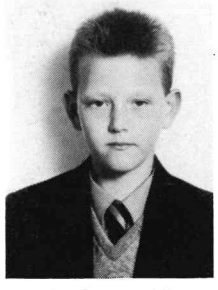

C. McKeating 1E
Holy Family P.S.


J. McMenamin 1E
St. Aidan's P.S.


M. Malone 1E
Vere Foster P.S.


M de Meulemeester 1E
St. Kevin's P.S.


B. O'Neill 1E
St. Finian's P.S.


S. Quinn 1E
Holy Trinity P.S.


J. Stewart 1E
St. Aidan's P.S.


P. Vallely 1E
St. Aidan's P.S.


J. Connolly 1F
Holy Trinity P.S.


D. Cooley 1F
St. Therese de Lisieux


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


J. Crangle 1F
Vere Foster P.S.


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

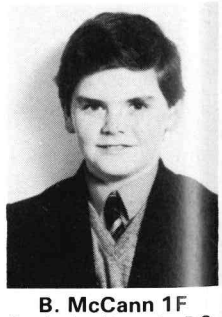

B. Donnelly 1F
St. Paul's P.S.


D. Flynn 1F
St. Anthony's P.S.


L. Gargan 1F
St. Aidan's P.S.


W. Laverty 1F
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.


D. McAreavey 1F
St. Finian's P.S.


B. McCann 1F
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.


A. McConnell 1F
St. Joseph's P.S.


E. McGrath 1F
St. Bride's P.S.


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


M. McPhilips 1F
Vere Foster P.S.


B. Mullan 1F
St. Aidan's P.S.


G. Rea 1F
St. Gall's P.S.



C. Tolan 1F
St. Aidan's P.S.



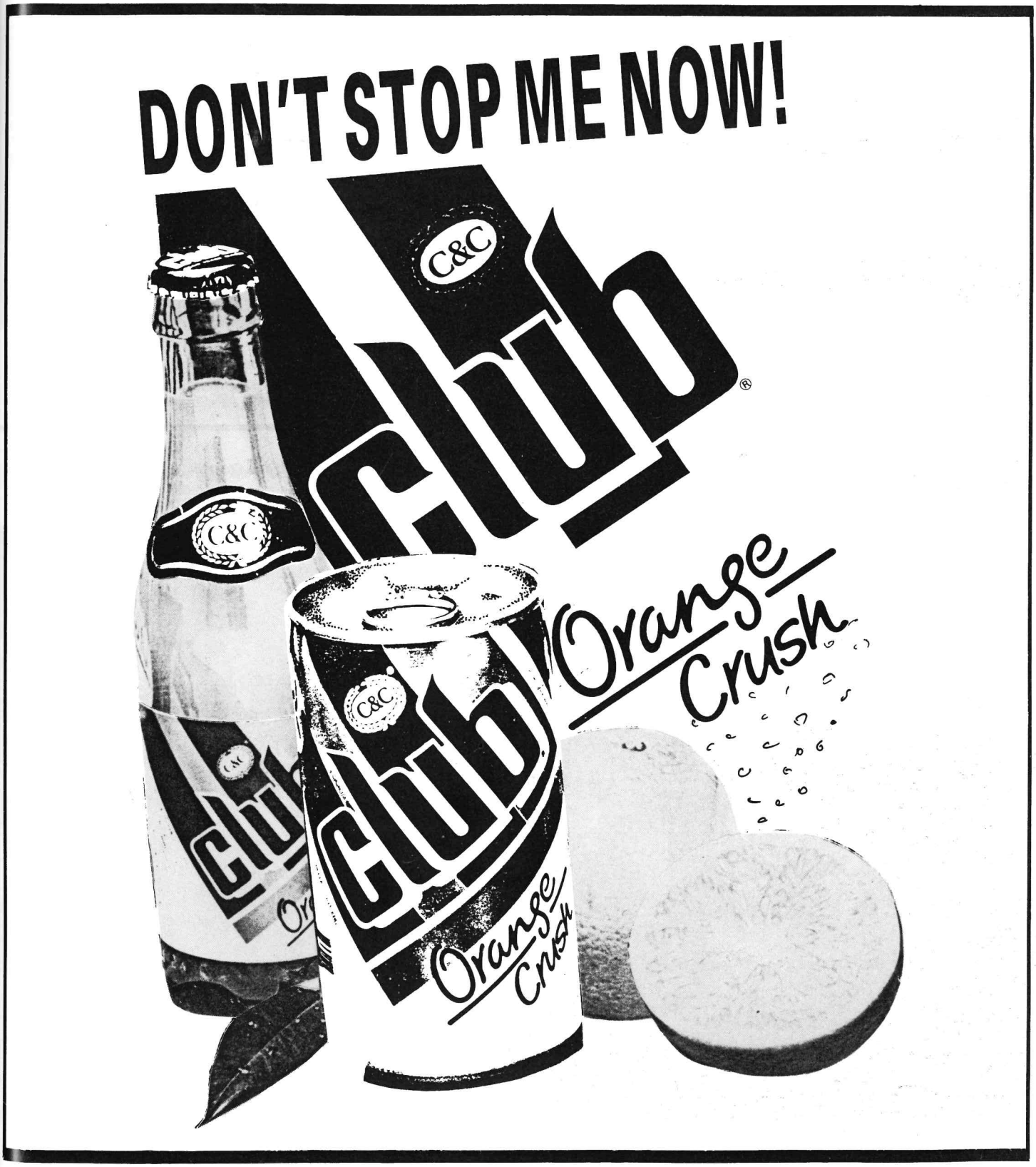
J. Tyrell 1F
Vere Foster P.S.



P. Wallace 1F
St. Gall's P.S.

IN ABSENTIA:

D. Gilmore 1C St. John the Baptist P.S.
C. Keenan 1C Vere Foster P.S.
T. McQuicken 1E St. Paul's P.S.
L. O'Hare 1E St. Colman's P.S.
S. de Ridder 1F Park Lodge P.S.





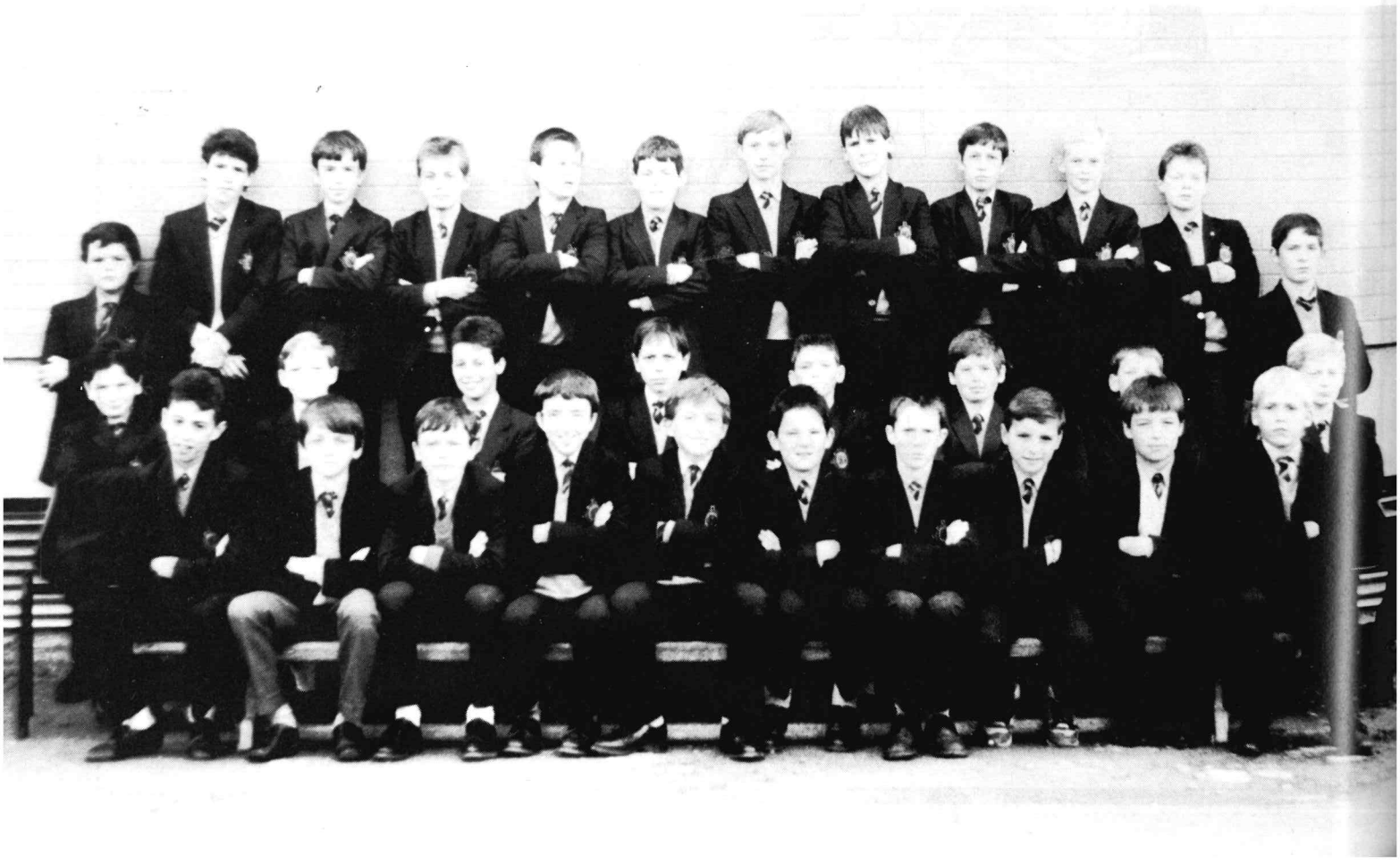
2A

BACK ROW: *J. Logan, J. McCormick, M. Garrity, J. Mulholland, P. Connolly, M. Dougan, D. Sweeney, D. Kelly, J. Wilson, D. Kerr.*
MIDDLE ROW: *D. Bannon, J. Muldoon, M. Flynn, P. Callaghan, J. Rush, S. Manly, P. Heatley, D. Kennedy.*
FRONT ROW: *G. McDonnell, P. Mooney, C. Toman, G. Donnelly, S. Devlin, S. McGeown, G. Doherty, M. McLoughlin, C. McGoran, N. Wallace.*

Absent: *T. Buckle*

2B

BACK ROW: *G. Cassidy, C. O'Hara, M. Burns, J. Dobbin, P. Fleming, A. Rogan, J. McGrattan, K. Gallagher, P. McVeigh, P. Connolly, B. Waugh, M. O'Rawe*
MIDDLE ROW: *D. McTaggart, B. McCann, S. McKnight, D. Smyth, G. Garland, T. Boyle, T. McDonald, N. Nugent.*
FRONT ROW: *A. Kelly, B. Mallon, T. Cox, G. Devlin, D. MacManus, D. Loughran, C. Sheppard, M. McKenna, H. McDonnell, P. Skeffington.*





2C

BACK ROW: *D. Coyle, S. Smyth, D. Donnelly, M. Mahon, P. Rainey, M. Clarke, P. McMurrough, J. O'Connor, B. Reynolds, D. Malone, C. Mervyn, C. McCambridge*
MIDDLE ROW: *H. McCabe, S. Craig, S. Kennedy, K. McCluskey, F. Watters, P. De Ornellas, P. Campbell, T. Ryan.*
FRONT ROW: *J. McCartney, G. Johnston, D. Conlon, J. Connolly, G. Stratton, A. Glover, G. Connolly, M. O'Connor, S. Comish.* **Absent:** *A. Beare*

2D

BACK ROW: *M. Hayes, B. Deeds, V. Donnelly, J. Stewart, L. Dempsey, S. Robinson, S. O'Prey, K. De Ornellas, M. Kane, D. McVeigh, P. Maxwell, M. McErlean*
MIDDLE ROW: *J. McElkerney, G. Connolly, N. Fleming, N. Boyle, P. Sweeney, C. McKinney, P. O'Hare, K. O'Donnell.*
FRONT ROW: *P. McShane, C. Carberry, G. Turner, P. McNulty, P. O'Neill, J. Johnston, G. Hanna, A. McArdle, S. McCoy.*





2E

BACK ROW: *R. Breen, M. Midgley, M. Kerr, P. Teague, N. Heaney.*
MIDDLE ROW: *E. O'Donnell, R. Duckett, N. Hamill, M. McCarry, J. Murphy, P. Heaney.*
FRONT ROW: *G. Connolly, K. Donnelly, M. Donnelly, E. O'Loingsigh, P. Hills.*

2F

BACK ROW: *M. McGivern, J. Murray, K. Farrell, M. Higgins, J. Laughlin.*
MIDDLE ROW: *J. Sherry, K. Manning, C. Gallagher, S. Carey, P. Smith, J. Rafferty, P. Glover, G. Kane.*
FRONT ROW: *C. Donnelly, G. Hagans, M. McKenna, S. Teer, R. McKeown.*





3A

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

Absent:
R. Clarke,
P. Murphy.

3B

BACK ROW: *D. McGreevy, K. McDonnell, S. Herald, G. McKee, M. McGovern, R. Graham, P. Phelan, B. Magee, J. Brennan, M. McGlade, S. McBriarty, B. Fitzpatrick, T. George.*
MIDDLE ROW: *J. O'Donnell, P. Rogan, K. Gorman, V. Carabine, S. Corr, M. Gregory, K. Donnelly, C. Doherty.*
FRONT ROW: *M. Cushnan, M. Maguire, P. Scanlon, P. Mulgrew, M. Crossin, C. Friel, R. Connolly, J. Lagan, S. Mulgrew, S. McCorry.*





3C

BACK ROW: *J. McGeown, C. Ua Bruadair, G. Irvine, S. McLaverty, P. Campbell, D. Hughes, C. Frawley, V. Grant, J. McConway, B. Moore, G. Taylor, S. McNamee, R. Kennedy.*

MIDDLE ROW: *F. Broderick, T. Rice, C. Murphy, D. McQuaid, S. Kennedy, A. Irvine, D. Kelly, F. Eagleson.*

FRONT ROW: *F. McGurk, P. Hynes, P. Niblock, C. McKermott, M. McKinney, N. Sheppard, P. Gilliland, V. Fleming, J. Matthews.*

Absent: *E. Long*

3D

BACK ROW: *G. McKernan, G. Smith, C. Lavery, A. Boyle, K. Craig, D. Sullivan, K. Fitzpatrick, P. Murphy, A. O'Brien, J. P. Crossan, S. Smyth, P. Murray.*

MIDDLE ROW: *C. Rooney, D. O'Neill, C. Brown, E. Creen, S. McGowan, G. Duffy, P. O'Hara, L. McCullough.*

FRONT ROW: *J. Trainor, J. Rainey, S. Moss, J. McGreevy, C. Gorman, J. Savage, C. Rice, S. Heaney, B. Watson.*

Absent: *F. Dougherty*





3E

BACK ROW: *G. Hyland, P. Colton, G. Honey, J. Heaney, C. Cairns, J. McKay, C. Hartigan.*
MIDDLE ROW: *G. Brennan, S. Johnston, D. Gallagher, D. Ferran, D. McGreevy, E. McCormick.*
FRONT ROW: *P. Farrelly, H. Gorman, G. Broderick, C. Mulholland, D. Doherty, M. Dornan.*

Absent: *M. Donnelly*

3F

BACK ROW: *G. Nellis, K. McKeown, J. McMackin, L. Skillen, B. Sansome, J. McKenna.*
MIDDLE ROW: *S. Haller, M. McVeigh, B. Russell, P. Neeson, G. Shaw, P. Miskimmon, L. Savage, A. Maguire.*
FRONT ROW: *M. Murray, T. Morgan, J. Moyna, J. Maxwell, A. McKenna, R. Smyth.*

Absent: *G. Nugent, C. Nugent.*





4A

BACK ROW: *S. Rice, G. Finn, D. Donnelly, S. Duffin, C. Laverty, C. Huddleston, J. Moore, E. Nethercott.*
MIDDLE ROW: *P. Fleming, D. Burke, C. MacAinmhire, T. Reynolds, A. Donnelly, S. McCluskey.*
FRONT ROW: *G. Braiden, S. Mullan, C. Neeson, G. Heatley, T. Murphy, C. Corbett.*

4B

BACK ROW: *K. Donnelly, M. Smyth, K. McKernan, P. McGranaghan, J. Magee, J. Jackson, M. Blair, S. Lappin, P. Black.*
MIDDLE ROW: *N. McAree, P. Crilly, O. Tallon, J. Cleland, M. McErlean.*
FRONT ROW: *E. Mohan, E. McGarrigle, D. O'Donnell, J. McLoughlin, J. Masterson, C. McDonnell, J. O'Neill.*





4C

FRONT ROW: *P. Winning, R. Morgan, L. O'Hare, K. Finnegan, A. McCallin, S. Hilton, O. Fallon.*
MIDDLE ROW: *M. McAllister, P. Smyth, J. Doyle, B. McCaffrey, T. Campbell.*
BACK ROW: *M. McEwan, J. Mallon, J. Boyd, C. Garland, C. Gribbon, M. McKeown, K. Officer.*

4D

BACK ROW: *C. Gallagher, M. Murphy, P. Tyrrell, M. Deane, D. McCann, K. Toner, J. McGurk.*
MIDDLE ROW: *J. Duffy, M. Creagh, D. Hayes, S. O'Hare, J. Nugent, G. Callaghan.*
FRONT ROW: *R. Hayes, J. Molloy, E. Cassidy, J. McDonnell, R. Burns, R. Devine, P. McLaughlin, N. McGee.*





4E

BACK ROW: *F. McElhill, S. Nogher, C. S. Johnson, D. Dixon, R. McMahon A. Doherty, A. Stockman.*
MIDDLE ROW: *D. O'Connor, P. Harte, L. McDonnell, D. Kerr, S. Mallon, M. Doran.*
FRONT ROW: *P. McGibbon, K. McNeill, C. Walker, E. Adams, P. Donnelly.*

Absent: *J. Captain, M. Grant, S. Mallon, L. McDonnell S. Moylan.*

4F

BACK ROW: *K. Hamill, M. Hall, B. Murphy, S. McCabe, G. Duffy, K. Linden.*
MIDDLE ROW: *S. O'Neill, J. Sheridan, J. Austin, P. Jordan, D. McAleenan.*
FRONT ROW: *T. Lynch, M. Rooney, S. McIlduff, C. McCann, P. McDonnell, G. Wilson, J. Jordan.*

Absent: *M. Rooney.*





4G

BACK ROW: *P. Hughes, M. Comer, D. Moore, P. Crossey, J. McNally, L. Doherty.*
MIDDLE ROW: *D. Barr, C. James, A. O'Brien, N. McMahon, G. Monaghan.*
FRONT ROW: *C. Bradley, G. Walsh, M. Connolly, C. McAllister, J. MacManus, J. Campbell.*

4H

BACK ROW: *L. Black, S. O'Donnell, D. Braniff, R. Savage, R. O'Hagan, M. McConville, B. Savage.*
MIDDLE ROW: *T. Colgan, B. McCloskey, V. Curran, E. Howell, T. Cassidy, S. McParland, D. Dougan, S. Keenan.*
FRONT ROW: *M. Rea, F. Meehan, K. Callaghan, T. Mulholland, C. Kane, J. Hamill, D. Donnelly.*





5A

BACK ROW: *A. Lavery, B. Giffin, C. Martin, C. McGuinness, K. Monaghan, P. Braniff, P. Hughes, A. Blaney.*
MIDDLE ROW: *K. Crummey, M. Devlin, D. Hamill, G. Collins, B. Keenan, D. Magee.*
FRONT ROW: *D. O'Neill, J. Sherry, R. O'Neill, B. Allsopp, D. McLaughlin, R. Galbraith, J. Doherty.*

5B

FRONT ROW: *S. Bradley, M. Gray, K. Munster, J. Slowey, C. Quinn.*
MIDDLE ROW: *C. McGarrigle, J. Delaney, S. McDonagh, D. Kennendy, J. McKee, M. McInally.*
BACK ROW: *T. Mervyn, T. McIntyre, P. Finucane, J. Conlon, C. Dorian, G. McAreavey.*





5C

BACK ROW: *T. Farnan, P. McGorman, C. McMullan, D. Kearney, N. Kane, S. O'Rúnaí, D. Turner, P. McKay, G. Quinn, M. Finucane.*
MIDDLE ROW: *G. Bell, T. MacSéain, M. Rafferty, M. O'Halloron, R. Hamill, J. Peoples.*
FRONT ROW: *J. O'Neill, D. McPhillips, K. Hughes, P. Benson, M. Davey, R. Boyle.*

Absent:
D. Cree
J. Deeds
D. Linton

5D

BACK ROW: *G. Sharkie, G. Annesley, M. McAree, M. McVeigh, G. McCool, D. Mulholland, S. Keenan, P. McCabe.*
MIDDLE ROW: *R. Herald, D. Ryan, V. Kinnaird, J. Corr, B. Flynn, D. Burns, G. Loughran, S. Donnelly.*
FRONT ROW: *M. Kennedy, M. Burns, O. Farrelly, S. McGreevy, J. Walsh, A. O'Neill, B. Gray.*

Absent:
S. Biesty
A. McAlister





5E

BACK ROW: *S. McGreevy, G. McGeary, P. Dunleavy, A. Armstrong, B. Feenan, J. Doherty, C. McLarnon, J. Wilson, B. Burns.*
MIDDLE ROW: *L. Begley, S. Wilson, J. McKenna, S. McGibbon, J. Rodgers, T. McCorry.*
FRONT ROW: *K. O'Connor, P. Lavery, P. Linden, M. Colohan, S. Woods, T. Conlon, M. McKeown, V. Hughes, D. Neeson.*

Absent: *F. McCormac*

5F

BACK ROW: *C. Dempsey, M. Haughey, F. McKenna, C. Flanagan, L. Anderson, J. Monaghan, K. Rice, T. Taylor.*
MIDDLE ROW: *S. Heatley, J. Neill, G. Fleming, P. Norton, T. Devine, C. Murray.*
FRONT ROW: *M. Donnelly, P. Duffin, M. Devlin, J. McCabe, P. Graham, C. Kelly, M. McDonald.*

Absent: *W. Magennis*





5G

BACK ROW: *S. Morgan, S. Mulholland, D. Ua Bruadair, A. Burke, K. McCartney, M. Brady, B. Savage, B. Duffin, B. Lenaghan, T. O'Loingsigh.*
MIDDLE ROW: *E. O'Connor, M. McEvoy, B. Gallagher, G. Mulholland, J. McVeigh, F. O'Neill, P. Gilmore.*
FRONT ROW: *C. Austin, E. Rice, A. McKenna, K. O'Neill, E. O'Neill, R. O'Neill, D. Smith.*

6LA

BACK ROW: *P. Murphy, D. O'Hara, R. Gavan, M. McKay, H. McDaniel, D. McSherry, M. Hewitt.*
MIDDLE ROW: *A. Fionda, P. McCambridge, M. Austin, E. L'Estrange, D. Officer, P. Kearney.*
FRONT ROW: *N. McBriarty, E. McAleavey, K. Carland, J. Hamill, J. Johnston, A. Flannery, M. Gordon, K. Nugent.*

Absent: *B. Donnelly.*





6LB

BACK ROW: *J. Drain, P. Gorman, D. Crawford, T. Ferran, P. Dempsey, E. Fitzpatrick, M. McCluskey, P. McAree.*
MIDDLE ROW: *A. Woods, C. McGarry, P. Russell, B. Guiney, K. Lawlor, J. Kennedy.*
FRONT ROW: *S. Belshaw, G. O'Reilly, F. McCabe, T. Grego, V. Parker, C. Campbell, C. Duffy, C. Ward.*

6LC

BACK ROW: *K. McCormick, A. Mulvenna, E. McCorry, J. McGrady, D. McCullough, G. Lappin.*
MIDDLE ROW: *E. McCormick, D. McDonnell, B. O'Neill, P. McBriarty, J. Shannon, S. McQuillan.*
FRONT ROW: *K. Webb, P. Molloy, S. McStravick, J. P. McKenna, B. Shevlin, N. Murphy, T. Trainor.*





6SA
BACK ROW: *A. Muldoon, C. Walls, N. Garland, J. Rigby, J. Murray.*
FRONT ROW: *T. McGlone, M. Norney, B. Donnelly, V. Hynes.*

6SB
BACK ROW: *R. Jennings, S. Doherty, A. Hogarth, P. McCarron, P. Gilmore, M. Bradley, M. Deery.*
MIDDLE ROW: *C. Corr, P. Cunningham, C. McCormick, A. Adams, M. Brady, C. O'Neill.*
FRONT ROW: *A. Hill, P. Mallon, D. McMahon, C. Ferguson, J. Campbell, M. Boyle, K. Richmond, P. Barnes.*





6SC

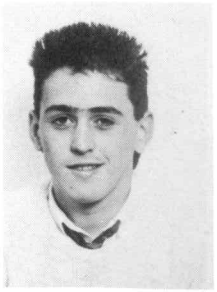
BACK ROW: *K. Brown, C. Hanna, S. Burns, G. Smyth, D. Dynan, D. Gallagher, P. Kennedy.*
MIDDLE ROW: *P. Conlon, C. Kavanagh, P. McGarry, G. Hagan, P. Ward, W. Kennedy.*
FRONT ROW: *B. Linton, G. Gilchrist, R. Sterritt, J. Smyth, T. McNeill, N. Ferrin, P. McEntee, J. Tierney.*

6SD

BACK ROW: *P. McCrory, S. Reel, C. Drysdale, S. Corr, M. Dorrian, F. Dodds, C. Bradley.*
MIDDLE ROW: *M. Brady, M. Dynan, D. Green, G. Burke, P. Robb, F. Mullan.*
FRONT ROW: *S. Evans, J. Quinn, K. Fitzpatrick, J. McLaughlin, D. Dempsey, C. Matthews, C. Mallon.*



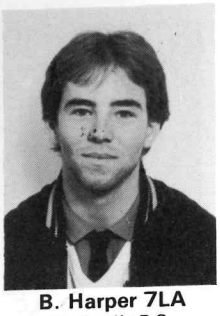
Best Wishes to our Seventh Year Students



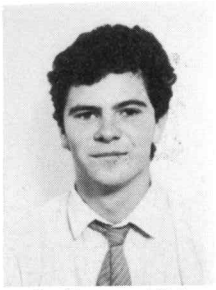
D. Adams 7LA
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Economics, French, Irish



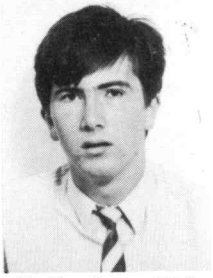
P. Burns 7LA
St. Finian's P.S.
Biology, Geography, Irish



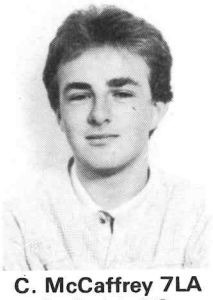
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St. Paul's P.S.
English, Geography, Irish



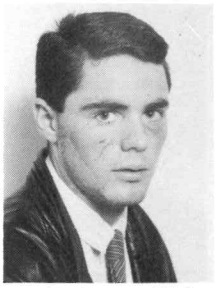
R. Heenan 7LA
Holy Child P.S.
Economics, Irish, Computer Studies



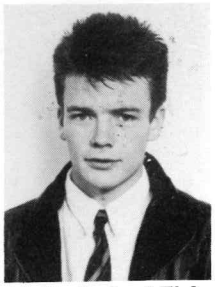
R. Matthews 7LA
St. David's (Dublin) T.D.G.C., Irish, Mathematics



C. McCaffrey 7LA
St. Kevin's P.S.
History, Irish, Politics



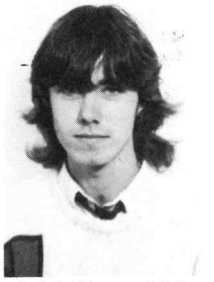
J. McGuigan 7LA
Edmund Rice P.S.
Economics, English, Politics



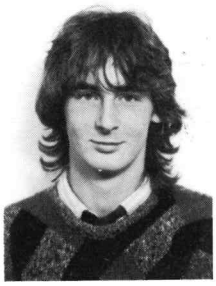
M. McParland 7LA
St. Gall's P.S.
Irish, Physics, Politics



C. McPhilips 7LA
St. Aidan's P.S.
History, Irish, Politics



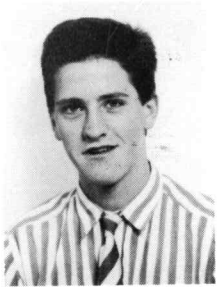
J. McSherry 7LA
La Salle Sec. School
History of Art, Irish, Politics



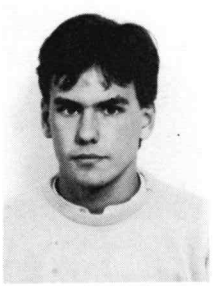
P. Mulhall 7LA
La Salle Sec. School
Computer Studies, Irish, Politics



K. Murphy 7LA
St. Gall's P.S.
Art, Irish, Politics



D. Steele 7LA
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.
History, Irish, Politics



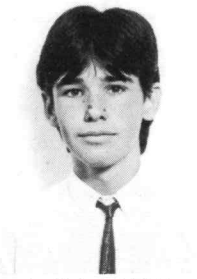
S. Wallace 7LA
St. Gall's P.S.
History, Politics, Irish



J. Cairns 7LB
Holy Child P.S.
Economics, English, Geography



P. Connolly 7LB
C.B.S. Glen Road
Economics, History, Politics



L. Hyland 7LB
St. Paul's P.S.
French, History, Politics



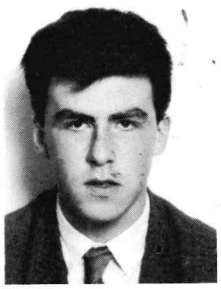
J. Kennedy 7LB
St. Peter's Sec. School
English, History



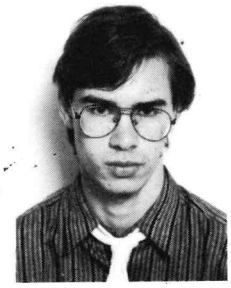
P. Kinnaird 7LB
St. Finian's P.S.
French, Mathematics



P. Lowry 7LB
St. Teresa's P.S.
French, Mathematics



P. McAllister 7LB
St. Kevin's P.S.
Economics, History
Politics



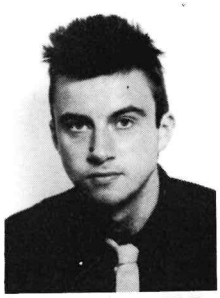
M. McAree 7LB
St. Peter's Sec. School
Economics, History
History of Art



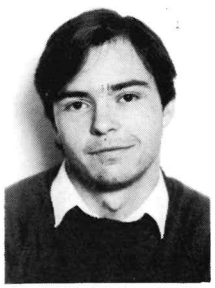
C. McCann 7LB
St. Teresa's P.S.
Economics, English, Geography



S. McGibbon 7LB
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Art, Geography
English



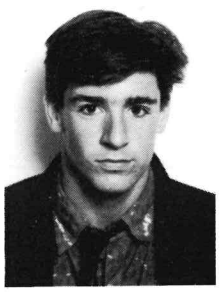
M. McKenna 7LB
St. Gall's P.S.
Economics, French



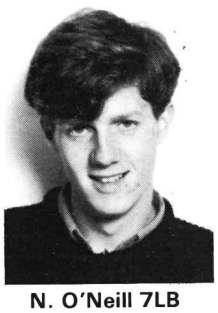
B. McKnight 7LB
St. Gall's P.S.
Computer Studies, Economics, Politics



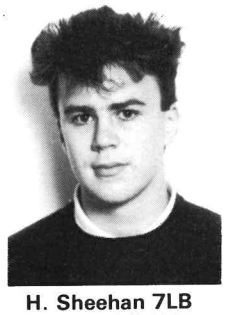
D. O'Neill 7LB
St. Paul's P.S.
Art, Economics, Politics



M. O'Neill 7LB
C.B.S. Glen Road
Economics, Politics, Geography



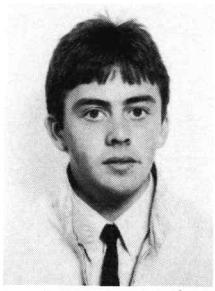
N. O'Neill 7LB
Holy Child P.S.
Economics, French, Geography



H. Sheehan 7LB
St. Joseph's P.S. Lisburn
Economics, English, Geography



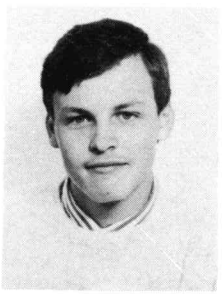
P. Allen 7LC
St. Paul's P.S.
Computer Studies,
History, Mathematics



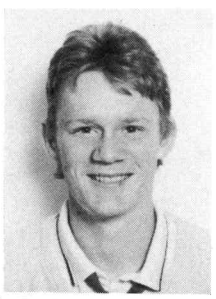
J. Begley 7LC
Our Lady of Lourdes P.S.
Computer Studies
Economics, Politics



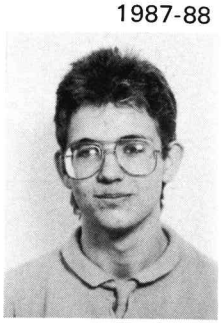
G. Clarke 7LC
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Geography



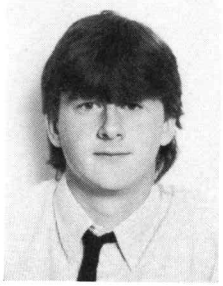
M. Doherty 7LC
St. Mark's P.S.
History, Economics,
French



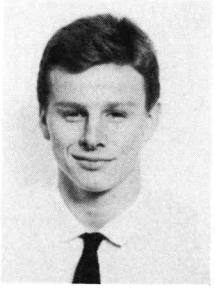
D. Donnelly 7LC
St. Kevin's P.S.
Chemistry, Geography,
Mathematics



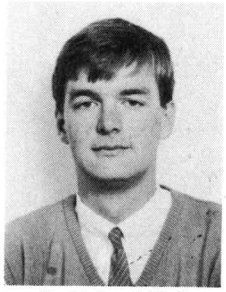
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St. Colm's Sec. School
Computer Studies
Economics, History



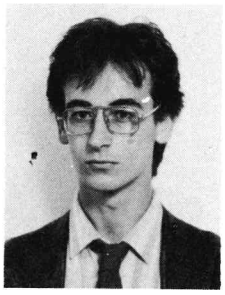
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Holy Child P.S.
Chemistry, History,
Economics



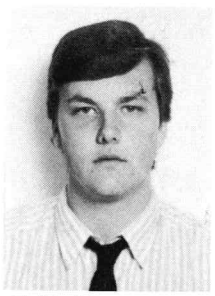
P. Gough 7LC
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Economics, French,
Politics



G. Hyland 7LC
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Economics, History,
Politics



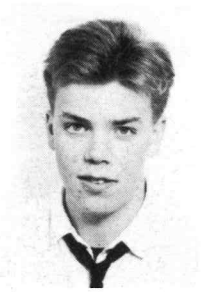
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Economics, History,
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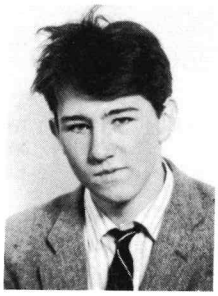
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C.B.S. Glen Road
English, History,
Politics



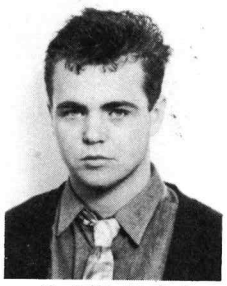
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St. Bride's P.S.
English, History,
Politics



P. McDade 7LC
St. Lawrence's P.S.
Geography, History,
Politics



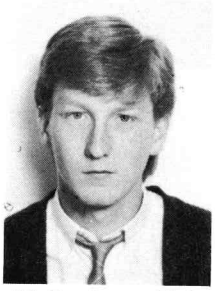
P. McGowan 7LC
Edmund Rice P.S.
Economics, English



C. O'Neill 7LC
St. John the Baptist P.S.
History, Spanish,
Irish



R. O'Neill 7LC
St. Paul's Sec. School
Economics, Irish,
T.D.G.C.



M. Pettigrew 7LC
Park Lodge P.S.
Economics, English,
History



C. Rooney 7LC
St. Teresa's P.S.
French, Politics



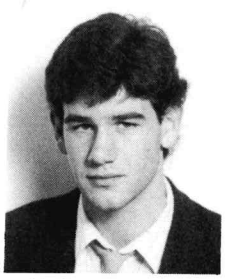
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St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Biology, Chemistry



G. Boyle 7SA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Economics, French
Mathematics



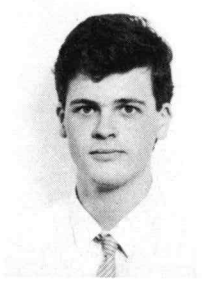
A. Browne 7SA
St. Gall's P.S.
Maths., Economics,
Physics, Further Maths.



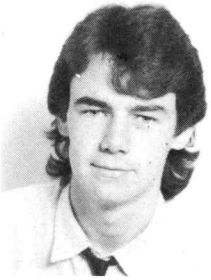
F. Carolan 7SA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
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Physics, Further Maths.



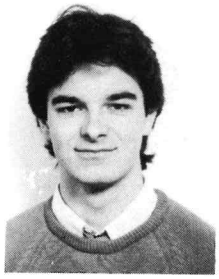
P. Copeland 7SA
St. Paul's P.S.
History, Politics



V. Corrigan 7SA
St. Finian's P.S.
Maths., T.D.G.C.
Physics



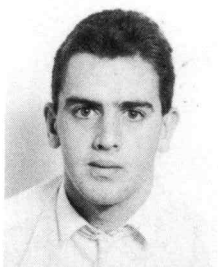
S. Gray 7SA
C.B.S. Glen Road
Computer Studies
Geography, History



D. Haughey 7SA
St. Anne's P.S.
Chemistry, Mathematics,
Physics, Further Maths.



G. Maguire 7SA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Art, Geography



M. McGuinness 7SA
La Salle Sec. School
Computer Studies,
Maths., Economics



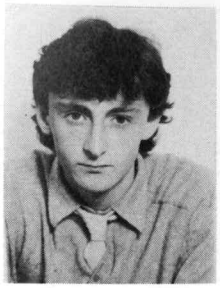
D. McKenna 7SA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Chemistry, Mathematics,
Physics, Further Maths.



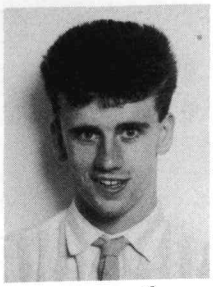
R. McKenna 7SA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Chemistry, Mathematics,
Physics, Further Maths.



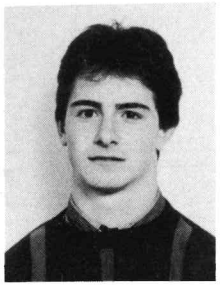
A. Nethercott 7SA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Chemistry, Physics,
Economics



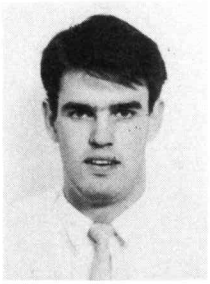
B. O'Loan 7SA
St. Teresa's P.S.
Biology, Chemistry
Economics



C. O'Neill 7SA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
French, English,
Economics



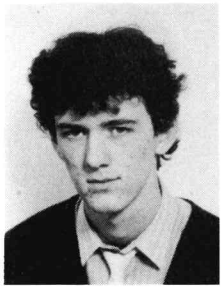
K. O'Neill 7SA
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Chemistry, Maths.
Biology, Further Maths.



A. Pendleton 7SA
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Chemistry, Maths.
Physics, Further Maths.



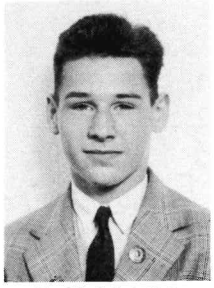
S. Rogan 7SA
St. Teresa's P.S.
Economics, Maths.
Further Maths.



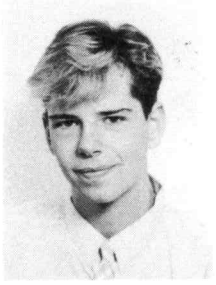
G. Rooney 7SA
St. Paul's P.S.
Chemistry, Maths.
Physics, Further Maths.



B. Tumelty 7SA
St. Teresa's P.S.
Maths., Physics,
Further Maths.



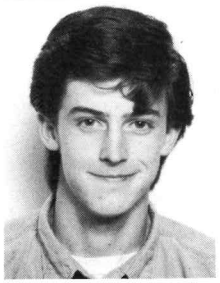
E. Walsh 7SA
Holy Child P.S.
Economics, French,
Geography



L. Watson 7SA
C.B.S. Sec. School
English, History,
Geography



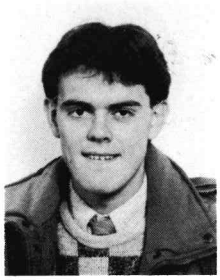
B. Armstrong 7SB
Ballymacward P.S.
Biology, Chemistry,
Mathematics



C. Canavan 7SB
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Economics, Physics
Mathematics



A. Corscadden 7SB
St. Teresa's P.S.
Economics, French,
Mathematics



A. Cunningham 7SB
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Computer Studies,
Geography, Chemistry



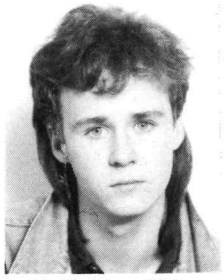
A. Davey 7SB
Holy Child P.S.
English, History,
Politics



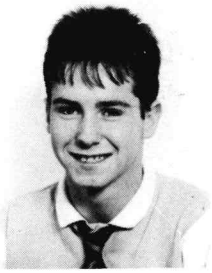
D. Doherty 7SB
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Economics, T.D.G.C.
Geography



G. Ferris 7SB
St. Aidan's P.S.
Economics, French,
Spanish



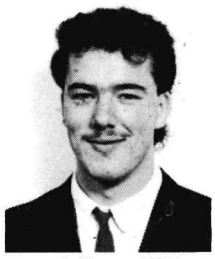
F. Holden 7SB
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Economics, English,
Politics



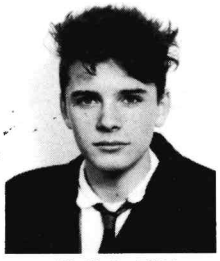
P. Ireland 7SB
St. Gall's P.S.
History, Economics,
Politics



P. Jordan 7SB
St. Kevin's P.S.
Economics, English
Geography



J. Keane 7SB
St. Anne's P.S.
Geography, Physics,
Mathematics



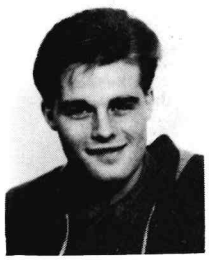
M. Kelly 7SB
Holy Child P.S.
Biology, Chemistry,
Mathematics



T. McGuinness 7SB
Holy Trinity P.S.
History, Politics,



S. McKeever 7SB
Holy Child P.S.
English, Politics



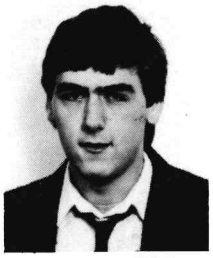
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St. Joseph's P.S. Lisburn
English, History,
French



K. McQuillan 7SB
St. Teresa's P.S.
English, French,
Politics



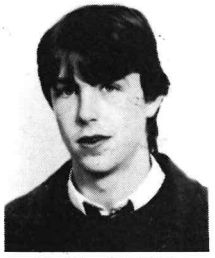
D.Mulholland 7SB
St. Peter's Sec. School
English, History



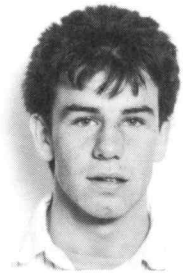
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St. Teresa's P.S.
English, Physics,
Mathematics



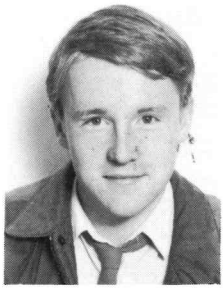
R. Thompson 7SB
Holy Child P.S.
Art, English,
Politics



D. Black 7SC
St. Teresa's P.S.
Biology, Geography,
Economics



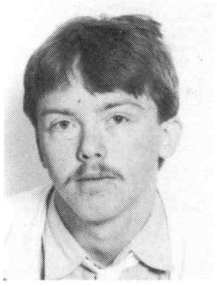
E. Blaney 7SC
St. Colman's, Newry
Chemistry, Physics,
Mathematics



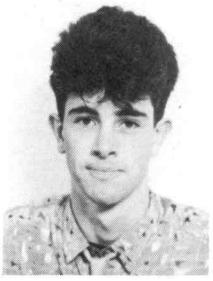
P. Davey 7SC
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Chemistry, Geography
Musical Appreciation



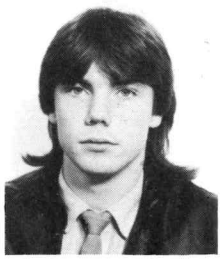
B. Friel 7SC
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Chemistry, French,
Maths., Physics



B. Hughes 7SC
St. Finian's P.S.
Chemistry, Physics,
Mathematics



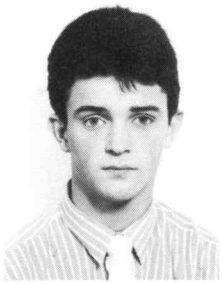
C. Kelly 7SC
St. Teresa's P.S.
Chemistry, Geography,
Musical Appreciation



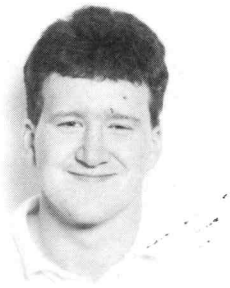
J. Magee 7SC
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Biology, Chemistry,
Physics



S. McCann 7SC
St. Bride's P.S.
Chemistry, Physics,
Mathematics



P. McCarry 7SC
St. Luke's P.S.
Biology, Chemistry,
Geography



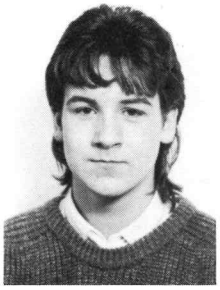
G. McCormick 7SC
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Biology, Chemistry,
Mathematics



C. McIntyre 7SC
St. Aidan's P.S.
Chemistry, Economics,
Mathematics



R. McVeigh 7SC
St. Teresa's P.S.
Geography, English
Economics



M. Meehan 7SC
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Biology, Physics
Chemistry



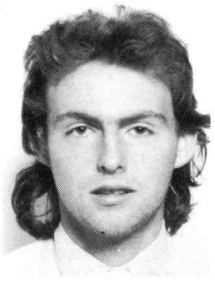
D. Mulholland 7SC
Ballymacrickett P.S.
Chemistry, Maths.,
Biology, Further Maths.



B. Noble 7SC
Hightown Road C.B.S.
Computer Studies,
Maths. Physics



C. O'Donnell 7SC
St. John the Baptist P.S.
T.D.G.C.
Maths. Physics



T. Pendleton 7SC
St. Aidan's P.S.
Chemistry, Physics,
Mathematics



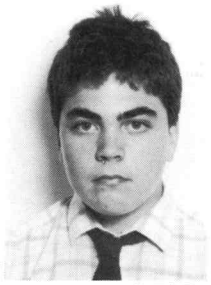
T. Rafferty 7SC
C.B.S. Newry
Biology, Chemistry,
Geography



A. Ravel 7SC
St. Teresa's
Biology, Chemistry
Geography



F. Rogers 7SC
St. Luke's P.S.
Art, Physics,
Mathematics



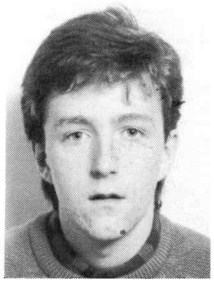
R. Campbell 7SD
St. Aidan's P.S.
Computer Studies,
Maths. Physics



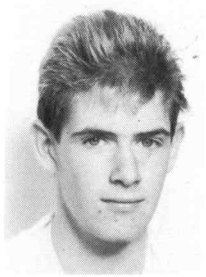
K. Fanning 7SD
St. Gall's P.S.
Computer Studies,
Chemistry, Economics



B. Flanagan 7SD
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Computer Studies,
French, Physics



S. Grant 7SD
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Biology, Physics,
Chemistry



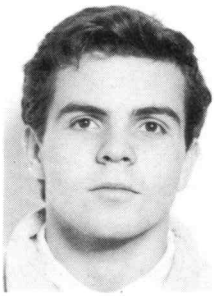
D. Harris 7SD
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Economics, T.D.G.C.,
Mathematics



D. Holbrook 7SD
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Biology, Economics,
Politics



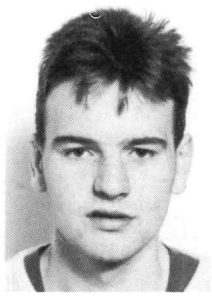
G. Hughes 7SD
Holy Child P.S.
Economics, Geography
Mathematics



J. Keenan 7SD
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Art, Biology,
Chemistry



G. Kennedy 7SD
St. Teresa's P.S.
Economics, Physics,
Mathematics



P. Maxwell 7SD
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
Biology, Economics,
Geography



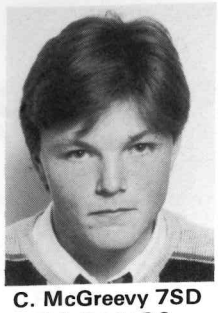
P. McConnell 7SD
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Mathematics



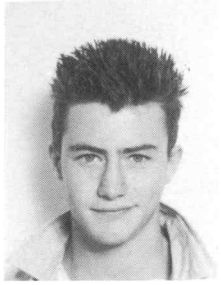
T. McCormick 7SD
St. Luke's P.S.
Art, Politics,
Mathematics



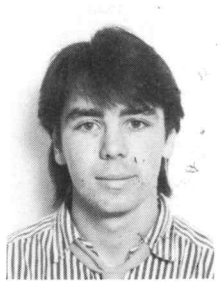
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T.D.G.C.
Maths. Physics



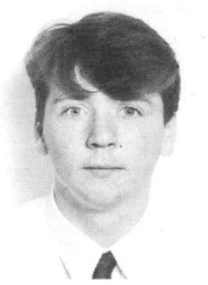
C. McGreevy 7SD
Holy Trinity P.S.
Economics, Physics,
Mathematics



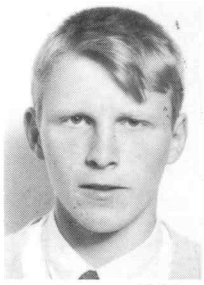
J. Murtagh 7SD
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Economics, History,
Politics



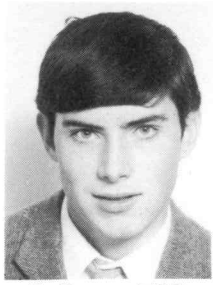
E. Neeson 7SD
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Mathematics



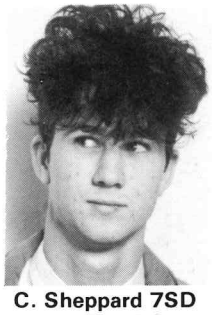
S. Robinson 7SD
St. Aidan's P.S.
Economics, Politics



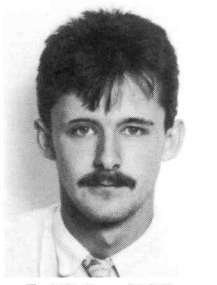
P. Rodgers 7SD
St. Kevin's P.S.
Geography, Physics,
Mathematics



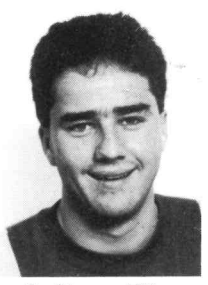
P. Savage 7SD
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Chemistry, Physics,
Mathematics



C. Sheppard 7SD
Holy Child P.S.
Computer Studies,
Economics, Maths.



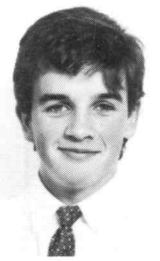
F. Walker 7SD
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Computer Studies
Economics, Maths.



S. Blaney 7R
St. Teresa's P.S.
Chemistry, Biology



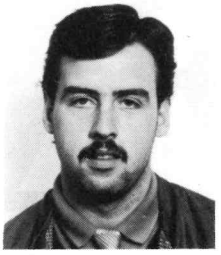
M. Burns 7R
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Geography, Physics
Mathematics



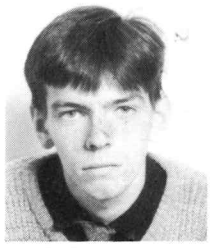
E. Donnelly 7R
St. Paul's P.S.
Chemistry, French,
Biology



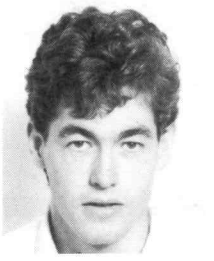
M. Glennon 7R
C.B.S. Glen Road
History of Art
Mathematics



B. Johnston 7R
Holy Trinity P.S.
Economics, French



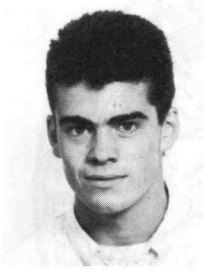
B. Martin 7R
St. Teresa's P.S.
Economics, English,
Politics



M. Maxwell 7R
Rathmore
Geography, Politics



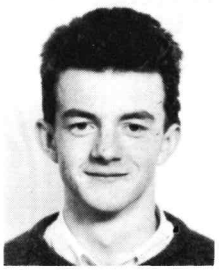
B. McLoughlin 7R
St. John the Baptist P.S.
History of Art,
Economics



S. McMahon 7R
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Economics, Spanish,
French



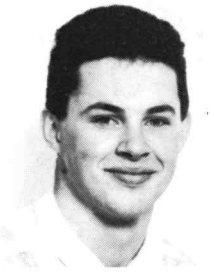
S. McParland 7R
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Biology, Physics,
Chemistry



O. McStravick 7R
St. Aidan's Sec. School
Maths., Biology
Chemistry



M. Mervyn 7R
St. Oliver Plunkett P.S.
History of Art
Economics



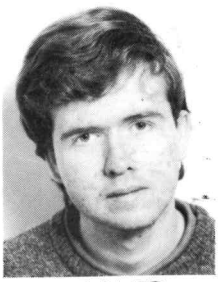
C. O'Bruadair 7R
Bunscoil Ghaelach
History of Art
Irish



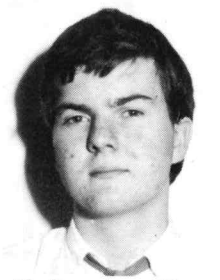
S.P. O'Hare 7R
St. John the Baptist P.S.
History of Art
English



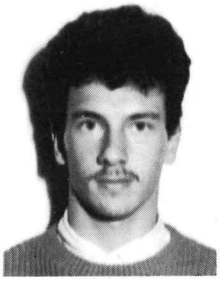
J. Turner 7R
St. John the Baptist P.S.
Maths., Physics,
Chemistry



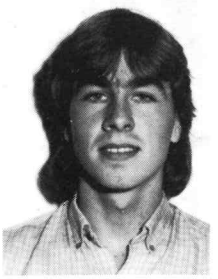
G. Webb 7R
St. Paul's P.S.
Economics, Physics,
Mathematics



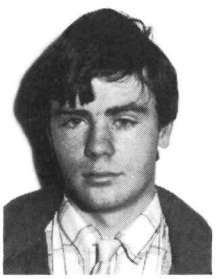
M. Cormican 7R
Ballymacrickett P.S.
Maths., Physics,
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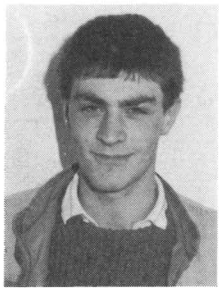
P. McCormack 7LA
St. Finian's P.S.
History, English,
Irish



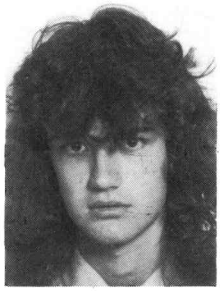
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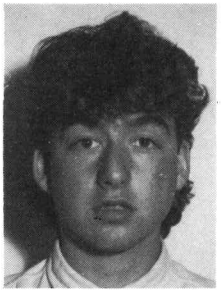
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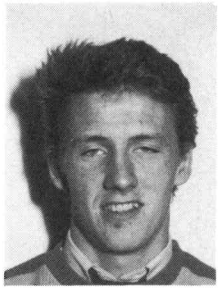
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Biology, Physics,
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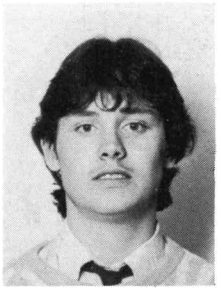
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St. Patrick's Armagh
History, Art,
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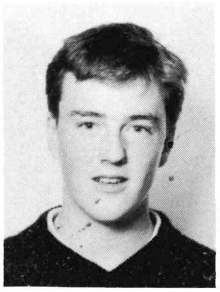
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Maths., English



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