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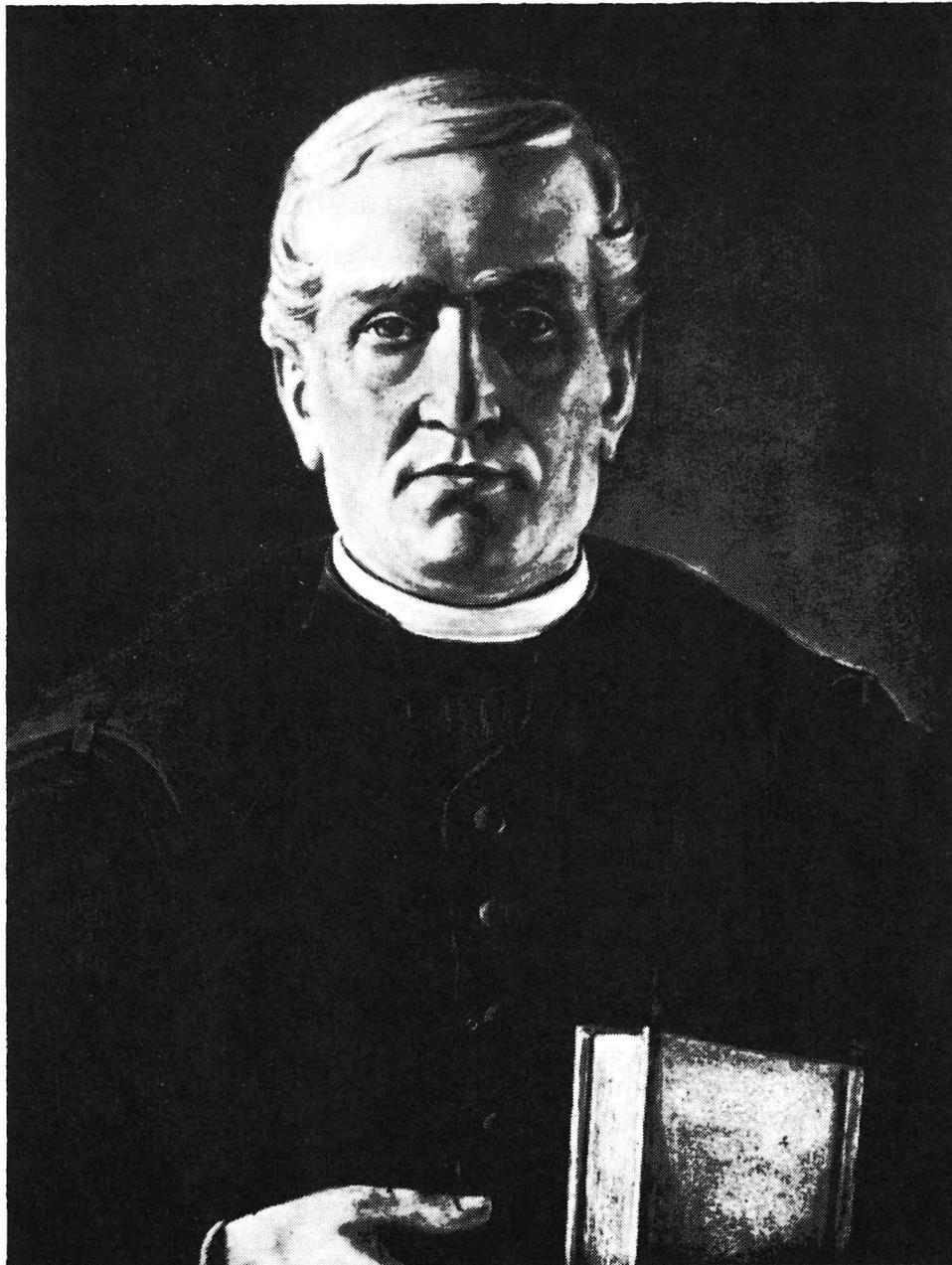
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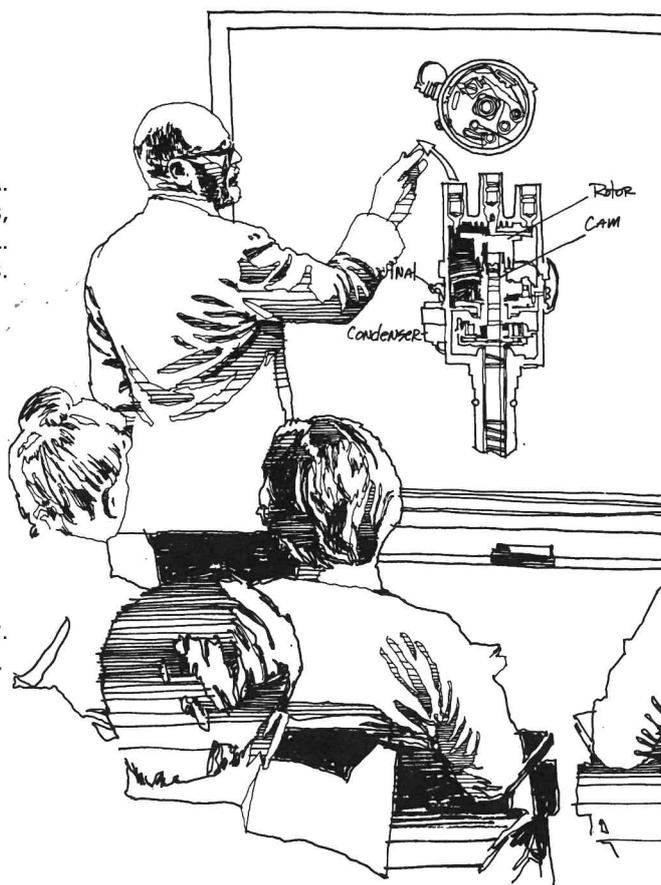
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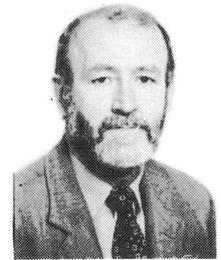
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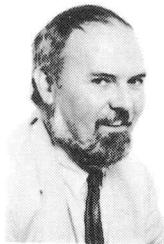
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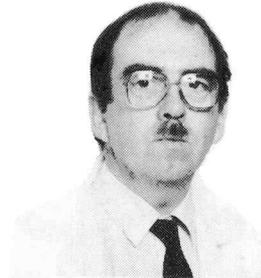
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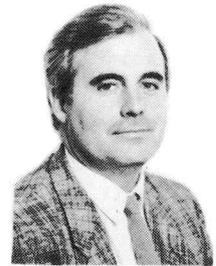
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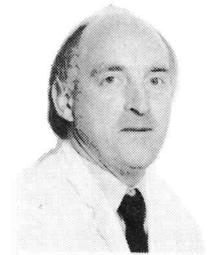
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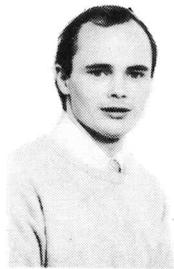
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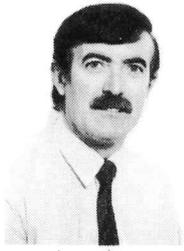
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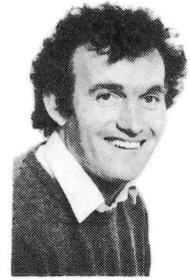
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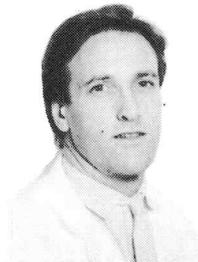
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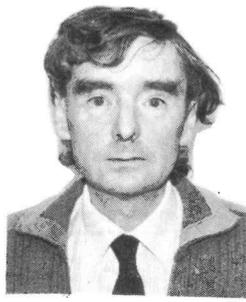
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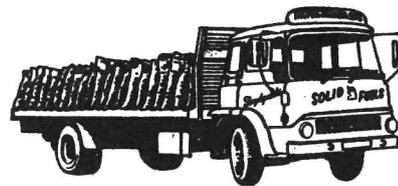
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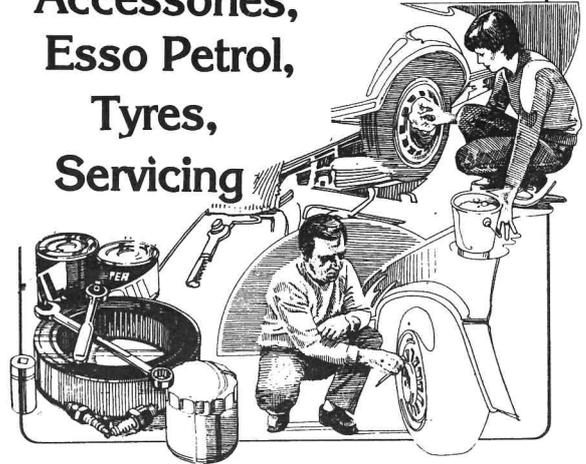
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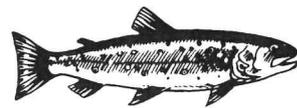
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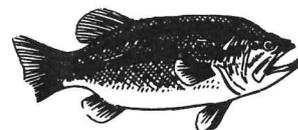
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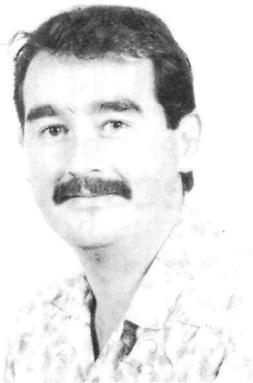


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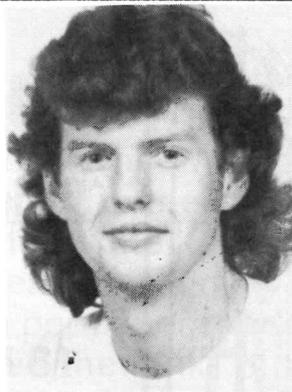


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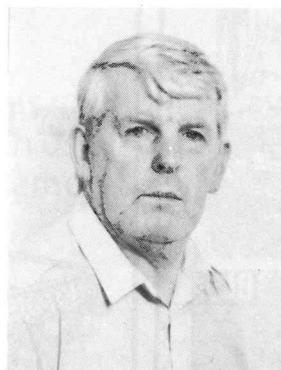
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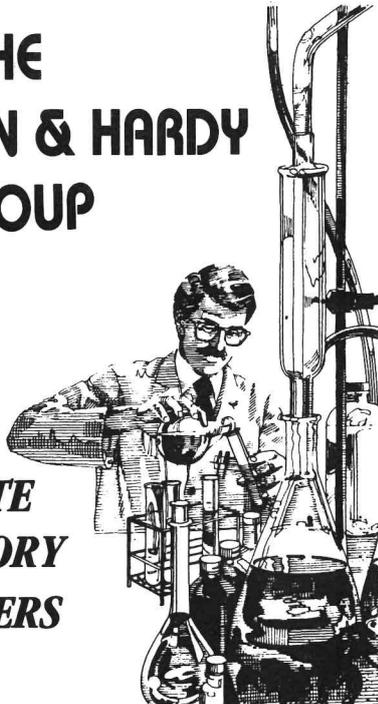
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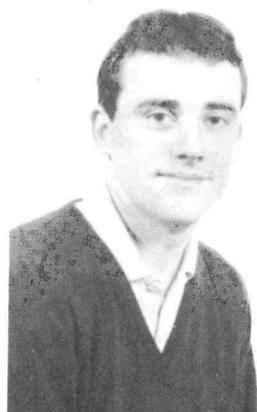
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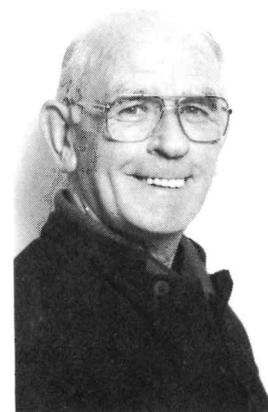
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We extend our very best wishes to all those members of staff who have left us over the past year. Mr. Barry Kelly has gone "home" to "Red High" in Downpatrick while Mrs. Hegarty has swapped the academic climes of St. Mary's for the chores associated with being a mother and housewife. Miss Anne Kennedy has deserted us for the more convivial environment afforded by Dublin. Mr John McCavitt has been rewarded with a permanent position in La Salle Secondary School and thus has joined the ranks of the "opposition". Mr Paul McStravick was a Laboratory Technician in St. Mary's but he has moved on.

Finally Brother Mallon has called it a day. He retired officially a few years ago but remained with us on a part-time basis. Now at last he can enjoy his well earned retirement.

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What have we been, in St. Mary's, in the academic year 1988/89? What paths have we most recently tramped on our journey - now begun nearly a century and a quarter ago?

Inevitably, almost, some staff who have travelled with us have now departed. Mr B. Kelly is a big loss to the Mathematics and Computer Departments, as is Mrs C. Hegarty to the Geography and Economics Departments. Both teachers were dedicated and thoroughly professional. They contributed greatly to the school. We thank them for that contribution and also, for their companionship along the way. We wish them every future success and happiness.

These good wishes are also readily and warmly extended to Mrs A. Kennedy and Mrs O. Butler. They worked part-time in the Art and Spanish departments respectively. Mrs O. Butler was with us just for the year. Mrs A. Kennedy made a very significant contribution to the teaching of the History of Art.

Perhaps, the Department hardest hit by departure was the Religious Education department. It lost the Head of the Department, Rev. Bro. J. McDonald who was appointed to the Abbey, Christian Brothers' Grammar in Newry. A past pupil of the school, Bro. J. McDonald brought an inimitable style and an undeniable presence to his work. He will be remembered fondly.

Among the non-teaching staff, Mr P. McStravick of the Biology department and Mr J. Young of the Computer department have sought out other roads to travel and we wish them safe and successful passage.

This past year has seen the second set of G.C.S.E. examinations. Whatever the misgivings about the huge administrative burden placed on teachers by these examinations and the failure to reduce syllabus content and genuinely cater for less able teenagers, our own students have coped marvellously well. In fact seventy-two pupils, no less, achieved grade C's or better in eight subjects or more than eight. This is a great tribute to the boys themselves, the support they got from their families, their primary schools and the staff of St. Mary's.

Examination results at Advanced Level were also impressive with eighty-five pupils succeeding in three or more than three subjects. In all, ninety-six of last year's pupils have now entered third level education and only seven pupils are not now still studying or in employment. Three students, Martin Bradley, Martin Brady and Paul McEntee have taken up sponsorships with the Natwest Bank John Laing & Co, and the Department of Economic Development respectively, Niall O'Neill obtained the highest 'A' level mark in Irish in the North of Ireland. He has since been presented with the Gradam Gael Linn in recognition of this achievement and has proved himself to be a most impressive and unassuming ambassador for the language. Conor Bradley has commenced studies for the priesthood. He was accepted by the Diocese of Down and Connor and is now pursuing his studies in Maynooth.

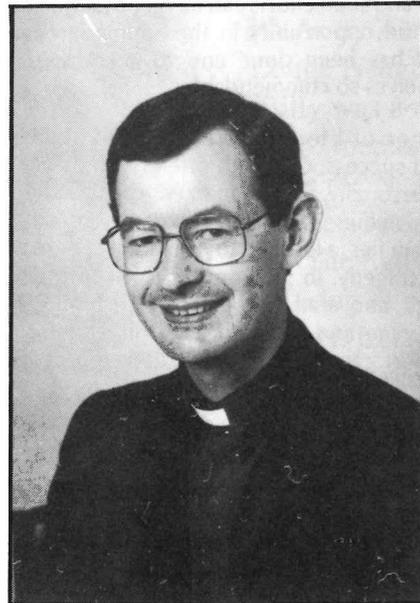
At the Prizegiving ceremony in December 1988, we took a look back to the results of the previous year. The Edmund Rice Gold Medal for the best 'A' level student was shared by Adrian Browne, Finbar Carolan and Gabriel Rooney. The Brother McGreevy Memorial Trophy and C.B.P.P.U. Gold Medal for the best G.C.S.E. student were shared by Malachy McEvoy and Daniel Smith. Both students achieved nine 'A' grades. The prizes were presented by Professor D. McCloy, Professor in the Faculty of Technology,

University of Ulster, and recently appointed chairman of the Northern Ireland Curriculum Council.

This year the prizes were presented by John Larkin, Barrister at Law and Reid Professor of Criminology in Trinity College, Dublin. The youngest Professor in Ireland, John is a past pupil of St. Mary's.

The school production this time round was the musical 'Guys and Dolls'. Approximately one hundred and thirty pupils participated in various ways and made it a gala event. Despite some exceptional individual performances, I think the concensus was that the Night Club Chorus 'stole' the show.

In the Aer Lingus Young Scientists Exhibition, John McNally and Conan McDonnell submitted a project entitled "Optical Interference in Thin Metal Oxide Films - from Nature to the Market Place". This brought them a European Institute of Physics Award - a very coveted and prestigious award. They also won a high commendation for the project's commercial and scientific interest. The school is very proud of their achievement.



Debating, once again, proved a popular and rewarding pursuit for pupils in St. Mary's. Two teams were entered for the Bank of Ireland Debating Competition. Both did extremely well. One reached the Ulster Semi-Final stage and the other reached the Final itself. The Irish Debating Team carried off the blue riband of Irish debating, the Ashbourne Shield and they also won the N.U.U. Debating Competition. In the Gael Linn scholarships, Declan Cree won the Gold Medal as the best Irish speaker interviewed in the North of Ireland. The reputation of the school was further enhanced in this year's 'Management Challenge'. The school again won the regional heat in Belfast. The team was only beaten in the final which took place in Ashbridge Management College in Berkhamsted in Hertfordshire.

Our journey this year has also frequently brought us to other corners of Ireland and, indeed, to corners of the world well beyond our own shores. Apart from many day trips and field trips, the Geography Department visited the Burren in Co. Clare to study its unique rock formations and its flora and fauna. There was a school trip to Callan, Co. Kilkenny, the birthplace of Edmund Rice and Mount Sion, Waterford - which was his first school foundation. Many school departments availed of the educational opportunities afforded. A huge number of pupils also visited the Gaeltacht under the auspices of the Irish Department. The Theatre

Studies Department and the Religious Department organised a very full programme in London. The Italian Department, this year, selected Venice as its destination. The Physical Education Department decided that the skiing was as good as ever in Borovets in Bulgaria. The annual cycle to Lourdes once again raised funds for the Irish Handicapped Childrens' Pilgrimage Trust. Deep River, Ontario, Canada, hosted a cross-community project in which boys from St. Mary's participated. St. Mary's also participated in the Irish Delegation to the European Youth Forum. Stephen Bradley represented the school and was one of the four Irish delegates from the North. Two pupils took part in the Ocean Youth Club Trip - a trip organised by the Christian Brothers' Secondary School.

Among the notable sporting successes this past year, the school regained the Canada Trophy in Water-polo. The Gaelic Footballers took two Belfast Schools' Cups and also won the Nannery Cup. In hurling, every team fielded reached either the final or the semi-final of their competition. The school's Chess Team won for a second successive year, their division in the Ulster School's Chess League.

All of this adds up, of course, to a very eventful and very encouraging year. The efforts of parents, pupils and staff were what made it so and such efforts can never be lauded enough. It is good to have the opportunity in the Simmarian each year to record all that has been done and to acknowledge all who involved themselves so commendably.

The Milestones of life, however, are not always those of attainment and success. Our faith often reminds us of this. Last year, for me personally, will be marked most by the number of bereavements families associated with St. Mary's had to bear. Among those families, a few had to face not just bereavement but also appalling tragedy. In looking back, our thoughts and our prayers must go, above all, to them. Our wish must be for their continued courage and strength and our generous giving of whatever support can be given. May their journey now, bring them some comfort and healing.

This school year, indeed, has already brought great loss. Mr Bobby McCargo, the caretaker in Barrack Street for so many years, died suddenly at the beginning of the term. Great generosity and kindness and a special sense of humour gave him a unique place in the hearts of pupils and staff alike. His presence is irreplaceable and we are so much the poorer for his passing.

Mr William Adams of the maintenance staff also died this year. For seventeen years Mr. Adams made an often unseen, always unassuming but never under-valued contribution to the running of the school plant. As well as that he, literally, kept the school buses on the road. He too will be sorely missed.

Earlier in the year, we lost Kevin Dunne, a pupil who was just fifteen years of age. St. Mary's can count the time Kevin spent with us a privilege. His death was a particular shock to the whole school.

May they and all our deceased relatives and friends, teachers and pupils, rest in peace.

My thanks to Mr O. McCann, Mr P. Barry, Mr D. Tohill, the Art Department and all contributors for this invaluable edition of the 'Simmarian' and their perseverance with the magazine over so many years.

To our entire school community and to all our readers may I say, "Go n-éirí an bóthar libh i mbliana."

"We shall not cease from exploration,
And the end of all our exploring,
Will be to arrive from where we started,
And know the place for the first time."

T.S. Eliot

ST. MARY'S

1976 — 1983

My first experience of Hurling was at an All-Ireland Final in the mid - '70's. It was between Cork and Kilkenny and the only fact that I can remember are the colours of the teams. I am sure I played Hurling before I went to St. Mary's but not in a very formal or structured manner.

The first coaching and team play I got was at St. Mary's.

My first two managers were Brothers. Bro. O'Mahony and Bro. O'Reilly, the latter is now in Africa. I was not very goo, quite simply. My position was full-back - I think because I was large! there was always a lot of fun and enjoyment involved and you were told what to do.

Rough play was not tolerated. I believe at this early stage this is very important. We all had to wear Hurling Helmets. The protection given was necessary. The clumsiness of young hurlers can be a danger to themselves as well as to the opposition. As I progressed through the school I enjoyed playing the main sports. Hurling, football and waterpolo. There always seemed to be some sort of training session after school. But I can never remember not enjoying those commitments. The camaraderie motivated between the boys on those teams is probably the most important asset any of us received.

the three sports I mentioned earlier, I enjoyed equally. Little did I know then that I would be most successful on the hurling field. I was not a very prominent player on any of the school football teams I played for. I probably excelled the most at waterpolo under Mr John Kelly and then Mr James McClean. I have numerous All-Ireland schools championship medals most of which I won between 1978 and 1982.

Mr hurling at St. Mary's developed at a late stage. With club training becoming more intense during the summer, my hurling skills began to develop. The combinations of good coaching with O'Donovan Rossa and with the teachers and Brothers of St. Mary's, developed the basis touches a competent hurler needs. But there is one deciding factor and that is practice. The best practice one can get is friendly or competitive matches. The hurling played during the summer months was then supplemented by the hard grind of Winter colleges, hurling. Fitness improved. Skills improved. And there were always games. This almost twelve month cycle is what creates hurlers. Any lengthy break from the game can be disastrous at the development stage.

I read a recent article in a programme by Willy Rackard of Wexford. In it he said that over coaching can be harmful. He states that friendly play in the street or in the field is where cuteness is developed. Where one learns to use the hips and shoulders. But he misses the point in my opinion. There has to be a blend of both. The coached hurler will not be able to perform in the heat of a tight physical game. The other extreme would result in a player lacking fitness and basic standard techniques.

So a combination is what is desired. I found this in St. Mary's. Plenty of games, good coaching and play in the back yard where mistakes can be made without any pressure.

CIARAN BARR

AN APPRECIATION

BILLY ADAMS

It was with great sadness pupils learned of the death 31st this year.

Billy joined St. Mary's in 1968 be summed up in the words of headmaster at that time described tury".

Billy was a simple and humble and integrity whose willingness to small inconvenience to himself was firmly that Christianity should be preached and in his own life was as many staff and pupils can As a member of the United States stationed at Langford Lodge near latter years of World War II, expert on military aircraft and having serviced B-17 bombers representative for the B-17 known to Billy and his friends Incessantly thinking of the Billy was a staunch supporter and as a passionate believer in was a member of Protestant (P.A.C.E.)

During the past year he was staff's concern for him in and his courage in battling inspirational example to us all. our hearts and minds.

To his family we extend our deepest the heaviest burden. At the same time teaches, we are consoled by the Again!! Ar dheis De go Raibh a anam.

and sense of loss that St. Mary's Staff and of their friend Billy Adams on January,

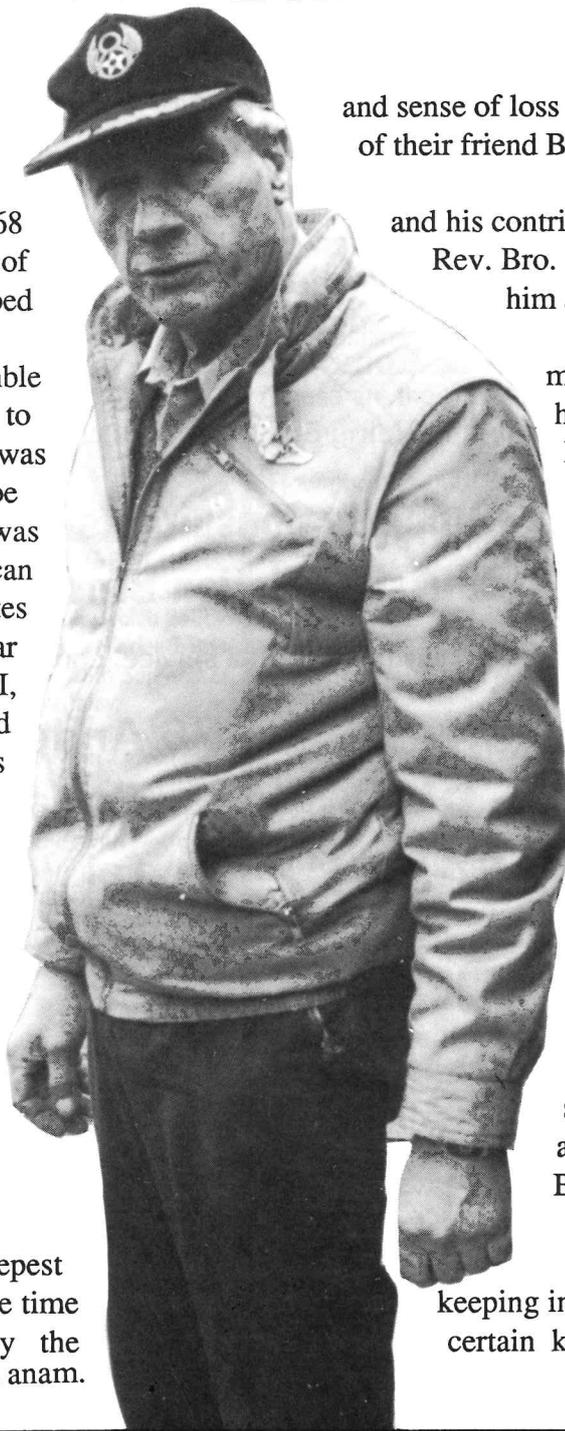
and his contribution to the school may Rev. Bro. J. M. Murphy who as him as "the find of the Cen-

man of outstanding honesty help anyone even at no legendary. He believed practised as well as devoted to this principle testify.

8th Army Air Force Lough Neagh in the Billy was a respected U.S. memorabilia and, was the N. Ireland Preservation Society, as "The Sally B". suffering of others, of the N. Ireland Hospice community reconciliation and Catholic Encounter

greatly moved by the sending him to Lourdes, against his illness is an Billy will continue to live in

condolences, for theirs is keeping in mind what our Faith certain knowledge that "We'll meet



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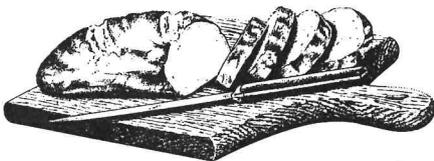
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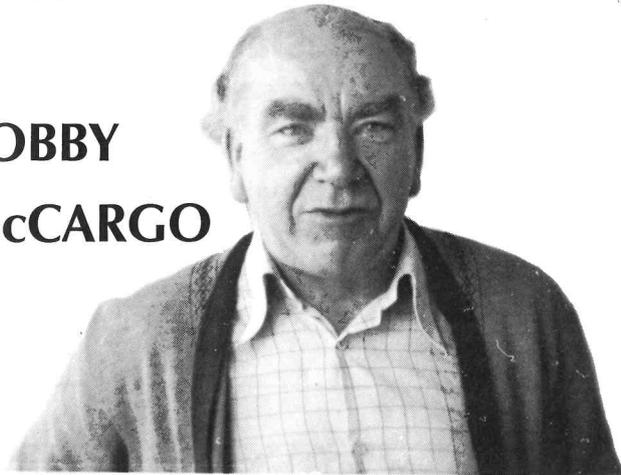
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AN APPRECIATION

BOBBY McCARGO



Bobby first became involved with St. Mary's and the Christian Brothers when he worked as a labourer on the extension of Airfield House. While working there he was offered the job of caretaker of the School in Barrack Street — an offer made by Bro. J. M. Murphy which Bobby accepted — and he remained as caretaker until he died. His death was very sudden — he died at 8.30 a.m. on Thursday, 28th September 1989, five months after he had reached his 65th birthday.

Bobby was an Ardoyne man and a Belfast man with a great love for, and interest in, his own district and his hometown. In fact it was to Ardoyne that he returned, every Saturday, without fail, to visit his sister Bridie and to socialise with his old buddies with whom he would reminisce on bygone days and discuss more recent events. Bobby loved reminiscing and he had a tremendous memory for names of people and events; especially events of the past twenty years for he had an almost obsessive interest in the 'Troubles', an interest rooted in a love of knowledge, in a love for Belfast, Ireland and its people — both Catholic and Protestant alike.

His love of things Irish, and all the Irish people, had led him at the age of sixteen to be interned (as a Republican) in Crumlin Road jail all the years of the 2nd world war.

These twin loves were later honed and developed by reading and discussion, two pursuits which he first discovered during the period he became 'a man behind prison bars' in wartime.

Bobby had another great love and that was for sport, especially football — both Gaelic and soccer. On his release in 1945 he played for Ardoyne Kickhams G.A.C. in goals and followed Belfast Celtic until they left the league. He then switched his allegiance to Glasgow Celtic and continued to eagerly follow their fortunes until he died. Whether their exit from this year's European Cup at the hands of Partisan Belgrade on the eve of his death played any part in his dying, we will never know.

I knew Bobby for seventeen years. I always admired and respected him for his willingness to help, his good humour, his interest in the school and the pupils, his sincerity and his honesty.

Barrack Street became Bobby's life. At the end of June his was the only downcast face to be seen there and at the beginning of September it was Bobby's face that beamed. The long summer vacation cum exile was over; The boys and the staff were back; life pulsed through the place again and Bobby was happy. Alas that face will beam no more.

It was sad, and yet fitting, that he should die where he had lived and worked for the last twenty one years of his life, in a place where he was a central figure and character for so long — "The Prime Minister" as Brother O'Dwyer would call him.

Bobby was 'Walshies' (Bro. Walshe, R.I.P.) right hand man and now both are gone to greater and better things and we in Barrack Street will miss and mourn them for many a day.

May they both rest in peace.

(MR. J. McCLEAN)

An Autumn Walk

I stroll down the dark alley,
And into the colourless street.
I am usually scared of these parts at night,
And now, the horror in front of me quenches all thought.

The rustling quietness of their scamper,
All around me, drowning me in a sea of rustles.
These are the leaves, the bastion of the mighty oak.
Now, though, they are helpless, without hope.

How can this be, I'll tell you now,
The wind, that malignant foe,
Has come again and with howls of fury,
Tears the leaves from the grasp of the clawlike fingered tree.

With licks of might he gathers the near dead leaves into a swirling spiral,
And let's them fall, dead, to the rough floor
They sink to the ground and new plants sprout.
The wind has moved on now.
The tree will again be at glory soon.

FRANKIE BERNE 2A

THE DEER

He runs through the forest
With the greatest of ease.
That bright little deer,
as he runs with the breeze.

His home is the forest,
where he can roam free.
But the hunter is waiting,
and won't let him be.

Deer senses the danger,
showing his fear.
The hunter is closing -
He's getting so near.

He runs and he runs,
to escape from the gun.
But it's pointless to run,
When you're in sight of the gun.

The forest awakes,
to the sound of a shot.
The deer is dead,
In a cold lonely spot.

DECLAN FLYNN 3F



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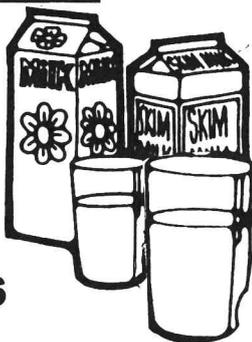
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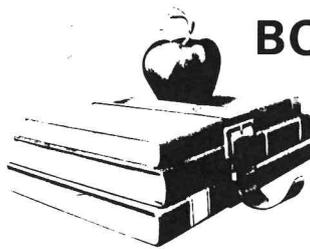
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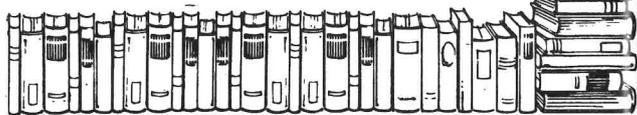
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KEVIN DUNNE

AN APPRECIATION



Kevin Dunne was just fifteen when he died on the 24th February 1989. He was in his fourth year in St. Mary's.

Kevin was an only son and his parents had great hopes for his future. That future appeared promising as he was an ambitious and hard-working student. His own wish was for a career in Medicine and his experiences while ill only served to increase that wish. Interested in the sciences, he was intrigued by the natural world. Stones, fossils, cloud formations and creatures of all kinds fascinated him. He had a passion for living things.

His particular and enduring fascination was flight. He took endless pains building model aircraft. He studied books and magazines, sketched aeroplanes and intricate, painstakingly accurate pictures of aircraft engines. He amassed, in this way, a wide knowledge of aeronautics and the history of flight.

Kevin spent many hours with his computer and had a large collection of games which he liked to exchange with a friend. He was also interested in fly-fishing and was an avid reader.

Like most teenagers, he was into music and "Queen" was his favourite group. He loved television and along with "Top of the Pops" and "Tomorrow's World", nature programmes and comedies, such as "Blackadder" and "Faulty Towers", were his favourites.

He had a terrific sense of humour and always enjoyed a joke. Even during the times when he was ill, he took a particular delight in getting his family to laugh. His concern was always that his family would not worry or fuss over him.

Kevin's struggle with illness was a long and difficult one: He fought with perseverance and courage. He insisted on attending school and on working to catch up with his studies even when it was clear that he should not really do so. Up to the last, the boys in his class, his teachers and events in St. Mary's filled his day. He himself was dignified and unobtrusive in school. He never complained and greeted everyone with courtesy and a ready smile.

In his short life he learned much more than can be taught through lessons in school. He seemed, in fact, through his suffering to learn things that many of us will never learn no matter how much we might desire to do so. He was, despite his youth, a

person at peace. He seemed to experience God's love and to know that He was, indeed, near.

Certainly, Kevin was generous in his love for others and he added much to the gentleness and the goodness in the world. All who knew him, even slightly, will know that they are indebted to him. He is grieved for, not only in Ireland, but also in England, Africa and America. As we pray on his behalf, we should pray also that our lives may be as truly full as his was.

"Dance there upon the shore;
What need have you to care
For wind or water's roar?
And tumble out your hair
That the salt drops have wet;
Being young you have not known
The fool's triumph, nor yet
Love lost as soon as won,
Nor the best labourer dead
And all the sheaves to bind.
What need have you to dread
The monstrous crying of wind?"

(W.B. Yeats)

A Country Calendar

The frost infested winds of January
Brings pain and suffering to many a crop.

In February calm as it is, the robin
Settles down to laying its territory.

March, the time when new bulbs of life
Flower into the food which ensures the
Life long tendencies of animal life.

In April, though the same, the farmers
Set aground the seeds to grow the crops of life.

The farmers get no rest for the Summer in May
It's work, work, work and no time for play.

Tourists come and spoil nature's beauty in June.

In July the poachers flock. The animals hide
Protecting their young against this war.

August. The animals' resting period. Farmers
Make ready for the harvesting.

In September, the birds fly South for
The cold winter's weather, but this is no fun trip.

The crops look pale in October. Tired animals
Prepare for hibernation.

The trees turn white in November.
The frosty winds return once more.

December Fir trees get cut down for
decoration in humane homes. No purpose.
Just taken for granted.

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CAREERS REPORT

To emphasise its central role in the educational process Careers Education has been designated as one of the cross-curricular themes to be included in the National Curriculum. In the meantime the major part of our work is concerned with guidance of -

third year students towards choices for G.C.S.E.,
fifth year students towards 'A' Level subject choices
and
sixth and seventh year students towards their options
upon leaving St. Mary's.

Our Career's Programme goes beyond the involvement of careers teachers within the school. Mr. Bill Gordon and David McKeown from the Careers Advisory Service visit us regularly, mainly working with fourth and fifth year pupils. They give general talks, specific career-area talks and also individual interviews.

Earlier in the year a group of sixth year students attended a seminar on Accountancy held in R.B.A.I.; a group of fifth year students were given a talk on Job Hunting and Interview Skills by representatives from Allied Irish Bank; our sixth years had a day long course on Job Application Skills given by Dr. David Hammond and Mr. James Dingley from the University of Ulster; a group of seventh year students visited Queen's University for a talk on Industrial Sponsorship while two of our past pupils, Finbar Carolan and Gerard Boyle, came to the school to give information about how sponsorship works out and life at Cambridge University respectively. In September all our 'A' Level students made visits to Queen's University and the University of Ulster. This was an opportunity to get first hand information about courses and university life in general. Mr. Wisener (Q.U.B.) and Mr. Conway (U.U.) had previously visited St. Mary's to talk to the students.

A group of pupils also visited the Enterprising West Belfast Exhibition. In addition, five of our pupils successfully completed a Managerial Course during the summer. Moreover an Insight Into Industry 2 day course for our Sixth formers was held in December.

Next spring we shall be holding a Careers Convention in the school for senior pupils in March '90.

Links with Industry is a theme we are promoting at the moment and a series of visits has been taking place as part of the Economic Awareness Module.

We are in the process of acquiring the Micro-doors Computer Programme for Careers Guidance and students are word processing curriculum vitae in the Information Technology Module.

While the majority of our students do progress to third level education some look for employment directly after school. We do, of course, offer our support and guidance to these students as well. Some local companies are always anxious to employ St. Mary's students, such is their satisfaction with ex-pupils they have previously employed.

As can be seen from the list of ex-St. Mary's graduates from Queen's University and the University of Ulster our students make a huge impact at these and other universities and polytechnics.



We hope that our current students will follow the example of those who have gone before them and use their days in St. Mary's to prepare adequately for their future lives.

As usual a large percentage of our leavers entered third level education - into a wide variety of courses. The largest number chose Queen's University, followed by the University of Ulster, while a smaller number went to English Universities and Polytechnics, and a few entered Southern Irish Universities.

The most popular courses chosen were in Arts, Business/-Economics and Engineering with six students entering the Medical Faculty.

Four of our students were awarded Industrial Scholarships:-

Martin BRADLEY sponsored by Nat West Bank
Martin BRADY sponsored by John Laing
Paul McENTEE sponsored by Department of Economic
Development
Andrew FLANNERY sponsored by Short Brothers

Conor BRADLEY has commenced studies for the Priesthood.

There was little leeway in entry requirements for any Faculty and several students were disappointed by narrowly missing a university place this year. Most of those who were unsuccessful are repeating their 'A' Levels with a small number in employment or seeking employment.

Outstanding Performers at 'A' Level were —

Paul CONLON achieved four A grades in **Chemistry, Economics, Further Mathematics and Mathematics**

Martin BOYLE achieved three A grades in **Computer Studies, History and Mathematics**

Patrick DAVEY achieved three A grades in **Geography, Music and Musical Appreciation**

Pride of place in the G.C.S.E. examinations goes to —
John MALLON and Neil McAREE
both of whom achieved eight A grades

The vast majority of last year's G.C.S.E. pupils are now back at St. Mary's taking 'A' Levels. In addition, we have a sizeable number of sixth formers from other schools. These students traditionally do well in St. Mary's and we wish our current group well in their studies.

DESTINATION OF LEAVERS UNIVERSITIES

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Faculty of Agriculture & Food Science	1
Faculty of Arts	22
Faculty of Economics & Social Science	14
Faculty of Engineering	9
Faculty of Law	2
Faculty of Medicine	6
Faculty of Science	8

UNIVERSITY OF ULSTER

Faculty of Art & Design	4
Faculty of Business & Management	8
Faculty of Humanities	2
Faculty of Information	2
Faculty of Science & Technology	4
Faculty of Social & Health Sciences	1

LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY

Faculty of Electronic Engineering	1
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LOUGHBOROUGH UNIVERSITY

Reading Financial Management	1
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MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY

Reading Ophthalmics	1
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

Reading Veterinary Science	1
----------------------------------	---

WARWICK UNIVERSITY

Reading European Law	1
----------------------------	---

POLYTECHNICS

BIRMINGHAM POLYTECHNIC reading Architecture	1
LIVERPOOL POLYTECHNIC reading Business Studies	2
LIVERPOOL POLYTECHNIC reading Pharmacy	2

OTHER THIRD LEVEL INSTITUTIONS

Diploma at Greenmount Agricultural College	
St. Mary's Training College	
Maynooth reading Science	
College of Technology	
Priesthood	

Twenty are repeating 'A' Levels at St. Mary's
Five are repeating 'A' Levels at College of Technology
Eight are repeating 'A' Levels at College of Business Studies

Eleven have entered employment and seven are seeking employment.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, BELFAST

FACULTY OF ARTS

BARNES, Paul	Computer Science
CORR, Stephen	Combined Arts
DAVEY, Patrick	Music
DUFFY, Ciaran	Combined Arts
DYNAN, Michael	Combined Arts
FITZPATRICK, Eamon	History
GREEN, David	Combined Arts
HAMILL, Joseph	Combined Arts
HYNES, Vincent	Combined Arts
KENNEDY, Joseph	Combined Arts
MALLON, Conor	Philosophy
McCANN, Edward	Combined Arts
McCORMICK, Conor	Music
McCRORY, John	Psychology
McELEVY, Eamon	Information Studies
McGARRY, Patrick	Geography
McGLONE, Terence	Combined Arts
NOBLE, Brian	Computer Science
NUGENT, Kevin	History
O'REILLY, Gavin	English/French
PARKER, Vincent	Archaeology

FACULTY OF ECONOMICS & SOCIAL SCIENCES

BOYLE, Martin	Computers & Business Studies
GILMORE, Paul	Information Management
KEARNEY, Philip	Finance
LEMAHIEU, Felix	Business Administration
McCAMBRIDGE, Patrick	Business/Italian
McCORMICK, Kieran	Business/French
McGRADY, John	Psychology
McGREEVY, Colin	Social Sciences
McGUINNESS, Michael	Information Management
McMAHON, Damien	Accountancy
NEESON, Eamon	Psychology
O'NEILL, Damien	Social Sciences
SHEEHAN, Ciaran	Accountancy
SHEVLIN, Michael	Economics
SMYTH, John	Social Sciences

FACULTY OF ENGINEERING:

CONLON, Paul	Chemical Engineering
FERRIN, Noel	Electronic Engineering
FLANNERY, Andrew	Aeronautical Engineering
GARLAND, Neil	Civil Engineering
KENNEDY, William	Electronic Engineering
LINTON, Brendan	Chemical Engineering
McALLISTER, Robert	Planning
McENTEE, Paul	Mechanical Engineering
SMYTH, Gerard	Electronic Engineering

ONS FACULTY OF LAW:

DAVEY, Anthony
O'NEILL, Niall

FACULTY OF MEDICINE

CORR, Conor
DOHERTY, Sean
MALLON, Patrick
O'BRIEN, Brendan
O'NEILL, Conor

KELLY, Conor reading Pharmacy

FACULTY OF SCIENCE:

GALLAGHER, Darren	Biochemistry
GILCHRIST, Gary	Computers
KAVANAGH, Conor	Information Technology
KENNEDY, Paul	Information Technology
McCARRON, Philip	Chemistry
McCARRY, Patrick	Chemistry/Computer Science
McKENNA, John	Science
RAFFERTY, Thomas	Micro Biology

UNIVERSITY of ULSTER

FACULTY OF ART & DESIGN:

MATHEWS, Ciaran	Art
MOLLOY, Patrick	Art
MURPHY, Noel	Art
WOODS, Anthony	Art

FACULTY OF BUSINESS & MANAGEMENT:

CORSCADDEN, Anthony	Manufacturing Management
DORRIAN, Mark	European Business Studies
L'ESTRANGE, Eamon	European Business Studies
McCRORY, Anthony	European Business Studies
McCULLOUGH, Desmond	Business Studies
McKENNA, Mark	European Business Studies
McQUILLAN, Stephen	Retail & Distribution
MURRAY, Donal	Business Administration

FACULTY OF HUMANITIES:

McCLOSKEY, Mark	Combined Arts
McGINN, Brendan	Music

FACULTY OF INFORMATION:

McKNIGHT, Brian	Computer Science
STERRITT, Roy	Computer Science

FACULTY OF SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY:

BRADY, Mark	Building
HANNA, Ciaran	H.N.D. Civil Engineering
MATHEWS, Ray	H.N.D. Building
MULLEN, Francis	Environmental Science

FACULTY OF SOCIAL & HEALTH SCIENCES:

OFFICER, David	Combined Social Sciences
----------------	--------------------------

LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY

HAGAN, Gerard	Electronic Engineering
---------------	------------------------

LOUGHBOROUGH UNIVERSITY

BRADLEY, Martin	Banking
-----------------	---------

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY

DYNAN, Diarmuid	Ophthalmics
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

MULHOLLAND, David	Veterinary Science
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WARWICK UNIVERSITY

FITZPATRICK, Kevin	European Law
--------------------	--------------

BIRMINGHAM POLYTECHNIC

McBRIERTY, Neil	Architecture
-----------------	--------------

LIVERPOOL POLYTECHNIC

HYLAND, Laurence	Economics
MAGEE, John	Pharmacy
McCRORY, Peter	International Business Studies
QUINN, Gary	Pharmacy

GREENMOUNT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

McCORRY, Patrick, Emmett

ST. MARY'S TRAINING COLLEGE

REEL, Sean

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE

McINTYRE, Colm	Science
----------------	---------

COLLEGE of TECHNOLOGY

DODDS, Francis	Textiles
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PRIESTHOOD

BRADLEY, Conor

GRADUATES 1989

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY BELFAST



ARMSTRONG, Donal Bachelor of Engineering
AUSTIN, Brendan Bachelor of Engineering
BOYLE, Paul Bachelor of Science in Economics
BRADLEY, John Master of Engineering
BRIGGS, Robert Bachelor of Education
CASSIDY, John Bachelor of Science in Economics
CLARKE, Michael Diploma in Communication Studies
CONLON, Edward Bachelor of Science
CROSSAN, William Bachelor of Engineering
DALEY, Terence Diploma in Theology
DEANE, Damien Medical Doctor
DOHERTY, Terence Bachelor of Science (Aero.)
DONNELLY, Sean Bachelor of Engineering (Electrical)
DOWNEY, Martin Medical Doctor
DUFFIN, Kevin Bachelor of Science
FARQUHARSON, Adrian Bachelor of Dental Surgery
FINNEGAN, Stephen Bachelor of Engineering (Aero.)
FLANNERY, Daniel Doctor of Medicine
FOSTER, Thomas Faculty of Medicine
GOSS, Martin Bachelor of Arts
GREENWOOD, Eamon Bachelor of Arts
GREENWOOD, Aaron Post Grad. Cert. of Education
CROWCOTT, Brian Bachelor of Science

HAMILTON, Patrick Bachelor of Engineering (Electrical)
HARRISON, Declan Bachelor of Engineering (Aero.)
HAYES, Martin Faculty of Economics and Soc. Sci
HEWITT, Desmond Bachelor of Arts
HURLEY, James Engineering (Town & Country Planning)
JOHNSTON, Philip Post Grad. Cert. of Education
KEARNEY, Malachy Bachelor of Arts
KEENAN, Damian Bachelor of Arts
KENNEDY, Brian Bachelor of Arts
LACEY, Brendan Medical Doctor
LAVERY, Francis Adv. Cert. in Education
LAYDEN, Matthew Certificate in Commercial Law
MAGEEAN, Paul Bachelor of Laws
MARLOW, Daniel Master of Science
McALISTER, Peter Master of Education
McBREARTY, Paul Bachelor of Art in General Stud.
McCANN, Philip Post Grad. Cert. of Education
McCANN, John D.A.S.E.
McCARTAN, Dermot D.A.S.E.
McCLEAN, Peter B.S.C. Accounting
McCLEAVE, William Bachelor of Education
McCORMICK, Anthony Master of Engineering
McCOURT, Paul Master of Engineering
McDOWELL, David Bachelor of Arts
McDOWELL, Edward Post Grad. Cert. of Education
McELEVY, Owen Bachelor of Arts
McGINNITY, Joseph D.A.S.E.
McGOWAN, Kieran Bachelor of Engineering (Electrical)
McGOWAN Ciaran Bachelor of Science in Agriculture
McGOWAN Peter Adv. Cert. in Education
McGURK, Ciaran Bachelor of Engineering
McKEEVER, James Bachelor of Engineering (Mechanical)
McKEEVER, Gary B.S.S.C.
McKENNA, Eugene Bachelor of Science
McKENNA, Seamus Bachelor of Science
McLARNON, Charles Bachelor of Arts
McQUADE, John Post. Grad. Cert. of Education
McQUILLAN, Stephen Bachelor of Engineering (Electrical)
MERVYN, Patrick Bachelor of Education
MONAGHAN, Niall Bachelor of Science (Architecture)
MORGAN, Brendan B.S.S.C.
MULHOLLAND, Martin Bachelor of Agriculture
MULHOLLAND, Desmond Bachelor of Arts in General St.
MULLALLY, Brian Master of Dental Surgery
MULVENNA, Brendan Master of Engineering
MURPHY, Mark Post. Grad. Cert. of Education
NUGENT, Francis Bachelor of Engineering (Mechanical)
O'BRIEN, Anthony Bachelor of Arts
O'NEILL Gerard B.S.S.C.

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GRADUATES 1989 UNIVERSITY OF ULSTER

BARR, Martin B.S.c. Quality Surveying
 BARRY, Aiden Cert. in Food Studies
 BRADY, Donald H.N.C. Business & Related Stds.
 CONNOLLY, Paul B. Tech. Mechanical Engineering
 FITZPATRICK, Gerard Cert. in Foundation Studies
 FOY, Sean B.Sc.
 LARGEY, Maurice B.A.
 LOGAN, Dominic B.A.
 LONSDALE, Joseph B.A.
 MALLON, Fergus H.N.D. Engineering (Mech.)
 MATASSA, Mario B.A.
 McALINDEN, James B.Sc.
 McCARRY, John H.N.D. Science
 McCLOSKEY, Michael B.Sc.
 McGIBBON, John Cert. in Foundation Stds.
 McGIVERN, David H.N.C. Science
 McKEGNEY, Sean B. Tech.
 McQUADE, Daniel B. Eng.
 MERVYN, Martin B. Tech
 MOLLOY, Bernard B.Sc.

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 NEVIN, Owen H.N.C.
 PELAN, Kevin B. Sc.
 SHANNON, Barry A. & C.E.
 SHEARER, Desmond B. Sc.
 SHERRY, Christopher B.A.
 TAYLOR, Aidan B.Sc.
 THOMPSON, Robert Cert in Foundation Stds.
 WHITSON, Andrew B.A.
 O'REILLY, Noel Bachelor of Arts
 O'REILLY, Desmond Master of Arts
 PRENTER, John Bachelor of Science
 QUINN, Anthony Bachelor of Arts
 REYNOLDS, Gabriel Bachelor of Science
 RICE, Nicholas Adv. Cert in Education
 ROONEY, Stephen Bachelor of Arts
 RUSSELL, James Bachelor of Engineering
 SADLIER, Patrick Bachelor Engineering
 SADLIER, Brendan Bachelor of Education
 SMART, John Bachelor of Arts
 SMITH, Philip Bachelor of Arts
 SMYTH, Stephen Bachelor of Science
 SMYTH, Anthony D.A.S.E.
 TEAGUE, Kieran Bachelor of Science in Economics
 TIERNAN, William Bachelor of Engineering (Aero.)
 TOTTON, James Dip. in Theology
 TRAINOR, Jarlath Bachelor of Science in Economics
 VERNON, Michael Bachelor of Arts
 WALLACE, Patrick Bachelor Science
 WALLACE, Don Bosco Bachelor of Science
 WALLS, KEVIN Bachelor of Engineering (Mech.)
 WEIR, Alan Cert. in Acad. Legal Stds.
 WILDE, Gregory Bachelor of Arts
 WOODHOUSE, David Master of Business Admin.

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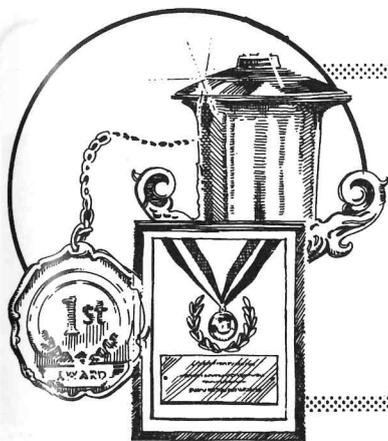


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Prize Night 1989

Prize-night in St. Mary's is always a cause of celebration and this year was no exception. It is an occasion where the school congratulates all its students and thanks them and their parents for the contribution they have made or are still making to the school. In addition it pays special tribute to those students who have excelled either in the sphere of academy or of extra-curricular activity.

The guest speaker this year was Prof. John Larkin of Trinity College Dublin. Indeed John himself is a classic example of a former student who has excelled in his profession. He attended St. Mary's from 1974-'81, graduated from Queen's University in Law in 1985 and was called to the Bar the following year. In January 1989 he was appointed Reid Professor of Criminal Law, Criminology and Penology in the University of Dublin.

In the course of an address frequently punctuated with witticisms, Prof. Larkin referred to his own time in St. Mary's. (His membership of the R.A.Y. Group of which he was a founder member, obviously had a profound effect upon him; he wrote about in 1981 "as a period of intrigue and knavery so professional as to make Caesare Borgia seem merely an illadjusted adolescent." He undoubtedly enjoyed the chicanery for which he was partly responsible! And he referred to it much less irreverently on this occasion).

Prof. Larkin, taking up Bro. Gleeson's theme re Catholic Education, vigorously supported the need for Catholic schooling and rebutted the notion that it contributed to division in our society or that it could in any way be labelled sectarian - "Success in the world of work or social harmony are not synonymous with so called integrated education," he said. Rather such success and social harmony is the product of proper inculcation of social and religious values - the values associated with and nurtured by St. Mary's.

The Headmaster, Rev. Bro. D. Gleeson renewed his criticism of the current threat to Catholic Education. In his address he stressed:-

"that the Catholic ethos of our schools will not be sacrificed either to the National Curriculum itself or to the much more far-reaching school administrative arrangements that accompany it and they are far-reaching and much more dramatic than parents realise and over the next ten years the face of education does look set to change, perhaps unrecognisably."

Referring to a recent address issued by Pope John Paul, Bro. Gleeson again outlined the precise values which school leavers should bring with them to the world of work: respect for life and freedom, respect for the dignity of every individual, the protection

and support of the helpless, and the comfort of the suffering. He continued:-

"Given that this is so it defies logic that some should seek to build the integration of our two communities here in the North on cultural equality and the labelling of schools with a religious ethos as sectarian. And it defies both fact and logic that others as was recently reported in the newspapers, should locate the source of our own troubles, here in West Belfast, in the classroom. An education that is firmly founded upon the Gospel of love cannot conceivably be divisive." It was precisely these values which parents cherished when sending their children to Catholic schools.

"These are things that parents choose to inculcate when they choose a Catholic school. These are the things that parents support when they acknowledge and pay personal tribute to the teachers in our schools. These are the things that fill the vision of those same teachers and provide their inspiration. These are also the very things that make education for mutual understanding an absolute pre-requisite for any Catholic school curriculum."

In his speech to a crowded assembly the headmaster critically referred to the onerous hours imposed upon the teaching staff which could have proved detrimental to their sense of vocation.

However he praised his staff for their loyalty to their calling and said:-

"Catholic teachers have always given and will, I hope, always give the time that the job demands and the students whom we honour here tonight will readily vouch for that. Catholic teachers have not shirked the huge administrative burden placed on them by the new G.C.S.E. examinations and syllabi. Nor have they abandoned the less able pupils - despite the failure to reduce G.C.S.E. syllabus content and to genuinely cater for such children. In this latter respect, it is very, very difficult not to be cynical about Ministerial protestations to the contrary."

Among the prize winners were:-

Neill McAree (St. Luke's Primary School), John Mallon (St. Teresa's Primary School) the C.B.P.U. Medal 1989. Thomas Reynolds (Holy Trinity Primary School) the W.H. McEvoy Medal for G.C.S.E. English. John Mallon (St. Teresa's Primary School) the Tatler Medal for G.C.S.E. Geography. Best 'A' Level Students 1989: Paul Conlon (St. Anne's P.S.) Reading Enhanced Engineering Q.U.B. the Edmund Rice Gold Medal, Noel Ferrin (St. Teresa's P.S.) Reading Information Management Q.U.B. the Edmund Rice Gold Medal. Best 'A' Level Mathematics and Further Mathematics Student, Conor O'Neill (St. John the Baptist P.S.) the Rev. Bro. McGreevy Memorial Medal. Best 'A' Level Physics Student, Paul Conlon (St. Anne's P.S.) Reading Enhanced Engineering Q.U.B. the Ronan Press Medal. Best 'A' Level History Student, Desmond McCullough (St. Comgall's P.S.) Reading Business at U.U. the Bank of Ireland Medal.

JUNIOR PRIZEGIVING

Extract from Headmasters Address at Junior Prizegiving in St. Mary's Christian Brothers' Grammar School.

HEADMASTER PRAISES PRIMARY SCHOOL CONTRIBUTION

While congratulating the various prize winners, Bro. Gleeson went on to say that St. Mary's is about much more than achieving, good examination results... "It is about the harmonious growth of the whole people and the constructive exploitation of latent talents. It is about commitment to our world which parallels the commitment of the person of Christ. It is about encouraging the recognition of the dignity of each individual and the making of a creative contribution to the society in which we live..."

Returning to the Prize winners he complimented them on raising already high standards even higher:

77% of the students obtained passes in 12 subjects.

90% of the students obtained passes in 11 subjects.

This, Bro. Gleeson, acclaimed as exceptional and bode well for the future. In congratulating the teaching staff for their commitment and endeavour he also paid a very special compliment to our contributing Primary Schools:

"It is the primary schools which lay the foundations upon which all our future academic achievements is built and we simply cannot be too grateful to them for the work that they do. I know that all our pupils are genuinely appreciative of what their primary school teachers have done for them.

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Junior Prizegiving



Pictured above: (L - R) Ciaran Doherty 4C, Spanish; Johnny McGreevy 4A, Religion; Brendan Magee 4B, Outstanding; Aaron Boyle, 4B, Outstanding; Andrew Reilly, 4D, Attendance; Chris Brown, 4H, Religion.



Pictured above: (L-R) Aidan O'Brien 4C, St. Teresa's, Music; Stephen McGowan 4A, St. Teresa's, Outstanding and Vincent Fleming, St. Teresa's, Music.



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Irish News

AND BELFAST MORNING NEWS

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1989



Prize winners Perpetua O'Doherty and Patrick Toal pictured yesterday with Lynda Jayne and Bishop Daly at Divis. Pictures by Hugh Russell.

BELFAST schoolchildren were 'on the ball' when they put alcohol and sport in the picture for a poster competition.

For over 200 young people's artistic efforts drew gasps of admiration in the annual Northlands/CCS Alcohol Advice Centre's competition yesterday.

And a host of personalities proved that they were good sports in the heart of the Divis Flats complex when prize winners were named.

For the victorious members of Derry City treble winning side, goalkeeper Tim Dalton, striker Felix Healy and manager Jim McLaughlin brought along their pieces of silver to the delight of local fans.

Topping the list of junior section prizewinners was 10 year old St. Peter's Primary School pupil, Perpetua O'Doherty for her draing with the slogan 'Watch the game but watch the booze'.

And 'first past the poster' in the senior section was 13 year old Fainne-wearing St. Mary's Grammar School pupil, Patrick Toal for his picture with the slogan 'Control the ball and alcohol'.

Both Perpetua and Patrick's parents were contacted to find out what prizes their 'quick on the draw' children wanted in the Boots the Chemists sponsored competition.

With an eye on the theme of the competition 'Alcohol and Sport', the two made a bee-line for tracksuits!

Counsellor at the centre Clare O'Dempsey said that they had been delighted with the "very high standard" of entries for the competition now in its fifth year.

She said: "The aim of the competition was to get alcohol mentioned in schools for discussion. It can be a very touchy subject. But in poster competition form it was very relaxed. Preventative work is very important. The competition was not anti-drink but pro-sport."

Helping to present the prizes along with the Derry City members were Downtown Radio DJ Lynda Jayne; Bishop of Down and Connor, Dr Cathal Daly and a number of other community representatives.

Prizes winners in the junior section were: 1st Perpetua O'Doherty, St. Peter's Primary School; 2nd Derbhla Hunt, Alliance Swimming Club; 3rd Barry Donegan, St. Comgall's Primary School; 4th Rowan Vernon, St. John the Baptist Primary School and 5th Colm McKee, St. John The Baptist Primary School.

Senior section winners were: 1st Patrick Toal, St. Mary's Christian Brother Grammar School; 2nd Julie Ann Hughes, St. Comgall's Primary School; 3rd Ann Bunting, Cedar Lodge School; 4th Maria Murphy, St. Comgall's Primary School and 5th Jim McConville, St. Comgall's Primary School.

A PRIZEGIVING

As you will observe elsewhere on this page my kid brother Patrick won First Prize in a major Art Competition. I accompanied him to the Prizegiving.

Mr. Sheerin drove us down to where we lived and collected my mum and dad. We then drove off to Massareene Path (Divis Flats) because that is where the Prizegiving was to be held. As we walked through the front door of the flat we met Jo Vernon, the lady who had organised the competition. There were lots of posters all over the walls, we were told that over one hundred and fifty people had entered the Competition. They certainly all looked good.

We were offered drinks but none of us took any: I think we were too nervous so we passed on the free Cokes!!

The two winners were called outside to get their photograph taken with Bishop Daly, some of the Derry city football players and

Lynda Jayne.

At the start of the Prizegiving the Bishop made a speech on Alcohol Abuse. Lynda Jayne then said, "Patrick Toal could you please come up and collect your prize." It was a tracksuit. She then congratulated him on the theme he picked which was, "Control the ball and alcohol". She then called up Mr. Sheerin and presented the Television set to him for the School. After that she called to Jim McLaughlin, Tim Dalton and Felix Healy, all of whom had brought their trophies with them. The manager of the Derry team then gave a speech and then they hurried off to see one of their fans in hospital.

There was a delicious buffet on after the Presentation.

I was very pleased for Patrick and maybe next year I'll have a go at the Competition myself.

(Sean Toal — 3D)



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BELFAST 12
TELE: 321689.



5th May 1989.

Dear Sir,

I am pleased to inform you that PATRICK TOAL has come FIRST in our poster competition and this also means that they have won for ST MARY'S a colour portable television. I would be delighted if the winner, one parent and a representative from your organisation could attend the prize giving ceremony at 2pm on Friday 12th May at the above address. Please telephone and let us know if you will be attending."

Yours sincerely,

Jo Vernon

Jo Vernon.

Co-ordinator.

Fund Raising Activities in St. Mary's

As in previous years St. Mary's staff, students and parents have generously donated time, money and effort on behalf of a variety of charities. Though the annual Sponsored Cycle to Lourdes organised by Rev. Bro. Gallagher, over £3,500 was raised for the the Irish Handicapped Children's Pilgrimage Trust (I.H.C.P.T.). The Christian Brothers' Missions in Zambia benefitted by over £4000; much of this sum was raised through the Christmas Bazaar.

Over the past year there have been many appeals made through the media on behalf of the Third World. In February last a School Concert was organised in aid of Trocaire. This particular event, as mentioned elsewhere in *The Simmarian*, was produced and performed by members of staff. A sum of £1,600 was raised and the staff contributed a further £750. In December an urgent appeal was made to the world to alleviate famine conditions in Ethiopia. St. Mary's responded by raising over £2,500.

The Comic Relief "Red Nose Day" raised £600 within the school and cookery demonstration sponsored by Calor Gas raised a further £250.

The R.A.Y. group features prominently in this years *Simmarian* and rightly so. This dedicated group of students under the tutelage of Mr. Rory O'Prey have organised and carried out an array of fund-raising ventures ranging from pushing a bed round the Marathon course on May Day to busking in the city centre at Christmas. Various hospital charities such as Cystic Fibrosis and the Malcolm Sergeant Fund have benefitted greatly from their efforts. The R.A.Y. group raised over £2,000 and counting!

Fund-raising activities associated with the school netted over £15,000 for charity during the past year.



The true spirit of Christmas is alive and well at St. Mary's Christian Brothers' Grammar School. The pupils have responded magnificently to the appeal for Ethiopia. In the short space of two weeks they have raised the sum of £1860 to help ease the plight of the people of that tortured country. The money was raised through a Non-Uniform Day and a ballot for a Midi Music System and was handed over to Mr. Gerry O'Hare of Trocaire who will see that the funds are put to a good use.



Bro. Gallagher receiving a cheque on behalf of the I.H.C.P.T. from Miss. A. Fitzpatrick and Mr. O. McCann. Others in the picture: P. Ferrin, M. Brennan, O. Gallagher.



Bro. Gallagher receiving a cheque on behalf of the Zambian Missions from a group of 5th formers.

**ST
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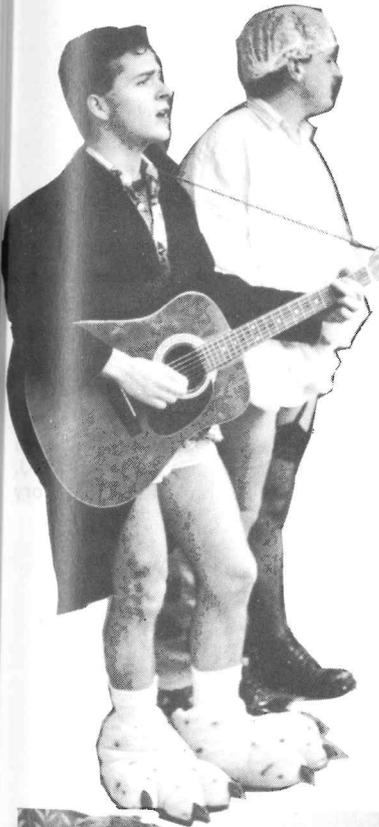
Pictur
R.A.Y.
Haem

Pictur
R.A.Y.

ST. MARY'S RAY GROUP IN ACTION

Picture Right:
R.A.Y. Members with Dr. Dempsey
Haematology Unit R.V.H. June 1989.

Pictured below:
R.A.Y. Group Busk, Christmas 1988.



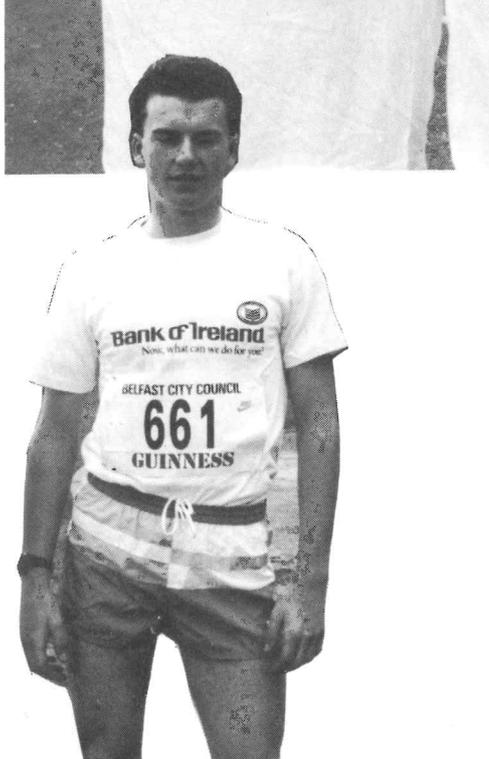
Photos courtesy of Mr. R. O'Prey.

Pictured above:
R.A.Y. Group
Marathon Bed Push
1989 display their
main Charity target.

Pictured Left:
R.A.Y. members with
Dr. Aileen Redmond
Cystic Fibrosis Unit
R.V.H., June 1989.



Running for charity. Members of the R.A.Y. Group under the tutelage of Bro. J. McDonald and Mr. Rory O'Prey.



DO YOU CARE!!

As you walk down Castle Street past the shops or the gates do you even notice the few broken men standing alone or sitting in a drunken stupor. These people are always there, they desperately need help — and the majority of people pass them by with a disinterested glance.

The Legion of Mary provides an opportunity for pupils at the school to do something. We meet every Wednesday after school in Q11 and there, say a few prayers and allocate work for the coming week.

Younger boys visit the old ladies in Our Lady's Hospice in Beechmount. They bring a little youth into old hearts for a short hour each week.

More senior members help out with serving dinners and washing up in the Morning Star Hostel. This provides shelter for the same men who spend their days in Castle Street.

Great work is being done, however, more legionaires would be a great help.

Can you spare one hour of your time per week to help the forgotten members of our society?

Present members are:

- Rev. Bro. Mallon (Spiritual Director)
- D. UaBruadair (President)
- C. UaBruadair (Vice President)
- P. Lynn (Secretary)
- J. McGreevy (Treasurer)
- D. White
- C. Keenan
- E. O Coisneachain
- Fr. O Meallain
- C. McKenna
- S. Morgan
- M. Gray
- M. O'Halloran



Mem-
Group
Bro. J.
Rory

Pictured right:
Presentation of Cheque
for £300 to parents of
Laura-Lee Jenkins
by R.A.Y. Group
Members —
L-R: Mr. Jenkins,
Myles McKeown,
Damien Neeson,
Mrs. Jenkins.



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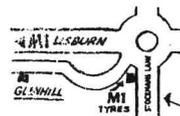
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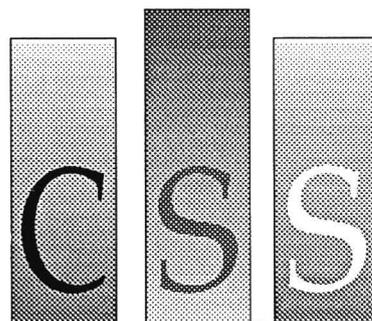
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School Concert in Aid of the Third World

Shortly before Christmas 1988, some teachers thought it would be a good idea to find some way of allowing St. Mary's to show off its musical talents to the world. It was also thought that, with Lenten season approaching, some means of directing peoples' minds towards the enormous suffering of those living in the Third World should be found.

So it was that the idea of a School Concert came about. It was decided to have three afternoon performances during the last week in February, to cater for the student population, followed by a Sunday evening show for the general public.

However there was some doubt (panic even!) as to whether or not the Concert would be a success - on two counts. Firstly, St. Mary's did not have a great tradition of putting on concerts and, secondly, February is a particularly busy time for us all with full scale examinations taking place for third, fifth and seventh year pupils. Needless to say, these fears proved groundless as, once again, the chronically over-worked teaching staff (well some of us are!) rose to the challenge and managed to stage a very enjoyable show.



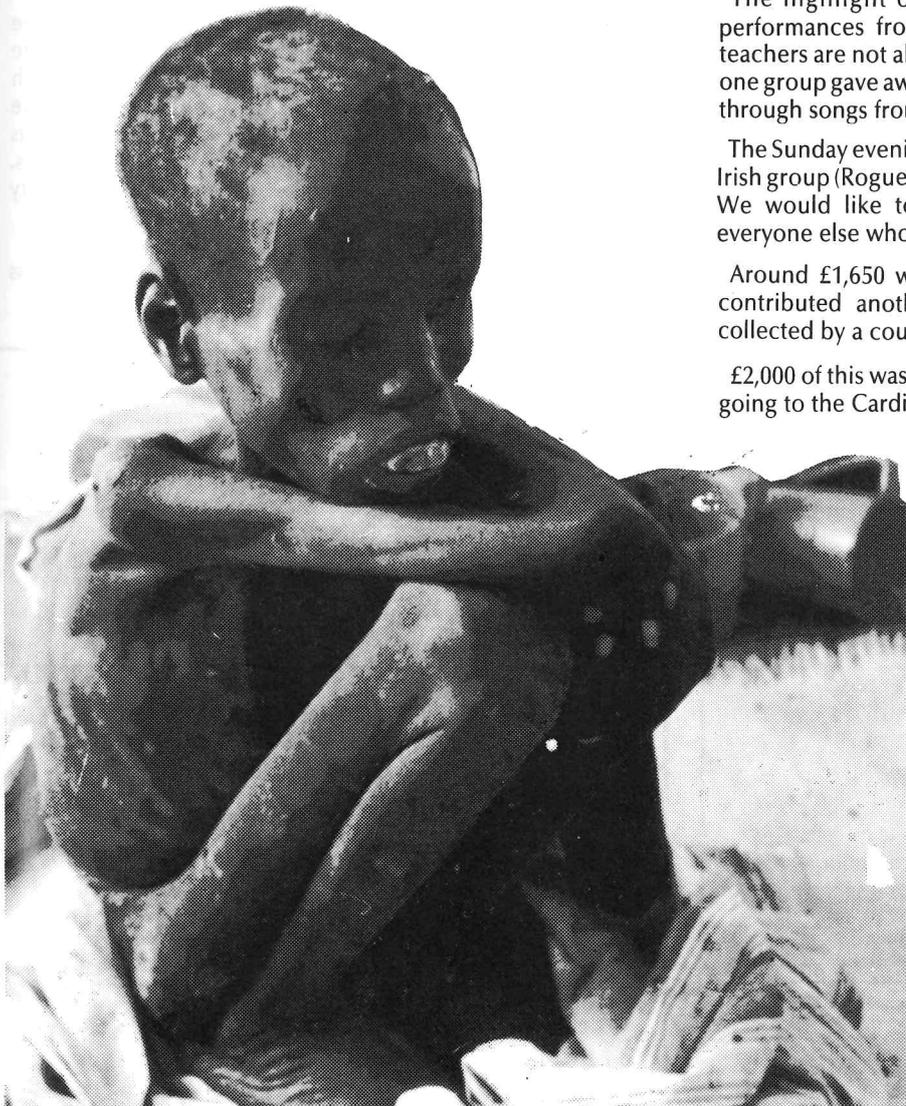
The programme catered for all tastes ranging from Classical (featuring the school band and virtuoso performances from the music department), and Traditional Irish to Pop. The Kevin Armstrong school of dancing provided some very high quality Irish Dancing (with invited guests Denise and Deborah Hughes from St. Dominic's) followed by some instructive comedy and an excellent piece of choreography.

The highlight of the Concert included some memorable performances from the staff proving to the pupils that their teachers are not all talk and chalk!. Although it has to be said that one group gave away their age by nostalgically crooning their way through songs from the 50's and 60's.

The Sunday evening performance was enhanced by a Traditional Irish group (Roguary) who topped the bill for a much reduced fee. We would like to take this opportunity to thank them and everyone else who helped to make the Show a success.

Around £1,650 was raised by the Concert. The teaching staff contributed another £750.00 and this, together with money collected by a couple of classes, brought the total to £2,500.00.

£2,000 of this was presented to Trocaire with the remaining £500 going to the Cardinal O'Faich Ethiopian Fund.



Help
CONCERN
Sudan Appeal



What does PRISM stand for?



PRISM stands for Peace and Reconciliation Inter-Schools Movement. The organisation and activities are carried out with the aim -

"to promote greater understanding between the two religious and political communities in Northern Ireland, especially at Sixth Form level."

HOW AND WHEN DID PRISM ORIGINATE?

Before PRISM was set up another Sixth Form Inter-Schools Group did exist but due to flaws in its structure, failed to develop sufficient interest in following generations to continue the work. Also, because the groups were run by Sixth Formers who were studying for examinations, they lacked the time and resources needed to co-ordinate the group to the best advantage of all involved. Thus, four years ago the idea of employing a full-time worker to organise an "Inter-Schools Group" was put to the control of a full-time co-ordinator. The project is backed by the Northern Ireland Department of Education and sponsored by Methodist College, who supply the co-ordinator with a fully equipped office, the help of office staff, the support of a management committee and also free accommodation in their boarding departments.

WHO ATTENDS PRISM?

The membership of PRISM is composed of 15 to 18 year olds drawn from all areas of Belfast and from all socio-economic and denominational groupings. Also within PRISM we try to obtain a balance, not only between Catholic and Protestant Schools but also between Grammar and Secondary and male and female schools.

IN WHAT WAY IS PRISM STRUCTURED?

PRISM is essentially a Sixth Form organisation co-ordinated by a post-sixth former, who has taken a "year out" to work on PRISM. It is the co-ordinator who organises the meetings and devises new ways of bringing the sixth formers together, with the advice of a core group formed from representatives from the schools involved.

The core group are members who want to take on more responsibility and help in the devising of PRISM's activities. They represent, within PRISM, the wishes of the people from their schools who attend the meetings. Thus, PRISM tries to include the majority of its members and gives them an opportunity to express their ideas.

COMMUNITY PROJECT PLAY sponsored by BASS IRELAND

On Thursday 7th December in St. Mary's Assembly Hall the Christian Brothers' Past Pupil's Union Drama Group performed "Don't tell the Wife" by Sam Cree. This Belfast comedy was attended by 400 Senior Citizens from West Belfast.

Entrance, programmes and refreshments were provided free gratis due to the generosity of Bass Ireland. Bass presented the school with a cheque for a community project and after much deliberation as to how the money could be spent, the C.B.P.P.U. was approached and asked to present a play. This way many people could benefit from the generosity of Bass. The senior citizens thoroughly enjoyed the comedy and hearty laughter echoed through the Assembly Hall for many hours.

The school would like to take this opportunity to thank Bass Ireland for making this very successful evening possible.

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AUDI JUNIOR MUSICIAN 1989



Last year I entered the Audi Junior Musician competition for 1989. The Northern Ireland area round was hosted by Audi Cars on Boucher Road. Five competitors had been accepted to compete and the winner would take part in the regional final to be held in The Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in Glasgow. The five were the most talented musicians in their particular instruments in Northern Ireland. All had to be between the age of twelve and fifteen.

Sometime before the competition each competitor had to inform the organisers of their choice of programme. I decided to play "The Allegro" by Fiocco and also Handel's "Violin Sonata No. 1."

Nearer the time of the competition, I grew extremely tense and apprehensive of the whole affair. I remember the evening clearly. It was a hot summer evening in June. The competition did not actually start until 7.30 but every competitor was given a

practice time during the afternoon for him or her to get used to the acoustics in the hall. My teacher was quite pleased with my performance during the practice and said that he was confident that I would do well in the competition.

I was second to play after a pianist and was followed by a classical guitarist, another pianist and, finally, a violinist. There was a break to allow the adjudicator time to reflect on the playing and to make up his mind about the winner. After what seemed like a lifetime, he appeared on stage. He commented on the playing of each competitor and then announced the winner.

When my name was called I felt elated. When he went on to say I had "a good sense of style and a well projected performance" I felt even better. He shook our hands and we joined our friends and parents at a buffet supper which had been specially arranged by Audi.

SEASONS

BY TONY DEVLIN 1F

Spring is here the flowers bloom
the air is filled with scent,
Summer comes and fills
everyone with content.
The autumn spreads her
wings of fire
'till Winter frost
sets in,
Theres nothing in this world
so good,
as what the four seasons bring.

AUTUMN by the River Lagan

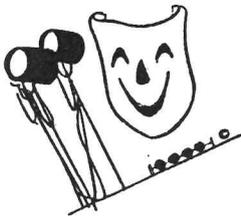
(D. McGUIGAN — 1D)

Whirlpools swirling
Reed pulled under
By suction power
A re-appearing act
It floats into another twister
Suckling like an aardvark's nose
Wandering water
Splitting in two directions
Like in a maze

Acorns scattered
Like birdseed
Acorns like golf balls
With shells for tees
Canal slowly draining
In the midst
A second sight
At nature's creation
Walking back.

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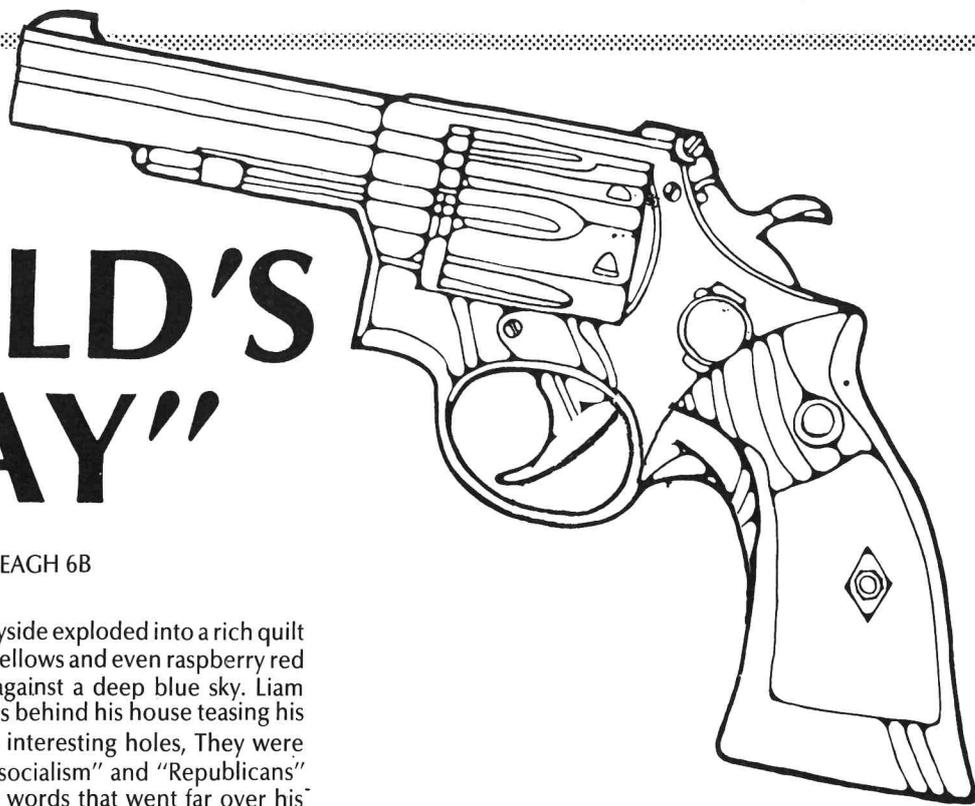
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"CHILD'S PLAY"

MICHAEL CREAGH 6B



Under the clear May sun the countryside exploded into a rich quilt of colours; emerald greens, sunny yellows and even raspberry red on the hedgerows. All stood out against a deep blue sky. Liam played, as he usually did in the fields behind his house teasing his setter with a stick and poking into interesting holes. They were fighting again, his parents; about "socialism" and "Republicans" and "Free States" and other funny words that went far over his eight-year-old head. So he got out and played.

The dog came to a halt in the middle of the field. He dropped the stick which had meant to be returned to his master and was barking, sniffing and clawing at the ground.

"What's wrong boy?" shouted Liam and he whistled impatiently. "C'mon, Bran, gethestick! gethestick!" The dog ignored him, engrossed. Liam trotted towards him when a sudden bright flash from within the grass shocked his eyes. He blinked and ran over to the dog whose excited paws were pulling back the grass to reveal some sort of metal tube half embedded in the ground. The metal, though dirty, was still shiny. Liam pulled at it and it slipped easily from the earth.

"Wow!" he gasped with awed glee. Not just metal but a wooden handle and a big trigger. The name "WEBLEY" was embossed on the barrel. With both hands he lifted it up. It was beautiful. The sleek silver body turned, unnoticeably, into smooth dark wood. The craftsmanship and care could be felt and seen and smelt.

Liam gripped the gun, his fingers just touched each other round the fat handle and he could hardly even reach the trigger. Suddenly all the bedtime stories came to life. He could see the raincoated revolutionaries fleeing across the hills and fields in the dead of night; the faint sound of blood-hounds yelping or the keening of a 'Black and Tans' siren. They discard their weapons in the long grass without even stopping. On until they can find a farmhouse or a hedge to shelter in.

Liam raised the gun, with a powerful effort until it was straight. "Bang! Bang!" he shouted, letting the muzzle scan the fields. "C'mon out you dirty rotten swine - you can't hide from me! - Kpow! Kpow! Yer dead!" He ran across the field yelling triumphantly; "You'll never catch me. Yer not fast enough - Aaaagh!" and he plumped to the ground in a dramatic death. "You g-g-got m-m-me, fair dues, Ah Ah Ah..." The dog barked and jumped over him licking his face. Liam flashed open his eyes.

"Get away ferme you vermin!" He got up and hauled his new toy back to the house. While opening the back door he futilely tried to conceal it under his pullover. In the kitchen he stepped onto a

stool at the sink and proceeded to wash the gun carefully with water with water and cloth. He could hear them still at it in the parlour. He got words here and there. Something about 'men staying the night' and 'police coming' but he was far too engrossed in his own affairs to be interested.

He looked down the ominous borehole. His hands rested on the lock, pulling it back with a click. Having dried off he ran outside. "The 'Tans' are after us!" he yelled to the dog, "Quick into the barn!"

The barn was dark and dusty. Liam sat crouched under a rotting old grey worktable. He caressed the gunmetal and held it at the ready.

"Quiet, Bran, quiet! D'ye want them to find us?" He felt around the trigger with one hand while trying to support the gun with the other. Bran sniffed and licked Liam's face.

"Stop it, Bran. Go away! You'll get us caught, stop it!"

A loud, explosive crack sounded from inside the barn. Within seconds the back door was flung open. The parents rushed out followed by a capped policeman. They stood at the door of the barn. Liam was sitting in the middle. The dog lay beside him, the floor blood red beneath it. A black gun lay a yard away from them, smoke rising from the muzzle. The little boy stared at the dog, shaking. He looked up at the three grown-ups at the door and his eyes were streaming with tears.

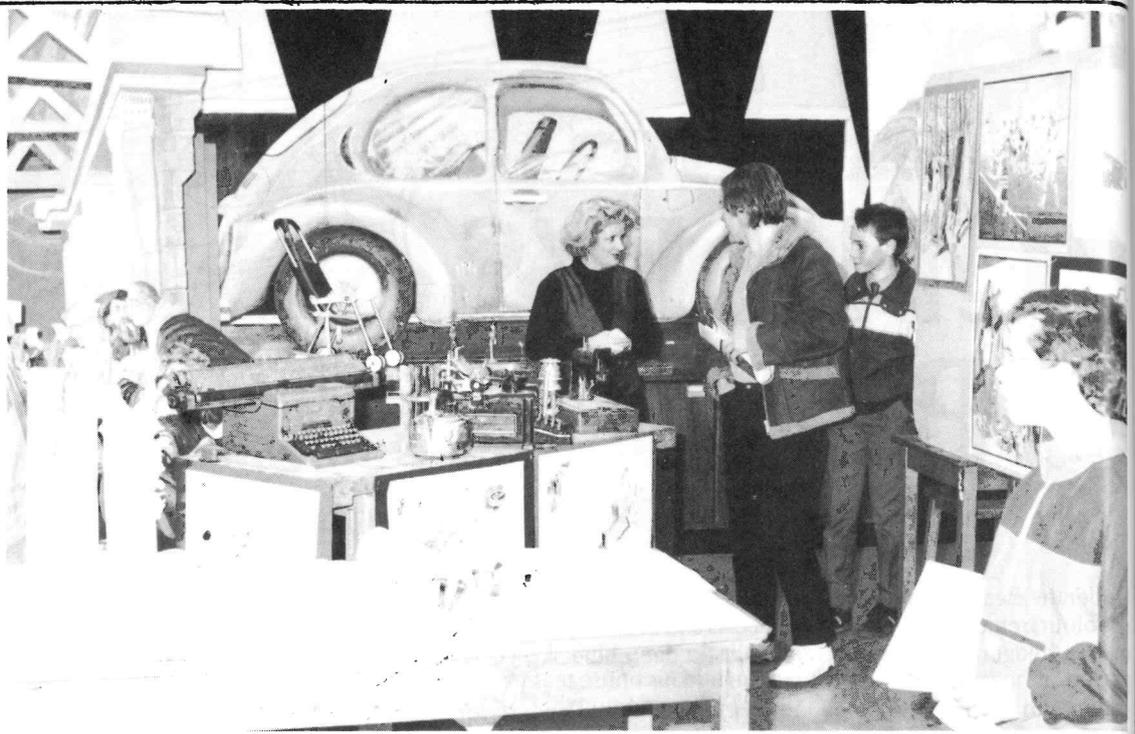
The policeman had picked up the gun with keen interest and smirked slightly.

"What happened?" said the father.

"I f-ffound . . . We-were playing Daddy." He began to cry more violently. He saw the distress in his mother and father's eyes as they looked at each other.

He thought how would they ever forgive him for killing their dog?

Viewing some of the work produced by our art Students.



AN OCEAN ADVENTURE

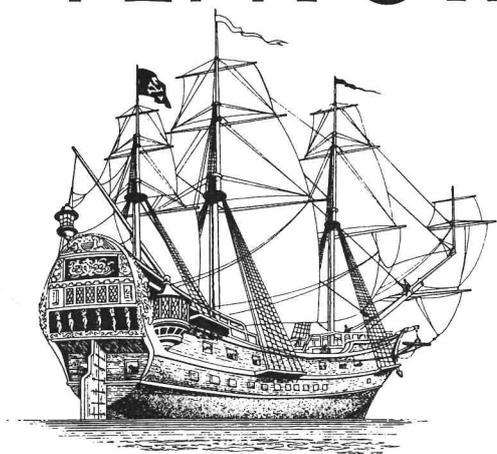
"Shivers me timbers" and "Me Polly's only got leg". These were the thoughts running through our heads as we set out from C.B.S. with Mr. Morris and seven other would-be mariners. Our first destination was Portrush. Little did we know the various fates and discomforts which were to befall us over the next few days. Just as well because our innate fear would have denied us a truly worthwhile experience. The actual experience itself was occasionally horrendous but upon reflection we have the satisfaction of knowing that we survived a mighty test of endurance. Character-building, we think it is called, but surely we could have found a more convenient and less sickening method.

When we arrived at Portrush we saw our floating home for the next few days. In the harbour it looked comfortable and assuring as well as spotlessly clean. A mile out from land, all that changed... and how! The general tenor of unspoken individual comment was "What, in God's name possessed me to come on this trip." Suddenly the classroom and the homework looked so inviting.

Upon arrival we were given a brief talk about the boat and its equipment and considerable emphasis was put on safety precautions. Then we began to familiarise ourselves with the various instruments on board. An hour later we had put to sea, our destination was the Isle of Man.

This was not a cruise. We were the crew and a motley collection at that. We were organised into two shifts to perform the various duties associated with night-time sailing. Quickly, we discovered our unsuitability for life as a sailor. Everyone got violently sick; Conor's head was permanently stuck in a bucket! The once-gleaming deck was a mess; even worse we had to clean it up - at least some of the crew had to do it! Nor was it much comfort to hear Mr. Morris, an experienced yachtsman, authoritatively stating that the sea was not very rough!

At last came as cry "land ahoy". We had actually managed to get to the Isle of Man though not necessarily in one piece as there were still many little "pieces" strewn on the deck which the deck scrubbers had wilfully neglected. Our arrival at the Isle of Man was all too brief and was partly overshadowed by the ordeal which each of us knew lay before us - the return journey to Portrush.



However the voyage home was not nearly so harrowing. We had become accustomed to the rigours of the sea though Conor, noticeably, clung on tenaciously to his black bucket - perhaps this was only a crude ploy to avoid his duties as one of the crew.

The trip on board the yacht from Portrush to the Isle of Man and back took us six days and four hours. To some of us it seemed much longer, especially the outward journey. While the discomforts were many the voyage was quite fun and undoubtedly successful. Upon reflection we did have a wonderful time. Special thanks are due to Mr. Morris from the C.B.S. for his excessive tolerance, he must be the only teacher alive with such an abundance of humane qualities.

The voyage was not all sickness and work; in every way it was a worthwhile and exhilarating experience. Hopefully other students will be afforded a similar opportunity to ours and that they will avail of it. You will not regret it. Both of us feel as John Maysfield, the poet, cum-sailor, must have done when he penned the lines:

"I must go down to the sea again
To the lonely sea and the sky..."

Eamonn Long 5G
Conor Hartigan 5A

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ST. MARY'S MINI-CO



A Boy's Calendar

Arise one bitterly cold morning in January,
Find two feet of snow outside.
A child's paradise.

February is a cold wet month,
For a young boy it is drab and dull.
Roll on March.

A great kite flying month is March.
The strong winds bring the kids out,
Like flies in Summer.

You have to be on your guard.
Practical jokes and pranks,
They're great tradition in April.

For a football fanatic, May brings grief.
The end of the football season.
Did his heroes win?

Oh no! The June summer tests can bring sorrow and
grief.
We produce the same old story, "I promise to do better
next year".

July brings long awaited rest,
for those poor over-worked brain cells.
"Late nights" and "sleeping in" come back into fashion.

Holidays abroad in August are greatly appreciated.
Haa! No such luck!
Try Ballycastle, Carnlough or Portrush!

Well it had to happen, back to school in September.
The start of football leagues make it easier to bear.

October brings falling leaves and heavy coats.
Cork-screwing smoke arises from chimneys,
Like Genii from their magic bottles.

The birds have deserted us.
November trees are bare,
and look the worst from their battle with the wind.

As everyone knows December is magic.
Santa comes on the twenty-fifth with his sack of toys.
Jesus Christ? What's he got do with it?
Or so it seems to people.

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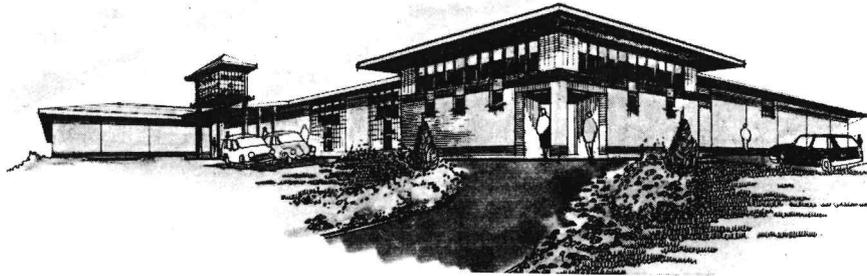
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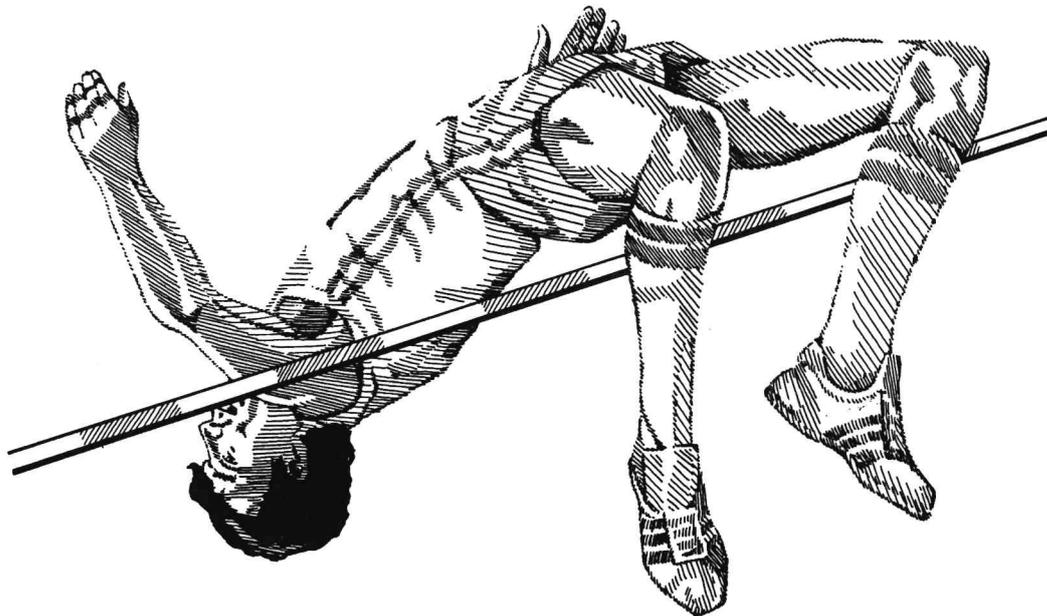
The Development Supervisor

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Northern Ireland High-Jump International

Janet Boyle Writes to St. Mary's about Diet and Fitness

Dear pupils . . . I first took up serious training for my sport in 1983 aged 19. Since then I have been a regular member of GB and NI teams. I have travelled to approximately 15 different countries over the years, either to compete or to train there. Through athletics, I have had many opportunities to travel and meet people that I would not otherwise have met. Such rewards, however, do not come without much hard work and commitment.

Since 1983 I have trained at least one per day, six days per week. Each session takes approximately two hours and proceeds despite the weather. I do weights; general conditioning such as circuits; long runs; interval runs; elastic strength; speed sessions and mobility work, as well as actually jumping.

Such an intense physical workload, on top of a day's work, makes large demands on my body and would not be possible without appropriate nourishment and sufficient rest.

Throughout my training I am endeavouring to build strong, elastic muscles which have the endurance to withstand lengthy, competitive sessions of possibly three hours or more. I have to have energy reserves to draw on in order to finish some of my training sessions. At the same time, I require to maximise my strength weight ratio so that I do not carry any excess body weight.

My diet is of great importance in all these respects. Without sufficient protein and fat I cannot develop strong muscles. Without sufficient carbohydrate and fat I would lack energy and to be unable to finish my training sessions. Without sufficient vitamins and minerals I would be susceptible to illness and again be unable to train. It is therefore necessary that I eat a balanced diet.

I am not particularly fond of meat but eat a lot of chicken and fish. I also eat a variety of vegetables every day, and either potatoes or pasta and wholemeal bread. I supplement my food with calcium, vitamin C and a vitamin B complex as I eat as much fruit as possible. I am lucky in that I have never had a weight problem, however I am overfond of chocolate and do try to restrict the amount I eat.

I do eat a large quantity of food, but this is balanced and nutritious.

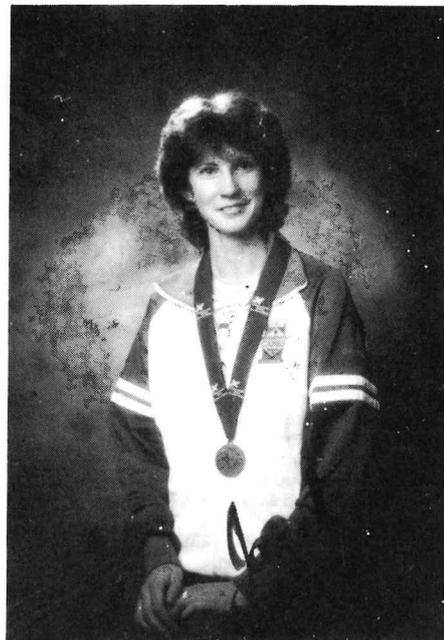
I rarely drink alcohol as this is a contradiction to the rest of my lifestyle. Nor have I ever smoked. I do drink a lot of tea, water, and pure fruit juices. I never drink coffee.

In short, without proper rest and a properly balanced diet, my body could not cope with the workload I demand of it. Without the work and the training I could not maintain the performances required to be at the top level of my sport.

With best wishes,

Yours in sport,
Janet Boyle

(In addition to her numerous achievements, most recently in 1988 Janet came first in the Israeli, Northern Ireland and British outdoor high-jump championships and finish twelfth in the 1989 Olympic Games at Seoul. Congratulations to Janet from St. Mary's and may her success continue).



JANET BOYLE

Rugby International Trevor Ringland writes to St. Mary's about diet and fitness

Dear pupils . . . Because of my eating habits, practically from the first occasion I played for the Irish rugby team I was lumbered with such names as plain "fatso" to others such as "the blob on the wing" and at the start of a training session it was even suggested that the team should run round me twice to warm up. Basically, in those early days (and because I lived in a flat studying for my final exams) my diet consisted of fish and chips, followed by ice-cream, at least one pint of milk, various chocolate bars (all of which I tried to get sponsorship from as a walking example of their products) and usually supplemented by a few bags of crisps throughout the day. (I trust you will note the large amount of greens included!!) . . .

Upon getting married my diet improved enormously. Suddenly the fish and chips disappeared, to be replaced by baked potatoes and lean meat (the fat cut off) and heaps green vegetables. My ice-cream for desert became an apple of banana, and skimmed milk and wholemeal bread suddenly appeared.



I do occasionally falter and tuck into a fish supper, but I feel that, as long as it is in moderation, it does not harm. The effects of this dramatic turnaround has meant that I no longer get the same abuse from the rest of the team and I can train four nights a week and feel every bit as fit as I was before.

I hope this, if anything, is an encouragement to eat wisely.

Yours sincerely,
Trevor Ringland

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Young Scientists at St. Mary's

At the Aer Lingus Young Scientists Exhibition in January of this year John McNally and Conan McDonnell, then fifth-year students, were successful in obtaining two awards for their project. The project, "Optical Interference in Thin Metal Oxide Films -- From Nature to the Market Place", was a study of the scientific principles involved in titanium and niobium jewellery-making. Etching and design techniques were examined, as well as health and safety aspects.

Conan and John's work attracted considerable attention at the exhibition and from jewellers Bill and Christine Steenson, whose work in this field originally inspired our students' project. They were rewarded for their careful research with a European Institute of Physics Award and a Highly Commended prize by the judges, as well as enjoying several nights at Jury's Hotel while in Dublin. Dr. Adrian Mallon supervised the project and was very impressed by the boys' application and commitment. Their wide-ranging background knowledge in such a variety of fields (including even aircraft design) was most impressive and proved particularly useful on field trips to Glenarm for the production of a jewellery workshop video and to Short Brothers to interview on the use of titanium in aircraft manufacture. It was a project well done, well presented and deserving of the recognition it received (A.M.).

A Scientific Route to The Bastille

First year pupils at St. Mary's CB Grammar School, Belfast have marked celebrations of the French Revolution bi-centenary with an exhibition to show the contribution of science during the period.

Dr. Adrian Mallon, who teaches Chemistry and Junior Science said the four first year classes had been able to blend their work across the curriculum, in Science, History, Politics and Linguistics, into the exhibition.

"The object of the work is to raise the boy's awareness of our common cultural heritage and to make this year's celebration of the anniversary of the French Revolution more immediate" . . .

The exhibition has been mounted in the school library and pupils have been asked to fill in a work sheet when they visit. The trick is they have to read the display to answer the questions.

James Barr (12) said he thought the exhibition was very good as a teaching aid. "It's very good and makes learning a lot easier than class. Seeing things and reading about them at your own pace is a good idea."

Noel McComb (12) and Patrick McKillop (12) said the exhibition was "like reading a newspaper" and made science and the French Revolution more interesting than any text-book.

Dr. Mallon said the exhibition would also help to represent science accurately as a social and intellectual historical force, and to show science and scientists in their social context, affecting and being affected by a greater culture.

(Extract from an article by Mary Campbell, Irish News).

THE FUTURE

What future is there for the young?
What songs are waiting to be sung?
There are no mountains left to climb,
No poetry without a rhyme.
No jobs to go to after school,
We try hard and still they rule.

Brian Quinn,
Form: 1F.

They give us one year jobs in Ace Schemes
When what we want are hopes and dreams.

Belfast Telegraph

119th YEAR

Price 24p (33p in Eire)

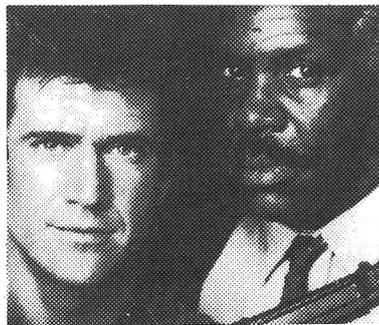
SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1989



On The Winning Team

Patrick Toal, from St. Mary's Grammar School and Perpetua O'Doherty, from St. Peter's Primary School, were the two winners in the Northlands/Cathedral Community Service Alcohol Advice Centre poster competition. The twosome received their prizes

from members of Derry City FC who brought along their trophies to the presentation at the Divis Flats complex. They are manager Jim McLaughlin (left), Tim Dalton and Felix Healy. The theme of the competition was alcohol and sport.



Identify, if you can, some of the following videos or cinema attractions:-

1. Nab Mat
2. Got Nup
3. Hire Dad
4. Dad Wise, A Hall Fan
5. The Walan Pole
6. Sing Bise Bus
7. King Gor Wirl
8. Did Ganty Rinc
9. Cor, Cut His Rit
10. May Ice Plod Ace

(CHRIS CUSHNAHAN - 3B)

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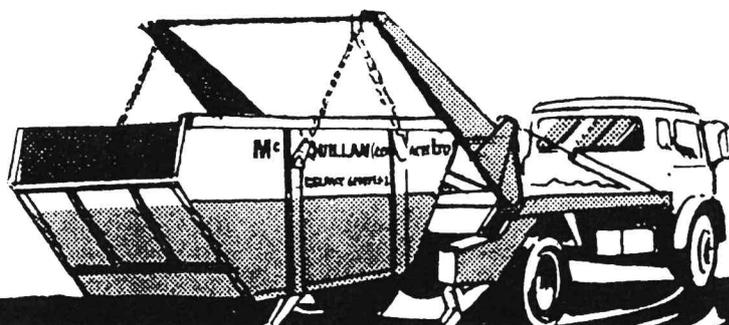
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A TASTE OF DEATH

'Can I play with madness, the prophet stared at his crystal ball.
Can I play with madness, there's no vision there at all.
Can I play with madness, the prophet looked and then he laughed
at me.
Can I play with madness, he said, "You're blind, too blind to see".'
(Iron Maiden — Can I play with Madness)

Life is tough when you are unemployed. So says Jim Norton. It was getting to be more mechanical every time - go to the Job Centre, apply for a job, get turned down, go to the Job Centre; apply for a job, get turned down, go to the Job Centre; thus continuing the vicious circle.

He was an only child. His mother died giving birth and his father died of lung cancer when he was eighteen. He got by the hard way, surviving for a few months after the death, on some money his father left behind.

His girlfriend, Debbie, left him because she was fed up with the same droning depression of Jim. His happiest days were those of his childhood when his father was alive. Now it was sheer hell. It took a long time but he knew there was no alternative - suicide.

He took into consideration the various methods: hanging, shooting, crashing, drowning, jumping off a building or electrocution but his method was - an overdose. Drugs were easy to buy on the streets, so, with the last of his dole money Jim bought his death.

It took a long time to write his suicide note which he signed with tears glistening on his cheeks. He swallowed the pills with a can of lager. His life was now permanently extinguished, or so he thought.

He saw wonderful places, weird faces, heard his name echoing around this mysterious canal. His body, or mind (he really couldn't tell) floated towards a beckoning figure. Colours, distorted sounds confusing his train of thought. He was suddenly staring at a pale image of his long dead father.

"Go back son", the figure said.

"No - dad - There's nothing left", he retorted.

"Go back now, before it's too late", the figure pleaded.

Before he could answer he found himself tumbling backwards through time and space. He started suddenly. A figure appeared in the distance:

"There is a certain price to pay Jim" the figure said, "the life of a relative. No one leaves the land of the dead without being replaced."

Understanding the demand, Jim agreed, due to the simple fact he had no relatives alive. He rapidly found himself tumbling backwards again.

He awoke the next morning with the empty valium bottle in his hand. he shouted:

"Fat lot of good that did me!" He cried briefly at the pain of facing another day. He threw the bottle against the wall, shattering it on impact.

Another alternative was jumping from a building. "Yes", he told himself, "today is definitely the last of this nightmare". At the formation of 'Nightmare' on his lips he remembered the strange illusion that occurred the night before.

"Valium does some strange things", he said smiling at the hallucinatory events that happened last night. As he descended the stairs, he noticed the letter lying below the overused letterbox, exclusively for bills.

Emblazoned on the envelope were the words 'Barclays Bank'. He felt a nauseous sensation pass through him as he picked up the envelope. He suspected what the envelope said before his fingers ravaged the paper which moved him from - unemployment to employment, death to life.

He has been accepted as an apprentice clerk in the Bank. He had forgotten the application form that he completed several weeks before. To him, the application added to the other fallen dominoes of his life - but, not so!

Jim enjoyed his first day at work. He was 'shown the ropes' by the ground supervisor and understood the demands of the job. His first sight of a wage packet kindled happiness in his heart, not having been felt for a long, long time. He spent the money on clothes and a candle-lit dinner at a top restaurant.

Weeks passed and Jim was now fully established at the Bank. Debbie and Jim were now becoming closer and inevitably married less than a year after Jim tried to commit suicide. His promotion was granted and he was now assistant manager. The events of a year before were now well forgotten and Jim enjoyed his married lifestyle, his expensive car, secure job and loving wife.

The only thing missing in Jim's life was soon to be. His wife was now four months pregnant. He prepared the nursery for his newly born child.

He waited impatiently outside the labour ward. He rarely smoked so many cigarettes but, this occasion was different. He had his names fixed for the child, Christopher if it was a boy and Susan if it was a girl.

Several hours passed. Jim heard the faint sound of a child crying in the ward. Excitement and anticipation passed over him at the first cries of his off-spring entering into the world. Then came that long forgotten, but chillingly remembered, voice. Tears streamed down his face as he heard the ghostly voice say, "You promised Jim, your daughter is mine."

(PETER McBRIDE)



The Sweep's Tale

For all the world he was like one of O'Kane's pall-bearers, only his face had the comical look of a Dixie Minstrel. My mother had been up early that day and had the carpets around the hearth covered with newspapers in preparation for his arrival. The younger members of the household were eager to witness the act in their new home and had been humming, 'Chim - Chimney, chim-. chimney, chim chim char oo.' in little off-key voices all morning.

His arrival was no disappointment. The bike could never have been ridden even in an emergency, it was merely a trolley for holding a vast array of poles and brushes which were strapped to its middle. Brushes protruded at each end making the bike look like a strange iron horse.

He moved into the room which harboured the offending fireplace and his long, thin legs moved apologetically - they were the legs of a creature who has left black prints behind him all his life. Then in a steady, methodical way he began working. It wasn't long before he turned to one of his acolytes to request they go into the garden and see if the brush had found its way through the chimney. He moved to the window to receive their 'Signal', his gaunt frame and dark clothes looking strangely out of place in the small modern room.

"Huh - that brings me back a few years Missus", he muttered, "I last skated here over fifty years ago".

My mother smiled in quick response but almost immediately a cloud of bewilderment flitted across her eyes as she looked from the gaunt face to the garden and then back again.

"I'm sorry", she said "you dated a girl from this part. I thought for a moment you said skated".

"That's what I did say", he returned.

"But where?"

"Over yonder", the sweep replied, his hand pointing to the lower part of the garden,

"-Toner's Bog Hole".

My mother froze -

"Toner's Bog Hole - where exactly was Toner's Bog Hole?"

"That's your garden missus, and here where the house is as well, but it must be fair drained now or they'd never have been able to build a house here. Although mind you, I'm surprised they did".

My mother hadn't moved a muscle. Her eyes had glazed over slightly and she stared disbelievingly into the black face. She didn't want this house - nothing about it had pleased her, least of all the garden which was too big, swampy and full of flies. "Good God", she muttered through clenched teeth, "we've bought a bog". Her eyes went around the living room walls as if at any second she expected them to disappear like the lost city of Atlantis.

"It weren't Toner's bog in my day though, Toner was long dead by then and some big shop people in Belfast owned the land and around here was all corn, except for your bit. Naught but bullrushes and bits a willow grew here and there but it was a quare place in a freezing winter".

Believing the silence to be an indication of intense interest in his story the sweep continued.

"The ground always had a lot of water lying on it so it made the best rink any young one could wish for. All the young people would gather here after school - we had the fun all right, in them times. I met my wife here, God rest her".

He smiled a smile which brought him through sixty years of hardship to an icy day - the wind sharp and clear. He was raw boned and gaunt even then but his eyes were glistening, his skin alive. He put out his hand and a young girl fresh cheeked and shy put her hand in his and they began to move around the ice. Slowly at first then building up to a speed which made the air roar about their ears and tug at their clothes. Their faces were animated with the joy of living - their bodies in harmony with life.

"It's through, it's through" shouted the children, breaking the spell.

"Right missus - now where do you want this soot" said the sweep gruffy as he turned back towards the fire. His face was strangely softened and the eyes moist with memory.

(EAMONN RICE - 7E)

NATURE

As I walk along the woodland path,
And look at the life around me,
I hear the scatter of tiny feet in the undergrowth,
Mice!

The familiar music of the cricket,
Quietening as you come near.
The sight of a snail loth to come out,
Sensing you're there.

The distinct odour of wild flowers.
Dancing along with the breeze.
A quick glimpse of a squirrel,
As it climbs lightning-like up the trunk of a tree,
Disappearing into its tree top world.

The chirping of birds,
Like a congregation of grannies gossiping at a corner.
Unknowing of the hawk above,
Suddenly a cry of pain
As the Hawk dives on its victim
Sinking its talons into the fleshy back of the bird,
Alas, that's nature!

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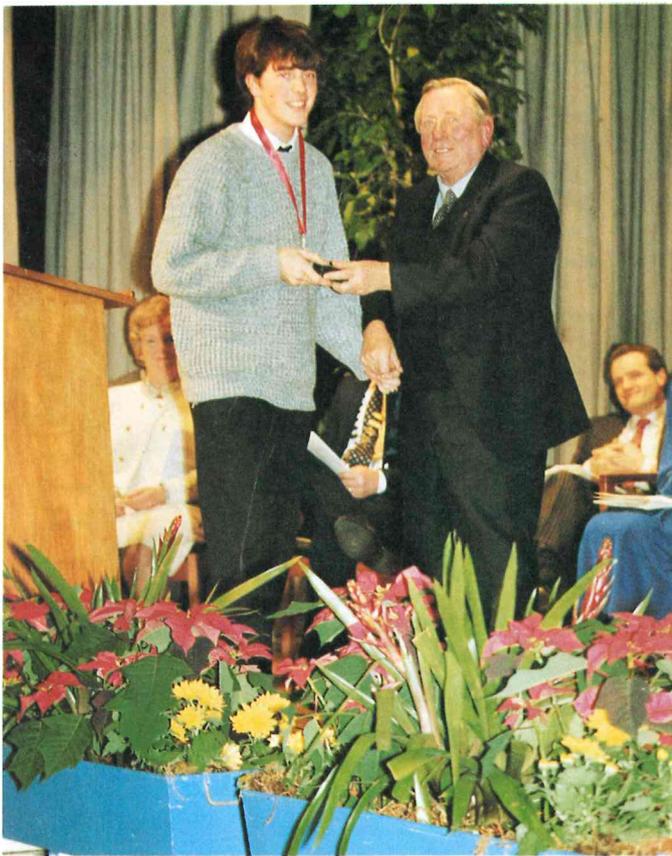
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- 7E)



OUR open day





Mr. McEvoy presenting Thomas Reynolds with the W. H. McEvoy Medal for being the top student of English in GCSE.



The Edmund Rice Gold Medal presented to the 1989 top 'A' Level Students. Along with Professor Larkin are Paul Conlon and Noel Ferrin.



Professor Larkin presenting the Irish News Medal to Niall O'Neill.



Top GCSE students and recipients of CBPPU Medal — John Mallon and Neil McAree.



Sportsmen of the Year, Emmet McCorry and Kevin Brown flanking Mr. P. Cocbrane.



Mr. P. Cocbrane, President of the Past Pupils Union making a presentation to Noel Ferrin.



Joe McVeigh being presented with the St. Mary's Community Cup by Professor Larkin.



Patrick Toal being presented with the Boots Shield for his prize essay/poster in Alcoholic Advice.



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VIAGGIO IN ITALIA

by Aaron Boyle 5B

On the 15th March 1989 twenty two students left for Italy. Aboard our trusty school minibuses, we left in high spirits and looked with great expectations at the road ahead.

Our journey took us from Larne to Stranraer then a long drive from Stranraer to Gatwick. Every stop we made was to a closed service station and therefore we arrived at Gatwick three hours before check-in. But we didn't mind, we were edging closer to Italy and the wonderfully mystical city of Venice.

After a few hours spent wriggling on a seat in an airport lounge we were eventually awoken and asked to freshen up before check-in. The plane and then the blue skies of Italy awaited us!

We boarded the plane and were all set for take-off - sucking desperately on boiled sweets and clutching, white-knuckled to the arms of our seats. Then to our disappointment the pilot announced a half an hour delay. We got away exactly half an hour late and now the only stop to our final destination was to be Verona where the plane was to land... We quickly hustled through customs and the baggage lounge, eager to board our coach that would bring us to Lido di Jesolo and the Hotel Stella D'Oro - our holiday address.

The motorway seemed to cut through the Italian countryside as on either side of the road vineyards stretched far and beyond the horizon. The weather which had greeted us was dark and overcast but this seemed to add to the splendour of the Italian farmhouses scattered about the countryside.

We arrived at our hotel in mid-afternoon. That first night we were left to our own devices to explore Lido di Jesolo. Many flocked to the amusement arcade, I took to the nearest pizzeria. This bears no reflection on the hotel food which was very good but the small portions always left us hungry. Bruno the pizzeria owner listened patiently to my 'Italian' before creating a masterpiece of a pizza in front of my eyes, 'E stato magnifico'.

The next day was to be our first of three visits to nearby Venice. There was a short journey to the boat station by bus. We boarded

the boat which was to take us to a connecting boat station: But the boat stopped at a number of other stations also. Mr. Cullen and a few gullible students disembarked at the wrong station. So as the majority of us sat in the comfort of the boat we watched the others hurtling along the roads desperately trying to reach our connection point, and doing so, echoed by our rapturous laughter.

As Venice loomed on the horizon the clicking of cameras began. And then came Venice itself. The army of gondolas awaited us at Saint Mark's Square - La Piazza San Marco and the Ducal Palace stretching to waters edge. It exhibited timeless beauty and its air of aristocracy and of its lingering, mystical past simply deserved reverence and appreciation.

At first we were guided around and shown the principal sites. We were then put into small groups and given a full day to explore the wonders of Venice, not only of the historical moments such as La Basilica di San Marco, the Bridge of Sights, il Ponte dei Sospiri and Rialto Bridge - il Ponte Rialto, but also the living backstreets. We sampled all sorts of food and we were very appreciative of the Italian peoples understanding and friendliness. Of our three visits to Venice it rained only on the first day. On the second and third days we were accompanied by somewhat confusing maps of the most interesting places to visit and blistering Italian sunshine, to guide us around the seemingly identical backstreets of Venice.

On two occasions we visited Italian markets where we were able to bargain for 'bric-a-brac' souvenirs and presents. We were also able to sample a bit more of the real Italy. At these markets we encountered many characters and through their laughing and gesticulation helped break the language barrier and helped us to be more confident in future meetings with Italians.

In Lido di Jesolo though we were still trying to grasp Italian customs. We all had trouble remembering that the town died in the afternoon for the siesta. With it died the water supply and because of this two rooms were inadvertently flooded by perplexed students (one of whom was me) who were left staring at taps fully on but without running water. When we came back after dinner the taps had been on for an hour or so and an inch of water greeted us as we opened the door!



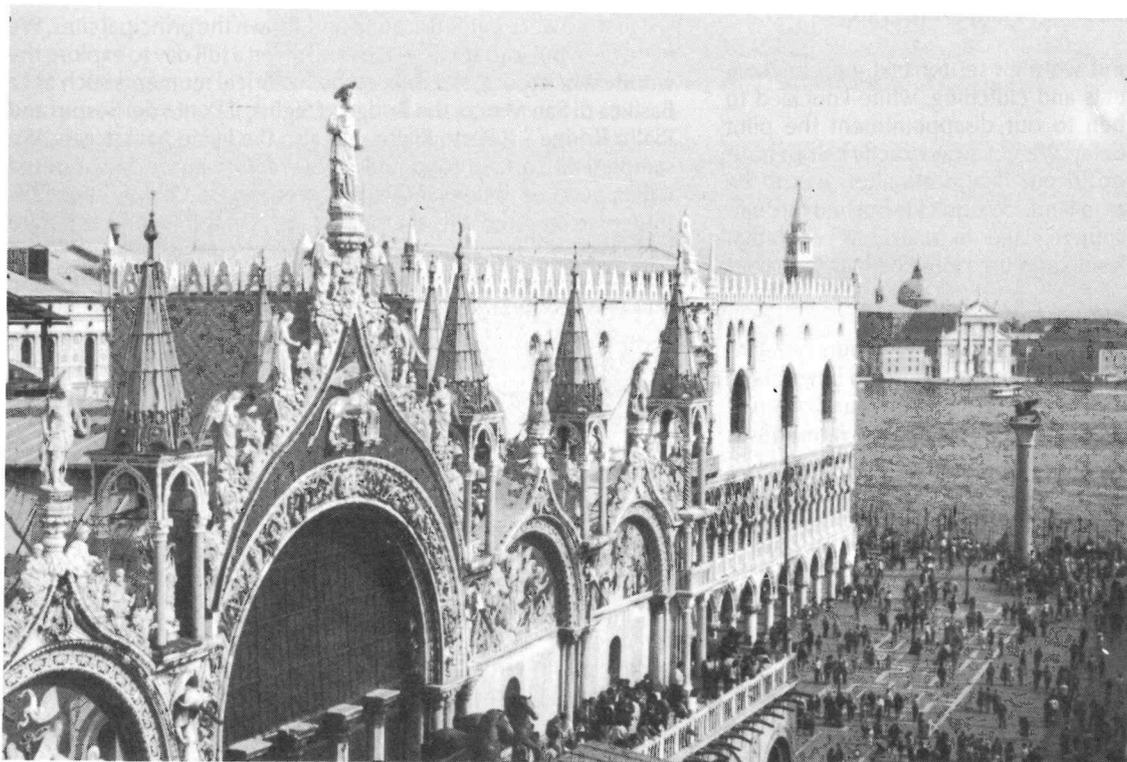
We took off from Verona on time after saying farewell to beautiful Italy. After arriving at Gatwick we boarded the minibuses and we were now looking forward to getting home. We had avoided any possible setbacks on the return journey so far until we got to Stranraer. We arrived in Stranraer and looked out at the Irish Sea crashing in on the shore and at a delayed ferry sitting firmly at its dock. We waited, and waited and waited for fourteen hours at we waited. Finally to our weary delight we boarded a boat to take us home. We arrived back at the school a day late on Friday the 24th of March.

It was just after dawn. We were all a little jaded and glad to be home but with much to tell of a truly memorable holiday, a Venezia in Italian.

Our grateful thanks to Mr. G. Cullen of the Italian Department who was responsible for organising the trip and to his two colleagues Mr. E. McFlynn and Mr. O. McCann.

There were great advantages in staying in this resort town, such as the massive beach extending seven kilometres which was the stage for a number of football matches and the arcade where many of us pumped tokens into the video games. The arcade was where a pool competition was held and where the teachers were beaten outright.

On the afternoon of the 22nd of March we were to depart. It was a blistering, sunny day and I had yet to fulfil one last ambition on this trip - to swim in the Adriatic. It was a warm, sunny day giving the sea a deceptive tepid look. So three students wearing bermuda shorts filed slowly along the beach. Then the small pier came in sight and the sprint began! As soon as each of us hit the water, the spray went up, our heads came up, the screams came out and we raced for the heat of the shore. The water, needless to say was freezing...



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VOYAGEURS



STUDENTS FROM BELFAST TO DEEP RIVER



L to R: Miss M. Dibble, Bob Sequin, Reeve of Chalk River, Lyall Smith Mayor of Deep River, Bro. C. Gallagher, Miss Claire Conlon.

To Canadians the word 'Voyageurs' reminds them of those heroic men who in the early days of Canadian history were responsible for transporting men, equipment and supplies to the outposts of discovery. They used the great waterways of the north as their routes on which they steered those open boats and canoes. Their story is well worth the reading.

The Voyageurs '89 had it much easier, although covering greater distances but done in the ease and comfort of modern transport. In a small town in Ontario, Deep River, the idea of the project came to Mrs Janice Wilson. A few years back a group of pupils from St. Mary's visited Newmarket, Ontario and one of the guiding lights of that project was Mr. John Masterson. He was generous with his time and advice. Janice recruited an excellent group of people who were committed to the project, which was endorsed by the Deep River Town Council, the Catholic, the Anglican, the Lutheran and the Community Churches.

The object of 'Voyageurs '89' was to bring together a group of ten Catholic and ten Protestant boys and girls between the ages of twelve and fourteen in an environment where various religions and culture co-exist peacefully, and where they would have the opportunity to trust and understand each others point of view.

The students would have to raise their own fares and Voyageurs '89 undertook to provide the cost of transport, visits and activities within Canada. Accommodation would be provided by host families in the deep River Community.

First contact was made in January '88 with Rev. L. S. Kelly then headmaster of St. Mary's. In May '88, Bro. Kelly was transferred to the new St. Patrick's Grammar School, Armagh. Before leaving he asked me, Bro. C.I. Gallagher to take up the project. Contact was made with the group in Deep River and I was asked to contact other schools to take part in the project. Eventually the following schools expressed their willingness to be involved and selected five pupils each.

ST. MARY'S CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Bro C. I. Gallagher)

**Kevin Farrell
Noel Hamill
James McCormick
Gerard Stratton
Eddie Waters**

ST. DOMINIC'S HIGH SCHOOL (Miss Claire Conlon)

**Andrea Campbell
Louise McCabe
Mariann Patane
Briege Quinn
Claire Rice**

STRATHEARN SCHOOL (Miss Maureen Dibble)

**Sonya Connolly
Susan Mehaffey
Judith Murray
Carlin Smith
Katrina Westacott**

CAMPBELL COLLEGE

**Owen Morris
Joseph McClay
Peter Rowan
Nicholas Underwood
Jan Valentine**

As soon as the group was selected, organization properly got underway on both sides of the Atlantic with many letters and phone calls. In Deep River, Meirion Griffiths, the travel co-ordinator, soon had air-tickets and medical insurance organised; Mrs Jean Morrison, the host family co-ordinator had accommodation sorted out, the activities programme co.ordinators, Jim and Margaret Dunn, had an interesting and demanding series of visits and activities arranged.

In Belfast, passports, fares and health forms were got in order and sometimes prior to departure a very useful and successful information and 'getting to know you' session for parents and children was hosted by Miss Audrey Lamb, Headmistress of Strathearn School.

On the 23 June 1989, a mottley crew gathered at Belfast International Airport for Air Canada Flight 039, departing at 12.30 and arriving at Toronto at 14.20 (6 hours time difference). Our travel coordinator Meirion Griffiths was there to meet us with a comfortable air-conditioned coach. We were grateful for the air-conditioning as the first thing that one notices in landing in Toronto in June is the hot humid atmosphere. We were soon on our way caught up in Toronto's Friday rush hour traffic which seemed to go on for ever. Eventually we left the heavy traffic behind and were on the Trans-Canadian Highway 17, and at last Deep River after midnight. St. Barnabas' Anglican Church was the reception area and what a reception that was!

The Voyageur's committee, the host families and friends, and clergy were all there to greet us and conduct us into the basement of St. Barnabas' where food and drink was provided and a welcome that I for one won't easily forget. Introductions were made and the tired and happy voyageurs from Belfast were soon on their way to bed with their new families. Fr. Jack Quinn the parish priest of Our Lady of Good Counsel was my gracious host.

A word about Deep River might be appropriate at this stage. Towards the end of World War II when it was decided to construct a Nuclear Power facility. Canada was chosen as the safest site - far from Europe. The chosen site had to fulfill certain rigid requirements.

1. Near the Federal Capital - Ottawa.
2. Near a rail head.
3. A plentiful supply of fresh water.
4. At least five miles from any human habitation - remote, infact almost secret location.

Chalk River on the Ottawa River was chosen as the place fulfilling these requirements. A team of scientists and technicians was assembled to construct and service this new facility. These people and their families had to be accommodated and for this purpose a new town was built on land on the banks of the Ottawa River up stream from Chalk River. The names of some of the streets are a constant reminder that Deep River is a Nuclear Science Community, e.g. Rutherford, Thomson, McDonald, Darwin, Newtown, Faraday and Fermi etc.

The following three weeks were full of exciting and varied activities. Each one of the voyageurs has his or her own memories of that time. It would take a book length account to do justice to those activities. For me the following were the high-lights of our time in Deep River.

Saturday June 24 - 'Potluck' supper at Deep River Legion where we met the host families and other citizens of Deep River, and various presentations made.

Sunday June 25 - Saw us at Camp Lauren as guests of St.

Barnabas Church. Camp Lauren is an outdoor centre on the Ottawa River. Water sports were the order of the day, swimming, boating and canoeing.

Monday June 26 - Visit to Canadian Nuclear Research laboratory at Chalk River.

Tuesday June 27 - We left Deep River at 8.30 a.m. for a trip to Kingston. Here we stopped overnight at Queen's University. It was interesting to see the motto of the university was "Ollscopil na BanRiona abu".

Kingston is a beautiful city at the head of Lake Ontario. Part of our programme in Kingston was a boat trip aboard the Island Queen to the "1000 Islands."

Wednesday July 5 - A two day visit to Ottawa, the capital of Canada. While in Ottawa we visited the Science Museum, saw the changing of the guard on Parliament Hill and toured the beautiful Parliament Building.

Friday July 7 - It was quite noticeable that there was quite a strong Irish connection in Deep River and in particular Northern Irish. One lady I met had a strong Ballymena accent; she was Mrs. McKeown from Broughshane, Mr. McKeown was from Waringstown! They have a lovely home outside Deep River but



Students, teachers and committee members. Back Row L-R: Joyce Winfield, Bro. C. Gallagher.

still on the banks of the Ottawa River. A feature of their home is an outdoor pool. On July 7 they entertained us most generously at a pool party and barbecue, with emphasis on the pool. Most people, including teachers, organisers and even our host finished up by being thrown into the pool by the over active guests. Mr. McKeown also took us in small groups in his boat to see a log-loom.

Sunday 9 July - Some of the more adventurous embarked on a canoe trip across the Ottawa River and up the Barron River.

An abiding memory of this time is the kindness and generosity of our hosts and of those they recruited as drivers for the various trips. It is doubtful if any of us will be able to adequately express our gratitude to all those we met in Deep River. We can only pray that we learned something of their charity and mutual understanding. I personally look back regularly to that three weeks as one of the happiest times of my life.

Thursday July 13 - All good things come to an end! The end to our good time in Deep River came on Thursday July 13 at 10.00 a.m. when we gathered where we started outside St. Barnabas' Church. Twenty sad pupils and three, possibly sadder teachers gathered with many new friends to bid farewell to Deep River. There were many tears shed and the sadness was made more poignant by the plaintive notes of a lone piper who played us away from Deep River. I for one, and I know I am not alone, long for the time when I can return to the banks of the Ottawa River - at Deep River.

Rev. Bro. C. I. Gallagher

ANSWERS:

1. Batman
 2. Toppen
 3. Die Hard
 4. A Fish Called Wanda
 5. Lethal Weapon
 6. Big Business
 7. Working Girl
 8. Dirty Dancing
 9. Short Circuit
 10. Police Academy

THE SIR WILLIAM CRAWFORD SCHOLARSHIP



Adrian Browne

On the 21st August 1989 I had the pleasure of being awarded the above scholarship. The winner is chosen by the Academic Council of the Queen's University of Belfast and presented in due course. The scholarship is ...

'Awarded to the best first year student in the School of Social Sciences and to the best first year student in the School of Finance and Information'.

The tenure of the Scholarship is one year and its monetary value is £200. At the time of receiving the award all that concerned me was 'When am I getting the cheque?' But since then I have been advised of its importance to potential employers in the future! The facilities involved include the subjects of Economics, Accountancy, Politics etc. With my own particular Degree course being a Joint Honours in Economics and Accountancy.

Personally I was very proud to receive the award both for myself and my family, and hopefully my good fortune will help enhance the excellent reputation past-pupils of St. Mary's have throughout the University - a reputation which is thoroughly deserved!

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We in West Belfast, and in fact in Northern Ireland as a whole, have not been affected as dramatically as other parts of Britain by the rise in Mortgage Interest Rates, mainly due to cheaper house prices in Northern Ireland. The effect of say a 1% increase in the mortgage rate in Northern Ireland is therefore much less on say a £24,000 mortgage, which is our average, compared to a £60,000 mortgage which is the average in many parts of England.

The First Time Buyers Market in the West Belfast Area remains buoyant and this enables sales at all price levels to be completed. At a time when other parts of Britain are having difficulty in selling property we are not experiencing this trend in West Belfast.

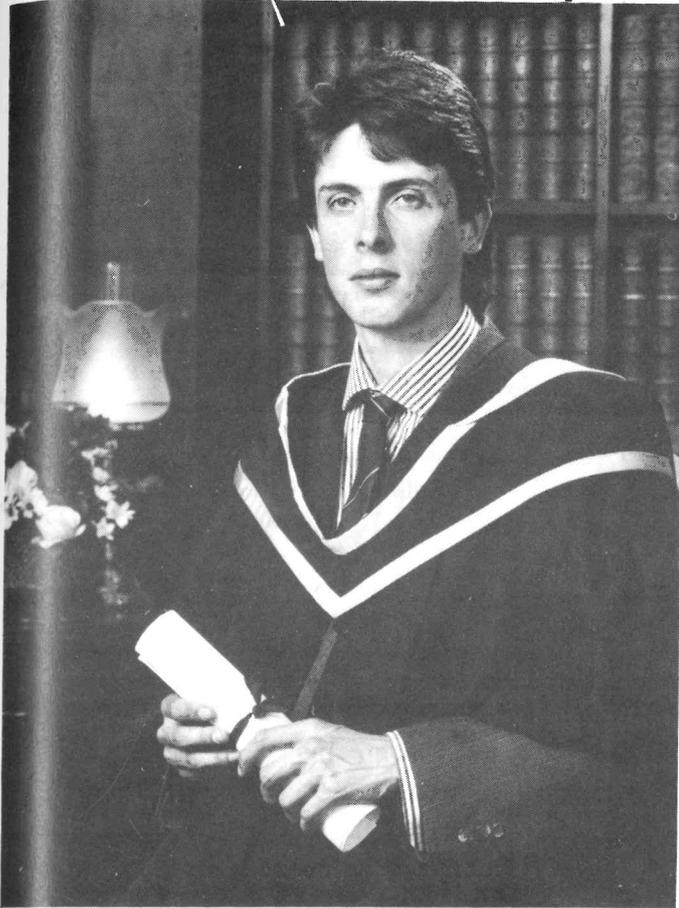
We are more than pleased with our decision to open a Branch in West Belfast and will continue to give a professional service to our Clients. We have a very highly motivated sale team at Andersonstown Road and should you require any advice on disposal or acquisition of property we would naturally be very pleased to hear from you.



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Some Successful Past Pupils



Peter McClean. First class honours in accountancy, Queens University Belfast.

Peter Obtained four grade A's in his 'A' Levels, in economics, further maths, maths and physics. He won a Queens Open Scholarship. In his first year he won a prize for best marks in economics and accounting and has now gained first class honours. He has accepted a training contract with an accountancy firm and is at present completing his post graduate diploma in financial studies.

✱

Kieran McGowan who was sponsored by Shell (UK) plc also obtained first class honours in Electrical and Electronic Engineering at Queens University Belfast.

✱

Eugene McKenna who also obtained four grade A's in his 'A' Levels and a Queens Open Scholarship obtained a first class honours in Physics. He is now undertaking post graduate research towards a Masters degree.

✱

Patrick Wallace obtained first class honours in Applied Maths and Physics at Queens.

✱

Brian Kennedy obtained a Joint Double Bachelor of Arts degree with first class honours in French.

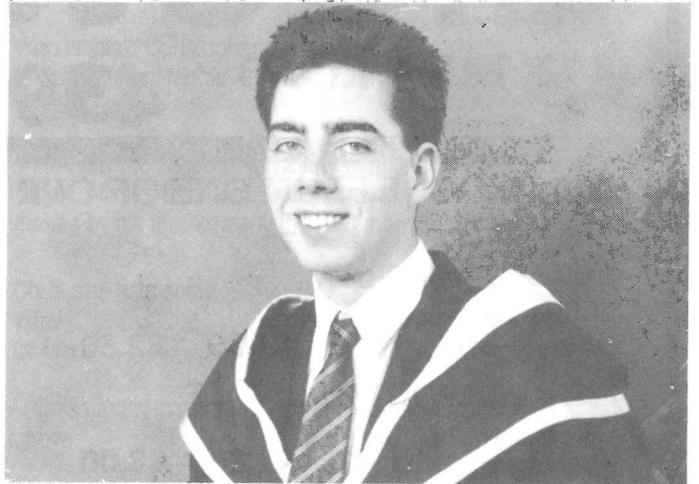
✱

Sean Fry obtained a Bachelor of Science degree with first class honours in Transport Technology. He also had the highest marks in the Faculty and won a valuable prize for his achievements. He is now working for a transport company in England.



STEPHEN McQUILLAN

Stephen is a former pupil of St. Mary's and in July 1989 he graduated from Queen's University with a degree in Electrical and Electronic Engineering.



He is currently employed as a Research Assistant on a Royal Signals and Radar Establishment project while pursuing his studies for a Ph.D. His research work involves the design of novel electronic circuit architectures and symbol's arrays for high speed arithmetic. This will subsequently lead to the design of application specific integrated circuits - devices whose technological and commercial impact is assured.



With education minister Brian Mawhinney are Eugene McKenna (left) and Stephen McQuillan whose scientific work has earned them honours.



University of Ulster graduate, Sean Foy from Belfast, who graduated with first class honours in BSc Transport Technology pictured with the Chancellor, Lord Grey of Naunton, Mr Bob Campbell (right), General Manager of Northern Ireland Carriers, who presented the NIC Prize and Rosebowl, and Mr John Hanna, Senior Lecturer in Transport Studies.

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DEATH GAME

Chris awoke early that morning. He prepared for school and heard the postman leave letters in the postbox. Rummaging through the letters, he discovered one addressed to himself. He opened it on his way to school. It read: "Hello Christopher, you are the subject of my new game. It is a race to determine the fate of your family and friends. Some surprises will occur during our game. The match begins at 10.30 tonight. Lucifer".

'What the hell is this?'. Chris demanded of himself. He burst into laughter realising that he said the word 'hell'. Chris crumpled the note into a ball and threw it into a nearby drain. He intended to investigate the letter among his friends, but forgot to do so after meeting his girlfriend, Diane.

'Are you going to the disco tonight?' she asked. 'Yeah' he answered 'I'll phone you at seven.'

The couple departed inside the school. The whole day dragged in for Chris which depressed him, plus the burden of a mathematics homework, meaning that he could not go to the disco with Diane. He waited for her after school to break the news. She didn't seem too dismayed, which left him with only a mathematics homework to worry about.

At precisely 10.30, the phone rang. Chris was in his bedroom working out the last question of his dreary homework. He rushed to the phone and picked it up at the fifth ring.

'Hello', he asked
'Hello Christopher. Here is your first riddle', a voice said.
'What?'

'Poor old Martin
Drunk driving can often kill
You have two hours
to save me from my thrill'

'Who is this?' Christopher asked violently.
'Goodbye Christopher 9.00 Thursday night,' the voice said before hanging up.

Chris held the receiver for a few minutes, obviously bewildered. He returned to his bedroom. It took a long time to get to sleep. He was shaken by his mother early the next morning.

'Chris' she said softly.
'What?'
'Its Martin.'

At the sound of that name, Chris immediately awoke feeling his stomach turn.

'He was knocked down,' she continued.
'When was this?' he asked.
'At 12.30 outside the disco. Police have already got the driver. He was drunk.'

Chris felt nauseous. Waves of claustrophobia swept over him.
'Is he se se se serious?' Chris stammered.
'I don't know' she answered, 'his mum has just phoned from the hospital.'

Chris' friend Martin, had two broken legs and severely bruised ribs. Doctors said he was lucky to be alive. Chris didn't feel so lucky. He contemplated telling Martin in his hospital bed about the weird message that he got, but decided against it for fear of not being believed.

Chris prayed that Thursday night would never come. This person was scaring him enough as it was. He deliberately stayed out late that night, hoping that he would miss the 9 o'clock call. He arrived back home at 11 o'clock. As he closed the door behind him the phone rang. Chris lifted it with a trembling hand.

'Hello?' he asked
'Hello Christopher. Try not to be late the next time, it could cost lives. Here is your next message.' the voice said.
'Look who is this?', Chris shouted at the ignorant voice.

'2.15 at Epsom is the race Hurry make a bet. Make some money for yourself. The horse is called 'Black Cat'

'Now wait a minute' Chris retorted.
'Good-bye Christopher. Early morning post on Saturday.' The line went dead. Confused and shocked, Chris looked at the receiver as if it was the culprit. Chris went to his bedroom and put his old Melody Album on the turntable. Realising that the song was 'Bat out of hell', he leapt for the power button, leaving the room in an eerie silence. His sleep was tormented by that voice. He dreamed of it phoning Chris and continually laughing. He got dressed and descended the stairs, feeling depressed and lonely. He turned on Breakfast Television but could not fathom the cast of smiling faces, speaking of the lovely day ahead.

When he entered school that morning, he forgot that he was to meet Diane. He didn't really care. Too much was on his mind at that present moment in time. He walked around the school that morning like a zombie. At lunchtime, he went to the betting shop and place his lunch money on the horse 'Black Cat' in the 2.15 at Epsom. He returned to school almost hoping that the horse wouldn't win. It did.

When he collected his winnings, all of thirty pounds, he set ten aside and put the remainder in the church box- it was the wisest thing to do with the money, regarding the circumstances.

With his ten pounds Chris bought pencils and a record. He also bought chocolates for Martin, who was still in hospital. He returned home hungry and tired. Diane woke him with a phone call at 6.30. His mother washed his clothes for the disco, but Chris didn't really feel up to it.

'Hello Diane,' Chris said nonchalantly.

'Well Chris, are you going tonight or not?' she asked.

'Sorry Diane,' Chris replied, 'my head is killing me.'

'Do you want me to call over?' she asked.

'Yeah if you want to.' Chris said lazily.

'Okay then goodbye.' she finished.

Chris dropped the receiver and returned to bed. He half hoped that Diane would call. But she did not. Early morning sunshine seeped through Chris' bedroom window. He overslept that Saturday morning and missed his football match. The team lost anyway, due to the absence of Chris and Martin. His mother wakened him at 11.30.

'Christopher, wake up, the chart show is on,' she said. Chris wakened and felt fresh for the first time in a whole week. He pulled on his jeans and raced downstairs, just in time to see the new Guns n' Roses video being played. His mother was just ready to leave for work when she came back in.

'Nearly forgot,' she said, 'there's a letter for you on the fireplace.'

He nodded in understanding. He took the letter and contemplated throwing it into the fire. But it would be useless. He peeled back the edges of the envelope and read it slowly. It read:-

'Too bad about the girl
she used you like a toy
Tonight at the cinema
She'll be with another boy 4.00 o'clock tomorrow for next message'.

Chris realised that he wasn't as shocked as he should have been. It was, moreover, relief that it was not a fatality or disaster within the envelope. He crumpled up the letter and threw it into the fire. It caught fire immediately, to the relief of Chris. He missed the long awaited video on the chart show and was angered at the lost chance. Breakfast did nothing to ease his training that morning. He pulled on his jacket and went to the hospital to visit Martin. Martin tucked into the chocolates that Chris offered. Conversation was mainly small talk with nothing interesting. Chris departed at 2.00 p.m. and went to his other friend David's. He rang the doorbell.

'Well Chris my man what's Hap'nin' David shouted from a window above.

'Are you going to kick the ball about?' Chris asked.

'Why were you not at the match this morning?' David replied.

'I slept in. What was the score?'

'We got beat 3-0. C'mon in.'

Chris opened the door and was greeted by the sound of Def Leppard, pulsating from Davids bedroom. David opened the door.

'Pull your slippers on.' Chris shouted over the music.

'Hold on until the end of the song,' David retorted.

They played football all afternoon. They departed with Chris remembering the message. He walked towards the cinema. That was when he saw Diane from a distance. She did not see him. She smiled at a boy who was now approaching her. They kissed and headed into the cinema. Chris felt defected and lonely as he walked home that night. That night he picked up his History book. He had to study for a forth coming test. His studying went well that night and he slept with some peace of mind concerning Monday's test. He woke up fresh the next morning and attended church, having more need to pray than most people. The message Chris got was another race horse winner for Mondays racing. He did not wish to place a bet, so instead gave an old man one pound

to put it on the winning horse, feeling the need to help someone. This was at lunchtime on Monday. His History test was now behind him. Some questions were unanswered but he felt fairly confident. The time set for the next message was 11.00

o'clock that night. This would be the first Monday night he had stayed indoors in several months, due to the split with Diane. He waited in trepidation for the next message. At exactly 11.00 the phone rang. Chris leapt at the receiver, but it was for his mother. She talked for several minutes, but hung up due to Chris' pleading. All he said to her was that he was waiting for an urgent phonecall. The phone rang again immediately after being placed back.

'Hello?' he asked, feeling a trickle of sweat run down the side of his face.

'Some valuable time lost Christopher.' the voice said emptyly.

'Get on with it,' Chris replied agitated.

'Fire is the menace

Obviously you will miss her

Not much time left

to save your older sister.'

Chris hung up right away. He dialled his sisters phone number, screaming down the receiver, 'C'mon Jennifer wake up.'

Jennifer heard the telephone of her bedside table ringing. She woke up and groggily picked up the receiver.

'Hello,' she asked, yawning

'Jennifer, get out of the house. It's on fire,' Chris shouted.

Jennifer vaguely smelt smoke. She said 'O. kay' before putting the receiver down. Jennifer climbed out the bedroom window and rushed next door to phone the fire brigade. Chris arrived ten minutes later, relieved to see his sister as the taxi turned into her street. he left the taxi and embraced his sister. Both went back to Chris' house where their mother waited for their return. He said that he had a night mare the night before and phoned her just in case. Any kind of story was better than the truth.

Next morning Chris received a letter. It read:-

'Well done Christopher, you have succeeded in winning my game. I enjoyed it thoroughly and now it's time to play with someone else. Even the Prince of Darkness plays the game fairly. Good-bye and congratulations on your Grade A in the History test.

Lucifer'.

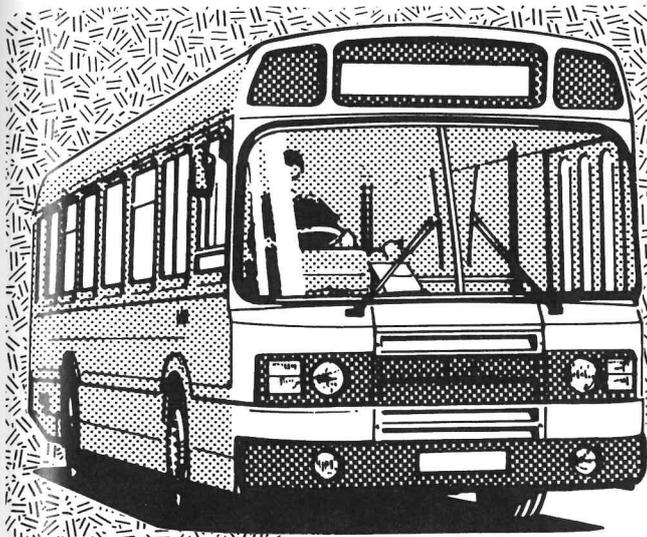
That same morning, a letter in the same hand writing was delivered into the letter-box of Diane, Chris' ex-girlfriend.

A NIGHT CAT



It creeps through the night,
Prowling its territory,
Its shiny coat glistening in the light,
Bright blue eyes wide and alert,
Waiting to catch a glimpse of rodent or bird,
It crouches on the grass ready to pounce,
The victim not knowing of any other presence,
The cat patrols the night out of sight,
Waiting for prey to comes its way.

GAVIN CLEARY 1E



CITYBUS BLUES

He wiped the condensation off the freezing pane with a corner of his coat and caught a quick glimpse of the rapidly disappearing Castle Street bus stop. As the vehicle, packed like a sardine can with disgruntled Christmas shoppers, trundled noisily over the small ramp he surveyed the scene around him. The inadequate space made him mad. The heat, turning the interior into a sauna, annoyed him, but the grossly large, smelly, wet man sitting next to him really made him crazy. If there was one thing that made him mad it was fat people. What made him sick was the way their 1977 white "Fred Perry" slipovers never covered the bottom of their ever inflating stomachs and also, when they bent over, their huge horrible bottoms always stuck up just above their belts. He was lucky though, at least this one wasn't wearing a Batman T-shirt!

Shifting uneasily he tried, unsuccessfully, to wedge his magazine out from under the grossly fat bottom of, the grossly fat man. Finally, the "beached whale" moved reluctantly and murmured an incomprehensible apology. He stank of tobacco.

The bust stopped, it was hard to tell where, and the object hated by every regular bus user made its dramatic entrance. Already he was regretting having taken a window seat, wedged as he was between the darkness of the outside world, and a large plate of jelly. But now panic began to set in. To him, the pram was a machine of infinite mischief, eager to embarrass even the 'coolest' adolescent and the child rider, an ominous commander intent on sharing his chocolate milk-shake with everyone on the bus. He was convinced that those push chairs had been built specially, by some sadistic bus driver to take up almost exactly the space between two rows of seats on a Belfast Citybus.

Now he was in despair. The beached whale had now begun to break wind in a silent but not entirely undetectable way and the woman sitting behind him, who was encased by an infinite number of "Woolworth's Christmas Saver" shopping bags, filled with "Woolworth's Christmas Saver Bargains", still managed to smoke her cigarettes and blow the smoke right up his nose.

As the bus rounded the corner and shook slowly up the Glen Road his nervousness reached its height. In a flash he grabbed a support rail and heaved himself past the bulbous heap of flesh, now fused to the seat. He muttered a low, "Excuse me" and squeezed quickly past before 'the thing' exploded, or worse still, sneezed on him.

Struggling up the aisle, he felt the blood rush to his face. All eyes were watching him, all waiting to see how he would manoeuvre the pram, all anxious to secretly laugh at his faults, his mistakes, his brand new B.H.S. trousers and come to the final crushing conclusion, "It serves him right for sittin' at the back o' the bus".

In this paranormal state he pressed ever onwards pulling himself along, telling himself that he was not being stared at, then catching an eye out of the corner of his own. He imagined the fat man pulling out an Uzi sub-machine gun and pointing it at his back, the crowd cheering as the muscles in his finger contracted, pulling the trigger tighter, tighter still...

He reached the pram. Carefully measuring each side for space, while trying to remain nonchalant, he plumped for the left and made good his escape. He could feel his trousers brush against the side of it, he could also feel the cool wetness of a chocolate milkshake. That didn't matter now, he was through, he had made it!

Triumphantly he raised up his head and stepped off the bus into a brown cold slush. He turned and gave the bus a not-so-fond farewell.

(STEPHEN WOODS - 7)

Too Small to see

Atoms, atoms everywhere,
But all too small to see.
They make up everything, even air,
And people like you and me.

They make up elements or so I'm told,
Like copper, nitrogen, lead and gold,
Like sodium, silver, zinc and chlorine,
Potassium, iron, sulphur and flourine.

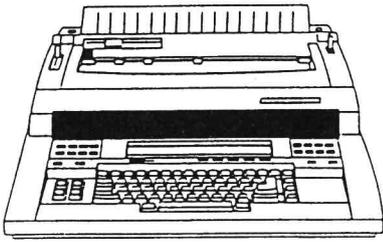
All these words spin around in my mind,
Accompanied by phrases like 'chemically combined',
Accompanied by formulas and Dalton's Theory,
Is it any wonder that I'm feeling weary?

But all these words and phrases I do understand,
And if I have a question I'll just raise my hand.
So I'll work hard, and question where the need be,
Until I know all about atoms too small to see.

BRENDAN DEEDS 4A

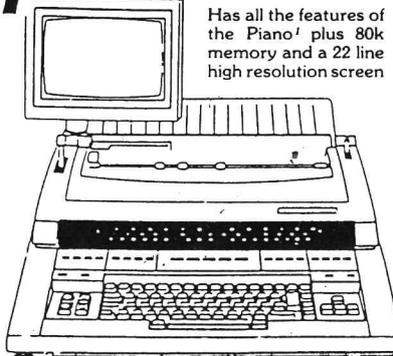
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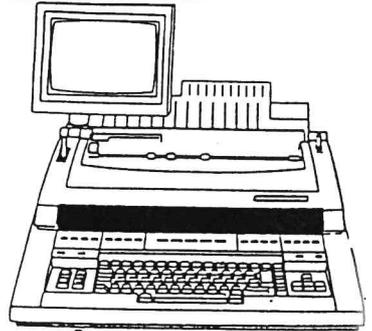


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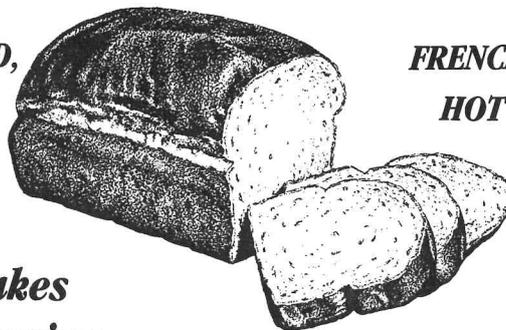
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LONDON FIELD TRIP 1989

After nine months planning, and countless sponsorship wangles the 'A' level Theatre Studies class finally set off from Aldergrove bound for London and a very dramatic five days. The usual "St. Mary's on Tour" enthusiasm was somewhat dented however when as we stepped off the plane in Heathrow the T.G.W.U. launched a lightning strike and the Underground stopped heavying weary travellers from Heathrow to the city centre. Bro. McDonald and his neversaydie attitude however came to the rescue and we arrived at our hotel in a hired Ford Transit. We put ourselves into the hands of the Lord as the Brother mastered the byways of London as if they were the Andytown Road . . . eventually!

That night marked our arrival into international drama, as we watched with emotional hearts the highly acclaimed "Les Miserables". In that night's tutorial we all agreed that we may as well go home for we had witnessed the ultimate in dramatic excellence; but that soon wore off and we fell into our beds waiting for Tuesday, our busiest day.

Thursday meant, the museum of the moving image, in which we were treated to the history of visual mass communication in one brief two hour exhibition. After lunch (the usual nutritional delight of Cheese-burgers and cokes) we visited the home of British, and some would argue World Theatre; The National. Our guided tour was a journey into the classics, Brecht, O'Casey and Shakespeare were present in every corner of the huge thesbian paradise, and they provided a guest appetiser for that night's entertainment, "Hamlet". This Shakespearian classic had in its title role, Daniel Day-Lewis who played his part with inspiration. It was certainly an experience to remember.

Half-way through our dramatic expedition, and we were all feeling the effects of our exhausting schedule: That afternoon we watched Michael Crawford swing from the rafters in Lloyd Webber's "Phantom of the Opera", and all agreed that this was drama at its height.

SO SWIFT THEY FLY

*They come in crowds to see in winds cold
The sight of the creatures from the skies above
Sweep low with might, and the crowds forever
Chanting for the spectacle to begin.*

*They walk in file with faces mean
Towards the anxious crowd waiting for
The moment of truth, to see the absences
Of birds which once flew so swiftly with pride.*

*Through skies filled with bangs and cheers
Later to be the destiny to end their years
They fall one by one, the dogs so fierce and
Anxious for the kill to make their masters glee.*

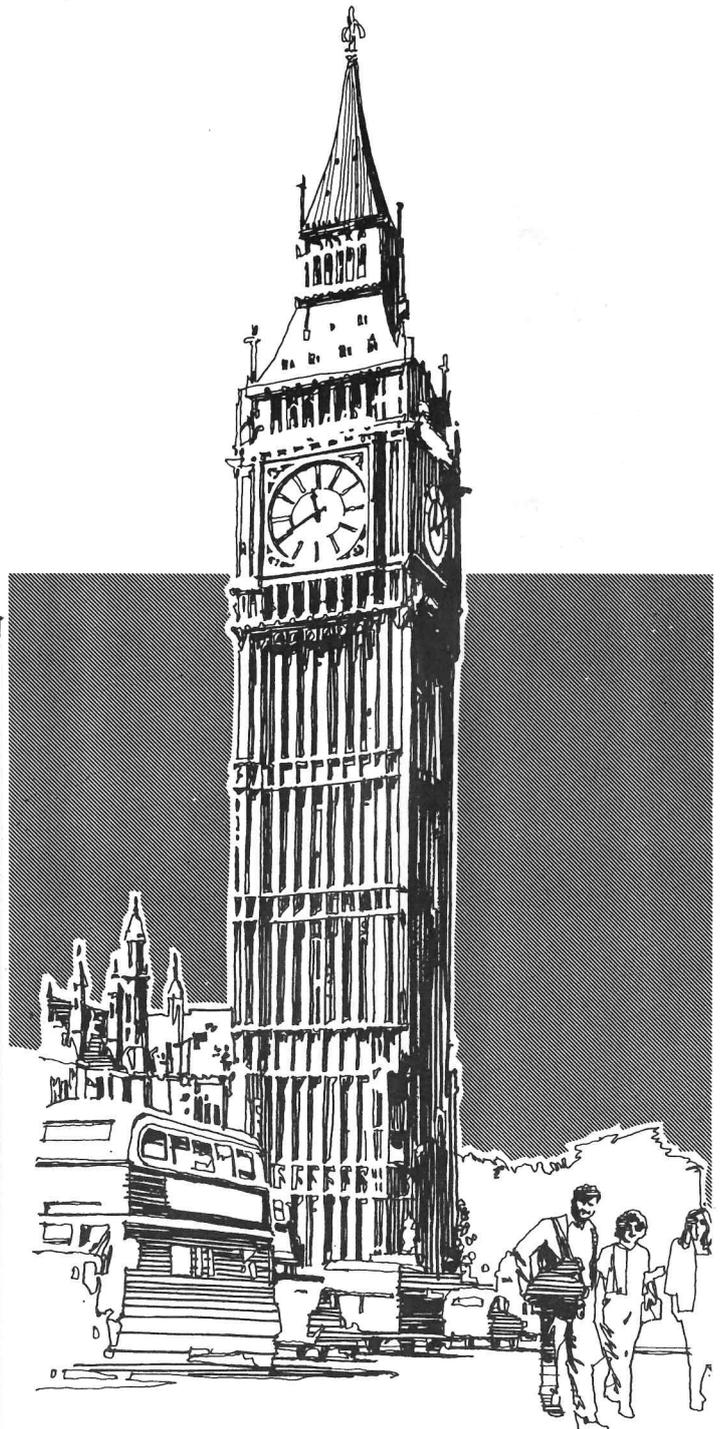
*The remainder, the few, those not yet dead
Fly rapidly, their wings turning to head
For their destiny straight ahead which surrounds
The lightly silhouetted hills to freedom once more.*

ANDREW McCONNELL 3F

Wednesday night (our only night off) was divided between a soccer match at Highbury and a meal in a diverse restaurant, neither inspired us to lengthy theatrical discussion; so we had an early night.

Thursday night was our last in the hustle and bustle of London's West End, and the best certainly was saved until last. M. Butterfly the acclaimed thwang play gave us the performance of the year Avon Anthony Hopkins, and that night's tutorial proved particularly rewarding as we discussed the whole week, that had just flashed by. We were even visited by a representative of the Hotel management who thanked Mrs. McQuillan for the way in which she handled her party. It had proved an exhausting but rewarding week, which had given us a great insight into the theatre.

It only remains for us the 7th year Theatre Studies Group, to thank Mrs. McQuillan and Bro. McDonald for all of their help throughout the week and for making it an unforgettable experience.





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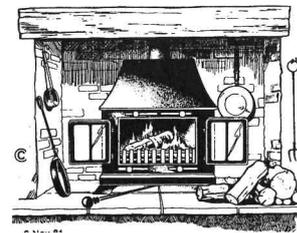
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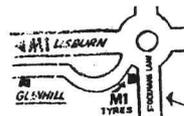
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GUYS AND DOLLS

by Patrick Linden 7F

"Tell it nicely, tell us in your own words." For me this was my 'Guys and Dolls', my cue to start my solo, "sit down you're rockin' the boat."

I would gingerly make my way to centre stage silently, with hat in hand like a sheepish schoolboy on his first day, not at all resembling to the original "nicely nicely", Stubby Kaye. Indeed, I hoped the part was allocated because of my voice. However, I feel the waistline swayed the role to me.

My favourite performance was the one I had feared the most, 'the senior school': All the fellas I had been with since first year would now see, and hear, me as they never had before. To overcome my fear and nerves I was determined to make sure they would never forget it. I don't think they will, the applause, and whistles and cheers from the more unreserved I won't forget. As I hit my last note, the boat which I envisaged sinking, never mind rockin' was now sailing on a wave of noise. I was proud: I had done my best and I hope they remember it and enjoyed it. The pensioners night was another favourite. "Ach, here comes the nicely fella again" was audible to me on stage, their "ad libs" were unpredictable and relaxing to all.

The culmination of 4 months continual weekly rehearsals was a week long set of 'shows' fit to grace any stage anywhere (West End and Broadway included). The preparation was thorough, even down to my apples and bananas and our carnations. All the cast production crew and Mrs. M. McQuillan receive my admiration and thanks.

The New Drama Theatre

October 1989 saw the official opening of the new drama theatre in St. Mary's CBGS. This purpose built studio is probably one of the best of any school in N. Ireland. It boasts eighteen lights, including spots and floods, a full size cyclorama, full curtaining, a proscenium arch-type stage and a mini auditorium. A full sound system is also provided. Drama began in a classroom in St. Mary's twelve years ago and the department now teaches nearly four hundred pupils per week. The new drama theatre is particularly useful for GCSE and 'A' Level Theatre studies students.



"Stars in Their Eyes"

Joe McVeigh

Where does one start when writing about an event in which so many pleasurable moments were found? "Guys and Dolls" touched the hearts of both the audiences and the actors. The spirit over a frantic twelve weeks of rehearsal bonded together many students who didn't know one another and showed how well the younger members of St. Mary's could work as a team with both their teachers and older students.

Of course this does not mean to say that from the off the show was going to be the success it was. Mrs. Marie McQuillan almost drove herself into hospital trying to perfect what were on some occasions pretty drab attempts at acting. But one week does not a Laurence Oliver make and with the dedication the whole team showed after a few weeks . . . we were still being shouted at by a now hoarse Mrs. McQuillan.

The big problem for me, Joe McVeigh, as Harry the Horse was the thought of dancing, in the sewer. It will not surprise you to know therefore that after my abismal efforts (quite deliberate I still insist) I was relegated to the back of the stage with Big Julie, played by the unforgettable and charismatic Paddy McCormick, to stand and click my fingers.

This brings me on neatly to Big Julie. The character as Paddy McCormick played it stole the show. He first harassed the crapshooters and then the audience who enjoyed every minute of booing and hissing both me and him - although I often wondered if my acting had anything to do with that.

The choreographer - wee Miss McCann - had her own share of problems. She had to coax a large assortment of young men to

dance like ladies - unfortunately some took to it like pigs to mud. But ultimately our nite club dancers were the shows most ridiculous and hilarious and courageous scene, and I admire their gall, if not their dress sense.

Of course our performance to the sixth and seventh years was the toughest and they picked on Jim Deeds' romantic and subtly macho character of "Sky Masterson" to jeer and harrang, especially when he carries the intoxicated "Sergeant Sarah" played by Claire McCloskey off into the wings.

The not so romantic love affair between dice and "Nathan Detroit" played excellently by Vincent Kinnaird ruined for at least three acts the romance between himself and "Miss Adelaide" played again brilliantly by Joanne Haughey who made a formidable leap from typewriter in the school office to stage. I think the power of persuasion of Mrs. McQuillan may just have swayed Joanne's better senses.

The opening scene was pandemonium affirst but eventually it began to shape up and we got on with the excellent rendition of the opening song "I've got the horse right here" sang by Paddy Linden as "Nicely Nicely Johnson", Brendan Giffen as "Benny Southstreet" and Ruairi Hamill as "Rusty Charlie". However, my favourite song was "Sit down your rockin' the boat". Paddy Linden was absolutely excellent and proved how good a singer he really is."

The memories of "Guys and Dolls" will never leave me, but the excellent directing by Mrs. McQuillan and Mr. Tracey; the resounding and at times brilliantly innovative musical directing of Miss Gibson; and the quite original choreography of Miss McCann made all the aspirations of acting that most people have come true, for a small group of boys (and two girls) who had "Stars in their eyes."

Joe McVeigh

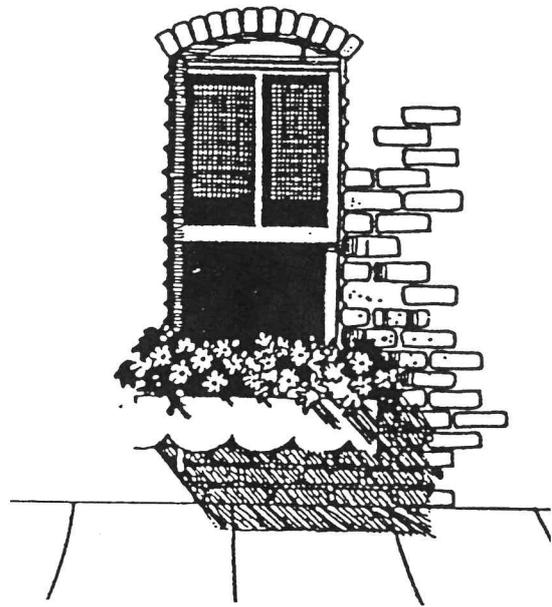


Streetsize

Old ladies with shopping prams,
University students with notepads,
Flower vendors, charity collectors,
Sweetshop owners and drunken groaners,
Milkmen and pigeons; there are
Stray dogs after binmen
And the paper round's first post deliveries,
In time, the office lights appear.

Video cameras and holograms
Rental shops and cinemas, and computer game
Arcades of every kind, selling
Sports bags, cricket bats and pitches
Rise and fall
Like elevators or as barbed wire grilles.
I see businessmen, fruit merchants and scruffy looking
Newspaper boys, shouting noise, yeah
Lots of noise.
From all the engines and pneumatic drills
To all the headlines and the headache pills
They live a half life, colourblind
Across the cobbles the colours wind
The reds turn green
As the orange play the blues
And there's just a touch, a trace of souls
In the print from walking shoes.
Black and white dalmation barking
He knows what it is
I'd like to see
the living colour of life.

The fat man's heat burn
The leather cuts, his hand burns
And he can't even feel it
This tribal warfare,
Guerrilla army souls.
There are
Advertising boards that line the streets
They're larger than life, too large for life
And you know, they just know
It's too loud;
For over sensitive ears
Beyond all the drugs and changing tones
Of dancing keys and aching bones
At night he thinks
I can't hear
The lightning
No more.



Change the backdrop, dawn's already there;
Traffic, lights and high rise buildings
Megaphone and necropho - be a window cleaner
Car screen wiper and the pigeons fly
To a place, nobody knows, they don't mind the rain.
Yeah, I guess it is, you thought the same
Ghosts hurry by, lit by the shame
Of metal poles and darkened glass
Into which the new ghosts pass
And high above the city street
Far away from crushing feet
Is a boy who's nine with a teddy
Bare of any thought at all.
Television seducement and society reducement
He thinks of Santa and he is white
In Africa, too?
Plastic bags of ardent talk
Staccato heels through the puddles walk
The drowning gear these people bought
They all think the same thoughts.

For a million billion pennies down
The poor it is who own this town
The deaf can't hear although they try and
In the fire the blind's eyes dry
But the people of this city know
That all their talk, it's just for show.
So counting out the thoughts to you
Electrical systems falling through
Weapons, tanks, lasers and
Aircraft shadow across the land of
Infa-red and movement sensors
Handprint doors and lie detectors
Affronted by newsprint sensation
Election news, human rights violations
And bravery commendations
Intensified communication
Listen to what I'm not saying
Over and over.
Today, the sun shines, its very hot
Laughing clothes, tug his lock, and says,
"Very alternative, seashells, aren't they?"
He says they're conches. But only barely.
I feel like I've already been
To places that I've never seen
You don't have to die
If you know what I mean.

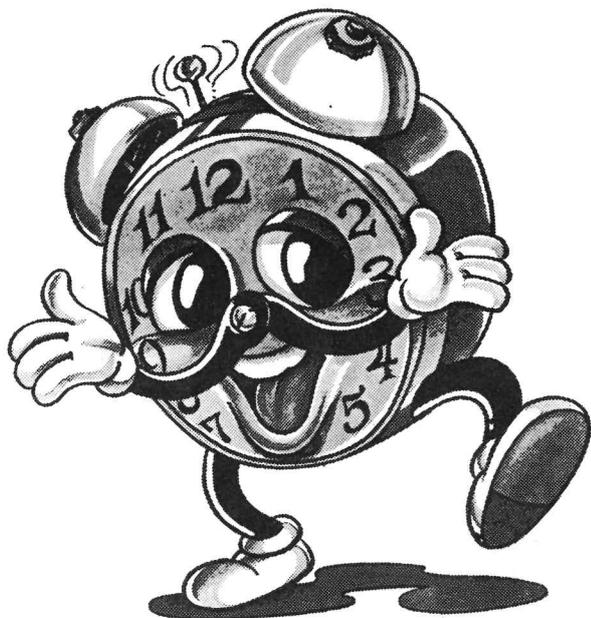
CATHAL WOODS 7D

A LIFE IN THE DAY OF A CARRIAGE CLOCK

B. MOORE 5B

I gaze down from my focal point on the mantlepiece and scan the room below. A fire sizzles and crackles below and a warm orange glow is omitted around the room. The room's main source of light is generated by the fire and the shadowy outline of the two peoples' faces can be seen opaquely in the dim light. The posture of the two figures is one of relaxation and contentment although their faces have a look of subdued thoughtfulness printed on them. The easy and relaxed atmosphere would seem to hide the fact that there had been a slight rebellion towards the parental guidance of the two figures. They are watching the one they call "TV" he brings them great pleasure, with his many different faces.

This afternoon the little "big one" departed from the house to the outside world, his destination, I do not know. The two "Big ones", left shortly after and I was left in the eery stillness of the house with only the rhythmic ticking of myself, the gurgling of the hot-water pipes and an occasional unanswered knock at the door to keep me company.



A small winged creature glided down onto the window-sill and inspected the scene around him. His objective to rob the window-pane of the damp pliable putty holding it in place. Satisfied that there was no danger, his other bandit comrades darted down beside him and systematically they pecked and stripped away until the frame was devoid of putty. Occasionally the one they call telephone gave his shrill cry but there was on-one to take any notice of him and he soon became silent once more.

I sit here for days on end in the stillness of this house, just as I have done in the years gone by. I have been handed down many times over the years. My spiritual, mechanical life began in a clockmaker's workshop where I was cautiously and carefully put together by an old, but steady nerved man with delicate hands.

In the past I have watched many people come into this world to grow, wither and die. Their lives are so short and pointless whereas mine is one of great importance. Without time there is no future and if my mechanisms cease to move I can be given a new lease of life with the turn of a key whereas they cannot be revived.

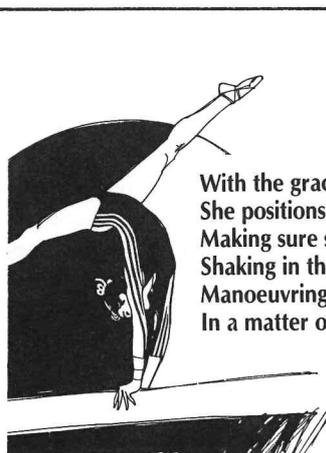
The big ones say "time flies when you're having fun" what is this fun of which they speak?, I have never experienced it. Time drags on, a never-ending eternity of seconds which I must count!

In this world of humans I am a lesser thing, an ornamental thing but in my world I am the ruler. I sit on my stately throne above all else observing my domaine of which I am the focal point, extended no further than these four walls. In my world of furniture I often think to myself and wonder if the others have these thoughts of mine. I wish I could talk to them, but if I could I wonder if they could hear me.

The little big one returned in the evening and seemed to me to be in a subconscious state of mind as he tottered unsteadily across the floor. He slumped into an armchair and commenced to consume a liquid from several tins. This seemed to put him into an even worse state of mind and he passed out.

I have only came across this sort of behaviour on one occasion before now on the night of New Year's Eve when the "Big ones" had a party with their friends and all eyes were fixed on me as I approached the twelfth hour. This was the only time when I ever felt important or appreciated. Half an hour later the "big ones" returned and on finding him in this state there was a bitter exchange of words and phrases. I observed the tone of their voices and angry facial expressions which indicated to me that they were angry. I do not understand why. Now they sit staring at "TV", occasionally glancing in my direction. I tell them the time and usually all I get in return for my labour and effort is a dismayed look of apprehension as they realise it is getting late.

As I strike the twelfth hour and night draws to a close, leaving behind it traces of darkness the "big ones" put "TV" to sleep and leave the room. The only movement now is from the shadows of the flames in the fire, licking and flickering up the walls. I will not see the big ones again until I strike the eighth hour and the hustle and bustle of morning returns. Then I will be the master as they zip about the house, fearful of being late for work, but time waits for no man. Now they have gone to engage in an act they call sleep, I witnessed it one night in their bedroom. It refreshes them and they wake up full of zest, but I have no time for rest. I am left to tick on through the night, striking the hourly chimes, counting the minutes, for I shall still be around when this generation passes by. I will always be here to stand the tests of time.



THE GYMNAST

With the graceful movements of a swan,
She positions herself carefully and slowly,
Making sure she gets it right.
Shaking in the daze of thought and concentration,
Manoeuvring every muscle every finger every toe
In a matter of minutes.

Shane McAlister,
Form: 2F



an ghaeltacht: 1989

The demand for places in the various Colleges throughout the Gaeltacht reached an unprecedented height this year. 107 boys from this school attended the colleges from late June to late August, from Rann no Feirste right up to Machaire Rabhartaigh. Thirteen (10 Seniors, 1 Fourth Year boy and 2 Fifth Year boys) attended the Easter courses, with the other ninety four going in the summer. Four of these First Year boys preferred to go to the Summer Course, run by Michael O Duinin, in Garron Tower. This is the course which used to be held in Omeath for so many years. Its reputation has travelled with it and it is regrettable that not enough boys realised how enjoyable the organisers have made it. Over ten thousand pounds went to these colleges - the Easter course lasting a week and the Summer courses lasting three weeks with the exception of the First Year course, which lasted a fortnight.

Mention must be made of the magnificent contribution from An Cumann Luthchleas Gael, who donated six scholarships, worth over six hundred pounds, to boys from the Third Years.

Not enough attention is given to the sterling support which the Language received from the premier sport. I hope that this short report will remedy the situation to some extent.

Also, the boys who paid their deposits early were rewarded by the Coiste of Loch an Iuir College, by receiving a substantial discount on their fees. This, coupled with the usual 10th place being free, was a boon to many parents. Another instance of the help given to parents, is that members of the one family (a brother and a sister, for example) are not required to pay the full fee.

Gael-Linn, too, were also very generous in donating scholarships and granting substantial reductions for groups of seven boys. Their college seems to attract students who have left their third year behind them. Boys! take note! An innovation, this year, was the School Bank, under the capable hands of Mr. Hegarty and a very industrious team of 6th Year students, who spent their lunch break, on Wednesdays and Fridays as cashiers for all the boys who had money to deposit. This was all supervised by a very helpful official from the parent bank, the Northern.

It would be remiss on my part, to ignore the effect which the Mawhinney Report had on the position of Irish in our school for this year. It could have been much worse, but for the strenuous efforts and the faith of the Christian Brothers in the national language. I am confident that the position of the language (after this year's setback) will be stronger than ever. Proof of that is already visible. This year, for the very first time in the North, St. Mary's has three subjects taught through the medium of Irish. Perhaps we needed a Mawhinney Report to stir us, just as it has stirred many more.

I am confident too, that those parents, who spend their hard earned money in giving their children an opportunity to taste life in the Gaeltacht, will think seriously when choosing their sons' options in both G.C.S.E. and A Level courses. Irish has been tried before all and sundry and no one can say that it has not withstood the storm. We, in St. Mary's knew that we could overcome - and we did. Those past pupils, the doctors of today (yes, we have doctors who did part of their A Level Course in Irish) the solicitors, the lawyers, those who chose to follow a career in Banking, in Commerce, in government, both North and South, have had their faith in Irish, and, what is sometimes overlooked, the study of all that pertains to the language, vindicated. Their parents' faith in the Language, as they sent them to the Gaeltacht year after year, has been vindicated. To them and to us, Irish has always been acceptable. To the powers that be, it is acceptable.

Contrary to certain opinions, we deal in facts, not in dreams. We deal with the present, not the past. We care for the future of your sons - if we did not, we, as lay teachers, and the Christian Brothers, would not struggle so hard to have Irish recognised and given its proper place along with all the great languages taught in this school of ours.

We look forward to another great year for the hundred plus who will follow the path taken by so many of our pupils, who have discovered that Irish is still very much alive and resilient.



Bonn Oir — Gael-Linn

Bhain Déaglán Cree Bonn Oir Gael-Linn i mbliana.

Is duais í seo don chainteoir is fearr a dhéanann agallamh scoláireachta sa Tuaisceart.

This award has been won by three of our students in recent years:-

Diarmaid Breathnach - 1985

Pilb Misteail - 1987

Déaglan Cree - 1989

Among those who won this award since 1959 when they were at school are the following:- An Dr. Séamas O Catháin, (Dept. of Folklore, Dublin). Aine Ní Chuireáin, (Executive with Foras na Gaeilge). Cormac O hAmaill, (Former teacher at St. Mary's and now Head of Physics, Our Lady's and St. Patrick's College, Knock). Prof. S. MacMathúna (Professor of Irish, N.U.U.). Micháel O Murchú (Lecturer, N.U.U.). Diarmaid ODoibhlin (Lecturer, N.U.U.). Cathal Portaéir, (Producer, R.T.É.).

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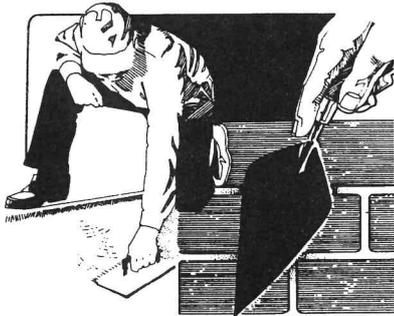


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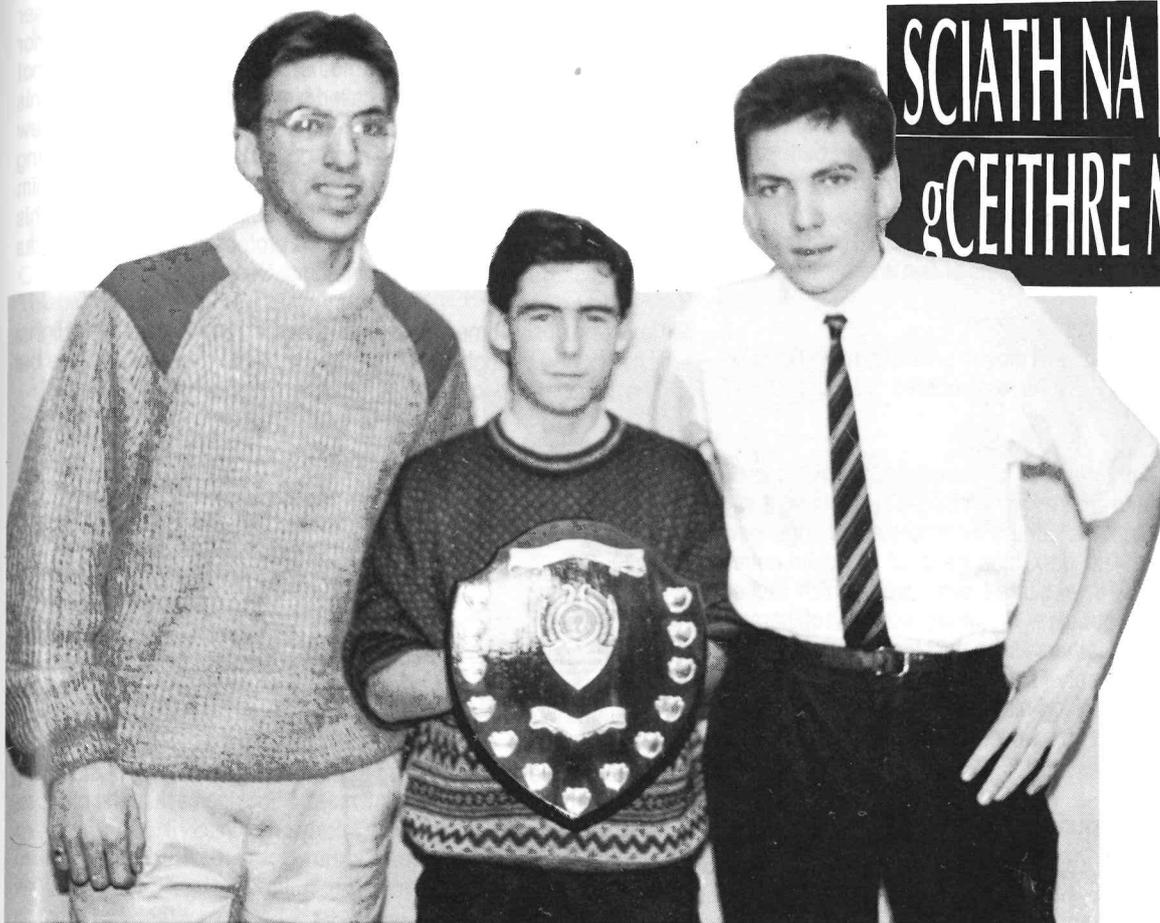
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SCIATH NA

gCEITHRE MAISTRI



Diarmuid UaBruadair (left), Cathal MacConchoille, agus Cormac Ua Bruadair. Members of the Senior Irish Debating Team who won Sciath na gCeithre Máistrí, the Irish debating competition organised by An Cuamann Gaelach, N.U.U.

my trip to the GARRANTOWER Gaeltacht

On the night I arrived I tried to act very tough to the other boys there in order to get in where all the fun would be but, I knew I had failed because as my mum, dad and granny left I felt tears swelling up in my eyes.

As soon as Pdraig, one of the helpers, had seen me to my dormitory I set off in search of Donall Eagleson from my class in school. I found Donal with a number of people from the Bunscoil here in Belfast, as well as the two other pupils from my class, Sean Mallon and David Robinson.

For tea that night we had "handicapped sausage rolls" which were really sausages in a croissant but we all had a good time inventing names for them.

That night I heard, not the rough, tough voices but tears and sobs as everyone seemed to have a touch of homesickness. Over the next two days I was very homesick. It was cleared when the clans were formed. There were four clans in competition against each other, mainly in the sports, games and speaking Irish. In the end my clan, Clann Mhio Asmoint finished second last.

Some of the best times were had during the ceol class which anyone will tell you was a real laugh, but, undoubtedly, the best times were the Ceilis and the fancy dress Ceile na mBratoga where Robert Gamble, my inseparable friend, and I dressed up as terrorists.

Overall it was a brilliant time and I would advise anyone to go there this year.

Slan

(CONOR McKENNA — 2D)

WORD SEARCH

(PETER CORSCADDEN - 1C)

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

Words can go up, down, across, diagonally and backwards.

Science	Primary
Period	Grammar
Lesson	Books
Education	Irish
Maths	Art
Lunchtime	Form
Break	Secondary

'Father'

by Tyrone McKenna 5H

And the misty rain came, clothing black cars, spattering newly bought wreaths, spraying tea-coloured puddles, soaking the short dark green grass. He stood, watching the black umbrellas shudder solemnly in time with the crying and sobbing of relatives. The priest a boy with him clutching an umbrella over his head, occasionally stopped from his deep murmur to flick from his robes small droplets of rain which fell from the ends of the umbrella.

He himself was unemotionalwell maybe a little happy. Raising his tired eyes to the overcast angry sky, he remembered; the incidents still nudged painfully at him

From the shed door, his father looked tall, strong; scary even; veins exclaiming from his neck and arms as he hammered the nail cruelly into the shed wall. It was sinking, his fathers nicotine-stained finger and thumb holding it in place. The dark blue head of the paint-dotted recoilless hammer was lost in a blurred semi-circle which arched towards the nail head. Mark 'You little ----', the last word was obliterated by the resounding crack of his fathers fist against the boy's head. Mark tottered helplessly, then the meaty fist again, mashing his lips back - crushing his teeth - he fell- cracking his head off a pair of splintered stepladders' He lay unconscious for a while. When he awoke he was still there.....minus two front teeth.

He was still clutching the five pound note.

A Boy's Calendar

The new year is here, new resolutions to be made.
January has arrived.

February, crocuses and daffodils appear. I don't like to think the Mock Juniors are here.

The March wind blows, Brrr its cold, but St. Patrick Comes with a day off school. Isn't that cool!

Easter and my birthday come in April.

May has St. Joseph's day but don't delay.
Revision's on the way!

June, tests, sunshine but no time to play.
Work is the order of the day.

July time to have fun. No more school.
Fun! Fun! Fun! Summer has begun.

I'm bored ! It's August with all my mates away.
With whom shall I play?

School and September. Lots from last year to remember.
Autumn leaves with conker fights to achieve.

Dull grey days of October. Summer seems so far away.
A school break would be good. Yippee!
Hallowe'en puts me in the mood.

November is here. Who'll be haunting you this year?

Shops are buzzing with December rush. Hush!
Is it just a fable about the Child in the stable?

As he grew, he grew to fear his father. School was an escape - his father didn't make him go. At ten years, the beatings still continued for minor incidents such as asking about his mother, closing doors too hard or not closing them at all. 'Gippo', they called him at school. They taunted his clothes, his matted hair, his background. They would talk about new clothes, new bikes, computers. They didn't exist to him. The only thing that existed to him was his father, alcohol-breath bearing down on him brandishing any object that was heavy. Teachers asked about his bruises; he said he had fallen. He wasn't protecting his father, he was afraid of him. But he had to do something. Soon.

He lay in the dusty corner, his sweating face lit up by orange street lights which splashed through the dirt-patched window. There was silence but for the insistent bark of a dog in the distant night.

'Go', he told himself.
'Stay, he'll beat you dead.'
'Go. Be free.'
'Where to?'
'Anywhere.'
'You could work.'
'Qualifications?'
'I'll do labouring work'.

'O.R. But he'll be after you, with every thought, in every room, behind every corner....'
'Shutup!' he said out loud tossing aside the bally woollen blanket. Pulling on his lace-broken sweater he left quietly. Looking back at the place he had called home made him run. Quickly.

The rain continued.....
What was he doing here anyway?
This was your father, you know.
Oh.
Look at those people. They think they knew that guy in that box.

He shuffled on, some people turning to watch the brown coated tramp pick something from the ground.

It was a five-pound note.

The rain continued.

UNIFORMED INVADERS

Every time I turn a corner
I check first
For the noisy, stampeding cattle
Whom I dread.

You can smell them everywhere
And anywhere
That lingering smell of tarry lifebuoy soap
Like a death cloud.

They're such a rowdy lot
Like a gaggle of geese
Cackling
You can hear them a mile away
The pound up and down corridors
Like baby elephants
Clearing a human path through a forest of elders.

They remind me of little aliens
Sprouting up from everywhere, wall, floor or ceiling.
Next they'll be in your hair.

They're first years of course!!!!

Geography Society

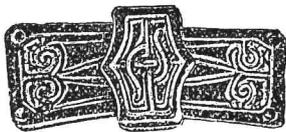
CO. CLARE FIELD-TRIP

The third-form Geography field trip to Co. Clare got underway early on Thursday morning the 20th April. We assembled at Airfield House before piling into two minibuses and then hitting the road. Three teachers accompanied us, Mr E. McFlynn, Mr F. Rice and Mr T. Scullion.

We or rather I should say the 'gaffers' had decided to travel to our eventual destination Lisdoonvarna, via the midlands. And that we did. The 'crack' was good and every so often we checked on our progress as names such as Clones, Cavan, Athlone came and went.

By tea-time we were there, and following the usual clamour for rooms and the very welcome chance to unpack and clean up, had settled down to our evening meal. In case I should forget to mention it, both the accommodation and food at the Imperial Hotel were excellent.

After a good nights sleep we set off the next morning for the Burren and the Aillwee caves where we discovered some of the most breath-taking scenery in Ireland. The peculiar landscape of barren grey rock had seemingly resulted from ice sheets stripping the area of its soil cover and exposing and underlying rock to the elements.



Next stop was at the Aillwee caves where we were led underground and given the chance to marvel at prehistoric bear pits, underground waterfalls and other features typical of limestone caves.

After surfacing, it was then on to the Burren Centre in Kilfenora, a cooperative project run by local people and well worth a visit. Here we watched a video on the flora and fauna of the Burren and were given an interesting talk based around a model burren 'scape'.

There was clearly no stopping us now for our next port of call was the most impressive cliffs of Moher. These cliffs are over 200 metres high and the sight of the waves below crashing them wasn't to be missed.

The next day we headed south beginning with a visit to Cragganowen, a site containing a number of recon-



Lisdoonvarna - a sleepy sort of town; even dogs walk!

structed dwelling types including a crannog and a ring fort.

After a couple of hours we travelled on to Bunratty Castle and the Folk Park beside it. We visited all the buildings in the park thus learning how our great grand parents must have lived. Everything was exactly as it would have been then. The school even had ink pots and quills. As for the castle itself it was in a very good state of repair considering that it dated back to the 13th century. While we were there the finishing touches were being made for the evening banquet which is a popular tourist attraction.

Back at the hotel that evening everyone got spruced up and headed off for the disco. It was a weary looking bunch which sat at the breakfast table the next morning.

After breakfast and having shaken off the early morning blues we clambered into those now all too familiar mini-buses and made our merry way home. This time we travelled up the west coast, stopping at Knock for an hours break. Late that evening we were back in Belfast and looking none the worse for wear well just a little. All in all it had been a most enjoyable and interesting trip and so our thanks to everyone concerned.

Mr. McFlynn expounding on the geology of The Burren

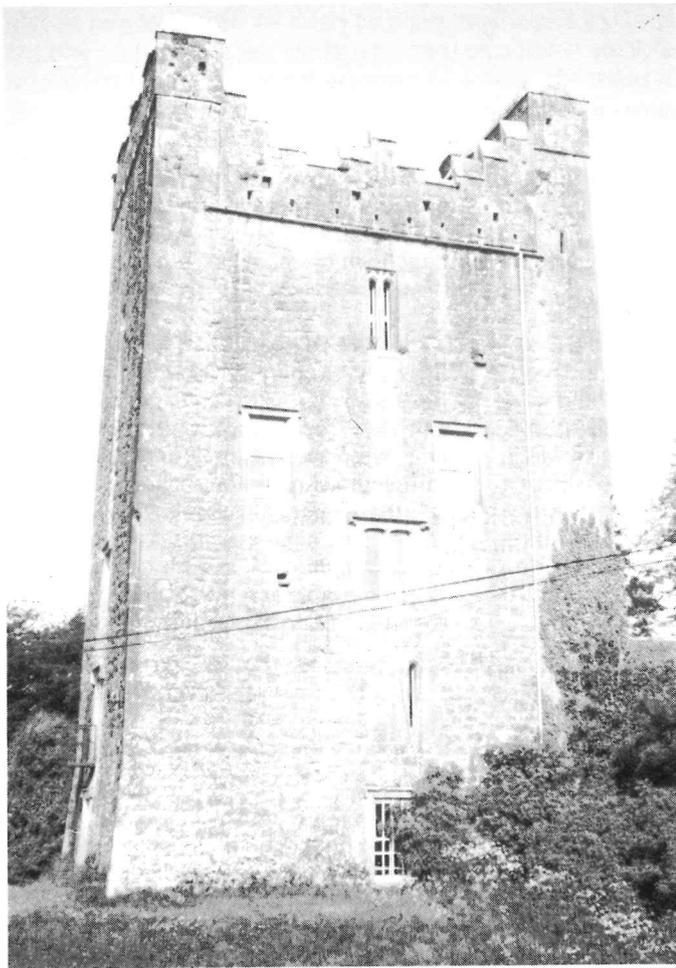


a trip to callan

1989

ON FRIDAY, 19TH MAY 1989, twenty nine First year pupils, Mr. Sheerin and Mr. McCann boarded the school mini-bus and departed for Dublin. We arrived and called into the Mountjoy Square Youth Hostel before going to McDonald's and onto a nearby cinema to watch 'Twins'. It was a great film and everyone enjoyed it. We then retreated to the Youth Hostel for the night.

The next morning we rose early to get ahead of the traffic. Our tired state was however aided by a large fried breakfast provided by Mr. Sheerin and Mr. McCann. It was a long journey but it was still very enjoyable. We stopped in a small town called Castlecomber to have the first of our football matches. We were separated into the previous night's Dorm groupings. When the match was over we went to watch the F.A. Cup Final in a local Hostelry. to a considerable numbers delight Liverpool won.



Foulksrath Castle Co. Killenny where we spent two nights.

Once again we boarded the bus and headed toward Foulksrath castle which would be our home for the next two nights. When we arrived at the Castle we found our way around and got ready for the second of our football matches. It was refereed brilliantly (ahem!) by Mr. Sheerin. This was much to the disgust of Brendan Ferguson (2B) and Eamon Faulkner (2B) who both managed to be sent off at every opportunity.

That night Mr. McCann treated us to a great meal in Kilkenny before we toured the city.

The next day we had another session of sausages and bacon. We then headed to a small church for eleven o'clock Mass. We were all made very welcome by the local community.

We then left for Callan, Edmund Rice's birth place. At Callan we were given an interesting guided tour of the house. In many ways this was the culmination of our project work and it was interesting to see much of what we had read about in the flesh. We then moved on to Mount Sion Boy's School, Waterford.

Here, as in Callan, we were given a warm welcome and a long tour of the exhibits. In the school playground we played our third football game.

From here we moved on to the Tramore Amusements Park. We spent several hours, (not to mention several pounds) on the rides and arcade games.

We then played our final football game and moved on back to Waterford for a snack.

The next morning we started off towards Dublin. Here we stopped at the Ilac Centre and later the Dundalk Shopping Centre.

It was a very enjoyable trip and I would recommend all the new first years to try hard to get on the next trip.

Our thanks to Brother Gleeson and Brother Lynam for all their support.

Photograph and story by
John Duffin (2D) Intrepid Reporter

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SKI TRIP to BULGARIA

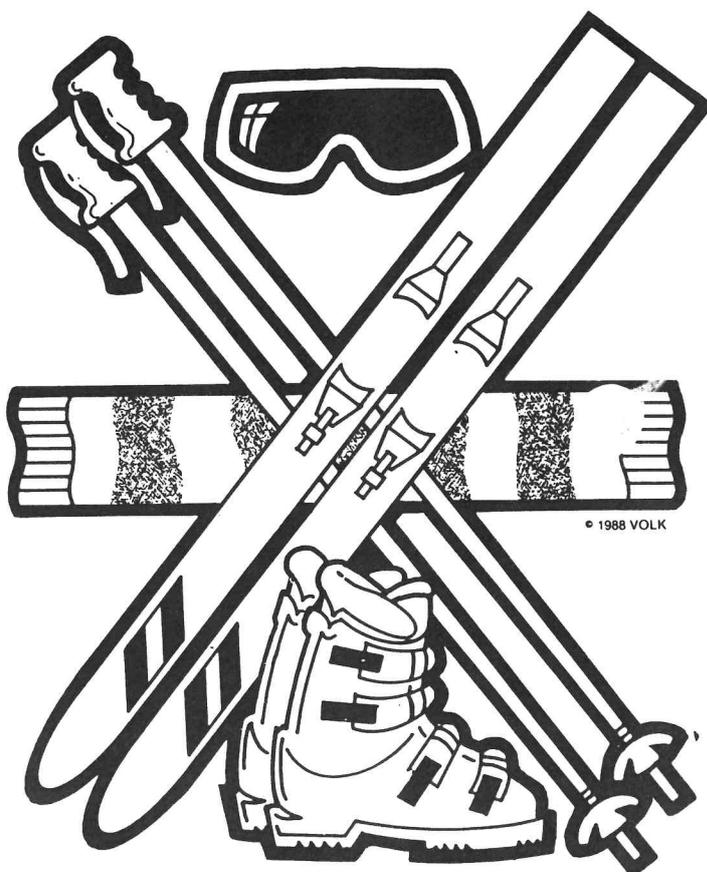
1989

ON THE 2ND JANUARY '89, a party of twenty five pupils and ten adults departed from Aldergrove Airport bound for the snowy resort of Borovets, situated six thousand feet up in the Rila Mountains. After our extensive training at Knockbracken Dry Slope we anxiously awaited the moment when we could put our skills into action.

After arriving at Sofia Airport we were transported by coach to our hotel, the Rila. An excellent hotel equipped with excellent facilities such as a supermarket, a gym and a massage parlour which, suspiciously enough, found most of its custom in the form of a Mr. Perry and his acclaimed - knee injury!!

Once arriving at the Rila, and after Mr. Perry and Mr. McToal had sorted out the rooms, we all bundled off to bed to try to get some sleep. The next morning we were awoken by the sound of Mr. Perry's fists on our doors. After breakfast, we collected our skis and trudged off into the mountains with our instructors who were very patient and extremely helpful. After lessons we were free to enjoy supervised recreational skiing or to use the various other facilities that were available to us.

In the evenings we reassembled for dinner where many a tale was told concerning the day's happenings. After



dinner, for the remainder of the evening, we were able to relax and enjoy the various quizzes and tobogganing kindly arranged by Mr. Perry and Mr. McToal.

The week quickly went by and at the end of the holiday each skier's ability was tested. At a Ski Presentation Night we all received a certificate for our achievements. Tony McAlister, once again, receiving the top grade while at the other end of the ladder there was Mr. McToal who commendably mastered grade A skiing!

Early the following morning we, once again, boarded the coach and headed home having had a great holiday.

For a trip of this kind to be a success, a great deal of effort and organisation is required and it is here that we must commend the efforts of Mr. Perry and Mr. McToal. Thanks must also go to Brother Gallagher, Brother Carlin, Father Kelly and Father O'Hare. Further thanks must go to the pupils of St. Mary's whose behaviour was up to the usual high standard.

DAVID HAYES - 6D)

A TRIP TO TYRONE

Dungannon, East Tyrone. That was our destination on the fine hot day in May. Together with Mr McGettigan and Mr F. Rice we departed from the school in two minibuses, just the class of 2D and we made our way to Dungannon, home of Tyrone Crystal.

We were to do a project on the manufacturing and producing of Tyrone Crystal, which came out of 1 of 2 factories after it had been carefully handmade by between 3 and 7 men or women per piece. As we found out on the trip, the company has been in existence since 1969, 20 years, and it was created by Fr. Austion Eustace. After Mr McGettigan couldn't find our position on the map, we were forced to ask direction to the first factory from one of the locals. When we did get there safe and sound, we were given a warm welcome and brought to a room where we were told by our friendly guide what we would be doing throughout the day. We were allowed to ask questions and take notes before going out for our guided tour, then it was outside for a few class photos and then we were split in two and brought through the factory. We were shown the blowers, furnaces, stemmers and all the craftsmen

at their work. We were allowed to take photos for our projects also. When we were shown everything from the melting to the cooling, we assembled outside to make our way to the second factory which was about a mile away. This time our host led the way in her car so we wouldn't lose our way. Again we were shown around and we took photos of the men at work. The second factory was where all the marking, cutting, polishing and packing went on. We were shown the marking rooms, the cutters at work with their diamond edged cutters and the polishers scrubbing away. After our second lovely tour we were brought to a little shop and we got postcards and leaflets for our projects. This shop was where any crystal with a slight mistake or impurity is sold for a lower price. Then we said good-bye and ate our lunch at a neighbouring shopping centre. Then after our action packed day, we went home. Mr McGettigan has already suggested a possible trip in 3rd year to the Giants Causeway so I hope it turns out just as good.

CIARAN AUSTIN 3D

an cumann fichille

The launching pad for each school chess year is the 1st Year Chess championship, which attracts a very large number of new Simmarians, necessitating the event being played on a league basis, with each league winner and runner-up claiming a place in the final stages.

Some of the chess played is quite frightening to a seasoned player, but it also provides us with some stars of the future, whose flair and keenness brings them results, which clearly separate them from those who linger behind.

One such student was Gerry Lundy, of 1D, who, after two months hard effort, was acclaimed the winner of the Super League, just ahead of Sean Linton (1B), who came second, Kieran McAteer (1B), Tommy Douglas (1B), Liam Cameron (1A), and Francis Jones another 1B man, followed closely behind. These six players formed the 1st Year School Chess team.

October heralded the beginning of the Inter-School Championships, with St. Mary's fielding four divisional teams, with mixed success. The 1st years (Div. 7) found the going a little tough, but with excellent board scores from David Burke, S. Clarke, F. Jones, Liam Cameron and Sean Linton. You can see that we were already using some of our reserves! They had good wins over B.R.A., Strandtown, Ballyclare High and Friends, of Lisburn.

For our Div. 5 team (last year's 1st Year team), the gap proved too much. But, individually, there were some great performances, notably M. Gilliland and Paul McGuigan. For such an inexperienced team, just fresh from 1st Year, the year's effort was magnificent, if chastening. They will remain in Div. 5 this year and then we shall see a difference.

The big success of the year was the winning of Div. 4 by a team made up from 3rd years and 4th years. This, following their success

last year in Div. 5, marked them out as outstanding pupils, not only in their expertise in Chess, but for their sheer guts in coming back from sometimes losing positions. With Barry Mulgrew to lead them, do I need to say more? Barry, as captain, had to take on the best that the opposition could put forward, which was at times formidable, and so his record of wins does not match some of the others, something a captain has to live with. His team won 6 matches, drew 1 and was unbeaten against teams from Bangor.

Methody, St. Malachy's, Annadale, Grosvenor High, R.B.A.I., and Friends of Lisburn. Damian Coyle, a 3rd Year pupil, from 3C, had the best record, winning 7 games and losing none. Well done!

The Div. 2 team, our senior team, left much to be desired. It was left to J. Smyth to save them from complete humiliation at times. Whether in defeat or in success, they know that we appreciate all efforts. The younger ones coming on after the senior teams should always realise that we accept our defeats and our successes.

St. Mary's has always boasted great Ulster players, such as Damian Artt, Kevin McCann, John Cairns and this year was no exception. Three of our pupils were chosen to represent the province in the All-Ireland Championships. Harry Ball, Gary Annesley and myself. This had nothing to do with Ulster losing the championship!

The year ended with the presentation of a very fine Chess Computer to the school by none other than former Ulster and Irish Boy's Champion, our own John Cairns. A very generous gift indeed. You have, as you always had, our deepest consideration and admiration, John.

We have had many more successes than defeats. We have accomplished much in the last fourteen years through which Mr. Mitchell has guided us and it is with regret that we hear that he will not be our organiser next year, due to academic pressure. Whoever decides to take up from where he left off, we, the students, pledge to assist him in keeping the name of St. Mary's as much to the forefront in chess circles as he did.

STEPHEN MORGAN, 6SD



Barry MULGREW, captain of the victorious Div. 4 Team accepting the Albert Long Cup from Brother Gallagher

Other members of the team, from left to right: Simon KENNEDY, Damian COYLE, Robert GRAHAM, Conor TOMAN, and Ciaran MULHOLLAND.

MEMORIES OF ST. MARY'S

Returning to St. Mary's recently to talk about engineering brought back many memories. I had given a presentation at Trinity College two days earlier which had gone well but for politeness, attentiveness and quality of questions St. Mary's won easily. This got me thinking.

"Discipline" is something which must rank high in anyone's memories of school life. My own recollections range from being disciplined when sheltering in the school from the rain to being steadily prodded by Br. Jennings to speak out - once he got me started nobody has managed to stop me. At its worst discipline in St. Mary's, as elsewhere, was petty-minded terrorism but at its best it cultivated a respect for what we were capable of and what others had to offer.

The single incident which summed up for me the best of St. Mary's was a presentation to Belfast schools at St. Mary's College on the third world. The St. Mary's contingent stood out like a sore thumb among the uniformly non-descript Insts and Methodys but the presenter overlooked us in listing the schools present. At the end of the presentation every second question (and almost all the good ones) came from us making sure the presenter would never again make that mistake. Our discipline then was our pride that we could take on anyone especially that bunch of uniform twits. From my visit I am sure we still can - despite the encroachment of uniforms up to fifth year - and that for me is the greatest achievement of the school. Long may it continue.

STEPHEN WALSH

DEBATING 1988 - '89

by Mr. D Breen

The school had two teams participating in the Bank of Ireland, All Ireland Debating Competition: Anthony Davey and Michael Finucane and Brian Shevlin and Paddy Mallon. Anthony won the individual speaker prize at the Ulster Final and was an All Ireland finalist the previous year. All the others were new to debating and so it was a very impressive achievement for one team to reach the semi-finals and the other to reach the final of the Ulster competition. Often they found themselves supporting the more difficult side of the motion which resulted in that last year St. Mary's passionately advocated Capital punishment, The Sun newspaper and the tarpeoding of 'The Mayflower'! Anthony and Michael were a cross between Robin Day and the late Lord Oliver while Brian and Paddy found their role mocked in Ben Elton. In one memorable and very funny debate they produced a stream of anti American jokes that would have delighted the heart of General Noriego.

Althgether a very enjoyable year for the St. Mary's Debating Team.

GOLF SOCIETY

Many pupils availed of the lessons on Tuesday evenings. The Balmoral professional, Mr. J. Fisher was regularly in attendance at the lessons.

On Monday, 26th June at Dungannon Golf Club - Peter Hynes 21 Balmoral, Joe O'Connor 18 Warrenpoint, Peter Quinn 24, Aaron Brady 26 represented the school in the **Ulster Schools Junior Championship**

The **Senior Team** for St. Mary's consisted of Cathal Woods 13 Fortwilliam, Eamonn O'Connor 8 Warrenpoint, Martin Colohan 9 Fortwilliam, Jim Johnston 17 Belvior.

They won their section of the **Ulster Schools Golf League** by beating Boys Model and Sullivan Upper at Fortwilliam and drew with Campbell College at Knock.

The **Quarter Fianl** was played on Wednesday 11th October at Lisburn and ended in a draw - 2 games each.

The teams also drew on holes so, team 1 had to play extra holes and Abbey won the first.

The Senior team also represented St. Mary's at the **1989 - '90 Gold Foundation Team Championships for Schools** at Lisburn on Monday, 2nd October.

The Abbey team qualified for the Final stages of the Competition with a score of 239.

The Senior Team also represented St. Mary's on Friday, 22nd June at Royal Belfast Gog Club.

More than
a match
for a
thirst.



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the Feeling!*

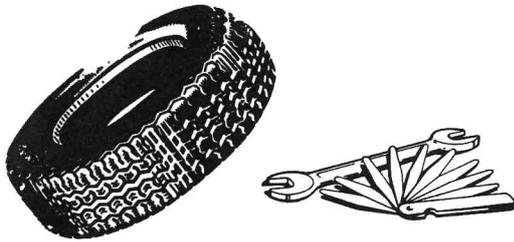


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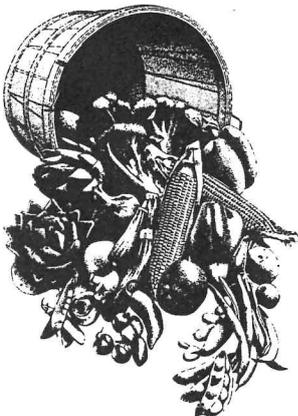
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WATERPOLO

There is nothing as frustrating as being the best team in a competition and yet failing to win that competition. Such was the case of our Senior team in the All-Ireland Senior Schools Cup held in the Falls Baths last March.

We had won the Canada Trophy from St. Malachy's earlier in the month and we were confident of doing well in the All-Ireland. Yet it was not to be. A mixture of bad luck, panic, over confidence and two bad decisions by a referee, combined to deprive us of a trophy which we felt was rightfully ours. How much we felt it to be ours was evidenced by our 3-0 victory over the eventual winners on the day i.e. Abbey C.B.S. (their first time ever in the competition).

It was our old local rivals St. Malachy's who proved to be our stumbling block. Playing them in the final game of the day's competition we required only one point from the game. We had earlier in the day beaten all the other teams involved bar one - Gormanstown whom we drew with in our opening match but should have beaten, missing two penalties which proved to be very costly misses indeed.

A degree of over-confidence crept into our game against St. Malachy's and by the end of the first quarter we were one goal down. With seconds to go in the second quarter we were leading 2-1 but a piece of slack marking by our captain enabled St. Malachy's and by the end of the first quarter we were one goal down. With seconds to go in the second quarter we were leading 2-1 but a piece of slack marking by our captain enabled St. Malachy's captain to equalise on the whistle for half time.

As we entered the final quarter we were trailing 4-2 thanks to two poor decisions by one of the referees but we still had the advantage of attacking the deep end. That advantage was argued in the last quarter by winning two man - up situations but Ginger McMahon who had earlier scored some superb goals in the competition, let things go to his head and on both occasions shot widely over the bar throwing away our advantage. And so the game ended. We had lost the game and competition. Newry were the champs and we were the runners up.



One feature of last year's preparation was that the entire team never turned up in its entirety for one practice. There always seemed to be someone missing and competitions are not won with attitudes such as that. At U-16 level we entered both Ulster and Irish Competitions but with little luck because these tend to be learning processes. However we do have a nucleus of an U-16 team who I hope will be successful at Irish level in 1990 (Autumn).

Our current U-19 team has lost a number of players and we are rebuilding there also, and we also have an U-14 team which acts as a feeder/nursery for the older squad.

Practices this year are on Friday afternoons 3.40 p.m. - 5.00 p.m. and all who are interested are welcome, provided they are committed.

(J. McCLEAN, COACH/WATERPOLO)

**St. Mary's
Under 16½ Forester Cup
Winners, 1989**



CLASS OF '58 FLASH BACK



Back Row (L-R) R. O'Prey, J. McIlroy, M. McMullan, F. McDonnell, M. Devine, J. Drain, S. Wallace.
Centre Row: (L-R) M. Brennan, B. McMorro, B. Hamill, S. Cormican, E. Rodgers, B. McCann, S.
Bennett, D. Hartley, S. McKeown, G. McPolin. Front Row: (L to R) P. Murray, M. Malone, M.
Doherty, G. McMahan, F. McKenna, J. Brown, P. McGinley, T. May, S. Rice, L. McGrady.

Photos courtesy of Mr. R. O'Prey.



Where are they now? The last class in St. Mary's P.S. 1962. Photo courtesy of Mr. J. Moyna.

STEPHEN McCLUSKEY

World Schools Judo Championships '89

I arrived with the British team on Sunday morning early. There were seven mat areas, one for each of the weight categories. At each table, a computer screened up the draw for the competition and an electronic scoreboard stood beside it. Flags of each country shone around the arena and spotlights lit up the hall.

I was on mat no. 1 as I was the lightest weight category. I was near the top of the draw and before long I was on the mat facing the Swedish champion. Three minutes didn't seem that long but it was long enough when I was on the mat.

I was careful at the start but soon I caught him unawares for a three-point score. I settled down taking control of the fight scoring again not long after for five points. In the last minute, I finished the fight with a ten-point shoulder throw.

My first fight was over and my nerves had calmed a little. In the next round, I was faced with the Dutch champion. The fight began fast when he caught me for a three-point score. He turned me into an armlock and I had to defend for one and a half minutes before we broke and stood up. With a minute left, I knew I had to attack. I moved in and caught him with my favourite shoulder throw for five points. I held on for the rest of the time and was luckily in the semi-final.

I had to wait for quite a while before the semi-finals were announced. I was to fight a West-German whom I had drawn with the day before. The two semi-finals of my category were on the two middle mats. The two began at the same time. I started fast but the awkward opponent made it hard for me. After two minutes of no score, I attacked with a strong shoulder throw again scoring five-points. I was in the final. I was to fight the French champion, the host nation, in the final. Later, the lights shone on the centre arena and the final two were announced. I walked cautiously on the mat and faced my opponent. The final began fast and furious. I attached right from the bell and after two consecutive attempts at a shoulder throw, the French champion let out a cry. Break was called and a doctor came on the mat. He signalled that the boy was unable to go on with a dislocated elbow. I had won.

After a good nights sleep we set off the next morning for the Burren and the Aillwee caves where we discovered some of the most breath-taking scenery in Ireland. The peculiar landscape of barren grey rock had seemingly resulted from ice sheets stripping the area of its soil cover and exposing the underlying rock to the elements. One of Cromwell's generals had once said of the area

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After breakfast and having shaken off the early morning blues we clambered into those now all too familiar minibuses and made our merry way home. This time we travelled up the west coast, stopping at Knock for an hours break. Late that evening we were back in Belfast and looking none the worse for wear ... well just a little. All in all it had been a most enjoyable and interesting trip and so our thanks to everyone concerned.



Seventh Year Students who missed out on the individual photo-call.



Front (L to R) T. O Lornigsigh, T. Farnan, C. Austin, G. Mulholland, M. McCormack, P. McGorman.
Back (L to R) C. Flanagan, B. Giffen, K. Crummy, D. Kennedy, S. Rooney, J. Ferris.

The Cande Expedition

Recently I had the pleasure of going on a trip which took me into Eastern Europe behind the once Iron Curtain. On Friday 15th December I left Aldergrove for London where I met most of the group with whom I would be travelling. After a short pleasant sojourn in London we set out for the Hook of Holland from Harwich. On a fleet of coaches we crossed Holland into West Germany where we spent our first night in an army camp in Paderborn.

Tuesday saw us on our way to East Germany and Leipzig. We arrived in the early afternoon and thus had time for a tour of the city. In comparison with the Western cities and towns through which we passed. Leipzig was grey and somewhat colourless though it had some eye-catching buildings. From Leipzig we travelled to Dresden - a city which had been totally destroyed during the Second World War. It was here that we first encountered children of our own age-group.

What impressed me first was their overwhelming friendliness and their willingness to talk to us and learn about us. My little German and their quite good English meant that there was no real language barrier as such. We stayed in Dresden for 2 nights and had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

Our next destination was Czechoslovakia and its capital, Prague. Undoubtedly for me, this was the highlight of the trip. Our accommodation was located in a sports centre in a city suburb. The Czechs we met were a lovely people and very friendly. We visited a few of the schools and were very impressed; they compared most favourably with our own. Prague is a beautiful city with numerous fine buildings and a huge clock-tower which announced each hour with trumpets. Wenzelas Square is as it appears on TV only now I could sense the atmosphere and feel of the place. On a bus-shelter nearby the graffiti said it all: "It's over. The Czech's are free!"

From Prague it was back to Dresden where we had an overnight stay before moving on to Berlin and the Hotel Stadt. From here we went on a tour of this historic city, going through Checkpoint Charlie and chipping pieces off the

famous Wall. Later we went to the historic heart of the city - the Brandenburg Gate.

On Christmas Day I had dinner with an East German family - an unusual but rewarding occasion.

Poland was our next destination and a scout-centre was to be our base for a few days. Here we met more children but the language barrier made communication all but impossible, there is a limit to non-verbal communication. Conversation was one massive "charade". We found Warsaw, the Polish capital a dull, drab, grey place but we celebrated the New Year with great gusto along with Polish children.

Warsaw was our last stop-over. All told we travelled 1500 miles by coach. Our trip to Eastern Europe was only made possible by the generous sponsorship of many companies including Legal & General Assurance, B.P., British Telecom and Lynx.

This was a marvellous journey through Europe, a most worth while visit from every point of view. Nevertheless being away from home over Christmas and the New Year detracted from it a little.

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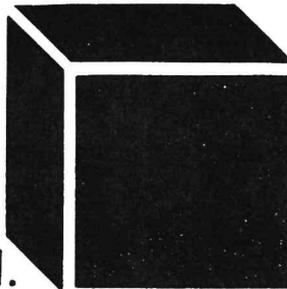
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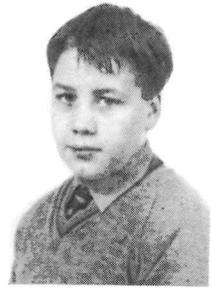
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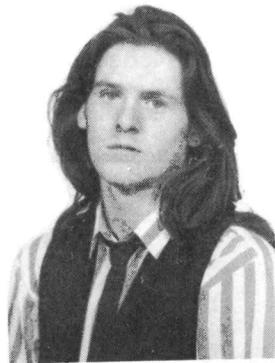


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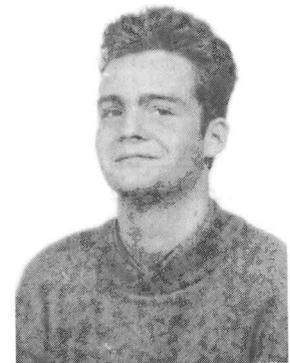
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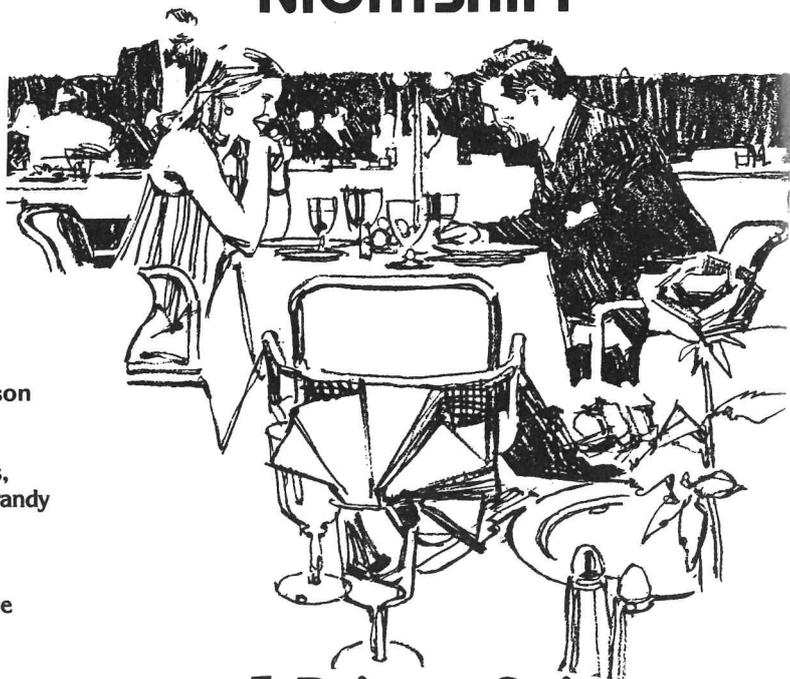
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Abs: J. McGrattan, E. Watters



4D

Back — S. Robinson, S McCorry, V. Donnelly, M. Mohan, C McKinney, R. Breen, A. Rogan, T. Ryan. Middle — M. Burns, J. Rafferty, M. Flynn, D. Lougran, D. Smyth, J. Connolly, V. Molloy, R. McKeown. Front — C. Sheppard, P. Fleming, A Cox, C Donnelly, B. Mallon, J McCartney.
Abs: G. Kane



4E

Back — J. McCormick, B. Waugh, G. Cassidy, P. McVeigh, D. Sweeny, P. McMorrough, J. O'Connor, J. McElkerney. Middle — S. Kennedy, S. Devlin, S. Craig, P. Heaney, G. Devlin, S. McCoy, J. Rush, C. McCluskey, G. Donnelly. Front — P. Callaghan, D. Donnelly, D. Bannon, A. Kelly, N. Nugent, H. McDonnell.



4F

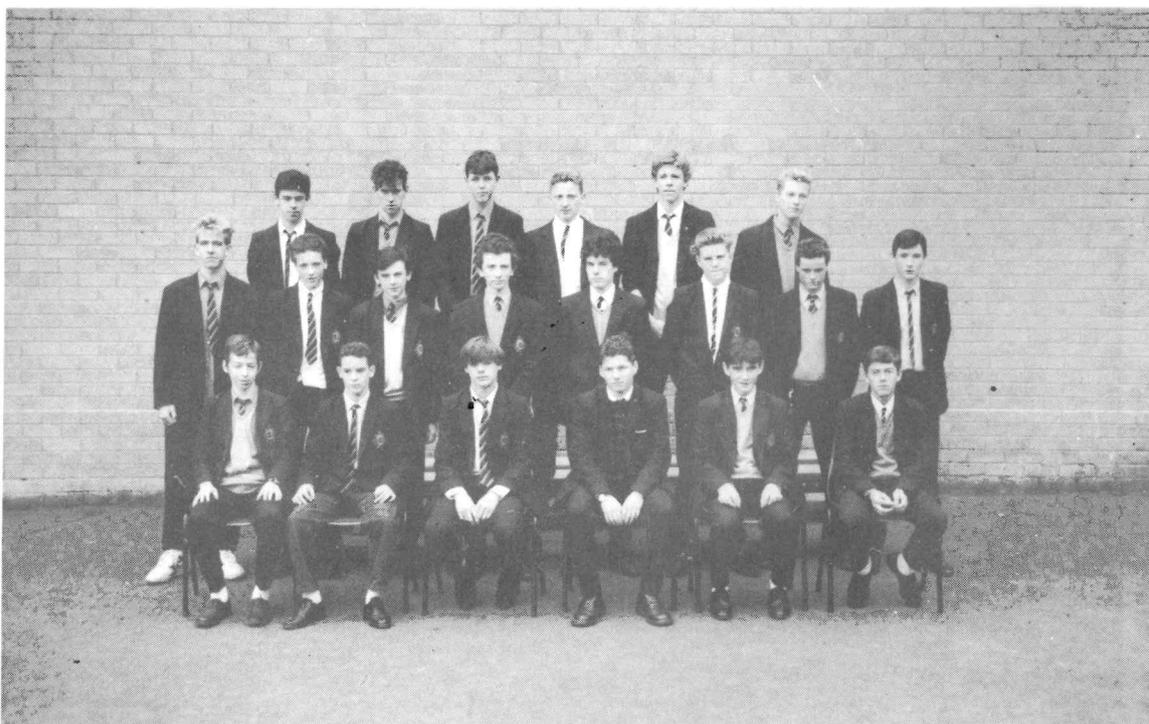
Back — M. O'Rawe, J. Laughlin, P. Glover, B. Reynolds, N. Fleming, D. Coyle, M. Higgins, P. Hills. Middle — G. Connolly, G. Connolly, J. Stewart, J. Dobbin, M. Midgley, N. Heaney, K. Farrell, S. Teer, K. Donnelly. Front — C. Toman, M. McKenna, T. McDonald, J. McKnight, C. Gallagher, G. Connolly



4G

Back L to R — H. McCabe, C. O'Hara, M. Dougan, D. Kelly, J. Sherry, S. Smyth. Middle L to R — D. Murray, S. McGeown, G. Garland, G. Doherty, C. McCambridge, N. Wallace, G. Stratton, S. Manly, P. Connolly. Front L to R — P. McShane, M. McErlean, C. Carberry, M. McKenna, R. Herron, K. Manning.

Abs: S. Carey, C. Mervyn, G Hagans



5A

Back L to R — J.P. Crossan, M. Blair, M. McGovern, C. Cairns, G. Irvine, G. Taylor. Middle L to R — G. Smith, P. Gilliland, D. McHenry, S. McGowan, C. Polley, J. O'Donnell, M. Maguire, J. Savage. Front L to R — J. McGreevy, F. McGurk, P. Murphy, G. Nellis, C. Rice, G. Brennan.

Abs: L. Savage, G. Show, C. Hartigan, P. Rogan, L McCullough.



5B

Back L to R — J. Moore, D. Cooper, J. McConway, E. McCormick, J. Rainey, K. Doherty, B. Moore. Middle — G. Honey, B. Graham, G. Doherty, J. Heaney, L. Skillen, M. Murray, J. Johnston. Front — C. Friel, M. Donnelly, S. Mulgrew, E. Creen, B. Magee, A. Boyle. Abs: G Duffy



5C

Back L to R — K. Blaney, C VaBruaidair, S. Haller, A O'Brien, P. Campbell. Middle L to R — F. Eagleson, C. Lavery, P. Niblock, C. Doherty, D. McGreevy. Front L to R — P. O'Hara, S. McNamee, N. Sheppard, C. Gorman, V. Fleming, M. Gregory. Abs: D. Morgan, J. Moyna, K. Donnelly, F. Dougherty, V. Carabine.



5D

Back — A. McGowan, S. McCrory, J. McKay, S. Hilton, C. Frawley, D. O'Neill. Middle — M. McKinney, D. Gallagher, C. Auld, P. Quinn, K. Matthews, R. Gough, S. Hunter, C. Murphy. Front — H. Gorman, P. Hyness, J McGeown, A. Brady, A. Reilly, R. Murphy.
Abs: D. Hughes, D. Kelly



5E

Back L to R — F. Braderick, T. Rice, S. McLaverty, M. McEwan, P. Hill, P. Miskimmon, B. Cormican, K. Gorman, S. McBriarty, J. Trainor. Middle L to R — A. Campbell, T. McMorrow, P. Scanlon, J. Brennan, S. Herald, P. Kane, J. Lagan, M. Crossin, B. Mulgrew, M. McCann. Front L to



5F

Back L to R — K. McDonnell, V. Grant, M. Cushnan, P. Phelan, J.B. Austin, B.J. Murphy. Middle L to R — C. Crawford, M. McVeigh, C. McCann, A. Irvine, S. Corr, J.F. Boyle. Front L to R — P.J. McConnell, B. Russell, J. Maxwell, P. Farrelly, P. Colton, G. McGlinchey. Abs: P. Murray, S. McIlduff, B. McCaffrey, B. McCaffrey, K. Officer.



5G

Back L to R — R. Kennedy, S.C. Smyth, J. Maguire, K. McKeown, D. Scullivan, M. Connolly, C. Brown. Middle L to R — P. Neeson, P. Doherty, S. Moss, C. Mulholland, K. Craig, S. Kennedy, S. Johnston, L. O'Doherty, E. Long. Front L to R — C. McKermott, C. Nugent, M. Crummey, C. Nugent, D. Doherty, D. Ferran. Abs: L. Scullivan



5H

Back L to R — G. McKernan, G. McKee, T. George, J. McKenna, M. McGlade, M. Brady, R. Smyth, D. McGreevy. Front L to R — M. Doman, B. Sansome, K. Fitzpatrick, R. Clarke, B. Fitzpatrick, T. McKenna.



6A

Back L to R — R. O'Hagan, M. Deane, P. Smyth, J. Mallon, J. Boyd. Front L to R — J. Molloy, G. Callaghan, M. Rea, R. Burns, S O'Donnell.



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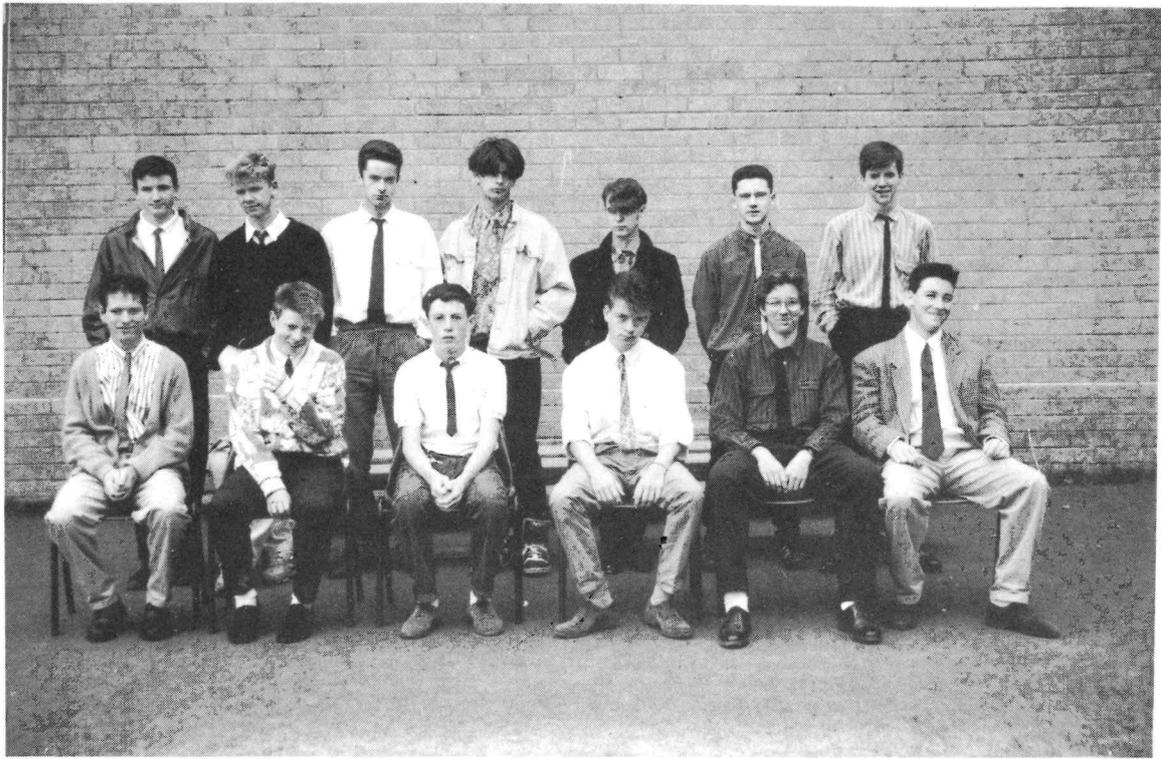
6B

*Back L to R — R. McMahon, S. McCabe, T. Reynolds, C. McManus, G. Duffy, S. Duffin. Front L to R — N. McMahon, P. McBride, J. Campbell, F. Smyth, J. McGurk, G. Wilson.
Abs: M. Creagh, P. Crilly, J. McManus, J. Moore*



6C

Front Row (L to R) K. Finnegan, E. Adams, E. Mohan, P. Crilly, G. McKenna, M. Creagh, C. Quigley, T. Williamson. Back Row (L to R) J. Duffy, S. Lappin, N. McArea, O. Tallon, D. Orr, J. Peoples, E. Nethercott, J. Sullivan, G. Braidon.



6D

Back L to R — J. Captain, C. Huddleston, C. Gribben, J. Magee, J. McCabe, C. MacAinmhire, C. Lavery. Front L to R — D. Branniff, P. McCann, L O'Hare, M. Murphy, A. Doherty, D. Hayes.



6E

Back Row (L to R) — D. Burke, P. Black, J. Sheridan, C. Gallagher, J. Doyle, C. Lavery. Front (L to R) — B. Brownlee, B. Flanagan, E. Cassidy, C. Walker, G. Sharkie, C. Bradley.



6F

Back L to R — B. McLaughlin, J. O'Neill, J. Masterson, E. Howell, K. Callaghan, M. Smyth, P. McGuinness, D. O'Donnell. Front L to R — S. Rice, S. McCluskey, C. Kelly, T. Murphy, C. Neeson, D. Bell.
Abs: J. Wilson, C. Quigley



6G

Back L to R — M. McNally, C. Garland, N. Privilege, D. Donnelly, G. Heatley, C. Corbett, D. Barr.
Front L to R — G. Annesley, P. McLaughlin, R. Hayes, P. Tyrell, M. McErlean, B. Savage.



6H

*Back L to R — R. Savage, M. Comber, D. Moore, D. McCann, V. Curran, Front L to R — M. McConville, M. Stevenson, E. McGarrigle, T. McCorry, T. Colgan, A. Cassidy.
Abs: E. Adams, M. Connolly, S. O'Donnell*



6I

*Back L to R — P. Donnelly, D. Doyean, S. McPartland, C. Kane, J. Hamill, S. Keenan, P. Crossey, M. Colohan. Front L to R — C. McDonnell, N. McGee, C. McAllister, P. Jordan, O. Fallon, C. James.
Abs: J. Mallon*



6J

Back L to R — L. McDonnell, J. Nugent, J. McNally, A. O'Brien, P. Hughes, P. Stewart. Front L to R — A. Mulholland, P. McGibon, K. McNeill, J. McLoughlin, P. Harte, D. Dixon.

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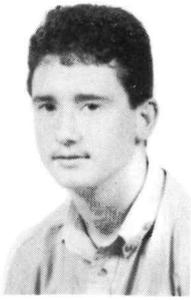
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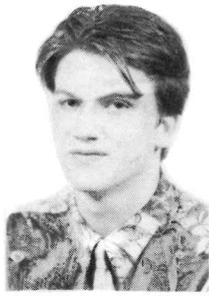
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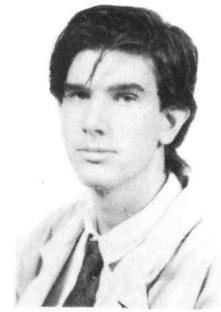
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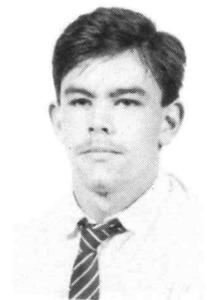
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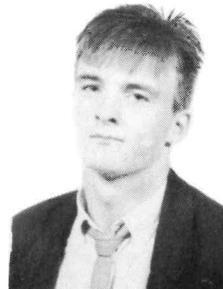
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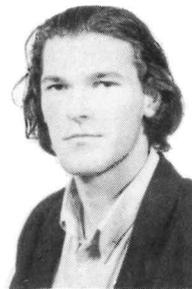
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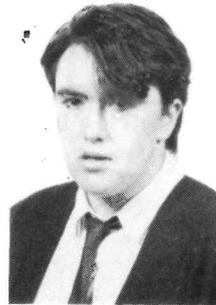
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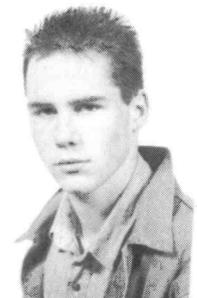
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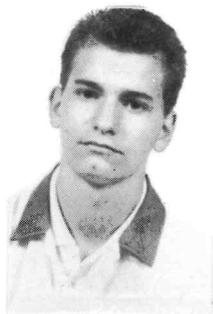
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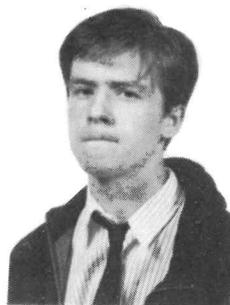
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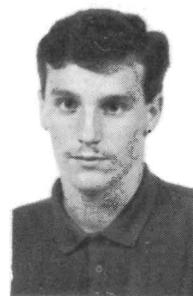
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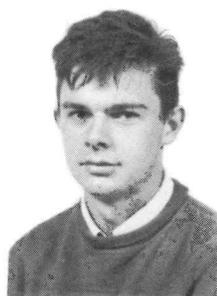
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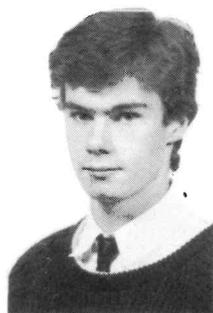
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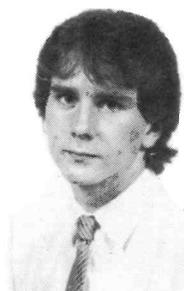
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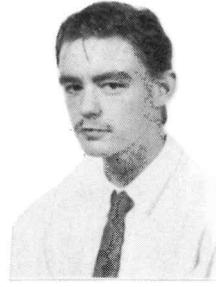


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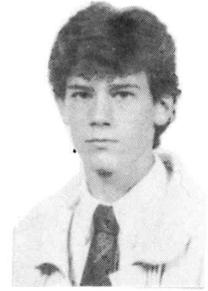
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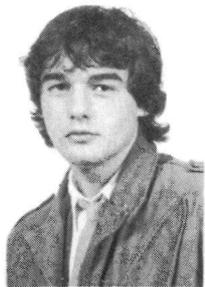
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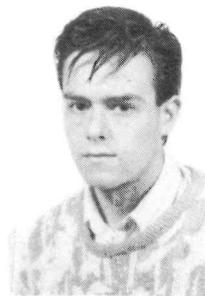


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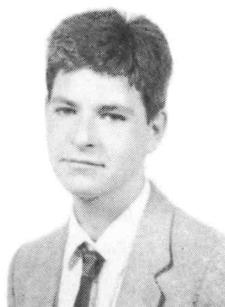
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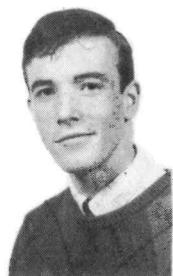


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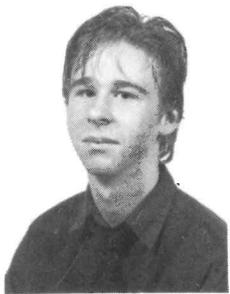
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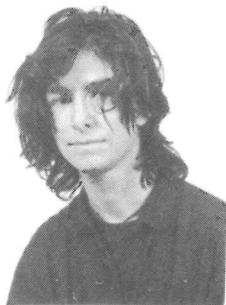


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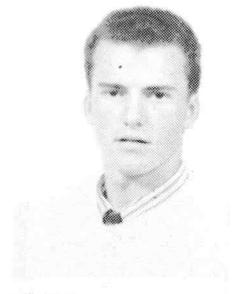
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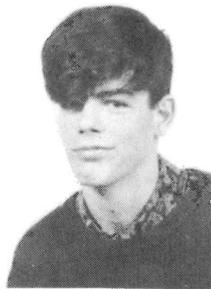
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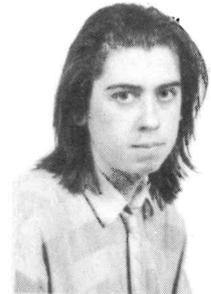
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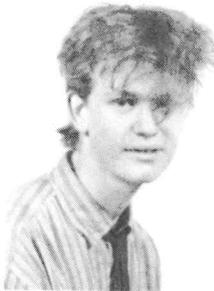
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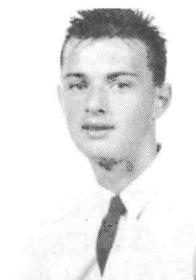
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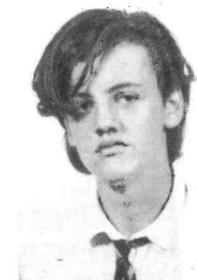
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