



BILLY SIMPSON

Philosophy is a kick in the head

YOU KNOW, those adverts that warn about the drawbacks in having a grasshopper mind are right.

There I was staring out at the rain over a blank sheet of paper, trying to come up with an idea for a column, and I kept getting distracted by irrelevant bits of nonsense running around my head. I'm studying pathetic "Kung Fu" type homilies like — "He who saves for rainy days, takes holiday in June."

I wouldn't mind being a philosopher. It's all that kicking people in the head that puts me off.

But this isn't exactly butting any one's.

I had an idea about doing some realistic philosophies on marriage to combat those corny, sentimental "Love is..." sayings that have become something of a craze among the unmarried 1970s.

I ask you honestly, "Love is never having to say you're sorry." Now what kind of nonsense is that. If married couples don't say they're sorry it's usually because they're not speaking.

Husbands are always apologising — and half times they don't even know what the hell they've done wrong.

For instance, "What little saying would you use for a scene like this?"

HE — I'm bleeding to death.

SHE — No you're not.

DEAD GIVE AWAY. by Dulcie Gray (Macdonald, £2.25). There was snow in the ground; the Conway family was together for Christmas. The meals were lavish. There was champagne and log fires. There was a man in the room — the body of the man who was devious, a born snooper, and a blackmailer into the bargain. Not the most winning of the Conway's. The man strangled in her bedroom.

It is not a new murder mystery situation but Miss Gray does

Crime Shelf
Frederick Gumble

a fair job in giving her own twist to the affairs before the killer is revealed.

For one family to provide so many suspects gives reasonable ground for the conclusion that the Conway's are not the salt of the earth when it comes to demonstrating family life at its best.

STRANGE is it not, how, overnight there's a change in the Cyprus, the diplomatic correspondents have a quick refresher course in the cuttings library and before you know it they've been telling you all along it was going to happen.

But you didn't need to be any great expert last month to realise that away from the tourist packed bars and beaches, all was not well on the island.

Maybe it's because, if you're a fan of the Cyprus, your instinct for impending doom is rather than your "finely" developed sense.

Still, the dark-eyed Greek Cypriot boys throwing darts in shaded Farnham bars didn't seem to be too worried about anything other than who would win the World Cup.

Sheffield United, Stoke City and Hamilton Academicals were over for a close season tour, and there was Francis Lee strolling along the sea front.

It was here along Kennedy Avenue, the resort's main tourist trap, Elizabethan style, that the Greek Cypriots, led by the British, opened the evening's entertainment, the poor squaddies in Ulster.

It was inside three days, and generally around the cocktail time of evening, there were nine explosions in Famagusta.

Most were aimed at the unfortunate police station, but at least one well-known Makarios supporter got a touch.

The Greek Cypriots would shrug, smile apologetically and point meaningfully at their heads.

"These people," they would say, "they don't know what is good for them. They want to destroy everything."

But if you were from Ulster, you found it easy to understand the Greek Cypriots' reluctance to do anything about it.

At any rate, they said nothing that would have given any cause for immediate concern. Their faith in Archbishop Makarios was as touching as it was universal. Their love for him meant in his weekly bulletin.

It was the time of year when reporters were set round building sites to look for signs of life in the rubble in danger of being cut down.

Or when the office death was handed a few weeks ago, they were somewhere in Co. Down to see if it was true that the National Front was turning the whiskey green.

"He returned in a taxi and his stories were so something else had

An explosive mixture at cocktail time in Famagusta

ALL ALSTER LOG

James Mason. And it all began with poor old Sam being mangled in the puddle wheels of a car.

Of course, they are really his best friends. The fight is all part of a new film now being made — of that famous Dickensian saga, *Great Expectations*.

Also starting will be Sarah Miles, Anthony Quayle, Rachel Roberts and Robert Morley.

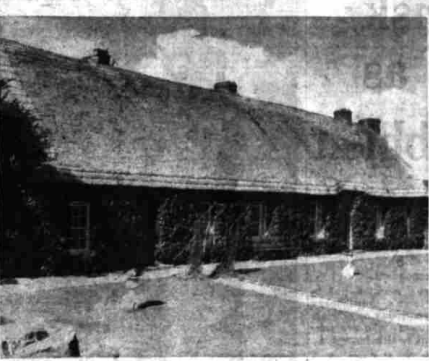
Sam has been busy organising a special visit for his friends. He plays the part of a convict and is portrayed with a shaven head. But as he doesn't want to lose all his hair, even the interest of a good

film. Sam has decided to get a special wig that just gives a hint of fuzz on the sides.

He also tells us that his book, "For You the War is Over" is about to come out in paperback published by Futura. He will soon be busy signing copies at two lectures on Britain's south coast.

Round trip by lifeboat

AROUND Ireland in six weeks—that's the plan of four Ulster students who set off from Strangford



Rock of ages

WORK is going on re-thatching and restoring one of the latest structures acquired by the National Trust—the Handa House at Liffock, between Coleraine and Castlerock.

It is believed that the house, originally a residence for the clergy of nearby Dunmore parish, was built in 1690. Around 1720 it was bought by the Hefflett family who have lived there ever since.

"It's almost certainly the last surviving ex-

Rock of ages

ample of the rock truss type of construction left in Ulster," said Rosemary McCreery, the Trust's regional information officer. This means that the thatched roof is supported by continuous timber beams which pass down through the thick rubble walls to the ground.

"This used to be a

Golden Friendship

LARNE Rotary Club has received a trophy from the South American group of sister countries but it is a tremendously interesting object to view. It is the "Golden Friendship" trophy which was presented to the club by the Governor, Jim Tweed during a visit to the club last week.

The trophy originated in Brazil when members of the Sao Paulo club commissioned it with the idea that it should be handed round the world as a symbol of friendship.

The statistic featuring the Rotary wheel and a torch with the flame of friendship, is inscribed from one club to another when the club holding it selects in advance an ordinary meeting. Then the trophy is presented to a visiting member who has travelled the greatest distance to attend that meeting.

Trip peek

LAST YEAR Ian Slaughter, director of Williams Travel in Belfast visited Peru and Ecuador on a reconnaissance trip. Now this year's tour director, Jean Cooper-Foster is to lead the agency's first tour to the South American continent.

The agency is tour adviser to the National Trust in Northern Ireland and the trip is aimed at members of the National Trust who have seen in the rest of the British Isles.

Peru and Ecuador — both dominated by the peaks of the Andes — are rich in archaeological remains of the Incas and the great art and architectural treasures of the Spanish colonial period.

The tour, which leaves London on November 15,

to halt at one port a day.

When the boat left last week it headed north with Carnough and Portrush as the first port of call. After that the boat made for Douglas and is at present on its way down the west coast.

to Gortin

if you couldn't do that you shouldn't have been in the business anyway.

Or Castleberg on a fair day was the place for getting plenty of column inches. You also got to be a fair hand at the dart board for which the Derg men are justly famous.

Then back to Omagh and not gainfully employed, you could go round to the UTA depot and see the first bus trip there and back.

It didn't matter much what was going on like as not you'd end up in a bit of a mess. It was a nothing too dramatic or world shaking, but at the best of the bus trip you could see something else had

Compiled by Neil Johnston and Gillian Chambers

Silly really, how you miss the jaunts

IF IT weren't for the troubles, they would be what newspaper folk call the silly season, a time when the public is straitened and pensive and wonder why the district man from Cullinstown or Croaghnacree is in his weekly bulletin.

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Kydd stuff

SAM KYDD, the Belfast-born character actor, has been fighting with

Ards man tops in exams

A NEWTOWNARDS man has won two prizes in the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors.

Front hits at Marxists over death of student

THE NATIONAL FRONT today accused the International Marxist Group of being responsible for the death of Kevin Gately at the Red Lion Square demonstration last month.

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SANK BUILDINGS, Castle Place, Belfast, Tel. 21011.

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A NEWTOWNARDS man has won two prizes in the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors.

Mr. M. Alfred Arthur Norman Russell, of Bangor, has won the Daniel Walney Medal and Prize and the Townsend Gold Medal.

WEDDINGS

Webb-Scullin
Mr. Samuel J. Webb, son of Mr. Wm. Webb, St. Mary's Park, Belfast, and Miss Josephine Scullin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Scullin, Glenville Bungalow, Suffolk Road, Belfast, were married in St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, Hanshstown.

Wilson-Baker
Mr. David C. Wilson, son of Mr. Wm. Wilson, Mountview, Upper Knockbreed Road, Belfast, and Miss Leslie E. Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Baker, Little Orchard, Greenbridge Court, were married in St. James' Church, Greenbridge.

Take a little bit of Ireland with you

IF YOU'RE VISITING AROUND THIS YEAR WHY NOT TAKE A LITTLE BIT OF IRELAND WITH YOU? BRING OUR EXTENSIVE RANGE OF WATERFORD—THE WORLD'S MOST ACCEPTABLE AND EXCLUSIVE CRYSTAL.

10" VASE: Another beautiful Waterford piece in glass. Price £13.98

14oz. TANKARD: A beautiful set in hand and practical glass. Price £5.25

DECANTER & SIX GLASSES: A beautiful set in hand and practical glass. Price £27.96

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