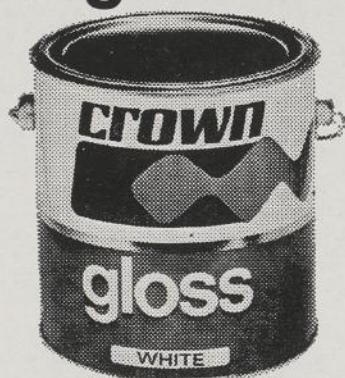




THE DIOCESAN TIMES

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Diocesan Secondary School For Girls



THE DIOCESAN TIMES

1973

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EDITORIAL

Once again, we have great pleasure in presenting the "Diocesan Times". In this our twelfth edition, we hope to give all our readers a comprehensive and interesting account of the various activities of the School during the year 1972—1973.

On returning at the end of the summer holidays, we found to our delight that a considerable amount of redecorating had been

going on in our absence: the staff had been allotted a new staff-room and cloakroom, and the girls and staff alike had new washrooms, painted cheerfully in orange, green and blue.

At the end of the summer term we were very sorry to lose Miss Cairns, who retired from teaching after many years of sympathetically helping many girls through the intricacies of French grammar. She further lent her services by very kindly undertaking the job of distributing school stationery after classes. She was, and is, a very good friend to us all; we are very grateful to her and hope that she is enjoying a happy retirement.

We also sadly miss Mrs Baldwin and Miss Caird, who left us at the same time as Miss Cairns. Mrs Baldwin was particularly keen on verse-speaking, which she taught, along with General Musicianship, to the junior classes; and the standard which she achieved with these classes was such that they often gave performances for the entertainment of the rest of the school.

Miss Caird, in a completely different sphere was exceptionally keen on swimming, and it was through her infectious enthusiasm that the girls reached a standard high enough to take examinations in Life Saving and Water Safety. She had a great deal to do with the Church Missionary Society, and through her organization in connection with this Society, a very enjoyable ecumenical holiday was given for Roman Catholic children from Northern Ireland and Protestant children from the South, who otherwise might not have had a holiday at all. Miss Caird also arranged for some girls from the School to go to Adventure Camps. She also has a great interest in astronomy, and encouraged girls to share it by

bringing in illustrations and organizing lectures on the subject and visits to Dunsink Observatory.

This year, as well as losing teachers, we welcomed new ones, in the form of Miss Bushe, replacing Miss Caird, and Miss Cole, in the place of Miss Cairns; also Mrs Sweeney, Miss Ingram, Miss O'Shea and Miss Walsh. With the arrival of Miss Cole and Mrs Sweeney came a new subject for the fifth-year girls—German; and such is the enthusiasm accorded to this subject that some girls are studying to take an examination in it in the Leaving Certificate in 1974.

Following the success of the arrangements for the School Prize Distribution in the Royal Dublin Society Hall last year, the same were made for this year's Distribution, with equal, if not greater success. The Prizes were very kindly distributed by Mrs S. McConnell, the President of the Past Pupils' Association. The P.P.A. is a staunch supporter of the School, and we are very grateful for its donation to the School Library. We would also like to express our thanks to Kilkenny People Ltd., who very kindly inserted photographs of the Distribution in the January issue of the Irish Tatler and Sketch.

As last year, the School held a Swimming Gala in the Training College in Rathmines. Some boys from St Patrick's Cathedral Grammar School came along by invitation to compete against a team of Diocesan girls in the relay event. The prizes were graciously presented by Miss M. Todd Johnson.

By way of conclusion, I would just like to thank everybody, in particular Miss Jagoe and Miss Stewart, without whose help and guidance this magazine could never have been published.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION 1972

Once again we took over the Concert hall of the Royal Dublin Society's premises in Ballsbridge for a day in November. In the morning, three double-decker buses and Staff cars transported the girls, the Staff, the prizes the choir music and programmes to the R.D.S. for several hours of rehearsal. We had splendid courtesy and co-operation from two attendants who looked after our needs all day with unfailing patience. The choirs practised walking on and off the platform, and learnt where to stand. Mr Watson found the right place for the piano, and conducted the final rehearsal of the songs. Miss Williams managed to seize a short time to give her pupils from

Speech Training classes their final instructions and advice. The prize winners went hastily up the steps to receive an imaginary prize with a smile in preparation for dignified behaviour later on and the pleasure of receiving the books of their choice. All girls sat in the right rows of chairs and learnt their duties as hostesses later in the evening. Each member of the School had a place, a job to do, a contribution to make the function a success, and the hours disappeared. It was time for lunch.

By 6.30 pm we were all returning, enjoying the space and comfort of the Concert Hall. Were the prizes in the right order? Were the programmes distributed? Had the bouquet arrived? Soon we welcomed Mrs. S. McConnell, President of the Past Pupils' Association, who was our special guest and speaker, and who would distribute the prizes. Then his Grace, the Archbishop, Dr Buchanan came to be our Chairman and take charge, as we are honoured and happy to be under his guidance. The girls were in their places, the guests had arrived, the hall was filled and all was well.

As on all previous occasions, the choirs looked well and sang sweetly under Mr Watson's masterly tuition. New items on the programme this year came from the Speech Training classes. Some girls entertained us with samples of the work done and the confidence gained, thanks to Miss M. Williams' knowledge and skill. Special praise is due too to Avril Payne for her pianoforte solo, and to her tutor, Mr. O'Neill.

Finally, more than twelve hours use of the Hall came to an end, all the friendly chats were over, parents and daughters united again and the cars gone, the last discarded programme picked up, and the lights out. Another Distribution day was over, another milestone passed.

AUTUMN

Autumn, lovely Autumn, is the most beautiful time of the year,
When the trees lose their leaves and winter is very near;

It is the busiest time of the year for the farmer as he has to take in all his crops,

The mice go scampering about searching for food that the farmer sometimes drops.

June Logan (Form 1).

The New Staff-room,
The Diocesan Secondary School for Girls,
Adelaide Road,
Dublin 2.
March, 1973.

The Editor,
The Diocesan Times

Dear Madam,

When School re-opened in September, 1972 all members of the teaching staff were greatly pleased to find that structural alterations in the building had made it possible for them to have a large Common Room and an improved Cloakroom. Rejoicing in the extra space now at their disposal they send their sincere thanks to the Committee of Management, and to Miss Jagoe, who gave up her office at the quieter end of the School, taking in its stead the former Staff-room.

The Staff appreciate the concern for their welfare, so practically shown and would be grateful if you would publish this note in the forthcoming issue of "The Diocesan Times".

Yours,

E. E. Good, E. L. Cantan, J. Williams, G. Correll, D. Malcolmson, P. Graham, I. McMahon, J. McCutcheon, H. Stillman, S. O'Donoghue, S. Stewart, M. E. Valentine, E. Cummins, P. Stevenson, J. Cole, M. Bell, C. S. Poynton.

"AREN'T HUMANS STRANGE?"

'Mummy' said the baby chimpanzee, "What are those funny objects starting at us through the bars?"

"Hush dear" the mother chimpanzee replied, "do whisper please. They will laugh at us. You see, these humans, as they call themselves, think they are the most domesticated of all animals, and think us cute. Of course one cannot expect much from these dumb animals. They are below us on the Anthropological Scale.

"Aren't they ugly?", the baby, whose name was Farley observed. Look at their skin, there is no fur on it. Have they lost it Mummy?"

"Yes, I suppose they have. How silly of them and they are very ugly. Do you see that thing over there eating?"

"Yes", replied Farley.

"It is eating sweets".

"Sweets, what are sweets", asked Farley.

"They are horrible sugary things that humans like".

"How could they like sugar?" asked Farley.

"Do they like nuts or bananas?"

"Yes", replied Mother Chimpanzee, "they

like both, though they do not eat nuts very often".

"Ah!, they are silly". "Oh! here comes Daddy", said Farley.

"Do you think he knows what humans are?"

"He might, why not ask him" said Mummy

"Daddy, do you know what humans are?"

"Yes," answered Daddy, "they are stupid, ugly, brainless things that throw money and things that could kill us if we swallowed them. I am glad they are behind bars. That is where they are best suited.

"Yes". I think they are jolly silly. All they seem to do is stand, stare, and laugh at us. It is not fair, that they should be so rude to us intelligent animals" said Farley.

"Farley, do you see that human over there in a sort of cart?" asked Mummy.

"Yes".

"Well that is called a child".

"A child! what are childs," asked Farley.

"All children are young humans just growing up. If you were a human you would be called a child".

"That is mad, I think Farleys are nicer", said Farley.

"Well", said Mummy chimpanzee, it all depends on whether you are a human or not. You must remember Farley, that all humans are not all bad and no good. They also have kind hearts. Some of the humans, who are looking at us now, take a genuine interest in us, and try to find out more about us. Others realise that they are descended from us and we therefore must be cleverer than they".

"I see", replied Farley, "maybe they are not so bad after all, Oh! look, they are going away. Goodbye humans, Goodbye".

Linsey Abbott 2D

DIOCESAN SWIMMING GALA 1973

For the last four years, Diocesan has hired the Rathmines Training College swimming pool for school use on Saturday mornings. It has been customary during the last three years to begin the season with a swimming gala and this year was no exception.

Saturday, 7th October, was the day, or perhaps I should say morning, arranged for this year's gala. The previous Saturday, various heats had been held and, much to the disappointment of some girls, several eliminations were made.

On the Saturday morning many parents came to support their daughters who were participating in the gala. The gala started at 9.30 and because of the help Miss Correll received

from various other members of staff, it was not long before the programme was finished. As well as the usual races common to a swimming gala, a life saving display was given by four girls who had passed and received their Bronze Medallions. The last event on the programme was a new feature. It was an Inter Schools Relay Race between girls from Diocesan and boys from St. Patrick's Cathedral School, which caused some excitement among the girls! Unfortunately, the members of our relay team had already entered several other races and swum a considerable distance, so that they were quite tired when the time came for this last event. However, the girls did not disgrace either themselves or the school by losing to the boys.

Miss M. Todd Johnson kindly presented the prizes, among which were some lovely gold and silver medals engraved with "DGS 1972". Afterwards, Miss Jagoe said: "Next year we shall have the Inter Schools Relay Race first!"

Gilian Jackson (6B)

Head Girl — Olwyn Crosse.

Prefects — Lynda Barry, Lesley Eager, Caroline McCamley, Elizabeth Mahon, Vivien Ryan, Emily Torrans.

A VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND

I remember when I was a child, I used to wonder what those villages with such fantastic names as Nazareth or Capernaum were really like. In my mind I used to picture Christ walking through the streets preaching to the people. It was so lovely just imagining those scenes — never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that I, one day, would walk the streets once walked by Christ.

Last Christmas the church Missionary Society organised a party to travel on the educational cruiser, the "S.S. Uganda", to the Holy Land. To me it was a chance of a life-time.

On 18th December, 1972, a party of 54 students, under the leadership of the Rev. Fred Kenny, flew to Gatwick airport from Belfast. We were to fly to Venice the next day to meet the ship but were delayed for two days by fog and therefore missed the chance of spending a couple of days in the majestic city of Venice.

It was beautiful sailing down the Adriatic sea and passing close to the rugged coast lines of Yugoslavia and Albania and then through the Greek Islands towards Cyprus. After a day spent in Famagusta, in Cyprus

we set sail for Haifa. On Christmas morning we woke up to find ourselves in the port of Haifa. What a feeling, we were there at last!

I was surprised to find that it was so cold in the Holy Land — it happened to be the coldest Christmas for twenty five years. Soon we were in a coach driving through Haifa with Mount Carmel sloping away from us. We drove down the Valley of Jegreel, past numerous Kabutz's (commercial farms) and citrus fruit orchards. My first glimpse of the Sea of Galilee will remain with me always — a calm blue sea backed by the Gollan Heights.

Our first stop was in Nazareth where we visited the fantastic new Church of the Annunciation. I was pleased to find that it contained a Mosiac donated by the people of Ireland! On our way through the narrow winding streets bordered by stalls, we met Arabs with their pack donkeys. I, of course, had to have a ride on one of them.

We then drove to Cana where we stopped at the Church where Jesus is said to have performed his first miracle, we then drove to Capernaum, past the Mount of Beatitudes. In Capernaum we visited the ruins of an ancient temple and the alleged St. Peter's house. From Capernaum we travelled into the Gollan Heights and then stopped at a small ferry station where we took a boat across the Sea of Galilee to Tiberias. From Tiberias we headed back to Haifa, on the way we saw one of the most beautiful sunsets we have ever seen.

The next morning, St Stephen's Day, we travelled south along the coast nearly to Tel Aviv, where we branched off towards Jerusalem. We drove through the New City of Jerusalem to Bethlehem and stopped to see the Shepherd's Field en route. In Bethlehem we visited the Church of the Nativity. I was disappointed in that this Holy Place was so commercialised. From Bethlehem we travelled back towards the Old City of Jerusalem via the Garden of Gethsemane where we visited the Church of all Nations. We had a beautiful panoramic view of the Old City from the Mount of Olives.

We entered the Old City through one of the old gates. It was such a peaceful yet exciting feeling to be inside the gates — one could imagine that the Old City hadn't changed much since Christ's time. We visited the Wailing Wall and then through another gate where we were faced with two magnificent buildings, a synagogue on our right and the majestic Dome on the Rock on our left. After viewing these imposing buildings we

walked towards the narrow streets of Jerusalem and followed the Via Dolorosa, or Way of Suffering, and saw some of the Fourteen Stations of the Cross. After visiting the Church of the Holy Sepulchre we spent a few minutes walking around the side stalls in the narrow streets before leaving the Old City by the Jaffa Gate. Then, reluctantly we again returned to Haifa. We had ended our most wonderful trip to the Holy Land and I assure you many of us made resolutions to return again in a few years time, to learn about and see some more of this inspiring Holy Land where Christ once lived.

From Haifa we sailed to Piraeus and drove to Athens where we visited the Acropolis. Athens is a very beautiful city. From Piraeus we sailed to Naples, we had to omit visiting Sicily due to bad weather. We spent New Year's Day touring Naples, in very wet weather, and we drove to Sorrento from where we saw Mt Vesuvius, the Isles of Capri and the Bay of Naples. On 2nd January we visited Pompeii and then we drove to Naples airport from where we flew home.

It was indeed the most wonderful holiday I have ever had and I would love to revisit many of the places. Maybe some day I will return again.

Carol Linney 6A

THE YOUNG ORNITHOLOGISTS' CLUB 1792

President: Miss Jagoe; vice president: Miss Good; Organiser: Miss Williams; Chairman: Edwina Mundy; Vice Chairman: Deirdre Fincher;; Secretaries: Ruth Babington, Linsey Abbott; Treasurers: Naomi Faulkner, Margaret Myers, Wendy Vincent.

In January we had an indoor meeting at which we saw slides of the Wildfowl Trust at Slimbridge. We saw many species of swans, geese and ducks. Miss Williams told us of her visit to Slimbridge which we found very interesting.

Our next meeting was a trip to the Wexford Slob. Thanks to parents and staff we were able to travel by car. The Slob was reclaimed from the sea about a hundred and fifty years ago, by building embankments to keep the water out. This was possible because of the shallow waters and slack tides of Wexford Harbour. There are several drainage channels and pumping stations on both North and South Slob. These Slob are similar to the polders of Holland. We visited the South Slob first and climbed the embankment noticing

that the reclaimed land is lower than the sea-shore outside the embankment.

We drove two or three miles across the Slob. When the rain began we ate our picnic lunches in the cars parked by the barns and extensive sheds where tractors are kept. After lunch we returned to Wexford, stopped briefly in the town, and then drove to the North slob. The weather had improved and we were able to leave the cars several times again looking at the shore and seeing that the land is below sea level.

On the North and South Slob we saw flocks of white fronted geese, three species of swans mute, whooper and Bewick's, coots, moorhens, dabchicks and great crested grebes, several species of ducks: mallard, teal, tufted duck, pochard, red breasted merganser, waders, lapwing, golden plover, curlew, oyster catcher, redshank and greenshank. In and near the barns were collared doves, woodpigeons, chaffinches and greenfinches finding an easy living. We saw cormorants and several species of gulls on the sea beyond the embankment.

Our thanks are due to Mr. W. Fiske, owner of the extensive farm on the North Slob and to the South Slob Commissioners who allowed us to drive several cars across their private land and to park there to picnic, and to watch birds feeding on the ploughed fields or swimming on the drainage channels.

The following meeting was an indoor one at which we saw slides of Ireland's Eye. These were preparing us for our visit to the island. Slides showed the species of birds we might expect to see, and the habitats in which each nests. We also viewed the scenery in pictures to learn how to behave on high cliffs for our own safety and on shores for the safety of birds who lay well camouflaged eggs on the ground. We planned to visit the island one Saturday in May, but the trip had to be cancelled due to heavy rain.

We again made plans to visit it but when we arrived the boatman said that he could not bring us out as the wind was in the wrong direction. However, we spent a very enjoyable day among the beautifully coloured rhododendrons in the grounds of Howth Castle. First, we visited the dolmen and then we climbed to the top of the headland and from here we could see a wonderful view, though not many birds.

In September our first meeting was for 1st year girls. They were shown slides of previous Y.O.C. outings to give them an outline of what the club does.

Our next outdoor meeting was a trip to

the Swords estuary for all members. The weather was beautiful. We took the bus to Malahide and walked along the sea edge to Swords stopping for lunch and looking at the various birds mainly gulls and waders. When we reached the road we walked along this to Swords. We then went to see the Church, the Round Tower and the Norman Clock Tower which were of great historical interest. After we had visited these we took the Swords bus back to the city.

In October we were shown slides of gannets taken on the Bass Rock in the Firth of Forth and these were lovely also.

The next meeting was a trip to the Bull Island for the first year members only.

Miss McNay who is well known as the donor of English prizes, kindly wrote a very interesting letter when she read our report in last year's magazine. Writing from Allington Castle, Maidstone she said "I thought you might be interested to learn about our Brown Pigeons. They are the only ones of their kind in England. They were brought to the Castle by Sir Henry Wyatt about 1550 from the Middle East. They nest in a large box up in the Norman chimney in The Tudor Courtyard and in holes in the wall. There are about 44 of them and they breed all the year round. If I find any delicate babies I put them in a special cage and keep them in it until they are old enough to look after themselves. I look after them — giving them corn twice a day and water. I enclose some of their feathers for you, also a card of them".

In September, Mr. Vincent gave us a book, the newly published Collins Guide to The Birds of Britain, Europe, North Africa and the Middle East. We are very grateful to him for his continued interest. We would also like to thank all the parents who transported us to the Wexford Slobs as this trip would not have been possible without them, and the parents who came to Howth to ensure safety on the cliffs of Ireland's Eye and who then accompanied us to Howth Demesne.

Ruth Babington, Lindsey Abbott.

A VISIT TO SYDNEY

We arrived in Sydney on October 18 having spent four days in Rome, eight days in Bangkok and another four days in Singapore. We had not planned to make these stops but we were forced to as the flights were all fully booked.

I must admit that we did enjoy our unexpected visits but we were anxious to

reach Sydney and establish our "base" as it were.

Our first trip was a tour of Sydney by night, which took us past the Opera House and across the Harbour Bridge. The Opera House is a splendid looking edifice but we've found that the majority of people here dislike the concept and overall appearance of it. The Harbour Bridge is, to my mind, very much over-rated but the trip across it is well worth it because of the view.

We took a train journey to the Blue Mountains where we had our first introduction to Australia's Bush lands. The starkness of the areas is incredible. The trees look so lifeless. Most of the forests here are planted with Gum trees it seems . . . and the vapour from them gives an overall impression of a Blue Haze on the mountains.

Brisbane was our next stop. The temperature was in the 80s for the duration of our visit. We managed to see some kangaroos, emus and Koala bears here. Did you know that Koala bears have very sharp claws? I didn't! We reached the summit of Mount Glorious in the Great Dividing Range and then spent the afternoon walking through a Rain Forest. It was very exciting but we were on the constant alert for leeches and snakes!

Sydney itself is a cosmopolitan city and it would be very difficult to feel strange here. The people, generally, are very nice and are only too glad to point out places of interest. We've been very lucky so far.

It's unusual to be preparing for Christmas in the summer and Christmas is only two weeks away!

Carole O'Neill.

THE BEAUTY OF THE COUNTRY

I went for a walk in the country,
Breathed in the sweet smelling air,
The beauty was all around me
Beauty so rare.

I watched a farmer in a field,
Threshing the golden corn,
The sun was shining down on us,
This glorious morn.

I watched the birds in the trees,
I saw a rabbit and a hare,
I gazed with awe and wonder,
They did not have a care.

Beauty all around me,
I never really saw before,
I will take more walks in the country,
Yes, I will take many more.

Olwen Todd 4A.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY

C.M.S. is the young person's link with misery and suffering in other countries much less fortunate than our own, through the missionaries who volunteered to travel to these countries and to spread God's love and understanding to many people. Each year a number of missionaries go out from Ireland and England with medical education to provide for the needs of the people. This year C.M.S. are financing six missionaries going to four different countries. Monica Hopkins working as an occupational therapist is in South India. Her work consists mainly of aiding the rehabilitation of leprosy patients. Gordon Haneford, who trained as a teacher, is now working in a Christian School in Hong Kong where he finds his teaching is converting many Chinese from their Buddhism to Christianity. A further country has been opened up by C.M.S. missionaries — Alan and Caroline Curren are both psychiatric workers now in Pakistan. Colin and Anne Chapman are working as a curate-teacher and a nurse respectively in Egypt and they travel around in that vicinity.

These missionaries are sent by funds raised by C.M.S. activities during the year. The total required this year is £4,000. The two main functions organised before Christmas '72 were a Jumble Auction in Delgany and a Folk Concert in the Metropolitan Hall. The representatives from Diocesan School are Alison Sweet and Sandra Williams, and they are very strongly supported by the girls, the staff and the parents in money-raising efforts in the school.

"JAM JAR JUNGLES"

From the 27th to the 31st of December, Gail and I attended four lectures for young people, one conducted each day at 3 pm in the Concert Hall of R.D.S. Ballsbridge. The lectures were given by Dr Derek G. Goodhue, a Lecturer in Biology, in Trinity College. The theme throughout the lectures was concerned with the animal world which thrives in the garden, the pond, the river, lake or sea, in fact any habitat which contains small fauna; thus the title "Jam Jar Jungles."

The aim of the lectures was to impress upon us the importance of the small creatures of this earth, and that they are just as important and valuable as the larger and more impressive ones. Indeed, some of the larger animals could not exist were it not for our tinier inhabitants, as the lectures proved to us.

One case tells of where the honey-bee poll-

inates a flower through its act of collecting nectar for the hive. Tests have proved that without this happening, the flower becomes mutant i.e., it doesn't bear fruit. This is just one example of the great interdependences in life which includes a small insect.

The lectures were accompanied by excellent slides, films, some charts and maps drawn by Dr Goodhue himself and microscopic projections to help the audience understand and appreciate to the full the almost unnoticeable world of small animals around them.

Our thanks go to Miss McCutcheon for providing tickets for the two of us to attend these most enjoyable lectures.

Gail Ensor and Grace O'Donovan 3D.

SPORTS DAY, 1972

Sports Day, 1972, was held on Thursday, 22nd June at 7.30 p.m. at Belgrave Square, Rathmines. The weather conditions were perfect and enabled both competitors and spectators to have a most enjoyable evening. Due to the wide range of events most of the girls were able to participate and many were successful. There was a great variety of prizes including gold and silver medallions for the athletic events.

Mrs. David Caird of St. Columba's College, very kindly consented to distribute the prizes. Mrs. Caird was, for many years, on the staff of Diocesan and while with us, she threw herself wholeheartedly into the life of the school.

The Cup results were as follows:

- Taylor Cup for Senior with most points—
E. Torrans.
- Staff Cup for Intermediate with most points—
P. Rutledge.
- Diocesan Cup for 2nd year with most points—
V. Carson.
- Mather Cup for 1st year with most points—
G. Rutledge.
- The J. M. Scott Cups for Junior and Senior Hockey Player went to C. Darlington and C. Whittaker respectively.

The Tate Cup presented to the form with most points went to 3A and finally, the Belgrave Cup, awarded to the winner of the Senior 220 yds., went to Susan Eager.

The Past Pupils' Association were in charge of refreshments and their stall was patronised by many grateful customers. We thank Miss Correll, members of staff and girls, who, together helped to make Sports Day, 1972, a most successful event.

E. Torrans 6A.

WHAT I THINK LIFE MAY BE LIKE IN HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

I think the world will be controlled by computers in a hundred years time.

People will have much more leisure time and their way of spending their free time will be regimented. There will also be many more people in the world and they will live in great blocks of dwellings in the city. All illness will be a thing of the past and the inhabitants of this world will all attend a clinic regularly for treatment to keep them healthy.

Food as we know it will not be known and the people will swallow certain pills at certain times of the day. They will only drink a health beverage that is universal and alcohol will not be known.

I do not think that people will have names at all, they will just have a number that is given to them by the computer on the day their births are registered.

These people will have reached such a peak of physical fitness that illness or deformity will be non-existent and every woman will look exactly the same as another. The men will also look alike and there will be no such thing as choosing your own marriage partner, as the computer will find the partner for you from all the data that is fed into it. Every person will have to marry at the same age and the computer will arrange the time of death to make way for the youth coming on. There will be no such thing as very old people on the earth. No children will be allowed to run around and play anywhere as they do now, they will all have large communal play grounds under the supervision of attendants.

They will attend school but will have no say in choosing the work they would like to do in later life. They will be given the examinations they have to take by the computer which indicates what each child will be fitted for.

The form of travel will be by air in large air ships that travel from continent to continent linking countries together that now hardly know each other.

There will be no war between nations as national boundaries will have vanished and no passports will be needed.

These people will also have learned how to control the weather and there will be perfect days, neither too hot or cold nor too sunny. All crops will be organically grown inside big factories and made into the health food the people live on.

I think life in a hundred years from now will be very much more organised than it is this present day. There will be no more heart-break or distress as we have to-day.

Karen Noble 4A.

OUR VISIT TO THE BOTANIC GARDENS

On May 10th we had a most enjoyable visit to the Botanic Gardens. We were taken round to all the interesting things by a guide, who was very helpful.

The topic that I liked best was the students work project:

Part of the student's course is to design and make a garden, with suitable plants. The garden that we saw had a terrace. A crazy pavement led from the terrace to the end of the garden where there was a fish pond. Behind the fish pond there were a couple of young trees. Along each side of the garden there were shrubs and flowers. The students who did all this were supervised in their work but they were not given any help. This garden is dug up again after a couple of weeks.

The course of training at the Botanic Gardens takes two years for both boys and girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty five. It is to their advantage to pass the Leaving Certificate but not essential, especially if they obtain honours in physics and chemistry. Throughout the year they get thirty days holidays: ten days at Christmas, ten days at Easter and ten days at Summer.

When they have completed the course they can either:

- (1) Work in private gardens.
- (2) Work for landscaping firms.
- (3) Stay on to work in the Botanic Gardens.

These students get their training for nothing and in addition to this are paid £9 a week. They also have a five day week.

Sally Armstrong 3S

RIDDLES

1. What should you always keep after giving it to everyone else?

Answer: Your word!

2. Why is London like the letter E?

Answer: Because it is the capital of England

3. What belongs only to you, and yet is used more by others than by yourself?

Answer: Your name.

4. When I go, I do not speak; but when I stop, I lie. What am I?

Answer: A Clock.

Shirley Groves 2S.

THE AQUATIC HOUSE AT THE BOTANIC GARDENS, DUBLIN

The Aquatic or Victoria House was specifically built to grow the Victoria Water Lily. The central circular pool is designed to accommodate this plant. Around the edge of the pool the water is 18 inches deep, but in the middle the water is 6 feet deep. Farmyard manure is put into the central well to accommodate the roots of the plant. The individual leaves of this plant can measure up to 6 feet in diameter.

The leaves of the Victoria Water Lily have upturned edges and air-filled ribs. The stalks provide buoyancy. The plant has white fragrant floating flowers which turn to rose colour. It requires high light intensity and high humidity in the atmosphere. A temperature of 85 degrees is necessary for seed germination. During the summer the temperature seldom drops below 90 degrees.

The plant occurs in South America along the Amazon and its tributaries. Some Indian tribes consume the seeds for food.

C. Bardon 3D.

WITH APOLOGIES TO WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely on a trip,
That floats on high with Pot or grass,
When all at once I saw a crowd
A host of hooked in one big mass,
Beside the square, beneath the shop,
Watching and waiting for a cop.

Continuous as the lights that shine
And twinkle on Trafalgar Square,
They stretch in never ending line
Without one thought or word or care.
Too many saw I at a glance,
Lying around in awkward stance.

The eyes beside me stared,
But mine outdid those watching eyes in glee,
A pusher could not but be gay,
In such a drop-out company.
I gazed and gazed and then I thought,
What wealth this lot to me had brought.

And oft when on a trip I lie,
In vacant or in loving mood.
They flash upon my hungry eye,
That gives the need for solitude,
And then my heart with sadness fills,
Knowing that all this badness kills.

Susan Rufli and Sylvia Roddie 6A.

HILL WALKING

Many girls take part in Hill Walking, led by Miss Williams. We find it a very enjoyable and healthy pastime. Whilst on a hill walk we study the area surrounding the mountain, the geology, the vegetation, map reading and the use of a compass. We have climbed many mountains during the past year, including Little and Big Sugarloaf, Bray Head, Prince William's Seat, Two Rock and Three Rock, Katty Gallagher and the Lead mines and Djouce. Hill Walking takes place on Saturday under the careful supervision of Miss Williams. Usually it takes place after swimming, so that girls who take part in swimming may take part in hillwalking. We would like to tell you about the time we climbed Djouce, the highest mountain we have attempted since we began hill-walking.

A small party set off in Miss William's and Mrs. Babington's cars from the swimming pool one Saturday. Miss Williams went ahead of Mrs. Babington, because she had to collect a girl from Delgany. We were in Mrs. Babington's car and so took the shorter route. We waited for Miss Williams at Kilmacanogue and picked blackberries as we waited. When Miss Williams arrived we continued our journey passing Lough Dan and Lough Tay. We paused for a while to look at the wonderful view and scenery by Lough Tay and saw the point where the river entered the lake by many distributaries.

We made our way up the mountain, first through a lot of marshy ground, where, when you jump on to one lump of firm looking ground, the ground around you jumps as well.

Margaret lost her shoe in all this bog and after poking with sticks in brown muddy water for a while and Ruth jumping round on it in her wellington boots, we fished it out. Margaret put a plastic bag on her foot and wore her shoe again. Later she got clean socks but still wore her plastic bag. It was lucky she did because later she stepped into more trouble. Having got out of the marshy land we proceeded up the mountain against a very strong and bitter wind. Miss Williams advised us not to sit down and those who did, found it hard to rise again.

Eventually we reached the top of the mountain. There were two large rocks and we all dashed to see who could reach the farthest first. When we had reached it we all sat down on the sheltered side to escape from the strong bitter wind. We then had our photograph taken and we ate our remaining food from our meal down by the cars. We then

tried to stand up and look at the view surrounding us. The wind was so strong that we found it very hard to stand still. We could not see very much as a mist covered the surrounding land but we felt a great sense of achievement having reached the top of the mountain. We found a rain gauge and went to examine it. We then continued down and passed another route which we could have taken up. We arrived back to the cars tired but refreshed after a very enjoyable hill walk.

We thank Miss Williams for making it possible for us to take part in hill walking and giving us so much of her spare time to bring us.

Ruth Babington, Margaret Myers 4A.

BEING A TEENAGER IS

Being told you're too young to go out with boys;

But being too old to play with toys;

Being told always to go to school,

Being told to learn and abide by each rule;

Being told always to respect your teachers,

Also your elders and the preachers;

Being told always to go to bed early,

Whether it's Monday, Wednesday or Thursday!

Being told to go to church on Sunday,

And then it's off again to school on Monday.

Sheila McCarthy 2S.

FIFTH FORM TRIP TO THE BURREN

At the end of April 1972, fifth year were offered the excellent opportunity of visiting the Burren in Co. Clare on a Geography field trip to study limestone topography. Accompanied by Mrs. Cantan, Miss Stevenson and Miss Williams, thirty-six girls set off in a C.I.E. coach on a sunny Thursday morning. We travelled via Naas, Newbridge and the Curragh to Kildare. Here we visited St. Brigid's Cathedral.

Leaving Kildare our route took us across the River Barrow and the Grand Canal and Monasterevan. We crossed the River Nore at Castletown and Borris in Ossory. From there we went through Roscrea and Toomyvara to the Silvermines. We walked up part of the Silvermines and picked up some pieces of sandstone. Down below we could see the mine from which lead, silver and zinc ores are extracted. The ores are sent to France and Germany for smelting.

We crossed the Shannon at Killaloe where we looked at slate deposits. We saw Lough Derg, which is a lake effected by glaciation

and we noticed how the Shannon narrows as it passes between Slieve Bernagh and the Aran mountains. We went across to Slieve Aughty mountains which are covered in blanket bog, a large area of which has been re-afforested.

We stayed at Doorus Youth Hostel near Kinvarra and were welcomed by Mr. Bevan the warden. The hostel was very comfortable and we prepared our own meals. Mrs. Cantan had catered very efficiently for us and we had a plentiful supply.

At 9 am on Friday, the 28th April, we set off in high spirits to fulfil the main part of our trip. We travelled by coast road from Doorus Youth Hostel to Ballyvaughan. Here we made a survey of the village and we noticed the development of the 'Rent-a-cottage' project by the tourist industry.

We went south to Corkscrew Hill and to the South of Slieve Elva. We walked along the south and south-east of Slieve Elva and found numerous examples of disappearing streams and swallow holes. We saw the pot hole which leads to the entrance to Poulmagollam Cave 100 feet below. We walked along a river bed to the Killeany Rising where we saw the stream re-appear. We then went back to the Owenterbola Swallet where the stream disappeared again. We saw many examples of clints and grykes, some of which were covered with mosses or coarse grass.

We went on to Lisdoonvarna and succeeded in making a survey of the town although it was raining heavily. It would seem that the people of Lisdoonvarna depend greatly on tourism as there were many hotels there. Then we went to St. Brendan's Well where the water comes to the surface again at three or four risings. This is the same stream that we saw at the Owenterbola Swallet. Here too we saw the junction of the Namurian Shales and Limestone.

We took the coast road to Black Head visiting Fanore Beach en route. All around Black Head we saw fine examples of clints and grykes. Reluctantly we returned to Doorus Youth Hostel.

On Saturday morning we rose early and after breakfast we loaded our luggage on to the bus. Having said good-bye to Mr. Bevan we set off.

Before leaving Co. Clare we visited the Caran Depression which is a very good example of a turlough. We found it hard to believe that the dry valley before us had been a lake a few weeks previously. We saw smaller turloughs near Gort.

Leaving Co. Clare we travelled to Loughrea

where we stopped to visit St. Brendan's Cathedral. Inside there are very beautiful stained glass windows by Harry Clarke. Michael Healy, Evie Hone, Sarah Purser, A. E. Childe and H. McGoldrick. Leaving Loughrea we travelled to Ballinasloe where we stopped for lunch. From here we travelled south to Shannonbridge where we crossed the Shannon then north to Clonmacnoise, the ancient monastic centre which was founded by St. Ciaran v 548 A.D.

Our route from Clonmacnoise took us through Tullamore and we noticed the badly drained land and raised bog in the area, which contrasted with the good grasslands of West Meath and Kildare.

We arrived home tired after a very enjoyable trip. It was most interesting to have seen in reality the physical features we had studied in class. We are very grateful to Mrs Cantan, Miss Stevenson and Miss Williams for giving up their time to make all the detailed arrangements for our transport, food and accommodation and then to spend three days accompanying and teaching us while on the trip. Miss Williams escorted us in her own car in order to deal with any emergencies. Our thanks also to Miss Jagoe for suggesting the trip and making it available to us.

*Carol Linney, Caroline McCamley,
Harriet Farrar 6A.*

A CONVERSATION

"Mummy," said the baby chimpanzee "what are those funny objects staring at us through the bars?"

"Hush, dear", the mother replied, "come over here and I shall tell you. They are humans."

"Humans, mother, where are their tails?"

"Shh ! keep your voice down, they don't have any".

"What! No tails! how do they climb and how do they swing from trees?"

"With their arms and legs. They build houses for themselves too!"

"Houses! Why?"

"There you are, shouting again. Keep your voice down. They build the houses to live in. You see they stay in one place all the time".

"One place to live in! But don't they get tired of it? I could never do that. I like moving".

"It is just one of their queer ways. Why, they cook food before they eat it".

"Cook it! Mother what does that mean?"

"They make it hot and soft. Their teeth

are not half as good as ours. See that girl over there?"

"Yes"

"They call her pretty".

"Pretty, why her hair is too long on her head and you cannot see it on her legs."

"I know, I do not know where they got that absurd idea into their heads".

"Look! over there, they are sitting in something that moves".

"Yes, they get in and drive it. They prefer it to walking".

"Prefer it to walking ! How ridiculous, does it go any faster?"

"Yes, but they have to pay for it".

"They are silly, Mummy. I'm glad I am not one of them".

"So am I dear".

Hilary Elder 2D

LIBRARY REPORT 1972-73

Committee :

Sylvia Rowe,
Harriet Farrar,
Kim Bloom,
Ruth Williams,
Sandra Williams,
Shirley O'Leary,
Jackie Doyle,
Shirley Eades,
Elizabeth Twamley.

The year 1972-73 has proved profitable for the library with the addition of many new members, especially among the junior girls. The library committee with the help of Miss McNulty have encouraged girls to use the library, by displaying posters and by talking to the girls about the advantages of belonging to the library. Girls were asked to suggest names of books which they would like to see in the library.

Supervision of the library during lunch-time has been undertaken by fifth-year girls and the library has been used extensively by all members. We thank Miss McNulty for her co-operation and excellent advice which have proved invaluable in the running of the library.

Harriet Farrar 6A.

AMUSING MOMENTS

One day when we were coming home on the bus my little brother was talking to another boy. When asked if he had piped television in his house, he replied, in all innocence, "No we have a square television."

J. Hemmingway 5A.

SAVINGS

Due to the ever increasing cost of living, it is most important to establish some form of saving.

Many housewives find that with the increase in the cost of living it works out cheaper to buy goods in bulk. They also find it more economical to make their own jam, marmalade, chutney, mayonnaise etc. With the cost of meat today, housewives find it more economical to substitute eggs and cheese sometimes so as to receive the essential proteins etc. These have similar proteins and vitamin content as meat. One dish in which eggs and cheese can be used is Quiche Lorraine which consists of 3 ozs. bacon, 2 ozs. cheese, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter cooked in a pastry flan. It costs much less than a meat joint and is just as nourishing.

Children should be encouraged to save at an early age. Banks give saving boxes to children. When a child goes to have her box opened at the bank she is usually advised to open an account with the money she has saved. Young children can also collect their money in piggy banks and these are a good encouragement. Savings stamps are also available at 5p and 10p and are stuck into a savings book, which is obtained free from the post office.

The post office savings bank is a very popular method of saving. There is no limit to the amount one may deposit. Interest is at 4 per cent per annum which equals almost $6\frac{1}{2}\%$ to an income tax payer. An amount up to £30 can be withdrawn without notice. Up to £100 can be withdrawn often giving a few hours notice. To withdraw larger amounts one must apply to the Headquarters of the Savings Bank.

Saving Certificates can be bought if you are 7 years old or over. They can be bought in your own name or in the name of a child under the age of 7 years. They can be bought by a trustee for another person or by a friendly society. Compound interest is 6% per annum free of income tax. If you pay income tax it is $9\frac{1}{4}\%$ per annum.

When opening up a deposit account in a bank you are given a form to fill in, with this you pay your first deposit. You are asked to give a sample of your signature and a bank book is then given to you in which the amount you have just deposited in the bank, is stated. In this you sign your name and write your address. Each bank book has a number which should be noted in case the book is mislaid. A card with your name and bank number is given with your bank book. It is advised that the card and book be kept separately. A

deposit account is the convenient way for easy withdrawals. No income tax is payable on the first £70 of interest.

Prize Bonds provide an unusual way of saving because they offer the chance of a tax free cash prize. They do not earn any interest but every bond gives you the chance of a tax free cash prize. Prize bonds can be bought in the bank but cannot be bought by anyone under the age of sixteen. Nobody can hold bonds past the value of £2,000. The draw is monthly and if your bond does not win it goes back into the following month's draw. Bonds can be withdrawn any time and the amount you paid for them is refunded. Prize Bonds can be bought in the post office and banks.

The young man who hopes some day to buy his own house may effect a life insurance policy of the kind called "with profits." He pays some years premiums and can usually borrow money then from the insurance company to buy his house. When his policy matures, he can pay back the money he borrowed and usually still has quite an amount of money left over and above what he has to pay for his house. This is therefore a good method of saving and a good investment. Insurance policies can be taken out on cars, houses, valuables etc. and a person can take out a life insurance also.

Credit Unions are a form of saving by depositing an amount of money each week in the union. This forms the basis of shares. In order to obtain a loan it is necessary to be a shareholder, i.e. to have a certain amount of money saved. The Credit Union may give dividends on shares. Arrangements can be made to pay back the loan at a certain amount each week to which interest is added. The rate of interest on borrowed money is much lower than the rates of interest in the bank and interest diminishes as the loan is paid off. Large amounts can be withdrawn after a few weeks' notice.

5A Home Economics Class

FIFTEEN GOING ON SIXTEEN

I am fifteen going on sixteen,
Soon I will have the vote,
I will take pen and paper (in hand),
And on the sheet I'll note:
T.D.'s whom I think would be good;
Will have their names put down,
But I will never vote for those,
Who might just act the clown.
I am fifteen going on sixteen,
Voting for me, will be new,
I am not sure that I'll know,
What I'm supposed to do.

Naomi Faulkner and Doreen McCann 4A

MISS CAIRNS

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all (she) knew" — and indeed this might have been written of Miss Elizabeth Cairns, who retired from teaching this year, having spent twenty-four years in "Diocesan."

I first made her acquaintance in T.C.D., when we were "under graduettes", and from where she graduated with an Honours Degree in English and French. I was very happy to discover that we were again to be colleagues when I joined the staff of "Diocesan" in 1958. She was kindly and helpful and steered many newcomers through the troubled waters of their first term.

She was meticulous in her work and for many years assisted with the Department Forms and had the control of the stationery department. These tedious and time-consuming tasks were performed with the utmost efficiency.

Miss Cairns was devoted to her profession and considered each girls' problems individually. Her vast experience and knowledge were freely available to anyone who required assistance and what is more, her advice or criticism was invariably just and kind.

I cannot close without remembering that her help in a professional capacity was exceeded only by her charitable generosity to any worthwhile cause.

We miss her presence in the staffroom and those characteristic flashes of wit which brightened our occasional gloom, but we know that a person of such versatility will find her days filled with many interests and we wish her many happy years in which to pursue them.

Maud E. Valentine.

PAST PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

It hardly seems like a year since I wrote my last Past Pupils' report for the Magazine. In May, 1972 the following officers were elected for the season 1972-1973, I'm sure you will notice many new names.

Chairman: Mrs Mabel Gargan.

Hon. Treasurer Miss Dorothy Kerr.

Hon. Secretary — Mrs Daphne Townsend.

Asst. Hon. Secretary — Mrs Hazel McConnell

Committee: Mrs Susan Colin, Mrs Eleanor Petrie, Mrs Ruth Thompson, Miss Ann Graham, Mrs Edie Godwin, Mrs Vic Large.

Mrs Hannah McConnell is our President.

We were delighted to see a large number of '72 School leavers at our opening meeting "Balls, Bread and Broth" on 12th September.

This was our most successful ballad evening to date, the groups were terrific and the bread and the broth went down a treat on a rather chilly night.

The Dance Committee got out their knitting needles, crochet hooks, sewing machines and even their fathers' carpenters tools for their "Bring and Buy with a Difference" on the 4th October. The difference being that everything on sale was either made by the Committee or contributed by friends. The funds raised went towards the ever rising costs of running our Annual Dress Dance.

On Friday, 3rd November in the Crofton Airport Hotel, Diocesan Past Pupils were stepping out in style as this was the venue for the Dress Dance. Scores of Spot Prizes, at least 30 Raffle Prizes and hats and novelties kept everyone on their toes.

Roma Foods sent along a representative to cook some exciting dishes for us all on a very cold night in November, we lapped up delicious Spaghetti Bolognese and Curried Rice before facing our journeys home.

Flower Power took over on Thursday, 7th December. Miss Barbara Scott came along to show us how to put life and colour into our floral arrangements.

Forty of our members met outside 16 Kildare Street on Monday, 29th January, 1973, and were given a conducted tour and talk on No. 16 which is a restored Georgian House. Supper was served and everyone had a very entertaining and enlightening evening. This last function brings me up to date of writing this article, however, the remaining functions for 1973 are as follows: Thursday, 22nd March in the B.I.M. Hall we have a demonstration of Fish Cookery. Friday, 13th April, 1973, is the Annual Dinner in the Montrose Hotel. Finally to end our season the A.G.M. in School on Thursday 10th May.

Unfortunately our past year was not a happy one for us, as we lost one of our most loyal and dear friends, Miss Jean Scott. Since her retirement Miss Scott devoted a great deal of her time to the Association and her support was invaluable. We cannot express how much we miss her at all our meetings. In appreciation of Miss Scott's loyal service to the girls of Diocesan and to the PPA it has been decided to set up a Memorial Fund in her name. Contributions to the Fund will be used to provide something for the girls in School. The fund will remain open until 1st. September, 1973. Miss D. Kerr, 78, Terenure Road, West, Dublin, 6, is Treasurer for the Fund.

D. Townsend, Hon. Secretary.

A COUNTRY SCENE ON A VERY FROSTY DAY

One very frosty day as I was walking along the countryside I noticed how quiet and still everything was. It was bitterly cold and the sky was a greyish white. When I came to a fence I stood still and looked around. There was no sweet singing from any bird. A blackbird was hopping about, searching in the hope of finding something to eat.

The trees in the distance were bare and looked like ghosts to me. There was a stillness in the cold air. The pond nearby was completely frozen over. Then I heard the vague bleat of sheep which were two fields away from me. Everything looked hard and still, even the hedges separating the fields from each other. The ground was frozen and hard, cracked in some places.

After standing there for a while I longed to be at home sitting in front of a large glowing fire. With this thought in my mind I rushed home looking forward to the welcoming glow of the big warm fire.

Anne Fitzroy 1D

STATE EXAMINATIONS 1972

LEAVING CERTIFICATE

The following girls passed in five or more subjects :-

P. Allen, L. Bolster, M. Crosse, G. Dunbar, J. Jackson, E. Motyer, E. Plunkett, N. Souter, G. Attwood, A. Dalby, S. Matthews, L. Nicholl, P. Skelton, I. Atwell, L. Brown, M. Douglas, S. Eager, G. Large, S. Noble, D. Singleton, J. Wilkinson, H. Collie, S. Johnson, K. Morton, S. Rogan, O. Sloper, R. Blake-Knox, V. Carroll, B. Dowds, J. Hosford, J. Leach, H. O'Neill, A. Smith, A. Young, C. Cunningham, S. Johnston, P. Moyse, S. Salisbury, C. Whittaker.

Elizabeth Plunkett gained Grade A in Irish Common Level; Grade A in Mathematics Higher Level; Grade B in English Higher Level; Grade C in French Higher Level; Grade B in Physics Common Level; Grade B in Chemistry Higher Level; Grade A in Biology Higher Level.

Barbara Dowds and Alison Smith also gained honour grades in five subjects on higher level papers.

The following girls gained the Intermediate Certificate :-

A. Armstrong, A. Coote, D. Fincher, H. Groves, A. Levy, S. Moore, P. Rutledge, M. Souter, S. O'Leary, S. Kerr, A. Sweet, B. Dagg, J. Coates, P. Fox, S. Hanna, T. Lynch, O.

Noblett, L. Smith, I. Walsh, A. Davy, S. Lyons, H. Switzer, V. Coghlan, Y. Dawson, H. Franklin, J. Hemmingway, C. Maybury, C. Quill, A. Spendlove, S. Williams, L. Holmes, I. McCarthy, H. Whittaker.

MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

The Associated Board of the Royal School of Music Examination Results 1972 :

PIANO :		MAXIMUM 150
Gwen Attwood	Gd. V	109
Avril Payne	Gd. V	126
Jenifer Cole	Gd. V	121
Janet Flower	Gd. II	135
Ann Griffin	Gd. II	109
Adrienne Cole	Gd. I	115
THEORY :		MAXIMUM 99
Gillian Jackson	Gd. V	88
Hazel Rankin	Gd. IV	89

THE MUSIC SOCIETY

The Annual General Meeting was held in September at 3.30 p.m. Mr W. J. Watson, Mus. Bac. F.R.C.O. was in the Chair and there was a very good attendance of 44 girls. Edith Ormsby acted as Secretary for the meeting and the following officers and committee members were elected.

Form Representatives :
 Form I Carol Hemmingway.
 Form IID Adrienne Cole.
 Form IIS To be elected later.
 Form IIID Catherine Ross.
 Form IIIS Vikki Kilpatrick.
 Form mIVA Margaret Myers
 Form IVB Hazel Tyrer
 Form VA Barbara Dagg.
 Form VB Hilary Switzer.
 Form VIA Edith Ormsby
 Form VIB Lynda Barry.

As no member of IIS was present, the Form at a later date appointed Gillian Rutledge to represent them at Committee meetings. It was decided that the meetings would be held in the third Wednesday of every month.

In October Miss Cole gave us a most enjoyable guitar recital. She sang many songs including "You Got A Friend", "Blowing in the Wind", "Leaves that are Green", "Yesterday" and "Scarborough Fair" and many others. Miss Cole also instructed us, with the aid of diagrams, in the forming of chords for the guitar.

In November Mr Watson invited us to Saint Ann's Church in Dawson Street where he is the organist and he explained the mechanism of the organ and its origin. Then Mr Watson

played for us a Bach fugue and The Thrush by Edwin H. Lemare, which we all enjoyed.

During the past few months Mr Watson has made many telephone calls and visits to the Suppliers, and, as a result, on Wednesday 21st February we watched with great interest while a large cardboard box was opened. Mr O'Neill had a plug-top ready, Mr Watson had a screw-driver and in a very few minutes splendid record player was ready for use. Miss Johnson had brought in several records and one selected as an opening was "Polka and Fugue from Schuanda and Bagpiper" by Wirberger. Miss Jagoe switched on the player and we heard for the first time the terrific sound of this new record player. The afternoon's programme also included the following records "Hear My Prayer", Mendelssohn (sung by the choir of Saint John's, Cambridge) including the famous "Oh for the Wings of a Dove", "Mars" from "The Planets" by Gustav Holst. "Trumpet Voluntary" —Clark.

The clarity of voice and instrument of these recordings demonstrated the value of the new stereo record player.

We hope to have several more very interesting meetings before the end of the session and will warmly welcome any more members.

We would especially thank Mr Watson as our Chairman and organiser, who is so full of interesting information that he has brought fresh life and vigour into the Society. Mr O'Neill is an enthusiastic supporter and helps in many ways. Miss Jagoe and Miss Johnson are always ready with guidance and back us in all our projects.

Hilary Switzer 5B

FIRE

"Fire! Fire!" shouted a woman from the top storey of a six storey building and people came running out from everywhere to see the fire.

One of the local Fire Brigades was broken down and the other was out. To poor Mrs. Brown and the children Jack (10), John (8), Joan (4) and baby Jean (1), it seemed as if it (the Fire Brigade) would never return.

The fire spread rapidly from one room to another in the Brown's six room apartment. The Browns had to stay in their apartment because the fire had blocked up the door from theirs to the stairs and the lift. Then Mrs. Brown had an idea. "Get a big net quickly", she shouted down to the onlookers. They all cried

out "where?" "In the Gymnasium hall around the corner", shouted down Mrs. Brown.

The remaining onlookers wondered, what was keeping the Fire Brigade because there was nothing they could do at that moment.

Back at the Fire Station someone had called to say there was a fire five miles out of the city. The fireman hurriedly set off ringing their bell as they went along.

When they arrived at the place where the fire was supposed to be, there was no fire to be seen.

Meanwhile the girl at the Fire Station had received a call about the fire in the building, but the Fire Brigade was still out. The next nearest Fire Station was four miles away on the other side of the city. The girl said she would contact them. When she did, the person said that their two Fire Brigades were also out on calls, so all they could do was wait until the Fire Brigade came back.

The onlookers had by this time found the net, so they brought it back to the burning house. Mrs. Brown told them to hold the net underneath the window where she was. They did this and then when they were ready, she let Jack and Jean down on a rope which she found under the bed in the room where they were.

Jean was strapped to Jack's back. The rope did not go the full length so Jack had to take it off over his head very carefully and fall from where he was.

Jack was a careful boy so he fell into the net on his stomach to avoid hurting the baby. John came next and then Joan. Poor Mrs. Brown would not go down like this. She was only concerned about her children's safety.

The Fire Brigade returned at last and hurried to the building. There, Mrs. Brown had given up hope of living, because the fire had now spread to the room where she was. She tried to beat off the flames, but it was no good. Then she heard something, "Yes it was the Fire Brigade". It came tearing up the street. It stopped and up went the ladder as quickly as possible. Mrs. Brown climbed out through the window and thankfully stepped on it and went down. At the end of the ladder she fainted and left the firemen to do the rest. She was taken to hospital for the night for observation.

Just then Joan woke up, heaved a sigh of relief, and said, "thank heavens it was only a dream". Then, just to make sure she ran to the window and looked out. Yes she was still six storeys high above the ground.

Ann Griffin, 2D.

IRELAND HAS NOTHING TO OFFER THE WORLD

I think that this statement is absurd and that it is a load of "bull". Of course Ireland has something to offer the world. Every individual country can offer some little thing to the world.

From the Tourist Industry's point of view Ireland has plenty to offer the world. We may not have the continuous sunshine of Southern European countries but we have beautiful scenery, historical places of interest, lovely green pasture lands, peacefulness, non-polluted air and non-polluted rivers and seas. We also have something that is very hard to find in sun ridden countries — long stretches of golden sandy beaches. The tranquility and peacefulness of some remote parts of Ireland appeal to some people. I think there is no more enjoyable way of spending one's holiday than on the Irish "Riviera". More and more concrete and glass hotels are being created in these beauty spots to cater for foreign tourists.

The demand for traditional Irish products is high. In America it seems to me to be the "done thing" to have a complete set of one type of Waterford Crystal Glass, Bawneen Aran Sweaters and tweed ties, caps, skirts, dresses etc — this is an important part of Irish trade. These industries have grown up out of small homecraft industries. The Aran goods are mainly hand knitted and so they take awhile to knit. I have also heard of rich African women, having given to them as wedding presents — enough Irish Linen to last them till the end of their lives.

Ireland has always been an agricultural country and agriculture still plays an important part in the lives of Irish people. Cattle are reared and are bought to the plans of Westmeath and Meath to be fattened and then they are either slaughtered in Irish slaughter houses and exported frozen or exported live to Britain. Great Britain is the main importer of Irish Beef. Irish butter and other dairy produce is also exported to Britain and sold very cheaply on their markets in order to compete with Danish and other European prices. Irish horses are world famous. In Co. Kildare there are many big stud farms where horses are bred and trained.

Research is being carried on at the Peatland Experimental Station, Lullymore, Co. Kildare, in the growing of vegetables and fruits and nursery plants on the bogs after the peat has been removed by Bord na Mona. All the products of the station are sent to European cities for sale. The products include blueberries, cranberries, corn-on-the-cob, strawberries, lettuce, celery to name but a few.

The waters in and around Ireland are rich in fish. On the whole Ireland as a country does not consume much fish, though a great many varieties of fish can be found in our waters. Fish Farms are being introduced slowly but surely. The fish on these farms are farmed for consumption and it is mainly frozen and then exported. There are various types of Fish Farms they are mainly shell fish or river fish, there are also lobster fish farms, and Trout Fish Farms.

Ireland entered the European Economic Community on January 1st, 1973. I think that the other European countries will benefit from Ireland's entry, in the way I have already mentioned. If Ireland has something to offer Europe then she quite definitely has something to offer the world.

Lynda Barry 6B.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

The car turned left from Gulf Street into Gaston Avenue, an area of large semi-detached houses, which upper middle class inhabited. The driver of the car was Paul Fleming who was returning home after a heavy day at the office. He was at the prime of his life. He was not poor. He was the chief accountant of the largest chemical factory in the country. He was looking forward to his weekend away from the office.

He stopped outside number thirteen which was his home. He entered the house with the newspaper under his arm, and was greeted by his wife. Tea was ready always for him on his return home and during the meal they discussed the happenings of the day. His wife was to go by train after tea to Tierney to see her mother who was sick.

Next day, while at dinner, a loud knocking at the door, which echoed through the house aroused him from his seat. He went to the door and opened it. He found two policemen and a man standing there. The man, aged about fifty, wore a grey overcoat.

"Your name is Mr. Paul Fleming?" he asked.

"It is" answered Fleming, with a wondering gaze at the man.

"Well, I have a warrant here for your arrest, on the charge of murder . . ." he paused "the murder of James Sutton".

Fleming was paralysed with shock "the murder of James Sutton" he repeated slowly and softly.

"I'd advise you to come quietly with us" said the plain clothes policeman. "But I didn't

kill him" he said, still paralysed with shock.

James Sutton was found dead in his flat early that morning. He died from poisoning.

He went with them to the police car quietly. On his journey to Marathon Jail he said nothing, but stared out of the window of the car. His mind drifted back to a scene in his office two days earlier. ...

James Sutton was his assistant accountant, and they did not get on well together. Sutton, who was in his late forties, had been in the Company since he was 18 and had worked his way up from being a postal clerk to assistant accountant, and until quite recently he was promised the position of chief accountant. But the arrival of Paul Fleming soon shattered his expectations.

Paul Fleming's father was managing director of the Company before he died, so he got the position of Chief Accountant without having to fight his way from the bottom to the top. Sutton never accepted this. Ever since Fleming was appointed Chief Accountant, Sutton always tormented him, by making satirical jokes, which were aimed at him, and complaining how hard he worked for the Company. This resulted in the skirmish between the two parties in the office that day.

They were working on the ledger accounts. There was silence in the room and only the scratching of the pens could be heard. The silence was broken when Sutton stated, "Yea, it is not what you know, but who you know that gets a person anywhere in this world today". Fleming said nothing, but felt uneasy. Sutton continued "Now look at me, I reached the position that I am in now by starting from scratch and working my way up, the hard way. I had to start from scratch because I didn't know any rich person, nor had I a rich father ..."

He was interrupted, Fleming exploded; slammed his pen on the desk, got up, and with a mighty rage he began to strangle his victim. As he was doing so he was shouting with his teeth clenched, "I can't stand it any longer you and your miserable moaning, I can't stand it." Just then two office clerks broke into the room and pulled him off his half-choked victim. He stared at his victim, still with the face of rage. He left the room and went home.

The courtroom was full that day, all the witnesses were there, and the Jury. The case looked black from the start. The testimonies given were not in his favour. Even his wife was forced to testify against him. She could not cover up for him, because she was visiting her mother, and so could not testify whether her

husband was at home or not that morning. The incident at the office was brought forward. The case was carried out in the usual Court proceedings. When all was discussed, the jury went into the "room".

After a few hours, the Jury came out again and the judge asked if they had reached a verdict.

"Guilty" replied the spokesman of the jury. Murmuring broke out around the court room. The judge then turned to Fleming and in a very solemn tone pronounced the sentence.

"Paul Fleming, you have been found guilty of the murder of James Sutton and it is in the duty of this court that you be taken from thence to a place of execution and hanged by the neck until you are dead. May God have mercy on your soul".

The sentence was to be carried out at one o'clock in the afternoon on Friday the thirteenth. Everything seemed blurred to Fleming and suddenly it became dark. When he came to, he found himself back in his cell, lying in his bunker. The prison doctor was beside him.

"What happened?" Fleming asked.

"You fainted", answered the doctor.

"The jury found me guilty, didn't they?"

"Yes", replied the doctor in a soft tone.

"But I'm innocent. I . . . I didn't kill him! How? They could *not* have found me guilty".

"I'm sorry" said the doctor, in a soft, sympathetic tone. With that he left the cell. Fleming fell to his knees and put his hands on his face and started to cry, "Oh! God, I didn't kill that good-for-nothing! I didn't! I'm innocent!"

For the next few days, every time a prison warden passed his cell, he banged on his door and shouted "I'm innocent". He was hysterical.

Friday came. It was a clear cold day in August and the clocks were striking thirteen
.....

Heather Groves 5A

MY BROTHER

My brother is fat,
My brother is small.
He runs about
And plays with a ball.

When I give him a bath
He screams and yells.
I slap him so hard
He runs and tells.

When he plays with his friends,
There's a lot of noise.
I tell him to be quiet
And to play with his toys.

Gladys Lawrence 1D.

WHAT GOOD IS WAR?

What good is war?
What problems does it solve?
War brings hatred and starvation,
And this is all to help the nation.
What good is war?

Men fight with one another,
And would even kill their brother,
Just because of the urge to fight,
Is this some benefit?

Children wandering all alone,
They may not have a home.
They try to find a helping hand,
But war has its command.

So this is war,
We hear of it each day,
But what of peace,
Will it not come and take this dread away?
Helen Fincher 4A.

ALLIANCE AND DUBLIN CONSUMERS' GAS COMPANY COOKERY COMPETITION RESULTS — MARCH 1973

Fourth Year
1st Avril Payne
2nd Jacqueline Mellor.
3rd Jane Gyves
4th Olwen Todd.

Third Year.
1st Marie Alcock
2nd Avril Lowndes
3rd Sylvia Smith.

Second Year
1st Valerie O'Brien
2nd Julie Franklin.

THE FRUIT BOWL

Crisp green apples,
Juicy yellow melons,
Dark red plums,
And the bitter lemons,
Big hairy coconuts,
Fresh sharp pine-apples,
Watery green grapes,
And the seedy red wine-apples,
Tart green pears,
Black tipped bananas,
Sweet acrid oranges,
Which we bought in the shop called "Hannah's"
Joy Adams 1D.

Cookery Corner

BISCUITS

6 ozs margarine
6 ozs. brown sugar
8 ozs flour
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of bread soda
1 small teaspoonful of cream of tartar
cherries or almonds.

METHOD

Cream margarine and sugar. Add egg yolk. Work in sifted flour, bread soda and cream of tartar. Make into small balls and put on greased trays. Flatten with a fork and brush over with some lightly beaten egg white.

Decorate with a piece of cherry or almond
Bake for 20 minutes at regulo 4.

Cynthia Kane 1D.

MINCE PIE MERINGUES

Ingredients :

6 ozs. flour
 $4\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. margarine
Pinch of salt
Squeeze of lemon juice
Cold water
Mincemeat.

Meringue : Whites of 2 eggs
4 ozs castor sugar
glace cherries.

Method :

Make a rough flaky pastry and roll out to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Cut into rounds and place in patty tins. Fill with mincemeat. Bake in a quick oven for about 20 minutes. Beat the egg whites to a stiff froth and add the sugar. Put a spoonful on each pie and top with a half cherry. Return to a cool oven until the meringue is set.

Ruth Babington 4A

Peppermint Creams

Ingredients :

1 lb. icing sugar.
1 white of egg.
1 dessertspoonful water
1 teaspoonful essence of peppermint

Method :

Beat up the white of egg with the water and peppermint and stir in the sugar (pressing out all lumps with a silver spoon) until it is a nice firm paste. Sprinkle a pastry-board with icing sugar, roll out the paste to a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in thickness, and then stamp into little rounds with very small pastry cutter. Leave the sweets to harden, on grease-proof paper.

Cynthi aKane 1

CREAMY FRUIT CRUNCH

Ingredients :

1 pkt. digestive biscuits.
1 small tin pineapple chunks
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
3 oz. butter or margarine
1/3 pint cream
2 bananas and cherries to decorate.

Method :

Using a rolling pin crush the biscuits and blend with melted butter and 2 teaspoons of pineapple juice. Mix in the lemon rind thoroughly and use this mixture to line the base and sides of a flan tin. Press down with back of spoon. Cover this crunch with a layer of whipped cream and top with the sliced bananas and most of the pineapple chunks. Spread a layer of whipped cream on top and decorate with remaining pineapple chunks and a few cherries.

Ann Winchester 6B

Tapsor (a vegetarian dish)

Ingredients :

Spaghetti.

1 Tomato (chopped),

1 Apple (cubed),

1/2 Onion (chopped),

A handful of raisins,

A handful of salted peanuts,

1/2 tin of tomato soup.

Method :

First, cook the spaghetti in boiling, salted water. While this is cooking put the tomato, apple and onion into a saucepan along with the tomato soup and cook until the soup is boiling. Then remove it from the heat and add the raisins and nuts. Mix with the spaghetti and serve.

(This serves two people)

Sylvia Rowe 6A

THE SEA

Basking against the rocks on high
With seagulls screeching in the sky
Over and over the rumbling sea
Waits all day for me, for me.

On Sundays when the people go home
The seagulls eat rubbish from the splash zone.
Over and over the rumbling sea
Waits all day for me, for me.

At night when everyone is in bed
The sea creatures come where no one can tread
Over and over the rumbling sea
Waits all night for me, for me.

Janet Gill Form ID.

A VISIT TO THE PORT OF DUBLIN

On Thursday, 9th November, 4th year visited the Port of Dublin. We met our escort, Mr. Taylor, of the Port and Docks Board opposite the Custom House on George's Quay. There we looked at the carved heads in between the pillars at each end of the Custom House.

When Mr. Taylor arrived we drove down George's Quay and City Quay. These quays are of no working use now because there is little room for loading and unloading, and the road along the quay is very busy with traffic, leaving no room for trucks picking up cargo. Also there is no extra space near the warehouses for storing an overflow of cargo. Along this quay the Guinness ships: Lady Patricia, Lady Grania and Lady Gwendolen have their berths. We then reached Sir John Rogerson's Quay. Then we left the quays and turned into a road along by the Gas Works to avoid the Grand Canal Basin. We passed over Victoria Bridge and saw the Grand Canal Docks which are only used by small boats with coal for the nearby coalyards, and by the occasional cruiser going into the canal from the coast. We then passed the C.I.E. Ringsend Garage. C.I.E. own the Grand Canal Docks at the moment but are going to hand it over to another concern. We turned down a road which brought us back to the Liffey on to York Road.

From York Road we could see Alexandra Basin across the river. Here, there are many cranes but they are too old and small to lift the containers of nowadays. These cranes are 2 to 6 tons. Now 25 to 30 ton cranes are used. The Port has one 100 ton crane which works on Ocean Pier.

Alexandra Basin is the centre of Dublin's warehouses. These are used for storing grain, one industry allowed in the port area. On the south side of the Liffey the Bristol Lines have a 28 ton crane and 4 acres back-up space.

At this stage of our tour Mr. Taylor talked to us about unitisation. The best example of this is the general cargo container. These are 20' x 8' x 8' containers for carrying cargo. These can be carried in cellular cargo ships, on the trailer of a lorry or by railway. One holds about 14 tons of cargo. This is all lifted in one go. About 5 or 7 years ago there would have been about 14 lifts. It also cuts down pilferage and breakage. It takes only half the time to load and unload, so more ships can be handled.

Lancashire Flats are platforms 20' x 8' in size. At one end there is a rise about 2 to 3 feet in height. Many cargoes which cannot be

stored in containers are stacked on the flats and a cover is put over them.

Liquid of any kind is pumped on board the ships by pipes and in Dublin particularly liquid sulphur, liquid ammonia and oil. Bulk coal and phosphate are loaded by a grab on a 10 ton crane. From the hold of the ship the coal is grabbed and brought to the hopper or funnel. From the funnel the coal or phosphate goes on to a conveyor belt to the store. Timber is loaded in bundles which are tied or wrapped. Each weighs about 4 or 5 tons. 90% of Ireland's timber is imported into Dublin.

A group of small companies get together and use a container because they are not exporting enough to use a whole container each. This method of transport is called groupage. Dublin is the biggest container handling port in the British Isles. The dockers do not like the containers because it means not so many people are needed to handle them and they are being made redundant. Therefore more job opportunities have to be found.

Ireland imports more than it exports. When the containers go back to their home ports only 2 out of 5 are full of cargo. Three go back empty.

We drove along Pigeon House Road into the new docks area. This is one part where the land has been reclaimed. We passed a building where coal is stored and an E.S.B. generating station. This station needs cooling water from the Liffey and when it has been finished with, it comes out into a channel running along beside the road. It is completely separate from the river itself because it is hot water and it cannot be let flow into the Liffey until it cools. A few years ago the water was allowed flow straight into the river, fish were killed by the heat and tropical weeds grew so the water had to be diverted.

Later we passed the Dublin Corporation sewage tanks on our left and the Dublin Corporation rubbish dump on our right.

We were then on reclaimed land and driving around to E.S.B. Poolbeg Generating Station. It is the largest station in Ireland and it has the capacity to produce the same amount of electricity as all the other stations in the Republic. This station is well known for its high red and white tower. This is 680 feet high so that poisonous fumes will be emitted above the city's atmosphere and at night its red lights can be seen flashing to warn low flying aircraft. Here there is an oil jetty with pipes running across to it for unloading and loading oil. The cooling water outlet from the generating station is beside the road and a wire mesh can

be seen at the end so as the hot water can get out but no fish can get in.

From here we could clearly see the Bull Wall. This was built at the same time as what was called the Great South Wall. This was to get a bigger volume of water at high tide. As the tide goes out the water flows out between the Poolbeg Lighthouse and the North Bull Lighthouse and it forced a passage through the scar. This scar or bar was a bank of silt which made the entrance to the Port very shallow. Before this Bull Wall was built the water was only 6 feet deep allowing only a boat of very small draught to come up the river. This natural dredging increased the depth of the water. It now prevents the build-up of silt at the mouth.

The land out here was reclaimed by building an embankment of stone around the area being reclaimed and pumping gravel and sand from the river bed into the area. The sand and gravel is left for some time to allow it to consolidate or pack. After this it is built on. The Irish Glass Bottle Factory is out on this land because it is one of the industries allowed in the port area.

From here we travelled back to Butt Bridge by Pearse Street and Tara Street. We crossed the Liffey and went around behind the Custom House beside Busaras. Then we came back onto the quays. Custom House Quay and North Wall Quay are falling into disuse because there is no back up space to the warehouses and there is a traffic problem.

Further along the Quay we turned off to avoid Alexandra Basin. As we went around the Basin we saw a C.I.E. container yard served by trains. Then we saw Goulding industries on both sides of the road and pipes running across the road containing sulphur and ammonia. We saw other container yards, the Atlantic Steam Way from Dublin to Preston and a big new warehouse on reclaimed land belonging to I.C.I. This reclaimed land is being allowed to pack. The other way of reclaiming land is by the dumping of rubbish by Dublin Corporation — near the Pigeon House.

East of the B & I car ferry terminal is the British Rail Container Terminal. A boat comes in every day at 11.30 am and goes out again fully loaded at 6.00 p.m. 30 ton high speed lift cranes work on the boat.

West of the British Rail Terminal is the Car Ferry. This building was built in 7 months on newly reclaimed land which had not packed fully. Therefore the building has special rubber joints so that it will not crack if the land subsides. It is only expected to last 21 years. The

Port and Docks Board are trying to landscape the new land by planting trees. This Car Ferry caters for private cars, coaches and roll on-roll off freight. These vehicles are driven on board over a ramp and enter at the stern of the boat. The quay was built with caissons. These are large cement boxes which were built on a slip and towed to the place they were wanted. There they were sunk and built up one on top of the other to make the quay. The passenger passage is above the road and the end nearest the boat is hinged on so that whatever level the water is the ramp can slide up and down on it. On this day the boat was not at its usual berth and it was thought that because of the strong wind the boat did not like to turn beam side on to the wind. The boat, also, had to moor the stern on to the ramp.

Beside the B. & I. terminal is the B. & I. freight yard. At the time there were 2 boats in the Sligo and the Munster. These are specially for containers and the hold is divided up. Each space is for a 20 foot container but if a 40 foot container has to be fitted in, one side would be taken out to make two spaces into one. The superstructure of these boats is to the aft end. In the terminal travel lift cranes are used for moving containers from place to place.

We continued our tour on a road beside the river which brought us past the pilot Shore Station. This station is on the Eastern Breakwater. There is a Compulsory Pilotage District around Dublin. This means that all boats within this area must have a pilot on board, unless its captain holds a pilot's licence for Dublin Port. When a boat comes to this area a pilot boat or cutter about 50 feet long goes out from the station to the ship with a pilot. The pilot stays on board the ship until it is moored or until it is outside the area. Then he is brought back to the station in the pilot cutter. A pilot stays at the station for the three days he is on duty.

We passed the oil jetties and the storage sheds. These sheds are better than those in the old port because they are away from the road and trucks can stop outside them. There is also some back-up area beside the terminals. Having had a drink and chocolate biscuit at the Docker's canteen we stopped and looked at Alexandra Basin. Here we saw the Crispin loading Guinness.

We then saw a mooring dolphin at the end of the fertiliser jetty. This is a mound with a bollard on top for mooring the bow of the boats. Instead of building a long jetty they left a vacant space and then built the mooring dolphin at the bow. The biggest ship the Port

could accommodate is 40,000 tons gross. The biggest ship which has visited the port is an American air-craft carrier. The Savannah is the only atomic ship, which has visited Dublin.

At Ocean Pier the Devonian and other cruise lines have their berths. These ships are over 20,000 tons. The "singers out" are very important people in the unloading of a ship. These stand on the deck and direct the man in the crane where to move the hook. After the hook enters the hold the man in the crane cannot see it and bad accidents have occurred.

The sky was darkening and the rain getting heavier when we arrived at the dry docks with the result we could hardly see them. Every Dublin ship goes into the dry dock once a year to be scraped and painted. About one large ship or three small boats can fit into the dry dock. The dock is filled up with water and the ship comes in. The floating gate is towed into position and sunk. The water is pumped out and the ship settles on blocks. The work is then started. When the work is finished the water is pumped in and the gate removed by taking the water out of it and towing it away. The ship is then able to move out.

From the dry dock we travelled back to the city centre by the way we came. It was now raining heavily and we could not see anything. The bus left people off on Eden Quay and in D'Olier Street, then went back to the school.

We thank the Port and Docks Board who gave each girl maps and plans of the port development and also for the minerals and chocolates we had at the Dockers' Canteen. We also thank Mr. Taylor for giving up so much of his time to guide us around the port and Miss Williams, Miss Stevenson and Miss Graham for accompanying us on the tour.

Valerie Henderson 4A

SNOWFLAKES

Snowflakes falling one by one,
In the middle of the night,
They rest on walls, trees and tops,
Soon there will be a lovely sight.

Snowflakes soft and lovely,
Upon a winter's day.
They look so bright and cheery,
Everything looks quite gay.

Snowflakes falling thickly,
To the children's great delight.
Then when their lessons are over,
They will have a snowball fight.

Anne Fitzroy 1D

BALLET

Ballet is nearly five hundred years old but it is very young compared with dancing itself, which is as old as man. It began in Italy about the time that Christopher Columbus discovered America. However, it was very different from what it is today.

At that time ballet was a court entertainment with which the Italian noblemen amused themselves, and their guests at lavish balls and banquets. Dancing, music, pantomime, poetry, and drama were combined. Royalty and nobles were the first ballet dancers, since there were no professionals. The steps were modelled on the elegant rather simple court dances of the time, and the dancers did not wear the toe slippers worn by the ballerinas of today. Dancing of this kind was not called ballet until a hundred years later at the court of Henry III of France.

There are many famous ballet companies for example the Sadlers Wells Ballet. The person who formed this was Ninette de Valois who had always wanted a national ballet company. In 1933 she became head of the Vic-Wells Ballet which grew and grew, and soon became known as the Sadlers Wells Ballet and in 1957 her dream came true. As Dame Ninette, she was head of the Royal Ballet.

Although ballet technique is strict, the training long and the work strenuous, the result on stage is natural and beautiful. It makes all the hard work that goes into it worthwhile.

Winifred Champ and Valerie O'Brien 2D.

THE HOCKEY REPORT 1972-73

Again this season we have six teams — the 1st XI, 2nd XI, Junior A, Junior B, Minor and a first year beginners team. Four of these teams entered for their respective cup tournaments.

Although the first XI, captained by Olwyn Crosse, lost its cup match against Santa Sabena we did not let that stop us from enjoying our friendly matches. So far we have had a very successful hockey season winning and drawing more matches than we have lost. This is due to the loyalty and hard work of all the team and the teaching and understanding of Miss Correll. This season saw a change in the 1st XI team which consists of four girls from 4th year, two girls from 5th year and six girls from 6th year. It has proved highly successful to have players on the team from 4th and 5th years rather than having a greater majority from 6th

year. These 4th and 5th year girls now have Senior School Team experience which should greatly benefit next season's 1st XI.

The 2nd XI team captained by Susan Ruffli were defeated in their cup match by Loreto, Beaufort. They have not been very successful so far in their friendly matches but maybe this term they will be much more successful.

The Junior A captained by Edwina Mundy gained a replay against Greystones in their cup match. Unfortunately Greystones beat them in the replay much to the disappointment of the school. So far the Junior A have been successful in many matches.

The Junior B captained by Denise Crosse were drawn to play against Sion Hill. Unfortunately after a very well played match Diocesan lost. I, personally, would like to commend the Junior B on their fighting spirit and their very good hockey which was evident throughout the match.

The Minor, captained by Iris Babington and the 1st Year team played several matches and were successful in many.

We thank all those who have supported our hockey matches and hope that they will continue to do so. The 1st XI are looking forward to the visit which we hope the girls of the Ursuline Convent, Sligo, will make to Dublin, to be our guests, in the near future. We remember with pleasure the good time we had in Sligo last season.

Olwyn Crosse (Games Captain)

THOUGHTS

I sit and gaze as my work piles up,
I wonder if it ever will be done.
Yet I know as I look at my plate and cup,
It will all be worth it in the long run.

Although I try to reach a high score,
It's neither fair of them nor right
To think I should have got much more,
Especially from one who's not so bright.

But they never understand at any time
Why it's only low marks I obtain.
They threaten me and think it's a crime
While I sit and think they are all insane.

But it's just not enough to sit and gaze
And think about what I'm going to be;
I know they will be the first I'll amaze
When I qualify from University.

Avril Davy. 5B.

OLD DIOCESAN HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

SEASON 1972/1973

This season we were delighted to welcome Maeve Douglas, Gill Large, Sheila Matthews, Wendy Orr, Susan Rogan, Alison and Gillian Smith, Carol Whitaker, Judith Wilkinson, Natasha Souter, and Lorna Bolster. We are very sorry to say good bye to Lorna so soon as she proved to be a very reliable member and also a good referee and we wish her and her family all the best in their new life in Rhodesia.

Due to this tremendous support from last year's School Leavers, we now have 50 members in the O.D.H.C. We were delighted to see so many new faces especially from the School as it is necessary to have the majority of our members Past Pupils. We now have four teams all of whom are enjoying their matches every week even if they are not all "wins".

We held, what is now becoming an annual event, the seven a side tournament with the School in October, and we are glad to say that the Club came out on top.

We consider our Social Programme to be an important part of our Club activities as it is essential that all our members should know each other. During the season we held a Wine and Cheese evening, Table Tennis Tournament, a Cooking Demonstration, Carol Singing Night in aid of the Simon Community, a Dental Talk, Bowling Night and we visited Bord Iascaigh Mhara. We hope to end the season with what proved to be the most successful event in past years, a Travelling Dinner. We are also taking a team to Galway at Easter for the Cross Cup Tournament. As you can see we vary our programme to suit all members. We also have an additional Social Event which is our annual mixed match with Avoca Hockey Club, at Christmas.

One of our most successful fund raising efforts this year was our Jumble Sale and we hope to provide better equipment and improve the pitch with the proceeds.

Many thanks are due to Miss Jagoe for her co-operation and support during the season and also for allowing us to call on the present School team for substitutes without whose help we would have been in difficulties on a few occasions.

Now 6th Year, don't throw away your hockey sticks, bring them along to Belgrave Square in September and join the Club where we will be delighted to see you.

Patricia Williams,
Hon. Secretary.

THE TRAMP

It was late in the night,
His money was tight,
Oh! what a plight to be in!
He wandered around
The dirty old town
Hungry and tired
He would love to be down
In a nice warm bed.

He wandered alone
No family, no home.
Oh! what a lonesome life
He must lead.
While he keeps up the strife,
To save his life
There he sat on the road looking miserable
Old, shabby and grey.

Avril Ormsby 1D

A MISTAKE

"Rover, what are you doing here? You're meant to be at home. Come here, you bad dog" I said, picking him up and making my way to the bus stop. "Now I'll have to take you home and miss some of the party. Ah! Here is our bus. We're lucky". I said as I stepped on the bus. The driver looked at me in a queer way because, you see, I'd just got off that bus at the terminus and now here I was getting back on again. He must have thought I was not quite sensible.

After putting Rover in his bed I made my way to the bus stop. Who do you think was driving the bus but the driver with the queer look on his face. He must have really thought I was mad. Well, I got off the bus hoping that I would not meet that driver again. I was walking along the lane when I saw a little girl crying. "What's the matter?" I asked her. "I have lost my dog" she said between her sobs. "What was he like", I asked. "He's white with two black spots." "One on his ear and the other on his tail?" I said. "Yes,, oh yes. Have you seen him?" "Yes and I think I know where he is now". "Where". "Come on and I'll show you", I said as we ran to get the bus back home. Guess who was driving the bus Yes, the driver with the queer face, looking very puzzled.

We arrived at my house to be greeted by two dogs almost alike. One was a bit bigger than the other. At the door of the house stood my mother scratching her head and looking at the two dogs. "I took Rover out for a walk and when I got home there was another dog in his bed. "My dog", put in the little girl hugging

her dog. "Well . . . ah . . . I seem to have made a mistake I said going red in the face as I began to tell them my story. "That will teach you to look at the name tag first before you go running home with other people's dogs" said mother "You're right" I said. Now I'd better bring you and your dog home, hadn't I?" I said turning to the little girl. So off I set again to catch the bus, and hoping I would not meet you-know-who!

Ada Spendlove 2D

MEALS ON WHEELS

I often wondered what Meals on Wheels was all about, so last summer I decided to find out. I asked the secretary of the Caring Group in our Church and she put me in touch with the person who runs the Meals on Wheels for the old people in the area around Gardiner St., Temple Street and Drumcondra.

I was told to meet one of the helpers outside St. George's Church at 11 o'clock on the following Tuesday. I met her at the appointed time and she brought me down to the Dinner Centre, where we collected the meals. They are each in small containers and these containers are put into a big container which is kept warm by a piece of charcoal which is in a little tray on the bottom. Each person receives a dinner of two courses. Special meals are provided for Diabetics. We brought the container out to the car and were given the list of names.

The first old lady lived on the ground floor flat. She had Polio as a child and the doctors could do nothing for her. Both of her legs are paralysed. She uses a frame to help her walk. Her door is always left open so we just gave a little knock and went in. We were the only people she would see that day and the next person she would see would be the one bringing the meal the following day. A good neighbour visits her flat once a week and does a few jobs for her.

Next was "Old Joe" who lived in a little room in the basement of an old Georgian house. He wore a sack on his back to keep him warm and had a few other bits and pieces. The Saint Vincent de Paul Society gave him a suit about two months ago and he was delighted with it. When it rains his room is flooded because nearly all the glass is out of the window and the rain comes in.

Some of the old people we visited lived in better conditions than the first two, but most of them were badly off and very lonely.

These people worked hard to make the world better for us. They now live in the 'down

and unders'. Nobody wants them. Is this the way they should be treated when people spend so much money on drink and cigarettes and other useless pleasures. Surely they could contribute some money to help the poor of Dublin.

Gabrielle Ellis 5A.

TWO BABY FIELDMICE

I have a friend called Miss Anne Tyrrell,
And once she found two baby mice,
She wrapped them up and kept them warm,
And Oh! they were so nice.

Their tiny little eyes were shut,
And the mice they were so small—
That is compared with my big dad,
And he is six foot tall.

One of them had a hurt little tail,
But he did not make a sound,
And Oh! one day they both did die,
So she buried them where they were found

Averil Brislane 1D

AQUARIA

In our tank there are twelve different species of fish. The fish can cost up to £10 each or as little as 20p each. Guinees work out the cheapest because they lay eggs every three or four weeks. This can be a nuisance. Siamese fighting fish work out the most expensive to keep because they have to be put into separate tanks, since they would fight and kill each other.

Our fish all eat the same food. Some of the food is dried, the rest consists of worms which are bred in a bread bin. The worms are fed on 'Redy Brek' or any other kind of cereal. The fish are fed every second day, and the baby fish are fed about three times a day.

The tanks have floating plants in them. These cost about 15p each. The bottoms of the tanks are covered in gravel which can be obtained anywhere. Sand can also be used but it is very messy. The temperature of the tank does not matter as long as it is not too cold. The tank holds about sixty gallons of water. This water does not have to be changed for at least a month because the fish clean it themselves. There are also two small rocks in the aquaria. One can buy a book on looking after fish in any book shop. A tank must have a thermometer and an air-maker or else the fish will die.

Tamara Kolbl, 2D.

"BIOLOGY TODAY"

A conference on Modern Biology for Senior Secondary and Technical School Students was held in the Science Buildings of University College, Dublin at Belfield on December 21st and 22nd, 1972. Mr. Brian Lenihan, TD, officially opened the conference at 9.45 a.m. on December 21st. He spoke to us for 15 minutes, welcoming us to the conference and he hoped it would be beneficial and revealing to us. The chairman then introduced the first of the day's speakers.

The first day was devoted to the topic "Harvesting Our Seas". Dr. Gibson, who works with the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries, spoke to us about the importance of shell-fish for food, money, medicine, monitoring pollution and as a source of protein. He was very informative and spoke well during his allotted thirty minutes.

Mr. D. Griffith, also from the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries, spoke to us about two different subjects: echo sounders, which are used to locate and number fish; and secondly otoliths, which are small bones, part of the inner ear of a fish. Otoliths can be used to determine a fish's age (in conjunction with tagging experiments) by means of counting the "annual rings" in the bone of calcium carbonate. Mr. Griffith also showed us very effectively, by means of graphs, that if we do not cut our exploitation of the seas by half, the result will be an alarming decline in the numbers of fish in our waters.

Professor B. McK.Bary, at present of University College, Galway, talked to us about the role of oceanography in the harvesting of our seas. Fish is not the only harvest of the sea, and Professor McK.Bary told us how the oceanographer comes into play in the location of plankton, mineral mining under water and oil drilling.

The last speaker of the morning, Professor Paul Cannon, of University College, Dublin, spoke to us about the importance of the sea in pharmacology. Different seaweed extracts can help to control viruses and prevent coronary thrombosis.

Species of algae can poison human beings but others can contain antibiotics. Prostoglands are present in the seminal fluid and can be used to make childbirth easier and safer. At the present time they are taken from sheep, but prostoglands are also found in corals.

Between morning and afternoon sessions, we could ask questions, either orally or writ-

ten. There were so many questions that unfortunately they could not all be answered. Then we had two hours in which to go to the canteen and have a delicious, hot, three course lunch.

At 2.30 p.m. the two remaining talks for the first day began. Mr. Fergus Cahill, of the Institute for Industrial Research and Standards, gave us ideas as to the economic potential of our seas. He quoted us figures which show that Ireland has a disgracefully low export of fish and that she imports half as much as she exports. If something is not done to remedy this state of affairs, then at the end of 1983 when Ireland's fishing grounds become open territory, Ireland will find herself unable to cope with the competition which will undoubtedly come from the other countries in the E.E.C. We must up-date our ways of catching, processing and marketing. Mr. Cahill enlarged on these basic necessities and presented us with some of his personal ideas, which included introducing multiple ownership of fishing vessels, and also a more technical approach to the training of our fishermen.

Then, Mrs Brenda Healy gave us a brief, comprehensive description of most of the animals to be found at the sea-shore, illustrating her talk with coloured slides. Then another question-answer session drew the first day of the conference to a close.

The second day was dedicated to peatland—new uses for an old resource. I would like to be able to go into more detail than I am going to, but it would take even longer than it is taking already, to give an account of the conference. Basically, from the five lectures of the day, these new ideas were put forward to us. As an Fora Talúntais have shown at Tullymore, there is great potential for the cultivation of vegetables, soft fruits, and nursery crops on peatland after Bord na Mona have cut what turf they can. All crops grow taller, stronger and more quickly on peatland than on mineral soil, i.e. the soil most of us know. There are problems, inevitably which prevent the ordinary farmer from using his supposedly "barren" bogland for growing crops. They are: drainage, bog shrinkage, wind, frost and the expense of fertiliser which must be added. However, on a cooperative level, peatland has great possibilities.

Peatland lends itself very well to afforestation, as has been shown in Connemara, Mayo and Wicklow. In fact, 70% of all state forests grow on bog. Bare peatland landscape can be

transformed into beautiful scenery by the planting of forests.

Various types of game are to be found on bog land — red grouse, snipe, woodcock, brown hare and, in the streams, trout and salmon.

The last lecturer, Professor L. Collery, of the Veterinary College of Ireland, showed us a home-made film taken at his home in the Wicklow mountains, where he and his wife have been and still are very active in horse rearing. They found that the Connemara ponies which they kept, did, in fact, live and breed well in the peatland of County Wicklow.

Finally, Dr. Mary Valarassan and Mr. Brendan McDonagh spoke to us about careers in biology. They were quite helpful and distributed many of the famous blue careers leaflets, which are, for the most part, too brief.

An open discussion on biology in schools ended the conference on an active note. In my opinion, the conference as a whole was enlightening, and captivating. It proved to me, anyway, that Biology is not just a subject taught in school but that it is, as its name tells us, the study of life, and that there is an enormous amount of knowledge still to be unfolded to us.

Helen Franklin 5A

SHOPKEEPING

Many people say shopkeeping is an easy job. They think all one has to do is buy and sell goods. Really shopkeeping is difficult and tiring work. This I know, because my parents own a shop and every day after school and on Saturday I work in it.

Twice a year stock has to be taken of all the goods in the shop. This is hard and exacting work for the shopkeeper. Also, the shop has to be cleared and the stocks received before it is opened every morning.

Hardly a day goes by but some difficult person comes in and more often than not makes one take down half the goods in the shop, and then walks out and buys nothing.

Now that the new Cash and Carry Whole saler has opened in our area, we can buy our goods in one place. Before that we had to go to different wholesalers for all our goods.

The new V.A.T. (value added tax) that the government introduced recently for shopkeepers has proved to be very confusing, and has made extra work for all.

Finally at the end of a week, all the books have to be checked and added. Yes, as

far as I am concerned shopkeeping is one of the most difficult jobs of all and I am not going to be a shopkeeper when I grow up.

Shirley Cowan 1D

THE MIKADO

This story takes place in a Japanese town called Titipu. The ruler of this town is an inefficient man called Ko-Ko. He is betrothed to a pretty girl called Yum-Yum.

But Nanki-Poo who is the Mikado's son (unknown to everybody as he is dressed as a minstrel) is searching for Yum-Yum as he loves her, and knowing that Ko-Ko is sentenced to death because of flirting, Nanki-Poo hopes that he can marry Yum-Yum.

When Nanki-Poo enters he is met by a gathering of Japanese nobles. Among them there is a noble called Pooh-Bah who is Ko-Ko's Lord Chief Justice, Lord High Admiral, Commander in Chief, Secretary of State for the Home Department, First Lord of the Treasury and Chief Commissioner of Police, and Pish-Tush who is Ko-Ko's loyal aide de camp. Pooh-Bah tells Nanki-Poo that Ko-Ko has been made Lord High Executioner and the next head to come off will be his own head.

Then a train of Ladies with Yum-Yum and her two friends, Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo enter. She is delighted to see Nanki-Poo and when Ko-Ko appears they tell him of their love for each other, but Ko-Ko is not the slightest bit worried.

When the lovers are left alone Nanki-Poo tells Yum-Yum of his secret that he is the son of the Mikado and was banished from the country because he would not marry a witch-like maiden called Katisha.

Meanwhile Ko-Ko has received a letter from the Mikado which states that as there have not been many executions in Titipu the Mikado insists that there must be one within the following month. Ko-Ko is now in dire need to find a substitute to be executed instead of himself. As Nanki-Poo is about to commit suicide as he knows that there is no hope for him, Ko-Ko asks him to take his place and he can be executed in great ceremony within the month. In the meantime he can marry Yum-Yum.

Preparations are made for the wedding but spirits are dampened by the entrance of Katisha who tries to reveal Nanki-Poo's secret, but her voice is drowned by the protests of the townspeople. She then leaves to report to the Mikado.

When Yum-Yum is informed that when a married man is beheaded the wife is "buried alive", Yum-Yum is not so sure now that she wants to marry Nanki-Poo and Nanki-Poo's only solution is to commit suicide.

Pooh-Bah announces that the Mikado is on his way to see that his orders have been obeyed. Poor Nanki-Poo has no choice but to be executed. Although Ko-Ko is the Lord Executioner he knows that he cannot kill anybody. He bullies Pooh-Bah to swear that an execution has taken place. Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum set off to be married.

Now Ko-Ko and Pooh-Bah did not know that Nanki-Poo is the Mikado's son, and when the proof of the execution has been read the Mikado informs them that they have executed the heir to the throne and therefore they are to be punished. The punishment they are to receive is to be boiled in oil or molten lead. The Mikado then goes off to lunch undisturbed.

When Nanki-Poo hears of the terrible punishment that has been inflicted upon Ko-Ko and Pooh-Bah he has a solution to the problem. If Ko-Ko marries Katisha everybody will be satisfied.

So poor Ko-Ko has to propose to Katisha who is very reluctant to marry him at first, but after a lot of persuading she relents.

When the situation is explained to the Mikado the lives of Ko-Ko and Pooh-Bah are saved. The story ends in rejoicing.

Violet Carson. 3D.

SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

Chairman: Elizabeth Quinn.

Hon. Secretary: Kim Bloom.

Treasurer: Edith Ormsby.

Committee: Ruth Williams, Joan Ellis, Gina Quin, Susan Coulson.

The Senior Debating Society Committee has done its best to encourage many new members this year. The debates throughout the school term have been both varied and plentiful, and have gained a great deal of support from the members. Some of the motions for discussion were, "Should students take holiday jobs?" and "Should the school-leaving age be raised to 18". We have had one inter-schools debate, this year, which was held in conjunction with St Patrick's Grammar School. This was very well supported by both schools concerned, and refreshments were served to end the programme.

On February 5, 1973, the annual Irish Times Oratory Competition was held in the Mansion

House. Edith Ormsby participated on behalf of the School and opposed the motion that "State Examinations should be abolished". Edith put forward a very convincing argument and we were all very proud of her when she gained third prize for girls.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank the members of staff, especially Mrs Valentine and Miss Cole who spent a great deal of their spare time helping us to make the Society run so smoothly this year.

AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT

The hall was packed out, the audience was getting very impatient and I was becoming more nervous as the minutes went by. It was my first time ever to go on stage and I was, at that moment suffering from stage shock. I just could not keep still and I almost wished I had not entered for the competition.

The curtain rose and a very nice woman commenced the show. There were sixteen competitors altogether and I was the fifteenth, which made it worse for me, I would prefer to have been first or second to get it over and done with as quickly as possible. I was allowed to sit in the front row of the audience until it was my turn, and that, I was hoping would never come. I sat waiting rather impatiently, not to go on stage, so much as getting my act over and done with. I thought if my turn did not come soon not only would I have no nails left, but the seat would be worn away also.

The twelfth competitor commenced and finished and also the thirteenth, and at this moment I was called. As I waited in the wings the time seemed to be approaching very quickly. The audience clapped, this was the big moment. After the announcer had called my name, I walked in with a red face. My mind was a complete blank, I recognised the tune of the song I was supposed to be singing. After the opening I joined in, and after singing the first two lines I could not remember the words. I was in a dreadful state. What was I going to do? I said "excuse me" and walked off, the audience were laughing at me and they all thought it was very funny, but I did not. I entered again with my words written out on a piece of paper wrapped up in my hand, hoping that I would not need them, but alas, I had to open the piece of paper and read the words, in front of the audience. I was never so embarrassed in all my life!

I was doing fine, until the pianist started to play very quickly and I could not keep up with

her. She was just speeding along, my words were running into each other. Eventually, I bowed and went off the stage, my head felt as if it was going to burst.

At least I was relieved that it was all over, and sat down, quite certain that I had come last in the competition.

At the end of the competition, the judge read out the results of the poetry, the singing and the dancing sections. Then she read the results of the comedy section and to my great surprise I won a lovely book for coming first in the section. I could not believe my ears!

I went home delighted, but I have not entered a competition since, the embarrassment was just too much for me!

Sandra Kerr, 5B

THIRD YEAR'S TOUR OF GLENDALOUGH AND AVONDALE

On the morning of Wednesday, 10th May, 1972, third year left school by coach to go to Glendalough and Avondale. We passed through Ranelagh, Milltown and Dundrum and by the time we reached Sandymount, we had already left most of the town behind us and were out in the country. On each side of the road, we could see the Dublin mountains, and fields with cows grazing in them.

We stopped at the Scalp to study its formation, and we noted that it is a V-shaped valley because it was formed by a glacier. We were delighted to see two stick-like eels, lying in a stream which runs by the foot of the Scalp. We made one more stop at the Sugar Loaf to view the surrounding mountains, before we met Gino Morris at the gate of her house.

By 11.45, we had reached Glendalough and were given half an hour to view the monastic city. The "city" contains a round tower, a cathedral, a church, known as St. Kevin's Kitchen, and other small buildings. Extremely ancient crosses are dotted around the city and some very old ones have been placed inside St Kevin's Kitchen for protection from the weather, unfortunately, the atmosphere is rather spoilt by the presence of modern graves and crosses.

We crossed the river then, by means of a small bridge and made our way along, what is aptly known as "The Green Road". Unfortunately, the rain began to pour down and we were forced to shelter among the trees. When it had ceased we continued on our way but just as we reached the Nature Trail the rain began again, and we took shelter once more.

However, the rain stopped soon and that

was the last we saw of it that day. The Nature Trail was very interesting, though its path was very steep. We could see very clearly how the water had eroded the rock with its continuous weight, forming a plunge pool. We had leaflets, from the Forestry and Wildlife Service, to give information about the various stops marked, and those were very helpful. Sheltering from the rain had delayed us though and we had only covered about half of the trail, when we were obliged to return to the coach, stopping on the way beside the river for our lunch.

We reached Avondale, Charles Stewart Parnell's home at 2.30. Avondale is now used by the Forestry Commission and Foresters are trained and taught about the most modern techniques there. A wood was planted there about one hundred years ago, and the trees are lovely now. Some trees in the wood have been cut down to give more room for the rest to grow.

We walked down to the river which runs at the bottom of the wood. The slope was very steep and it was all we could do to keep our balance. Coming back was even worse and some of the group lost themselves while taking what they thought was a short cut.

Time was running out by now, so we made our way back to Dublin, letting people out on the way if it was convenient for them. The remaining group reached Dublin at about 5.30, after a very enjoyable and interesting day.

Joyce Williams, 4A.

THE BEGGAR

The wind whirling and sweeping away the
rain,
Before it beats against the cold stone bricks
of that awesome mansion,
Gathering again its terrible strength it
prepares again,
To beat in vain against that tower of
crude masonry,
Silhouetted against a black sky,
Broken only by a round creamy disc amidst
the clouds of tumultuous petulance.
Uselessly the wind pounds against the
stone walls,
Swirls around the corners, searching for a
crack in the panes of glass,
To penetrate and gain a little of the
heat inside,
Trying to get in, begging,
Like the little girl at your gate last week.

Sylvia Rowe, 6A.

A GLORIOUS DAY

I have spent many glorious days but there is one in particular which I would like to tell you about. It was the day of my brother's wedding on Saturday, June 26th, 1971.

I was to be a bridesmaid with the bride's only sister Hilary, and I was very excited as I had never been a bridesmaid before. The evening before the wedding both families went to the church for a rehearsal. When the rehearsal was over I went back to the bride's house as I was staying the night there. A few people called to see the beautiful presents that the bride and groom had received. Last minute arrangements were made and everything was left ready for the following morning.

We all got up early the next morning as we had an early appointment with the hairdresser. We had breakfast in bed and got ready and left for the hairdressers. We had to be there early because Patricia (the bride) and I had long hair then and it took quite a while to do. We arrived home from the hairdresser's at half past ten. There were telegrams waiting for Patricia which had arrived in our absence. The bouquets had also arrived and they were beautiful. Mrs. Wilson, the bride's mother, had our dresses ironed and ready.

The wedding was to take place at "St. Philip's and St. James' Church", Booterstown, at twelve noon. We got ready and dressed ourselves with each others help. Patricia's mother said we looked lovely.

At twenty to twelve my mother and father dropped in to see us before going on to the Church. They left just before the car arrived which was to take Hilary and me to the Church. Mrs. Wilson came with us. Patricia and her father were left behind to wait for the other car to collect them, after collecting Eric (the groom) first and bringing him to the Church.

When Hilary and I arrived at "St. Philip's and St. James" there were many people waiting to take photographs. Before Hilary and I went into the porch we had our photograph taken.

Patricia and her father arrived at ten past twelve. When Patricia stepped out of the car she was surrounded by people, some taking photographs, other just to see what she was wearing. She wore a long white satin dress with lace bodice and sleeves, a beautiful long train of satin with lace edgings. Her Aunt made her veil and it was beautiful especially the head piece. After the photographs were taken we all lined up in the porch and as the first chords of the hymn started we walked

slowly up the aisle. Eric, my brother whom Patricia was to marry was waiting for her. When it was Patricia's turn to take her vow she started to cry and could not go on for several seconds. She then restarted and all was right. When the service was over, we went into the vestry where we signed the register. We had a chat and then got into line again and waited for the first chords of the wedding march. When we heard them we began to walk slowly down the aisle. Everybody's head was turned towards Patricia. A guard of honour of the 23rd Company of the Girls Brigade, where Patricia was Captain, were waiting outside. Then there were more photographs taken and people were congratulating Eric and Patricia and wishing them well.

After all this we then went in the two black cars to the Coliemore Hotel in Dalkey where the reception was to be held. When we arrived there was a sherry party on the lawn. It was breezy but the sun was shining. It lasted half an hour. On going in Eric took Patricia up in his arms and got their photograph taken just outside the main door. We were shown into a lovely room downstairs in the Hotel. It was a big room with french windows opening out on to a balcony. The tables were shaped like a letter "E", and decorated with beautiful flowers. The meal began at a quarter past two. It consisted of first, grapefruit, soup, and a fish course. Then came the main course, turkey, ham and vegetables of all kinds, fruit and cream or sherry trifle, tea or coffee. After the meal Eric made a speech, then there were more speeches and some toasts. The best man read out the telegrams and wedding cards and made a little speech. After this was over we retired to the balcony while the caterers were preparing the room for dancing. A quarter of an hour later we returned to the room and there was a band waiting to play. The bride and groom led the floor and a big cheer went up for them. My uncle and my other brother Fred sang a few songs.

The bride and groom were catching the six thirty plane to London where they would spend a week. At about half past five they could not be found anywhere, they had gone off quietly so that no one would start making a fuss.

We had to leave the hotel at seven o'clock so the rest of us sat and talked till it was time to go. Then we all went home to Mr and Mrs. Wilson's house where there was a buffet party. We stayed there awhile and then went back with my aunt to her house in Santry. We

had a big sing song and more food to eat. We left there at about three o'clock in the morning.

I was a little sad after it all and very tired but it was really a glorious day. I enjoyed it very much and I think everyone else did as well.

Ruth Deane, 6B.

VISIT TO THE GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM IN TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

On Wednesday, 11th October, 6A accompanied by Mrs. Cantan set off for the Geological Museum in Trinity College, and on November 15th, 6B accompanied by Miss Stevenson and Miss Williams made a similar visit.

The main door of the Museum Building presents a marvellous impression at the entry to the hall as it is a large, engraved, thick, oak door. In the hall of the building two skeletons of Irish deer, male and female, stand on either side facing each other. Four large cases of rocks fill the hall showing many fine specimens of rocks and crystals that are found in and on the earth. A large map of Ireland displays the chief mining areas of Ireland and also those areas with mining potential. After having looked at these cases for some length, we continued towards the actual geological museum, which is to be seen at the end of a long corridor, after one mounts the magnificent marble staircase leading from the hall.

On entering the museum, we were each given a questionnaire which we had to fill in when we found the information from the museum itself. This was a very good method of making us really look intently at everything in the museum. There are many cases which are devoted entirely to the rocks which have been formed by all the different forces metamorphic rocks, igneous rocks and sedimentary rocks. These cases showed all the different classes and sub classes of these groups along with their chemical structures, shape and texture. Several other cases are given over entirely to the evolution of the different forms of life and these are extremely relevant where the geologist is concerned as they help him or her to date the rocks concerned.

We were shown by Miss Burns, the lady who took us around, a plaster cast of a fossil which was one of the first birds to evolve from a reptile. It still had claws on its wings. As well as looking at all the cases of rock specimens and fossils, we also got a chance to glance through the many interesting books on

geology which were on display.

Both classes had extremely interesting afternoons and thank sincerely Miss Burns, of the Geology Museum, Mrs. Cantan and Miss Stevenson for making the visits possible. We can assure anyone who enjoys Geology and has the time, that it would be well worthwhile to visit this museum.

Lesley Gibson and Susan Ruffli 6A

TO SAVE A LIFE

Joanne was spending the first week of the New Year in her aunt's house in the quiet sea resort of Delstown. She loved Delstown, especially the quietness and the fresh-air which she was so unaccustomed to, having been born and bred in Dublin.

The day before she was due to return to Dublin she received a phone call from her father to say that her childhood friend, John, had died just a few hours ago. She rushed from the house, her heart filled with bitterness — bitterness for God — the God who had let him die. Bitterness for herself, because she did not see him before he died. Oh yes, she knew he had been ill — but she never thought that it was so serious. She suddenly became aware that the weather so suited her mood. A fierce gale had blown up and it had begun to rain. The rain mingled with her tears and she looked up to see black clouds racing above her. She looked at the sea, lashing against the sand and rocks, making an almost deafening noise. A movement in the water caught her eye. Surely no one would be out swimming in this kind of weather, at this time of the year. Then she made out the upturned boat and a figure struggling helplessly yards away from it. No one else was about and she knew that it was now up to her.

As she took off her heavy coat and shoes, she frantically tried to remember all she had learned at her life saving class in school. Keep calm! That was the main thing. As she swam through the waves she kept the struggling person in sight of her all the time. She became exceedingly frightened as she saw the person going under, for the first time — then the second and just before he went under for the third time Joanne had managed to take hold of him and tow him to the boat. Holding on to the young boy, and the boat for support because she was now nearly exhausted, she surveyed the beach and saw people rushing about. She knew that help would soon arrive, most likely in the shape of a boat. The boy was still breathing — much to her relief —

and was beginning to mutter his thanks to her as the boat arrived.

Wrapped up in a blanket and on the way back to shore, Joanne thought that had she not been there, another human life would have been erased from the face of the earth, forever. She did not feel so bitter against God and the world now. This was the reason she was not with John when he died, she had been needed so much more here in Delstown.

Olwyn Crosse, 6B.

THE WORSHIP OF SIZE

"I don't care, so long as it's bigger than hers" said my brother, who is seven. He was jealous of my sister, who received a bag of sweets from my aunt, so, of course, my mother had to buy a bag for him.

This is the worship of size. From the youngest to the oldest nearly everything is accounted for by its size. If it is not for the larger it is for the smaller. For example, since the time when women started noticing their figures, there has always been fierce competition as to who should have the smallest waist or the daintiest feet. In the book "Gone With The Wind", Scarlett O'Hara was very proud of the fact that she had the smallest waist in the county (seventeen inches) with which she must have nearly suffocated. In China mothers used to bind their daughters' feet when they were babies to be sure of their having dainty feet.

If one takes a look at cars, American cars are nearly twice the size of British cars, but British cars last nearly twice as long as the American ones. Quantity not quality seems to be more favoured by the human race. One of our neighbours who has returned from America recently, brought with him a car which caused him more trouble in one year than my father's which is British, caused him in three years. My American aunt changes her car as often as she changes her clothes. I think that if the Americans cut down on their car size, with such large roads, they would be able to fit more traffic on them.

Taking a trip back to biblical times people were even then, measured by size. Although Saul was made king, people admired him because he was head and shoulders above everyone else.

The houses of today are indeed smaller compared with those of yesterday. Today it is "fitting the most into the least" by using built in shelves, wardrobes, fold up tables, stack chairs and central heating; so there is no

room for storing junk. In old houses the rooms are far too big.

Another way of looking at this 'problem' is that larger articles are usually cheaper than smaller ones. In supermarkets 'giant' size packets are nearly twice the size of normal packets and are sold for about 25 per cent more. It is the same with records. I would much prefer to buy an LP for about £2 than a single for 50p with one song 'and some unheard of thing' on the other side.

There are so many example of the importance of size (of the two extremes), that I could go on forever. Sometimes when I try to think of an explanation as to why Man worships size it becomes so complicated that I finally give up.

Man is not satisfied with Earth so he looks for another planet to settle on. Size mesmerizes Man, because I think that Man is so small on Earth in comparison with the features on Earth itself. Mount Everest is the highest mountain in the world, so naturally it is the dream of most men at one time or another to climb it, since Hillary showed that it could be done.

The oceans and the seas are very vast. There is many a man who would love to copy Sir Francis Chichester who in 1966/67 sailed round the world single-handed.

As far as I can see everything will be measured by its size until it cannot get any larger or smaller. People will continue expanding and gauging everything by size.

"Higher ever higher,

Let thy dreams and wishes rise,
Let them mount like flame or fire,

Upward to the skies" — Anon.

Gillian Campbell, 6B.

MADONNA HOUSE

Madonna House is a home for abandoned children. It is at the back of the Linden Convalescent Home which is in Blackrock Co. Dublin. There are about forty-five children ranging from about six months to five years old in it at present.

Sister Carmel runs the home and has the aid of only four nurses. She receives no help from the government at all and relies on charity. Her biggest problem is that of clothes for the children. The older children attend the local National School while the younger ones sleep or play in a very cramped room with not very many toys.

At the Hallowe'en half term, my sister Ruth, my friend Adrienne Whelan and I collected for

and held a small sale which consisted of: a groceries stall, a cake stall, a book and comic stall and a stall for toys and games for Madonna House. We raised about £21 which went towards building a sandpipt for the children. Adrienne's father has begun a collection in Aer Lingus where he is a pilot. Already he has raised a fair sum of money.

Most Saturdays when I have not a hockey match to play I go to Madonna House with Ruth and Adrienne and we usually have sweets to give them. This is a very special thing for them as they rarely have any. When we walk in, children crowd round us with arms lifted, crying and whining to be lifted up and cuddled.

I really enjoy going to visit them and I think they enjoy it too.

Iris Babington 2D

THE 1st XI TRIP TO SLIGO

On Friday, 21st April, 1972, Diocesan 1st XI boarded the 09.25 a.m. train from Dublin to our destination — Sligo. We were accompanied by Miss Correll, and Mrs. O'Donoghue who was keen that we should see the beauties of Sligo. We had been invited by Sister Aquinas on behalf of the nuns of the Ursuline Convent to stay there as their guests. As the train arrived at the station, in Sligo, many of the team felt a little shy. However, our fears were unfounded as we were warmly welcomed by Sister Aquinas, Sister Kevin and by several of the school girls, who brought us to the convent which is situated in beautiful grounds.

Before lunch we were brought to our dormitory where we could leave our bags and tidy up after our journey. After eating a marvellous lunch, we were brought by Sister Kevin and Sister Aquinas on a tour around Sligo countryside. We walked along the strand at Rosses Point and then returned to the mini-bus which was to take us around Yeat's country. The scenery was really beautiful and it was a sunny day with hardly a cloud in the sky. We saw Glencar Lake, Glencar Waterfall and Lough Gill. We were shown around the School for Domestic Science and were provided with refreshments. The whole building was beautiful, and the view from the roof was unbelievable — mountains, lakes and islands. We returned to tea, after which we played our hockey match against the Ursulines who were the much stronger side. Not long after the match we were invited to play a soccer match which we enjoyed very much.

Feeling rather weary but eager to see the 'surprise' which the Ursulines had laid on for

us, we all went down to the large hall. We were entertained by Sister Aquinas and the pupils themselves, many of them singing solos and duets, which were all very good. Our girls were called upon to contribute something so after much persuasion, some of them did a mime act of the song "Ernie", which went down very well.

On the Saturday morning after breakfast we went out on to the pitch for a practise because we had to play the Grammar School team the Connaught champions. At the end of the first half we had managed to keep the score nil all mainly due to the wonderful support of the girls from the convent who had turned out in scores to support us. Unfortunately we lost the match.

After the match some of the girls brought us into the town where we walked around the shops and bought a few things. We then returned to lunch after which we packed our bags and went to the station, accompanied by about twenty or thirty girls who were coming to bid us farewell.

We left Sligo, happy after our short visit which had been made possible by the Sisters and pupils at the Ursuline Convent, Sligo, by Miss Correll, Mrs. O'Donoghue and Miss Jagoe and we extend our thanks to all those people for such an enjoyable time. Only two of the Diocesan 1st XI who were on that trip are in school this year, Emily Torrans and myself, and we look forward to the visit which we hope the Ursulines will make to Dublin in the near future.

Olwyn Crosse 6B.

FIRE

Bill, a local forest ranger tossed restlessly and finally he threw back the covers and climbed out of bed. He pulled on a dressing-gown and went outside. There was a cool breeze which ruffled his hair.

Suddenly in the distance he saw orange sparks flickering above the trees gleaming in the darkness. With a sudden jerk Bill turned and ran outside. He knew all too well what those sparks meant. Soon he and other men would have a full scale fire on their hands. Quickly he got the radio working and he radioed all the forest rangers in the district and then the helicopter base. Then he threw on his clothes and started off towards the disaster scene. As he sped along in the jeep he could feel the wind sweep right through him as if it was trying to hold him back.

When he arrived there were already half a

dozen or so jeeps and men were running about from place to place, shouting instructions and ideas to each other. The flames were enormous and made a noise like thunder. The wind was tearing viciously at the flames as they licked up the trees. The heat was so intense that no one could venture too close. Up above the forest a helicopter was keeping watch on how fast the fire was spreading and in which direction. Suddenly a voice called out "Grab the saws men, and start cutting". At that order each man took the end of a saw and started to cut down the parts of the trees, that did not burn, to form a barricade. These men were skilled fire fighters who knew how to handle big fires. Still the flames roared wickedly and they shone like a brilliant orange blanket. Then crash! and crash! and crash! echoed as trees came thundering to the ground. The wind was dying down very slowly but still it was blowing southwards and the hungry flames ran mercilessly on leaping and bounding at the tall silent trees.

It was not until the cold grey dawn was approaching that the flames began to die down. By this time all the men were exhausted and sweat and dust were on all their faces. The helicopter could now be heard whirring in the sky and it had reported that the fire had stopped spreading. The men thankfully sank to the ground drinking mugs of black coffee while watching the last of the fire sigh and finally die. The remains, empty and charred sent up little puffs of smoke into the air. Soon the forest returned again to its peaceful majestic self.

Pamela Williams 2D

DO I OR DO I NOT LIKE THE NEW BUILDINGS?

Do I or do I not like the new buildings? That is a hard question to answer as in some ways I like them and in others I do not.

Some types of new houses are all the same in a district, which are very uninteresting to look at. They are very uninteresting because the builder has a plan and repeats it over and over again, whereas, with the old house each road had a different sort of house. Some of the new houses I do not like because the windows come right down to the floor and are very dangerous to small children. The builder does this, because it is easier and cheaper to put in a big pane of glass than to build it up half way with bricks. Most of the new houses have central heating and some have not a fireplace. This is a disadvantage because if there was an electricity or an oil strike some people would have to do without heat.

As for office blocks and other modern public buildings, to me they look ugly because of their shape and size. Some that I have seen are very dull because of the material they are made of and the dozens of narrow windows. These are some of the reasons that I do not like new buildings.

I like some new houses because they are easily kept clean, not like the old houses which have panels and skirting boards, which collect a lot of dust and are very hard to clean. It is very comfortable to be able to walk into a house and to turn on the central heating, which heats the room in a very short time. The windows in new houses are very big which make the house bright and airy, also if it has a nice view it can be easily seen from the large windows.

The new office blocks and buildings have escalators which save a lot of time and energy. Also, they are very cosy and easy to work in, because of the central heating.

Yes, I do like the new buildings, because they are so comfortable, bright and easily run.

Avril Sloane, 1D.

A HOLIDAY IN BRITTANY

Last September I was very fortunate to be invited to visit my penfriend in France. Annick and I met on a school exchange three years ago, when she had spent three weeks with me and later on in the year I had spent three weeks with her and her family in Dinard on the north coast of Brittany.

Annick Féral lives with her mother and father, grandfather and sister, who is studying pharmacy at Rennes University. Their house is tall and impressive, and standing in a small garden, is built like all other houses in the district, out of the pale brownish granite.

Dinard, where the Féral family lives is a fairly large holiday resort with three good beaches and two swimming-pools. One of these swimming pools is really fantastic. It is an Olympic standard swimming-pool specially designed with a sliding roof which can be pulled back in warm weather. The water in the pool is actually sea water, and in fact this swimming pool is the only one in France to contain heated sea water! Other facilities are also available to the swimmer when using the pool, and these include fabulous dressing rooms, table tennis equipment and hairdryers.

I left a cool Dublin Airport on Sunday, 3rd September and after a stop at Heathrow Airport and a slight delay there I arrived at Dinard Airport in the early afternoon. I was met by Annick, her mother and her sister and it

was not long before I was back in the house I remembered so well.

After the journey I was very hungry and tired and would have liked a rest, but when I heard the Braderie was on, well! I just had to go out to see it! The Braderie is like one gigantic sale. It is an annual event held on the first Sunday in September. On that Sunday, which, everybody hopes will be fine, all the shopkeepers of Dinard and the neighbouring towns rise early and set up stalls in the streets of Dinard to display, and hopefully sell, their merchandise, whatever it may be — sweets, cakes, clothes, pictures, furniture, records, pets or hardware goods. The streets are all cordoned off and people from miles around come to Dinard in the hope of collecting some bargains. Some people are lucky others are not!

The Férals readily adopted me as a "part-time daughter" and did everything they could do to make the three weeks as enjoyable as possible for me. They put up with my fads and fancies as regards the French cooking, and encouraged me with the French language. I was also taken on many outings to visit different places of interest.

One day they took me to see the town of Dinan, which dates back to the fourteenth century or even earlier. These are many many buildings left as remnants of this age, and these offer plenty of scope for painters and photographers alike. The oldest, and nicest street in Dinan I think is the Rue du Jerzual, which is lined with beautifully kept thirteenth and fourteenth century houses. In several of these houses one can watch people working at the various occupations of the time e.g. weaving, carpentry or carving. On all the windowsills are boxes of bright flowers which add colour to the street.

Another day we visited Cap Frèhel, a famous French lighthouse, situated in a wild, desolate and very dangerous but beautiful part of the Breton countryside. The light itself is set on a table of mercury and so is not stable. Nevertheless, it produces a strong light which can be seen two miles away. During fog the light is replaced by a very powerful siren.

Le Mont St. Michel is the Seventh Wonder of the modern World. It is said to be one of the strangest, most impressive and most interesting monuments of France, consisting of a small village ringed round by the massive ramparts. The Mont is a small island linked to the mainland by a causeway and situated in a broad bay. The tides in the area are very dangerous. They go out for miles, but, as Annick told

me, they also come in faster than a galloping horse! The single street lined with souvenir shops and cafés to tempt tourists winds steeply up the side of the Mont to the Abbey of St. Benedictine at the top. If you ever get the chance to visit Mont St. Michel please remember to wear a comfortable pair of shoes! You will need them when, as I found out, there are nearly a thousand steps to climb up and down.

Naturally I saw a great deal of Dinard too, and what I particularly remember is the walk along the Esplanade. The Esplanade runs all the way round the coastline of Dinard and is very beautiful indeed. It catches the sun all day long and because of this many trees and plants, not usually found as far north as this, are grown.

On the other side of the river Rance opposite to Dinard, lies Saint-Malo. Saint Malo is a delightful old town well worth visiting. Although it was heavily bombed during World War II, the seventeenth and eighteenth century houses of silvery and brownish granite, the ramparts which completely surround the town and the old castle were so carefully restored that the city has managed to keep its medieval beauty. Saint Malo has always been associated with the sea in some way or another, and now it is major port for pleasure craft. The shops here seem to be so different from those in neighbouring towns, and this, together with the 'originality' of the town, add to the attraction of Saint Malo.

I thoroughly enjoyed my holiday in Brittany and was very sorry when my three weeks came to an end.

Gillian Jackson, 6B.

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER

The old woman clutched her woollen shawl,
As she heard the voice of the old man call,
Their children had grown, and gone their
ways,

And left them alone at the end of their
days.

She had a letter that day from May,
To say that she was on her way.

The old woman's daughter had liked to
roam,

But now she was on her way back home.

She sees the dust rise on the road,

"Oh She comes, she comes to her abode".

She runs to the gate, she watches awhile,

And on her face, there creases a smile.

The Old Woman looks away down the road,
"My child is coming, we'll not be alone".

Valerie Taylor, 6B.

JOKES GALORE

Q. What happened the woman who swallowed the spoon?

A. She couldn't stir.

Q. Why do people keep mice instead of elephants as pets?

A. Because elephants make bigger holes in the skirting board.

Pete: That's a bad puncture you have there. Did you run over a bottle?

John: Yes.

Pete: I suppose you didn't see it in time?

John: No. The man had it in his pocket.

Q. Why do Chinese teachers use bamboo canes?

A. Because when the cane goes bam the pupils go boo.

Q. How would you know there was an elephant in your fridge?

A. You'd see his footprints in the butter.

Tom: My mother told me when I was small that if I made an ugly face I would stay like that.

Dick: Well, you can't say you haven't been warned.

Mother: Susan, why did you tell your grandmother she was stupid? Go and tell her you are sorry.

Susan: Granny, I'm sorry you are stupid.

Father: My watch has stopped, it probably needs cleaning.

Son: It can't need cleaning Dad, I had it in the bath last night.

What a lovely coloured cow. It's a Jersey! Is it? I thought it was its skin.

Carole Bardon and Gillian Wright 3D

"THIS IS THE BEST AGE TO LIVE IN"

Do you agree with the title of this essay? Is this really the best age to live in? Are we leading the way to a newer and happier world or are we going to our own destruction? Most people will say that though this may not be the best age to live in, there are many advantages in it. This is true, and I am going to talk about the disadvantages and the advantages of this era.

Pollution is often talked about and debated. It is a growing disadvantage to our society. Not only the air we breathe, but our rivers, seas, and countryside are being polluted. In polluted rivers and seas, fish and marine life cannot survive, or else they hold poisonous chemicals which affect us when we eat them. Countries depending greatly on the fishing industry find that their fish supplies are running short, partly due to pollution of the waters.

Freedom is something which people all over the world are seeking. If you compare the life of a teenager of today with that of a teenager fifty years ago, the teenager of today, has much more freedom. Although — most people make good use of this freedom, there are some who take advantage of it. We hear a lot about drugs, drug-pushers and drug addicts nowadays. Drugs are becoming easy to obtain and although the very large majority of people have little to do with them there are some people who once started on drugs cannot stop taking them, and go on to become drug addicts. Drugs do not only have harmful effects, however; if taken as prescribed by a doctor they save many lives. Medicine has been improved on greatly in the past century. Drugs to cure many types of diseases have been found. Scientists are working on research to discover a real cure for Cancer.

The population explosion has been occurring over a number of years, especially in the last decade. The birth rate has risen tremendously and in countries such as China, India, and Pakistan, the countries are very much over populated. This leads to housing and food shortages. It has been speculated that the earth will be overcrowded in a few more years. For this and other reasons, men are venturing into the unknown — into space.

It has been reported that the earth is running short of mineral supplies. Almost all the world's oil supply has been drained and unless more supplies are found soon, we may have little mineral sources in years to come. For this reason, hydro-electricity and atomic energy are becoming increasingly important.

Perhaps in years to come, this era will become known as the Machine Age. Machines, play a very important part in our daily lives: hair driers, lawn mowers, cars, refrigerators, all being used in the home to make a housewife's work easier. Cranes, bulldozers, tractors are just a few of the machines used to help people in their work. They deprive many people of jobs, however, and this accounts for the rising unemployment figure. Computers are taking the place of man's brain. They can do a job which would take a man many hours, in a couple of minutes. Are machines an advantage or disadvantage to our way of living?

One great advantage of this era is the improved communication. The television, radio, telephone, telegram post are all methods of communication. The television is, perhaps the best way. Life in each corner of the world can be seen in almost every house on earth.

A few months ago, in London, a black rhin-

oceros was born at the London Zoo. It was reported that the Zoo keepers were overjoyed at this birth. This was because the black rhinoceros is one of the many animals rapidly becoming extinct, due to hunters who kill them. Will it be that in the year 2073, zoo keepers will be overjoyed when puppies and kittens are born?

Rubbish disposal is becoming exceeding difficult. Plastics are in great use today, and as they cannot be burned, it is very hard to get rid of them. Huge rubbish dumps can be seen in the countryside, spoiling the view. What can be done to dispose of rubbish?

Through cross breeding and hybridisation, have been introduced, which are more productive of the materials needed by man — new breeds of sheep produce more wool, new species of rice produce more grains in each ear — new kinds of bushes produce more colour, more perfume. Who knows what else the twentieth century will produce?

Edwina Mundy 4A

IMPRESSION OF AN OLD WOMAN'S ROOM

I felt the thick atmosphere of the room as I entered and again knew the nervous guilt which swamped me each day. I died a little each time I had to turn that buckled brass knob. I longed to turn and run away; this was an ordeal worse than torture, it was a mental interrogation — the embarrassment, guilt, heat, smell of age mingled making me nauseous. The wrinkled head turned on the pillow and her shrunken mouth twisted into a crabby grin.

"There you are, child", croaked the old woman.

The very sound of her voice was like a crying story of begging for company and love. Need and want were written all over the dull bed room. The large bed with that frail pathetic figure propped against the pillows dominated the interior. The old patchwork quilt and the tea stains which had been caused by the unsteady hands which looked like withered leaves. Sometimes they seemed like claws, pulling the conscience nearer and the pink rheumy eyes that knew for certain my faults and my secrets.

I came, as always, to tidy her room, although it would not have mattered much to her or to anyone else if it were left to Time's devices. Never changing, each object in its place, no-one to care for the faded photograph

of the woman's past. Her once lovely face, proud, happy and alive, with a single rose in her hair, she looked from the marble mantle-piece. Pieces of a bygone age cluttered the room and her faithful pendulum clock ticked ceaselessly on.

"When I wake in the morning I know I'm still alive. No, not called to rest yet. Sure, it's the only sound I ever hear", she would moan.

Rambling on about her dead brother. "He went to America. Everyone went away".

I caught sight of myself in the mirror with its gilt flakes which fell when the wind whistled down the chimney. I hated what I saw. "You will be like that," I thought. Why could I not comfort her? She talked on and I swept the floor quickly trying to get out as soon as possible, trying to avoid her accusing gaze. Often she would ask me questions so as to detain me, but I could not understand what she was saying and just smiled at her and rushed more quickly. What did it matter to me if I left her saddened in her cocoon of loneliness? I felt selfish; I was mean, but still I hurried, scattering the dust from the ancient oil lamp and the creaky writing desk, cluttered with faded, yellow, dog eared letters and ugly chipped ornaments.

But by the window there was a tall polished table and protecting it in a circular crocheted mat which someone had toiled over a long, long time ago. On the centre of it was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. It was a glass ball, small enough to be held in the palm of one's hand and perfectly cut so that it reflected every morsel of light which had the strength to enter the room and in the centre was a rainbow-coloured butterfly. It flew on angel wings and seemed to sing arrogantly "I am external".

This I dusted with care every day, always spending a long time wondering at its magic. Pure beauty is immortal even if it remains shy, in the imagination.

"Take it with you", she would say, but I could not. Nothing from that horrible room could ever leave without swamping the possessor with shame. Its effect devoured even the beautiful crystal ball. Always, as I hurried through the door she would murmur "God Bless you child".

I could see the crucifix above her bed and thought.

"Will He help me as much as He did you?"

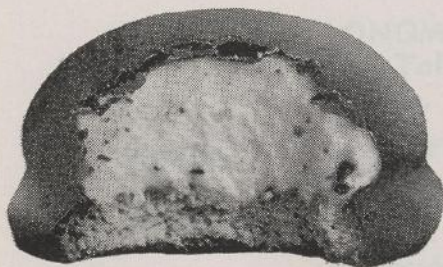
The relief surged through me as I closed the door once more, but the dull depressing ache took longer to go.

Gillian Buttimer, 6B.



Choc
Mallow

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heart for kids’



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