



THE DIOCESAN TIMES

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DIOCESAN SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

M a Latimer

1966

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With the compliments of the Editor

THE DIOCESAN TIMES

Editor : SHIRLEY RAFTER

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Committee :

CAROL CAMPBELL GILLIAN GRIMSON

HEATHER HENDERSON VALERIE TAYLOR

EDITORIAL

We have great pleasure in presenting the fifth edition of "The Diocesan Times", and hope it will prove to be as popular as last year's issue which was "sold-out" all too soon.

All half-crowns received from the girls who did not get copies were refunded. This, we hope, proves those rumours stating what was done with the money unfounded. Fifth year did not put it into the Magazine Fund, nor did they have coffee in Switzer's with it.

The days of our childhood over, sixteen of us entered Fifth Year last September i.e. entered the year of DOING. Charitable deeds, work?? Yes, they played a part, but we refer to Fifth Year's allotment of tasks.

We DO the milk (i.e. We distribute the daily half-pint to those who wish to be healthy, and collect their 4½d's.) We DO the doors (i.e. Two trusty members close and open two very cantankerous partition doors.) But our main assignment is to DO the Magazine. This entails—visiting the various classrooms at lunch-time, pleading in vain for silence, and asking hopefully, "Has anybody written anything for the Magazine?" This is the main DOING of the Magazine.

We encouraged, we threatened, we even gave them titles on which to write, and at last contributions trickled in.

We would like to thank those girls who did send something in. We appreciated your efforts, even if they did not reach the mark this year. We realise how busy Fourth and Sixth year are, but it does seem such a pity to have a school magazine with the Senior School hardly represented. This explains, we hope, the abundance of fifth year's work this year.

Finally, we take this opportunity of thanking Mrs Taylor and all parents, friends, and girls, for their co-operation in the typing of articles; and our sincere thanks are extended to Miss Scott for her interest and encouragement and to Miss Paul for her helpful advice.

MILLIE, MILLIE, MILLIGRAM

Millie, Millie, Milligram,
These words seem very queer
But if you enter the Science Lab.
They are the words you'll hear.
Millie, Millie, Milligram
Or Millie, Millimetre
We must remember Millie
But I'd really love to beat her.
Millie, Millie, Milligram
It always seems the same
For every time I hear those words
I get a dreadful pain.
All day I listen to those words,
But rarely I remember
That lovely measure of length
From September to November
But now that I've had my little say
I'll try to learn it throughout the day.

Sylvia Parminter 3b.

ROUND AND ABOUT

Each year brings new faces to Diocesan, not only among the girls but among the teachers themselves; and inevitably we lose some of our numbers.

Mrs Parker, Miss Lugton and Miss Walsh left us in the summer and Miss Dolan at Christmas. We were very sorry to see them go but we were pleased to welcome in their stead Miss Broderick, Miss Hinton, Miss Paul and Miss Hughes.

As usual during the Easter term the whole school took to playing shop, to raise money for the CMS Sale. This year's specialities were weird and wonderful lumps of unidentifiable material which were sold for 1d each. Perhaps it was owing to these that a total even higher than last year's was reached.

The "goggle-box" still provides light entertainment for Scientists with programmes which are both interesting and helpful. This year there are programmes once a fortnight on Junior Chemistry, dealing with some of the new topics on the Intermediate syllabus; these are by Cormac O Briain. Owing to the new arrangement of the time-table it is impossible to avail of the Mathematical programmes as we did last year.

Still in the Lab., we saw two excellent exhibitions organised by Miss Jagoe. First year entered a competition, and brought exhibits to illustrate "that all living things grow". These included seeds, bulbs and plants, each accompanied by a log of method taken and the various stages of growth. First prizes were obtained by Pamela Darling and Dorothy Babington in one section, and by Joy Taylor in the other.

This March we saw 2a's exhibition of Chemistry experiments and it was obvious that much hard work had gone into its preparation.

We were very pleased to receive letters from Past Pupils and we hope that you will enjoy hearing from them, as they give some very vivid accounts of their lives abroad. Also included is an extract from Miss McClements' (now Mrs D. Matthews) letter, the writer of which hails from Johannesburg.

You have heard of Y.O.C., standing for the Young Ornithologists' Club, a branch of which Miss Jagoe started last year. At present it has 36 members from all years except fifth. Lynda has composed a report of it which you may read in this magazine.

This year members of the school visited the Pelican House, of which visit we also have a report.

The introduction of a record-player to the Senior school's English classes this year was greatly enjoyed. We heard "Julius Caesar"; and poetry by Dylan Thomas, read by the author, as well as a large selection of poetry by various modern writers.

Some members from 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th year Science classes attended the "Biology Today" Conference during the Christmas holidays and found it very beneficial.

Miss Jagoe and first year went on an outing to St Stephen's Green and spent an interesting time studying its flora and fauna.

The savoury odour rising from the kitchen last March reminded us that fish was a-cooking. We congratulate June Teggins on winning first prize in the "Bord Iascaigh Mhara" Fish competition in Dublin Schools. (*Whiting section*)

Instead of the usual C.M.S. Quiz, this year, we had a very enjoyable inter-schools' debate; an account may be found in the Debating Society Report.

Last December we had our annual Carol Service, held in St Peter's Church, which was led by Canon Dowse. The choir, under Mr Watson's excellent guidance, sang some beautiful carols while other pupils read the lessons. As the service drew to a close and Canon Dowse read the Christmas gospel, all the artificial glitter and gaudiness of the season seemed to fade, and we recalled the true meaning of Christmas:— The birth of our Lord Jesus.

MRS CAIRD

AN APPRECIATION

For eleven years Mrs Caird has thrown herself wholeheartedly into the life of Diocesan School, in which she has been truly our "Figure". At the end of many a summer term, she

was to be found seated among piles of second-hand books, making up book orders, or trying to persuade reluctant owners to claim their lost property. She always knew whether the desks in the Big Room should be stacked or left standing, whether Form V should buy this text book, rather than that, and whether it was third Year's day for hockey or singing. On Prize Distribution days she would be found arranging the flowers, which she generously brought from her garden. She took a keen interest in the Hockey Club and helped in many ways.

A teacher of mathematics, Mrs Caird was no less ready to help in other departments. When ever a difficulty arose, she was sure to find some solution, even if this involved much personal inconvenience and self-sacrifice. With ability and courage she tackled the teaching of Science subjects, when the need arose, unafraid of the hard work that meant for herself outside school hours. With awe one thinks of the hours, and feats of mental gymnastics that she must have given to the making of the timetable.

Many new members of the staff have been cheered and encouraged by her friendliness, especially during their first weeks in Diocesan. She was always ready to help, unobtrusively and tactfully. We all — Miss Scott, past and present colleagues, past and present pupils — unite in wishing her much happiness in the future.

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

Committee :— Carol Campbell (secretary), Shirley Rafter (Treasurer), Hilda Smith, Lynda Cornick, Hilary Andrews.

The Debating Society has had an interesting and successful year, the climax of which was the final of the Aer Lingus Debating Competition.

We began our year with a Staff-versus-Girls Debate on the motion "The Youth of to-day has too much Freedom". Mrs Caird, Miss Richards and Mrs Valentine spoke for the motion. Needless to say, the motion was heavily defeated, owing to the presence of a large number of to-day's youth in the audience!

Our second function was a discussion on the colour bar, attended by girls from second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth years. First Miss Paul talked about the colour bar in Africa and analysed the causes of racial troubles, and Miss Hinton gave us an account of the colour bar in America. The discussion was then open to the floor and many interesting points were raised. We all agreed that we had learnt a great deal about racial problems by the time the

discussion ended.

The next Debating Society event was an Inter-Schools Debate on the motion :

"Romantic Ireland's dead and gone;
It's with O'Leary in the grave."

High School and Sandford Park took part in this debate; Hilda Smith and Carol Campbell represented Diocesan. After an amusing debate the motion was defeated.

The last debate of the Christmas term was the school's first round in the Aer Lingus Debating Competition, held on November 28th, on the motion "That Air Transport is the Most Important Factor in Ireland's Tourist Industry". Speakers for the motion were Heather Henderson, Shirley Rafter, Hilary Andrews and Irene Leckie; those against it were Elizabeth Mc Farland, Dorothy Pasley, Hilda Smith and Lynda Cornick. All the speakers put a great deal of work into their speeches and delivered them so successfully that Diocesan was one of the top two schools in the first round and went on to debate with Clongowes Wood College for the trophy. We were, however, extremely disappointed that so few people came to support our speakers in their magnificent effort.

We began the Spring term's debating with a debate between past and present pupils on the motion, "This House Deplores the Segregation of the Sexes for Educational Purposes". The past pupils were represented by Mrs Killen, Mrs Gargan, Miss June Orr and Miss Gwynneth Grace. Almost every possible point in favour of and against co-education was brought up during the debate and the discussion from the floor, and eventually the motion was carried.

Diocesan attended a debate in St Andrew's on the motion "This House Deplores the Artificiality of the Modern Girl", with Shirley Rafter and Carol Campbell representing the school.

We took part in the Church Missionary Society's Young People's Debate on the motion "Should the Church set its own House in Order before Attempting to Preach to People of Other Beliefs?" in which Heather Henderson and Shirley Rafter spoke for Diocesan and which Miss Paul chaired without notice. We especially congratulate Heather Henderson on winning the prize for the best girl speaker, and Dorothy Pasley on the winning the prize for the best impromptu girl speaker from the floor; and we are sincerely grateful to Mrs Cantan for all the advice and encouragement she gave our speakers.

On February 28th the St. Michan's and St.

Paul's Debating Competition was held on the motion "The Ideals for which the Men of 1916 Fought have been Achieved" at which Hilda Smith upheld the honour of Diocesan. The school will be represented at a debate in St Paul's College, Raheny, to be held on April 29th, on the motion "That Ireland does not Live up to her Image"; Hilary Andrews will speak for the school.

Early this school year, Diocesan was invited to join the newly formed inter-schools Debating Society, which aims to bring Dublin school debating societies into closer contact with each other. Shirley Rafter represented Diocesan on March 16th at a Symposium of the Inter-schools Debating Society; she gave a talk on the various methods of running Debating Societies in use in Dublin schools, and commented on them.

THE AER LINGUS FINAL

On the 11th March 1966 the final of the Aer Lingus Debating Competition was held in Diocesan School between Diocesan and Clongowes Wood College on the motion "That the Showing of Films on board Aircraft is not in the best Interests of Airlines". Hilda Smith, Lynda Cornick and Elizabeth McFarland, speaking for the motion, represented Diocesan. Everyone agreed that the standard of debating was extremely high. The Chairman, Dr J. F. Dempsey, even expressed the hope that some of the speakers would, one day, help to raise the standard of debating in the Dail! The Diocesan speakers spoke magnificently, but, after a vigorous and entertaining debate, Clongowes Wood College was awarded the trophy, winning by only 4%. The Diocesan girls were awarded aeroplane trips to Cork (with all accessories!) and overnight bags as their prizes.

We should like to thank the President of the Debating Society, Miss Scott, for all the encouragement she gives us, and our Chairman, Miss Paul for the great interest she takes in the society and especially for her advice concerning the speeches for the Aer Lingus Debates.

Our gratitude also goes to Mrs. O'Donoghue and all the girls who prepared teas for debating evenings, particularly the huge spread provided for the evening of the Aer Lingus final.

The Debating Committee would like to thank Miriam O'Brien for making the fine posters advertising debates.

Finally, I would like to make known to those still in ignorance that it is possible to join the Debating Society by paying the subscription of threepence per term to the Treasurer. Members are not compelled to speak at de-

bates, though we should like to see even more people willing to speak both from the platform and the floor during debates.

CAROL CAMPBELL (Secretary). ...

THE VIRGINIAN

The Virginian is a cowboy,
Of the highest of degree
As you'll find out every Friday,
In that Programme on TV.
Judge Garth it is owns Shiloh,
And Betsy is his daughter,
And she can ride a horse real well,
Just the way the Virginian taught her.

Stephen works on Shiloh too,
And George is his horse,
He likes going out with pretty girls,
And to dances too, of course;
Trampass is a cowboy too,
But with Judge has a constant battle,
For he's more interested in pretty girls
Than his work on the range with the cattle.

Randy is the newest there,
He sings and plays the guitar,
He's very good at riding too,
He's the nicest there by far.
A girl was staying at Shiloh once,
Who didn't quite make the pace,
Until as Randy said himself,
"I put her in her place".

The date is the 1880's,
Wyoming is the state,
I hope you'll agree from what I've said
The Virginian is really great!
That's about all I have to say,
For very little remains,
The horses are safely in the corral
And the cattle are on the range.

— Pat Killeen (1st year A)

LIBRARY REPORT

Committee : — Miss Richards, Mary Kenny,
Linda Dunlop, Eva Nelson

This term we have started to catalogue the Library and we have expanded the Reference Library. We thank Miss Jagoe for "The Story of Madame Curie" by Alice Thorne and copies of "The Canadian Geographical Journal". A Science Dictionary and "The Great Hunger" by Cecil Woodham-Smith are also among recent additions. The Library is open every afternoon at 3.30 and we hope that all girls will partake of the facilities available.

MARY KENNY

Y.O.C.

The Young Ornithologists' Club is flourishing at the moment in Diocesan. The Club is the Junior Branch of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. In December, 1965, we formed a group and each person wishing to be a member had to pay 2/6. We then got yellow associate membership cards on which we filled in our address. Some of us have badges which cost 2/6 each. The group receives copies of "Bird Life", the club's quarterly magazine and many leaflets which are distributed among the members. We have been sent arm badges to sew on to our anoraks.

You may wonder and say, "What does the Royal Society do with the half-crowns?" The money is not very much but it goes towards the protection of birds in the British Isles. The club has many activities. It tries to stop the wholesale killing of birds just for some blood thirsty men's enjoyment. It buys land to which migrants come to make bird sanctuaries. Sea-birds need protection against floating oil. The bird's feathers become coated and stuck together. They cannot fly or swim when this happens. These birds are washed up on the beaches in a terrible state. Only experts are able to remove the waste oil without taking the natural oils out too. The Society for the Protection of Birds has done much to lessen this menace.

In parts of America birds have died out completely owing to use of insecticides. The Royal Society and others have joined in efforts to prevent this happening in the United Kingdom and succeeded in having the use of certain poisons prohibited by law.

By joining the club we join with thousands of boys and girls of all ages from ten to eighteen living all over the British Isles. Some of these young people are fortunate enough to meet and enjoy bird watching holidays in Britain and Europe.

There are also people in England, Scotland and Wales, who have volunteered to take girls and boys out bird watching. There are not many groups in Ireland yet to do this, so we hope to learn what we can by watching the wildfowl at the Zoo, the swans on the canal and the ducks in St Stephen's Green. We have other plans, also for activities in summer.

We, the club, try to do our best for birds. So, in winter we put scraps of food and some water on a bird table or another safe place. Then we can see what variety of birds come to feed. You would be very surprised to find how many different varieties of birds cluster around YOUR

table especially in severe weather. One word of warning though, if you want to have a bird table, make sure it is very tall and if possible have a steel post as cats can climb up a wooden pole and easily kill the birds.

If we do not try to protect the birds in 'hard times' a great many of the smaller weaker types would become rare, or worse still, extinct.

We have a Y.O.C. meeting once a month. At the first meeting we decided on plans and elected a committee to handle the affairs of the branch. At the second meeting we had tea and then listened to Miss Good's bird song records. We also started a scrap book, kindly given to us by Miss Good, for paper cuttings about birds. Members, when they find anything interesting in newspapers or magazines, cut it out for sticking into the scrap book. At the third Y.O.C. meeting we looked at a film about British wildfowl. This film, which was kindly lent to us by the British Embassy, was made at the Severn Wildfowl Trust and shows Peter Scott at work. At the next meeting we were shown beautiful slides of birds which had been taken by Miss Williams of Alexandra College. We hope to show more films and slides in the future and members are free to offer suggestions for activities at their meetings. We have been invited to the National History Museum and we hope soon to have a meeting there.

We all hope our branch of the Y.O.C. will continue to grow and prosper in the future.

LYNDA LARGE

MUSIC REPORT

The number of girls taking music is still on the increase, and there is a continuous stream of pupils in and out of the music room, most of the day.

At the Senior Prize Distribution, held in December, 1965, Dorothy Pasley played a piano solo, and also the march. Linda Williams and Marie Michie played a duet by Sullivan. At the Junior Prize Distribution, Helen Rath played the march; Dorothy Babington and Daphne Singleton played piano solos.

All the girls who entered for the examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music were successful, thanks to the generous and hard work of their teacher, Miss O. Haughton. The results are as follows:

GRADE I:

J. Hamilton, Pass; H. Preston, Merit; M. Gutkin, Pass; L. Williams, Distinction; E. Morrow, Pass; H. Jackson, Pass; C. Kent, Pass; G. Drake, Pass.

GRADE II:

D. Lindsay, Pass; O. Morrow, Pass.

GRADE III:

D. Reid, Pass; M. Michie, Pass; D. Pasley, Pass.

GRADE V:

V. Michie, Pass.

We would like to see more girls playing at prayers; it is not as bad as it may seem.

HENDRIKJE KLAASEN
GILLIAN COPELAND

PATRIA

I never want to wander far
From Erin's rocky shore,
For I'm content to tarry here
And roam about no more.

Erin's a green and pleasant land
For every eye to see;
Its beauty-spots and lakeside charm
Mean all the world to me.

I thank Thee, God, for this fair land,
Please bless each Irish door;
So never need the Irish seek
For work past Erin's shore.

C. STOPFORD. 4C.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE RESULTS OF PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS

16 girls entered for the Leaving Certificate Examination, of whom 3 obtained honours and nine passed.

Honours were obtained in Irish (77%), English, Geography, French, Domestic Science, Art, History.

In the Intermediate Certificate Examination there were two divisions. In the A Division 29 entered, 12 gained Honours — 17 passed.

In the B. Division 21 entered — 17 passed.

Honours were obtained in Irish (76%) English, French, History and Geography, Mathematics, Science, Domestic Science and Drawing.

In the Religious Knowledge Examination — Church of Ireland, 174 entered 153 passed of whom 90 gained prizes.

Catriona Kelly gained first prize in First Year and so got a silver medal and one guinea.

Presbyterian Church, 15 entered, 13 passed of whom 11 gained prizes. Elizabeth McFarland gained first place in Fifth Year.

Methodist Church 7 entered, 7 passed of whom 5 gained prizes.

The Choir Examination held by the Department of Education —

Three part choir 91%

Two part choir A 88%

Two part choir C 89%

Two part choir B 86%

Two part choir 88%

Cookery—In the Cookery Test held by the Dublin Consumers' and Alliance Gas Company the following gained prizes:

Lindsay Robson, Sylvia Tallon, Sandra James, Ruth McCann, Joan Keppler, Helen Slater, Barbara Walsh, Charmaine Fleetwood, Dorothy Lindsay, Cherry Malcolm, Jean McLaren and Deirdre Campion in 3rd Year, and in 4th Year, Janice Warren, Jane Burrowes, Dorothy Reid, Carol Connolly, Barbara Leach and Sandra Aver.

Matriculation Examination — In the Matriculation Examination to T.C.D. Jennifer Armstrong won a Scholarship of £75 per annum for two years. Jennifer stayed in school for the year after Leaving Certificate and under the tuition of some members of the staff worked for this Examination. This is the first time that we have entered girls for an examination at this level and by this success we feel that our school work is of as high a standard as any other school.

Results of School Scholarships and Special Prizes — Scholarship given by the Committee of Diocesan Girls School to the girl who gained the highest aggregate marks in the Intermediate Certificate Examination. Its value is £18 per annum for two years. The successful candidate must promise to remain in school for the Leaving Certificate Examination. This year it is awarded to Carol Campbell. **The Past Pupils Association Scholarship** value £15 for one year is awarded to the girl who obtains the second highest aggregate marks in the Intermediate Certificate Examination. This year two girls had the same aggregate. The Past Pupils Association gave to the school £30 so that both girls would benefit by this Scholarship. The winners are Sheelagh Mahon and Janet Grace. This is yet another example of the wonderful generosity of the Past Pupils' Association to the school and another sign of their deep interest in the present pupils of the school.

The Diocesan School Scholarships awarded on the result of the summer examinations.

5th Year — Rosemary McKiernan — value £10 for one year.

2nd Year — Elizabeth Elliott — value £6 for one year.

The Evelyn Riley Memorial Scholarship — value £9 awarded on the result of the summer examination in 2nd Year — awarded to Barbara Walsh.

The Etheline Brady Scholarship value £6 awarded on the result of summer examinations in 1st Year — awarded to Catriona Kelly.

The Special Foster Prize awarded to the girl who has been most helpful during the year. This year the prize was awarded to two girls Valerie Taylor and Gillian Copeland.

The Foster Prize for Mathematics in Intermediate Year awarded to Sheelagh Mahon.

Prizes for Domestic Science presented by Dr Anderson were awarded in the Leaving Certificate class to Hazel Coulson and in the Intermediate Certificate class to Sheelagh Mahon.

The Emily Latimer Memorial Prize for English Literature awarded to Christine Fox.

The Jellet Memorial Prize for Irish awarded to Catriona Kelly.

The Gymnastic Prize presented by Mr R. G. Price awarded to Valerie Edmunds.

Special Geography Prize presented by Miss M. A. Latimer awarded to (Leaving Certificate) Pamela Pigott and (Intermediate Certificate) Shirley Rafter.

The McNay Prize for English Literature awarded on the results of the Summer Examinations in Middle School. 3A Barbara Walsh, 3B Vivien Moffitt, 2A Siobhan Kelly.

The Casserley Memorial Prizes — Leaving Certificate English — Hazel Griffin. Intermediate Certificate, English — Ann Edwards.

Prizes for Science-Intermediate Certificate — Carol Campbell.

Prize for Mathematics — Leaving Certificate — Hazel Griffin.

Prize for Science — Leaving Certificate Examination — Hazel Griffin.

In Fifth Class, prizes were offered for the best Irish essay, the best English essay and the best French essay.

Prize for best Irish essay awarded to Hilda Smith.

Prize for best English essay awarded to Ann Ingram.

Prize for best French essay awarded to Ann Ingram.

Entrance Scholarships — Anne Rumney Sandford National School,

Carol Jenkins — Rathgar National School.

Juliette Ensor — Sandford National School.

Adeline Gordon — Rathgar National School.

Ralph Macklin Scholarship — Susan Moore, St Colomba's, North Strand. Miss McClements, a former member of the Staff has given a prize

of two guineas for the best poem in the school magazine and this is awarded to Sheelagh Patterson.

A prize of two guineas for the best prose article is awarded to Dorothy Pasley. The donor of this prize wishes to remain anonymous.

A special prize of one guinea is given to Carol Walton, Carol's poem and prose were so good that this special prize was awarded to her.

PHILANTHROPIC REPORT

At the Y.P.U. Sale of Work Diocesan School realized £45-0-0. We sent to the Country Air Association £19. We sent to the Life Boat £56-11-7. The Dr Barnardo's Christmas Tree Fund £37-3-3. The contribution to the Universities Mission to Central Africa £14 1 11. The Juniors collected Ship Half-pennies and sent to the Mission to Seamen 16/10.

From our Carol Service to Freedom from Hunger Campaign £5-5-0.

Miss Carr's Home £10.

F.I.G.

There have been two meetings of the Fellowship of International Goodwill. At the first Dr. Boland, former President of the United Nations and present Chancellor of Trinity College, Dublin, gave a lecture on the United Nations. A large number of girls attended from Diocesan and found it very interesting.

We were sorry that owing to debates and flu, we were unable to attend the second meeting. Mr J. M. Barron spoke about Malaya.

We hope that more will join our society, as it provides us with an opportunity to hear about current affairs from experts.

Miss Richards has been appointed President of the Fellowship of International Goodwill.

SHEELAGH MAHON, 5th Yr.

HE WHO FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY, LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY

Being an inquisitive young man, I ambled away from the crowds entering the bull fighting arena, and, also being slightly short-sighted, I failed to notice a sign which read, "Matadors only". Calmly I strolled along the passage, not paying much attention to the brightly clad figures which occasionally passed me.

There was a small ray of light at the end of the passage and I made my way towards it. However, my destination was never reached. On passing an open door on my left, a small fat man rushed out and grabbed my arm. He shouted something at me in Spanish, nothing of

which I understood, and proceeded to drag me back into the room with him. Before I could get a word in, this ever-talking little man had dressed me up in a matador's clothing, complete with red cloak and sword. By now it had dawned on me that this was a case of mistaken identity, but it was useless to try and explain my position to this little man, who was already half-dragging, half-carrying me into the arena: and suddenly there I was, standing alone with the thousands of people cheering me. This would put Uncle Henry in his place. I thought slyly, referring to my illustrious relative who never considered me to be worth much.

My hour of triumph did not last long, however, and I was brought back to earth again by the sight of a huge black bull which had been let out into the ring opposite me. It began to paw the earth slowly, bending its head downwards at the same time, and it looked at me out of which seemed to be two balls of fire. I started back, not daring to move:— and then it charged, the crowd cheered, and I ran in the opposite direction! Never had I set such a pace in all my life, and I was out of that ring before either the bull or the spectators missed me.

— ROBIN BEARD 5th Year.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

We should like to congratulate the following people on their engagements :—

Miss Elizabeth Hallinan and Mr. Robert Curtis.

Miss Vivien Lee and Mr. Stanley Waterman.
Miss Anne Vincent and Mr. Fred Gray.

Congratulations also to the following on their marriage :—

Miss Elizabeth Jordan and Mr. Raymond Cantan.

Miss Jacqueline Dolan and Mr. Edmond Ryan.

Miss Estella McClements and Mr. D. Matthews.

Miss Marilyn Price and Mr. William Higgin.

Miss Janet Kane and Mr. Trevor Smith.

Miss Gwendolyn Smith and Mr. Richard Barrett.

Miss Joan Shaw and Mr. Jonathan Bewley.

Miss Edith Ruth Rowe and Mr. E. C. H. McCullough.

Miss Sallie Davis and Mr. Nigel Orr.

Miss Rosemary Harrison and Mr. James Rigbee.

Miss Jane Harrison and Mr. Robert Kilroy.

Congratulations to the following :—

To Dorothy (née Skerrett) and William Parker, a daughter (Natalie Anne).

To Linda (née Watson) and John White, a son.

To Valerie (née Watson) and Anthony White, a daughter.

To Sonya (née Lee) and Maurice Atkins, a daughter.

To Anne (née Hobson) and Les Sutton, a son.

To Elizabeth (née Shaw) and George Markham, a daughter, (Julie Wendy).

To Beryl (née Wynne) and Dermot Ashmore, a son (Christopher Lawrence Robert).

To Barbara (née Ewart) and Stanley Paine, a daughter, (Tanya Skye).

To Jennifer (née Lush) and Barry Message, a son.

To Betty (née Maude) and George Corrigan, a daughter (Faith Maude).

To Grace (née Large) and Alan Cox, a son (Peter).

To Pat (née Johnson) and David Langrish, a daughter (Jill).

To Hazel (née Macnamara) and Peter Rhys Thomas, a son.

To Margaret (née Roe) and Henry Kennedy, a son.

THE "BIOLOGY TODAY" CONFERENCE

"It will be opened by the Minister for Education," I suddenly heard Miss Jagoe saying. I began to listen intently then because I had very strong feelings towards him especially since he increased the number of hours we have to spend in school. Soon I gathered that we were being told about a Biology Conference to be held in the U.C.D. Science buildings. It sounded interesting and I was anxious to see the new buildings which I had heard were very large. Another advantage was that teachers were not allowed to go. I nudged my friends beside me and we decided to go even though it would be during the school holidays.

On the 20th December, four of us met at the corner of Greenfield road and walked, slightly apprehensively, to the Conference. Once inside the building we had no idea where to go so we just followed the people in front of us. At last we found our seats in Theatre A, where the lectures were to be held, and looked around at the other boys and girls. The number of people there whom we knew was surprising.

Eventually, Mr Colley opened the Conference. He told us we must be very interested in Biology or we would not give up two days of our holidays to attend the Conference. We did

not altogether agree with him because we had gone partly out of curiosity but we went home interested in Biology. At last, after making a remark in Irish which we did not understand, he introduced us to our first speaker who was Dr Goodhue, a lecturer in Zoology in TCD. He spoke to us about the ways of insects and he showed us some coloured slides. It was very interesting and we enjoyed it. Then we were given time to write down any questions we wanted to ask and hand them to the stewards.

Our next lecture was given by Dr. R. D. Lee who is a lecturer in Veterinary Pathology in U.C.D. He talked to us about animal diseases and how they affect the animals. The diseases he talked about were those common in places such as Africa — the tsetse fly seemed to be the worst problem there. Dr Lee also showed us slides of animals before and after they had got the diseases. After that we were shown a Shell film entitled "The Rival World". This, showed us how some insects are a trouble to Man and how they give him diseases such as malaria, sleeping sickness and elephantiasis and it made a much deeper impression on us than being told about it in school. We were also shown enormous swarms of locusts, how they destroyed crops and how men are striving to get rid of them. After seeing this film our conclusions were that there are many advantages in living in Ireland.

Dr. Goodhue and Dr. Lee answered some of the Questions submitted and then we went for lunch. We had to queue for about forty minutes for it and it was not nearly as satisfying as home cooking. We found a little shop which sold everything from sweets to hair lacquer. We bought sweets and then decided to return to the theatre. We had some trouble finding our way but in the end we arrived back and soon everyone was ready for the next lecture.

The lecture was by the Rev. Dr. Nolan and it was about the biology of learning. We did not find this as interesting as the other lectures. We had a film on the same subject which we enjoyed very much. It was about a school of deaf children who were being taught to speak. After that we had a lecture on the learning and training of mammals and Man by Mr. Leo Baker. He had some very interesting and amusing slides, some of which, if stared at, changed their appearances. He also showed us animals being trained by unusual methods to see how quickly they responded.

The following day we arrived feeling much less apprehensive. Our first lecture was about the history and biology of Irish bogs. Professor

W. Watts also showed us slides of bogs in Ireland and I am sure our Geography will benefit from it. Then we had a Bord na Mona film which brought us around Ireland and showed us many Bord na Mona machines working. Then we had a lecture about repairing the damage and we heard what will happen when all the turf is removed. We also saw some slides of weather stations. Mr. O'Hare, the lecturer, was from Pentland Experimental Station. When Professor Watts and Mr O'Hare had answered questions we went for lunch. We managed to get ours after about ten minutes and so we had plenty of time to wander around afterwards and to look at the books on the book-stall.

At two o'clock Dr. Keith Jones began his lecture on the growth of genetics. It was to mark the centenary of the publication of Gregor Mendel's studies on heredity. Mr. Raymond R. Guest, the American Ambassador, was to have been our next and last lecturer and we were disappointed when we were told that he had been unable to come. The Consul took his place; he lectured us but also introduced a film on the medical aspects of the American Space Research Programme. It was very appropriate because of the success of Gemini 6 and Gemini 7. It was a marvellous film and much of it was showing us the training of men and monkeys before they are ready to go into space. When the film was over there was a ten-minute conclusion and then we went home. We were very glad we had attended the Conference as it had been interesting and we had learnt a great deal. We resolved to go again next year.

DELMA GRIFFIN and ANN COGHLAN. 3A

THE INVITATION

Once upon a time three little fairies lived under a mushroom at the end of our garden. The three fairies were crying because they were invited to a party and could not go. The reason was that they had no pretty dresses to wear.

The fairies went into the field at the back of the garden. They searched up and down looking for petals and daisy leaves. When I saw them crying I asked what was the matter. They told me all about the invitation and the dresses so I said I would help them.

It was dark when I went to bed and I was sleepy. Next morning the sun was shining brightly. I had my breakfast and went into the garden. The roses and the yellow marigolds were out. I picked some red and yellow petals off the rose bush and some yellow ones

off the marigolds. Then I brought the petals to the fairies. They were so happy that they could go to the party after all.

I never saw them again.

CAROL WHITTAKER. Age 11. Remove.

AUTUMN

The Autumn leaves — red, orange and gold,
The wind, the rain, the bitter cold;
The smoke that blows across the sky,
Are surely signs that winter's nigh.

SPRING

The melting snow, the budding tree,
A daffodil for all to see,
A young bird sings with loud notes clear,
The soft rain falls and Spring is near.

IRIS STEWART. 4A.

DIOCESAN POETS

SCHOOL RULES

And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more.

CARROLL

DEBATING

Every argument has two sides — yours and
that idiot's.

ANON.

MRS. CAIRD

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance.
SHAKESPEARE

SIXTH YEAR

Our backs is easy ris.

DICKENS

GIRL OUTSIDE OFFICE

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
What a panic's in thy breastie!

BURNS

MRS PARKER

Reader, I married him.

C. BRONTE

BACK ROW OF FIFTH

History is bunk.

FORD

IRENE LECKIE

Curtsy while you're thinking what to say.

CARROLL

ANN BREW

I only know two sorts of boys. Mealy boys
and beef-faced boys.

DICKENS

SCIENCE TV

There passed a weary time.

COLERIDGE

MRS CAIRD

If it was so, it might be; and if it were
so, it would be: but as it isn't, it ain't.
That's logic.

CARROLL

MARGARET SARSTEINER

You great big wonderful sports girl!

BETJEMAN

FIRST YEAR

Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well.

GILBERT

MISS SCOTT

Oh, so light a foot,
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint!
SHAKESPEARE

HISTORY CLASS

Always scribble, scribble, scribble!
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

PREFECTS

Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.

BYRON

FIFTH YEAR

All we ask is to be left alone.

DAVIS

DOMESTIC

What if the mixture do not work at all?
SHAKESPEARE

PUNISHMENT FOR VANDALISM

Something lingering with boiling oil in
it, I fancy.

GILBERT

FROM FARM TO CUSTOMER

An account of the processing of milk
(Jackie Mahon was the only Diocesan entrant for the Young Scientists' Exhibition held during the Christmas holidays at the R.D.S.)

The milk is brought to the dairy in 11 gallon churns on a lorry from the farms. When the lorry reaches the dairy it comes alongside a

platform. Each churn is put on the platform and travels along the platform to be weighed. There are two tanks side by side. Each churn is upturned by a small machine and the milk inside goes into one of the tanks. When this tank is full the tipping machine moves to the other tank, while the milk in the former tank is weighed, and the tipping machine moves back to the first tank, and so the process continues.

The milk is pumped through stainless steel piping to the raw milk storage tank, from which it is sent to the pasteurising plant.

First the milk passes into the balance. There is a float in the balance tank which will not allow the milk to go beyond a certain level in the tank (and consequently overflow the pasteurising plant). When the level of the milk rises the float rises with it, and when the milk reaches the level of the piping leading to the pasteurising plant, the float blocks the passage and stops the flow of milk to the plant. As soon as the level has gone down a little and the float with it, the milk can once again be allowed to flow freely. This balance tank is so called because it helps to keep a balance on the flow of milk from the raw milk storage tank to the pasteuriser.

There is a milk pump close to the pasteurising plant, connected to the pipes through which the milk passes; this pump continually pumps milk to the pasteurising plant and helps to keep a steady flow of milk passing to the pasteuriser. Just above this pump there is a flow control valve which, as is obvious from its name, controls the flow of milk to the plant.

The milk flows through the regeneration section of the pasteuriser now. Next it passes through the filter where all invisible dirt is removed, and from here it passes to the heating section, where it is held at a temperature of 163 deg. for 15 seconds. After this it passes through the cold water and chilled water cooling section, when it is cooled to 40 deg. It is then sent to the pasteurised milk storage tank.

The sterilised bottles travel to the circular filling machine. As the machine moves around the bottles are being filled with milk, and usually by the time the machine has revolved once the bottles have been filled. When they are full they pass on to a small machine which puts a cap on each bottle, whilst another machine tightens the cap. The bottles are then sent away in crates to be delivered to the consumers.

From June to December, 1965, I thought of milk, I visited Hughes Bros., Hazelbrook Dairy, I tested milk. I took photographs of milk churns, I made models of milk storage tanks, and pasteurising plants. I felt I would dream and drink milk! And all because of the Young Scientists' Exhibition in January, 1966. I had promised to be a Young Scientist, and enter an exhibit, along with 300 other young people from all Eire schools, and so many afternoons off I went to seek the help and instruction of Mr Quish, or to town to buy another map, or aluminium foil. Did you ever make a model of a pasteurising plant with iced lolly sticks? Well, if you did, you know it takes a great deal of patience.

After months of work, I was almost ready for the great day. The day before I was to set up my exhibit I paid a visit to Hughes Bros. to collect some apparatus (glass tubes etc.) for the tests I was to display. On the morning of January 4th, I arrived with Miss Jagoe at the R.D.S. not knowing anyone else. I was supplied with a catalogue and a badge on which was printed "Competitor". I began to feel a little important, but this did not last for long when I saw some of the exhibits which were being set up. I made friends with a girl from Drogheda, and so Miss Jagoe, my newly-made friend and I set up my exhibit. Next morning I arrived once again at the R.D.S. for the final judging; the preliminary judging had taken place in private the day before. Having sat by my exhibit for some time, feeling somewhat nervous, a judge came to me and asked me a few questions.

When this ordeal was over, I sat and watched the judges question other competitors, and had a look at some of the exhibits. When the judging was over the judges had to decide on the prizewinners, and all the competitors were free to go home for lunch. At 3.0 pm that afternoon the Minister of Education, Mr Colley, and a representative from Aer Lingus opened the Exhibition to the public, and finally the prizewinners were announced. I was not among the prizewinners; however, this did not dishearten me. On that afternoon and on the Thursday evening and on Friday morning I visited the Exhibition and viewed the other exhibits. Although I spent much time at the R.D.S. I did not really have enough time there to see everything, but what I did see impressed me greatly and even made me feel my exhibit was a little inferior. On Saturday morning Miss Jagoe and I once again visited the R.D.S. and removed my exhibit. It was all over! Or so it seemed, until one morning a few weeks later,

I arrived at school to find some correspondence from Aer Lingus waiting for me. It was a certificate stating that I had taken part in the Exhibition and reached a satisfactory standard, and this was my prize for being a Young Scientist.

JACKIE MAHON 4A

FAIRYLAND

One night I went to Fairyland,
I had a pleasant time;
The fairies lined the village streets,
And made the church-bells chime.

They gave me cakes and things to eat,
And made me feel at home;
They told me I was welcome there
And I should never roam.

And as they danced the moon came out,
And made their dresses gleam,
Then suddenly I woke to find,
Alas! it was a dream!

JEAN HOSFORD — AGE 11.

A VISIT TO PELICAN HOUSE

On Tuesday, 8th February, the Fourth Year Science class went with Miss Jagoe to be shown around Pelican House (which is named after the pelican because, if necessary, the mother pelican will feed her young with her own blood).

We were shown into the waiting room by the Sister who then left us and went to get the doctor who was going to tell us something of the history of blood donation and of Pelican House. She returned with Dr Wilkinson and after she had introduced him to us he spoke to us for about half an hour. He told us that the first transfusion was made on an early Pope; this was before the existence of different blood groups was discovered and the method of transfusing the blood was very crude, with the result that both the Pope, and the two young boys that gave the blood died; then he explained briefly about the importance of transfusion in modern surgery, and how often a life is saved.

When he had finished speaking to us on the history of Pelican House, Dr Wilkinson took us to another room where we were shown the forms which must be filled in before anyone can become a blood donor, and a young nurse gave some of us a simple blood test.

In this room there was a fish tank with tiny fish darting about in it. This, we were told, is to calm the donors' nerves while they are waiting to "give a pint"!

We were then brought into a very large room where the blood is taken. It was very like a large hospital ward with beds all along the walls and down the centre. This room was so hot that some of us began to feel odd, so the large electric fans were turned on and we soon felt much better.

Dr Wilkinson showed us some of the modern equipment used in blood donation. It was all made of plastic and the bottle was collapsible so that no air bubbles are left in the blood which could cause severe damage if allowed to enter the bloodstream. To demonstrate how the arm is numbed for this simple operation the doctor gave himself the injection in the back of his hand. A small bump appeared on the spot, in which, Dr. Wilkinson said, there was absolutely no feeling. This, however, disappeared in a short time and by the time we left his hand would have felt quite normal again.

Next we were taken to the Serology laboratory, just one of the many, various laboratories in Pelican House. Here we were shown simple ways of classifying the blood into groups A, B, AB, or O. We watched as the blood-cells clumped together on sterile white plates. We compared the benches and tall padded chairs of the laboratory with the hard stools of our school laboratory, but decided that perhaps, for school, the padded chairs would not be such a good idea, as they would take up too much space!

Afterwards we were given tea, coffee, lemonade or milk with cakes and biscuits before we went home — some determined to become blood donors. Perhaps we may have a future laboratory technologist in our midst!

ROSEMARY BALMER, 4B

A DAY IN BED

(a fictitious story)

When I woke up on Friday morning it was to feel someone shaking me, and to hear a voice say.

"It's a quarter to eight, you know: you'd better hurry". I looked up. My sister was bending over me.

"What?" I asked sleepily, "What time did you say it was?"

"A quarter to eight. You should have been up a quarter of an hour ago".

"Why on earth didn't you wake me before?" I asked.

"Well, how should I know you were still asleep? You're usually the early bird around here". With that she left me and went downstairs to get her breakfast.

I got out of bed and opened the shutters. It was pouring rain.

"What a horrible day! I wish I could stay in bed. Then I needn't go to school or do anything". Suddenly an idea struck me. I jumped back into bed and shut my eyes.

A while later, when I should have been leaving for school, Mummy came up to see why I was taking so long to dress. When she saw that I was still in bed she came over to me.

"What's wrong?" she asked. "Are you sick?"

"I don't feel very well" I replied, trying to look as doleful as I could. "I've a bad headache, and . . . and my stomach feels awful". Mummy felt my forehead to see if it was hot.

"You haven't a temperature, anyway" she said "but stay in bed today, and if you're still not well tomorrow I'll call the doctor. Be careful of yourself . . . I'd better not give you anything to eat until your stomach is better."

"Oh, give me a little bit to eat — I'm not THAT sick", I said, feeling rather alarmed. It is all very well to stay in bed when you are perfectly well, but to have nothing to eat is a different matter. However, Mummy was firm.

"I don't think it's wise to eat if your stomach is upset" she said, and with that she left me.

When she went away I did not know what to do. I was feeling too lively to curl up and go back to sleep, so I started to read a book. Soon I was so engrossed in the story that I forgot everything else until I had finished the book, two hours later. I had a headache from reading too much, so I lay down and closed my eyes. I think I must have dozed off, for when I woke up I heard the clock strike twelve.

I was by then ravenously hungry, and as I knew that I would get no dinner, I decided to creep down to the kitchen and steal some food. I knew that I was taking a risk, as Mummy would be starting to prepare the dinner, but I put on my slippers and crept down the stairs. There was nobody in the hall. I crept down the passage to the kitchen. Then I heard firm footsteps crossing the hall. I dashed into the kitchen, and hid under the table, just before Mummy came in. Luckily, she did not see me, but she started working at the table, scraping and chopping carrots for the dinner. I was still underneath, shivering with cold, for the pyjamas which I wore were made of thin material. Just then the phone rang, and Mummy left the kitchen to answer it. I hopped out from under the table. I ran over to where the bread was kept and took six slices of "cut pan". Then I took some chocolate bis-

cuits out of the biscuit tin. Carrying these in my hand, I stealthily crept up the passage. Mummy was still talking on the phone, which was kept in a room adjoining the hall. I crept across the hall and scuttled up the stairs, and panting, I jumped into bed with my "dinner".

I was just tucking into a slice of bread when Mummy came up to see how I was. I quickly hid the food under my pillow, brushed the crumbs off my sheet, lay down and looked pathetic. Mummy was sorry for me and I regretted having tricked her.

"You don't look well" she said, "Would you like an orange drink?"

"No, thank you," I said, "I'm all right, but I still have a headache" — which was true.

"Well" Mummy said, "I'm sorry I can't stay longer, but I have to make your Daddy's dinner", and off she went. I immediately lifted up my pillow and pulled out the food. Some of the chocolate from the chocolate biscuits had melted and made a mess of the bottom of my pillow-case, so I decided to eat the chocolate biscuits first and keep the bread till later.

I spent several hours doing complicated jigsaw puzzles and playing with the things Mummy had brought upstairs for me. Every now and then I would look outside. It had cleared up and the sun was shining brightly.

At about three o'clock my little brother David, who was just home from school, came to see me.

"Hullo" he said "I'm sorry you're sick because Mummy's going to take us all to see a funny play, and now you'll miss it!"

"You're joking!" I said.

"I'm not. Mummy kept it as a surprise until today, and today is the last time it's on!"

"I think she's mean, taking you all out when I'm sick," I said.

"You don't look very sick to me. I wouldn't be surprised if you're only pretending!" David said, jokingly, and ran away. I tried not to think of what I was missing and read a magazine, but worse was to come. My sister came up to see me after school.

"I'm glad I didn't miss school!" she said, "We had great fun today. Fifth Year gave a performance before the whole school. It was called "Flip or Flop", and there was a group who sang a song about fringes. Everyone was just 'in fits'." And away she went to tell Mummy all about it.

"Everything's going against me!" I thought, but it was too late to wish I had gone to school, and I tried not to look concerned and I went on reading the magazine. Afterwards I did a crossword puzzle. At about six o'clock Mummy

came up with two slices of thinly buttered bread on a plate.

"I've brought you some bread", she said; "I didn't think you were well enough for the fish and chips they're having downstairs."

"That's mean, Mummy, to have fish and chips when I can't have them — anyway, I'm not that sick!" I cried.

"I know, but you aren't really well yet, and fish and chips are highly indigestible," said Mummy, and left me.

Later, they all got into the car and drove off to see the play, leaving me and my eldest brother to mind the house. He came up to see me.

"It's a pity you aren't well" he said, "it was such a lovely day — the first nice day we've had for ages."

After he had gone I read a book and thought how horrid everything was for me. At length, tired and unhappy, I fell asleep, having learnt a bitter lesson.

"Never spend a day in bed unless you have to."

C. KELLY—Age 12.

FOOLISH

There was a young girl from this school
Who insisted on breaking the rule;

When told, "Use a clip,"

Gave her hair a quick flip,

Broke her neck — now was *she* not a fool?

ROSEMARY BALMER, 4B.

MY LITTLE SISTER

My sister Glynis is three years old. She is the greatest little terror that ever lived on earth and she is always up to mischief. She would eat anything from a cinder to a worm.

One day while mummy was painting the kitchen table the phone rang and mummy went to answer it; while mummy was on the phone Glynis came into the kitchen and started painting the walls. By the time mummy came off the phone Glynis was sitting on the floor with the tin of paint on her head and she was painting the walls. Such a job we had getting the paint off her, I'll never forget it.

Even though she is bold we all love her very much and we would not be without her for anything in the world.

GILLIAN DAWSON (1st Year)

THE SEASONS AT THE SEASIDE

Each morn, as I look out to sea,
A different view appears to me,
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
A nicer scene to me might bring.

In Summer I see the children play,
Paddling, digging, all so gay,
Their laughter on a summer's day,
Rings out so clear over the bay.

In Autumn, I at my window stand
And gaze across the rippled strand,
The horses cantering over the sand,
Are held on the rein by a steady hand.

In Winter the waves so white with spray,
Lash over the rocks on a windy day,
The yachts bob all around the bay,

The sails billow out, their colours so gay.
In Spring I love to wander the shore,
Looking for shells and many things more,
Seagulls in the blue skies soar,
Above the breakers' noisy roar.

DAPHNE HUGHES. Age 11 (1st Year 2)

PAST PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President : Mrs. V. Large.

Vice President : Mrs. I. White.

Hon. Treasurer : Miss D. Kerr.

Hon. Secretary : Miss M. Edison.

Committee : Miss J. Scott, Mrs. S. Colin,
Mrs. C. Taylor, Miss E. Drought, Mrs. M. Gargan.

The Past Pupils' Association opened their season last September with a very successful "get together" in the Montrose Hotel. In November we had our Annual Sale and were fortunate to have the well known personality, Mr Vernon Hayden, to perform the opening ceremony. The Sale was well supported and realised a profit of over £200. The committee would like to thank all stallholders and helpers for their hard work and support. A part of the profits from this event was utilised in entertaining fifty old and lonely people to a Christmas Dinner and Party in School on Saturday 18th November. This was a very happy occasion, and it was very well worth while to see the enjoyment it gave our visitors.

Among the meetings during the year was a visit to the Indian Tea Centre, a Beauty Demonstration by Innox, and a Film Show by courtesy of British Railways.

The Casserley Memorial Fund closed when the subscriptions amounted to £77 and this amount has been invested to provide an annual prize for the Leaving Certificate Examination for English, and the Intermediate Certificate Examination for History.

The Committee received a letter of thanks and appreciation from Canon Jenkins for the cheque for £10 which we subscribed to help towards the repair of the church which had been damaged by fire. We regret that the plan to provide a hard court for the School Tennis Club has had to be postponed for a while, but this is due to the very high estimates received from the various firms.

Our 7th Annual Dinner will be held on 14th April in the Royal Marine Hotel, Dunlaoghaire, and we look forward to the usual happy and informal atmosphere which this evening provides.

Our Annual Meeting will be held on 21st April, and the committee hopes there will be more than the average attendance, and that members will have new ideas for the forthcoming season.

DIOCESAN PAST PUPILS' ASSOCIATION (JUNIOR BRANCH)

Our season opened on the 15th October with a Wine and Cheese party. This was badly attended despite the fact that 'males' were invited!! On further investigation at the A.G.M. it transpired that members did want meetings of this kind, but could offer no excuse for their absence on this occasion. Our hopes soared and we were practically convinced of good attendance in the future. Our next meeting, held in the school, was an illustrated talk given by Mr Terence Murphy, Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, on his animals and a safari which he made in Africa a few years ago. We were disappointed again in the poor attendance of the Junior members, and, but for the fact that we had invited the Senior members, it would have been a very embarrassing occasion for us.

We then arranged a visit to the Abbey Tavern for a ballad session. Transport was to be provided and the cost was to be only 5/-, application to be made by filling in a simple form, and yet the response to this was so small that the entire effort had to be cancelled. Our final meeting for the season, on Thursday 31st March, is to be a "mystery evening", genuine fortune teller guaranteed. We are hoping sincerely that the response to this will be more enthusiastic, otherwise we will feel that we are making efforts in vain and that there is

no need for the Junior Branch of the Society.

We have neglected to mention the only occasion in the season which was a sweeping success. This was our first Dinner Dance, held in Dublin Airport on Friday, 5th November, 1965. We were oversold more than three weeks in advance and indeed had to refuse over 75 people. Flushed with success we envisaged a huge ball, still at a moderate price, in one of the larger Dublin hotels during the next season. At the moment, however, we are re-considering this proposition. We feel that the basic support needed from an association of this kind is lacking and have decided that there is no point in simply running a dance every year purely for the entertainment of those who are not otherwise interested. We would prefer to have had the same success with the meetings during the year as we had with the dances so that the time and money spent on organising these functions would have been made more worth while, as any meeting means a great deal of hard work. We have sent out up to 200 circulars at a time and are now wondering what happened to them after they were posted. We guess that they probably lit a great many fires in many homes. It is good fun seeing your old school pals again and finding out what they are now doing. Those that do come to the meetings are very friendly and past pupils of all ages mix quite freely. We may have been prefects in school, but we are all just the same outside!!

Unless, therefore, we have good support at our next meeting and at the AGM, which will be held in October, we shall be forced to formally close the Junior Branch and donate our accumulated capital to a more deserving cause.

If you do want to support us in our efforts, don't just talk about it, let us know by your presence at functions — we cannot be mental telepathists.

MARY DROUGHT.

JUNE ORR (Chairman).

THINGS I LIKE TO EAT IN CLASS

Eating in class without being detected is a dangerous and highly skilled occupation. It takes many years of training. Oh for the days in 2C when one could eat a newspaper of fish and chips without being noticed!

Now, in 4C things are different. With everyone's ambition to be slim, it tends to hamper one's eating habits.

In the early hours of the morning I like plain things to eat. Sweet things so early just

do not agree with my stomach.

I often fancy a piece of cake later on in the day, but by the time I've fumbled in my bag, trying to be quiet, it is just not worth it. Why, oh why, does Mum insist on putting my lunches in noisy bags? She really is most inconsiderate.

To eat crisps in class is a real challenge to one's ingenuity because there is both smell and crackle to cope with.

Aniseed balls (or "Nancy" balls as they are commonly called, in 4c anyway), are another problem delicacy. They leave their pink marks on both hands and tongue. It is very embarrassing and annoying to be told to read about the Young Fold mountains with your mouth full of "Nancy" balls. They usually roll out of my mouth, and another highly skilled job is to catch the "nancies" when they are on the rebound from the floor to the ceiling, while still reading about those wretched mountains.

I like to eat filling things during the last three classes of the day. I remember when I was in Transition, the teacher asked me what I was eating and was very astonished when I replied that it was a fried egg. This was the truth; but it was the type of fried egg one could get in any sweet shop. It was a mixture of nauseating yellow and white marsh-mallow coated in dark chocolate.

Many are the successful eating-in-class sessions I've had during my school-days.

CAROLINE STOPFORD, 4c.

EXTRACTS FROM PAST PUPILS' LETTERS

Mrs Oldham is at present living in the Nottingham area . . .

In front of me, as I write, there is a school badge, made in the conventional shield design, with navy background, and pale blue lettering. It is a faded insignificant-looking object, but time was when it represented an important forward step, because it is one of the first group of Diocesan School badges ever made.

Just about forty years ago a handful of girls from the middle level of the school approached Miss Foster to ask if we could have a badge. In those days we wore whatever clothes we, or our mothers, liked, the only compulsory items being gym shoes to wear in school, and gym tunics for drill days. There were many among us who set great store by this sartorial freedom, but others felt attracted by the prospect of something even remotely suggesting a uniform. Perhaps those who were Guides could not but notice how much more impressive we looked

marching to Church Parades, all dressed alike, than filing out of prayers in school, clad in a wide variety of colours and styles! So from discussion among ourselves came the decision to make the request, and Miss Foster was not only agreeable to the idea, but enthusiastic about it.

Before long the first badges arrived to be worn voluntarily by those who wished to buy them. It is a far cry from that small beginning to the attractive green uniform of today, but I wonder if any of the present pupils could feel more satisfaction in their appearance than did we pioneers of the 1920's?

To the present generation, however, we of the past must hand full honours for the production of a most excellent school magazine. I have by me two copies which Miss Latimer gave me, and I think that the presentation and material is outstandingly good. I am told that news from past pupils is welcome, so I shall take this opportunity to send a few items about those of us who are in the Nottingham area. May Rankin is teaching at West Bridgeford Grammar School where she is Second Mistress. Dorothea Garratt (nee Roy) is living in Bingham, where her husband is Curate, and I hope to meet her before long.

Within the last few weeks I have heard that Emerald Crichton (nee Thompson) has come to Beeston; she was in my class at school and I am looking forward very much indeed to seeing her again after all these years.

We have a happy group of Irish folk in Nottingham; it came into being as an off-shoot of the Alexandra College Guild, one member finding out the addresses of others living nearby, and asking them to tea. It was decided that we would not hold any official meetings, nor would we regard ourselves as exclusively Alexandrian. One of our number had linked up with a past pupil of the Hall School, Monkstown, and soon she was joining us over the cups of tea and coffee in each other's houses. Since then there have been newcomers, and, inevitably, some have moved away.

Each one of us has settled happily in this part of the world and made many English friends, but I know I speak for all when I say that there is a very special atmosphere when we foregather, sometimes just two or three of us, sometimes larger numbers. Perhaps the words said to me by one who was hostess for an evening can best sum up the general feeling — "One never has to do anything about entertaining THEM, it just happens!"

Phillipa Wiggins is at present in Paris looking after the children of a French family, and learning something of the language. Here are some extracts from her letter . . .

I have been here two months now and have settled down very happily—but how different a life it is from home. I am staying with a wonderful family, looking after four children. It might sound as if it is a lot of work, but it is not at all as the two eldest are at school all day, and the youngest is only a baby.

I live in a beautiful apartment overlooking the Seine and the Eiffel Tower, and in the best part of Paris. I am only 15 minutes walk away from the Champs Elysees, with all the cinemas, cafes and wonderful shops. I loved Paris from the first moment, there is so much more to it than the tourist sees.

I love most of all the oldest part of Paris with the quaint buildings and the height of Montmartre where all the artists gather to see their paintings. I have seen a number of truly beautiful churches, including Notre Dame and the Sacre Coeur, the two latter being so impressive in their splendour that I was quite awe-struck.

I was lucky enough to go to Versailles on a beautifully warm day, and, being Autumn, the trees were such a wonderful sight with all their half-changing leaves. I am afraid I was more taken with the gardens than the palace itself, which I found rather too overwhelming in its rich decor.

I spent a few hours in the Louvre and really one would need a few days there to see all. The masterpieces of do. Vinci and Reubens and the Renaissance painters took all my time but of course I can return.

It all seemed rather like a dream at first; especially at night when I used to step out unto the balcony, which leads from every room and runs round the apartment, and have a wonderful view of Paris in front of me, including the Eiffel Tower floodlit and the shimmering lights in the Seine.

Although I speak English to the children, the parents speak French to me, and the mother is so helpful and kind and often takes me for an hour or so of conversation. She found me a French tutor to whom I go twice a week. She is charming and I enjoy my lessons, though knowing the grammar is quite different from saying it. I get quite a lot of work to do; we are just going quickly but thoroughly over all the basic grammar, but then I have to repeat it as class straight from the book.

On Sunday I was invited for a meal at the home of the Chaplain of the British Ambassador who was previously a friend of my mother. He arranges tea-parties for British students for Sunday afternoons, for which I stayed on afterwards. It was such fun and such a friendly atmosphere—it is surprising how much at home one can feel here.

Please do send my regards to all of the staff. I was sorry not to be able to attend the Old Girls' Dance but I certainly intend taking a keen part in the association when I return. The prize-giving is another occasion I shall be sorry to miss; also the Carol service that I always loved. It's funny how you only appreciate things when you no longer have them.

PHILLIPA WIGGINS.

Marilyn Watson is at a finishing-school in Switzerland, learning typing, sewing, cooking and French. We have also taken extracts from her letter . . .

The Torrent is situated in a very picturesque spot surrounded by mountains and the school has about thirty girls from all over the world—America (North and South), Canada, England, Sweden, Germany, Holland, Italy, Greece, Australia, S. Africa, Austria—quite a selection, don't you think? All the girls are extremely nice and we all get on very well. The rooms are very cosy and there are either two or three girls in each room—I myself share a room with a Dutch girl (she speaks excellent English, consequently it doesn't help the French much).

Lessons start at 8 o'clock each morning, except Sundays, of course, and continue till 12 o'clock, with a quarter-hour break at 10.45 a.m. Lunch is at about 12.30 and then we have the afternoons free to go skiing, skating, riding or ski-joring. Evening classes start at 5 o'clock again and continue till 7 p.m., after which is dinner. I must admit I'm a little bit disappointed in the French here as we concentrate mainly on grammar, as we are working for the Lausanne exam. which is in March; consequently the actual speaking of French suffers. Although we are supposed to speak French amongst ourselves all the time it is very difficult as practically all the girls speak English.

We usually have Mondays free to go on excursions, which are now mainly skiing excursions but before the season started we went to Lausanne, Geneva, Gruyeres, Montreux and saw all the various places of interest to tourists. Lausanne is only about two hours away by car so consequently we've been there quite often. Actu-

ally last week we went there to see My Fair Lady which was very enjoyable.

On New Year's Eve we were allowed to go dancing and that was quite a "treat" for us as, up till now, we have never had permission. Actually the week after Christmas I went up to stay at our other chalet at La Braie—this is where we ski; it is really cute and has bunks for 12 girls. I can't tell you just how beautiful the scenery is from the Chalet, especially when there is a lovely blue sky and a dazzling sun shining on the snow.

MARILYN WATSON.

Miss E. McClements (now Mrs. D. Matthews) was a teacher in Diocesan and one of the founder members of this magazine. She writes to us from Johannesburg . . .

Life is very busy here at the moment. We are just finishing up the school year, of course, and are in the throes of examinations. As well as this I am organizing my wedding which will take place in less than three weeks' time—I am marrying a South African, to whom Mrs. Caird and her husband introduced me when I was teaching at Diocesan!

We have just reached the end of the dry season here and the rains are beginning. They bring great relief, the last few weeks of the dry season are almost unbearable!

ESTELLA McCLEMENTS.

(Mrs. D. Matthews)

THE MORNING RUSH

Leave your house at half past eight,
Catch a bus, do not be late,
Late for what? Your school of course,
Of your knowledge it's the source.
Now off you go, clad in green,
Do not dally, do not dream
Of your future days ahead
Oh! I wish I were in bed!
Here I am, school at last,
And the morning rush is past,
Now I toil without delay,
Start my work and stop my play.

BETTY ELLIOTT. Age 14, 3a.

PANDEMONIUM

The Greeks have an interesting legend which is, that when Prometheus bestowed fire on mankind, Zeus, in revenge, fashioned the first woman out of earth. She was called Pandora, the "all gifted", because each of the gods gave her some gifts with which to win man's favour and work mischief. She had a box containing every kind of ill. This was opened and the ills escaped and spread over all the

earth, hope alone being left at the bottom of the box.

Ever since that time, on every occasion that Pandora's box is opened Pandemonium reigns supreme. Those caught up with it can have no hope of escape, of rationalising, or of finishing what they have set out to do, even if they are helped by any beneficent being.

Men usually scorn pandemonium when they are merely onlookers, but few realize, and fewer still remember, how easy it is to be swept off one's feet by it. Pandemonium is usually taken to be a mob or group reaction, induced by fear, causing the mob to do pointless and even cruel actions. But it is just as easy for pandemonium to reign in the mind of the individual. It is this that causes the pedestrian to stand motionless in front of an approaching vehicle, or to sway to and fro with no proper motion when he is but two steps from safety.

Pandemonium is a state of mind where one ceases to think, like a sheep, hence perhaps why it controls mobs easily.

Neither is it induced by dangers, which one is inclined to face up to with a clear mind, or run away from with equal clear-mindedness; but it is more the reaction to impending disaster, designed to hasten the approach of disaster rather than impede it.

Pandemonium cannot be ignored for to be impartial to it when it rears its ugly head is to be doomed, and too conscious of it; to fight against it is often impossible. Indeed Pandora's box might be likened to the gates of hell; Sin could turn the key to open — but it was beyond her power to close them.

ANN BREW — 16 yrs. old.

HOW WE MADE THE MAGNA CARTA

(a free translation into Modern English)

I had been out hunting hares that day and, actually, I'd bagged quite a few. As my horse ambled homeward through the forest I was feeling rather jolly and content, because it had been a good week, what with beating de Vincent so satisfyingly in the tournament and everything. Suddenly, I saw de Mortimer hurrying towards me, which rather surprised me; de Mortimer is an awfully good chap but not really the hurrying type, unless very much roused.

"Have you heard?" gasped de Mortimer, coming up to me. "There's to be another tax!"

Well, I had thought the King would have had enough pocket-money with all the taxes he was getting already, so I was pretty put out.

"That's a bit thick!" I exclaimed, putting a

lot of expression into it.

"But there's nothing we can do about it", said de Mortimer glumly; and I realized he was right. It quite spoilt my day.

However, we weren't the only ones who were getting jolly sick of King John and his taxes; soon a lot of the chaps round our way started working up steam about it. They held a meeting and I went along because, to put it bluntly, I was broke.

De Hughes was in the Chair; he stood up to open the proceedings.

"You all know", he shouted, "that the King has imposed a new tax — and we are not going to stand for it!" He gave the table a thump with his fist, for effect. "Any day now, if this continues, we'll be on a level with the serfs, you know . . . and what I say is, don't stand for it!"

That was a jolly good piece of rhetoric, of course, and we all agreed with the sentiments expressed, but it didn't exactly get us any nearer a solution of the problem. There was a pause for thought.

"I say," said de Mortimer suddenly, "what about making a charter of all the things we want, and making the King sign it? Then if he tries to tax us again or anything, we'll be within our rights to fight him."

Everyone thought this was terribly brainy, and said so. The tips of de Mortimer's ears went pink; he pretends to be frightfully tough but underneath he isn't at all.

Then we started to draft the charter. This was complicated at first by a chap called de Montfort who kept popping up to say that we ought to put in something about the rights of the common man. However, we squashed him, and got down to real business. When you're writing something for your King there's a lot more to it than dashing it off and leaving a space at the bottom for the seal, so our Great Charter took us quite a while. Eventually, however, it was done, and I said I'd drop into the monastery next door to me and have it written out neatly. There was a good deal to be written too, as we hadn't left it at the matter of taxes. Then we fixed a date for the signing, and composed a letter to the King, requesting the pleasure of his company at Runnymede on the 15th June, 1215, and adding that if he didn't turn up he could expect the pleasure of our company in an attack on his palatial residence.

If you happened to be around earlyish on the fifteenth you probably saw us chaps standing about in clean bibs and tuckers, ner-

vously biting our nails. However, that (I mean the nail-biting) turned out to be unnecessary, as the King arrived on the dot, though looking a bit sour. De Hughes handed him the Magna Carta (which didn't look awfully magna by this time, actually, due to his having clutched it too tightly in his anxiety), and the King banged his seal down on it and pushed off. I heard he chewed up the rushes on his floor that night with anger, so I suppose he wasn't actually too keen about it even though he did sign it.

Well, that's how we did it, and, personally, I think it was a rather super achievement. In fact, I won't be a bit surprised if it goes down in history.

CAROL CAMPBELL — 5th Year.

MY MOUSE

In a little wooden house
I kept a tiny little mouse
His eyes were black,
His tail was pink,
His fur was like a coat of mink.

He was soft and full of fun,
And up my sleeve he loved to run.
He nipped my hand,
And pulled my hair,
To let me know that he was there.

One day I hurried home from church,
And for Nickey I did search.
My Mum was sad,
And then she said,

"I'm afraid your poor wee mouse is dead!"

ALISON SMITH. Age 11. (Remove.)

RULES FOR TEACHERS IN DIOCESAN SCHOOL

(as proposed by members of Fifth Year)

1. No teacher should continue a lesson after the bell has been rung.
2. No teacher should come quietly into a class room, thus surprising the class.
3. Teachers should not lecture us so frequently about examinations.
4. Teachers should never adopt "As Annie says . . ." or "Look and see the way Annie's done it"
5. Teachers should wear soft-soled shoes when supervising examinations
6. No teacher should collaborate with a prefect in a way that might offend a student of the school.
7. Teachers failing to wear a hat into school shall be obliged to wear one for two weeks in school.

8. It shall be taken as an insult to the pupils of the school if a member of staff insists on standing upon the platform before prayers.

N.B. Teachers breaking these rules will be subject to severe punishment.

A GHOST STORY

Anne had gone to the shops to buy some food. Her house was big and old with large and lofty rooms. It had antique furniture and in some corners there were men in brass armour. The house had been built about two hundred years ago. The pictures on the walls were very frightening, some were of men with long beards. One picture was of the wild and raging sea. Behind this picture I noticed a panel. It appeared to be a door going all the way down to the floor.

I sat down and stared into the fire, wondering what was behind the door and where it led to. Suddenly I was brought to my senses by a creaking noise. Thinking it was Anne I did not move, but she did not appear at the door. There was another creak and then footsteps, and then a scratching noise. I wondered whether there was a burglar in the house or whether the house was haunted. I saw that the secret door was slightly ajar. I was terrified and did not move. I glanced at the secret panel again; it was wide open. I saw it close but I could see no one closing it. I heard another creak; this time it was very close, and all of a sudden a hand was across my mouth. I turned round and saw a man dressed all in white. It suddenly dawned on me—a GHOST! I tried to shout for help but could not.

I heard the hall door open and to my relief I heard Anne's voice in the hall. The Ghost disappeared as Anne came into the room. I told her the whole story and showed her the panel. Anne explained to me that there was a ghost in the house and that she read about it in the family history. He was her great-Uncle Charles who had been murdered many years ago.

The gardener blocked up the panel and from that day on no more ghosts were seen in the house.

SUSAN BARRY. 1st YEAR. 3

A COUNTRY'S RICHES

Spain is noted for its wine,
Producing always the best of vine,
Russia famed for its golden wheat
And Ireland for its sugar beet.

Persia known for the purest silk
And Denmark for its creamy milk,
Italian marble is the best
By far, the finest in the west.

And surely India for its spice,
While China still produces rice,
Whitby serves the usual dish
The everlasting chips and fish
Carpets are made in a place called Navan
And flax is produced in Co Cavan.

CAROL ANNE DANKER. Age 12. (Form 1(2)).

THE REFORMATION

(Extracts from a newly discovered book written by Martin Luther; A Translation)

... I do not write this that people may read it, merely to express my feelings. . .

... "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." These words continued to repeat themselves in my mind as I hurried back to Baconberg Street; and what a mind, it was in a whirl. Had I really spoken so vehemently tonight? Why, only the other day Peter had declared that I was the meekest professor at Wittenberg. Yet when I stood on that platform two hours ago "It is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you" had never proved more true. . . .

... I paused a while outside my lodging and gazed up at the purple velvet above, beautified with sparkling shapes. Standing motionless. I was filled with despair; the church was so wrong, yet who was I to speak, dare I oppose authorities far greater than I? Suddenly Paul's words came to me, "The Lord is my helper I will not fear what man shall do to me," and a great sense of peace and power overcame me.

1517 . . . Pope Leo X has really overdone it this time. It is settled, now is the time to act. Sale of Indulgences indeed, how his conscience allows him to abuse the forgiveness of sins in this way I know not! I realize it is to raise money for a good cause but . . .

... To-night I composed my "Ninety-Five Theses" after much prayer and thought. What a blessing the printing press is! In next to no time James and his workers will have covered Europe with it. I have already pinned my copy up on the Wittenberg Cathedral door . . .

... The result was rather amazing — a Cardinal from the Pope gave me permission to debate publicly at Leipzig. This caused a great

stir at Wittenberg: over two hundred people agreed with my ideas, which was encouraging, and accompanied me to the hall. I am still amazed at my boldness that day. I uttered heresy as far as the Church was concerned but it was all truth. The Church is composed of mere men so it is nonsense to say it is the Voice of God. The Pope too, can boast of nothing higher than the power of man, so he can make mistakes. Priests cannot really forgive sins, and I am firmly convinced that all should have permission to read the Bible which should be the challenging voice . . .

. . . I have gone too far now: never again will all men be satisfied with the Roman church. This afternoon I publicly burn the Bull of Excommunication. They say I am courageous, others headstrong, but I know I am right! . . .

. . . I write this at Wartburg Castle. Three days ago I stood before our Emperor Charles V. What a man, I should have been afraid but yet again I had this power of speech. Frederick is a dear friend; if ever I can repay him I will. I am outlawed now, condemned, and that, for believing that which I know to be true and good.

. . . I have forsaken my monk's vows; and while at Wartburg I have spent many long hours translating the Bible into the German tongue.

Some people have gone to the opposite extreme and have ruined many beautiful churches and paintings. I have let the peasants down; they were only taking my teaching and applying it to their own miserable lives. Who could blame them? And yet, surely it should have ended more happily? I know not what to say — May God guide.

SHIRLEY RAFTER—5th Year.

PREFECTS

Where would the school be without the prefects? Nobody to tell you to fasten the belt of your coat or put on your beret. What would the classes be doing without the prefects to keep them in order? The First years playing "tig" in the yard and knocking everybody over. The Second years sitting in puddles of water playing "jacks". The Third and Fourth years doing "La Yenka" up and down the yard and screaming "jacks." The Third and Fourth years doing the Fifth years catching their death of cold standing about without their coats on, talking.

I think the prefects are a very necessary part of Diocesan School.

SANDRA WEBB — 3B.

MY DOG

I have a little Collie dog,
His name is Tiny-Tim,
I bring him for a walk each day,
And keep him very trim.

But when he has been naughty,
He barks so loud, and cries,
That when I look close enough,
I see teardrops in his eyes.

He is a very faithful dog,
He comes when he is called,
He does not chase the little cats,
He has a heart of gold.

CAROLYN HARRIS — 2B.

A DOMESTIC EXPERIMENT

To Produce Supper for 27 Persons

Apparatus: 1 stove, 1 metal saucepan, 2 tables, plates, knives, pestle, mortar, 2 overalls liberally sprinkled with H²SO⁴ (Sulphuric Acid).

(a) Egg Sandwiches

Method: We set up the apparatus as follows: Scientist A put 8 eggs and H²O in the saucepan and placed it on the stove, which Scientist B had previously lit. We then brought the H²O to 100° C. and allowed it to boil for exactly 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ minutes. Meanwhile, taking slices of cut pan, we applied small quantities of "Summer County" to them. Scientist A then took the eggs from the H²O and, removing the shells, placed them in a dish. With pestle and mortar, Scientist B ground up the eggs, adding liberal quantities of salad cream and NaCl (Sodium Chloride). This accomplished, we placed equal quantities of the mixture on some slices of bread, laying the other slices on top to form sandwiches. Scientist A arranged these on plates and Scientist B sprinkled more NaCl over the sandwiches to ensure correct flavour.

The equation of this operation is;
Eggs + bread + "Summer County"
+ salad cream + Sodium Chloride
Equals Egg sandwiches + egg-shells.

(b) Sulphuric savouries

Method: Taking Ritz biscuits, cheese and tomatoes we proceeded to make Sulphuric Savouries as follows: Scientist A chopped cheese and

sliced tomatoes whilst Scientist B arranged them on Ritz biscuits. Both Scientists A and B took great care to wipe their hands at regular intervals on their overalls, to ensure the transferring of the H SO from them to the savouries. We then placed the Sulphuric Savouries on plates.

The equation of this operation is :
Ritz biscuits + cheese + tomatoes + H SO Equals Sulphuric Savouries tomato skins.

Conclusion : Scientist A cut cake into thick slices; Scientist B followed her, cutting it into thin slices. We set out the plates of sandwiches, savouries and cakes ready for consumption.

Result : Sandwiches + savouries + cake + plates + 27 hungry persons Equals Plates + crumbs + 27 well-fed persons.

CAROL CAMPBELL, SHIRLEY RAFTER
(5th Year)

BACK TO STAY

"Go on, I say, go on," said the lady. "We will not have enough food here for you when the soldiers pass through."

"But Ma'am," said the large negro, with tears in his eyes, "You know I couldn't leave you here with your family with them soldiers comin', dat chile dere needs protection from some-un strong. I can't leave a lady alone."

"Puss, I am ordering you to leave this house and go to one of the towns," was the lady's reply.

When the old negro was ordered to do something, he always obeyed.

"Alright Ma'am, but I not want to." The children said good-bye to Puss with tears in their eyes. Puss had been with them all their lives and they could not imagine life without the kind face of Puss, when he was ordering them around. Puss left the house with the stubborn pout on his face which had earned him his name from his Irish master. He had been the faithful butler of this Georgian family for fifteen years now, and he was the last negro to leave the house after the Yankees had invaded Georgia.

"They been good to me, they has. I shouldn't leave them now, what with Mist' Patrick sick and the cotton ready for pickin'," he thought as he walked along the red, dusty road towards Macon, the nearest town. "They been good to me, they did buy my sister before this here

war started, and then with her running off like that when she heard the Yankees were comin', I feels I owes them some'in."

Back at the house the two small children played peacefully on the veranda, while Miss Lou worked in the kitchen, preparing a meal for her sick husband upstairs.

"I wonder did I do the right thing sending Puss away," she was thinking to herself, when she heard the sound of horses on the road leading to the house. She dropped the tray with the food on it, rushed out and grabbed her two children, who could not understand what was happening. She rushed back into the house without looking to see who the riders were. Once inside the house, she locked the door. There was a knock on the door, and a voice said,

"Open up, Miss Lou! What did you go locking the door like that for? It's only Heath and Lee; we have come to see how you are managing. We met Puss down the road and he told us that you had ordered him to leave. What did you do that for?"

Miss Lou put the children down, opened the door, and invited Heath and Lee in. She was very upset after the shock she had just had.

"What did you send Puss away for?" asked Heath.

"He said he was willing to stay," added Lee.

"That was a silly thing to do," continued Heath.

"I don't know what I am going to do now that he is gone. I have just wasted a whole meal," and for the first time ever she broke down and cried in front of neighbours. "I let a tray of food fall when I heard your horses coming," she said between sobs.

Lee and Heath looked at each other and both were wondering what made women so foolish.

"Why had she to be so foolish as to send a servant away when he was willing to stay?" said their eyes.

Meanwhile, back on the road, Puss was still debating what he was going to do. "I must go back to dem poor people, they been so good to me," he said aloud, and with that, he turned back in the direction from which he had just come. He had made up his mind and nothing would make him change it, even if it meant sleeping on the ground under the stars, when he returned to the house.

At the same time, Lee and Heath were trying to figure out what they were going to do. She had to have male protection, but her husband was sick. What were they to do?

They were still thinking over this problem when there was a loud knock on the door. They

were out of their chairs before a word could be spoken, but the door opened and in walked Puss. He put his small bundle of clothes on the floor and turned to Miss Lou and said "I is stayin'."

"Come on, Lee," said Heath. They knew that when Puss said he was staying, he was staying.

As they rode off, they knew one more of their problems had been solved, and they were grateful to Puss for that.

GILLIAN GRIMSON. 5th year.

THE SEASHORE

When I look at the beach
I like to see,
The glittering waves
Of the bright blue sea.

When I walk on the beach
I like to hear,
The crash of the sea
And the gulls' cry so clear.

When I sit on the beach
I like to play,
With the stones that are white
And the stones that are grey.

When I lie on the beach
I gaze at the sky,
And watch the white clouds
Float silently by.

NOREEN CRABB. Age 12. (1st year 2)

THE TRAITOR'S FATE

Aloft he saw the mountain loom,
The sky was dark, there was no moon,
He heard a creaking rumbling sound,
Which seemed to come up from the ground;

On up he went, right to the top,
He looked below, and saw the drop,
A cry of anguish rent the air,
He fell into a dragon's lair.

JEAN DALBY 2B.

GUESS WHAT

1. Clues

- (i) It can be either brass or silver.
- (ii) There is either one or two.
- (iii) Every house has them.
- (iv) To have a meal you must use them.

2. Clues

- (i) It is usually long.
- (ii) It can be any colour.
- (iii) Whatever colour it is, there are another two colours.

- (iv) It has to do with a tree.

3. Clues

- (i) There are any amount of them in the world.
- (ii) They can be big or small.
- (iii) They can be any colour.
- (iv) They have leaves at all seasons.

Answers: 1. A Tap. 2. A Pencil. 3. Books.
CAROL KENT 4C.

THE TEENAGER

I'm a teenager, I can dance and sing,
Yeah, baby, I can yell like anything;
If you asked me to do the twist or the shake,
I could do 'em well and no mistake.
I'm "with it" all right in jacket and jeans,
I'm just like any guy in his teens!
I'm young and gay so why be scared
If folks laugh at long hair and a wind-flapping beard?

Why be embarrassed as I stride along the street,
Pointy-toed shoes on my fashionable feet,
And people stare at my 'teenage' style,
They grin and chuckle and sneer and smile
And say "Things aren't the same as they used to be,
When youngsters were sane and looked like me!"

Parents, I'm sure you'd give me advice,
On how to shave and how to look nice,
With a neat grey suit and a dark black tie
—Maybe I'll dress like that by and by,
But while I am young, I'll go with the crowd,

I want to be 'with it' — is that not allowed?
Also, it's fun to dance and sing—
Why not let a teenager have his fling?

C. K.

FAR-FETCHED FIFTEEN

1. I can't get no satisfaction ... Janet Grace
2. With these Hands ... Miss Jagoe
3. We've gotta get out of this place ... 4c.
4. Lollipop Tree ... Street Warden
5. Ma, he's making eyes at me ... Mr Hughes
6. Inside Looking Out ... Lunchtime
7. Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown ... Inter and Leaving
8. 40 Shades of Green ... School Uniform
9. What now, my love? ... Miss Hallinan
10. Eve of Destruction ... Night Before Exams
11. We can work it out ... 5th at Maths
12. Dedicated follower of fashion ... Mrs O'Donoghue
13. The Times they are a-changin' ... Miss Richards
14. All Night Worker ... Staff
15. I'm Captain of the Pinafore ... Miss Paul

MY STORY — AS TOLD BY A HIGHWAYMAN

I was born and bred in a small village called Selby, in York. My father and mother ran a small inn called "The Blue Boar". I was an adventurous boy and my favourite game was when my friends and I dressed up as highwaymen and "ambushed" each other on the road outside town. I had great admiration for highwaymen, especially my idol, Dick Turpin. I was small when he made his fantastic journey from London to York in one night. (And I remember, only too well, the sad day he was hanged at Tyburn. How I cried that night. The next day, in my imagination, I hunted down all the Redcoats and, single-handed, killed them all).

When I was fifteen my father died, but before he died he called me to his bedside, and told me something that was to ring in my ears for the rest of my life. He told me to take care of my mother and to help keep the inn going. And so my father died. He was buried in the little graveyard by the church. How I missed him.

My mother tried very hard, but she did not succeed in keeping the inn going. We fell behind in our rent. Mother sold the few scrawny cows we had, but they were poor specimens so we did not fetch a good price.

One day, while I was serving two rather pompous looking gentlemen I heard them talking about a highwayman who robbed down in the south of Devon. The man said highwaymen gained fortunes out of what they robbed. On hearing the word "fortune" my heart gave a thump, that is exactly what Mother and I needed — a fortune.

That night I lay in bed, thinking about what I had heard during the afternoon. I had thought of many ways of making money and the life of a highwayman was the last of my thoughts. I was just rolling over to go asleep when I remembered my father's last words. On the spur of the moment I made up my mind, I was going to become a highwayman. Then, I thought, the sooner I start the better. In fact, I would start that night. Quietly I rose out of bed and dressed in my black cape. As I had no mask I tied a black handkerchief round my mouth. I lifted up my window to get out and then I realised I had forgotten my gun. I slipped back and found my gun but to my dismay I found I had no bullets. "It does not matter much anyhow" I thought, as I crept over my window sill and jumped into the courtyard "I won't be killing anyone". I ran stealthily across the

yard to the stable. As I opened the door I heard a soft whinney. It came from Demon, my horse. He was two years old with a sleek black coat. He was my pride and joy. I crept over to him and gave him a pat, while in return I received a nuzzle. I saddled Demon and muffled his hooves with sacks so as not to waken mother. Then I rode out of the yard and down the road towards Thunder Point, where I was going to make my pitch. It was an ideal spot as there was a sharp bend which meant the coaches would have to slow down.

The night was chilly and there was a full moon. I hid behind a spreading oaktree. In the tree there was an owl which kept hooting; the first time nearly scaring me out of my wits. I waited, and waited and waited but no coach came. The night had grown frosty and both Demon and I were thoroughly fed-up. I was just turning Demon round to go home, when, to my joy, far in the distance I heard the trundling of a coach. I stood up in the stirrups and strained my eyes, and then, silhouetted against the moon was the coach coming from London. I began to feel warm and clammy. The coach was coming nearer and nearer and I drew out my pistol and rode out of the shadows right in front of the coach. I shouted in what I hoped was a fierce menacing voice,

"Stand and deliver, your money or your life".

I pointed my pistol at the coachman, who threw down his purse. I told the driver to go on. He was only too willing. As soon as the coach had gone I jumped down off Demon and collected my ill-gotten gains. There were about thirty pounds. I was delighted. I remounted and rode happily home again. I put Demon in his stable and crept wearily back to bed. As soon as my head touched the pillow, I was asleep.

The next day when I gave my mother the money she wept with joy. But then she asked the dreaded question.

"But where on earth did you get this money?"

I lied to her. I told her that father had left it to me, but added that Dad told me not to give it to her until we really needed it. She was overjoyed. Later on I found that one lie leads to another. I could no longer bear to say my prayers and one or two times my conscience nearly got the better of me.

One day about three weeks later I was in the local tavern with a trusted friend, when two horrible dirty tramps came in and headed straight for me. The biggest one came over to me and whispered in my ear.

"A coach is leaving London now with a payroll on it".

I nearly fainted. How did this tramp know who I was.

"I don't know what you're talking about", I lied.

"Oh, no", said the tramp, "well then I'd better not tell you what I found on the road this morning".

"You will tell me, or else!" I shouted.

He fished in his pocket and drew out a small button. It was shaped like a horse's head. I possessed one such set of buttons on my coat and one was missing. I was beaten.

"All right," I whispered, "tell me all".

"I only tell for a price", sneered the tramp.

"How much", I said weakly.

"Half of what you get to-night", was the answer.

"Who said I was doing it?" I exploded.

"A certain matter of a button".

I gave up.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Rob the coach and bring half of what you gain to the old well near the London Road. Understood?"

"Understood," I replied lamely.

By the time I had collected my scattered wits, the tramps had gone, and only then did I realise that the second tramp had been pointing a pistol at me.

On the way home I noticed a poster. It ran thus.

"1,000 golden crowns for anyone who can catch

QUICK NICK DEAD OR ALIVE."

I was nervous all through tea, and, to make matters worse, Mother felt ill. I told her to go to bed and rest herself. At midnight I crept out as usual and mounted Demon, but not with as much zest as usual. I waited for the coach, hoping against hope it wouldn't come. But come it did, so I fired a few wild shots into the air and moved out of the darkness. The coachman uttered an oath and moved for his gun. I stopped him with "your next false move will be your last". I ordered him to throw down the payroll. This he did saying he hoped I would swing, and that he personally would be at the hanging.

I reached the old well without any accident and gave half the money to the tramps, who I never saw nor heard from again. But I believe they were caught and hanged.

When I arrived home there was a shock waiting for me. Mother had felt worse and had called me. On receiving no answer she went

to my room and when she found my gun gone, and my bed empty and my window open she guessed where the money had been coming from.

In a soft voice she told me she would rather be poor and honest than be rich on other people's money. I agreed with her. I said I would give up my life as a highwayman. She kissed me and said she was proud of me.

The next day I brought the money back to the officials saying I had found it.

After two months I met a girl whose name was Alice. Alice and I were married and now we have two sturdy boys.

Not long ago I heard a man say Quick Nick had not been heard of for a few years. He must have been caught and hanged. Serves him right. "Eh, young lad" he said to ME.

I chuckled and walked away — If only he knew.

HAZEL COLLIE 2B

COMING BACK HOME

She is standing on the deck,
She is looking out for land,
She is breathless with excitement
As she grasps her husband's hand;
'Tis the moment she has dreamed of
And at last it has come
After years in Australia
She is sailing back home!
She has come from Australia to see Dear Old
Ireland,
She has been away many years, twenty or
more,
She has come o'er the ocean to visit her
sireland,
To see all the places she knew well before—
The convent, the chapel, her home on the
hill,
The long village street and the deep Holy
Well,
The fields and the woodlands where once she
did play —
Oh, why did she ever go sailing away?

CATRIONA KELLY (2A)

SCHOOL RULES

1. Fasten your belt,
Put back your hair,
Put on your beret
It's no use there.
2. Go outside now,
Do what you're told,
Put on your coat,
It's very cold.

3. The bell again,
Don't talk in line,
Go up the stairs
And don't waste time.
 4. Back to work,
The teacher has come,
Stop that talking
Class has begun.
 5. Who dropped those pencils?
Oh! what a clatter,
Stop that laughing
It's a serious matter. ...
 6. Time to go home,
It's half-past three,
Now we rush out of doors
Full of glee
- PAT COGLAN. AGE 12 (1st YEAR)**

MEMORIES

When I was two years old, I was playing with a little red pram, on an afternoon in winter. My sister Irene was sitting near the fire reading "Girls' Crystal", her favourite comic at that time. I had just got the pram for a present and I was walking up and down the room with it. When I came near the fire I tripped over the rug on the floor and fell right on top of the fire. I started to howl and at first Irene did not look up, she was too interested in the comic, but when I kept howling she looked up and saw that my head and arm were in the fire, and that the pram was on top of me. She jumped up and pulled the pram away; and when she had me out she noticed that my hair was on fire. She had no time to run and find something to put the flames out with, so she had to use her hands. Mum came in then when she heard me crying, and panicked. When she got hold of herself she phoned the doctor who was at the house in a matter of minutes. My wrist was very badly burned and I still have a scar to this day. My hair was singed and my neck was burned, and he said that if she had not acted as she did, I would have died.

This incident was put in the paper, and I have still the cutting safely kept away in an album. Irene was in the Brownies at the time and when the commissioners heard about it they made inquiries to see if Irene took a risk and they found from the doctor that she had. So when Lady Baden Powell came to Ireland, she awarded Irene the Silver Cross — the highest award for bravery, under the age of eighteen.

I do not remember this myself but my parents have told me all about it and my sister

sometimes reminds me about it when she wants something done, but it is only as a joke she says it.

D. KINLEY. 4H.

For you, my heart, I now this dagger draw—
Fear not, I shall be swift.
Or would you rather I should use a saw?
But nay. 'Tis better not.
For you, my heart, I now this knife must ease
Into the warm white breast.
On second thoughts you must content with
cheese:
I fear the bird's half raw.

ROSEMARY BALMER. 4B.

MY DOG

My dog and I go walking,
No matter what the weather,
We don't mind if its cold or wet,
As long as we're together.
Sometimes I bring a ball with me,
And then we have such fun
I throw, he'll catch;
Until at last we're both too tired to run.

OLIVE SLOPER. Age 11. Remove.

MARRIED BY PROXY

Ned was growing worried; he was already three years old (which equals twenty-one years of human life) and there was no sign of his getting married. Every time he saw a dog that he liked, she was either engaged, about to be engaged or worse still, married. At last Ned decided to confide in his best friend, Whiskey, who, by the way, was in the happy position of being the father of twelve young toddlers. Whiskey was the sort of canine gentleman who loved giving advice, but never took any. He knew exactly the thing to do; the situation was a matter of everlasting comfort or discomfort.

There was only one possible solution, he must be married by proxy. Poor Ned had never thought of resorting to such measures, but right enough, this state of affairs could not go on. Something must be done and quickly. So that is how it all began.

Whiskey knew of a marriage bureau that helped with that sort of problem, so the next day saw these two gentlemen leafing through box after box of photographs, searching for Ned's future bride. It was not an easy job, as Ned was very particular, and they had gone through fifty-two boxes of photographs before they saw her. She seemed to smile straight off the paper; you could even imagine that her eyes were

twinkling. Ned fell in love at first sight, and then began to perspire. There was so much to be done. Firstly, the lady in the Marriage Bureau told him that Ned must send his bride-to-be a photograph of himself along with a letter containing all the particulars necessary; habits, likes, dislikes, unrequited love affairs, business and plans for the future. By the time all this was completed, Ned was literally shaking. Then he began to ask questions. Would she agree to marry him? What if she did not like the look of him? How soon would he know? When could they be married?

At six o'clock the following morning Ned knew. He was to be married that day by proxy, and then meet his bride a week later, on the 22nd June, at the airport. Mr Whiskey agreed to "stand in" and at four o'clock on the 15th June 1897, Ned was married by proxy.

The day of the 22nd June had arrived, everything was ready. They were going to spend their honeymoon in Hawaii and then furnish the kennel when they came home. When poor Ned arrived at the airport he was in a state of nerves; his collar was too tight and he pawed the unfamiliar clothing with great suspicion. At last the flight was announced and Ned saw the tiny speck in the sky grow bigger and bigger, as it approached the airport. At last the air-craft was taxiing down the runway. Ned craned his neck to catch the first glimpse of his wife. He knew what she looked like but he had been told not to build his hopes too high as photographs were always deceptive. He was still thinking deeply when a pretty young dog, who appeared familiar to Ned, came up to him and asked if he was Mr Ned. When he replied that he was, a look of pure delight spread right from her twinkling eyes across her face. Suddenly Ned realised who she was; he could hardly believe his eyes. Photographs, thought Ned, are indeed deceptive. What a beautiful wife he had found for himself!

MARY KENNY 5th Year.

SPRING

Spring is here, Spring is there,
Spring is simply everywhere.
Birds are flying round the place,
Coloured flowers like pretty lace.

Birds are nesting in the bushes,
Their nests are made of leaves and rushes;
Flowers are growing everywhere—
Oh! how I love the springtime air.

LORNA BOLSTER Age 11. Remove.

SUMMER IS COMING

Summer is coming
Over the seas;
We hear the birds singing
Up high in the trees;
The flowers are shooting
Up out of the ground
Without even making
The tiniest sound.
The season is coming
For children to play
Hopscotch and skipping,
So now be gay;
The bees are a-buzzing
So that's what we hear —
And they are the reasons
That summer is near.

EMMA KLAASEN. 2B.

WINTER

The winter has come,
The trees are bare,
The birds have gone,
To a land more fair.
Jack Frost will come
With his ice and snow;
And the winds blow high
And the winds blow low.

SYLVIA WILSON. 2B.

EPISODE AT EASTER

I was standing by the door of a house, with my mother, when the insurgents went up the street to attack the bank. Pearse and Connolly were the leaders and my brother Ian was with them, talking and laughing. There might have been eighty men there and most of them looked very stern and serious, with their uniforms and guns, but Ian did not — he waved as he went past.

We waited for a good while by that door and then we crossed O'Connell's bridge and went to a friend's house. I was only ten years old then and my young brother was eight. There was more of the family at home and Ian, my eldest brother, was twenty.

We stayed there for the rest of that day and my brother and I had quite a good time. We ate Easter eggs and a big dinner, but we could feel my mother was anxious and so we were uneasy too. Ian was her pride and joy, and he was a wonderful brother. He had gone to the World War and had come home again after nearly two years with a bad back and disfigured face. Now he had joined the I.R.A. and she did not want to lose him again.

At about 8 o'clock my father came in from work and he took us home to Clanbrassil Street. There we waited and waited, and we younger ones were not sent to bed, which was unusual. At about 12 o'clock there was a bang on the door and my mother rushed to open it. There were two soldiers outside, friends of Ian, and they sounded upset. They talked with her and my father for a while and then left, and she told us the news — Connolly was dead or dying and Ian had been killed by a shot from a rifle. Then she went over to the fire and started poking it and settling it.

My father went out after the soldiers and he was gone all night. It was a terrible night—we went to bed crying and crying, and my brother and I went to sleep quite quickly, with faith that everything would be alright in the morning, but it was not. My father was not home, my mother had had no sleep and visitors, telegrams, even letters, kept pouring in. My second brother went to the Pub to buy drink and the loan of glasses for the visitors. They came in with long faces, talked for ages, drank and went out, and I washed the glasses before the next gang would come in. Some soldiers came in in uniform to leave flowers or gifts, and told my father how the rising was progressing and then they hurried away.

After the funeral the Easter holidays were over. I went back to school and everything carried on as usual, but it was never the same again. Even when the whole family was together it was not complete — it could not be because Ian was part of it. My mother had been very lucky, she had lost only one son in the war, yet what a terrible difference it made. She thanked God for his mercy, for after all she had five children left, and some mothers had none.

PICCOLA KELLY. 5th Year.

PEACE

Hands in friendship freely clasped;
Hands that reach around the world;
White and black together grasped;
Keeping the flag of Peace unfurled.

Hands which strive to do the best,
Yet virtue still with vice combined,
Joining those who yearn for rest,
Seeking peace for all mankind.

GLYNIS A. SMITH. (3A).

MY COLLECTION

I collect ornaments big and small,
Most of them are short, but some of them are tall.
One or two are thin, others are fat,
A couple of them are round, and the rest are flat.
A little furry dog and a large china cat,
A thin fluffy poodle with ears that are fat.
A white china swan and a little coloured duck,
Or the silver horseshoe that brings me luck,
The little polar bear, or the deer that looks lame,
It doesn't matter which, I like them all the same.

EVA NELSON. (3A).

THE OLD DIOCESAN HOCKEY CLUB

At a first glance the Hockey Club does not appear to have enjoyed a very successful Season, but on closer examination one realises that an additional team was formed and the existing teams all moved up a league.

When the Season started we had approximately 50 members, but this number dwindled either through illness or lack of interest. However, we had 44 players turning out regularly. Our first team played in Intermediate League, second in Middle, third in Junior, and fourth in Minor. Competition was a lot keener but as the Season progressed we began to find our feet.

Unfortunately, the weather hit us very hard and a couple of months were a complete write-off, thus creating a back log of matches.

Next season we hope to have more members and perhaps some of the girls leaving school this June will be more energetic and join the Hockey Club.

RABBITS

These rabbits with their fluffy tails,
Who hop along the ground,
Will rush into their burrows,
If you make the slightest sound.

In meadow or in wood,
You can see them every day,
But you must be very good
Or you will frighten them away.

DEBORAH MARCHANT. Age 10. Remove.

I LIKE TO SEE

I like to see fair swans swimming
On the glittering golden lakes,
And to see birds hopping and singing
On a branch which never breaks.

I like to see the trees swaying,
And as the autumn is drawing near,
I like to watch the leaves colouring
And then to see them gently disappear.

I like to see all these
But most of all I like to see,
The brightly coloured butterflies
And the busy working bee.

MARY GOLDEN. (Age 13, 3A).

THE BOLD GIRL

Once there was a girl called Nancy,
Who was unbearable and bold,
Who did what she would fancy,
And never did what she was told.

At school she was so very mean,
Forever pulling someone's hair,
Renowned for kicking peoples' shins.
And tripping school-mates on the stairs.

But in the end just like the dunce,
Into the corner she was placed,
And there she never laughed not once,
Until allowed to show her face.

SUSAN EAGER. Age 11½. Remove.

SPORTS DAY

Last year our Sports Day could have been called something of an experiment. It was held in the evening, firstly, to enable parents and friends to come after their everyday chores, secondly so as not to coincide with other schools' sports.

We were all very pleased to have Mrs Blackmore back to present the prizes.

The Cup winners were as follows,

The Preparatory Cup — J. Gaw.

The Mathers Cup — H. Giddings.

The Diocesan Cup — K. Vard, S. Kenny.

The Staff Cup — H. Tennison, C. Dalton, M. McMullen.

The Taylor Cup — C. Malcolm.

HOCKEY REPORT

Hockey this season was mainly a matter of quality, not quantity, as only 23 of the 44 matches arranged were played. This was due to the bad weather, at the pre- and post- Christmas period especially, when swampy conditions prevailed at Belgrave Square.

There were 5 teams in action, including the Minor team, a new edition to the Cup teams. This team was ably captained by Marie Davis, and out of five games played, it won two, drew two, and lost one. The players are very

enthusiastic and show great promise. They should go a long way.

A beginners' team, captained by Wendy Orr, was also formed from the same age-group as the Minor team, and some girls played on both teams. This team did very well, winning three, drawing one and losing none of its four matches.

The J.C.T. "A" was captained this year by Barbara Maiden. This is a very promising team and, although it lost 3 of its 6 matches, it made up for it by winning the other three. One of the losses was to Loreto, Foxrock, whom they met in the first round of the Cup. This game was well fought in persistent drizzle, and Delma Griffin, Myrtle McMullen and Joan Hewson deserve particular mention, also Ingrid Harte at centre half.

The J.C.T. "B" were unfortunate in having only 2 matches assigned to them, both of which they lost. Susan Carstairs captained the team this year, and it is to be hoped that next year the players will have more opportunity to show their skill.

There was only one senior team this season owing to the lack of players in the senior school. This team was as they say "LICKED" 6-0 by Santa Sabena, Sutton, in the first round of the Intermediate Cup. This defeat entitled the team to enter the Plate competition, a new competition for teams knocked out in the first round of the Cup. In the Plate, a jinx — playing extra time — seemed to dog the team. In the first round they eventually beat The Hall 4-2 after twenty minutes extra time. Scorers were Janet Grace, Cherry Malcolm and Gwen Jeffares. They met Celbridge in the next round, and a replay was forced after half an hour's extra time. In the next replay, Diocesan won 2-0. The next stage was the quarter-final which St Mary's, Arklow, won by a goal in the last five minutes of 90 minutes play. Caroline Stopford in goal, was a valuable asset to the team, with some magnificent saves.

A team from Strabane Grammar School visited us in February, and beat the first XI by a small margin. Conditions for this match were very bad and often the teams found themselves up to the knees in mud.

It is a pity that more girls in the senior school do not take an interest in Hockey as it is very good exercise and their presence on the field would give more scope for choosing teams.

We would like to thank Mrs. Harte who so willingly umpired for us; and Mrs. Taylor who made the tea after matches.

MARGARET SARSTEINER

THE HOCKEY BALL

I'm just a lonely hockey ball,
No one likes me at all! at all!
I am pushed and knocked around all day,
And then they only call it play.

I am kicked in the mud and rolled in a
puddle,
And then there's a free 'cos they're all in
a muddle,
O Dear! O Dear! I'm so forlorn
'Cos I'm just a lonely hockey ball.

When the game is over and the whistle is
blown,
They go in but I'm on my own;
Sad, and lonely in the rain
Until I'm needed yet again.

HILARY MYLES Age 12 (1st yr)

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