



THE DIOCESAN TIMES

'Me ?'

Open a bank account ? '

" Yes, why not ? "

" What sort of a bank account ? "

" A DEPOSIT ACCOUNT, gives you a business-like control over your financial affairs.

You can open one with as little as a few shillings and your money earns interest."

" Would I be able to withdraw my money anytime ? "

" Whenever you require it ! "

" Well how do I open a DEPOSIT ACCOUNT ? "

" Just drop into your local branch of the Bank of Ireland and the friendly, experienced staff will give all the advice and details you require."

**Take interest, make interest—
with your savings in the**

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Diocesan Secondary School For Girls

EDITORIAL

We are pleased to present the seventh edition of the Diocesan Times and hope you will enjoy reading our selection of articles.



The Diocesan Times

Editor: GILLIAN DRAKE

Committee :

DEIRDRE HOSFORD

ANN COGHLAN

MYRTLE McMULLEN

JUNE HOWARD



When first issued, our request for contributions did not receive a very encouraging response but gradually after some coaxing from both staff and the magazine committee, the articles began to materialise. One point which we could not help noticing was that the members of First Year were more enthusiastic than anyone else in producing material for the magazine and the standard of their work was very high.

There are two changes in the magazine this year. Instead of grouping the various class outings in the ROUND and ABOUT section, we have included reports on each of them, which we hope you will find interesting. We owe our thanks to Miss Jagoe and Miss Scott for supplying most of the material for this page.

We feel sure many girls appreciate the vases of fresh flowers which brighten up some of our school rooms and we would like to thank Miss Jagoe and Miss Williams who kindly bring them from their own gardens.

We would also like to thank everybody who helped to type the articles for us. Finally our sincere thanks go to Miss Paul for her advice and the time she has given to help us in editing the magazine.

ROSC '67

Rosc, Rosc, Rosc, the word that was on everybody's lips during the months of November and December. One could not help but hear it. It is not even an English word. "It is Irish and means "the poetry of vision"—at least that's what my catalogue says. It was an exhibition of about 150 modern paintings (held in the R.D.S. Ballsbridge), painted during the last four years, and 65 items of ancient Celtic Art (held in the National Museum) ranging over a period of 3,000 years or more.

The first thing that caught my eye as I went into the National Museum was a carved stone with Celtic decoration from Turoe, Co. Galway. There were many arguments as to whether it was right to move the stones and monuments from where they were situated and exhibit them. Those in favour, said that many people couldn't see them in their natural surroundings and now had a chance to do so. Those against, said that people should see them in their natural surroundings. Personally I think they should be moved but however . . . Only about six monuments were taken from different places around the country and exhibited. Among these, there was a Tau Cross, which marked the boundary of the Churchlands at Killinaboy, Co. Clare. Tau is the letter "T" in Greek and Tau Crosses are in the shape of a "T", hence the name.

There were many gold torcs or necklets to be seen. One, in particular, was made of a twisted bar of gold, found at Tara and was most attractive. There were many gold collars, ornaments and, of course, Tara brooches. Tara brooches are distinguished by being decorated on both the back and the front. They were made in the 8th century, A.D. but not all of these brooches were found at Tara as their name suggests. Then there were bronze horsebits which were supposed to be dated to the 1st century B.C.

Nearby was a gaming board which was carved from one single piece of yew. The board is surrounded by a border of differently designed panels. The nature of the game played is, unfortunately, unknown, but it is supposed to have been made in the 10th century A.D. The next thing which caught my eye was the Ardagh Chalice and this is really beautiful. Dated as being made in the early 8th century A.D., this silver chalice was found at

Ardagh, Co. Limerick, and is one of the best surviving examples of Irish metalwork in the early Christian Period. It is very intricately designed, even the underneath.

Next came the Cross of Cong. This was made in the 12th century at the order of Turlough O'Connor, the High King at the time. It is made of oak which is covered with gilt bronze ornamented plates on the back and front. There are studs of different coloured glass laid in the bronze. The sides are covered with silver and are inscribed in both Irish and Latin. In the centre on the front there is a domed rock crystal, which was supposed to contain a piece of the True Cross brought from Rome to Ireland. Finally, came the Book of Kells, Durrow and Armagh and the one which impressed me most was the Book of Kells which is a copy of the Latin Vulgate Gospels. Only one page was shown during the whole Exhibition — it wasn't changed each day as is done in Trinity College where it is kept. The different dyes in it have retained their wonderful colours.

The modern art — which I preferred probably because I understand it better — was undoubtedly an exhibition not to be missed even if one does not understand modern art. One doesn't have to understand it to appreciate it. There were 51 artists represented there, one of whom was Irish — Francis Bacon. The paintings were chosen by three art experts — Professor Jean Leymaire from France, Dr. Willem Sandberg from Holland and James Johnson Sweeney from the U.S.A. These paintings, the jury emphasised, are not necessarily the best in the world. But "the guarantee for the quality of this selection is the reputation of the internationally recognised experts whose knowledge and integrity is beyond question". One thing I noticed about these paintings is that the artists gave them very unimaginative titles for example — TI963-H37, TI966R5 (Hans Hartung); Painting 1965, Painting 194 (Manolo Millares); Peinture 16 Novembre 1966, Peinture 10 Octobre 1963 (Pierre Soulages); Signs over white, Black with red stripe (Antoni Toppies); 17-1-66, 21-9-64 (Zao Wou-Ki), etc.

One of my favourite modern artists is Picasso and I feel that his best work was not shown here. I feel a bit dubious about using the word "modern" to describe Picasso seeing he is eighty-six! But his work is undoubtedly modern. Another artist who impressed me

greatly was the Chinese Zao Wou-Ki. He seemed to get great feeling into his paintings, one feels almost exalted when one sees them even though his titles are rather unoriginal. I'm almost afraid to say that I didn't like Francis Bacon's work. It just left me cold, and I could not see what the artist was attempting to show.

Gunther Uecker's "Grosse Spirale" on the other hand was absolutely fantastic. It was made out of wood and nails, and was revolving in a clockwise direction with two lights shining on it diagonally. It really had a peaceful effect and I stood there some five minutes just looking at it. One was almost soothed by it. Hans Hartung's, another German, paintings also gave this peaceful effect. In TI966R5, the middle and top was painted dark blue and gradually it became lighter and lighter until it was nearly white. Jesus-Raphael Soto's (of Venezuela) work is certainly unusual. His work was a painted blue background with metal strips across it. When one walked by it, it gave an effect of actually moving. Mark Tobey, an American, is an artist whose paintings I emphatically do not like, and much to my surprise he had five paintings exhibited here. I thought that the colours were "wishy-washy" — something like the faded fabric of a dress when it is left in the sun. Roy Lichtenstein, also American, is what is known as a pop-artist. He enlarges one portion of a strip-cartoon and, personally, I cannot see the point of this. Still I suppose some people must like them, otherwise he would not go on painting them.

Gerard Lataste from Holland is one of the most fantastic painters I've seen. Two of his paintings were shown, "The Valley of Detroit" and "Defending the Valley" and both are painted in oils. The artist really enters into the spirit of the painting. I think that Serge Poliakoff is one of the best abstract painters there is and, as you might guess from his name, he is Russian. Roberto Matta Echaurren of Chile had one of the longest paintings in the exhibition. It was "Watchman, what of the night", and was 118 x 394 ins. I did not like this painting at first. In fact I would say this must be something like the hallucinations one is supposed to experience after taking L.S.D. or some similar drug. One could argue, I suppose, that one's own dreams at night are like this, all mixed up and not making much sense. But the more I looked at this painting, the more I seemed to like it.

Mind you, I am still not exactly fond of it! Pierre Tal Coat from Brittany, France, painted "Vert dans l'abrupt" and "Sortant du Rocher I" — these are something like Gerard Lataste's work but in my opinion are not as good. Another artist whose work appealed to me was Pierre Soulages, also from France. His work took the form of abstract paintings, and I like them very much, although he just entitled them "Peinture 16 November 1966" etc.

I could talk about the various works in the exhibition at much greater length, but above I have just mentioned a few of my own choice. Perhaps people two hundred years from now will look back on the works of Picasso, Soulages and Bacon and admire them just as much as we admire Rembrandt, Jean Millet and Constable now, although these artists were thought to be unconventional in their day. The kind of art does not matter — in both kinds there is good and bad. Whether one likes the modern art or not is a matter of personal choice. But I certainly hope that there will be something like Rosc '67 in the not-too-distant future.

Ann Conarain, 5th Year.

ON BUYING A PARTY DRESS

Should I pick a satin one
Or one with lots of flowers?
It's got to be exactly right;
This choice will take me hours.

A dress with a frilly skirt
With velvet bows to trim the
sleeves?
I'll have to try them all for size
To see which one is just for me.

Maybe I'll buy a pleated one,
In blue or white or pink.
Perhaps a yellow one with lace
Would be the best, I think.

I'll try them every one in turn
And then perhaps I'll see,
If mini, maxi, spots or stripes
Would be the best for me.

And now I've picked my party
dress,
In patience I must bear it,
Until an invitation comes
To give me a chance to wear it.

M. Gutkin. 4B.

A MONTH AT AN IRISH COLLEGE

At half-past eight we were welcomed to the Irish College where we were to stay for a month. Three teachers welcomed us to Aras Ide, in Irish, of course. We were brought to the office where we paid the remainder of our fee and then we were shown to our bedrooms. Prior to going to Foynes (Aras Ide is in the town of Foynes), we had been told that we should be staying in different parts of the college and it was a great relief for us to find that we were sharing the same room.

In our room there were four other girls and although they were shy and very much younger than we were, we very soon became friends. That night we experienced our first ceili. The teachers nearly tore their hair out trying to teach us the dances, tri Gaeilge, and to stop the larger pupils from annihilating the smaller ones. (Note: Irish dancing can be dangerous for amateurs!).

Next morning we were awake very early and when we arrived at the bathroom we got a shock—there was no hot water. Saturday afternoon was the only time that there was warm water but we soon became used to washing in cold water. Usually we got up around 8.30 a.m. while the others went to Mass. At this time we enjoyed the sheer bliss of having the bathroom to ourselves.

Every morning, Sundays excepted, we had three fifty-minute classes. We learnt a good deal (Miss Good endorses this) and classes did not seem like classes to us at all. In our class there were thirteen people altogether, five girls and eight boys and one of the teachers gave us a fifteen-minute tuition in Irish poetry after class-time.

After lunch there was another fifty-minute class but we could do anything we liked during this time. The teacher asked what we would like to do and if it was possible, we would do it. Then after this class, the girls went swimming and the boys played football. When we came back we either went for a walk or played ciepheil (basketball) or tennis.

When tea was over, we had the time to ourselves until 7.30 p.m. when everyone, except us, went to say the Rosary. There was an hour of singing in the Hall and we learnt some really lovely songs. After this we had a ceili and it was not too long before we literally got into the swing of it.

Each day there was the same routine, that is except Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday afternoon, when the other girls went to Confession, we went to have our hair washed at

the local hairdresser's as we both have long hair and we found it very uncomfortable to wash it in cold water. On Sunday after breakfast, which was later than usual, we were collected by a family who lived close by and brought us to church. This was a break for us because we could speak English without feeling guilty. We spoke Irish for most of the time but we must admit to speaking a little English.

In the parish church where we went there were two families which made up the entire congregation. Both of these families very kindly asked us to tea on different occasions.

Our stay was finished before it had really begun or so we thought, as we waved goodbye to our friends at the college. We did enjoy ourselves very much, even though once or twice we wished we could go home, but we are very glad that we did stay. It was a holiday which neither of us would have missed for anything.

T. Ross and H. Andrews. 5A.

A MODERN VERSION OF CINDERELLA

"Cindy would ya ever throw me up me 'Million Dollar Red' from offa the cabinet" yelled Sarah to Cinderella.

"Wait a minute you'd you. I haven't got four pairs of hands you know", replied Cindy.

"If you don't hurry, child, we'll never get to the Television Club on time and you know we can't keep Dickie waiting".

"Dickie who?"

"Dickie who she asks — why the only Dickie there is. My one and only blue-eyed Dickie Rock".

"I wish I was going", complained Cindy.

"Oh shut up girl, you were born complaining. Make sure our electric blankets are switched on before we come home".

An hour later Cindy was washing up, listening to Radio I when Emperor Rosco announced "Do you want to Dance" as the next song. At this remark, Cindy switched it off. A few minutes later Cindy's friend Jeannie came in and, seeing her best friend crying, asked — "Cindy, what on earth is the matter with you?"

"Oh, it's just that the others are gone to the T.V. Club and I can't go and you know how I worship Dickie and the Miami".

"Well, never fear — Jeannie is here. You can go; I'll stay and finish up here — you need a break anyway."

"But Jeannie I couldn't go — I have nothing to wear".

"You can borrow my bell bottoms and shirt".

"But how can I get there?"

"Take my Honda — it's just outside the door. The only thing I have to say to you is be back by midnight or my father will wonder where I am."

An hour later Cindy arrived at the club feeling a bit nervous. She went into the cloak-room to leave her coat. From the door she could hear her "idol" singing, and there she stayed till supper time. Then she saw Dickie coming over to her. She felt butterflies in her stomach. As he slinked across the floor dressed in a purple suit she could tell he was the one for her.

"Do you want a bite to eat then?" At this romantic invitation Cindy nodded her head and went with him. There she sat on a bench for an hour eating chips with her 'dream'.

"Do you come here often then?" inquired Dickie.

"Not very" replied Cindy. With that she heard twelve ringing. She ran past everybody and outside. In the rush her "sneaker" fell off — what would she do? She couldn't go back — it was too late. Little did she know that Dickie had picked it up.

A week later she managed to sneak out again. She went down to the T.V. club inquiry office. "I don't suppose you found a sneaker here last Saturday, did you?" To her amazement they had, and the finder had asked for the owner's name to be left at the office. The next day Dickie arrived at the girls' house.

"oes anybody here own a blue sneaker?" he asked. Eagerly and full of excitement each girl tried it on. It fitted no one. Dickie was getting a bit worried when Cindy happened to pass through the room.

"There she is", exclaimed Dickie. With that he threw his arms around her.

Times and fashions may have changed but stories are still the same — and Cindy and Dickie lived happily ever after in Dickie's flat in Leeson Park; It was not a castle but they were both very happy there.

Joyce Kinlay ... 5th Year.

Y.O.C. 1967-68

Chairman: Eleanor Hollowed.

Organising Secretaries: Catriona Kelly and Anne Rumney.

Record Secrearies: Ruth Blake-Knox and Gillian Large.

Treasurers: Patricia Coghlan and Juliet Ensor.

Magazine Secretaries: Patricia Gibson and Susan Gill.

In charge of Scrapbook: June Babington and Caroline Coulson.

Form Representatives:

4th Year—June Babington.

3rd Year—Christina Attwood and Dorothy Babington

2nd Year—Elizabeth Motyer, Gweneth Attwood and Avril Young.

1st Year—Lesley Eager, June Darlington and Amie Waldron-Hamilton.

The Young Ornithologists' Club is a junior branch of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. Only recently has it been possible to have group membership of Y.O.C. and our club was one of the first Y.O.C. groups in schools when it was founded by Miss Jagoe in December 1965. Y.O.C. has continued over the past months under the guidance of Miss Williams who kindly consented to organise the club in September 1967. Miss Jagoe has kindly accepted our invitation to become our president, and presented us with "A Field Guide to the Birds of Britain and Europe" to mark the occasion.

In April, 1967, Mr Moriarty, Education Officer for the Irish Society for the Protection of Birds, gave a talk on birds in Ireland and the need for protection laws, and the preservation of sanctuaries such as Bull Island. At the May meeting Miss Jagoe showed slides and members showed exhibits of nests and eggs. In June, twenty-three of our members spent a very enjoyable afternoon at the Zoo with Miss Jagoe and Miss Good. Many interesting birds were seen with their young by the lake.

The new term started with a visit to the marsh at Booterstown where we sat on the wall with binoculars and watched some teal, mallard, wigeon and waders. In October, we welcomed eight girls and their Headmistress, Miss Pike, from Bertrand and Rutland School, to a talk given by Mr K. Perry about birds of the Saltees. He showed us many interesting slides too. In November, Miss Williams took a party of us to Bull Island to see the many ducks and waders that feed on the mud flats there. During December we accepted Miss Pike's kind invitation to a meeting in Bertrand and Rutland School. The January meeting was spent listening to records of bird songs kindly played for us by Miss Good.

Many people may wonder what is the point of all these meetings, expeditions, and what the aims of our club are. Well, it is to develop our interest in birds, and to do what we can to protect birds from acts of cruelty, and we would like to thank most sincerely all those who helped us to achieve this in any way.

THE PRIZE DISTRIBUTIONS 1967

The Junior Prize Distribution was held in the School Assembly room on 30th November. When the Headmistress had read the report of the previous year's successes and activities, the prizes were graciously distributed by Mrs R. W. Reynolds (Mod) B.A. to the girls of Third, Second and First years. Mrs Reynolds spoke most helpfully to her audience of girls and their parents and friends, and we are grateful to her for showing so much interest in the girls of Diocesan School as well as in the boys of High School.

The Third Year and Junior Choirs gave a varied and lively programme of music under the direction of Mr William Watson, Mus.B., M.A., F.R.C.O., and of Mrs Baldwin, L.R.A.M., who also trained the three First Forms in Verse-Speaking. Christina Attwood and Anne Carroll gave pleasing performances of a pianoforte duet and solo.

The Senior Distribution followed on Friday, 1st December, when, once again, His Grace, The Lord Archbishop of Dublin, showed his continuing interest in the progress of Diocesan School by presenting the prizes and giving personal attention to each Prizewinner as she came forward for her prize. His Grace then addressed the assembled company, referring to the devoted service given to the school by Miss Latimer, and more recently by Miss Scott, service which had been much appreciated by the members of the Diocesan Board of Education.

The Senior Choirs entertained their guests pleasantly both in English and in Irish, conducted by their Choir Master, Mr Watson. Two senior pupils of Miss Haughton, Marie Michie and Hazel Preston played a duet and solo, and the Programme ended with the Benediction and the National Anthem in Irish.

EXAMINATION RESULTS Department of Education Examinations

LEAVING CERTIFICATE 1967

Honours : Carol Campbell, Sheelagh Mahon.

Pass : Robin Beard, Linda Dunlop, Janet Grace, Gillian Grimson, Gwen Jeffares, Mary Kenny, Margaret Kidd, Patricia Moore, Marilyn Moorehead, Shirley Rafter.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1967

Honours : Ann Coghlan, Elizabeth Elliott, Mary Goulden, Delma Griffin, Siobhan Kelly, Daphne Leach, Myrtle McMullen, Sylvia Perminter.

Pass : Jill Cameron, Ann Conarain, Catherine Dalton, Gillian Drake, Olga Fraser, Nora Hall, Jean Kent, Joyce Kinlay, Muriel Lowther, Marie Michie, Eva Nelson, Carol Nixon, Pamela O'Shea, Iris Power, Elizabeth Rea, Glynis Smith, Janet Stuart, Sandra Webb, Carol Weekes, Linda Williams, Jacqueline Cooney, Jean Copeland, Barbara Crampton, Lesley Ellis, Ingrid Harte, Ann Hutchinson, Helen McMahon, Jacqueline Mundy, Lindsay Robson, Alison Rogan, Ruth Salisbury, Helen Tennison.

CHOIR EXAMINATION 1967

Two-part Choir	A — 87%
" " "	B — 88%
" " "	C — 87%
" " "	D — 88%
" " "	E — 86%
" " "	F — 87%
Three-part Choir	— 89%

ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC PIANO EXAMINATIONS

December 1966

Grade I	Christina Attwood	Merit
Grade II	Avril Gargan	Merit
	Marilyn Gutkin	Pass
	Linda Williams	Pass
Grade III	Marie Michie	Pass

June 1967

Grade I	Anne Carroll	Merit
Grade II	Christina Attwood ...	Distinction
Grade III	Hazel Preston	Pass

NINETEEN SIXTY SEVEN

In the year just past of sixty-seven,
Half the cows went up to Heaven.
Ne'er from them was heard a sneeze
'Twas the foot and mouth disease.

England then was struck down,
No meat came into any town.
Vets came from places far and near
To this place of death and fear.

Exiles where they were, remained,
Foot and mouth to be detained.
Outbreaks now are dwindling down.
Thanks is given in each town.

Susan Eager. 2nd Year.

SPECIAL PRIZES AND SCHOLARSHIPS 1966-67

Result of Intermediate Certificate Examination 1967

Diocesan School Scholarship (for two years) for highest aggregate of marks : E. Elliott.
Past Pupils' Association Scholarship for second highest aggregate : A. Coghlan.
Foster Prize for Mathematics : A. Coghlan.
Casserley Memorial Prize for History : M. McMullen.
Emily Latimer Memorial Prize for English Literature : E. Elliott.
Miss M. A. Latimer's Prize for Geography : E. Elliott.
Diocesan School Prize for Science : E. Elliott.
Dr Anderson's Prize for Home Economics : J. Kinlay.

Result of Leaving Certificate Examination 1967

Casserley Memorial Prize for English : C. Campbell.

Miss M. A. Latimer's Prize for Geography : R. Beard.
Diocesan Prize for Chemistry : C. Campbell, S. Rafter.
Dr Anderson's Prize for Home Economics : S. Mahon.

Result of Summer Examinations 1967

Diocesan School Scholarships in 5th Year : B. Walsh.
Diocesan School Scholarships in 2nd Year : C. Attwood.
Emily Riley Memorial Scholarship 3rd Year : L. Large.
Etheline Brady Scholarship 1st Year : E. Plunkett.
Jellett Memorial Prize for Irish 1st Year : E. Plunkett.
McNay Prizes for English Literature 3rd Year : H. Hodgins (A), H. Collie (B).
McNay Prizes for English Literature 2nd Year : J. Ensor (A), N. Crabb (B), J. Taylor (B).
Diocesan Prizes for Science Literature 3rd Year : L. Large.
Diocesan Prizes for Science Literature 2nd Year : S. Gill.
Diocesan Prizes for Art Literature 3rd Year : S. Jones, H. Moore.
Diocesan Prizes for Art Literature 1st Year : K. Morton.
Diocesan Prize for Home Economics 3rd Year : G. Matthews.
Special Essay Prize in 5th Year for English : R. Balmer.
Special Essay Prize in 5th Year for Irish : B. Walsh.

Special Essay Prize in 5th Year for French : S. Goulden.

Mr R. G. Price's Prize for Gymnastics : E. Flewett, C. Danker.

Special Foster Prize for Helpfulness : D. Hosford, V. Power.

Mrs Matthews Prize for best poem in the Diocesan Times 1967 : C. Kelly.

Class Prizes 1966-1967

In Fifth Year, Division A—B. Walsh, S. Goulden, D. Hosford, J. Mahon.

Division B—V. Moffitt.

In Third Year, Division A—L. Large, E. Flewett, C. Kelly.

Division B—A. Trower.

Division C—M. Gutkin, L. Kemp, D. Moore, H. Moore.

In Second Year, Division A—C. Attwood, C. Danker.

Division B—N. Crabb, D. Babington, J. Dawson, P. Killeen, J. McLindon.

Division C—J. Ross, G. Kent, T. Mahon.

In First Year, Division A—E. Plunkett, P. Allen, B. Dowds, J. Hosford, L. Powell.

Division B—R. Blake-Knox, S. Eager, K. Morton, J. Wilkinson.

Division C—M. Curtis.

"THE WORLD OF POP"

Every teenager has or has had many pop idols over the years. Some fell for the tall, dark and handsome, solo singers such as Engelbert Humperdinck and Tom Jones, and there again, some drool over the groups with the long hair and very feminine looks such as the Troggs and Small Faces to mention but a few. Well, everyone to their tastes.

Some say that it is the song that matters and not the singer, but I bet my life that if my dad stood up and sang "I'm coming home" or some such song, most people would agree that the long hair, good looks and "groovy" clothes of a singer do make a considerable difference.

But what does make a record go to Number One in the Hit Parade? It is quite easy to see how the Beatles, Herd etc. etc. make the number one spot but when Ken Dodd and Frank Sinatra come along, it makes one wonder.

Yes, the pop world is a peculiar place (if there is such a place), and whether you sing in your bare feet or play the guitar with your teeth, you are in the pop world and by the look of things, it is one of the best places to be and stay nowadays.

Gillian Large. 2nd Year.

PLEASE DON'T READ THIS!

Last summer my friend, Joy, and I took a holiday job in a Dublin hospital though, unfortunately, we didn't know what we were letting ourselves in for. We had to live-in and on the first morning we were rudely awakened by a loud clanging outside our door. We took no notice of it until a head, with a hairnet slipping over the face, appeared around the door and told us to get up at once. We turned on the light and were horrified to find it was 5-45 a.m. It was pitch dark outside but we struggled up valiantly and put on our uniform nylon coats. These we had forgotten to try on the night before and they weren't exactly a perfect fit. Mine, of course, was too tight and too short and had precisely two buttons on it, but Joy's was even worse because hers would have wrapped around her twice. It reached her toes and had no buttons at all on it.

By then it was after six o'clock and we decided we had better set off. We opened the door of our room and suddenly realised we had no idea where we were supposed to go. After some deliberation we set off down the dimly lit corridor not knowing which way to go. At last we met a girl who took us to where we were supposed to be, which turned out to be the ground-floor pantry. We were horrified when we were told to wash up the breakfast things from fifty patients and I was even more horrified when I was handed a bucket of water and a brush and told to scrub out the bathrooms. Joy got off more easily because she had only to vacuum the wards and the patients often gave her biscuits and sweets. After giving out fifty lunches and washing up, we staggered off duty and slept soundly for our two hours off. Then we were back again, giving out fifty teas and washing up, until we finally went off duty at seven p.m.

The first day was really the worst and our poor feet soon got used to it. Nobody could remember our names but we soon became known by everyone, even the patients, as Maud and Mabel. One of our jobs was to feed two five-year-old boys who had their hands bandaged. My little boy could only speak Irish, so our conversation was somewhat limited and Joy's little boy could never keep awake long enough to eat anything.

Another of our jobs was to collect money for the pools on Sunday afternoons. This I hated because everyone was very reluctant to part with their shillings and one afternoon I got locked in the lift while on my way to another floor. The funniest thing of all was when

somebody threw a cigarette out of the window and set fire to the rubbish in a dust-bin below. The pantry was filled with smoke and we had to throw buckets of water out of the window which, of course, made the smoke even worse. We were afraid someone would find out. Nobody did, though Sister kept saying there was a funny smell in the pantry for days afterwards.

We were really quite sorry to say goodbye when we left, though quite relieved, too. I hope my next holiday job won't be quite so strenuous.

Sandra Webb. 5th Year.

BADMINTON REPORT

This is the second year Badminton has been played in Diocesan. In spite of the fact that the numbers have dropped since last year we are very pleased with the progress that has been made by all, under the excellent coaching of Mrs. Large and Mrs. Orr.

We now have three teams, two of which entered for the league matches this year. In these matches, the First Team did not do very well, losing both their games against Alexandra College, 4 nil, and also the match against Preston School, Navan, 3-1.

The Second Team did a little better and although they also lost to Alexandra they drew with Bertrand and Rutland High School in the first match and beat them 4-nil in the return.

The Third Team, who were not entered for the league, played Roslyn School, but lost 6-2. Then a combined First and Third Team match was played, and again, Roslyn won 3-2.

During the season, we lost the use of Rathmines Parish Hall, but the Rev E. W. Gallagher B.D., Minister of Charleston Road Methodist Church has kindly asked if we might use the Church Hall, and we are very grateful to Mr. Gallagher and the Trustees of the Church who gave their permission.

Hazel Preston, 4A.

THE RAINBOW

Through the moist damp air I spy,
From a dark and lonely height,
Hanging from the light blue sky
A fragment of a rainbow bright.

An hour ago the storm was here,
The sun was far away,
But now once more it doth appear,
While on the hill I stay.

Myrtle McMullen. 5th Year.

THE BEGINNING OF TERM

Now that the term has just begun,
Back to the sound of the bell being rung,
Back to the clatter of decks and chairs,
And the noise of thumping feet on the stairs.
Back to the thought of exams in June,
When each class works in its own form-room,
Back to the sound of "The Voice" I dread,
"Oh dear, how I wish I could stay in bed"

Elizabeth Rae, 5th Year

PAST PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President : Mrs. C. Taylor; **Chairman :** Mrs. V. Large; **Hon. Treasurer :** Miss D. Kerr; **Hon. Sec. :** Miss M. Edison; **Asst. Sec. :** Miss D. Goodey. **Committee :** Miss J. Scott, Mrs. S. Colin, Mrs. H. McConnell, Miss H. Coulson, Miss S. Hetherington, Mrs. M. Gargan, Miss S. Large, Mrs. P. Langridge.

Last September we opened with a 'get together' in school. New members were welcomed into the Association but most important was our presentation to Miss Scott. This was a token of our appreciation for the many years of devoted service Miss Scott has given to Diocesan both at teacher and Head Mistress. We would like to wish Miss Jagoe every success for the future.

A record number of Past Pupils attended the annual Dinner in the South County Hotel in April of last year. Professor Moran, our guest speaker, delivered a most interesting and entertaining speech which rounded off a most enjoyable evening. We are looking forward to this year's Dinner which will be held in the Royal Marine Hotel, Dun Laoghaire, on April 19th.

The delightful atmosphere of Dublin Airport and the excellent meal blended to form a really 'lively' night for all at the Dinner Dance in October last. The Dance Committee worked very hard and collected a bonanza of wonderful Spot and Raffle Prizes and we give them a vote of thanks for their good work.

Out of the proceeds of the Sale of Work held in November last, we sent £100 to St. Luke's Hospital Cancer Research Fund and made up Christmas parcels for elderly folk, which were delivered by members of the Committee. A Max Factor beautician showed us the basics of skin care and make-up in January; British Railways entertained us with travel films in early February, and Miss Barbara Scott will be demonstrating Spring Flower arranging in March. As always, tea, sandwiches and cakes are served after each meeting.

We are sorry Mrs. I. White—our founder-member—will be unable to continue work on the committee owing to pressure of time. We are very grateful to Mrs. White for all the hard work she has put into the Association and know that we can rely on her at any time for advice or assistance.

Our Annual General Meeting will be in April next in School and we hope we shall have a good attendance when next season's officers and committee will be elected.

A FOREIGNER'S VIEW

A foreign tourist, paying a visit to England for the first time, decided to see some of their national games, which he didn't know much about. While wandering around London, he came across a huge playing field and decided to go in and see what was happening.

First of all he saw two men come out of a pavilion, who looked like doctors in long white coats and towels wrapped around their waists. They walked to the centre of the field and looked it up and down as if they were trying to find something. Then they looked at the sky as if expecting rain. One of the men opened a bag and produced long, white sticks and proceeded to stick them in the ground. They tried to balance something on top of these three sticks. After that, they walked to the other end of the field and did the same.

Next, a man came out of the pavilion, followed by others, with what looked like a baton in his hand. He took up his position beside the sticks and began to swing his baton in the air as if he was swatting flies.

Then, all the other men spread themselves out around the field and a fellow with big, white gloves and enormous things around his legs, stood behind the man with the stick or baton. A ball was thrown out from the far end. The man with the baton gave it a tremendous belt, sending it flying up in the air. One of the players up further caught it coming down and everyone shouted :: Out!!

After this the man with the baton walked back to the pavilion and another one came out, also with a baton. This continued for a while and the visitor, completely mystified as to what was going on, was even further intrigued when one of the funny men looked up and, seeing it was beginning to rain, looked at his watch and told everyone to go in for tea!!!

What an exciting, mystifying and unusual game cricket must be to the foreigner when everything even stops for tea!!!

Grace Mathews. 4A.

OUR GARDEN

Our garden's full of trees and flowers,
I play there for many hours,
The grass is green, the soil is brown,
And all the leaves come tumbling down.

The birds and the bees are in the air,
They make me stop and look and stare.
Our chestnut tree stands big and bold,
Because it is so very old.

Jacqueline Factor.

LIBRARY REPORT

Committee: Miss Richards, Jean Kent, Myrtle McMullen, Betty Elliott, Mary Goulden, Marie Michie, Vivienne Moffett, Sandra James, Daphne Leach.

During the last year our library has been improved and enlarged. Due to Miss Scott's generosity we have purchased a file. Some senior girls came to catalogue the fiction sections during the first week of the summer holidays. Miss J. M. Scott, Miss M. A. Latimer and Miss M. McK. Johnston of the Geography Teachers' Association all donated books to the library. Miss Lugton donated a step-ladder. Magazines have also been given by Miss M. Ross-Dodd, Mrs. D. Caird and Miss M. M. Jagoe. We would like to take this opportunity to thank them all very much. We would also like to thank Miss E. Good for lending a number of Irish books to the library. Some books belonging to Y.O.C. are now housed in the library.

In the near future we hope to have the cataloging of the reference library completed. The Geography section has been improved and enlarged thanks to Miss Johnston's donations. The library is now open at lunch-hour instead of after school and, as a result, we have many more readers.

We hope many more people will use the library in future both for reference and pleasure and we are grateful to Miss Richards for the time and thought she gives to its improvement.

Jean Kent. 5th Year.

There was a young fellow from Spain
Who thought he'd jump from a plane,
His parachute stuck,
He landed in muck,
And never dared try it again.

Carole O'Neill. AA.

OLD DIOCESAN HOCKEY CLUB

We are now nearing the end of another enjoyable season in the Old Diocesan Hockey Club. I think all the girls enjoyed their games and made some new friends through the club.

Our teams, whilst not winning all their matches, put up a very good show against the opposition and we had some excellent results from hard fought games.

Keep-fit classes in school proved to be very popular on a Wednesday evening. Our thanks go to the school for the use of the Assembly Hall.

I would like to take this opportunity to extend to the girls of the School and to their friends a warm invitation to join our club; anybody who is interested should get in touch with me at the address below:

Denise Large, Hon. Sec.,
Adelaide,
112, Lr Churchtown Road,
Dublin 14.
Tel: 983137.

THE OLD MILL

Creepy and spooky is the old, old mill,
It stands on the top of Brandby Hill.
The wheel winds slowly with the breeze,
In the oaken doors are rusty keys.

Black beetles scurry across the floor,
And spiders cling on to the door.
All is quiet; not a sound is heard
Except the shrill, sweet song of the little
blackbird.

Hazel Collie. 4th Year.

QUOTATIONS

"His words were long enough to run in seials."

—Lecturer at Rosc Exhibition.

"A fool must now and then be right by chance."

—History Examinations.

"The mob has many heads but no brains."

—First year in the yard at lunch-time.

"Many are called but few get up."

—Owners of lost property.

"I like work; it fascinates me; I can sit and look at it for hours."

—Doing homework.

"It's clever, but is it Art?"

—Rosc Exhibition.

"Time is like a pig; the more you want it to go the more it won't."

—Waiting for the 3.30 bell.

A GHOST STORY

Jimmy Brown was cold, tired and hungry. Well, it was his own fault. He had run away from home because he was not allowed to go around from house to house collecting apples on Hallowe'en night, which was tonight. He had hidden in the garden to see if his parents would miss him, but he became hungry. He had just decided to go back when he espied the apple barn. He climbed up the ladder and picked a juicy apple. He had taken one bite when he heard a metallic voice. "What are you doing?" it said. Jimmy turned around. He saw a figure in a luminous green cloak—a ghost! In his fright, he dropped his apple. "I-I-I ran away," he stammered. "I know," said the ghost. "I am here to punish you. Get me every apple in this barn and put them all in this bag here. If you don't, your punishment will be worse. When you are finished, come down."

Fear made Jimmy obey. When the last apple was in the bag, he came down and pleaded, trembling: "Please don't be too hard on me. I-I was going to go b-back. I'll go back now if you want."

The "ghost" threw off its mantle to reveal a youth about sixteen years old! "I don't care," he said. "I'm just collecting apples for our Hallowe'en feast. You were a great help. 'Bye and thanks very much. Boy, you were scared!"

He went off leaving a speechless Jimmy staring in his wake.

Elizabeth Plunkett. 2A.

NEW DAY

The morning sun creeps slowly o'er the hills;
It sparkles on the sea, so calm and blue.
And everywhere its warming radiance spills,
To give unto the roofs a brighter hue.
The coloured boats, although they are so few,
Await the work of this fresh, new-dawned day.
So vanishes the night but stays the dew,
So flee the shadows, which are cold and grey
As sunbeams through the rustling leaves
they dance and play.

Daphne Evans. 3A.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

President: Miss Jagoe.

Chairman: Miss Paul.

Secretary: Ann Coghlan.

Treasurer: Siobhan Kelly.

Committee: Sheila Goulden, Caroline Stopford,
Vanessa Curtis,
Gail Bloom.

The opening debate of the 1967-68 season was held in Room 4, after school, on 16 October. The motion was "That life in school, factory and office is one big yawn." In spite of the small attendance it was a very enjoyable debate and we were very glad that two of the speakers, Juliet Ensor and Susan Moore, were from Third Year.

The next debate held was the Aer Lingus competition. The six members of our team were Siobhan Kelly, who won the prize for the best speaker of the evening; Sheila Goulden, Tonya Ross, Hilary Andrews, Caroline Stopford and Ann Coghlan. The motion debated was "That the aeroplane, unlike older forms of transport, cannot be a source of inspiration to writers and artists." An attentive audience was present and we would like to thank the girls from Fifth and Six years who prepared the supper which followed. Our marks were good but we failed to reach the final of the competition.

At the Church Missionary Society debate, the school was represented by Rosemary Balmer and Hilary Andrews. The motion was "That today's sermons are irrelevant and should be modernised." It was encouraging to see the large number of staff present there to support our speakers but there were very few girls there.

A very enjoyable debate was held, with the staff in February. The motion was "That the voting age should be lowered to 18." The staff, represented by Mrs. Valentine, Miss Caird and Miss Richards, opposed the motion. The girls proposed the motion and were represented by Delma Griffin, Catriona Kelly and Juliet Ensor. Once again, the attendance was small, but a lively discussion took place, after which the motion was defeated.

At an inter-schools' debate in High School, the school was represented by Sheila Goulden and Siobhan Kelly. They spoke very well, in spite of the fact that, as an experiment, the

motion, "That Saint Patrick need not have bothered," was not disclosed until fifteen minutes before the debate.

The Irish Times Oratory Competition was held in the Metropolitan Hall on 26 February. The motion was "That respect for the past cramps progress." Tonya Ross represented the school and we were delighted when she won the prize for the best girl speaker. It is the second year in succession that we have won this prize, Shirley Rafter winning it last year.

At an inter-schools' debate in Sandymount High School, Ann Coghlan and Anne Rumney spoke for the motion which was "That a change of heart should be deplored."

On 9 March, Mr. Goulden brought Tonya Ross, Sheila Goulden and Ann Coghlan to Drogheda Grammar School for a debate. The motion was "That a woman's place is in the home," and the Diocesan girls opposed the motion. It is hoped to hold an inter-schools' debate in Diocesan in the near future.

We would like to thank Daphne Leach, Joyce March and Christina Attwood for designing posters to advertise debates. We are grateful to Miss Jagoe for her permission to hold debates and for the interest she takes in the society. Our sincere thanks go to Miss Paul for all the help and advice she gives us in the running of the society and for chairing our debates. She gives up a great deal of her spare time to us and we appreciate this very much. We would also like to thank the members of staff who have advised speakers on various occasions. Through our contact with other schools, we realise how lucky we are in Diocesan to have the co-operation and encouragement of the staff.

Ann Coghlan, Secretary.

GREAT DIOCESAN EXCUSES

"It fell into the wash-hand basin in a cloak-room in town and got wet so I couldn't wear it." This is one reply which was given when the favourite question "where's our beret?" was asked. This is just one of the many hundreds of stories or excuses which have been given to prefects by various people who have committed sins against the "Diocesan Constitution." Some of the excuses are hilariously funny, while others, to give their inventors credit, are quite plausible. I am not saying that people tell us lies to escape punishment, but if you heard some of the excuses you would have to admit

they are a bit far-fetched. We, of course, suffer from a surfeit of the usual ones such as "It was very windy and it blew off," or "I was running for the bus and it fell off," or "we were late leaving the house and I couldn't find it," or even "the little boys in the seat behind me in the bus kept taking it off and I had to put it in my bag." The person concerned would never think of replacing the beret when off the bus and free from the boys' attentions. After all, "any excuse is better than none."

Lunch-time is another favourite time for excuse-inventors. When beginning duty at lunch-time we meet people in other form rooms chatting in the corridors. The inevitable excuse is "I had to tell . . . about the hockey match," or "I had to arrange to meet . . ." This news is of such importance that it cannot wait until after the 1.15 p.m. bell. That bell brings something else to mind—GOING OUT. When a prefect enters a room as the bell goes, girls start frantically sharing their lunches. This puts all the class in the handy position of being able to say, "I am still eating." No prefect could be so hard-hearted as to send a child out before she has finished eating her friend's lunch!

We have, on several occasions, found girls standing staring vacantly out the window at lunchtime—a very serious offence! These same girls when asked have they finished their lunches will say, "Oh, no!" but when asked to sit down and finish it they suddenly remember "Oh, yes, I did finish my apple," whereupon the person next to them quickly hands them a biscuit so they are eating and cannot go out.

The yard at lunch-time seems to become a never-never land where one cannot possibly go unaccompanied. "Please, let me wait until . . . has finished her sandwiches." Girls who, when they reach the yard, separate, are absolutely inseparable indoors. A girl, tearing down the yard at full speed, catching sight of a blue cardigan, will suddenly start walking sedately. This looks far more guilty than if she slowed down to a moderate pace. But I mustn't give away too many secrets.

The staffroom at lunch-time assumes fearsome proportions and girls, even fifth year, will plead with the prefect on the door to let . . . come with them. But if the staffroom is fearsome, the Office is a hundred times worse and the girl fated to visit this "Holy of Holies" will practically die of shock if asked to make the trip on her own. With knocking knees the child sets forth wishing the worst fate possible on the prefect. Please remember, future visitors, that the office is really just a room with four

walls and the inhabitants ARE human.

Well, now you have an insight into the excuses that people in authority receive to cover up for misdemeanours. But, when making up your excuse, try and make it original and remember that prefects are neither blind nor deaf. Usually we have seen or heard it all at least ten times before this term—not to mention this week.

Deirdre Hosford. 6A.

AN APPRECIATION OF MR DONOGH O'MALLEY

All Educational establishments mourn the passing of Mr Donogh O'Malley, the Minister for Education, whose death on Sunday, 10th March, 1968, shocked us greatly. No previous Minister has done so much to jolt us out of complacency and make Secondary Schools look more critically at themselves. Important changes came into force in quick succession as a result of the late Minister's vision and sense of urgency, and many of our young people have cause to be grateful to Mr O'Malley, now, and in years to come. He showed active interest and concern for all Schools—Roman Catholic and Protestant, Primary and Post-Primary, and helped to bring greater understanding and tolerance among those who work in the field of Education in Eire.

M. M. Jagoe, Headmistress.

JUST IN TIME

It's getting late I must be in time
To arrive in school by a quarter to nine;
It is dark and cold as I rush down the square
To join the queue for the bus—nearly there!
Then I rush down the road and arrive at the
gate
Nearly in time, but two seconds late,
I see Mr Long closing the door,
Will I ever make it? I am not so sure.

But he beckons me in with a wink of his eye,
Now at last I am in and with relief I sigh;
As I rush to my desk, Miss Jagoe appears,
This fills me with doubt and renews all my fears,
But she's not too cross as she looks at me
straight
For she understands when the bus is late.

Elizabeth Twamley. IB.

CHRIST'S BIRD

There are many legends telling how the Robin got its red, breast feathers. One says that a dull, brown Robin flew up to Christ's face, when He was on the Cross, and brushed away His tears with its wings. While the Robin was doing this, some of Christ's blood fell on his breast feathers, and stained them red forever.

Because of its association with Christ and Christmas, the Robin was given the name "Christ's Bird," and is still called by this name in some parts of Europe.

There are also many superstitions associated with this bird. For instance, it was said to be lucky if a Robin was seen before mid-day on Christmas Day. Also, farmers would never injure a Robin, because it was said that their cattle would die and their crops fail, if they did so.

It is a fact, that if the Robin's red feathers are wiped with a clean, damp cloth, the red pigment will rub off.

The Robin is commonly seen in our gardens, and can become very tame, coming to the window for scraps, or flying about a person who is working in the garden.

However, once a Robin has made his home in a particular garden, this cheerful, cheeky little bird will viciously defend his home, and fight to the death if necessary, against any other Robin who intrudes on what he considers is his territory.

Hazel Preston. 4A.

IF YOU LOOK

There can be a world of education
Available in books,
If you take the trouble . . .
If you look.

There's a world of shops in Dublin city,
Where you can buy a book,
You'll find one is special
If you look.

There's a world of choice in "Hodges Figgis"
No matter what the book,
You'll find it there somewhere
If you look.

Deirdre Hosford. 6A.

MOTHER RUSSIA

My name is Marya Linski and I was born in Russia in 1897. My father and mother were poor, with only a few, paltry acres from which they could earn their living and grow enough food for themselves and my four brothers and me. Our little farm was situated about two hundred miles from Moscow, on a flat, but fairly fertile plain and here I spent the first seventeen years of my life.

It was a bad life, too, though when I was small I can remember that I thought the world was a wonderful place. Even the tough, brutal soldiers of the Tsar, who came and took our animals for their own uses, without giving us any payment for them, seemed people and places which I had never seen.

As I grew older, I learned to fear these coarse men. I also began to feel stirrings of hate against the Tsar who lived a life of careless ease in his fine Palace at Saint Petersburg. I wanted to do something for my country; I wanted to help the poorer people who had no say in the government of their own country. My parents were shocked at my ideas and my brothers laughed at me, when I talked of fighting for a Democratic Russia. I thought that they were all stupid. How could they sit by and watch the soldiers burn their fields of wheat and slaughter their animals time and time again; yet they did nothing about it?

My father, when I put this question to him, would merely suck at his old pipe and shrug his shoulders, saying: "I am a poor man, I have no education, I cannot fight, I know only how to farm this land. What can I do on my own against the Tsar and his army?" At first, I was just annoyed at his attitude, but gradually I came to realize that he was right. If I wanted to gain Democracy for Russia, I would have to educate myself, learn to fight, and join with others who were working for the same cause as I was.

So, I left our farm and set out for Moscow, which was the nearest city to my home. I did not tell my family that I was leaving, nor did I write them any letters. It was best that they did not know where I was or what I planned to do.

On my arrival in Moscow I had to spend several nights sleeping out in the streets, as I had no money and could not afford lodgings. Then I found work in a baker's shop and found some rooms. I did not know how to go about finding others who believed in Democracy, and for some months nothing happened. Then I

began buying books and tried to teach myself to read, but it was difficult and at last I asked the baker, Mr Marchev, to teach me. He was puzzled why I, a common country girl, was so eager to read, and I realized that I thought it would be better if everybody in Russia had a little education.

After that, I often observed him watching me carefully and I was aware that I was followed to and from my lodgings. At last, he asked me to stay late at the shop one night and when business was over, he pulled down the blinds and brought me upstairs to a small room where he lit a lamp and made idle conversation for a while. Then one by one three men and a woman arrived by the back stairs and were admitted to the room. We all sat round the table and they began to question me closely. At first I was wary and did not answer much, but eventually I became positive that these people were working for the good of Russia and told them all my plans and ideas.

They listened in surprise and seemed pleased. Then, when I had finished, Mr Marchev told me that his friends were members of an organisation called the Russian Democrats and that they were training an army to fight the Tsar and that they also planned to form a political party, the Russian Democratic Party, which would stand for election. If the Tsar would not grant their wishes, they would take over Russia by force.

I was delighted. At last I was getting somewhere. I was accepted into the organization and from then on I worked hard for it in every respect. A year later I was sent to Saint Petersburg with one of the men, Rudolf Reskin, where I was to take a 'cover' as a grocer's assistant.

Security was even tighter now. Everything was coming to a head and plans were being made to demand certain changes in the government. There was a great deal of misery in Russia then; the peasant farmers were starving and dying in their thousands. I worried about my own family and wondered what was happening to them—but I could not do more for them than I was doing already. I was moving up the ranks of the Democratic Party, fighting bitterly against the Tsar and a rival party, the Socialists, which I knew to be a corrupt organisation.

Matters became more and more heated. The famine became worse and at last the people began rioting in the streets of Saint Petersburg before the Tsar's palace. The soldiers opened fire on them and slaughtered hundreds of those defenceless people. The time was ripe for revolution.

The train on which the Tsar was travelling was stopped and certain demands were made of him. He refused to grant them so we offered the crown to his brother—who refused it. This was a mighty blow! We had been counting on his accepting the crown and under his more liberal rule setting up a fine, new Russia. The Socialists now had the upperhand. Rudolf and I worked day and night trying to restore some of our former power, but it was useless. The Socialists were quickly gaining a far greater power than ours, and Rudolf and I were on a list of suspect traitors.

The Socialists, under Lenin's dictatorship, took over the Kremlin, and the Tsar and his family were taken prisoners and were later shot. Our downfall was complete. Lenin's army were searching for Rudolf and myself. We had to flee the country, but how could we make our escape?

We managed to reach Moscow, where we found that Mr Marchev had been taken and shot. Our spirits sank even lower. As a last desperate idea, I headed with Rudolf for my old home.

I arrived there to find that my parents had died during the famine and two of my brothers had been killed soon after I had left home, for resisting the Tsar's soldiers.

My two brothers sheltered Rudolf and me, and gave us food and clothing; then, for their safety, Rudolf and I had to leave. We set out across country, across a worn, torn devastated country, and at last reached the border. We had no passports so we had to cut our way through a tangle of barbed wire. The guards discovered us and Rudolf was shot in the leg, but there was a ditch on the far side of the fence and we rolled into it, where we were safe from gunfire. After some hours, we began to creep along the ditch, our bodies torn and bleeding and Rudolf's leg causing him agony. After what seemed like an eternity, we reached a small German town where a doctor attended to us. Rudolf's leg was amputated but at least he was alive, which was a miracle enough for me.

The following year Rudolf and I were married and we settled in Frankfort, where we keep a small business of our own. But the ending to our story is not a happy one. I still cry when I think of my dear Russia and how she is governed, and I cry for my family and friends who were killed for the cause of freedom; but I can never see her again, or the faces of those who mean so much to me.

June Howard.—4A.

A VISIT TO NEWBRIDGE CUTLERY FACTORY

On Wednesday, 13th March, 1968, one hundred Seniors from Diocesan Girls' School went on a tour to visit factories in Newbridge: one of these was the Cutlery Factory. We were warmly welcomed and, due to our guide, Mr Cox, we had a very enjoyable morning.

First we were shown a large blast furnace, into which steel rods were placed until they were glowing red, when they were removed and placed under part of a machine. This first cut the steel into equal lengths of about six inches and then shaped the pieces. The next step was to cool the metal and it then became a very dull colour.

From here, the crude knives were taken to another part of the factory to be sharpened in high speed machines. The next process is the polishing. About thirty knives are fixed into trays which are placed in an automatic machine and polished in a few minutes. The polished knives now have their handles attached. These handles are imported from England, as it does not pay to make them in Ireland.

Some women were engraving with the aid of a machine. About two dozen knives are placed on a tray and a needle is placed over each knife. The machine is now set in motion and by tracing over the set wording the knives are all engraved simultaneously.

There are four different designs for cutlery sets; some are expensive, selling at £6 per dozen knives.

In the factory, Tea Services and Silver Cups are also made. These are moulded to different shapes and the engraving is done by hand in whatever type of script is required.

It is a costly and rather dangerous process to silver plate an article. A large tank is filled with Potassium Cyanide solution and an electric current is passed through a loose frame which is on top of the tank. From this frame hang the articles to be silvered, and also plastic bags each containing silver anode. The electric current causes a slight swaying movement on articles and bags and thus about an ounce of silver is transferred from bags to articles in about twelve minutes.

The last process which we saw was "pickling." This is to regain silver from useless articles, which are placed in a tank of Hydrochloric acid and then into Chromic acid (a mixture of Sulphuric acid and Sodium Dichromate). This acid burns the silver off the object and is a highly dangerous acid which can produce a bad burn if splashed on the skin.

The silver set free from the article, falls to the bottom of the tank from where it is piped away in the form of silver chloride and then sent to England in exchange for raw material. Therefore, there is an economic routine.

So ended our tour, which was most enjoyable as well as being educational.

Adele Trower. 4th Year.

HOCKEY REPORT

There were three teams entered for their respective cups this year. The first II, the junior cup and the minor cup teams.

First II (captain, Valerie Power.)

The results of friendly matches were as follows:

School Played	Winners	Score
Colaiste Mobhi	Diocesan	6—1
Bertrand and Rutland	Bertrand and Rutland	1—4
Wesley College	Wesley College	4—2
Alexandra Col.	Alexandra Col.	2—1
Stratford Col.	Diocesan	3—0
Hafodunot Hall (Wales)	Diocesan	3—2
Stratford Col.	Diocesan	6—0

For the first time Diocesan played a match against a team from outside Ireland. This match was held on the day of the Welsh rugby international and in their most evenly matched game of the season, Diocesan won 3-2.

The first II played St. Joseph's College, Navan, in the first round of the Intermediate Cup and won the match 2-0. In the second round they put up a good fight against Mount Anville in very wet conditions, but were beaten 3-2.

Junior Cup Team (Captain, Carol Danker).

Results of friendly matches were as follows:

School Played	Winners	Score
Alexandra Col.	Alexandra Col.	2—1
Park House	Diocesan	5—0
Sutton Park	Diocesan	2—0
Masonic	Diocesan	4—0

In the first round of the cup, Diocesan Junior Cup team won their match against Killiney, the score was 4-0.

In the second round they played Muckross and the match was drawn 1-all. In the replay the girls played very well, winning 3-1, and so passing through to the quarter finals.

The team then met Beauford, but were beaten 3-1.

Minor Cup Team (Captain, Wendy Orr). The results of friendly matches were as follows:

School Played

Alexandra Col.
Wesley Col.
Bertrand and Rutland
Alexandra Col.
Sutton Park

Winners

Diocesan
Wesley Col.
Bertrand and Rutland
Alexandra Col.
Sutton Park

In the first round of the cup the team played Park House, but although they played very well, they were beaten 4-0. We would like to thank the girls who came to support our teams at various matches and also those who prepared tea.

We would also like to thank Mrs Hudson for sending Ling students and also Mrs Harte for umpiring so many matches for us.

Valerie Power (games captain)

ON HER SUFFOCATION

(With apologies to John Milton)

When I consider how my day is spent,
Near half my day in this same room
so hot,
I sit and roast, they freeze, the weakly
lot.
Can I keep cool with only one small vent?
To satisfy my classmates I am bent,
So I must scorch, least they returning
chide.
"Must I still work though I am air
deny'd?"
I boldly ask. But teacher to prevent
More murmurs from backrow, then opens
the door.
But those who are so cold start to
complain,
So I must close the door. O what a fate
That I must come to 'cos I ask for more.
More air! More air! Hark to that
doleful strain;
They also learn who sit and suffocate.
Jackie Mahon. 6A.

LITTER

Litter, litter, everywhere,
On the ground and in the air,
In the fields and in the street,
Litter, litter, you will meet.

Why not keep your country clean?
In your home it is not seen:
Paper bags here within,
PUT YOUR LITTER IN A BIN!

Suzanne Campbell. 1B2.

ROUND AND ABOUT

Last June we were very sorry to lose Miss Scott, Miss Broderick, Mrs Phillips, Miss Muir-Simpson, and Miss Taylor, who left us to take up the post of Lady Warden at Mercers School. Miss Bradshaw left us and was replaced in September by Miss Beamish. Miss Kidd, Miss Caird, Miss Johnston, Miss Darcy, and Miss Williams also joined us in September.

On 21st December, our annual CAROL SERVICE was held in St. Peter's Church. Many people remarked on the high quality of the singing and the smart appearance of the girls.

Various activities, including cake sales, a hat competition, a fashion show, and a fair were held during the year, by various classes, to raise money for the Diocesan Past Pupils' Sale.

We are very grateful to Miss Hawkes for giving two attractive framed prints of Paul Henry pictures to hang in two classrooms.

The following articles are reports on some of the many outings which took place during the year . . .

SON ET LUMIERE

On Thursday, 24th September, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth went to see "Son et Lumière" which was taking place in Christ Church Cathedral. It was an attempt to show how the main events of Irish history might have been seen by the people who were connected with the Cathedral at the time. This was effected by illuminating the section of the building concerned, while the voice of a number of well-known actors were heard speaking as though they were seeing the event.

The script was very good and it presented a clear picture of the times, especially in the section dealing with the Famine and the subsequent plague. It showed the difference between the upper and lower classes—the wealth and knowledge on one side, and the extreme poverty and ignorance on the other. However, the section which appealed most to me was the one which dealt with James II's visit to Dublin. We heard the conversation of some workmen who were removing the treasures of the Cathedral from the vault where they had been hidden during the king's stay for fear that he might take them!

"Son et Lumière" brought home to us, as no other method could have done, the variety of uses to which the Cathedral could be put. Most of us enjoyed it thoroughly, although the

general opinion was that the "lumiere" would have been "plus claire" at night.

Sheila Goulden. 6A.

"CUAIRT AR AMHARCLANN NA MAINISTREACH

Chuamar go léir, 113 cailíní, an ceathrú, an cúigiú agus an séú rang go dtí Amharclann na Mainistreach chun "An Cailín Bán" a fheiceáil. Is é mo thuairim go raibh sé ina dhráma thar barr, agus ba mhaith liom é go mór. Fuarthas scéal an dráma ó eachtra a tharla ar bhruach na Sionainne i gContae an Chláir sa bhliain míle ocht gcéad is a naoi déag. Tamall ina dhiaidh sin, scríobh Gerald Griffin úirscéal "The Collegians" air, agus ansin bunaíodh an méaldráma "An Cailín Bán" ar an ábhar sin.

An dá lá is an fhaid a mhairfead, beidh cuimhne agam ar na radharcanna—cheap mé go raibh sian an-mhaith ar fad—ní fhaca mé a leithéid riamh roime—agus ar chaoi go sílféa go raibh an fharraige beo agus na crainn friesín. Chuir na haisteoirí iad fein isteach sna caraic-téirí mar a déarfá, agus bhí an aisteoireach go h-iontach. Bhí gúnaí na mban agus cuid éadaigh na bhfear go hálainn, go mór mór ag an mbainis, agus b'fhéidir d'cinne ar chúl an tí, beagnach, gach focal a chloisteach.

Bhí an Amharclann lán de pháistí scoile, mar bhí sé ina thaispeántas breise duine, agus age deireadh an dráma thaispeánamar go rabhamar lán de bhuíochas agus níor mhór do na haisteoirí teacht ar ais cúig huaire, bhí a leithéid a bhualadh bos ann. Táim cinnte gurb éigin do gach duine a admháil go raibh "An Cailín Bán" thar barr.

Susan Hamilton. 6A.

'A CHRISTMAS CAROL'

On Wednesday, 16th January, 1968, Miss Paul, Miss Hinton, Miss Caird, Miss Bell and Miss Stewart very kindly brought the members of Second Year to see 'A Christmas Carol,' which was played at the Gate Theatre, Parnell Square.

The play was thoroughly enjoyable and contained many funny, and some sad and eerie parts. All the characters were very realistic and both the actors and the actresses seemed to make the audience feel as if they were included in the play.

When the play had ended we were invited back-stage and the players' dressing-rooms were invaded by green 'uniforms'. Many of the girls

received autographs and signed photographs, but the two most popular characters were undoubtedly Peter Cartchit and Scrooge, who was the star of the show.

Murial Jackson. 2A.

"THE RUSSIAN "HAMLET"

On March 20th, 1967, members of Fourth and Fifth year went to see the Russian film "Hamlet" at the Eblana Theatre. Most of us were going for the second time, having enjoyed the film so much the first time we had gone.

The ghost scene was most impressive. The way Hamlet's father's ghost strode, yet floated along the battlements, his cloak floating out behind him, was really eerie. The end of the film was made more effective by a slight alteration. Instead of dying at the scene of the duel, Hamlet was helped outside where he died alone. The film was very enjoyable in spite of the English subtitles and although it had been shortened, we found it easy to follow and we were fascinated by the sound of the Russian language.

Rosemary Balmer 6th

"CHIMES AT MIDNIGHT"

On Thursday, 1st February, 1968, some members of Fifth and Sixth year went to the International Film Theatre, Earlsfort Terrace, to see "Chimes at Midnight". This film about Falstaff, consisted of extracts from "Henry IV" Parts I and II, and the Merrie Wives of Windsor." Having done "Henry IV" for the "Intermediate," we went without expecting any fresh enlightenment. From the moment the film began, "Henry IV" became a story and not a book and the characters became people. Orson Welles was a very memorable Falstaff and the rest of the cast were also impressive, especially Prince Hal. I had already seen three other casts play "Henry IV" and I thought the Prince Hal in "Chimes at Midnight" was the best combination of gaiety and dignity. I am very glad that I have seen this film as now "Henry IV" does not conjure up a picture of trying to cram Hotspur's last speech into an overloaded brain on the morning of the "Intermediate" but of an excellent and very enjoyable film.

We are very grateful to Miss Paul and the other members of staff who made the necessary arrangements and accompanied us to the film.

Siobhan Kelly, 5th Year.

HENRY MOORE EXHIBITION

On 15th September, Miss Bell brought 4th and some members of 6th year to an Exhibition of Works by Henry Moore in the New Library Trinity College. The exhibits included figures in stone and bronze, models for larger sculptures, pictures and two screens printed on linen.

We were rather surprised when we saw the two seated figures outside the New Library. We were not used to looking at modern sculpture. When we went inside and looked at the exhibits carefully we began to find them very interesting. One of the girls remarked "I think there is something in it."

OTHELLO

On 1st April, some members of Fifth and Sixth Years went to see Sir Laurence Olivier's film version of "Othello." We all enjoyed the film which was excellent, although we thought the part of Othello was slightly overacted. Shakespeares plays can usually be related to our lives and "Othello" is no exception. It showed us that even in Shakespeares day there was a "Colour Bar." Othello, the Moor, is accepted because of his position, not because his people loved him. Even Jago, the villian, of the play, is not so wicked that he could not exist in our society.

This film has given us further insight into Shakespearian tragedy and through comparison, a greater understanding of the plays we are studying.

We would like to thank Miss Paul, Miss Hinton and other members of staff who have given up their time to broaden our education by arranging the above outings.

Deirdre Hosford, 6 A

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

On 24th November, 1967, a party of girls from Fourth, Fifth and Sixth years, accompanied by Miss Paul, Miss Hinton and Miss Good went to see the film "A Man for All Seasons," in the Regent Cinema.

The film was about the life of Sir Thomas More, who was portrayed by Paul Scofield. It dealt with the time of Sir Thomas' disagreement with King Henry VII until his execution in the Tower of London.

The film was enjoyed by most of the girls, but some of the girls from Fourth year found it difficult to follow at times. We would like to thank the members of staff who so kindly gave up their time to bring us to this film.

Eva Nelson, Elizabeth Rae, 5th Year.

"THE MONKEES"

"The Monkees" is a group I like,
Peter, Davy, Micky and Mike.
They have a programme on T.V.,
Which every Saturday I do see.

Mike is tall and handsome too,
And I have a hat like his in blue.
Peter, who is dumb to some,
Really is the brainy one.

Davy, who's only five feet three,
Was born in England across the sea.
And Mickey Dolenz, who plays the drum,
Acts the fool and is great fun.

But I like Davy best of all,
Even though he is quite small.
And my greatest ambition is to be,
Introduced to that "Monkee."

Emily Torrrans. 1A.

THE INTERNATIONAL FOOD FAIR

On Friday afternoon, 22nd September, 1967, the Sixth Year Home Economy class visited the International Food Fair at the Royal Dublin Society, Ballsbridge, with Mrs O'Donoghue. On entering the Main Hall, the first stand we saw was the huge B.I.M. Stand where we saw the new "Seafood Cocktail" and where many different types of sea-fish were arranged on display fridges. To the left of the B.I.M. Stand was the McDonnell's Stand where we sampled "Vista Vegetable Curry" and "Roy-co Soups," and where, later in the afternoon Paula Daly gave a very interesting demonstration using McDonnell's products. To the left again, was the Jacob's Biscuit Stand where we ate some "Chocolate Kimberley" biscuits. Moving down the hall, we stopped at the Knorr and Erin Soup stands where we sampled some very tasty soups.

The next Stand was the Australian Stand where there were some canned fruits to be tasted. We also sampled half a carton of Yoghurt at the Hughes Brothers Stand and when we bought a threepenny cone we were given a ticket for a free draw for ice cream animals. At the American Stands, we were given a chart telling us all about rice, to be hung up in the kitchen and later Mrs O'Donoghue was sent some envelopes containing information about rice, for the different members of the class. We also tasted some diluted, concentrated orange juice, at the American Stands, which quenched our thirst after the curry.

Finally, we managed to enter the Minor Hall where the most interesting stand regarding our stomachs was — the Premier Dairies' Stand where we sampled ice cream containing pieces of cherry, and some yogfruit.

Needless to say, our feet were very tired when we left Ballsbridge that afternoon, not to mention our stomach's but we had really enjoyed our afternoon at the International Food Fair.

June Teggin, 6A

TOP 20

- 1) Daydream Believer : Scripture Class.
- 2) Burning the Midnight Lamp : Night before Exams.
- 3) Am I that easy to forget : Miss Richards.
- 4) Careless Hands : A breakage in Science Class.
- 5) The Same Mistakes : Miss Cairns to Fifth Year.
- 6) If I only had time : Finishing an exam paper.
- 7) Hello, Goodbye : Miss Buchanan.
- 8) Congratulations : Miss Gilbert.
- 9) Magical Mystery Tour : Educational Trip.
- 10) Chance Of A Lifetime : Scholarship to Diocesan.
- 11) I second that emotion : Miss Paul.
- 12) Thank U very much : Prize Distribution.
- 13) Gimme Little Sign : A prompt in class.
- 14) Step inside, love : Called to the office.
- 15) Thoroughly Modern Millie : Mrs O'Donoghue.
- 16) Pictures of Matchstick Men : Ist year Art Class.
- 17) Let the Heartaches begin : Beginning of Term.
- 18) Anything goes : Homework in a rush.
- 19) This is the captain of your ship : Miss Jagoe.
- 20) Love is blue : Prefects.

THE BEGGAR

This beggar I know is shabbily clad,
Sometimes he is happy but sometimes sad,
With hands that shake and feet that stumble
He treads his way with never a grumble.
He kind people give him food
While others can be very rude
I know his life is very hard,
And sometimes he is very tired.
He has no where to lay his head,
The hedge by the wayside is his bed;
If you happen to meet this sad, old man,
Please try to help him if you can.

B. Strachan, 1B

VISIT TO CHURCH

(As told by me when I was three years of age, quite ignorant as regards Church behaviour).

At last Sunday came. "Put on your new dress and your clean clothes," called Mum from downstairs. "Breakfast is almost ready."

Eventually, I managed to pull on my clothes and I arrived downstairs where I devoured a large breakfast. "They say that excitement makes one eat less."

Mummy said that she could not accompany me to the Church because she had to look after Dad who was ill in bed. Mary, my older sister would take me with her. Mum gave me three pennies and explained to me that I was to put them on the plate.

"A bread plate or a meat plate, Mum?"

"Oh no, the collecting plate. Just do what the other children do!" she replied.

At ten minutes to ten, Mary, my older sister rose from the table stating that it was time to leave. The two of us set off arrayed in new clothes and bore quite a spick and span appearance.

We arrived at the Church at ten o'clock and I questioned Mary about the bell. When I was satisfied with the explanation, I was content to walk up the drive quietly. We were greeted by "Hallos" and "Hi, what's this?"

So far so good! Inside the Church Mary chucked my hand, everytime I gazed around me. I had no idea of what to do so Mary took me to Miss White, her teacher in school, who was also in charge of the Sunday School. Mary whispered a few words to her and left me in her care. Miss White directed me to a small seat along with other children, who, to my utmost surprise were standing with their eyes closed. How silly this seemed! A man in a white night-gown, whom I realized later was the Canon in his surplice, was talking. The children opened their eyes. I heard music and everyone except me began to sing.

Up to this, I thought Mary was beside me. I looked up to see if she was singing, but she was nowhere to be seen. I began to cry and to yell for Mary. Miss White, disgusted at my unruly behaviour, came over and sat beside me. She tried in vain to console me. Eventually she took me down the aisle in disgrace to Mary who received me rather ungraciously. How embarrassing for her! What would everybody say?

The singing stopped. I got up on the seat to see what would happen next. No one spoke so I began to sing. Everybody looked around to see who was making such a noise. Mary sat

me down, her face a bright pink.

Next, I decided to play with my pennies. One fell on the floor. I went crawling under the pews in search of it before Mary could stop me. I came to the front of the Church and asked the astonished Canon if he stole it. Again Miss White retrieved and dragged me, screaming, down the aisle to Mary.

The collection plate came around but now instead of putting my remaining two pennies on it, I took sixpence. Mary and the collector both made a grab for it. I began to scream. In the heel of the hunt Mary took me and simply dragged me out of the Church, screaming.

She gave me a lecture on Church behaviour. I never went again until I was five years old.

Juliet Ensor, 3A

FORTY YEARS YOUNG

On Wednesday, 20th October, 1967, Mrs Curtis brought Fifth year to the E.S.B. show-rooms to see the "Forty Years Young" exhibition, which marked the fortieth anniversary of the establishment of the Electricity Supply Board.

In this exhibition diagrams and photographs, with information written underneath them, were pinned up to show the development of the Electricity Supply Board since 1927, when it was formed to supply all Ireland with electricity. Since Ireland is rich in both turf and water power most of the E.S.B. generating stations use these materials. Coal and oil are also used to generate electricity but these materials have to be imported. Ardnacrusha was the first hydro-electric power station constructed forty years ago under the newly constituted Electricity Supply Board. Previously several towns and cities had their own private generating stations. During the past forty years many more electricity generating stations have been erected and now the E.S.B. has almost finished its rural electrification scheme, where as the urban electrification scheme has been completed. Any further development of the E.S.B. depends on the increase in the use of electricity by existing consumers.

Also in the exhibition were old and new electrical appliances such as washing machines, electric irons, electric fires and electric cookers. Fifth year remembered seeing some of the old machines in use even a few years ago, and agreed that there has been a very rapid improvement in forms of household electrical appliances, in recent years.

This exhibition benefited Fifth year very much and was a pleasant change from our routine Geography classes.

Betty Elliott, 5th Year

NEWS

We should like to congratulate the following on their engagements.

Miss Elizabeth Dawson and Mr Peter Kerr.

Miss Sylvia Calder and Mr Wilson Evans.

Miss Judith Cooley and Mr Ken Flynn.

Miss Heather Gilbert and Mr Alan Hall.

Congratulations also to the following on their marriages:

Miss Rosalyn Bird and Mr Frank McQueston.

Miss Myrtle Quigley and Mr Peter Metcalfe.

Miss Marion Kinlay and Mr Terry Tierney.

Miss Dorothy Irwin and Mr Ian Pepper.

Miss Sheila Dixon and Mr Robert Sibley.

Miss Hazel Tennison and Mr Ivan Little.

We congratulate:

Mrs H. McCullagh (Ruth Rowe) on the birth of a daughter, Melanie Ruth, in Ontario.

Mrs R. Bell (Margery Slater) on the birth of a son.

Mrs E. Crampton (Joan Dalton) on the birth of a daughter, Gillian Helen.

Mrs Ringsbee (Rosemary Harrison) on the birth of a daughter, Shauna Carolyn in Maryland, U.S.A.

Mrs Stuart Evans (Daphne Molloy) on the birth of a son, Hugh de Courcy.

Mrs R. Wright (Elizabeth Drought) on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs D. Woodworth (Mary Drought) on the birth of a son, Simon James Fitzgerald.

Mrs Stewart (Barbara Sutton) on the birth of a son.

Mrs D. Gilmore (Florence Maiden) on the birth of a son.

Mrs G. Sutton (Heather McLean) on the birth of a son.

Since the last issue of the Magazine Hilda Smith has been awarded the Principal's Prize in the Church of Ireland Training College. We congratulate Hilda on winning the 1967 First Prize for the girl who shows the most promise as a teacher.

Margaret Kenny has continued her studies while teaching, and obtained her Higher Diploma in Education.

Sylvia Calder has been appointed as Sister in the Adelaide Hospital.

Jennifer Armstrong continues her course in Trinity College with much success, she gained 1st place in her year in Psychology and Philosophy.

Valerie Taylor, Betty McCann, Mary Kenny and Robin Beard are among those who have secured congenial posts and we wish them and

all the others who are in new jobs every success and happiness.

All who knew and loved her were deeply shocked by Penny Thornton's death in September 1967, as the result of an accident.

NEWS OF PAST PUPILS

Mrs C. K. Gould (Joan Wilson) of Calgary Alberta Canada writes: "We had really tremendous weather last Summer and Fall and did not have any snow until the middle of December, just in time for Christmas. The temperatures dropped below zero then, but we had one of our Chinooks which was a record and lasted about two weeks. The temperatures soared to 58 degrees above zero and melted all the snow. Then we had another snowfall and the temperatures dropped again. They have been "warming up" slightly over the past few days.

"Calgary skyline changes all the time and there are many new "high riser" buildings going up. They started to build Husky Tower last spring and it is supposed to be finished in May this year. It is a similar type to Nelsons Pillar, but it has an observation deck and a restaurant on top. It is 604 ft high. There will be a tremendous view of Calgary and the Rockies from atop, I am sure, and I am looking forward to going up. It will revolve once an hour. They are tearing down many of the older buildings in downtown Calgary to make way for new ones — Urban Renewal Schemes. Now they are talking about putting a pedestrian mall in the heart of downtown Calgary, which will be something new. Calgary built a most unusually modern Planetarium as a centennial project which was opened last July. We have been there a couple of times and it is very interesting."

Dawson Street is a busy street where people buy and sell,

It has a shop for garden seeds, it has a big hotel,

It has its shops and offices, its places big and small,

It has its florist, chemist, bank, its everything at all!

There are lots of people in it, everywhere one looks

And, of course, there's Hodges Figgis, the best of all for books.

Catriona Kelly. 4A.

WOULD I???

If I had miles of paper,
If I had seas of ink,
If I had perfect solitude
I'd write a book, I think,
If I had yards of cotton,
All white and gold and pink,
If I could find a needle
I'd make a dress, I think.
If I had inspiration,
If I had words to link,
I wouldn't write more poems,
I'd just think and think, I think.

Anon.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

No one who is fond of animals, can fail to admire the horse, for he combines strength, speed, and beauty with intelligence, and a friendly, willing temperament. Throughout the ages, he has been man's constant companion in work and leisure. He has ploughed his fields, carried him and his belongings from one place to another, borne him on the battlefield; and, for man's amusement, horses have raced, jumped, performed circus tricks, thundered across television and cinema screens, and provided endless hours of enjoyment for many, in the recreation of riding. They have inspired many grade artists too, with their grace and power, and have been the subject of some of the finest works of art.

It is not surprising, therefore, to wonder how the horse has been in existence for so long. Although modern machinery, is taking the horse's place on the farm, and in the city, horses will never be extinct. Today, many horses are famous in their own right. It sport, particularly, the names that are written into the lists of winners are those of the mount, not the rider. This was not always so. In the Middle Ages, the horse was merely regarded as another instrument of labour, and the honour of a triumph always went to the rider.

Many people fear the horse, looking upon him as a fierce creature, who 'bites' and 'kicks'. Horses, long ago, used to be captured, tamed, bred from, till nowadays, horses have become more or less domesticated, and can be, but sometimes are not, through no fault of their own, as gentle and docile as any other household pet. It is only those who, when they have purchased an animal, regard him as a slave, and treat him as one, that are at fault. One may easily define the temperament of a par-

ticular horse without ever setting eyes on him, by inquiring into the manner and temperament of the man who is his master. Horses can have no feelings, like every other animal, they only have instinct. If he is ill treated by his master, he will learn to hate him, and despise him, as he will also hate and despise every other human being. These are those horses who appear 'vicious', and 'bite' and 'kick'.

Only by making each individual horse your companion in work, and partner in recreation, rather than your slave, will you achieve success with him, but this requires tact, understanding, and patience.

In the end, treated fairly and kindly, the horse will respond with affectionate devotion to his master, and will be an asset to any household.

Ola Foxall, 4A.

THE THOUGHTS OF AN OLD WOMAN, AS SHE WATCHES THE WORLD GO BY

It was eight o'clock on a fine August evening. The sun cast golden lights on the smooth water of the old harbour and there were sounds of laughter from the pier, where a happy group of teenagers were sitting with their shiny guitars by their sides.

The old woman stirred restlessly as she gazed out of the window in her little thatched cottage by the roadside. She thought wistfully of the time when she had been young and a group of her friends had cycled down to the seaside for the day. They had no transistor radios nor had they smart little cars, but they enjoyed every minute of the day. She remembered young Tommy Hughes who went off to the war. He never came back, nor did many of her friends who went to fight.

She could hear the blare of the juke box from a nearby coffee bar. A young couple stepped out, hand in hand, laughing together. She suddenly felt a stab of loneliness and longed for the company of some young people.

She looked farther up the road, and a shiny double-decker bus crowded with people, went speeding past. A smile came to her tired blue eyes; the first 'bus or omnibus as it was then called, was a far cry from the one that had just gone by; it used to be very cold on the roofless double-decker.

Two little girls skipped past the window in gay cotton dresses, and with blue sneakers on their brown feet. The old woman's mind went back to the time when she was quite

young, and she remembered her mother dressing her up in muslin and long frilly knickerbockers even in the summer, and her brother Charles had a little blue sailor suit, which was all the rage for little boys at that time!

An athletic looking young man whizzed by on a bright blue sports bike, complete with gears and curly handle-bars. The old woman was often amazed by these "new-fanglad inventions" as she called them.

The local policeman strolled past. He glanced in through her window, and seeing her sitting there, gave a cheery smile and a wave. She smiled back, her heart warmed by this gesture.

She often envied the folk she saw, or gazed in incredulous disbelief at the fashions, or frowned disapprovingly upon the behaviour, but she had no cause to complain, for despite the sorrows and cares, she too, had had a happy life, and she just wished that everyone she had seen that night might be happy too.

D. Evans, 3A

A VISIT TO THE GLASS FACTORY

We reached the Irish Glass Bottle Company's factoriees at Ringsend, one Wednesday afternoon. First of all, after obtaining permission to enter the factory houses, and a guide, we entered the large sheds where the three basic ingredients of glass were being sorted and weighed. The three basic ingredients are cullet; which is broken glass; sand aor silicia; and soda-ash. These three ingredients were weighed, mixed, and then put into the furnace to melt. We went into the furnace room, the air was filled with the noise and heat of the great furnace, and it took us a while to get used to it. There are two furnaces, a mechanical one, and an ordinary one. Small glasses are made in the hand-operated ordinary one, while thinks like heavy lemonade bottles, are made in the mechanical one, where dozens can be made very minute.

In the hand-operated furnace we saw the white hot mixture being poured into the moulds. Every few seconds, we saw a man go forward and remove a bottle from the moulds. These bottles were then passed down a large conveyor belt, cooling as they went down, as it took 2 to 3 hours for them to reach the other end of the shed where they were packed in crates by packers, who discarded the ones with flaws in them.

We then left that shed to go to the one in

which was the mechanical furnace. Again, the same thing was happening, except that the heat was greater. Instead of the moulded bottles being taken one at a time from the moulds by hand, dozens of bottles were passed along conveyor belts by mechanical hands.

We visited the "control room", where the air pressure and temperature was recorded. We then left for home, after having tea in the canteen and thanking our guide, Mr Behan.

Daphne Cunningham, 3B

THE OLD SCHOOL

The old, old school for many a day
Has served the people of this town;
Come parents, let's have no delay,
Come, help us knock the old school down!

Wall-paint falls off in flakes of green,
The walls are shaky, damp and old;
Rats, in odd corners, may be seen,
And oh, the class-rooms are so cold!

The window's cracked, the old roof leaks,
(A stream across one class-room flows)
The floor-boards bend, the stair-case creaks,
And how the dry-rot grows and grows!

The old, old school has had its day,
It served the people of this town;
Come, parents, let's have no delay,
Come, let us knock the old school down!
Catriona Kelly. 4A.

THE YOUNG SAMARITAN

Dancing with joy the young boy came
Down the street, his little feet
Sinking deep in the snow piled high
While horse and carriages passed him by.

Suddenly he saw her old and grey
With no one to help her cross the way,
Clothed in rags, her aged feet
Were afraid to cross the slippery street.

He hurried up and took her arm
And said, "There is no cause for alarm,"
"I'll take you across," he offered low,
And across the street they both did go.

"Thank you, kindly boy," said she,
"For being so good and kind to me,"
And she shuffled on, her shoulders bent,
While the boy skipped off, his heart content.
Sylvia Wilson.

THE CHRISTIAN EDUCATION MOVEMENT CONFERENCE

On Friday, November 24th, several girls from Sixth Year attended the Christian Education Movement Conference which was held at The High School. Many schools attended were represented and among them were Bertrand and Rutland school, High School, Masonic Boys School and Wesley College.

A full and varied programme had been arranged. The Conference began at 3.30 p.m. with the introduction of the chairman who was Mr G. C. Johnson, Vice Headmaster of High School. The subject for discussion was "Money Morals" and dealt with the way young people as Christians should use their money. Rev G. M. David Woodworth, BA, of Zion Parish spoke on this subject and then after some refreshments, we divided into groups to discuss various aspects of this subject. Each school had to provide a chairman for one of these groups and afterwards when we came together again, the chairman was required to give a report of the discussion. The conference was concluded with a prayer.

Tonya Ross, Jackie Mahon, 6A

THE FELLOWSHIP OF INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL

During the year the usual two meetings were held in Alexandra College. The first was a talk given by Herr Schmidt, Secretary of Swiss Legation on the Red Cross, which greatly increased our knowledge of this society. At the second meeting, Mr Armitage of Wesley College who has recently returned from teaching in Nigeria, showed us slides on the country itself and on the political situation there. Both meetings were attended by a number of girls from this school who benefited greatly from them.

A branch meeting was also held in this school to which Alexandra College were invited. Miss Paul gave a talk on "Life In Israel," and also showed slides. This meeting was extremely interesting and well attended and we hope that these people will continue to support the F. I. G. as I am sure they will find it a great help in trying to understand world affairs.

We would like to thank Miss Richards for all she has done for the society not only in school also as President during the past few years.

June Teggin and Tonya Ross

COOKERY TEST HELD BY DUBLIN GAS COMPANY IN 1967

Fourth Year :

1st Prize—H. McMahon.
2nd Prize—C. Nixon.
3rd Prize—J. Hewson.
Consolation Prizes : H. Tennison, E. Nelson, M. Goulden.

Third Year :

1st Prize—E. Klassen.
2nd Prize—J. Kearon.
3rd Prize—K. Vard.
Consolation Prizes : J. Graham, K. Eager, V. Moore, H. Rath.
IN 1968

Fourth Year :

1st Prize—H. Preston.
2nd Prize—L. Carstairs.
3rd Prize—H. Rath.
Consolation Prizes : J. Anderson, P. Bryan, S. Wilson, A. Gray, J. Wicklow.

Third Year :

1st Prize—A. Gargan.
2nd Prize—T. Woolfson.
3rd Prize—H. Blake-Knox.
Consolation Prizes : M. Davis, C. Danker, H. Giddings, I. Misstear, H. Sholedice.

A SHORT STORY

It was a windy night and the leaves were being whipped off the trees. The countryside was dark and silent — silent except for the wind. No stars, no moon to be seen in the sky which was so dark. It was lonely and very cold. Not exactly the sort of happy surroundings one would expect at Christmas, but it was the only surroundings Dan had ever known in the winter.

The bushes were nearly bare and the cold wind howled around him, as he lay in the ditch, cold and tired and lonely. This was Dan's life at Christmas. No presents or Christmas trees or big dinner for him. He had seen others enjoy their Christmas in all the eighty-seven years of his life and never once had shared it.

How did he stay alive then? Eighty-seven years — that's a long time. But Dan did stay alive. He begged and worked all his life and somehow managed it. He was so tired, oh, so very tired. The wind howled and whistled, but it would never again disturb old Dan. He had gone now, to where he would always be happy and warm and never again be lonely.

Janice Mills, 2A

CIVICS

Civics is of great benefit to students after they leave school. As it is not an examination subject, the students take much interest in it. It is very helpful to girls as there is not much opportunity to learn about government, politics and voting anywhere else.

This year we visited the Museum and the "Rosc Exhibition" which the girls enjoyed very much. Sometimes outsiders come and we have class discussions with them. This gives everyone in class a chance of contributing as the topics differ.

We have also formed an "Anti Litter" committee with one girl representing each form. We are planning competitions in order to interest other girls. Mr Bill Lacy has very kindly given books so that we may give them as prizes. Two of the books have been given to the Library. He has also shown us a film on "Anti Litter." The idea has been a great success and I hope that in future girls will continue to respond in the same way.

Avril Gargan, 3A

Hon Secretary, Anti Litter Committee

CIVICS

Civics has now been taught in our school for nearly two years. The aim of this subject is to teach us to be good citizens of our country. It is to show us how we should behave when we leave school, how to vote for our country etc.

Last year in First Year we learnt about world government. We also learnt how Ireland was governed. Mrs Phillips taught us then.

This year we started in September by getting scrapbooks and putting in as much information as possible about our school. Miss Jagoe looked at our scrapbooks and gave her opinion of them. Now we are learning more about outside our school, local government.

This year we also started with the Anti Litter Campaign. We were shown slides by Mr Lacy about how children in England were helping their towns and villages to be Anti-Litter conscious. The school has formed a committee and we are all now getting more anti litter conscious at home and at school. We hope our influence will spread throughout the school to our families and eventually to the whole of Dublin.

I think Civics is a very good subject to be taught in schools and I, for one, really enjoy this subject.

Natasha Couter, 2A

CIVICS

Civics is a subject which teaches children to be good citizens. This is First Years first time to do Civics.

First we were taught about homes and how to buy a house. We were told about paying rates and now they are used for our benefit. We were taught about decorating a house and helping in the home. Our class was divided into groups and each group kept a scrap book which contained pictures of homes and gardens.

We had a visit from a policeman who told us about the rules of the road. We also learned how to prevent accidents in the home.

Mr Lacey showed us a film on the "KEEP DUBLIN TIDY" campaign. In the school we have formed a "KEEP DUBLIN TIDY" committee, to find ways to keep the school tidy.

Harriet Farrier, 1A

CAREERS' SYMPOSIUM IN T.C.D.

On 29th September, 1967, Trinity College, Dublin, was invaded by hordes of Sixth Form students from various Dublin Secondary schools. They were attending a Careers' Symposium organised by the Board of Education of the General Synod of the Church of Ireland. All members of Sixth Form attended the Symposium, of which Miss J. M. Scott was one of the organisers.

The lecture programme included talks on careers available in tourism, chiropody, insurance, journalism, teaching and librarianship. Each student attended four lectures of his, or her, own choice, each lecture lasting approximately 45 minutes.

One lecture which was very well attended was given by Mr M. H. Coote and in it he explained what to do, and what not to do at an interview. Mr Coote's advice was very practical and everyone who attended profited by it. One point made by Mr Coote was that fingernails, particularly boys' fingernails, should be spotlessly clean when attending an interview.

I think everyone who attended the Symposium will agree that it was a great success and that they were given some very helpful advice on the various careers. On behalf of the girls from Diocesan School who attended, I send sincere thanks to the speakers, and to the Board of Education of the Synod of the Church of Ireland, who went to such trouble to organise the Careers' Symposium.

Barbara Walsh, Form 6A

A FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE

It was a windy night; the rain battered against the window-panes; the old oak tree swayed dangerously.

"Be a good girl while your father and I are out," Mummy said as the car door slammed and they sped off into the night.

I sat down and picked up a book and began to read. Suddenly, the house was thrown into complete darkness!

"Oh no" I thought to myself, "the wires must be down." I stumbled into the kitchen and reached for the candles. They did not give much light but it was an improvement. There I sat, huddled up against the fire for some warmth. Bang! Bang! "Oh, somebody is at the door," I said half aloud. I opened it and there was a tall thin man with a big coat around him.

"Excuse me, but could you tell me where Nolans live?" he said in a strange loud voice.

"They live quite a good bit away from here. Would you step in and wait a moment and I'll write down the address?" I faltered, thinking of the horrible Nolans who lived at Corner Brook.

Holding my candle I wrote it down.

With a terrific bang the door slammed! I whirled around but he was gone and so was Daddy's silver golf cup — his prized possession.

"I must get it back," I shouted and, opening the door, ran after the visitor. "Please give it back to me!" I screamed at the top of my voice, though I could see no sign of the man.

I struggled on, fighting back the wind and rain. It was then I tripped over a log. I tried to get up but it was useless. "I must get it back." I thought and then everything went blank.

I woke up in my own bed and both Mammy and Daddy were at my side.

"Oh! thank goodness, you have woken up; you took a nasty fall and hit your head off a tree!" Mammy exclaimed. I told them what had happened and how I had followed the man.

"And all for nothing" said Daddy sadly. "I took the cup to the jeweller's to get it polished again."

Carol Foxe, 1A

SPORTS DAY 1967

Last year we held our Sports on the evening of Wednesday, May 24th and in accordance with the tradition of Belgrave Square Sports, not only were there races of the usual kind, but there was also a race against the rain. This year, however, we were unable to avoid the downpour as it began about fifteen minutes after we had started. Because of this, attendance by parents and friends was less than last year, but congratulations and thanks should go to those who did make the effort and come.

We should like to thank those friends, members of staff, past and present pupils who helped in various ways to make out Sports Day a success, in spite of the rain. Mrs Gargan, who provided the refreshment tent, Mrs White and Mrs Taylor all worked hard selling lemonade and ice cream which was very much enjoyed in spite of the wet and cold. Our thanks should go to Mr Bradshaw who went to such trouble at the last minute to find an announcing van and the necessary equipment and to Miss Paul who was a very efficient announcer throughout the evening.

Miss Bradshaw deserved much praise for her efficiency in organising the events, without which we would have got much wetter than we did. Some friends remarked on the improved state of the pavilion and the usual good appearance of the hockey pitch — cum sports ground, we feel this is due to the efforts of our efficient helper and our groundsman respectively.

This year we had two new and very special cups to add to our list of prizes. These are the Jean Scott Cups presented by the Old Diocesan Hockey Club as a tribute to Miss Scott for all she had done. The cups are to be awarded to the two girls who made most general improvement in hockey and this year they went to Linda Dunlop and Carol Danker. We were very pleased to have Mrs Large, President of the Past Pupils' Association to present these and the other prizes. Other cup winners were as follows: The Mathers Cup, S. Eager; The Diocesan Cup, S. Eager; The Staff Cup, H. Giddings; The Taylor Cup, J. Grace; The Belgrave Cup, J. Grace.

S. Goulden, 6th Year

"HAPPINESS"

Happiness? What is happiness? I will tell you what it is. It is a state of mind, the magic formula that makes life worth living; it is the ray of sunlight and hope that is worth more to the whole human race than all the riches of the universe. Of course there are other definitions, you will find them in the dictionary, and in our grammar classes, we are told dogmatically that "happiness is an abstract noun." According to the teachers you can not see happiness, but I think you can. Anyone can tell if a person is happy (not drunk!) by the expression on his face. Therefore in a way you can see happiness.

In this ever expanding world of knowledge power and scientific discoveries, who has happiness? Is it the people who have money, fame, and beauty? Oh no, I do not think so. If they were happy, then why did they put an end to it by committing suicide? Many people thought that they had everything, but quite obviously they had not. Well, what had they not got? Happiness, of course! Remember? "The magic formula that makes life worth living."

Lately we hear of the desperate rise in drug taking, and of course, of the infamous

"hippies." These young people were searching for an ideal, that they found modern civilization could not offer them. The ideal is to be happy, secure and loved. They are trying to find out what life is all about. They claim they take drugs for "kicks", but could you not put happiness in place of "Kicks?" I think that very often the so-called "good-for nothings" are among the deep thinkers of mankind.

More often than not, the poorest families are the happiest, and the people who have the most money are not. Thank God, that the unnecessary riches, that poor people crave for, are out of their reach, otherwise the whole world would be very unhappy indeed. A line of a pop song comes to my mind, it is: "Don't count money, count happiness." I think that is very true.

How do you get happiness? Well, have you ever noticed that the happiest people are religious people? Therefore I think that the one true religion, Christianity, offers happiness, love and security.

Anon, 6B

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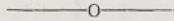
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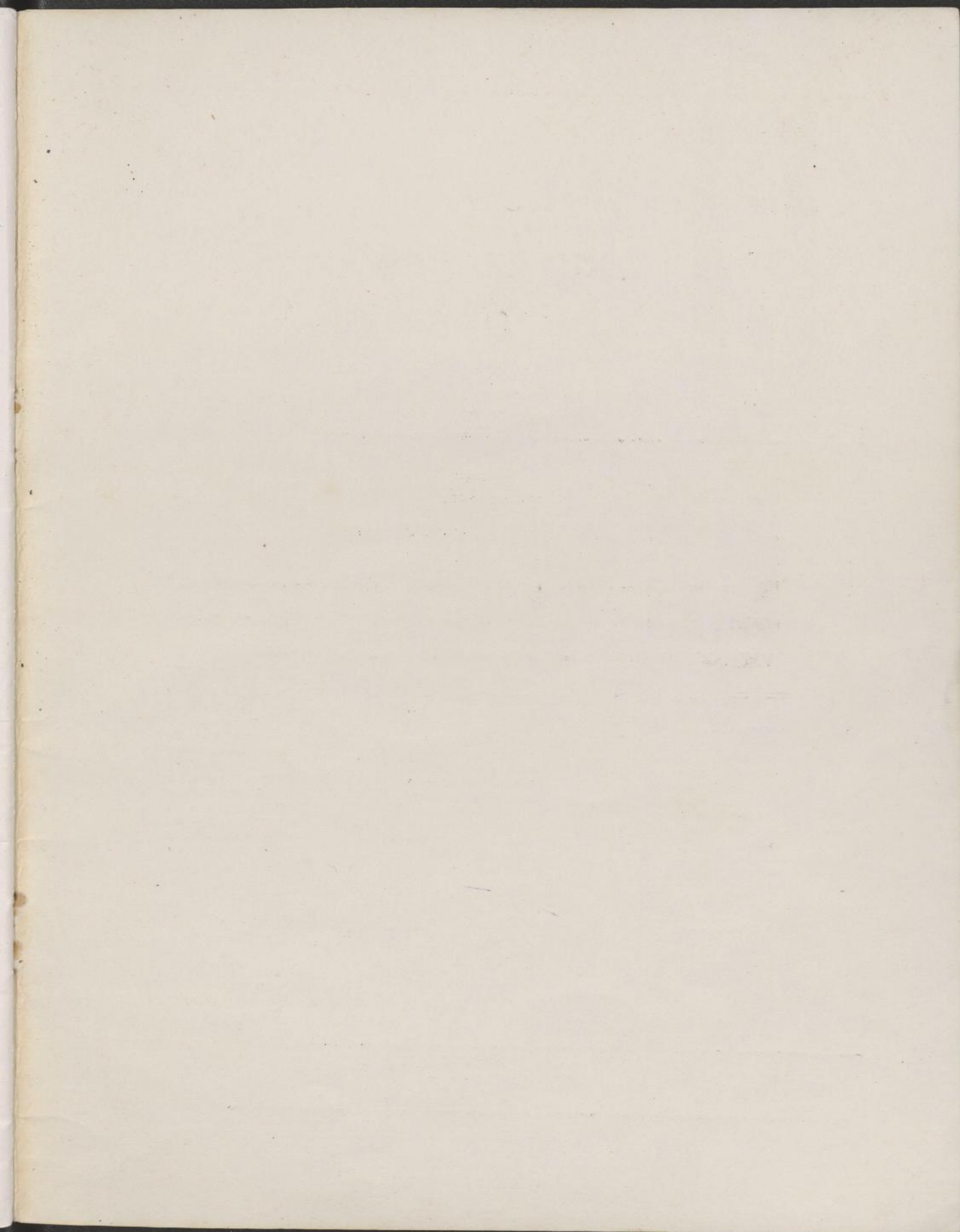
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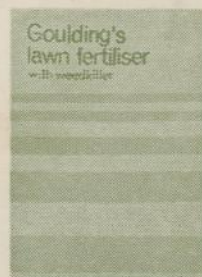


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