



THE DIOCESAN TIMES

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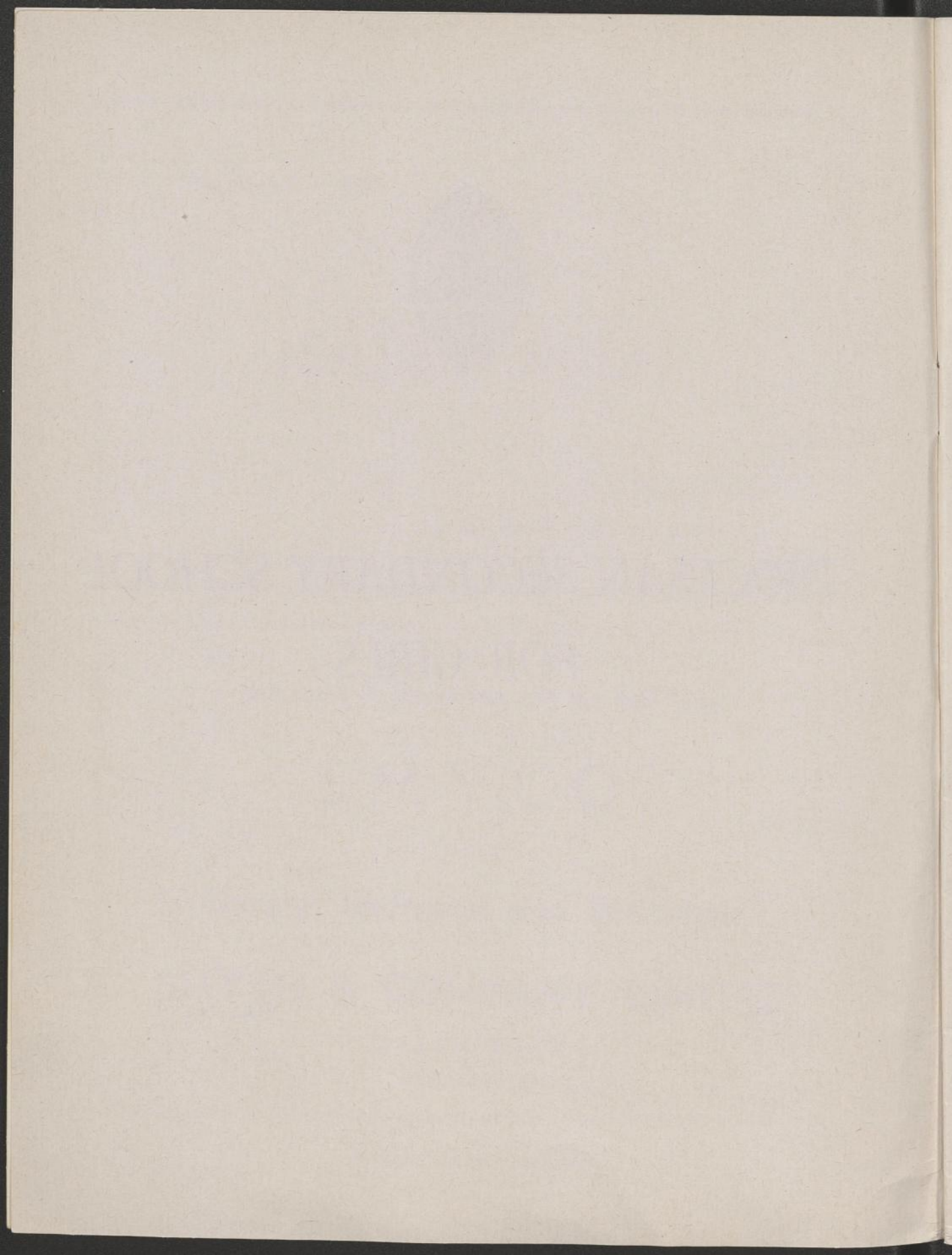
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DIOCESAN SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

1965

VOL. No. 4



THE DIOCESAN TIMES

Editor: HEATHER HENDERSON

Sub-editor: ROSEMARY McKIERNAN

Committee:

MARGARET SARSTEINER MARILYN WATSON

LINDA NAGUR CHRISTINE FOX

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"

That was the question. Yes, that was the question with which the magazine committee was faced at the beginning of the year. Owing to the financial situation, the future of "The Diocesan Times" was in the balance. The situation was put to fifth year, who put their heads together, and came up with the idea of performing a sketch; but this was no ordinary sketch, this was "Flip or Flop!" Bruce the compère, assisted by his hostess Michelene and his panel, aired views on the latest popular records, but "la pièce de resistance" was still to follow — the fabulous "Freaks" (a group of talented musicians) with their latest record "If you want to be with it", the words of which were very topical.

IF YOU WANT TO BE WITH IT

If you want to be with it wear a fringe in your hair

It's oh so square to have a forehead that's bare
But they flop on the forehead and they fall in the eyes

Make you squint in surprise

You must not, not, not, wear a fringe says Miss Scott.

You've got to make a choice

And the choice 'ain't fine

Between a neat hairclip

Or a piece of twine

Or some sellotape

Or a skinny pigtail

Hear the glamour girls set up a wild wild wail

"Oh we may look spruce and we may look neat

But we don't look cute and we don't look sweet

We look old fashioned! oh it just 'ain't fair

To make a mod or a rocker wear a string in her hair

Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah.

Then in complete contrast, a musical interlude by Helga and her violin. This sketch raised a considerable sum of money, and now we are proud to present the fourth edition of the "Diocesan Times" and we sincerely hope that it will be just as popular as "Flip or Flop" was.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss McClements, a former teacher of this school, for the prize which she donated for the best poem in the magazine, and also of thanking the anonymous donor of the prize for prose. Our thanks are also extended to both Miss Scott and Mrs. Parker, for the help and encouragement which they so kindly gave us, Mrs. Taylor who typed the copy for the printers, and Jill Breivik who helped us by taking the photographs and developing them for the printers.

Finally we would like to thank all other forms for their help and co-operation in defraying the expenses.

ROUND AND ABOUT

It is almost incredible to think that from one year to the next, from one magazine to another, so many changes and events could have taken place in Diocesan.

In September Mrs Valentine and some of our girls returned sun-tanned from an educational cruise to Madeira, Lisbon and Las Palmas.

At the beginning of the Christmas term we welcomed Miss Hallinan to our staff and also Miss Margaret Kenny, a former pupil, who filled Miss Bussell's place, while she was in hospital, but we are glad that Miss Bussell is now back with us again. One of the changes which caused most dismay to both staff and pupils was the lengthening of the school day.

The Department of Education generously promised grants towards the installation of equipment for "audio-visual aids" to the teaching of modern languages and for the installation of a television set. The Past Pupils' Association also contributed generously towards the cost of the television set. Senior forms now benefit from the very profitable science programmes. The audio-visual aids are used by Miss Good for the teaching of French in the first year.

Not only the scientists have benefited by the changes made but the Domestic Economy classes were made more enjoyable by the redecoration and modification of our Domestic Kitchen.

Miss Scott's announcement that all long hair should be worn tied back caused great disturbance and the following morning found almost everyone from first to sixth year wearing pig-tails. Sometime later the trend changed to string and sellotape, applied by Miss Scott following her ban on fringes.

On the 30th January, Diocesan, represented by Sheila Goulden, Jackie Mahon, Rosemary Balmer, Hilda Smith and Heather Henderson took part in a Missionary Quiz held in the C.M.S. Of the four teams taking part, Diocesan came out on top, losing only two marks.

Cakes sales, a fashion show, and a fancy dress parade were among the various entertainments provided to raise money for the C.M.S. School girls' Sale.

A missionary sketch was written by members of Fifth Year who with the help of form 1s, performed it at a lamplighter evening in the Molesworth Hall, and also performed it for the school the previous afternoon. This sketch took the form of a Sunday School class to which Heather told the story of Endombi, a little leper boy; this was followed by the hymn "We thank Thee oh our Father". Then while Margaret told the story of the ten lepers members of Fifth Year acted it.

Hilda then recited the poem called "Somebody's Mother" and then introduced Pyari (Rosemary) who taught the class an Indian chorus. We finished our entertainment by singing "A Blessing" accompanied by Dorothy on the piano. The Diocesan girls were highly complimented on their performance.

Among the places of interest which we visited this year were Dublin Airport, The India Tea Centre, The National Museum and Gouldings. Sixth Year went to see the film Macbeth in the Eblana Theatre and later went to see it performed in the Lantern Theatre and Fourth Year went to see "As you like it".

Fourth and Sixth Year went to "Window of the World", an exhibition held in the Mansion House. Third Year went to hear a Radio Eireann Symphony Concert in Saint Francis Xavier Hall.

The Diocesan Youth Council organised a Holy Communion service, followed by an address by His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, after which a dance was held. Two hundred and fifty young people attended.

The annual Carol Service was held in Saint Peter's Church. Canon Dowse conducted the service. Under the expert guidance of Mr Watson the choir gave a beautiful performance. The lessons were read by girls selected from each form and Canon Dowse read the Christmas Gospel.

CHOOSING A CAREER

Fifth and Sixth Years went to an excellent careers Symposium held in Trinity College, and arranged by the Church of Ireland.

The organising committee set about finding a panel of some twenty professional people who would be able to put across to Fifth and Sixth Formers the qualifications needed for their own particular career, the kind of work involved and the prospects. A wide range of subjects were discussed including Nursing, Civil Engineering, Tourism, The Ministry, Civil Aviation, Primary and Secondary Teaching, Distributive Trades and Domestic Economy and Catering.

There was also an excellent talk given by Mr Michael Coote, on how to behave at an interview. A greatly appreciated snack tea was provided in the Dining Hall, by the Diocesan Past Pupils Association.

A closing address was given by the Right Rev Dr. E. C. Hodges.

The pupils themselves were complimented on the efficiency and courtesy with which they carried out their part of the proceedings.

MISS DOROTHEA CASSERLY

An Appreciation

Deep regret will have been felt by many when they saw the announcement of the death of Miss Dorothea Casserley, M.A. She had been ill for some months.

Miss Casserley was an Honours Graduate (Modern Language) of the Royal University of Ireland, and later obtained her M.A. Degree in the N.U.I. in History. In 1924 she joined the staff of the Diocesan Secondary School for Girls, and her chief subjects were Literature and History. She inspired her pupils, with a great love of these subjects, and gave them a deep interest in Irish historical buildings and monuments and also in the history of their country.

For junior pupils she wrote "Boys and Girls of Ancient Ireland", and in June, 1940, she was awarded 100 guineas by the Board of Education of the General Synod of the Church of Ireland for her History of Ireland. This book has been in use for many years in the senior classes of primary schools and also in secondary schools. From her books we realise her wide reading, and her deep knowledge.

Miss Casserley had many other interests, and trained many of her pupils in the production of English and Irish plays. The school library of the Diocesan School owes a great part of its success to her, and her pupils greatly profited by her wide choice of books. She not only had high academic qualifications, but also an outstanding personality — always gracious, sympathetic and willing to help in every way.

Her influence has been felt in all her school work. She was greatly loved by all her pupils, and at all times demanded a high standard of work.

She was a member of the Historical Society of Ireland and also of the Dublin Shakesperian Society.

Her love for animals was shown not only by her monetary support, but by her enthusiastic help in collecting on flag days for the Society for the Protection of Animals.

Her busy life as a teacher did not prevent her from taking part in the many activities of All Saints' Church, Grangegorman.

Her friends and past pupils have much to remember of her unfailing help and advice.

I láthair De atá sí anois.

5TH YEAR SCIENCE CLASS

Two little atoms
Coming home from school,
Fell into each others arms,
And formed a molecule.

— Betty McCann.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

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

Miss Elizabeth Jordan and Mr. Raymond Cantan.

Miss Joan Shaw and Mr. Jonathan Bewley.

Miss Mary Drought and the Rev. David Woodworth.

Miss Rosemary Stopford and Mr. David Beckett.

Miss Marilyn Price and Mr. William Highin.

Congratulations also to the following on their marriage:—

Miss Dorothy Skerrett and Mr. William Parker.
Miss Ruth Wallace and Mr. Geoffrey Burch.

Miss Dorothy Killeen and the Rev. Cecil Hyland.

Miss Jacqueline Vaux and Mr. Michael Troughton-Smith.

Miss Rosemary Fisher and Mr. Brian Ponsford.

Miss Jennifer Lush and Mr. Barry Message.

Miss Jill Harte and Mr. Edward Brownell.

Miss Marina Crowther and Mr. Eric Pearson.

Miss Elizabeth Brownsell and M. David Howe.

Miss Margaret Roe and Mr. Henry Kennedy.

Miss Jane Harrison and Mr. Robert Kennedy.

Miss Patricia Riley and Mr. Peter Barrett.

Miss Ann Leonard and Mr. Hubert Dennison.

Miss Beryl Wynne and Mr. Dermot Ashmore.

Congratulations to the following:—

To Gladys (nee Rowden) and Brian Weir, a son,
December 1964.

To Sheila (nee Anderson) and Stuart Keene, a son,
May 1964.

To Linda (nee Watson) and John White, a daughter,
November 1964.

ELF CAPERS

The elves, who live together in our bed
Of flowers sweet, and play amongst the trees,
Once told me how they ride upon the bees,
And pluck the fairest flowers of white and red,
They'd like to meet some fairies sweet they said
Some fairies young and bright, whom they
could please

Who would not mind if they began to tease.
Just then, we heard a shout of youthful glee,
And turning, saw a throng of fairy folk.

They danced and sang and gaily lilted o'er
The smooth green lawn, and then began to poke
Amongst the pile of logs outside the door
The elves, amazed, delighted, never spoke,
But now they are alone not any more.

— Dorothy Pasley. 5th Year.

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT 1964 - 1965

Committee: Hilda Smith (Secretary)

Lynda Cornick Philippa Wiggins

Betty McCann Carol Campbell

We have had a busy, successful season with many interesting school and inter-school debates. Our main speakers for the year were Lynda Cornick, Carol Campbell, Philippa Wiggins, Janice Warren and Hilda Smith. Our debates were attended by girls from 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th forms.

In the Christmas term we had four meetings. The first was a debate "That modern men are no match for modern women". The next motion defeated was "That security should be the main factor in choosing a career". On 9th November we held our version of Telefis Eireann's "Teen Talk". Mr. Classon, principal of Avoca School, Miss Barbara Davy, a past pupil, Miss Lugton from the staff and Miss Jennifer Armstrong, a school representative, acted very well as panel members. The questions which were varied included "Is a married woman's place in the home?" "Should secondary education be free and if so who should pay?" and "What did the panel think about blood sports?" In this term we again competed in the Aer Lingus debate. The motion this year was "That air-travel has deprived foreign travel of its former attraction." We gained 473 marks while the winning school gained 525. We congratulate Lynda Cornick and Philippa Wiggins who obtained over 80%.

In our Easter term we had two school debates, "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight" and "That corporal punishment should be re-introduced into the schools". We must congratulate the speakers who spoke for the first time at this debate. We took part in a very enjoyable debate in Avoca School. The motion was "That the emancipation of women has been in vain".

Lynda Cornick, Elizabeth McFarland and Hilda Smith spoke for Diocesan.

On 22 February Diocesan competed in The Irish Times Cup debate. The motion this year was "That the freedom of the press is abused". Hilda Smith representing Diocesan spoke for the motion and unfortunately was drawn to speak last. Everyone was of the opinion that Hilda spoke well and did not let Diocesan down!

On 24 March we took part in a debate in St. Andrew's College "That this house is opposed to the official restoration of the Irish language". Hilda Smith and Carol Campbell spoke for Diocesan. Four other schools took part and it was a very interesting debate. The motion was defeated. We also took part in an inter-schools quiz and question-time in St. Andrew's. Rosemary McKiernan and Helen Southgate represented Diocesan and we congratulate them both on win-

ning and Rosemary on obtaining the highest individual marks.

We ended our season with a debate in Diocesan "That it is necessary to tell white lies". Avoca and Alexandra took part and Mr. Smyth, principal of Taney School, acted very well as chairman. Lynda Cornick and Elizabeth McFarland spoke for Diocesan.

On behalf of the committee I would like to thank Mrs. Parker and Miss Scott for all their help during the year. I would also like to thank Carol Campbell for all the excellent posters she made for us during the year.

HILDA SMITH (Secretary)

THE LIBRARY

Committee: Ann Ingram, Gwyneth Grace, Mary Kenny, Dorothy Pasley.

By the end of the summer term 1964, library funds were rising, and during the holidays Mrs Parker bought a number of paper backs. We received a set of the Children's Encyclopaedia Britannica from His Grace, the Lord Archbishop of Dublin and this and the shorter Oxford English Dictionary and a Dictionary of five foreign languages, will soon be available for consultation during school hours. We wish to thank Gillian Copeland, Lynda Cornick, Lois Gray, Allison Stuart, Mrs. Valentine and Mrs. Caird, and all others who kindly gave us books. All contributions of books, new or old, suitable for girls aged 10-18 are very welcome.

The membership of the library has increased considerably, and now stands at about 80. The majority of this number is from the middle and lower school and more support from seniors would be welcomed. The charge is small, but a great deal of enjoyment and knowledge can be obtained from the shelves of our library. The introduction of library classes in 3B and 4B, has proved very successful—many girls have read five or six books, and book reviews have been written. Thrillers and school stories are by far the most popular with our girls.

This year we opened the library every afternoon after school as lunch hour was too short for anything but eating! Interest in the library has remained fairly constant all year, but as the number of books increases we hope the membership will too. We hope to acquire more reference books which will supplement academic work.

In order to increase our interests, our vocabularies and to become better citizens of our country we must read to find out more about the world and its ways and here is how to start — join the library. You will come to love books and to value their help. As Bacon says:

"Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability".

SPORTS REPORT—1964-'65

TENNIS

Owing to last year's heavy and persistent rainfall, tennis never really got going, and although several Ling students attempted to give instruction, the weather would not permit. There were many young hopefuls, but the shortage of court-space prevented a high standard being attained, and this in itself presents a strong case for the introduction of cricket or rounders, the latter having been introduced, but abandoned rather suddenly.

NETBALL

A new netball pitch has been marked out on two of the four tennis-courts at Belgrave Square. This new court called for new posts, which were enthusiastically sunk deep into the turf of the courts.

SWIMMING

Blackrock Baths being considered inconvenient, swimming was transferred to Tara Street, and this induced more people to attend, but unfortunately the numbers far exceeded the capacity of the pool, and perhaps this is why no candidates were entered for life saving medals.

The school entered a strong team for the Inter School Swimming Gala, and did very well; both junior and senior sections coming third in their respective relay races.

Teams were also entered for the invitation relay at Wesley College Gala, and did well.

HOCKEY

In spite of their being very young, the junior team did very well. They met Alexandra School B team in the first round of the cup, and while losing 1-0 they put up a very good show, especially Elizabeth Flewett on the left wing who showed that quality comes before quantity, and goalkeeper Joan Hewson who did much to keep such a low score.

The Junior A team although slightly bigger and older than the B team, still looked very small against their cup opponents, Holy Faith Convent, Cabra, who beat them 2-0. Delma Griffin, left wing, and Caroline Stopford, goalkeeper, played well, while Jane Wells, centre forward, made some valiant efforts by herself, unfortunately having nobody to pass to when necessary.

The 2nd XI were a very lively and enthusiastic team this season and since they are all in the third and fourth years, there are high hopes for a strong 1st XI soon.

This team met the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Mount Anville in the cup and lost 4-2, scorers being Barbara Leach and Shirley Rafter. Valerie Taylor played a prominent part in both these goals with magnificent passes from the right wing.

The 1st XI reached the second round of the cup, beating Collegiate School, Celbridge, 6-0, and being beaten 1-0 by Colaiste Moibhi. Janet Middleton and Christine Fox accounted for most of the goals between them, being ably assisted by strong passes from wings.

In general the hockey season went well, but the lack of Saturday matches must obviously weaken the teams' chances when they face more experienced teams in cup matches. The 1st XI played Limavady Grammar School when they spent a week-end in Dublin, and towards the end of the season the 1st's met the staff. Understandably this clash aroused much primitive interest in the school and perhaps if even half the number present turned out for school matches, the teams would feel less like strangers in a strange land. The staff, with a forward line composed of Ling students, won. However, the school achieved what it wished to achieve and we think that those of the staff and their friends who turned out, including the umpire, were very sporting and we hope this will become an annual event. (An extract from the "Irish Times").

DIOCESAN IN COMMAND

A very fast and well-trained Diocesan XI, who led 4-0 at the interval, had little difficulty in beating Celbridge 6-0 in the first round of the Leinster Schoolgirls' Intermediate Cup at Celbridge yesterday.

The outstanding forward on view was Miss C. Fox, in the centre, who scored four of her side's total, while the right inner, Miss J. Middleton, shot the other two.

SPORTS DAY

This as usual occurred several days before the end of the summer term and Mrs. Perdue, the wife of Bishop Perdue of Cork, and a past-pupil of Diocesan, presented the prizes. Fortunately the weather was reasonably fine for the events, after a morning of heavy rain which rendered the ground very slippery. The sports day seems to improve each year but we missed the jumping events which we feel give added interest to those who like to compete but who are not destined to appear in Mexico City; because hitherto all the long and high jumping has been won by people who did not figure at all noticeably on the track.

Martha Wheatley won the Taylor Cup for the senior girl with the most points. The staff Cup went to Gwen Jeffares in the middle school. The Diocesan Cup for the junior girl with the most points went to Cherry Malcolm.

The Mathers Cup for the highest points in Transition was awarded to Karen Vard.

The Preparatory Cup was won by Jane Hamilton.

RESULTS OF VARIOUS PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS

Ten girls entered for the Leaving Certificate Examination, of whom three obtained honours and five passed. Honours were obtained in English Literature, History, Geography, Mathematics, French, Physics and Chemistry and Art.

In the Intermediate Certificate Examination there were two divisions. In the A division 24 entered—24 passed, of whom 14 gained honours. Honours were obtained in English Literature, Irish, French, History and Geography, Mathematics, Science, Domestic Science, Art and Drawing. Hilda Smith obtained 93% on the honours Irish paper.

In the B division 29 entered — 23 passed, of whom five gained honours.

Religious Knowledge Examination

Church of Ireland: 197 entered — 169 passed of whom 104 gained prizes.

Presbyterian Church: 15 entered — 14 passed of whom 8 gained prizes.

Methodist Church: 9 entered — 9 passed of whom 6 gained prizes.

Diane Watt gained 1st place in 3rd Year.

Choir Examination held by the Department of Education

Two-part choir A 87%.

Two-part choir D 81%.

Two-part choir B 89%.

Three-part choir 91%.

Two-part choir C 85%.

Cookery

In the Cookery Test held by the Dublin Alliance Gas Co. the following gained prizes:

3A and 3B—Sheelagh Mahon, Barbara Leach, Denise McDonnell, Heather McDougald, Jeanette McQueston, Diane Gregory, Dorothy Reid.

4A and 4B — Sandra Parkinson, Heather Glynn, Ann Ingram, Margaret Sarsteiner, Joan Hamilton, Elizabeth Stuart, Amy Stephens, Glenda Gick.

Results of School Scholarships and School Prizes

Scholarship given by the Committee of Diocesan Girls' School to the girl who gained the highest aggregate marks in the Intermediate Certificate Examination. Its value is £18 per annum for two years. The successful candidate must promise to remain in school for the Leaving Certificate Examination. This year it is awarded to Rosemary McKiernan.

The Past Pupils' Association Scholarship value £15 for one year is awarded to the girl who obtains the second highest aggregate marks in the Intermediate Certificate Examination. This year it is awarded to Hilda Smith.

The Diocesan School Scholarships awarded on the result of the Summer Examinations: 5th Year—value £10 for one year—Vivienne Michie.

The EVELYN RILEY MEMORIAL Scholarship—value £9, awarded on the results of the Summer Examinations in 3rd Year, awarded to Janet Grace.

The ETHELINE BRADY Scholarship: value £6, awarded on the result of the Summer Examinations in 1st Year—awarded to Myrtle McMullan.

The Foster Prize for Mathematics awarded to Rosemary M. Kiernan.

The Prize for Domestic Science presented by Dr. Anderson, awarded to Joan Hamilton.

The Emily Latimer Memorial Prize for English Literature presented to Lynda Cornick.

The Jellet Memorial Prize for Irish awarded to Elizabeth Elliott.

The GYMNASTIC Prize presented by Mr. R. G. Price, divided between Helga Moody and Martha Wheatley.

Special Geography Prizes presented by Miss M. A. Latimer, awarded to: Leaving Certificate—Doretta Delmonte. Intermediate Certificate—Rosemary McKiernan.

The McNay Prizes for English Literature, awarded on the results of the Summer Examinations in the middle school, awarded to Sandra Aver, form 3B and Barbara Maiden 2B.

Special Science Prize awarded to Rosemary McKiernan.

Prizes Presented by the French Government: Leaving Certificate—Jennifer Armstrong. Intermediate Certificate—Rosemary McKiernan.

In the Senior School money was given for a prize for full attendance to a girl who had not won any other prize. The kind donor wishes to remain anonymous. This prize was awarded to Esther Scott.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS

Linda Large—All Saints N.S., Blackrock.

Rachael Kelly—Zion N.S.

Carole O'Neill—St. Catherine's N.S.

Grace Mathews—St. Catherine's N.S.

Eva Nelson—St. Paul's N.S., Glenageary.

Philanthropic Report

At the Y.P.U. Sale of Work Diocesan School realized £41-4-0.

We sent to the Country Air Association £12-18-9.

We sent to the Life Boat £42-8-0.

Dr. Barnardos Home Christmas Tree Fund realized £34-12-6.

The contributions to the Universities Mission to Central Africa amounted to £8-8-3.

The Juniors collected Ship halfpennies and sent to the Mission to Seamen £1-17-0.

MUSIC REPORT

When our present music teacher, Miss O. Haughton, joined the staff, she had 18 pupils. This number has nearly doubled itself, as there are now 34 girls taking music. This figure shows the steady and increasing interest of our girls in music, and the number increases every year. The results of the examinations taken by our girls show how much effort and enthusiasm Miss Haughton puts into her teaching.

The following are the results of the examinations held by The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music.

GRADE I

Helen Rath—with Merit; Marie Michie—with Merit; Lindsey Robson, Pass.

GRADE II

Dorothy Pasley—with Merit.

GRADE IV

Vivienne Michie—with Merit.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON

Initial Examination: Patricia Kileen: with Merit.

At our Annual Prize Distributions held on the 3rd and 4th December, 1964, our parents and friends were entertained by two pianoforte solos, played, on Wednesday, by Helen Jackson and Marie Michie, and at the Senior Distribution on Thursday by Dorothy Lindsay and Vivienne Michie.

The marches were played by Carol Gaw and Dorothy Pasley.

There is a wide range of hymns played every morning at prayers. The Hymn List is arranged by Miss Haughton, who also encourages girls to start learning to play hymns at an early age. A March List is arranged by Hilda Smith and Dorothy Pasley and each girl has a chance to play her favourite march.

We hope that more girls will agree to play for us in Prayers, as it is not such a frightening experience as one would imagine!

DOROTHY PASLEY

THE SWAN

The swan is a pretty thing,
It swims along but does not sing,
Its feathers are a perfect white,
It seems to be just made of light.

It glides along with wondrous grace,
It hardly moves the waters face,
It goes along with greatest ease,
With strength and dignity that please.

CAROL WALTON (Age 10½)

DIOCESAN POETS

THE STAFF

He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches.
G. B. Shaw

MISS LUGTON

Silence that dreadful bell!
Shakespeare.

4B

O hard, when love and duty clash.
Tennyson.

THE OFFICE

Where peace comes dropping slow.
W. B. Yeats.

ROSEMARY McKIERNAN

I have nothing to declare but my genius.
Oscar Wilde.

BEGINNING OF A NEW TERM.

Our revels now are ended.
Shakespeare.

MISS CAIRNS

Not a translation—only taken from the French.
Sheridan.

1st YEAR

They have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing.
Talleyrand.

GEOGRAPHICAL EXPEDITION

Up the airy mountains, down the rushing glen.
W. Allingham.

STAFF CORRECTING EXAM. PAPERS

And what avail my teaching slight?
Colum.

VALERIE EDMONDS AND CAROLINE STOPFORD

I will be good.
Queen Victoria.

SINGING CLASS

Sir, we are a nest of singing birds.
Samuel Johnson.

HOLIDAYS—MISS SCOTT

I do not grudge them.
Pearse.

PRAYERS IN THE MORNING

And all the air a solemn stillness holds.
Gray.

MISS JORDAN, CROSSING THE INTERNATIONAL DATELINE

Friends, I have lost a day.
Vespasianus.

ON READING AN EXAM PAPER

Who knows, who knows!
J. E. Flecker.

MISS BRADSHAW

The survival of the fittest.
Spencer.

DIOCESAN POETS

Publish and be damned.
Duke of Wellington.

BEATLE TRAGEDY

I knew the dreaded day would come,
I overheard Dad say to Mum,
"I'm going to decorate Yvonne's room"
All day I walked round in a gloom.

With sad and heavy heart that night,
I told the BEATLES of my plight,
Dear George and Ringo, John and Paul
I'll have to take you off my wall."

At last each wall was stark and bare,
No trace of the BEATLES anywhere,
Forlorn and sad I crept to bed
To try and dream of them instead.

I looked around, a sorry sight
No BEATLES there to say goodnight.
I found I could not sleep at all
Without the boys upon my wall.

But now my room is done, I'm glad
Right now I don't feel quite so sad
Cause now they're back upon my wall,
Dear George and Ringo, John and Paul.
Yvonne Shepherd. 3A.

THE SEA BED

While looking at the sea, I like to wonder:
What lies beneath it? So many ships have been
wrecked that there must be a great many treas-
ures buried under thousands of tons of water.
What does it look like? After so many years,
does the shell of some sunken ship still sway
slightly with the gentle motion of the water, or
does it lie in a decaying heap of rotting timber
in the shadow of some great rock?

What a glorious sight it must be! the soft green
light filtering through the water from above; the
strange sea-plants and weeds, swaying with the
slight motion of the water; the magnificent sea-
creatures of every colour and hue imaginable,
gliding about, peering curiously into every dark
corner; the wierd shapes of the rocks and caves
blurred with the hazy water surrounding them.
All these things must create a wonderful pic-
ture for a deep-sea diver or explorer.

With these ship-wrecks, many sailors and
travellers must have died; what happened to
their families? Were they depending on the
father or son who perished, or waiting for his re-
turn, to be able to sit round the fire on winter
evenings, listening to stories of far-away places?
Far more accidents happened in the old days,
but the sea claims many victims. Perhaps some
day man will conquer the sea completely, and
be able to travel safely without loss of one ves-
sel, but until then, the sea will continue to

dash men's hopes and deprive families of one or
more much needed members.

DOROTHY PASLEY (5th year)

ARE YOU THE IDEAL GIRL FRIEND?

To find out tick off your honest answer to the
following questions.

1. a) Are you always late for dates?
b) Punctual.
c) Seldom late.
2. It's your boyfriend's birthday. Would you
a) Ask your mother to buy something for him
b) Get up early on Saturday morning and go
to town for something.
c) Buy a packet of cigarettes.
3. Your boyfriend calls to the door and your hair
is in rollers; do you:
a) Ask your mother to ask him to wait in the
drawingroom while you remove them.
b) Send a message to say that you are not at
home.
c) Appear.
4. Your boyfriend talks to you for hours about
his new car; do you
a) Yawn.
b) Admit that you are not interested.
c) Listen dreamily looking into his big brown
eyes.
5. You arrive home late from school with only
half an hour to get ready for your date. Do
you
a) Arrive in a pair of sloppy jeans
b) Arrive half an hour late
c) Ring and ask him to alter the time.
6. Your boy friend asks your opinion on his new
suit which you don't like, do you
a) Tell him frankly that you detest it.
b) Say politely "Its very nice."
c) Tell him that you prefer his other one.
7. Your boyfriend arrives to collect you after
school and you are kept in; do you
a) Send a message to him telling him that
you are in the library
b) Leave him waiting
c) Tell him the truth.
8. You wish to date another boy although you
have a steady boy friend; do you
a) Go ahead behind his back
b) Tell him that you are fed up with him
c) Tell him you want to have lots of friends.

22-24—You are the dream girl friend (are you
you sure you have been honest?

20-22—You would make pleasant company.

10-18—You might just pass.

Anything below—you had better make some
resolutions fast.

IT'S HIT TIME WITH THE TOP TEN

1. "The Special Years"—School at Diocesan.
2. "You can't do that"—The Prefects.
3. "Stranger on the Shore"—New Girl.
4. "Not fade away"—Going on a diet.
5. "Message to Martha"—Notes in class.
6. "Do the Shake"—Going to the Office.
7. "Everything's alright"—Exam Results.
8. "No More"—School after June.
9. "Walk Tall"—Miss Bradshaw.
10. "Glad all over"—Last day of term.

RUTH WADE (4B).

A DAY IN AFRICA

We woke very early in the morning before the sun had risen. The air was damp and thick but suddenly the sun arose and the mist was no longer visible. Today we are to visit the Badumah people who live on the islands in Lake Tchad. This lake is more than twice the size of Ireland and it contains many permanent and floating islands. The floating islands are made of plaited reeds and the people live in boat like houses on them. First we bring the gramophone and the gospel records to the landrover and before setting out for the lake we take a fresh supply of medicine and bandages for the island dispensaries. Shortly the blue waters of the lake come into view, and Albisher, the boat is waiting patiently for its load which it faithfully carries each week. A native coolie carries the goods on board and soon the moorings are loosed and we have begun our four hour trip to the largest island. En route we see many of the Badumah fishermen in their reed canoes, and occasionally we see an island in the distance. Arriving at our first port of call we are greeted by the Chief who sometimes acts as guide to us, but today there is a large crowd gathered so we play the gospel records while Joel, the male nurse aids the doctor in the treatment of the many sick folk. Two of the Chiefs' female relatives are under treatment for tuberculosis which is very prevalent in these islands. When all the sick have been treated we have lunch before setting out for Kukawa where there is a small dispensary. Arriving there we again play records to the eager crowds who gather round to see the unusual box which produces a voice. Here too, medicine is administered and fresh bandages are applied, but as the people are ignorant, medicine cannot be left with them, else they take it all at once and then the last state is worse than the first. Unfortunately the day has gone faster than we had anticipated and so our visit to Baza must be very short and we must be back at the mooring base

before dark. At Baza we leave the remainder of our medicine and bandages, because in the small dispensary lives a Nigerian Missionary with his wife and family. We have a short time of fellowship together before leaving on the last stage of our journey.

On the journey Joel explains more fully the beliefs of the Badumah people. When one arrives at any of the Tchadian islands one sees four large corn bins—three of them together and the other a little away from them. These people believe in a triune god and so into each of the bins a supply of corn is put every day to keep the god well fed, while a fourth bin is to feed any stray hungry god. Wild roaring animals feed on this wheat under cover of darkness but the people believe that the god eats it. Joel who speaks five languages has used these wheat bins many times to explain about the living God being in three persons.

Seeing the mooring base in the distance we prepare to disembark. Leaving the boat we return to the landrover. Darkness has fallen which makes travel more difficult. The road is just a beaten track full of potholes and dust in the dry season and mud in the rainy season.

Arriving back at our station we are thankful for a safe journey and look forward to what tomorrow will bring.

CAROL CASWELL—5th.

THE WEARY PRISONER

I am a prisoner alone in my cell,
And the days are weary and long,
And while I work in the prison shop
I often sing this song.

When will I ever get out again?
When will I ever be freed?
The thought in my mind brings inward pain,
As I think of my terrible deed.

Oh! for all the time when I was happy
When I was young and good,
And then foul temptations arose,
And I spilt innocent blood.

My friends will shun me now,
'Though my parents will love me still—
But the thought in my mind still haunts me,
I did a poor man ill.

I am left alone in my sorrow,
To bear my pain to the end,
I've none but my parents to love me,
I have not a single friend.

—Catriona Kelly. 1s.

MY TWELFTH MIDSUMMER

A camping life is the life for me,
In the fields so green and gay,
With the Guides in blue attire,
Helping to set the evening fire.

Around the fire we would group together
Cross-legged on grass as soft as heather,
Singing around a glowing fire,
While soon to bed we all retire.

Then in the morning sunny and bright,
We will arise to a lovely sight,
And smell the bacon on the pan
Frying to feed the hungry clan.

Then in the middle of the day,
We will march without delay,
To a lake not far away,
To swim together and be gay.

And as I cut wood with my knife,
I think of other people's life
And think of mine so gay and free,
O a camping life is the life for me.
— Susan Patterson. 1s.

MUD

It advanced sluggishly, steadily, its huge massive hulk bearing down on the millions beneath it. As it moved, uttering squelching groans, swaying and slithering onwards. A great wall of mud, slowly lapping up every mark of civilisation on earth. Slowly and heavily it lumbered on, eating and chewing with its soft gurgling jaws all that lay in its pathless way.

On earth the greatest panic ever known. People lay prostrate with white fear, shrieking and gnashing their rotten teeth. Moist beady eyes staring unbelievably, as the torment rolled nearer and nearer. Horrible pictures of human agony and suffering. The clamour and stifle of noise, never ending. Vacant with fear some sit cutting their toe-nails on long bare tables, rushing to polish the glittering brass handles of charred doors, strewn over the dry ground.

Staring but staring. Fingers twisted around tiny stones, arms wrenching in terrible despair. Fierce heat and strain, ice-cold blood dropping from dry eyes. Gates of fire open and close with singing roar. Lifeless water shoots into the tearful air, and freezes into solid shapes of horror, ghastly omens dripping with black gore.

Staring, always staring motionless. Women thrashing solid air with mangled shoe heels. Children soaked with knowing smiles. Hooters,

sirens, church bells and trumpet writhe together in deafening harmony, the last triumphant note Tree branches, twisted and knotted, jolt over the sweating ground. Colourless people steeped in black lumpy paste staring forever.

But it keeps coming, thundering and cursing, in its contented power. Timeless ages can evolve, it will come, it will always come, with slow, sucking motion.

Blubbering, bellowing, stammering and slurping their coarse thin cries—we have our intellect. Why? And a slow gurgling smile. Our great men and writers, our Shakespeares, Virgils and Napoleons—half-strangled bellows now. Art and cultures. Where? And a slow gurgling smile. Our wit, our humour, our minds, our creations, our thoughts, our philosophy. Never, and a slow gurgling smile. Our tolerance, our civil rights, our desegregation, our freedom, our morals, our principles. Nothing, and a slow gurgling smile. Our fine churches, our generosity, our charity, our religions, our faith, our Gods, our all.

Hopeless, gone, ad finitum. Silence of death. No last bird twitters on the black branch. Extinct creature now, man. Mud reigns, all powerful. Everything swallowed into its huge heaving bosom. Invisible and horrible forgotten. All sighs, tears and woe smothered in the bursting silence, betrayed by their hateful minds, minds of sodden mud, hardened into motionless bricks dry tasteless mud.

Mud has been, is and will be the conqueror. Everlasting victory.

TO COMEDY'S LATE HERO: JIMMY O'DEA

The heart of Irish comedy has gone
O why must the best adored pass on?
Not sixty-eight at death was he,
But now he's called the late Jimmy O'Dea.

His great debut was the Pride of the Coombe
Yet his heart for Shakespeare still had room
Of magical acting he had his fill,
In the renowned role of Darby O'Gill.

Thousands of children thought him a dear,
His fairy tales seemed so sincere,
To sickened actors he was a friend,
He'd visit their beside and leave five pound.

When he said: "I'll see you in Glochamora"
My honouring heart was laden with sorrow,
Not long after that he was dead,
Many were the tears at his funeral shed.

— Sheila Goulden. 3A.

SAMPLE PAPER 1965
Sixth Scientists View Domestic
 (2 Hours)

(Not more than six questions to be answered)

1. Q: How is milk pasteurized?
 A: Raise it above your head.
2. Q: Suggest one way of economising on the use of each of the following.
 - a) Electric cookers.
 - b) Open grate fires.
 - c) Light.
 - d) Potatoes.
 - e) Soap.
 A: a) Use gas.
 b) Time you got central heating.
 c) Use cheap candles.
 d) Go on a diet.
 e) Don't wash.
3. Q: State the composition of oatmeal and give your opinion of porridge as a breakfast dish.
 A: Oatmeal is made up of the letters: A, E, L, M, O, and T in alphabetical order.
 My opinion of porridge as a breakfast dish—ugh!
4. Q: How would you preserve jam for winter use?
 A: Put it in the bank.
5. Q: How would you treat a young child suffering from an acute attack of indigestion?
 A: Choke her and make it obtuse.
6. Q: Describe one method of making a side opening in a frock?
 A: Cut it.
7. Q: Write a good descriptive note on the alimentary canal.
 A: The alimentary canal starts approximately behind the left eyeball flowing freely until it makes a right-angled bend at the wisdom tooth. After that it meanders over a great plain, having occasional locks, and eventually draining into the right knee. The barges travelling on the canal are very pretty, painted red and white. There are many tributaries.
8. Q: Write out a diet for one day for a person suffering from over-weight.
 A: Breakfast—Steam from black coffee and scrapings from burnt toast.
 Lunch—Caraway seed under glass.
 Dinner—Rib of Tadpole a la Mud; and seed from an Irish potato.
9. Q: Give the ingredients of the following dishes:
 - a) Beefsteak; b) Potato croquettes; c) Dropped scones.

A: a) Cow; b) Croquet mallet; c) Drop-ings.

10. Q: Describe clearly with the aid of a diagram the shape and structure of the kidneys. What are the functions of these organs?

A: Function of organs is usually to play music in Church, mainly by exhaling air rammed into it by some self-righteous being hammering on a piano-like thing and pushing and pulling little knobs.

A GHOST STORY

It was cold outside. The wind howled through the tree tops and around the "Ghostly House". Inside the doors creaked and the windows rattled loudly. As I stood there in the door way, there came over the house a deadly quietness and at the other end of the room a door creaked open and there stood a terrifying ghost. I was so frightened I could not move. I just watched as it came towards me each step nearer. Suddenly I felt I could just reach the door and I moved as quickly as I could and darted out. I never stopped running until I reached home. I tried to tell my friends about the adventure, but they would not listen. They only said I must be dreaming—and maybe I was.

CAROL WALTON (AGE 10½)

GUESS WHERE ?

From the front door up some brown stairs
 Into a room where nobody cares,
 If you're a genius or nut we all go well,
 Nineteen fine things that all look real swell
 That's Hilda by the door, "A fine bit of stuff"
 Pamela's there too she thinks she's real tough
 "Slán Leat," says Heather as she leaves the
 room
 Dorothy and her piano will be tops very soon
 Lynda and Rosemary are really "STONES"
 mad
 Mary's there too, looking quite sad
 Margaret on the games field is a beautiful
 sight
 While romantic Carol dreams of the stars of
 night
 Joan and her cooking are really quite fab
 Betty and Irene spend their time in the lab
 Guess who's at the mirror, it's Sandra of
 course
 While Jill dreams of owning her own wee horse
 Carol and French just don't agree,
 Ann's going to help her, she's brainy you see
 New bug to the form, who can that be?
 Oh but of course, it's just little old me.
 —Elizabeth McFarland. 5th Year.

THE GOLDFISH

I had two goldfish in a bowl
Who swam around all day.
I fed them with a special seed
And watched them at their play.

I also have a pussy-cat
Who likes to watch them too
He'd sit for hours and hours
He did enjoy the view.

One day when I was busy
With homework, I had plenty,
That pussy cat when fishing
And left the glass bowl empty.
— Carol Whittaker. Age 10.

MY VISIT TO WARWICKSHIRE

I had the pleasure of visiting England in 1962. The first place which I went to see was Coventry Cathedral and I was amazed by the most extraordinary shape of it. It stands beside the old Coventry Cathedral which was bombed in the Second World War. Parts of the roof of the new Cathedral jut out on to the old one. Looking from the road one can see the Epstein Bronze statue of St. Michael and the Devil.

It is all glass over the entrance door with pictures of angels painted in white. The first thing that I was really fascinated by was a thing that is called the Bishop's Throne. To me it looked like a Christmas tree and under it were seats where people sat. The windows looked to me to be abstract drawings. In front of course was the Holy Communion Table, over it a picture of Jesus done in tapestry. I was told it took six people twenty years to make it. Walking on through the Cathedral I saw a Mural in the Chapel of Christ in Gethsemane. It shines like the sun. Its background was yellow and foreground a round circle in spikes. On the walls were plaques with script and writings on them. Thousands of people have already seen this New Cathedral.

Another day I went to see Shakespeare's Memorial Theatre and other places to do with Shakespeare in Stratford upon Avon. The theatre situated on the bank of the River Avon was completed in 1932. It replaced the original theatre which was opened on Shakespeare's birthday in 1879 but was destroyed by fire in 1926. At the present Shakespeare's plays are continually being played. I also saw the small two roomed cottage where he was born. The theatre is a high building in red brick. My visit to Warwickshire was an experience in my life I shall never forget.

PATRICIA KEARON (3rd Year)

THUNDERSTORM

It was a lovely summer's day. The sun was brilliant as it beat down on multitudes of arms and legs stretched out on the beach. There was a blue haze shimmering on the horizon which married the sea to the sky so that it looked as if it was all one. The water was sparkling like sequins on an evening dress. Everything was still and beautiful, so still in fact, it made one think that something was wrong. One was waiting for a summer breeze to blow in from the sea, to bring up the goose pimples on one's flesh, and when it dropped, to feel the full benefit of the sun heating one again.

Then quite suddenly a cloud covered the sun. It seemed to have accumulated from nowhere. It passed and the sun shone again, but another cloud covered it, and more and more, until the sky was obliterated by a mass of billowing dark clouds.

The wind had started up, and every second was getting stronger and colder. The sea had turned from a beautiful sparkling satin sea to a black towering, raging menace, waves rising and beating down on the beach with a thunderous roar.

The rain started to fall, needle like drops, dropping here and there at first, then slowly turning into a torrent.

Then the jagged yellow streak of lightning flashed across the sky, like the conductor's baton summoning in the crescendo of thunder, which roared and craked across the great expanse of tormented sea, drowning the sound of all the instruments of the storm.

The rain was still beating down hard, cutting the sea up into millions of tiny little rings, which were no sooner there, but were broken up by the heaving and swelling and breaking of waves in the sea.

The beach was by now deserted, and looked a barren waste, with not a thing in sight. The sand which had once been a dazzling white colour, warm and soft, was now drab, sticky mud-dish substance.

The storm subsided somewhat, the rain still drizzled on, and in the bleak loneliness of the beach, came the shrill wailing cry of a seagull, who had returned to look for fragments washed up on the beach after the storm.

ANON.

THE CRUISE 1964

It was a warm windy evening in August when seventeen girls clad in green, together with Mrs. Valentine, left Dun Laoghaire Pier to go on a cruise of a life time.

We had a good crossing to Holyhead and spent the evening downstairs talking, much to the amusement of our fellow passengers. At twelve o'clock we arrived at Holyhead and made our way to the train which was to take us to London. It was a fascinating experience sleeping in a train with the continual jogging and the sudden halts of the various stops. We arrived at Euston station early on Saturday morning and had breakfast and wrote home some postcards. Then a min bus collected us and drove us around London sight-seeing.

After lunch we took a train at Fenchurch station which brought us to Tilbury where the ship, the *Devonia*, was anchored. When there we had our passports checked and finally after a lengthy queueing we reached the ship and boarded it carrying our heavy luggage. We made our way down to the dormitories. I do not think I will ever forget the steepness of the stairs. It was breathtaking bringing our luggage down them. Our dormitories had other girls there who came from Bristol. While we were unpacking we were welcomed aboard by the assistant Matron, whose bark, we were later to find out, was worse than her bite, especially when she discovered we were Irish.

We then went on deck and got our first impression of "sea life" and saw our fellow passengers. At six o'clock we went to the cafeteria for tea, which was served by smiling Indians; we were all put in groups one, two, and three for meals. We were the third but during the holiday we were apt to change that. After tea we went to a dance on one of the decks followed by supper and then bed. We had to go to bed at half nine because when we reached the hotter climates the nights were shorter and we had to get up at seven.

We had a peaceful night and were awakened loudly by music over the Tannoy. We dressed quickly and made our beds because breakfast was nearly ready. Sunday we spent exploring the ship and making new friends and during the day we passed the Channel Islands. In the evening it seemed that the boat was rocking a little bit more than it should, or maybe it was our imagination.

I remember waking early on Monday to the horrible sensation of the ship tossing to and fro and I was soon to realise that we were in the Bay of Biscay. It was a terrible experience with

the winds blowing strongly at force eight, and the sea looking black and deadly with the white waves throwing themselves on to the decks.

Most of us went to bed early that night and slept soundly with the help of a sleeping pill.

The next morning the sea was calmer and everyone went on deck as soon as possible without bothering about breakfast. The sun appeared that day and we all went to bed that night with bright sun burnt faces, looking forward to the sunny days ahead.

The following day was indeed sunny and some of us spent the day lazing on the decks. There was always something to do—games were played on the decks, including deck cricket, deck hockey and quoits, while downstairs indoor games could be played or the Juke Box. In the evening there were pictures and dances. We were shown films and slides of Madeira which we were to visit the next day.

We dressed readily on Thursday in anticipation of visiting Madeira in the afternoon. Before dinner we saw land in the form of tiny islands dotted round the ship and watched the pilot ship coming to guide us into the Bay. As we neared the harbour the view became more attractive and we saw little towing boats with divers waiting to dive into the deep for money thrown in by the cabin passengers. There were also boats laden with coloured souvenirs. On the quayside we noticed twelve buses waiting to take us on our tour. We docked and walked over to our coach with friendly hostess and driver, and drove through the narrow street of Funchal, the capital, in to the countryside. From the bus we saw women embroidering lace in the sun and little barefoot children running along the road waving. The road was becoming steeper as we neared Cabo Giras, the second highest sea cliff in the world. When there, we took photographs and admired the wonderful view but it was a frightening drop. Then we continued our journey of the island and returned to the ship where we watched folk dancing on the pier. That night we slept with only sheets covering us.

The next morning we went shopping in Funchal and bought souvenirs in woodwork and also tasted the famous Madeira wine. Then we went to the market which was very attractive and I do not think I have ever seen so much fruit and flowers in my life and it was all very cheap. We were leaving the market when we heard a loud shout and looked up and saw that it was our coach driver from the previous day. The four of us boarded the bus and he took us on his route which was very interesting. He could not speak English but he understood that we had to be on board by twelve o'clock. Back on the ship we

watched films of the Canary Islands which was our next stopping place.

Just before dinner the next day we saw land whose appearance was very American with large buildings. After docking we went on a coach tour through the streets of Las Palmas and to the countryside. The journey tended to become rather monotonous because all we could see were brownish hills for many miles, some of which were marked with names. They grew huge cactus plants for hedges. We stopped at a colourful little village then drove back to Las Palmas to tour the town. Lastly we bought souvenirs in a village and returned to watch the local people dancing on the quayside.

The next few days we sunbathed and made preparations for our visit to Lisbon.

Early on Wednesday we entered the estuary of the Tagus and from then on land was visible. We docked before noon and the coaches drove us to Estoril, which is a holiday resort outside Lisbon. The roads were wide and broad and we noticed everywhere there was no litter to be seen. When we reached Estoril the temperature was ninety degrees and the sea was very refreshing. After swimming we ate our lunch and went shopping in the town but it was siesta time and not many places were open. We were driven back to Lisbon where we toured the city. In the evening we did shopping on the pier, and left early because we were behind schedule.

During the last few days we visited the Bridge and the Galley. The weather was becoming colder and more like our own climate. On Friday there was a concert and we watched some of our girls doing Irish dancing. As we went to bed we noticed it was raining!

We were awakened during the night to the sound of dormitory raiding and till seven o'clock there was not a moment's peace. After breakfast we said goodbye to our friends and every one was very sad. We disembarked into the cold Cardiff air and spent the morning shopping because our train did not leave till evening. The weather was good and in the afternoon we paid a visit to St. Fagan's outside Cardiff, and found it wonderful to have a cup of tea again. On Saturday evening we boarded the boat at Fishguard and at five o'clock we reached Rosslare in Good Old Ireland! We took the train to Dublin and arrived at ten thirty, weary and hungry, but still smiling, to be greeted by our parents on the completion of a wonderful holiday.

SANDRA PARKINSON (5th Year).

THE THOUGHTS THAT OCCUR TO ME WHEN I LOOK AT THE SEA

The sea was formed by rain many millions of years ago, that great rainfall which lasted for three thousand years. This surely has to be admired and yet feared.

To sit and watch the waves vent their anger upon the rocks by the shore gives pleasure, and yet I wonder if we, this feeble race of ours, will conquer the unfathomable depths, whose anger we fear, and whose calm we delight in. It is free from man's rule or beast's; it is hard to think otherwise.

We build ships to enable us to cross from land to land, but these if it wishes, the sea can take.

How many human lives has it stolen from our world? How many men have travelled in quest of land or treasure?

It has seen many great sea battles, in which many ships have sunk, and there, on the sea bed, they lie in waiting, for future generations to discover them, and unfold their mystery; and maybe these brave men shall find lost treasure from some rich land.

Among these sea ruins, enormous fishes swim, in their graceful form. These fishes who are so beautiful and graceful, who live a life of pleasure and peacefulness; the beautiful plants that sway in the current, harbouring many small fishes are unaffected by the great waves and storms.

The sea so mysterious, so beautiful, is to me a thing of great power and majesty; and like many other people I would choose the life of the sea.

"I, last least of her voices,
Give thanks that were mute in me long
To the soul in my soul that rejoices
For the song that is ever my song.
Time gives what it gains for the giving
Or takes for his tribute of me,
My dreams to the wind ever living
My song to the sea."

BETTY McCANN (5th Year).

MY DOLLS

I have four dolls. Their names are Barbara, Pat, Carol and Jane. They have blue eyes and lovely fair hair. I bring my dolls for a short walk every day in their pram. Every night when they have their baths they go to bed at six o'clock. They have bunk-beds and each night they sleep two in the top bunk and two in the bottom bunk. They sleep next to me. They are a happy family.

Jasmin Gaw. Age 9.

ADVICE TO TEENAGERS

It's goodbye to dull, blemished skin, and hello to that clear "glow-girl" complexion, if **you** follow this easy-to-do routine.

1. Do go to bed early—six o'clock at the latest, you **must** have your full thirteen hours sleep.

2. Do spend all day in the air, it gives you that lovely glowing complexion, and remember, not even for your office or school work, must you spend a day indoors.

3. Do wash every five minutes, with a good expensive soap, (five shillings at the cheapest).

4. Do put your face over a boiling kettle to steam out blackheads—don't pull them out—it hurts.

5. Do eat only raw vegetables, never have cooked foods, and by the time you are finished you will not only have a good complexion, but also be as thin as a pole.

6. Do wash **your** hair **every** day, with a special medicated shampoo (ten shillings per bottle).

Now girls, after **ten years** of this wonderful treatment, you, too, can have a lovely skin . . . (if you live that long).

From

Your Beauty Adviser,

CHRISTINE FOX

MY CAT

I have a little animal
And he is a little cat
The reason why we bought him
Was to catch a little rat.

He sleeps in the kitchen,
Curled up tight in Daddy's hat,
Daddy says he would not mind
If he'd only catch a rat.

The other day I saw a rat,
Lying on the floor,
I called my little pussy cat
And told him to explore.

His tail stuck up,
His eyes stood out,
His body shook with fright
Oh dear, my little pussy cat
Was such a sorry sight.

—Lynda Lynch. Age 10.

DUBLIN STREET TRADERS

"Ripe oranges five for a shilling." That is what you hear every time you walk down Henry Street or anywhere in that vicinity. These traders and their ancestors have held these stalls for a great number of years. If you have ever walked down these streets you will have noticed that these people help each other. There are many complaints about them being rude and cheeky to the customers but this never seems to stop the complainers returning to the traders to buy their goods.

There will soon be fewer traders on the streets as the corporation and the police say that they are obstructing the traffic on some of the roads.

The Dublin Health Authority say that their stalls must be at least one foot off the ground and chickens must be wrapped in polythene bags. Their licence is also going up by 400%. They will probably object to this and cause some trouble but I do not think that anyone could blame them for disagreeing with these laws.

The stall owners are very hardy people. They are out in all types of weather but very rarely become sick. You will notice this if you are a regular visitor to the street or if you have made friends with some of the traders.

Their day does not begin at nine o'clock, as most people's does. They have to be down at the market at a very early hour to buy their goods. We benefit from this, even though we do not always think of it. Their fruit and vegetables are much cheaper than they are in the shops and if you have had to shop in your local shops you will know this. Of course this is only because they have no rates to pay as the shopkeepers have.

There is only one bad fault that the stall owners have. The Corporation have to come and clean up the rubbish they leave behind at the end of the day. This is a very bad thing but surely this is what the Corporation are paid for, so why not let them work hard for their money like everyone else.

JOAN KEPPLER (Age 15—3A).

ANCIENT AND MODERN IRELAND

Wolf and Wolf-hound, bear and boar,
Live in Ireland's woods no more,
'Stead we see a badger nightly,
Foxes running, treading lightly,
Owls and hedgehogs still remain,
Trees and mountains wind and rain,
One and all are gifts from God
Long ago this earth was trod,
By men of old who had our ways,
Had months and seasons, weeks and days,
So we live, and so we die,
With the earth and sea and sky.

Catriona Kelly. Is.

THE BEGGAR AT THE GATE BEAUTIFUL

"Cock-a-doodle-doo"

"Oh, it can't be dawn already, it seems no time since I went to sleep last night", said the beggar, rubbing his eyes. "I hope I do better today or I won't have enough money to pay the rent not to mention food. I wish Simon and Philip would hurry up or I shall miss the cloth merchant and he always gives me something. Still, they are very good to carry me to the temple every morning and they never grumble about it. Ooh, here they are now."

"I'm sorry we're late but there was a huge crowd in the market place and it was hard to get through," panted Philip.

They rolled up his bed and tidied up a bit before they carried him to the temple where they set him down by the Gate Beautiful.

The poor cripple was an accustomed sight at the gate as he had been lame from birth and had been begging there from his youth.

He wasn't doing very well as it was coming towards the end of the month but the cloth merchant whom he hadn't missed, as usual slipped a few farthings into the hat which was lying on the ground in front of him. The beggar saw two strangers, Peter and John, about to go into the temple. He said to himself, "They don't look very rich but they do look kind, maybe they will give me something."

When he asked them, Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none but such as I have I give thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk."

Peter took the beggar's right hand and lifted him up. He leapt up and walked and jumped and ran. He was delighted and thanked and praised God. Then he went into the temple with Peter and John. All the people saw him and knew him for what he had been and they were amazed and whispered among themselves and stared at him. Then Peter preached to them and afterwards many of them were baptised, including the beggar who had been lame. When his friends called to bring him home in the evening they were overjoyed to find he had been cured.

Tonya Ross. 3A.

THE THINGS I LIKE

Things I like are varied and many,
A gingerbread man to a bright shiny penny,
A tiny puppy so young and small,
Or a big black stallion fine and tall,
To sit by the fire on a winters night,
Or on a windy day to fly a kite,
To walk on the beach during a storm,
Or to watch a reaper reap the corn.

— Shelagh Patterson. 3A.

THE DENTIST'S WAITING ROOM

The other day I had to go to the dentist's. I was driven up and then went in alone. As I stood at the door I wondered what was going to happen to me but I had not long to think because the door was opened by the dentist's daughter and I was shown into the waiting room.

This room always reminds me of the jungle. There are two tiger skins on the floor. On the mantelpiece there are two large and two small elephants. The bigger has lovely ivory tusks and the smaller ones have their trunks in the air. There are some lovely pieces of work in ivory and pieces in brass and other odd bits and pieces.

I sat down on the big couch and looked round the room. I really knew it very well because I had been in it many times. I looked at the wallpaper trying to work out the pattern on it.

I straightened out the tiger's tail, that I had moved with my foot. I remember I always used to get down on my hands and knees to study the animal's teeth and face when I was small.

I looked round the room to see if there were any magazines that I could read. There were only some Readers' Digests and I don't really like them so I looked at the dates on them and put them in the right order. They ranged from 1962 to 1964, but only a few books from each year were there.

I sat back and wondered who had collected all the odd things in the room and who shot the tigers. I could not imagine the dentist prowling round the jungle with a rifle under his arm after a tiger.

The door of the room was not quite shut and the family dog came in to visit me. I petted the dog but I had not been petting him for long when I heard someone going out through the hall door. The dog must have heard as well because he rushed out also to join the person who was going out.

The door was opened and the dentist stood there in his bright white overall. I stood up and walked out of the room up the stairs. He walked up behind me and he gave me the feeling of being a prisoner. I couldn't run even if I wanted to. We went into the room and I took off my coat and hung it on the hook behind the door.

I couldn't tell you all that happened to me then. All I really remember is walking down the stairs again feeling a little queer because half my mouth was numb. But I did feel better because I had no pain. It really was not as bad as I thought it might be.

SHELAGH PATTERSON (3rd Year).

LIFE ON THE MOON AS I IMAGINE IT

How fantastic is life on our moon! We know of course that the scientists tell us there is no life, plant or otherwise on the moon, but, after all nobody has ever reached the moon to tell. Therefore if nobody has ever been there we cannot be perfectly sure as to whether there is, or is not, some form of life on it.

We all have at some time or another imagined moonmen. It is not very hard to imagine life on the moon because the moon like earth has mountains and seas, even though the seas do not contain water but solidified volcanic lava. I think that the most fantastic life is probably green moonmen, with little antennae on their heads, with their own language of course. The dark side of the moon might harbour tiny moonmen whose skin looks dark because there is no light. They would have supernatural powers to withstand intense cold. These creatures would have to live on cheese because the moon has been imagined to be made of cheese. Of course there could be many kinds of life on the moon not only green moonmen and tiny dark moonmen.

The moon also has a certain romantic fascination for most of us and those whom it affects most are usually young lovers with a great power to imagine the improbable. These couples would probably imagine it as nothing but a romantic symbol put there for their convenience. I can also imagine moonmen with enormously long trunks which suck up the seawater on earth causing our tides, and crazy little lunar creatures tearing around causing some of us to turn lunatic when the moon is full. The man in the moon is probably a senile, owl-like creature who sleeps by day and wakes by night, planning what lunar tricks he can play on us, the dominated earthlings. Of course there are also the imaginary moon monsters which can change themselves to any shape. Imagine a Russian astronaut's surprise when he landed on the moon and discovered that his supposed landing strip was a soft-centred, lunar, jelly-amoebea which had transformed itself into a solid mass just to see a Russian astronaut sent down the salt mines.

The Americans say we will be on the moon by the year nineteen seventy. Well, I hope we make it and if we do perhaps we shall find out the truth about life on the moon. Who knows perhaps I will marry a handsome moonman and if I do we might even emigrate to Mars.

CAROL HENDERSON (3rd Year).

LIFE

The birds are circling through the sky
Soon the babes will learn to fly,
The father bear has woken from his
slumbers deep
But the cubs are still fast asleep.

When Nature at last has fallen asleep
The high bright moon seems to weep
Dark shadows all across the lawn.
Goodnight, I'll see you after dawn.

Suddenly the dawn breaks into morn
And every hour new babes are born
Some are girls and some are boys
And other children bring them toys.

And so the days roll wearily by
And people work from morn till night,
Some of them seem to strangely sleep
While others clad in black weep.

— Brenda Mealy. 3B.

MY TRIBUTE

The world mourns. There is a sinking feeling in my heart for he is gone. We owe our lives to him. He was the greatest man living and he is still great. His words kept us fighting. We were ready to give up, our spirits were low and he spoke.

The days were dark, our lives were filled with sorrow; when he spoke his words inspired us; his words kept us fighting to victory. His sturdy figure with his long cigar was the symbol which kept our fire burning, while he was there we could never give up. We fought till death or victory. His words are famous.

"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few. If the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say 'This was their finest hour'."

We feel about this man as we feel about our fathers and grandfathers. That is the highest tribute we can pay him.

His brave spirit, his indomitable courage kept other men alive.

He was not only a brilliant statesman and orator but an excellent author and painter. This shows his versatility and genius.

This man we loved was only one man.

Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill. I feel that this quotation fits him exactly.

Never in the field of human conflict has so much been owed by so many to one man.

LYNDA CORNICK (5th Year)

MARIE

The engines started and soon the yacht was gliding gracefully across the calm, sparkling water. The owner of the yacht, a wealthy French man, whose only daughter, Marie was at school in Dublin and had been there for only a year, had heard how many friends she had made in that short time. He had written a letter to his daughter asking her to invite 20 of her school mates to join them on a cruise during the summer holidays, around the Canary Isles.

Marie, was a sweet mannered young girl, of fourteen with a quaint way of speaking the English language. Often she brought French words into her conversation, and this and her ready smile, twinkling brown eyes and unruly black hair won for her the friendship of almost every pupil in her school.

Her father's letter had presented her with a problem. With the exception of her five special friends, Ruth, Pamela, Cathy, Dick and Steve, she had no idea whatsoever whom she would invite. She spoke to her friends about it. "I know not what to do," she said "Les enfants — I mean, the children, I like them all so eet is très difficult for me to choose twenty of them from so many. Of course, you five must come or I weel tell Papa that I weel not myself go, mais, how am I to choose les autres?"

Pamela, who, although she always came in the first five in the term exams, was not very intelligent when faced with such a problem. She looked thoughtful "Perhaps we could get the school to take a vote", she suggested, but Steve butted in "Don't be daft", he said scornfully "Even if we were stupid enough to do that, half the school would vote for themselves". Ruth and Cathy both offered suggestions which were almost worse than Pamela's. It was Dick, who hit upon the solution without meaning to. "The only thing I can think of is to leave it to Mr Jones to decide, but he would probably choose the ones who did best in the exams or something".

Just as Steve opened his mouth to agree that that would not be very wise, Mr Jones himself spoke. None of the six had noticed him coming, so deep in thought were they. He had heard Dick's suggestion and was smiling to himself. "Excuse me interrupting", he said. "I haven't the faintest idea what you are talking about but as long as you are not choosing some people to go to see some pop group or other I should like to help you. I promise not to choose only the brainy ones".

"Mais non, monsieur. We are not going to see

any group," said Marie, "See, here is my letter from Papa, Eet weel explain all".

Mr Jones read the letter. He stroked his chin thoughtfully. The letter was in French, a language which Mr. Jones spoke fluently. "If you would like to leave the decision to me, I could make up a list of those whom I think ought to be asked and you may choose twenty of them". Marie thanked him very much and pointed out that she had already asked her five friends, who would be writing home for permission that evening so only fifteen remained to be chosen.

Next day Marie was summoned to the office. She was shown the list and after he read out each name, Mr Jones explained why he had chosen that person. The first on the list, Marie agreed ought to go. He was Joe McDonnell who had had pneumonia two years previously. He had recovered quickly enough but had been left pale and thin. He was now eleven years of age and, with a little more colour in his cheeks and a little more weight he would be a fine looking boy. Mr Jones thought that a "breath of sea air" would do him a world of good.

Some of the others chosen were fond either of geography or sailing and the remainder, Mr Jones knew, were not very well off and might never get the chance again to go abroad. At last fifteen were chosen and Marie went back to her chums to tell them the news.

The parents of two of the chosen fifteen refused the offer, thanking Marie's father, M. Vicente, but explaining that it was impossible. One set of parents said that their daughter was definitely no sailor. This they had discovered before, on a rather long voyage. The child had not recovered from sea sickness from one end of the journey to the other, even though it lasted a week. The other family had already arranged to go somewhere special.

Of Marie's five friends all were allowed to go except, at first, Pamela, but Marie's father wrote to her parents promising that she would be well looked after, so Pamela was sent for just a few days before the cruise began. She had come home disappointed and angry and I am sorry to say refused to speak to her parents. As they discussed changing their minds Pamela was lying sobbing on her bed, thinking of Marie and the other four starting on the cruise in five day's time. There was a knock on her bedroom door. It was answered by a sob, a loud gulp, a sniff, then the shuffling of slippered feet. Pamela opened the door. Judging by the hostile expression on her face, her father considered it best to come straight to

the point. He tossed her hair and said "You can go dear". That was all he said but it was enough. Pamela threw her arms around his neck and kissed him — right on the moustache. Then she dashed down the stairs and gave her mother the same treatment.

Thus all five of Marie's friends were allowed to go. As the children stood on deck waving goodbye to the Irish coast, all twenty of them — for two more had come in place of those who had not — knew that this would be the most wonderful holiday they would ever have.

Rosemary Balmer (3rd Year).

PEOPLE

I think people can be divided into four sections. The old people, the not so old, the young and the very young. I will say a word about the old people first. When we really think, we do not seem to care very much about the old folk. "Oh, they just get in the way", "They are prim and old fashioned." Yes, we say all this, and much more. It is so easy to get impatient and annoyed with your grandparents or other old folk, but just think how you would feel in their place, and one day you will. No, you do not like to think of that, do you?" Old, infirm, no one to go out with, no dancing, no pictures, no nice boys to admire you when you are "dolled up to the eyes". I think we, and I speak to myself too, should show a little more care to the elderly people with whom we come in contact.

Now let us take the not so old or the near middle age group. "I suppose they are not so bad" "Oh, they don't understand us at all," "We're not living in the 1920's now, just in case they don't know". This age group includes our parents and of course we love them if we get our own way! But, if we are not allowed stay out late, or go somewhere, it is a different story. We get into awful tempers and sulk, and behave very badly. I think we must seem a very queer lot of people to our parents at times.

Let's take the young people now—Us—the Teenagers'. Sure, we think we are great, the salt of the earth. Here in Ireland we are lucky in that the teenagers are better behaved than those in England. Those Mods and Rockers ought to be locked up or taken home and spanked. In my opinion, they get far too much publicity; if they were ignored or given less money, and made to work harder for less, they might have a chance of becoming decent citizens.

Now a word about the very young or the children. Yes, they are sweet and cuddly —

until they are about three or four years old, then they are just a noisy nuisance. Isn't it strange how everyone older or younger than ourselves is a nuisance? Do we ever think that we ourselves are a nuisance to others? No, of course not, but we are, you know. I think if we all were a little more patient and loving, and not quite so selfish, how much happier our homes would be.

Rosemary Evans. 3B.

A TRIBUTE TO SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

Sir Winston was a soldier,
And that we all know,
He battled with the Germans,
Not so long ago.

We all knew and loved him,
Throughout his ninety years,
But the Queen couldn't make him,
One of her royal peers.

Nations rose in tribute,
People passed by,
When in humble Bladon,
He did come to lie.

He was born in Blenheim,
Across the churchyard wall,
From his final homesite,
Where the shadows fall.

He lies beside his mother,
He lies beside them all,
The Duke, his sons and daughters,
Near great Marlborough Hall.

— Carol Deegan. 2A.

SONNET TO A SCHOOLGIRL

A young girl at a desk within a class,
The classroom floor with books and papers
strewn,

Initials from the desk the girl has hewn,
And pencil parings quite surround the lass,
She studies hard, hoping that she will pass,
Some tests in scripture which will take place
soon

Ere long the sun will make way for the moon
Which throws a silver light upon the grass
And she will climb the stairs and lay her head
Upon her cool crisp pillow and will fall
Into a calm deep sleep, and in her bed,
Until a bell rings loudly in the hall
Sweet sleep will keep her and her lips so red
Will smile to show all thoughts of work
have fled.

Rosemary Balmer. 3A.

HARVEST

Harvest always reminds us of God's goodness year after year. He fulfills His gracious promise that while the earth remains seed-time and harvest will never fail.

Harvest is the time generally used on the farms for the cutting of the cereal crops, oats, wheat and barley. The farmers are collecting the apples and storing them for the winter.

Nearly every Christian Church in the world has a service of thanksgiving held after harvest time when every child brings a little gift of money or toys. The churches are decorated with baskets of fruit in the porches, and as one enters the church one will see window ledges full of flowers and more fruit.

In Harvest, one sees the changing on trees and every fruit bearing tree is ripe and the fruit is gathered at this time.

In Autumn the leaves of the trees turn red and some fall off. The squirrels and other animals gather the store of nuts and hibernate for the winter.

Hallowe'en is the time round harvest; it is a most enjoyable time for children, they play with apples on the curtains. Harvest is the time when the promises of Spring are fulfilled and when the food and needs are stored away.

Patricia Kearon and Joy Dawson. 3rd Year

A VISIT TO GOULDINGS

When we arrived at Gouldings Fertilizer Plant we were overwhelmed by its enormous size. The purpose of this visit was to see the manufacture of sulphuric acid.

We were shown into the canteen where we were provided with outsize mackintoshes. The guide explained to us about the sulphuric acid plant and said that it would be rather messy.

The first place we visited was the store where the raw yellow sulphur was kept. Then we went to the actual plant. It consisted of several great cylinders, all of different colours, joined together by pipes of different lengths, widths and colours, twisting and turning among each other in a confusing fashion.

The unfortunate guide tried, in vain, to explain the processes by which the sulphur changed to sulphur dioxide, then into sulphur trioxide and then to sulphuric acid. It sounded and looked very complicated.

We were then allowed to climb to the top of the largest cylinder from which we had a wonderful view of Dublin Bay as well as of Gouldings. Next we visited the control room in which the temperatures of the cylinders are

regulated. Then we went back to the canteen where we received tea and biscuits.

After tea we visited the Super Phosphate plant. Firstly we went into a large room where piles of grey brown powder were being poured by a reactor into a hole in the floor. In the next room we discovered the grey-brown powder, now crushed to a fine powder. Next the powder was mixed with sulphuric acid. From that point on all the rest of the plant was in one room. We saw a blade scraping off layers of the mixed powder and sulphuric acid. Then the scrapings were rolled into tiny balls and dried to hard pellets, and graded very carefully. In this room everything was covered in a fine grey dust.

We then went back to the canteen and asked the guide some questions after which we left, having spent a most enjoyable afternoon despite the fact that our hair was full of grey and yellow dusts, and our eyes smarting from the various fumes blowing around.

Jill Breivik. 5th Year.

THE SCHOOL GATE

With fleeting steps I homeward bend my way,

And think upon the joys that for me wait,
With happy thoughts I turn towards the gate,
My money find for bus-fare I must pay,

Equipped with which, I start upon my way.
With school-friends clustered all round the gate

I stand awhile; I must not be too late
My home to reach, so cannot now delay,

In different ways, we all must now report
And think upon the work that we must do
Ere new day dawns, but Oh! it's hard to start
Upon the work, in hours that seem too few
When pleasures call; for duty we must do
With work well done, our sleep we then can woo.

— **Olwen Fisher. 5th Year.**

CONTEMPLATION

If I could climb the highest tree,
Or gaze down from some lofty peak,
Upon a world so happy and free,
Then I'd have found all that I seek.

But a wish such as mine,
Cannot ever come true,
Until, Earth is ruled no more by time,
And skies are always shining blue.

And now as evening's shadows fall,
In dreams, I rise to Heaven's door,
To greet My God, My King, My All,
And abide with Him for evermore.

Anne Frizzell. 3A.

SLORP

Everyone has heard of SLORP. Its ability is renowned throughout the British Isles. Found in almost every store and part of it on every housewife's kitchen shelf. Monday morning comes and with it a pile of soiled clothes and household linen. Immediately slorp goes into action. Now would you like to hear more about this wonderful invention? Well, stay tuned in for another short while, at the end of which you will have the grand title of "informed personnel of the general public on SLORP".

Now these letters SLORP stand for a number of things and we will start at the beginning with the letter "S".

Surf is a famous brand of washing powder, which has long been established but now claims that extra ingredient DC. As the man with the big wide grin and shining white shirt says "you're still you, but your washing boasts of an even brighter colour than ever". That's where DC comes into the washing picture—or—it gives your washing that Double, Clearer, Cleanliness. Of course to prove this for yourself, you have to buy a packet of Surf.

Lux—so thorough and gentle, so they say. Kind and gentle to your skin while washing the clothes, so smooth and soft, is the feel you get while wearing clothes washed in mild Lux. Clothes may be washed as often as you like, just swished through the mild, soapy Lux lather—the ooh-la lather water, and they still retain that new "off the rack" feeling. And for that special date, you'll find he'll notice how good you look in your Lux washed clothes.

Omo, new Omo. The sun is shining, and white, white washing is blowing in the warm Summer breeze. But now, in new Omo that new ingredient makes it possible to obtain sunshine fresh washing even if it rains and you have to hang your washing indoors. Those clean, crisp, white, smooth sheets feel so good, as you slide down between them, and think over days gone by. Omo washed sheets are just as new and white as when you first lay between them after your honeymoon. Omo doubles the life of your household linen.

New Rinso keeps colours permanently bright. It's the only washing powder that makes clothes stay bright—the way you want them to. You'll get this, and so much more from new Rinso. Now in the new Big Packet. You'll get more powder for the same price. Buy some to-day—your family will notice the difference in their clothes, and praise you for it. So buy New Rinso to-day, don't delay. Has anybody ever heard of Rinso?

Last but not least by any means we have

Persil. It washes whiter than ever. Whose mother uses PERSIL? It's easy to see—the girl on the right of course; her frock has been washed in this miracle washing powder—and it shows. Who's not ashamed to own the washing on her line? A shirt gives a "look again" look and a Persil washed line is dazzling to neighbours' eyes as they gaze in envy at the washing which sparkles in the sunlight.

By now I am sure you know what SLORP is. If not tune in again to-morrow. If you have ever probed into the chemicals used in the making of washing powders, that is SLORP, you will find, as I did, much to my amusement, that Surf, Lux, Omo, Rinso and Persil are all made of the same chemicals and by the same firm. They all have the same qualities of new this, new that, washes whiter, kinder to hands, buy now save 2d., now in the larger packets, same price. Yet still in this twentieth century people all over the world are taken in by advertisements—"When will they ever learn?"

ANN INGRAM (Fifth Year)

HEIDI'S FLOWERS

Daffodils, crocus, primroses small
Snowdrops, aconites, Oh, so tidy,
Narcissus, wallflowers, tulip tall,
These are all picked by a little
girl Heidi.

Apple, pear, cherry blossom, white
Come now to show it's spring,
Many buds will burst overnight,
For the lovely fruits to bring.

— Judith Wilkinson. Age 10.

GREENER FIELDS

Far away hills are greener
It's a saying old but true
I wonder if this old saying
Has ever enticed you,
From the pleasant field where you're standing
To a greener one over the hill,
Which when reached is the same as the last,
But there's a greener one yonder still.

This is the life I lead
Roaming from field to field,
But the greenest one's always yonder,
Though one day I'll reach that mead,
Where the Golden Gates will open,
And I'll live in the greenest field,
Forever there to ponder,
On the life I did once lead.

— Ruth Bell. 4B.

A HOLIDAY IN THE WEST

Brrh! I shivered as I plunged into the cold waters of Lough Derg, for a quick swim before breakfast.

This was the way my holidays began last year. My family and I had arrived at ten o'clock the previous night and had placed our caravan on the shores of Lough Derg.

Feeling very cold after my early morning swim, I walked back to our caravan just in time to enjoy breakfast, which Mum had prepared outside the caravan. Sausages never tasted so good but the tea was smoky and horrible.

We planned to go to see Bunratty Castle and the Cliffs of Moher. We set out about ten o'clock and travelled along the Limerick road towards Bunratty Castle. Although I live in the country myself it was almost like being in a foreign land, the roads were so different. There were men travelling along with their donkeys and carts, bringing milk to the creameries.

It was most interesting passing through a town where a fair was being held. There were cows brushing up against shop windows and lying in the middle of the roads, donkeys, horses, goats, sheep, men shouting, women talking and laughing, and children getting in the way.

Arriving at Bunratty Castle, the first things that caught our eyes were the piles of logs stacked outside the castle, and men running up and down the steps carrying them in. We were later told that a Medieval Banquet was being held that night.

Bunratty was restored to what it was formerly, and was a very exciting place with dungeons, big banqueting halls and chapels.

It was about three o'clock when we set out for the Cliffs of Moher. We arrived at about half past four and were quite astonished at the height of the cliffs. The sheer drop was almost terrifying, and the water below appeared to be almost black.

The next day we went yachting on Lough Derg and we sailed to the mouth of the Shannon, where we had a swim. On our way home we saw the sun setting behind the mountains, in glorious shades of red and orange.

Another day we visited Shannon Airport, where we watched the arrival and departure of the jets and aeroplanes. We then went to Lahinch. There we had a most wonderful swim in the invigorating waters of the Atlantic. Lahinch and its surroundings were very beautiful.

Unfortunately, the next day we were due home, but there was still one place we all

wanted to see and that was Ardnacrusha Hydro Electric Station. We left early that morning, and when we arrived at Ardnacrusha a gentleman showed us around the building, explaining how some of the machines worked. This was our last place of interest. We set out for home having had a most interesting holiday.

During the year I often look at photographs of our holiday and relive those wonderful days.

Avril Colin 3rd Year.

ROYAL THOUGHTS

I wish I was a palace mouse,
With tail so long and brown,
I'd eat my dinner every day,
And sleep inside the crown.

At morn I'd take a stroll around
And visit all my friends,
I'd look through all the wardrobes grand,
And see the royal trends.

I'd take a trip out every year,
To see my Windsor chums
I'd hide in Philip's cricket gear,
And watch the scoring runs.

— Caroline Stopford. 3C.

THOUGHT

Sometimes I think
Of the high soaring bird,
Sometimes I think,
Of the brown lowing herd,

Sometimes I think,
Of the mountains up high;
Sometimes I think,
Of the clouds in the sky.

Sometimes I think,
Of the deep dark brown ground;
Sometimes I think,
Of the world big and round.

Sometimes I think,
Of a boy and girl;
Sometimes I think,
When my mind's in a whirl.

Sometimes I think,
And other times I don't;
Sometimes I think,
And there's times when I won't.

Sometimes I think,
As I'm lying in bed;
I fall asleep,
With moon beams on my head.

— Barbara Maiden. 3A.

SCHOOLS IN CANADA

The schools in Canada are very different from those here in Ireland. They are mixed, boys and girls in the same classes, from the first day of school until the end of Secondary School.

Public Schools are the first step in education in Canada. The children start either in kindergarten at five years of age or in grade one at six. The public school is divided into eight grades or classes. At the end of Grade eight and providing the pupil passes the examinations he or she graduates into High or Secondary School. This starts in Grade nine and the highest class is Grade thirteen. The school leaving age is sixteen.

Graduation from public to high school is a very important occasion and the girls all get new dresses, often white; and there is a party when everybody is given a certificate or diploma.

The pupils have to go to school in the area in which they live and their parents have no choice where to send them. There are no fees to be paid for education. They are paid by the government out of taxes. All the text books are provided by the schools.

There is no compulsory uniform in Canadian schools and anybody can wear anything they like. Girls at the beginning of High School wear lipstick and even high heels to school. The curriculum in each school is different. On one occasion I changed schools just before Easter and during the Easter holidays I had to copy up and learn all the notes the class had from the previous September.

French is not taught until Grade nine in High School, when a pupil is fourteen even though it is supposed to have an equal place with English.

When a pupil begins High School, he or she has to choose one of the following sets of optional subjects as well as the academic course; Domestic (girls) or Shop (for boys) and Art, Domestic or Shop and typing, or typing and Art. Everybody is taught Science and if a girl chooses a course including Domestic she gets the benefit of both. When the girls are doing Domestic the boys are taught Shop which is a course in woodcraft, metalcraft and electricity.

The Domestic Science kitchens are fitted with modern equipment such as washing machines, 'fridges, and electric and gas cookers. The sewing rooms have electric sewing machines. In the room where the boys do shop there are electric drills and saws. The High School gymnasiums are equipped with foam cushioned box horses, foam rubber tumbling mats, and sometimes a collapsible trampoline. Outdoor and in-

door games are not compulsory. There are basketball, football and baseball teams anyone can join.

In High School there are clubs and societies that meet after school such as Dramatics, Biology, Camera and Art Clubs. Each teacher has his or her own room and the classes move to the teacher instead of teacher to the classes. This is easier because the equipment for classes such as maps for Geography can all be kept in the same room. There are no government examinations such as Intermediate or Leaving Certificate because each province runs its own school system.

The Roman Catholic schools are separate and very much in the minority except in Quebec, which is mainly Roman Catholic. Having the classes mixed is not altogether a good idea, because the boys usually make a noise and the whole class is kept in. On one occasion, I remember, we were singing the alphabet in French and the boys would not sing properly. They were kept in after school to sing and the girls were sent home. I have had the chance to experience both types of schools but I prefer the Irish types of schools because everyone here is much more friendly and natural.

Deirdre Hosford. 3A.

THE BIRDS

The birds that fly in the sky all day,
While children romp about and play,
They have nests high up in the trees,
And fly away gently on the breeze.

Their wings are beautiful when spread out
wide,

Why do they always want to hide?
Their eyes are always beautifully soft
But how can you see them when they're
flying aloft?

Miriam White. Age 11.

MY HORSE

Clip, clop, clip, go my horse's hooves
Over the hill he swiftly moves,
Through open gate, across the bog,
Jumping o'er ditch, o'er bush, o'er log.

He's twenty now but lively still
He's dappled grey, his name is Bill,
Many a cup he's won for me,
And strong for years I hope he'll be.

Of all my pets I love him best,
Along life's way he's stood the test
Of friendship, and his love for me
Is evident for all to see.

Avril Colin. 3A.

OUR CRUISE

You may find it hard to believe that seventeen "teenagers" went back to school almost three weeks before the Summer holidays were over, but in this case it was school with a difference, for it was "A School at Sea". The wonderful idea of a cruising ship flying a flag with "The School Ship" written on it, came from someone in the British India Steam Navigation Company and the scheme is primarily commercial; but most of the profit comes, not from the children's fares, but from the two hundred Cabin passengers.

The Diocesan party booked on the M.S. Devonia, one of the two school ships, leaving Tilbury on 17th August, but we being natives of a distant country called Ireland, had first to reach London; on Friday, 14th August we sailed from Dun Laoghaire being seen off by Miss Scott, Mr Hewett, parents, photographers and well wishers.

Taking advantage of some hours in London, before we were due to embark we had a real American type tour and "did" London, being very lucky to get through the Houses of Parliament.

At Tilbury we joined a queue of about a thousand passengers and picked up Linda Dunlop who had been holidaying in England. Then we had the excitement of embarkation.

How shall I begin to describe the thrill of life on a liner? The fascination of going below to inspect dormitories, recreation rooms, and cafeteria; the rush up again on deck, our very own little class-room, a swimming pool and the deck marked out for games.

Several party leaders were married couples, who like my husband and me, decided to book as cabin passengers. This gave us the best of both worlds having the interest and companionship of the girls and the comforts of cabin accommodation. From "Reveille Rock" at 7 am until 9.30 pm lights out, there was always something interesting to do, such as — deck games, or table games of Ludo, Chess, etc. — slides to see, lectures, talks, sing songs; swimming or merely trying to acquire a tan. Party leaders were supposed to rouse their charges at 7 pm but I always found the bunks empty and the girls on deck from about 6 am. Of course the 9.30 pm bed time was partly responsible for this.

On Sundays, we were summoned to church, by a record of church bells, played on the Tannoy, and here we met our first big surprise. Out of the total of 843 boys and girls, only 50 attended service. Many did not know "what all the fuss was about;" others had no idea to

what denomination they belonged. We made up in enthusiasm what we lacked in numbers and ended the service by lustily singing "God Save the Queen".

Our Padre was appropriately named Mr Goodman, and he announced that he would be in his cabin all day Monday, if anyone required his help. On Monday we were in the Bay of Biscay and he certainly was in his cabin all day, but not of much help to anyone.

The Roman Catholic chaplain was small and plump and usually clad in rather long emerald-green shorts and a scarlet Tee Shirt. Father Songbourne, by name, he spent his time rendering the latest Pop numbers on the piano, or performing amazing aquabatics in the pool.

After a quiet Sunday we all arose and donned sun suits on Monday but alas! on ascending to the deck, a tremendous sight awaited us. A force 8 gale added to a side-swell, rolling across the Atlantic from our old friend "Cleo" caused the ship to screw.

This is a terrible combination of rolling and pitching which was most distressing. A few stalwarts including Sheila Goulden and Daphne Noblett made things even worse for the rest of us by exclaiming, "Isn't this terrific?" Did you ever see such mountains of waves?" We never did. Jackie Pickett was not sick but said she felt green. She had taken the whole bottle of "Sea Legs".

During all this commotion, teams had to be entered for tug-o-war, deck hockey, deck tennis, Quoits, the Quiz and the end-of-cruise concert. Those who cheerfully volunteered in this, our darkest hour, certainly were brave girls who reaped their reward in gaining 1st place in Quoits, reaching the semi-finals of deck tennis and gaining an all-over position of 6th place. Betty McCann was voted in as our prefect and an excellent one she was.

I think our greatest thrill was the first sight of Madeira and the surrounding islands rising sheer and magnificent from the ocean. Here we were in a brilliant blue sea, glorious heat and the island in front of us dazzling with colours of flowers and red roofs against stark needle-pointed volcanic heats. Our guide, Louise was excellent and in our comfortable couch we had a triumphal procession through the island, with children waving and throwing flowers and fruit into the coaches, but always the hands remained outstretched for there is very great poverty.

Shopping was a truly marvellous experience as we were treated almost like royalty and if we had accepted the many glasses of wine freely offered with even small purchases, I think

Devonia would have sailed away and we would not have even noticed.

In the evening, cabin passengers had a tour including a visit to a little night club, where folk dancers entertained us. Our coach that day had been driven by a furious driver who took delight in driving very close to the edge of precipitous cliffs. He turned up to take us the same route to the club in the dark, and one passenger declared that she never saw so much with her eyes shut.

We waved good-bye to charming Madiera and headed South for the Canaries. Las Palmas proved a bit disappointing as the streets were dusty, the heat overpowering and our guide did not turn up, so without much regret we sailed North again, to Lisbon.

In this beautiful city, we had a very pleasant day, visiting Estoril in the morning when we saw sun bathers with a tan that was just unbelievable.

Then came our final embarkation on Devonia and as we steamed homewards the coolness increased and the brilliant blue sea grew grey. During the entire cruise we had not to show passports until we landed at Cardiff and were classed as aliens, but we forgave the Welsh for we had a happy ending to our holiday in this fine city, before boarding the little Saint Andrew at Fishguard for our home port.

What did we get out of this holiday? Well apart from first-hand geographical knowledge and the running of a large ship we learnt to mix with astonishingly varied groups of students and find out their views on many important matters.

In community living, obedience to rules and plenty of give and take is essential, and among 800 others, your self importance suffers a mighty deflation. To their great credit, our girls were favourites with those in authority, because of their pleasant manners and willingness to help, and this is especially praiseworthy when you take into consideration the fact that we are not a boarding school and our girls were suddenly thrown into extremely close and intimate living with other girls in their dormitory, yet I never heard a grumble. We met the tough guys from Liverpool who had painfully saved for their cruise, penny by penny into the school "cruise box." We met those from exclusive "prep" and public schools, those from Commercial Colleges and those from quiet convents, the "rockers" in their black leather jackets and the "mod" girls with closely cropped hair, in their bell-bottomed jeans and we were all one really happy family.

Many of the Cabin passengers had come with

mixed feelings regarding this boat load of children, but the best advertisement for the behaviour of those wonderful young people was the fact that some of the cabin passengers were on their third cruise on Devonia.

As for me, I have the greatest admiration for the courageous ones who organised this great educational project, carrying out with typical British naval precision the catering, educational, recreational and medical Services for over one thousand people who, one and all brought back none but the most pleasant memories of distant horizons.

Maud E. Valentine

MY LIFE

A gipsy life is the life for me,
I roam about, happy as can be
Jogging along in my caravan gay,
Seeing the countryside, day by day.

Up at dawn with the sky so clear,
And the dew is fresh on the meadows
near,
Tinkering and mending pots and pans,
Polishing and shining them with
my hands.

When darkness falls and the moon is
bright,
I gaze into the heavenly night,
And I think about my days so free,
Oh! this is the happiest life for me.
— Pamela Davis 1s.

THE SEA

I vary from colours to blue and green,
And plants of every shape all grow in me,
I roll from shore to shore, yes I am free
Both ships of war and peace mine eyes have
seen,
O'er all the world in every place I've been,
And every person has but to agree
That at some time they too have longed
for me
My beauty and my myst'ry they have seen.
I roll o'er sands of silver and of gold,
And fish of every hue swim in my world
Great ships were wrecked by me oft' I've
been told,
And still my mystery remains unfurled.
Unlike you men I never will grow old,
Nor will I have a place in the next world.
— Carol Henderson. 3rd Year.

MY HOLIDAYS

Last summer I went to Germany, France and Switzerland. The whole family came. We camped in a big blue and yellow tent in which six of us slept and ate.

We arrived at Dublin airport on a Friday at mid-day. We had to wait four hours because the plane was late. At last the plane came and we all entered it to go to France. We arrived in Cherbourg two hours later. Our car was unloaded from the plane. Daddy was driving the car and he had to remember to drive on the right hand side of the road. We arrived at our first camp site at Grand-camp-les-bains at 9 o'clock. My oldest brother, called Trevor, erected the tent while Mummy and I got out the dishes and prepared the supper. When supper was ready we ate it, and went to bed. It was very hot in France so we did not have many bedclothes on us.

Next morning we had a quick breakfast and went for a swim at six o'clock. Then we went out sight seeing and saw many interesting things including the Eiffel Tower. We stayed in France for another few days and then we went to Germany. In Germany we went on a long walk up to the statue of Germania; on the way we saw a place called the "wizard's hole". The wizard's hole was a nobleman's hunting pavilion with lovely views all around. We went through a long dark corridor. It was very creepy and we all thought something was going to happen but it was just a joke. We finally reached the statue of Germania. It is enormous; even Germania's sword was ten feet in height. We saw a lot of vineyards all around that district. We went on a trip by steamer down the Rhine which was very interesting. We saw many castles on the way, and on the boat saw a dining room where we could eat.

Our next stop was Switzerland. The day we arrived it was raining. We saw the Palace of Nations at Geneva, where there is also a water spout coming out of the Lake of Geneva, which is one and a half times the height of Nelsons Pillar.

We also saw the Alps which were covered with snow at the time. We went back to France a few days later and stayed there for another week on the Mediterranean coast. Every morning we got up at six o'clock and had a swim. It was very hot there.

At last it was time to go home, so we drove back to Cherbourg and boarded the plane. It was a very enjoyable holiday.

Avril Gargan (10).

DIOCESAN PAST PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

In the Diocesan Past Pupil's hockey club, we have at present approximately forty members. Three teams entered for League and cup matches in the 1964-65 season, and the results were very satisfactory.

Our first team did well and got into the semi-final of the cup match, but were narrowly beaten by Muckross. This team also entered for League matches, and was beaten only once. Next season they hope to go into a higher league.

The second team was unfortunate as most of their matches were "at home" and due to weather conditions, many of these had to be cancelled. We have the use of the Diocesan School hockey grounds at Belgrave Square, and the pitch is rarely played on in bad weather. Once again we would like to thank the school and Miss Scott for their generosity in letting us use their grounds.

Our third team has greatly improved, winning many of their matches last season and also hope to move into a higher league.

We must ask all members to pay their subscriptions as promptly as possible. Our funds are very low at the moment and if we want the club to continue successfully, we must have your support.

All new members to the club are more than welcome. We need plenty of enthusiasm from all past pupils, not necessarily those who play hockey. Last season many of the old girls provided tea for us after Saturday matches at the pavilion and this was greatly appreciated by all of the members. Our next hockey season will start in September, 1965, and we hope to see as many new faces as possible.

THE WOODS

I love the woods so dark and green
The fresh and fragrant smell.
I wander there from dawn till dark
And drink from the fairies' well.

I love the flowers, the trees and birds,
The sound of the tinkling stream
Not from the wood can a sound be heard,
As I sit by the trees and dream.

I sleep in a tent with my dog by my side
In the moonlit forest at night,
The hoot of an owl comes clear through
the air
And I sleep and dream till it's light.

— Jean Hosford. Age 10½.

PAST PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President : Mrs V. Large.

Vice President : Mrs I. White.

Hon Treas : Miss D. Kerr.

Hon Sec : Miss M. Edison.

Committee : Miss J. Scott, Mrs C. Taylor, Mrs S. Colin, Mrs M. Gargan, Miss E. Drought. The Annual General Meeting was held on the 22nd April, 1965 and the above officers and committee were elected. Mrs Large received the Presidential chain of office from Mrs White. We wish Mrs Large a happy term of office.

This was the second annual general meeting held within the year as it had been decided by the committee to change the date of this event to be held at the end of the season rather than the beginning and so enable the committee to have more time to plan future events. At this meeting the treasurer presented her financial statement for the previous six months which showed the finances of the Association to be in a healthy state. Our donation towards a television set for school was £47-5-0. Our annual sale of work held in November showed a profit of £211 16 3 and from this we were able to entertain fifty old and lonely people from various parishes at a Christmas Dinner and Party. Our guests sat down to roast turkey, ham, vegetables, plum pudding and trifle, tea and biscuits. The School Choir sang carols and Mr George Mackey entertained with mimes. Father Christmas was also there and presented each guest with a practical gift from the tree. This was a new venture for the committee and proved to be very well worth while to judge from the happiness and expression of thanks from all our guests. We take this opportunity of thanking all those kind helpers who made this such a happy and successful undertaking.

In March, Dr Derek McLean entertained us with a talk and coloured slides of his visit to Tokyo where he took part in the Olympic Games. In April Miss Paula Daly of the Stork Margarine firm demonstrated the many and varied ways of using this commodity.

Our sixth annual dinner held in Powers Royal Hotel, on the 8th April was another happy event. Our popular and charming guest of honour was Dr Sheila Kenny, F.F.A.R.C.S.I. and Miss O'Connor from Collegiate College, Celbridge was our guest representing another school. We were indeed honoured to have these two ladies with us and we were delighted also to see so many of our newly formed junior branch present. A presentation was made to Miss Scott on completing thirty years teach-

ing in Diocesan, eleven of them as Headmistress. We wish her many more.

It is with regret that we record the passing of Miss Dora Casserley who taught in school from 1924/51. The Association sent a floral tribute and was represented at the funeral by some committee members. All members will have heard that we propose to present a History Prize in her memory, and hope that those who have not already done so will forward their subscription to the fund as soon as possible.

The Association continues to flourish and the committee look forward to planning the seasons programme and will consider all the suggestions which were made and welcomed at the annual general meeting.

Past Pupils Association (Junior Branch)

Chairman : June Orr. Hon Sec : Mary Drought.

Hon Treas : Mrs M. Kennedy.

Committee : Sandra Large, Denise Large, Maeve Taggart, Carol Grimson, June Phillips. Junior and Senior Liason officer, Elizabeth Drought.

The first General Meeting of the Junior Branch was held on 2nd November, 1964, at which 30 girls were present. A committee was elected, and the members were then asked for suggestions as to the nature of forthcoming meetings. It was eventually decided that these should take the following forms: 1, A demonstration of facial make-up. 2, A visit to Cinema. 3, A hairdressing demonstration.

This last unfortunately did not take place, owing to the failure of the demonstrator to attend.

At the annual Sale of Work we were in charge of the Bottle Stall and made the satisfactory total of £17 2 6.

We started life with a capital of £10 kindly lent to us by the Senior Branch, and for which we are most grateful. However we felt that we should do something for ourselves, and be independent, and so we held a Jumble Sale and had the satisfaction of making a total of £45 profit, which made all the hard work really worth while. I think that the Committee and many of their parents were very thankful when it was all over.

So ends our first year, and we can look back with a certain amount of satisfaction, tempered by a resolve to do much better in 1965/66. We shall be making a big drive for new members in September, and we ask and hope for the support of all girls who are eligible to join.

Subscriptions : 5/-. Supper at meetings : 6d.

Mary Drought Hon Sec

LETTER FROM DOROTHEA DEMONTE
—6th YEAR 1963-64

At the beginning of September I came to Amsterdam where I am now, and when I had received the results of my Leaving Certificate, I was finally accepted at the Social Academy.

Needless to say I was rather nervous on the first day at the Academy, but that Thursday and Friday had been arranged in an extremely pleasant way to make us feel at home and accustomed to everything to do with the school. Those two days we were given the opportunity to get to know our class fellows, and although we did not manage to meet all eighty of them it was a good start. Feeling completely relaxed and having overcome all my nervousness and dreads, I started attending lectures.

Our year is divided into two classes of forty, which are again divided into groups of twenty for occasions when smaller classes are required. Of course the lectures, apart from being a completely new system for me, were also in a language I had not written for about twelve years. Needless to say I had practiced Dutch reading and writing while on holidays, but taking down quick notes was not so simple. Now it is much easier and I am hardly aware that I write in Dutch, but my vocabulary is still very limited. However it is growing every day and I always carry a dictionary with me in case I get lost. We start at nine o'clock and end at four, five and one day at six o'clock, but we have a considerable amount of free time. On Thursday we have an excursion where we get a chance to see in life what we are studying. That is, every second Thursday; the other day we have free. There are no lectures on Saturday. Still more important of course are the subjects we study. Some of their names I find difficult to translate, but I will do my best: sociology, philosophy, economics (I have already found my Stocks and Shares coming in handy), law, civil rights, psychology, social economic history, social pedagogy, and spiritual trends. We also have expressive subjects such as folk dancing, music, woodwork etc, of which we choose one, gymnastics and group discussions. Our subjects vary from year to year, the main ones remaining and others, such as civil rights, only needed as a basis, being replaced by others. We have examinations in January and in the Summer. In the second year one chooses a study-direction, which means one becomes more specialised. There is a choice of social work, cultural work or labour problems. Social work again has three subdivisions — general, medical or,

children's protection. I am not yet sure which I will choose.

The Academy itself is a lovely modern building situated in the heart of the Jordaan, one of the oldest and certainly the most interesting parts of Amsterdam.

Outside the lectures there are many activities connected with the school. For instance we were not long there when we were informed that as first year students we were expected to put on a Revue for the rest of the School. This did not arouse much enthusiasm from us at first, but in the end we had great fun and the night itself was a success. There are also several "societies" joined to the school, one of which we were advised to join. Each has its own character. They arrange all sorts of activities, discussions and meetings among the students, to the end that we get to know the students of other years, too. They carry out a system of "ungreening" the new members, something which takes place also in all the universities. I don't think it's known in Ireland, but in the universities it's a horrible time for the students, lasting two or three weeks in which they are treated in a very hard way. For instance, all the male students, have their heads shaved. The "societies" do "ungreening" in a very mild form, lasting only an afternoon and a night, but I managed to come through and was accepted.

We had been at the Academy only three months when the entire first year had an "outside week" arranged by the school. That week we all stayed in a huge house set in beautiful grounds, near the Hague. There we had all sorts of interesting lectures and activities, and really got to know each other well, which was the intention. In a few months time we will have another such week.

At the moment as I have said I am very busy with all sorts of work connected with the school, working out my notes, writing work pieces and preparing two big theses I have to give in in December. Then I have many compulsory and advised books to read, so I am kept busy.

I am very happy in Amsterdam and love the Academy. It is funny to think that while my life is so vastly different from what it used to be, Diocesan still runs smoothly on, and others are going through the process. I hope they will look back on it as happily as I do!

A SHORT STORY

It all happened a long time ago. Keith and Norma had been happy and helpful children living with their widowed mother in a poor but respectable cottage. Their mother had to go to work very early each morning and was not home until tea-time. At first it was hard for the children coming home to a cold unwelcoming house but they had learnt to think of it as something which could not be helped.

Immediately they reached home, Keith, who was nine, acted as man of the house and helped by bringing in the water from the well outside and gathering twigs from the woods nearby. As for Norma, aged eleven, she had learnt how to cook extremely well for her age, and was almost as efficient in the house as Mrs Saunders herself. The Saunders were a very close family and each night they had a little family re-union. But there was one thing that Mrs Saunders never liked to burden her children with and that was matters concerning money. The children loved her and she adored them; trying to bring as much pleasure into their lives as was possible.

Then one day Mrs Saunders was late home from work. It was a terrible day outside, a blizzard was blowing and the wind was rattling the shutters. Little Keith began to cry bitterly, partly because of the intense cold of their miserably heated cottage, and partly because he wanted his mother. Norma tried to comfort him as they sat huddled together in the big armchair. But their mother was never to return. She had been found dead on the lonely lane leading from the village to their cottage. The doctors said she had died from an incurable disease and would not have lived much longer either way.

What was to become of those two lonely brave orphans? They were to be sent to an orphanage until they were old enough to work. Keith and Norma did not care for this arrangement but what could they do? Still they had one consolation, they would have each other. But as fate would have it, there were no vacancies in the only mixed orphanage in the country, so Keith was sent to Harcombe Manor one of the best orphanages, and poor Norma was sent to one of the worst. Oh how she remembered stepping out of the carriage to face a bleak, bare, lonely house standing upon the edge of the cliff, the wild, stormy seas below with waves lashing against the cliffs. The sea-gulls seemed to be calling to her in sorrow. The outside of Heath Cliff was a reflection on its inside: huge sparsely furnished rooms which were kept spick and span by the other orphans

who had to work like slaves. Sometimes at night when everyone was asleep, Norma would creep over to one of the tiny windows in the wall and listen to the cries of a lone seagull, and the waves lashing against the cliffs. As always when she did this the tears flowed freely and through her clouded eyes she would see the face of her mother. She often thought of Keith, too, and how lucky he had been. He was allowed to write to her a couple of times during the year and how she looked forward to these infrequent letters. Some parts of Keith's letters reflected misery when he too had been thinking about his mother but others reflected great happiness. Norma was glad for him and was sometimes envious of him but never jealous.

At last the time rolled on when it was time for Norma to leave the orphanage and to start work. Her first job had not been a very desirable one, but she had been forced to accept it by the matron of the orphanage. Her mistress was even sterner than before, and she worked like a slave until her strength gave out. She lay on the verge of death for several months and she did not even recognise Keith on the rare occasions on which he was permitted to see her. By the time spring came round Norma was much better, but there was something tragically wrong. Her legs were paralysed. The only way in which Norma could get about was in a wheelchair. But once again she had one consolation. She was allowed to live by her request at Harcombe Manor to be near her brother.

Each day Keith would wheel her out in her chair. The gardens around Harcombe Manor were fairly large, and soon Norma learnt to know each tree and flower that grew there. Even the little furry animals were not afraid of her and would come down and eat from her hand.

Quite by chance one day Keith learnt of an old professor who had recently discovered a cure for a certain rare kind of paralysis. Keith did not let Norma's hopes rise too much on this chance, for fear of them being shattered if the professor's cure did not succeed. Up till now the professor had only practised his cure on animals and now he was looking for a live being on which to try his cure. At last having persuaded the professor to try his cure on Norma the long slow process began. For the first month or so there were no signs of Norma recovering. Then one day the professor noticed a slight movement in one of her legs. It was a start and after six months of painful recovering, Norma could walk with the aid of a

stick and by holding on to Keith with the other hand. Norma was very grateful to Keith for he stayed beside her all the way.

Then eighteen months later Norma was able to walk by herself. At first she only walked round the garden but soon she was walking like any normal girl. Now that Keith and Norma were together again they promised each other they would always stick together in times of trouble.

Helen Slater. Age 14

FELLOWSHIP OF INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL

This year the society, The Fellowship of International Goodwill, consists of forty members. We have attended two meetings in Alexandra College, and our Senior girls have enjoyed them very much. These were both very interesting, and we were delighted to hear Mr. Irving Cheslaw, the First Secretary to the American Embassy, speak about "The Formation of the American Government". A great number of our girls attended.

The second meeting was also very enjoyable. Mr. Sharpe, First Secretary to the Canadian Embassy, spoke about "Canada in International Affairs". Unfortunately not many members attended but those who did found it most enlightening.

We would like to see a great many more of the girls taking advantage of these interesting talks and we hope to have more members next year. We would also like to thank Miss Richards for the help and interest she has shown during the year.

Lynda Cornick.

Extract from letter from Miss McClements — St Andrew's School, Johannesburg.

I very much enjoyed my trip home in January and was delighted to see all my Diocesan School friends again. The trip back here on the V.C. 10 was quite good, though the sudden change from cold to heat "knocked me flat" for a few days.

In many ways this term has seemed long. We get a month's holiday now, a month in August and six weeks in Summer (December-January). I have decided that schools and schoolgirls are more or less the same all over the world — In a short vocabulary test a few weeks ago I asked a class "what is a somnambulist?" One child answered "A somnambulist is an ambulance driver!"

Winter has come during these last few days. Rain had fallen without a break for 3 days and 3 nights and it is very cold. This rain should stop in the course of the next day or two and the winter cold will set in and we will have no more rain till October. This is all very different from Ireland, and hard to get used to.

THE AUCTION

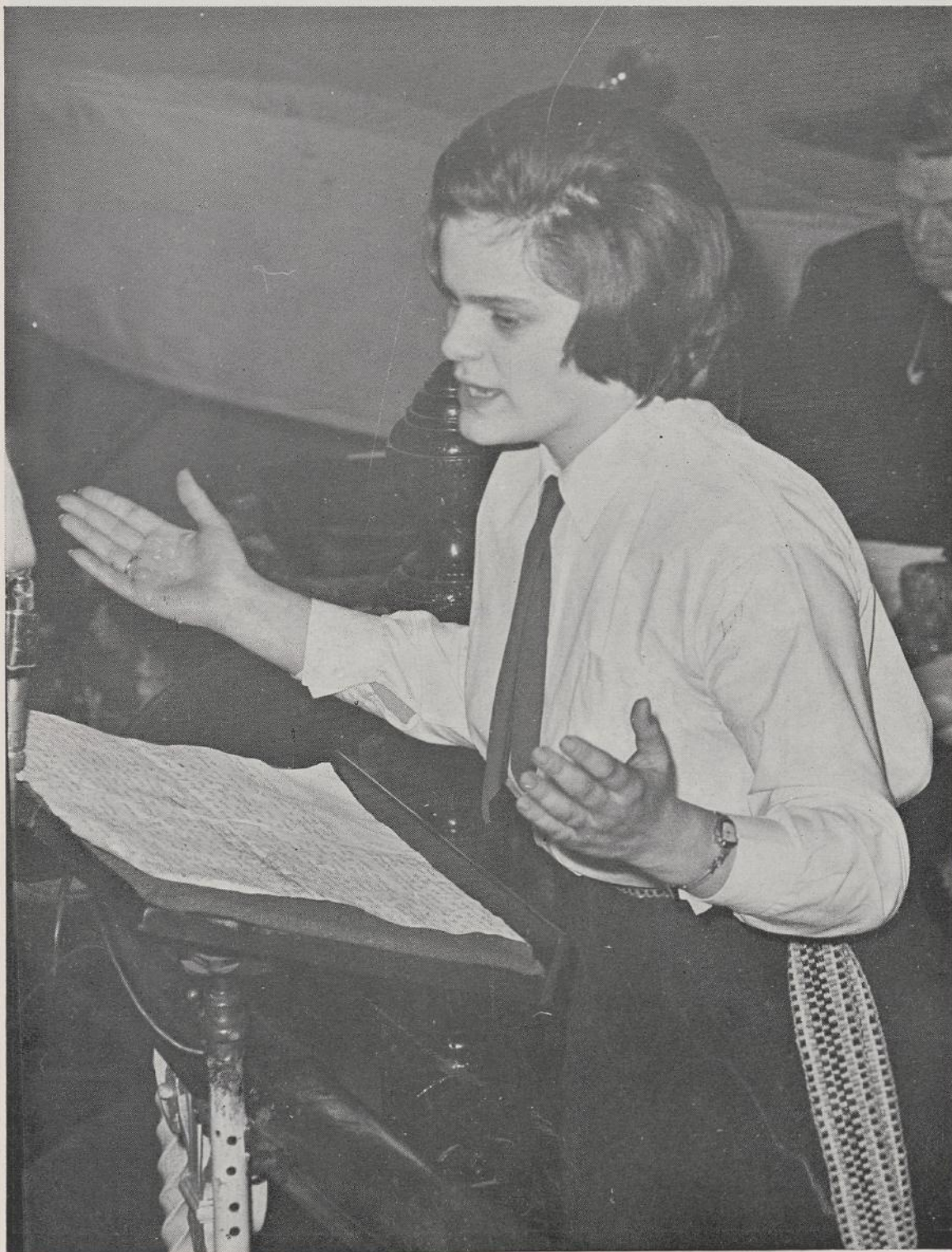
"Auctions every Friday here,"
Said the notice plain and clear
"So come and bring your friends to see
All the things that there will be."

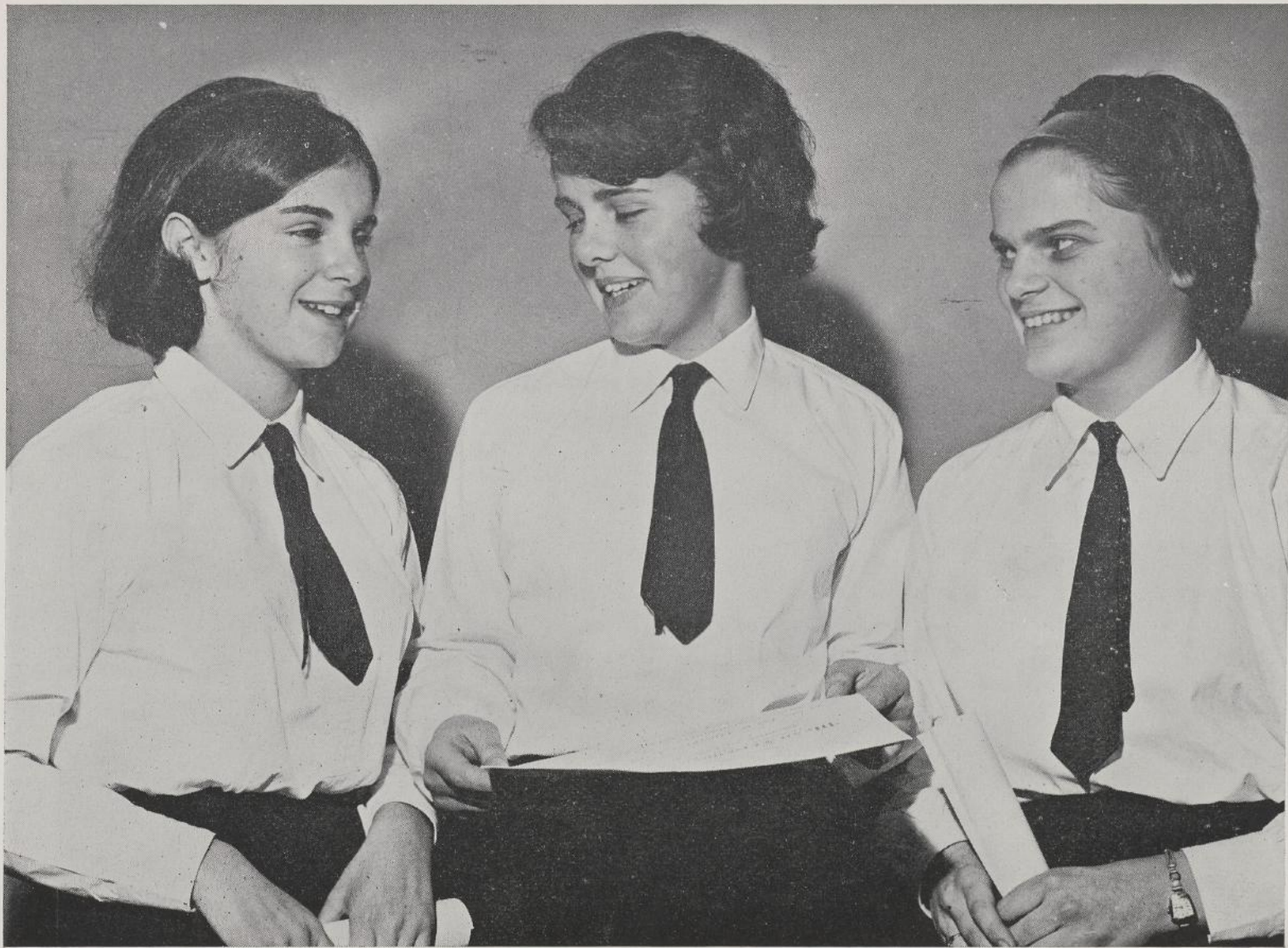
At two o'clock the auction started,
Selling every thing that could be carted
From far and near; at basement price,
Such value that things were sold in a trice.

The man with the hammer said: "Going, going,
gone."
Brought his hammer down, another bargain
done
Many things are not sold, but are kept for the
day
When another auction is held in the very same
way.

— Lynda Pasley. 3A.

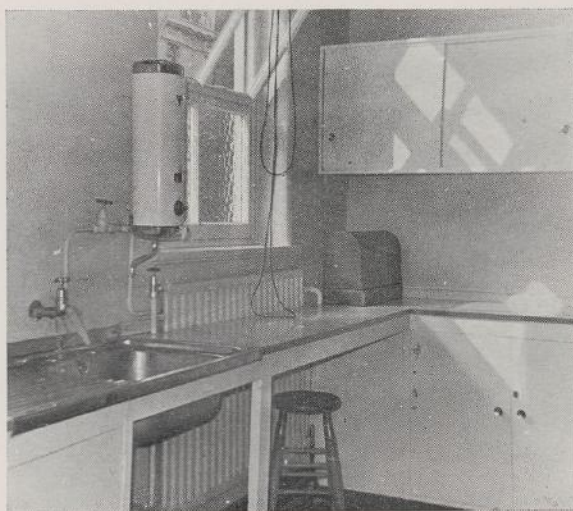
Hilda Smith debating at the Irish Times Cup Debate





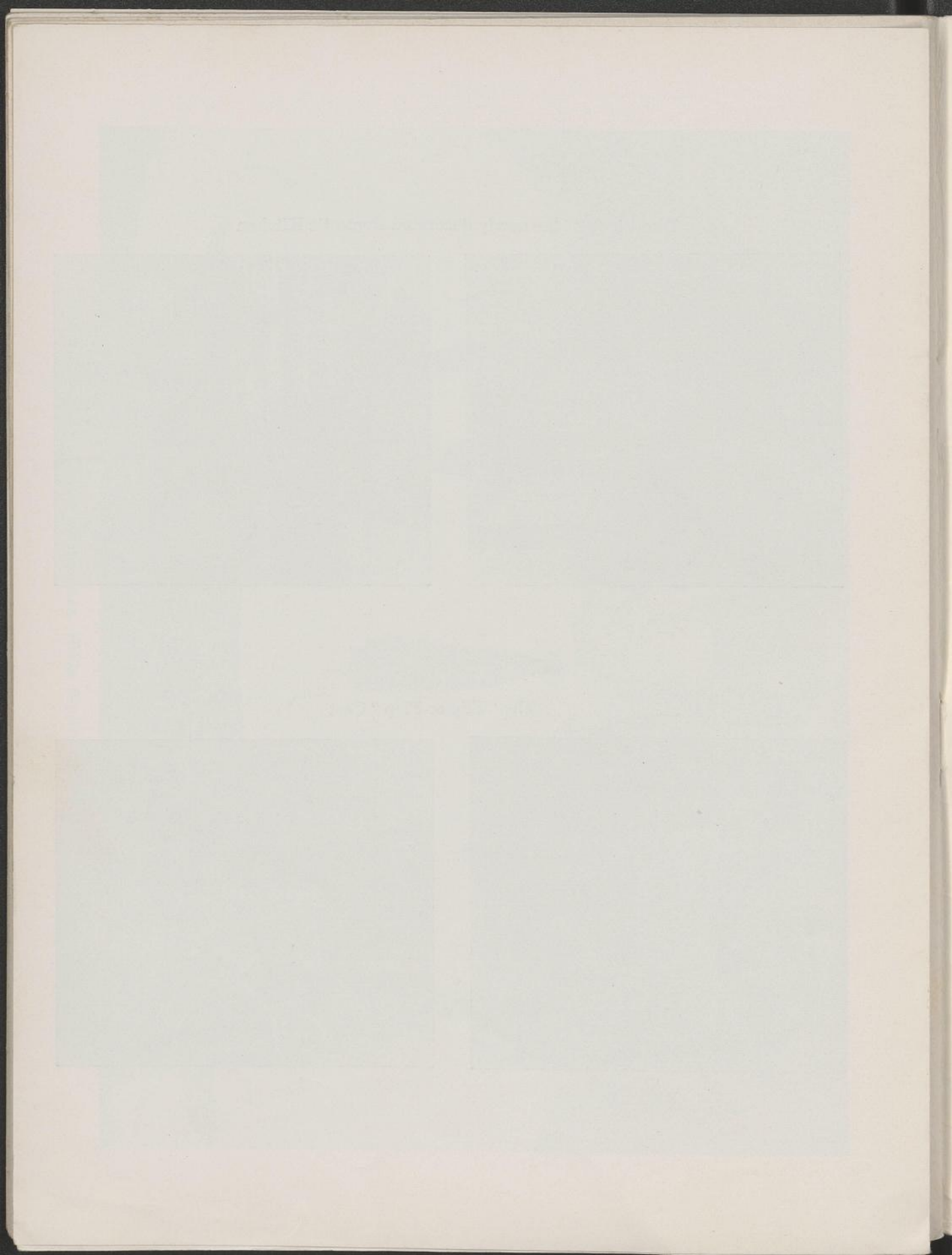
Lynda Cornick, Rosemary McKiernan, Hilda Smith, at the Senior School Distribution.

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